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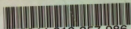


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VOL. I.

LONDON:

THOMAS RODD,

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1897

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BY A. FAINE COLLIER, Esq. F.S.A.

VOL. I

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## PREFACE.

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THE following work supplies an important deficiency in our literature as regards Shakespeare: it brings into one view all that has been recovered of the sources he employed, in various degrees, in the composition of such of his dramas as are not derived from Grecian, Roman, or English History, or were not formed upon some earlier play. The romances, novels, and poems, to which he resorted are scattered over many volumes, some of them of the rarest occurrence, existing only in our public libraries: these are included in the ensuing pages. We have ventured to call the work "Shakespeare's Library," since our great dramatist, in all probability, must have possessed the books to which he was indebted, and some of which he applied so directly and minutely to his own purposes. Until now the ordinary reader

of Shakespeare's plays has enjoyed very imperfect means of judging how far, and in what respects, our most original poet was obliged to others, and what he owed only to the exhaustless resources of his own mind. He employed the materials supplied by some of his predecessors and contemporaries merely as a great painter uses what is called a lay-figure: he borrowed the position, but invested it himself with drapery, colour, character, and sentiment. He exceeded all art, by communicating to it life and action.

It is remarkable, after all that has been written and accumulated regarding Shakespeare during the last century and a half, that it should have been left to us, and to our time, to perform this undertaking, so necessary to the formation of a just estimate of his productions. An unsatisfactory attempt of the kind was made about a century ago, and the Commentators have here and there furnished extracts from most of the pieces we have reprinted; but those extracts afford no adequate opportunity of judging of the works as a whole.

The Editor has had time to do little more than to afford a general superintendence, and to prepare the introductory notices: the intelligent publisher, who has devoted so much time and study to Shakespearian literature, has often saved him the trouble of searching for materials in public and private depositories, and of collating the reprints with the originals. For this part of the task, therefore, Mr. Rodd is responsible; and in the performance of it he gladly, and thankfully, acknowledges the ready assistance he has received from the Rev. Dr. Bandinel, of the Bodleian Library, Oxford, and from the Rev. Mr. Smith, of Trinity College Library, Cambridge.

J. P. C.

KENSINGTON,  
*July 14, 1843.*

The Editor has had time to do little more than to select a careful copyist, and to prepare the orthography, and the following is the result of his study and study in the preparation of this volume. The number of corrections for mistakes in punctuation and phraseology and of entering the errors with the original, for the part of the book, the Editor holds to be responsible; and in the preparation of it he gladly, and thankfully, acknowledges the ready assistance he has received from the Rev. Dr. Hurd, of the Boston Library, and from the Rev. Mr. Smith, of Trinity College, Hartford, Connecticut.

A. A. C.



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VOL. I.

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## INTRODUCTION

TO

R. GREENE'S PANDOSTO.

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THE more we become acquainted with the sources from which Shakespeare derived the plots of his dramas, the more room we find to wonder at the extent, power, and variety of his genius. We cannot justly estimate his excellence without the knowledge which this publication, and others of a like kind by which it will be followed, are intended to furnish.

Those who are best informed regarding the productions of his contemporaries and rivals are most ready to admit his immeasurable superiority to all of them. He seems greater by comparison than when judged of by his own positive and separate merits; and this position will be completely established by the instance before us.

Robert Greene was a man who possessed all the advantages of education: he was a graduate of both Universities—he was skilled in ancient learning and in modern languages—he had, besides, a prolific imagination, a lively and elegant fancy, and a grace of expression rarely exceeded; yet let any person well acquainted with *The Winter's Tale* read the novel of "Pandosto," upon which it was founded, and he will be struck at once with the vast pre-eminence of Shakespeare, and with the admirable manner in which he has converted materials supplied by another to his own use. The bare outline of the story (with the exception of Shakespeare's miraculous conclusion) is nearly the same in both; but this is all they have in common, and Shakspeare may be said to have scarcely adopted a single hint for his descriptions,

a

or a line for his dialogue\* ; while in point of passion and sentiment Greene is cold, formal, and artificial : the very opposite of every thing in Shakespeare.

It is fair to observe, however, that Greene ceased to write not long after Shakespeare had commenced his career. Greene died in September 1592, and the plausible conjecture seems to be, that by this date Shakespeare had not composed any of his great works, and had probably not written any thing original for the stage prior to the year 1588 or 1589. All the known facts regarding the life of Greene may be found in the preliminary matter to the Rev. Mr. Dyce's excellent edition of Greene's Poetical Works. He was certainly an author in 1584, and perhaps before that date. It is a point not hitherto touched, that there was, perhaps, an earlier impression of "Pandosto" than any yet discovered ; but it depends not upon obvious facts or inferences, but upon minute circumstances not worth detailing, and upon a close observation of the errors of the press, which, in the edition of 1588, appear to be those which would be made by a compositor engaged rather upon a reprint than upon a manu-

\* Some verbal resemblances and trifling obligations have been incidentally pointed out by the commentators in their notes to "The Winter's Tale." One of the principal instances occurs in Act iv, sc. 3, where Florizel says,—

"The gods themselves,

Humbling their deities to love, have taken  
The shapes of beasts upon them : Jupiter  
Became a bull and bellow'd ; the green Neptune  
A ram and bleated ; and the fire-rob'd god,  
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,  
As I seem now. Their transformations  
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,  
Nor in a way so chaste."

"This (says Malone) is taken almost literally from the novel," when, in fact, the resemblance merely consists in the adoption by Shakespeare of part of the mythological knowledge supplied by Greene. "The Gods above disdain not to love women beneath. Phœbus liked Daphne ; Jupiter Io ; and why not I then Fawnia?"—*Vide* p. 34. The resemblance is any thing but literal.

*g. rather, p. 40]*

script.\* It is a well ascertained fact, that there must have been an earlier edition of one of the same author's pieces (a "Quip for an upstart Courtier") than any that has come down to us.

As the means of comparison, page by page, and scene by scene, are now for the first time afforded to the modern reader, it is not necessary to point out the particular instances in which Shakespeare follows or differs from his original. The variation in the conclusion has already been mentioned: nothing can well be more lame, unsatisfactory, and even offensive than the winding up of Greene's novel, where he makes Pandosto first fall desperately and grossly in love with his own daughter, and then, without any adequate motive, commit suicide. Here the genius of Shakespeare triumphed over all competition: he saw at once how the preceding incidents might be converted to a great dramatic and moral purpose, the most pathetic and the most beautiful. In other places the skill and judgment of our great dramatist are scarcely less conspicuous: as, for instance, in the very outset of his play, where he represents Polixenes (the Egistus of the novel) as previously prepared to take his departure in his ships, which had only, therefore, to weigh anchor; while in Greene's novel the determination of the visitor to quit the kingdom of his royal friend is sudden, and all his vessels have to be got ready on the instant. The variation in the time of the disclosure of the decision of the Oracle may also be noticed as a proof of the knowledge Shakespeare possessed of dramatic effect. It is, nevertheless, to be admitted, that a mere prose narrative and an acting drama would require different treatment.

Steevens correctly stated (Prel. Rem. to the Winter's

\* Mr. Dyce (Greene's Works, ii, 242) prints from an edition of "Pandosto," as late as 1694 a "love-passion," addressed by Dorastus to Fawnia, observing that he had met with it in no earlier impression. The poem is unquestionably old, and it may possibly have been taken from the earliest, and now lost, edition of "Pandosto."

Tale) that "the parts of Antigonus, Paulina, and Autolicus, are of Shakespeare's own invention;" but he ought to have added the Shepherd's son to the list, and he committed a strange blunder (which shews that he had read Greene's work with very little attention), when he asserted that the Leontes of Shakespeare is the Egistus of the novel. Pandosto is Leontes, and Egistus is Polixenes. None of the other commentators corrected the error, or, perhaps, were able to do so, from not having taken the trouble to go through the incidents in the original story, and to compare them with those of the play.

There is one circumstance that ought not to be passed over without observation; and it will serve to strengthen the position, that *The Tempest* was produced anterior to *The Winter's Tale*. The Rev. Mr. Hunter, if he have not established that *The Tempest* was written in 1596 ("Disquisition on the Scene, Origin, Date, &c. of the *Tempest*," p. 87), has at all events shewn that it was written earlier than 1611, to which year Malone assigns both it and *The Winter's Tale*. (*Shakespeare, by Boswell*, ii, 296). Now, the reason for the opinion, that *The Winter's Tale* was posterior in composition to *The Tempest* is this—that, in his novel of "Pandosto," Greene describes the turning adrift of Fawnia (the Perdita of Shakespeare) at sea in a boat, very much in the same manner as Prospero describes what had happened to himself and Miranda under similar circumstances. Shakespeare having already employed this species of incident in *The Tempest*, was obliged to vary it in *The Winter's Tale*, or he would probably have followed Greene's description, which is certainly one of the prettiest and most natural portions of his narrative. Shakespeare, also, without any very apparent reason, reverses the scene: his play opens in Sicily, and Perdita is exposed on the coast of Bohemia; while Greene's novel begins in Bohemia, and Fawnia is found by the old Shepherd on the coast of Sicily. Bohemia is, however, over and over again spoken of by Greene as a maritime

country, and Shakespeare, supposing he knew better, did not think it worth while to disturb the popular notion. We have the evidence of Taylor, the water-poet, in his "Travels to Prague," that in 1620 it was not considered a piece of very unusual ignorance in an Alderman of London not to be aware that "a fleet of ships" could not arrive at a port of Bohemia.

"Pandosto" appears to have been extraordinarily popular, and Mr. Dyce enumerates twelve editions: to these at least two others are to be added, with which he was not acquainted, viz. in 1609 and 1632. No doubt several more have been lost, as we do not find it to have been reprinted between 1588 and 1607, a period during which it would probably have been most attractive. The only known copy of the edition of 1588 is in the British Museum; but it is defective in one place, and we have necessarily been compelled to complete our impression from a later copy. Whether the story were the invention of Greene, or whether, as was not unusual with him, he adopted it from a foreign language, cannot now be ascertained; but it is not known abroad in any other form than that in which it has been received from this country.

It will not be out of place to take some notice here of a production by Greene, which Mr. Dyce had never seen, containing a good deal of poetry which ought to have been included in his two volumes of Greene's works. It is asserted by the bookseller to have come from the pen of that prolific author; but at all events he could have had nothing to do with the title-page, which runs thus:—"Greenes Vision: Written at the instant of his death. Conteyning a penitent passion for the folly of his Pen. sero sed serio. Imprinted at London for Thomas Newman, and are to be sould at his shop in Fleetstreete, in Saint Dunstons Churchyard." It is in 4to, and in black letter, but without date, though we need not hesitate in assigning it to the close of 1592. It is autobiographical, which renders the tract more interesting, and in

the address to the readers, Greene expresses deep regret that his lighter pieces had ever been published, adding, "many things I have wrote to get money, which I could otherwise wish suppress: povertie is the father of innumerable infirmities." The first poem is called "Greene's Ode on the Vanitie of wanton Writings," which after six introductory lines, thus speaks of himself under the name of Tytirus:—

"Telling in his song how faire  
 Phillis eie-browes and her haire:  
 How her face past all supposes  
 For white lillies and red roses.  
 Though he sounded on the hills  
 Such fond passions as love wils,  
 That all the swaines that fouled by  
 Flockt to heare his harmonie,  
 And vowed by Pan that Tytirus  
 Did poet-like his loves discusse;  
 That men might learne mickle good  
 By the verdict of his mood;  
 Yet old Menalcas, over-ag'd,  
 That many winters there had wag'd,  
 Sitting by and hearing this,  
 Said their wordes were all amisse," &c.

The ode is followed by a prayer full of self-reproach, and afterwards the author represents himself as lying down upon his bed, and in a vision seeing Chaucer and Gower, both of whom he describes in verse. The portrait of Chaucer runs thus:—

"His stature was not very tall;  
 Leane he was, his legs were small,  
 Hosd within a stock of red;  
 A buttond bonnet on his head,  
 From under which did hang, I weene,  
 Silver haire both bright and sheene.  
 His beard was white, trimmed round,  
 His countenance blithe and merry found.  
 A sleevelesse jacket, large and wide,  
 With many pleights and skirts side,



Of water chamlet did he weare.  
 A whittell by his belt he beare.  
 His shoes were corned, broad before ;  
 His inckborne at his side he wore,  
 And in his hand he bore a booke :  
 Thus did this auintient poet looke."

The "Description of John Gower" may be found extracted in "Farther Particulars regarding Shakespeare and his Works," p. 35. Both are curious, as they were probably derived from some then existing painting or illumination, not now known. In the course of the tract Greene acknowledges various works, but he especially repudiates "The Cobbler of Canterbury," which had been falsely attributed to him. He speaks of his "Never too Late," printed in 1590, and of his "Mourning Garment," as if it were then in the press; but according to Mr. Dyce (1, cv.) it had been printed two years before. Greene's "Repentance," the title of which is also introduced, bears date in 1592. Chaucer and Gower discuss the merits and vices of Greene's productions, and king Solomon is called in as an umpire, who exhorts Greene to abandon folly and to seek wisdom.

Another tract by Greene, with a copy of which Mr. Dyce could never meet, is entitled "The Royal Exchange," printed in 1590, and dedicated to the Lord Mayor of that year. It is a mere prose translation from the Italian, and does not contain a line of poetry, nor a word to throw farther light upon Greene's history.

It was thought to be  
 a matter of fact that  
 the book was written  
 in the year of the  
 war and to have been  
 written in the year of the  
 war.

The "Description of John Quincy" may be found in the  
 "Familiar Letters" regarding Washington and his  
 "Works," p. 22. It is not known as they were probably  
 written from some time during his residence in  
 the States. In the course of the first French  
 war's earlier years he is especially mentioned. The  
 "History of the Revolution," which has been already  
 in fact. The name of his "Familiar Letters" printed in  
 1783, and of his "Familiar Letters," as it is now  
 the year; but according to Mr. Dyer (p. 22) it has  
 printed two years before. "Garrison's History," the title of  
 which is also mentioned here in 1783. A copy and  
 found one of the original copies of Garrison's  
 and that edition is called in an appendix who  
 "Garrison to stand a copy and to work within  
 "Garrison's History" with a copy of which Mr. Dyer  
 would never be called "The History of the  
 in 1780, and dedicated to the first Congress of the year. It  
 is a very rare translation from the French, and does not  
 contain a few of the best, and a word to the father  
 of the American's history.

PANDOSTO.

¶ The Triumph

Of Time.

WHEREIN IS DISCOVERED

by a pleasant Historie, that although by the meanes  
of sinister fortune, Truth may be concealed  
*yet by Time in spight of fortune it  
is most manifestly reuealed.*

*Pleasant for age to auoyde drowsie thoughtes,  
profitable for youth to eschue other wanton  
pastimes, and bringing to both a de-  
sired content.*

—  
Temporis filia veritas.  
—

¶ *By Robert Greene, Maister of Artes  
in Cambridge.*

—  
Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit vtile dulci.  
—

Imprinted at London by *Thomas Orwin* for *Thomas  
Cadman*, dwelling at the Signe of the *Bible*, neere  
vnto the North doore of *Paules*,  
1588.

TO THE GENTLEMEN READERS  
HEALTH.

The paultring Poet Aphranius, being blamed for troubling the Emperour Trajan with so many doting poems, adventured notwithstanding stil to present him with rude and homely verses, excusing himselfe with the courtesie of the Emperour, which did as friendly accept, as he fondly offerd. So, gentlemen, if any condemne my rashnesse for troubling your eares with to many unlearned pamphlets, I will straight shroud my selfe under the shadowe of your courtesies, and with Aphranius lay the blame on you, as well for frendly reading them, as on my selfe for fondly penning them. Hoping, though fond, curious, or rather currish backbiters breathe out slaunderous speeches, yet the courteous readers (whom I feare to offend) will requite my travell at the least with silence: and in this hope I rest, wishing you health and happines.

ROBERT GREENE.

TO THE  
RIGHT HONORABLE GEORGE CLIFFORD,  
EARLE OF CUMBERLAND,  
ROBERT GREENE  
WISHETH INCREASE OF HONOUR AND VERTUE.

---

THE Rascians (right honorable), when by long gazing against the sunne they become halfe blinde, recover their sightes by looking on the blacke loade-stone. Unicornes, being gluttet with brousing on roots of licquoris, sharpen their stomacks with crushing bitter grasse.

Alexander vouchsafed as well to smile at the croked picture of Vulcan, as to wonder at the curious counterfeite of Venus. The minde is sometimes delighted as much with small trifles as with sumptuous triumphs; and as wel pleased with hearing of Pans homely fancies, as of Hercules renowned laboures.

Syllie Baucis coulde not serve Jupiter in a silver plate, but in a wooden dish. Al that honour Esculapius decke not his shrine with jewels. Apollo gives oracles as wel to the poor man for his mite, as to the rich man for his treasure. The stone Echites is not so much liked for the colour, as for vertue, and giftes are not to be measured by the worth, but by the will. Mison, that unskillfull painter of Greece, adventured to give unto Darius the shielde of Pallas, so roughlie shadowed, as he smiled more at the follie of the man, then at the imperfection of his arte. So I present unto your honour the triumph of time, so rudelie finished, as I feare your honour wil rather frowne at my impudencie, then laugh at my igno-

THE EPISTLE DEDICATORIE.

rancie: but I hope my willing minde shal excuse my slender skill, and your honours curtesie shadowe my rashnes.

They which feare the biting of vipers doe carie in their hands the plumes of a Phœnix. Phydias drewe Vulcan sitting in a chaire of ivory. Cæsar's crow durst never cry, Ave, but when she was peaked on the Capitol. And I seeke to shroude this imperfect pamphlet under your honours patronage, doubting the dint of such invenomed vipers, as seeke with their slaunderous reproches to carpe at al, being oftentimes most unlearned of all; and assure myselfe, that your honours renowmed valure, and vertuous disposition shall be a sufficient defence to protect me from the poysoned tongues of such scorning sycophants; hoping that as Jupiter vouchsafed to lodge in Philemons thatched cotage, and Phillip of Macedon to take a bunch of grapes of a country pesant, so I hope your honour, measuring my worke by my will, and wayghing more the mind than the matter, will, when you have cast a glaunce at this toy, with Minerva, under your golden target cover a deformed owle. And in this hope I rest, wishing unto you, and the vertuous Countesse your wife, such happy successe as your honours can desire or I imagine.

Your Lordships most duetifully to commaunde,

ROBERT GREENE.

THE HISTORIE  
OF  
DORASTUS AND FAWNIA.

---

AMONG al the passions wherewith humane mindes are perplexed, there is none that so galleth with restlesse despite as the infectious soare of jealousie; for all other griefes are eyther to bee appeased with sensible perswasions, to be cured with wholesome counsel, to be relieved in want, or by tract of time to be worne out, (jealousie only excepted) which is so sawsed with suspitious doubttes, and pinching mistrust, that whoso seekes by friendly counsaile to rase out this hellish passion, it foorthwith suspecteth that he geveth this advise to cover his owne guiltinesse. Yea, who so is payned with this restlesse torment doubteth all, dystrusteth him-selfe, is alwayes frosen with feare and fired with suspicion, having that wherein consisteth all his joy to be the breeder of his miserie. Yea, it is such a heavy enemy to that holy estate of matrimony, sowing betweene the married couples such deadly seedes of secret hatred, as love being once rased out by spiteful distrust, there oft ensueth bloody revenge, as this ensuing hystorie manifestly prooveth: wherein Pandosto (furiously incensed by causelesse jealousie) procured the death of his most loving and loyall wife, and his owne endlesse sorrow and misery.

In the country of Bohemia, there raygned a king called Pandosto, whose fortunate successe in warres against his foes, and bountifull curtesie towards his friendes in peace, made him to be greatly feared and loved of all men. This Pandosto had to wife a ladie called Bellaria, by birth royall,

learned by education, faire by nature, by vertues famous, so that it was hard to judge whether her beautie, fortune, or vertue wanne the greatest commendations. These two, lincked together in perfect love, led their lives with such fortunate content that their subjects greatly rejoyced to see their quiet disposition. They had not beene married long, but Fortune (willing to increase their happines) lent them a sonne, so adorned with the gifts of nature, as the perfection of the childe greatly augmented the love of the parentes, and the joy of their commons; in so much that the Bohemians, to shewe their inward joyes by outwarde actions, made bonefires and triumphs throughout all the kingdome, appointing justes and turneyes for the honour of their young prince: whether resorted not only his nobles, but also divers kings and princes which were his neighbours, willing to shewe their friendship they ought to Pandosto, and to win fame and glory by their prowesse and valour. Pandosto, whose minde was fraught with princely liberality, entertayned the kings, princes, and noble men with such submisse curtesie and magnificent bounty, that they all sawe how willing he was to gratifie their good wils, making a generall feast for subjects, which continued by the space of twentie dayes; all which time the justes and turneyes were kept to the great content both of the lordes and ladies there present. This solemne tryumph being once ended, the assembly, taking their leave of Pandosto and Bel-laria, the young sonne (who was called Garinter) was nursed up in the house to the great joy and content of the parents.

Fortune envious of such happy successe, willing to shewe some signe of her inconstancie, turned her wheele, and darkned their bright sunne of prosperitie with the mistie cloudes of mishap and misery. For it so happened that Egistus, king of Sycilia, who in his youth had bene brought up with Pandosto, desirous to shewe that neither tracte of time, nor distance of place could diminish their former friendship, provided a navie of ships and sayled into Bohemia to visite his old friend and companion; who hearing of his arrivall, went



himselfe in person, and his wife Bellaria accompanied with a great traine of lords and ladies, to meete Egistus; and espying him, alighted from his horse, embraced him very lovingly, protesting that nothing in the world could have happened more acceptable to him then his comming, wishing his wife to welcome his olde friend and acquaintance: who (to shewe how she liked him whom her husband loved) intertayned him with such familiar curtesie as Egistus perceived himselfe to bee verie well welcome. After they had thus saluted and embraced eche other, they mounted againe on horsbacke and rode toward the citie, devising and recounting howe being children they had passed their youth in friendly pastimes: where by the meanes of the citizens Egistus was receyved with triumphs and shewes, in such sort that he marvelled how on so small a warning they coule make such preparation.

Passing the streetes thus with such rare sightes they rode on to the pallace, where Pandosto entertained Egistus and his Sycilians with such banqueting and sumptuous cheare, so royally as they all had cause to commend his princely liberality; yea, the verie basest slave that was knowne to come from Sycilia was used with such curtesie, that Egistus might easily perceive how both he and his were honored for his friendes sake. Bellaria (who in her time was the flower of curtesie), willing to shew how unfaynedly shee looved her husband by his friends intertainment, used him likewise so familiarly that her countenance bewraied how her minde was affected towardes him, oftentimes comming her selfe into his bed chamber to see that nothing should be amis to mislike him. This honest familiarity increased dayly more and more betwixt them; for Bellaria, noting in Egistus a princely and bountifull minde, adorned with sundrie and excellent qualities, and Egistus, finding in her a vertuous and curteous disposition, there grew such a secret uniting of their affections, that the one could not well be without the company of the other: in so much, that when Pandosto was

busied with such urgent affaires that hee could not bee present with his friend Egistus, Bellaria would walke with him into the garden, where they two in privat and pleasant devises would passe away the time to both their contents. This custome still continuing betwixt them, a certaine melancholy passion entring the minde of Pandosto drave him into sundry and doubtfull thoughts. First, he called to minde the beauty of his wife Bellaria, the comelines and braverie of his friend Egistus, thinking that love was above all lawes and therefore to be staid with no law; that it was hard to put fire and flaxe together without burning; that their open pleasures might breede his secrete displeasures. He considered with himselfe that Egistus was a man and must needes love, that his wife was a woman and therefore subject unto love, and that where fancy forced friendship was of no force.

These and such like doubtfull thoughtes, a long time smothering in his stomacke, beganne at last to kindle in his minde a secret mistrust, which, increased by suspition, grewe at last to a flaming jealousy that so tormented him as he could take no rest. He then began to measure all their actions, and to misconstrue of their too private familiaritie, judging that it was not for honest affection, but for disordinate fancy, so that hee began to watch them more narrowely to see if he coulde gette any true or certaine prooffe to confirme his doubtfull suspition. While thus he noted their lookes and gestures and suspected their thoughtes and meanings, they two seely soules, who doubted nothing of this his treacherous intent, frequented daily eache others companie, which drave him into such a franticke passion, that he beganne to beare a secret hate to Egistus and a lowring countenance to Bellaria; who marveiling at such unaccustomed frowns, began to cast beeyond the moone, and to enter into a thousand sundrie thoughtes, which way she should offend her husband: but finding in her selfe a cleare conscience ceased to muse, until such time as she might find fit opportunitie to demaund the cause of his dumps. In the

meane time Pandostoes minde was so farre charged with jealousy, that he did no longer doubt, but was assured, (as he thought) that his friend Egistus had entered a wrong pointe in his tables, and so had played him false play : whereupon, desirous to revenge so great an injury, he thought best to dissemble the grudge with a faire and friendly countenance, and so under the shape of a friend to shew him the tricke of a foe. Devising with himself a long time how he might best put away Egistus without suspition of treacherous murder, hee concluded at last to poyson him; which opinion pleasing his humour he became resolute in his determination, and the better to bring the matter to passe he called unto him his cupbearer, with whom in secret he brake the matter, promising to him for the performance thereof to geve him a thousande crownes of yearely revenues.

His cupbearer, eyther being of a good conscience or willing for fashion sake to deny such a bloody request, began with great reasons to perswade Pandosto from his determinate mischief, shewing him what an offence murther was to the Gods; how such unnaturall actions did more displease the heavens than men, and that causelesse cruelty did seldome or never escape without revenge: he layd before his face that Egistus was his friend, a king, and one that was come into his kingdome to confirme a league of perpetuall amitie betwixt them; that he had and did shew him a most friendly countenance; how Egistus was not onely honoured of his owne people by obedience, but also loved of the Bohemians for his curtesie, and that if he now should without any just or manifest cause poyson him, it would not onely be a great dishonour to his majestie, and a meanes to sow perpetuall enmity between the Sycilians and the Bohemians, but also his owne subjects would repine at such treacherous cruelty. These and such like perswasions of Franion (for so was his cupbearer called) could no whit prevaile to disswade him from his divellish enterprize, but remaining resolute in his determination (his fury so fired with rage as it

could not be appeased with reason), he began with bitter taunts to take up his man, and to lay before him two baits, preferment and death; saying that if he would poyson Egistus, he would advance him to high dignities; if he refused to doe it of an obstinate minde, no torture should be too great to requite his disobedience. Franion, seeing that to perswade Pandosto any more was but to strive against the streame, consented as soone as an opportunity would give him leave to dispatch Egistus: wherewith Pandosto remained somewhat satisfied, hoping now he should be fully revenged of such mistrusted injuries, intending also as soon as Egistus was dead to give his wife a sop of the same sawce, and so be rid of those which were the cause of his restless sorrow. While thus he lived in this hope, Franion being secret in his chamber began to meditate with himselfe in these termes.

Ah, Franion, treason is loved of many, but the traitor hated of all: unjust offences may for a time escape without danger, but never without revenge. Thou art servant to a king and must obey at command; yet, Franion, against law and conscience it is not good to resist a tyrant with armes, nor to please an unjust king with obedience. What shalt thou doe? Folly refused gold, and frenzie preferment: wisdom seeketh after dignity, and counsell keepeth for gaine. Egistus is a stranger to thee, and Pandosto thy soveraigne: thou has little cause to respect the one, and oughtest to have great care to obey the other. Thinke this, Franion, that a pound of gold is worth a tunne of lead: great gifts are little Gods; and preferment to a meane man is a whetstone to courage: there is nothing sweeter then promotion, nor lighter then report. Care not then though most count thee a traitor, so all call thee rich. Dignity (Franion) advaunceth thy posteritie, and evill report can but hurt thy selfe. Know this, where eagles builde falcons may prey; where lyons haunt, foxes may steale. Kings are knowne to commaund, servants are blamelesse to consent: feare not thou then to lift at Egistus; Pan-

dosto shall beare the burthen. Yea but, Franion, conscience is a worme that ever biteth, but never ceaseth : that which is rubbed with the stone Galactites will never be hot. Flesh dipped in the sea Ægeum will never bee sweete : the hearbe Trigion beeing once bit with an aspis never groweth, and conscience, once stained with innocent blood, is alwaies tyed to a guiltie remorse. Prefer thy content before riches, and a cleare minde before dignity ; so beeing poore thou shalt have rich peace, or else rich, thou shalt enjoy disquiet.

Franion having muttered out these or such like words, seeing either he must die with a cleare minde, or live with a spotted conscience, he was so cumbred with divers cogitations that hee could take no rest, untill at last he determined to breake the matter to Egistus ; but fearing that the king should eyther suspect or heare of such matters, he concealed the device till opportunitie would permit him to reveale it. Lingring thus in doubtfull feare, in an evening he went to Egistus lodging, and desirous to breake with him of certaine affaires that touched the king, after all were commaunded out of the chamber, Franion made manifest the whole conspiracie which Pandosto had devised against him, desiring Egistus not to account him a traytor for bewraying his maisters counsaile, but to thinke that he did it for conscience : hoping that although his maister, inflamed with rage or incensed by some sinister reportes or slanderous speches, had imagined such causelesse mischiefe, yet when time should pacifie his anger, and try those talebearers but flattering parasites, then he would count him as a faithfull seruant that with such care had kept his maisters credite. Egistus had not fully heard Franion tell forth his tale, but a quaking feare possessed all his limmes, thinking that there was some treason wrought, and that Franion did but shaddow his craft with these false colours : wherefore he began to waxe in choller, and saide that he doubted not Pandosto, sith he was his friend, and there had never as yet beene any breach of amity. He had not sought to invade his lands, to conspire with his enemies, to disswade his subjects from their allege-

ance; but in word and thought he rested his at all times: he knew not therefore any cause that should moove Pandosto to seeke his death, but suspected it to be a compacted knavery of the Bohemians to bring the king and him to oddes.

Franion staying him the middst of his talke, told him that to dally with princes was with the swannes to sing against their death, and that if the Bohemians had intended any such mischiefe, it might have beene better brought to passe then by revealing the conspiracie: therefore his Majestie did ill to misconstrue of his good meaning, sith his intent was to hinder treason, not to become a traytor; and to confirme his promises, if it pleased his Majestie to fly into Sicilia for the safegarde of his life, hee would goe with him, and if then he found not such a practise to be pretended, let his imagined treacherie be repayed with most monstrous torments. Egistus, hearing the solemne protestation of Franion, beganne to consider that in love and kingdomes neither faith nor lawe is to bee respected, doubting that Pandosto thought by his death to destroy his men, and with speedy warre to invade Sycilia. These and such doubttes throughly weyghed he gave great thankes to Franion, promising if hee might with life returne to Syracusa, that he would create him a duke in Sycilia, craving his counsell how hee might escape out of the countrie. Franion, who having some small skill in navigation was well acquainted with the ports and havens, and knew every daunger in the sea, joyning in counsell with the maister of Egistus navie, rigged all their ships, and setting them a flote, let them lie at anchor to be in the more readines when time and winde should serve.

Fortune, although blind, yet by chaunce favouring this just cause, sent them within six dayes a good gale of winde; which Franion seeing fit for their purpose, to put Pandosto out of suspition, the night before they should sayle he went to him, and promised that the next day he would put the device in practice, for he had got such a forcible poyson, as the very smell thereof wold procure suddain death. Pan-

dosto was joyfull to heare this good newes, and thought every houre a day till he might be glutt with bloody revenge; but his suit had but ill successe. For Egistus, fearing that delay might breede danger, and willing that the grasse should not be cut from under his feete, taking bagge and baggage, by the helpe of Franion conveied himselfe and his men out at a posterne gate of the cittie, so secretly and speedily that without any suspition they got to the sea shoare; where with many a bitter curse taking their leave of Bohemia, they went aboard. Weighing their anchors and hoisting sayle, they passed as fast as wind and sea would permit towards Sycilia, Egistus being a joyfull man that he had safely past such treacherous perils. But as they were quietly floating on the sea, so Pandosto and his cittizens were in an uproare; for seeing that the Sycilians without taking their leave were fled away by night, the Bohemians feared some treason, and the king thought that without question his suspition was true, seeing the cup-bearer had bewrayed the sum of his secret pretence. Whereupon he began to imagine that Franion and his wife Bellaria had conspired with Egistus, and that the fervent affection shee bare him was the onely meanes of his secret departure; in so much that incensed with rage he commaundes that his wife should be carried straight to prison untill they heard further of his pleasure. The garde, unwilling to lay their hands one such a vertuous princesse and yet fearing the kings fury, went very sorrowfull to fulfill their charge. Comming to the queenes lodging they found her playing with her yong sonne Garinter, unto whom with teares doing the message, Bellaria, astonished at such a hard censure and finding her cleere conscience a sure advocate to pleade in her cause, went to the prison most willingly, where with sighes and teares shee past away the time till she might come to her triall.

But Pandosto, whose reason was suppressed with rage and whose unbridled follie was incensed with fury, seeing Franion had bewrayed his secrets, and that Egistus might well be rayled on, but not revenged, determined to wreake

all his wrath on poore Bellaria. He therefore caused a generall proclamation to be made through all his realme that the Queene and Egistus had, by the helpe of Franion, not onely committed most incestuous adultery, but also had conspired the kings death; whereupon the traitor Franion was fled away with Egistus, and Bellaria was most justly imprisoned. This proclamation being once blazed through the country, although the vertuous disposition of the queene did halfe discredit the contents, yet the suddaine and speedy passage of Egistus, and the secret departure of Franion, induced them (the circumstances throughly considered) to thinke that both the proclamation was true, and the king greatly injured: yet they pittied her case, as sorrowful that so good a lady should be crossed with such adverse fortune. But the king, whose restlesse rage would remit no pittie, thought that although he might sufficiently requite his wives falshood with the bitter plague of pinching penury, yet his minde should never be gluted with revenge till he might have fit time and opportunity to repay the trechery of Egistus with a totall injury. But a curst cow hath oftentimes short hornes, and a willing minde but a weake arme; for Pandosto, although he felt that revenge was a spurre to warre, and that envy alwaies proffereth steele, yet he saw that Egistus was not onely of great puissance and prowesse to withstand him, but had also many kings of his alliance to ayde him, if neede should serve, for he married the Emperours daughter of Russia. These and the like considerations something daunted Pandosto his courage, so that he was content rather to put up a manifest injurie with peace, then hunt after revenge, dishonor and losse; determining, since Egistus had escaped scot-free, that Bellaria should pay for all at an unreasonable price.

Remayning thus resolute in his determination, Bellaria continuing still in prison and hearing the contents of the proclamation, knowing that her minde was never touched with such affection, nor that Egistus had ever offered her such discourtesie, would gladly have come to her answere, that both



shee might have knowne her just accusers, and cleared her selfe of that guiltlesse crime.

But Pandosto was so inflamed with rage and infected with jealousy, as he would not vouchsafe to heare her, nor admit any just excuse; so that shee was faine to make a vertue of her neede and with patience to beare those heavie injuries. As thus shee lay crossed with calamities (a great cause to increase her grieffe) she founde her selfe quicke with childe, which as soone as she felt stirre in her body she burst forth into bitter teares, exclaiming against fortune in these termes.

Alas, Bellaria, how infortunate art thou, because fortunate! Better thou hadst beene borne a beggar then a prince, so shouldest thou have bridled fortune with want, where now shee sporteth her selfe with thy plentie. Ah happy life, where poore thoughts and meane desires live in secure content, not fearing fortune because too low for fortune. Thou seest now, Bellaria, that care is a companion to honor, not to povertie; that high cedars are crushed with tempests, when low shrubs are not touched with the winde; pretious diamonds are cut with the file, when despised pibbles lye safe in the sand. Delphos is sought to by princes, not beggars, and Fortunes altars smoke with kings presents, not with poore mens gifts. Happie are such, Bellaria, that curse fortune for contempt, not feare, and may wish they were, not sorrow they have beene. Thou art a princesse, Bellaria, and yet a prisoner; borne to the one by descent, assigned to the other by dispite; accused without cause, and therefore oughtest to dye without care, for patience is a shield against fortune, and a guiltlesse minde yeeldeth not to sorrow. Ah, but infamy galleth unto death, and liveth after death: report is plumed with Times feathers, and envie oftentimes soundeth Fames trumpet: the suspected adultery shall fly in the ayre, and thy knowne vertues shall lye hid in the earth; one moale staineth the whole face, and what is once spotted with infamy can hardly be worne out with time. Die then, Bellaria, Bellaria die; for if the Gods should say thou art guiltlesse, yet envie

would heare the Gods, but never beleeeve the Gods. Ah, haplesse wretch, cease these tearmes : desperat thoughts are fit for them that feare shame, not for such as hope for credite. Pandosto hath darkened thy fame, but shall never discredite thy vertues. Suspition may enter a false action, but prooffe shall never put in his plea : care not then for envie, sith report hath a blister on her tongue, and let sorrow baite them which offend, not touch thee that art faultlesse. But alas, poor soule, how canst thou but sorrow ! Thou art with childe, and by him that in steed of kinde pittie pincheth thee in cold prison.

And with that, such gasping sighes so stopping her breath that shee could not utter more words, but wringing her hands, and gushing forth streames of teares, shee passed away the time with bitter complaints. The jaylor, pitying those her heaue passions, thinking that if the king knew she were with childe he would somewhat appease his fury and release her from prison, went in al hast and certified Pandosto what the effect of Bellarias complaint was ; who no sooner heard the jaylor say she was with childe, but as one possessed with a phrenzie he rose up in a rage, swearing that shee and the basterd brat she was [big] withall should die if the Gods themselves said no ; thinking that surely by computation of time that Egistus and not he was the father to the childe. This suspitious thought galled a fresh this halfe healed sore, in so much as he could take no rest untill he might mittigate his choller with a just revenge, which happened presently after. For Bellaria was brought to bed of a faire and beautifull daughter, which no sooner Pandosto hearde, but he determined that both Bellaria and the young infant should be burnt with fire. His nobles hearing of the kings cruell sentence sought by perswasions to divert him from his bloodie determination, laying before his face the innocencie of the childe, and vertuous disposition ; how she had continually loved and honoured her father ; and so tenderly that without due prooffe he could

to appeach her of that crime. And if she had faulted, yet it were more honourable to pardon with mercy then to punish with extremity, and more kingly to be commended of pittie than accused of rigour: and as for the childe, if he should punish it for the mothers offence, it were to strive against nature and justice; and that unnatural actions doe more offend the gods then men; how causelesse cruelty, nor innocent blood never scapes without revenge. These and such like reasons could not appease his rage, but he rested resolute in this, that Bellaria being an adultresse the childe was a bastard, and he would not suffer that such an infamous brat should call him father. Yet at last (seeing his noble men were importunate upon him) he was content to spare the childes life, and yet to put it to a worse death. For he found out this devise, that seeing (as he thought) it came by fortune, so he would commit it to the charge of fortune, and therefore caused a little cock-boat to be provided, wherein he meant to put the babe, and then send it to the mercies of the seas and the destenies. From this his peeres in no wise could perswade him, but that he sent presently two of his guard to fetch the childe: who being come to the prison, and with weeping teares recounting their maisters message, Bellaria no sooner heard the rigorous resolution of her merciless husband, but she fell downe in a swoond, so that all thought she had bin dead: yet at last being come to her selfe, shee cryed and screeched out in this wise.

Alas, sweete infortunate babe, scarce borne, before envied by fortune! would the day of thy birth had beene the terme of thy life; then shouldest thou have made an ende to care and prevented thy fathers rigour. Thy faults cannot yet deserve such hatefull revenge; thy dayes are too short for so sharpe a doome, but thy untimely death must pay thy mothers debts, and her guiltlesse crime must bee thy gastly curse. And shalt thou, sweete babe, be committed to fortune, when thou art already spited by fortune? Shall the seas be thy harbour and the hard boate thy cradle? Shall thy tender mouth,

in steede of sweete kisses, be nipped with bitter stormes! Shalt thou have the whistling windes for thy lullabie, and the salt sea fome in steede of sweete milke! Alas, what destinies would assigne such hard hap! What father would be so cruell, or what gods will not revenge such rigor! Let me kisse thy lippes (sweete infant) and wet thy tender cheekes with my teares, and put this chayne about thy little necke, that if fortune save thee, it may helpe to succour thee. This, since thou must goe to surge in the gastfull seas, with a sorrowfull kisse I bid thee farewell, and I pray the gods thou maist fare well.

Such, and so great was her grieve, that her vitall spirits being suppressed with sorrow, she fell againe downe into a trance, having her sences so sotted with care that after shee was revived yet shee lost her memorie, and lay for a great time without moving, as one in a trance. The guard left her in this perplexitie, and carried the child to the king, who quite devoide of pity commanded that without delay it should bee put in the boat, having neither saile nor other to guid it, and so to be carried into the midst of the sea, and there left to the wind and wave as the destinies please to appoint. The very ship-men, seeing the sweete countenance of the yong babe, began to accuse the king of rigor, and to pity the childs hard fortune; but feare constrayned them to that which their nature did abhorre, so that they placed it in one of the ends of the boat, and with a few greene bows made a homely cabben to shrowd it as they could from wind and weather. Having thus trimmed the boat they tied it to a ship and so haled it into the mayne sea, and then cut in sunder the coarde; which they had no sooner done, but there arose a mighty tempest, which tossed the little boate so vehemently in the waves that the shipmen thought it could not continue long without sincking; yea, the storme grewe so great, that with much labour and perill they got to the shoare.

But leaving the childe to her fortunes, againe to Pandosto, who not yet gluttoned with sufficient revenge devised which way

he should best increase his wives calamitie. But first assembling his nobles and counsellors, hee called her for the more reproch into open court, where it was objected against her that she had committed adulterie with Egistus, and conspired with Franion to poyson Pandosto her husband, but their pretence being partely spyed, she counselled them to flie away by night for their better safety. Bellaria, who standing like a prisoner at the barre, feeling in her selfe a cleare conscience to withstand her false accusers, seeing that no lesse than death could pacifie her husbands wrath, waxed bolde and desired that she might have lawe and justice, for mercy shée neyther craved nor hoped for; and that those perjured wretches which had falsely accused her to the king might be brought before her face to give in evidence. But Pandosto, whose rage and jealousie was such as no reason nor equitie could appease, tolde her, that for her accusers they were of such credite as their wordes were sufficient witsnesse, and that the sodaine and secret flight of Egistus and Franion confirmed that which they had confessed; and as for her, it was her parte to deny such a monstrous crime, and to be impudent in forswearing the fact, since shée had past all shame in committing the fault: but her stale countenance should stand for no coyne, for as the bastard which she bare was served, so she should with some cruell death be requited. Bellaria, no whit dismayed with this rough reply, tolde her husband Pandosto that he spake upon choller and not conscience, for her vertuous life had beene ever such as no spot of suspicion could ever staine. And if she had borne a frendly countenance to Egistus, it was in respect he was his friende, and not for any lusting affection; therefore, if she were condemned without any further prooffe it was rigour and not law.

The noble men which sate in judgement said that Bellaria spake reason, and intreated the king that the accusers might be openly examined and sworne, and if then the evidence were such as the jury might finde her guilty, (for seeing

she was a prince she ought to be tryed by her peeres) then let her have such punishment as the extremitie of the law will assigne to such malefactors. The king presently made answere that in this case he might and would dispence with the law, and that the jury being once panneld they should take his word for sufficient evidence, otherwise he would make the proudest of them repent it. The noble men seeing the king in choler were all whist; but Bellaria, whose life then hung in the ballaunce, fearing more perpetuall infamie then momentarie death, tolde the king if his furie might stand for a law that it were vaine to have the jury yeeld their verdict; and therefore she fell downe upon her knees, and desired the king that for the love he bare to his young sonne Garinter, whome she brought into the world, that hee woulde graunt her a request; which was this, that it would please his majestie to send sixe of his noble men whome he best trusted to the Isle of Delphos, there to enquire of the oracle of Apollo whether she had committed adultery with Egistus, or conspired to poyson him with Franyon? and if the god Apollo, who by his devine essence knew all secrets, gave answere that she was guiltie, she were content to suffer any torment were it never so terrible. The request was so reasonable that Pandosto could not for shame deny it, unlesse he would bee counted of all his subjects more wilfull than wise: he therefore agreed that with as much speede as might be there should be certaine Embassadors dispatched to the Ile of Delphos, and in the meane season he commanded that his wife should be kept in close prison.

Bellaria having obtained this graunt was now more carefull for her little babe that floated on the seas then sorrowful for her owne mishap, for of that she doubted: of her selfe shee was assured, knowing if Apollo should give oracle according to the thoughts of the hart, yet the sentence should goe on her side, such was the clearenes of her minde in this case. But Pandosto (whose suspitious head still remained in one song) chose out six of his nobility whom hee knew were scarce

indifferent men in the queenes behalfe, and providing all things fit for their journey sent them to Delphos: they willing to fulfill the kinges commaund, and desirous to see the situation and custome of the iland, dispatched their affaires with as much speede as might be, and embarked themselves to this voyage, which (the wind and weather serving fit for their purpose) was soone ended. For within three weekes they arrived at Delphos, where they were no sooner set on lande but with great devotion they went to the temple of Apollo, and there offering sacrifice to the God and giftes to the priest, as the custome was, they humbly craved an aunswere of their demaund. They had not long kneeled at the altar, but Apollo with a loude voice saide: Bohemians, what you finde behinde the altar take and depart. They forthwith obeying the oracle founde a scroule of parchment, wherein was written these words in letters of golde,—

#### THE ORACLE.

SUSPITION IS NO PROOF: JEALOUSIE IS AN UNEQUALL JUDGE: BELLARIA IS CHAST; EGISTUS BLAMELESSE: FRANION A TRUE SUBJECT; PANDOSTO TREACHEROUS: HIS BABE INNOCENT, AND THE KING SHALL LIVE WITHOUT AN HEIRE, IF THAT WHICH IS LOST BE NOT FOUNDE.

As soone as they had taken out this scroule the priest of the God commaunded them that they should not presume to read it before they came in the presence of Pandosto, unlesse they would incurre the displeasure of Apollo. The Bohemian lords carefully obeying his commaund, taking their leave of the priest with great reverence, departed out of the temple, and went to their ships, and as soon as wind would permit them sailed toward Bohemia, whither in short time they safely arrived; and with great tryumph issuing out of their ships went to the kinges pallace, whom they found in his chamber accompanied with other noble men. Pandosto no sooner saw them but with a merrie countenance he welcomed them home, asking what newes? they told his ma-

jestie that they had received an aunswere of the God written in a scroule, but with this charge, that they should not reade the contents before they came in the presence of the king, and with that they delivered him the parchment: but his noble men entreated him that, sith therein was containd either the safetie of his wives life and honesty or her death and perpetuall infamy, that he would have his nobles and commons assembled in the judgment hall, where the queene, brought in as prysoner, should heare the contents. If shee were found guilty by the oracle of the God, then all should have cause to thinke his rigour proceeded of due desert: if her grace were found faultlesse, then shee should bee cleared before all, sith she had been accused openly. This pleased the king so, that he appointed the day, and assembled al his lords and commons, and caused the queene to be brought in before the judgements seate, commaunding that the inditement shoulde bee read wherein she was accused of adultery with Egistus and of conspiracy with Franion. Bellaria hearing the contentes was no whit astonished, but made this chearefull aunswer:—

If the devine powers bee privy to humane actions (as no doubt they are) I hope my patience shall make fortune blushe, and my unspotted life shall staine spightful discredit. For although lying report hath sought to appeach mine honor, and suspition hath intended to soyle my credit with infamie, yet where vertue keepeth the forte, report and suspition may assayle, but never sack: how I have led my life before Egistus comming, I appeale, Pandosto, to the gods and to thy conscience. What hath passed betwixt him and me, the gods onely know, and I hope will presently reveale: that I loved Egistus I can not denie; that I honored him I shame not to confesse: to the one I was forced by his vertues, to the other for his dignities. But as touching lascivious lust, I say Egistus is honest, and hope my selfe to be found without spot: for Franion, I can neither accuse him nor excuse him, for I was



not privie to his departure; and that this is true which I have heere rehearsed I referre myself to the devine oracle.

Bellaria had no sooner sayd but the king commaunded that one of his dukes should reade the contentes of the scroule, which after the commons had heard they gave a great showt rejoysing and clapping their hands that the queene was cleare of that false accusation. But the king, whose conscience was a witnesse against him of his witlesse furie and false suspected jealousie, was so ashamed of his rashe folly that he entreated his nobles to perswade Bellaria to forgive and forget these injuries; promising not onely to shew himselfe a loyall and loving husband, but also to reconcile himselfe to Egistus and Franion; revealing then before them all the cause of their secrete flighte, and how treacherously hee thought to have practised his death, if the good minde of his cupbearer had not prevented his purpose. As thus he was relating the whole matter, there was worde brought him that his young sonne Garinter was sodainly dead, which newes so soone as Bellaria heard, surcharged before with extreame joy and now suppressed with heavie sorrowe, her vitall spiritess were so stopped that she fell downe presently dead, and could never be revived. This sodaine sight so appalled the kinges senses, that he sanck from his seate in a sound, so as he was fayne to be carried by his nobles to his pallace, where hee lay by the space of three dayes without speache. His commons were, as men in dispaire, diversly distressed: there was nothing but mourning and lamentation to be heard throughout al Bohemia: their young prince dead, their vertuous queene bereaved of her life, and their king and soveraigne in great hazard. This tragicall discourse of fortune so daunted them, as they went like shadowes, not men; yet somewhat to comfort their heavie hearts, they heard that Pandosto was come to himselfe, and had recovered his speache, who as in a fury brayed out these bitter speaches:

O miserable Pandosto! what surer witnesse then conscience!

what thoughts more sower then suspition? what plague more bad then jealousie? unnaturall actions offend the gods more than men, and causelesse crueltie never scapes without revenge. I have committed such a bloody fact, as repent I may, but recall I cannot. Ah, jealousie! a hell to the minde, and a horror to the conscience, suppressing reason, and inciting rage; a worse passion than phrensie, a greater plague than madnesse. Are the gods just? then let them revenge such brutishe crueltie. My innocent babe I have drowned in the sea; my loving wife I have slaine with slaundersous suspition; my trusty friend I have sought to betray, and yet the gods are slack to plague such offences. Ah, unjust Apollo! Pandosto is the man that hath committed the faulte, why should Garinter, seely childe, abide the paine? Well, sith the gods meane to prolong my dayes to increase my dolour, I will offer my guiltie bloud a sacrifice to those sackles soules whose lives are lost by my rigorous-folly.

And with that he reached at a rapier to have murdered himselfe, but his peeres being present stayed him from such a bloody acte, perswading him to think that the commonwealth consisted on his safetie, and that those sheepe could not but perish that wanted a sheepeheard; wishing that if hee would not live for himselfe, yet he should have care of his subjects, and to put such fancies out of his minde, sith in sores past help salves doe not heale but hurt, and in thinges past cure, care is a corrosive. With these and such like perswasions the kinge was overcome, and began somewhat to quiet his minde; so that as soone as he could goe abroad hee caused his wife to bee embalmed, and wrapt in lead with her young sonne Garinter; erecting a rich and famous sepulchre wherein hee intombed them both, making such solemme obsequies at her funeral as al Bohemia might perceive he did greatly repent him of his forepassed folly; causing this epitaph to be engraven on her tombe in letters of golde:—

## ¶ THE EPITAPH.

HERE LYES ENTOMBEDE BELLARIA FAIRE,  
FALSLY ACCUSED TO BE UNCHASTE :  
CLEARED BY APOLLOS SACRED DOOME,  
YET SLAINE BY JEALOUSIE AT LAST.

WHAT ERE THOU BE THAT PASSEST BY,  
CURSSE HIM THAT CAUSDE THIS QUEENE TO DIE.

This epitaph being ingraven, Pandosto would once a day repaire to the tombe, and there with watry plaintes bewaile his misfortune, coveting no other companion but sorrowe, nor no other harmonie but repentance. But leaving him to his dolorous passions, at last let us come to shewe the tragicall discourse of the young infant.

Who beeing tossed with winde and wave floated two whole daies without succour, readie at every puffe to bee drowned in the sea, till at last the tempest ceassed and the little boate was driven with the tyde into the coast of Sycilia, where sticking upon the sandes it rested. Fortune minding to be wanton, willing to shewe that as she hath wrinckles on her browes so shee hath dimples in her cheekes, thought after so many sower lookes to lend a fayned smile, and after a puffing storme to bring a pretty calme, shee began thus to dally. It fortun'd a poore mercenary sheepheard that dwelled in Sycilia, who got his living by other mens flockes, missed one of his sheepe, and thinking it had strayed into the covert that was hard by, sought very diligently to find that which he could not see, fearing either that the wolves or eagles had undone him (for he was so poore as a sheepe was halfe his substaunce), wandered downe toward the sea cliffes to see if perchance the sheepe was browsing on the sea ivy, whereon they greatly doe feede; but not finding her there, as he was ready to returne to his flocke hee heard a child crie, but knowing there was no house nere, he thought he had mistaken the sound and that it was the bleatyng of his sheepe. Wherefore looking more narrowely, as he cast his eye to the sea he spyed a little boate, from whence, as he

attentively listened, he might heare the cry to come. Standing a good while in a maze, at last he went to the shoare, and wading to the boate, as he looked in he saw the little babe lying al alone ready to die for hunger and colde, wrapped in a mantle of scarlet richely imbrodered with golde, and having a chayne about the necke.

The sheepheard, who before had never scene so faire a babe nor so riche jewels, thought assuredly that it was some little god, and began with great devocion to knock on his breast. The babe, who wrythed with the head to seeke for the pap, began againe to cry a fresh, whereby the poore man knew that it was a childe, which by some sinister meanes was driven thither by distresse of weather; marvailing how such a seely infant, which by the mantle and the chayne could not be but borne of noble parentage, should be so hardly crossed with deadly mishap. The poore sheepheard, perplexed thus with divers thoughts, tooke pittie of the childe, and determined with himselfe to carry it to the king, that there it might be brought up according to the worthinesse of birth, for his ability could not afforde to foster it, though his good minde was willing to further it. Taking therefore the chylde in his armes, as he foulded the mantle together the better to defende it from colde there fell downe at his foote a very faire and riche purse, wherein he founde a great summe of golde; which sight so revived the shepheard's spirits, as he was greatly ravished with joy and daunted with feare; joyful to see such a summe in his power, and feareful if it should be knowne that it might breede his further daunger. Necessitie wisht him at the least to retaine the golde, though he would not keepe the childe: the simplicity of his conscience scared him from such deceitfull briberie. Thus was the poore manne perplexed with a doubtfull dilemma untill at last the covetousnesse of the coyne overcame him; for what will not the greedy desire of golde cause a man to doe? so that he was resolved in himselfe to foster the childe, and with the summe to relieve his want. Resting thus resolute in this

point he left seeking of his sheepe, and as covertly and secretly as he coulde, went by a by way to his house, least any of his neighbours should perceave his carriage. As soone as he was got home, entring in at the doore, the childe began to crie, which his wife hearing, and seeing her husband with a yong babe in his armes, began to bee somewhat jealousse, yet marveiling that her husband should be so wanton abroad sith he was so quiet at home: but as women are naturally given to beleeeve the worste, so his wife, thinking it was some bastard, beganne to crow against her goodman, and taking up a cudgel (for the most maister went breechles) sware solemnly that she would make clubs trumps if hee brought any bastard brat within her dores. The goodman, seeing his wife in her majestie with her mace in her hand, thought it was time to bowe for feare of blowes, and desired her to be quiet, for there was non such matter; but if she could holde her peace they were made for ever: and with that he told her the whole matter, how he had found the child in a little boat, without any succour, wrapped in that costly mantle, and having that rich chaine about the neck. But at last, when he shewed her the purse full of gold, she began to simper something sweetely, and, taking her husband about the neck kissed him after her homely fashion, saying that she hoped God had scene their want and now ment to relieeve their poverty, and seeing they could get no children, had sent them this little babe to be their heire. Take heed in any case, (quoth the shepherd) that you be secret, and blabbe it not out when you meete with your gossippes, for if you doe, we are like not only to loose the golde and jewels, but our other goodes and lives. Tush (quoth his wife), profit is a good hatch before the doore: feare not, I have other thinges to talke of than this; but I pray you let us lay up the money surely, and the jewels, least by any mishap it be spied.

After that they had set all things in order the shepheard went to his sheepe with a merry note, and the good wife learned to sing lullaby at home with her yong babe, wrap-

ping it in a homely blanket in sted of a rich mantle; nourishing it so clenly and carefully as it began to bee a jolly girle, in so much that they began both of them to be very fond of it, seeing as it waxed in age so it increased in beauty. The shepheard every night at his comming home would sing and daunce it on his knee and prattle, that in a short time it began to speake, and call him Dad, and her Mam: at last when it grew to ripe yeeres that it was about seven yeeres olde, the shepheard left keeping of other mens sheepe, and with the money he found in the purse he bought him the lease of a pretty farme, and got a smal flocke of sheepe, which when Fawnia (for so they named the child) came to the age of ten yeres hee set her to keepe, and shee with such diligence performed her charge as the sheepe prospered marveilously under her hand. Fawnia thought Porrus had ben her father, and Mopsa her mother, (for so was the shepheard and his wife called) honoured and obeyed them with such reverence that all the neighbours praised the duetifull obedience of the child. Porrus grewe in a short time to bee a man of some wealth and credite, for fortune so favoured him in having no charge but Fawnia, that he began to purchase land, intending after his death to give it to his daughter, so that divers rich farmers sonnes came as woers to his house. For Fawnia was something clenly attired, being of such singular beautie and excellent witte, that whoso saw her would have thought shee had bene some heavenly nymph and not a mortal creature, in so much that when she came to the age of sixteene yeeres shee so increased with exquisite perfection both of body and minde, as her natural disposition did bewray that she was borne of some high parentage; but the people thinking she was daughter to the shephard Porrus rested only amazed at her beauty and wit; yea, she won such favour and commendations in every mans eye, as her beautie was not onely prayed in the countrey, but also spoken of in the court; yet such was her submisse modestie, that although her praise daily increased, her minde was no whit puffed up with pride, but humbled her selfe as became

a country mayde and the daughter of a poore sheepeheard. Every day she went forth with her sheepe to the field, keeping them with such care and diligence as al men thought she was verie painfull, defending her face from the heat of the sunne with no other vail but with a garland made of bowes and flowers, which attire became her so gallantly as shee seemed to bee the goddesse Flora her selfe for beauty.

Fortune, who al this while had shewed a frendly face, began now to turne her back and to shew a lowring countenance, intending as she had given Fawnia a slender checke, so she would give her a harder mate; to bring which to passe, she layd her traine on this wise. Egistus had but one only son, called Dorastus, about the age of twenty yeeres; a prince so decked and adorned with the gifts of nature, so fraught with beauty and vertuous qualities, as not onely his father joyed to have so good a sonne, and al his commons rejoyced that God had lent them such a noble prince to succede in the kingdom. Egistus placing al his joy in the perfection of his sonne, seeing that hee was now marriageable, sent ambassadors to the king of Denmarke to intreate a mariage betweene him and his daughter, who willingly consenting made answer that the next spring, if it please Egistus with his sonne to come into Denmarke, hee doubted not but they should agree upon reasonable conditions. Egistus resting satisfied with this friendly answer thought convenient in the meane time to breake with his sonne: finding therefore on a day fit opportunity, he spake to him in these fatherly tearmes:—

Dorastus, thy youth warneth me to prevent the worst, and mine age to provide the best. Oportunities neglected are signes of folly: actions measured by time are seldome bitten with repentance. Thou art young, and I olde; age hath taught me that which thy youth cannot yet conceive. I therefore will counsell thee as a father, hoping thou wilt obey as a childe. Thou seest my white hayres are blossomes for the grave, and thy freshe colour fruite for time and fortune, so that it behooveth me to thinke how to dye, and for thee to

care how to live. My crowne I must leave by death, and thou enjoy my kingdome by succession, wherein I hope thy vertue and prowesse shall bee such, as though my subjectes want my person, yet they shall see in thee my perfection. That nothing either may faile to satisfie thy minde, or increase thy dignities, the onely care I have is to see thee well married before I die and thou become olde.

Dorastus, who from his infancy delighted rather to die with Mars in the fieldes then to dally with Venus in the chamber, fearing to displeas his father, and yet not willing to be wed, made him this reuerent answer.

Sir, there is no greater bond then duetie, nor no straiter law then nature: disobedience in youth is often galled with despight in age. The commaund of the father ought to be a constraint to the childe: so parentes willes are laws, so they passe not all laws. May it please your Grace therefore to appoint whome I shall love, rather then by deniall I should be appeached of disobedience. I rest content to love, though it bee the only thing I hate.

Egistus hearing his sonne to flie so farre from the marke began to be somewhat chollericke, and therefore made him this hastie aunswere.

What, Dorastus, canst thou not love? Commeth this cynicall passion of prone desires or peevish frowardnesse? What durst thou thinke thy selfe to good for all, or none good enough for thee? I tel thee, Dorastus, there is nothing sweeter then youth, nor swifter decreasing while it is increasing. Time past with folly may bee repented, but not recalled. If thou marrie in age, thy wives freshe coulours will breed in thee dead thoughtes and suspition, and thy white hayres her lothesomnesse and sorrowe; for Venus affections are not fed with kingdomes, or treasures, but with youthfull conceits and sweet amours. Vulcan was allotted to shake the tree, but Mars allowed to reape the fruit. Yeelde, Dorastus, to thy fathers perswasions, which may prevent thy perils. I have chosen thee a wife, faire by nature, royall by birth, by vertues famous,



learned by education and rich by possessions, so that it is hard to judge whether her bounty or fortune, her beauty or vertue bee of greater force. I mean, Dorastus, Euphrania, daughter and heire to the king of Denmarke.

Egistus pausing here a while, looking when his son should make him answer, and seeing that he stooed still as one in a trance, he shooke him up thus sharply.

Well, Dorastus, take heede; the tree *Alpya* wasteth not with fire, but withereth with the dewe: that which love nourisheth not, perisheth with hate. If thou like Euphrania, thou breedest my content, and in loving her thou shalt have my love; otherwise—and with that hee flung from his sonne in a rage, leaving him a sorrowfull man, in that he had by deniall displeas'd his father, and halfe angrie with him selfe that hee could not yeeld to that passion whereto both reason and his father perswaded him. But see how fortune is plumed with times feathers, and how shee can minister strange causes to breede straunge effectes.

It happened not long after this that there was a meeting of all the farmers daughters in *Sycilia*, whither Fawnia was also bidden as the mistres of the feast, who having attired her selfe in her best garments, went among the rest of her companions to the merry meeting, there spending the day in such homely pastimes as shepherds use. As the evening grew on and their sportes ceased, ech taking their leave at other, Fawnia, desiring one of her companions to beare her companie, went home by the flocke to see if they were well folded, and as they returned it fortun'd that Dorastus (who all that daye had bene hawking, and kilde store of game) incountr'd by the way these two mayds, and casting his eye sodenly on Fawnia he was halfe afraid, fearing that with *Acteon* he had seene *Diana*; for he thought such exquisite perfection could not be founde in any mortall creature. As thus he stooed in a maze one of his pages told him that the maide with the garland on her head was Fawnia, the faire shepheard whose beauty was so much talked of in the court. Dorastus,

desirous to see if nature had adorned her minde with any inward qualities, as she had decked her body with outward shape, began to question with her whose daughter she was, of what age, and how she had bin trained up? who answered him with such modest reverence and sharpnesse of witte, that Dorastus thought her outward beautie was but a counterfait to darken her inward qualities, wondring how so courtly behaviour could be found in so simple a cottage, and cursing fortune that had shadowed wit and beauty with such hard fortune. As thus he held her a long while with chat, beauty seeing him at discoverd thought not to lose the vantage, but strooke him so deeply with an invenomed shafte, as he wholly lost his libertie, and became a slave to love, which before contemned love, glad now to gaze on a poore shepheard, who before refused the offer of a riche princesse; for the perfection of Fawnia had so fired his fancie as he felt his minde greatly chaunged, and his affections altered, cursing love that had wrought such a change, and blaming the basenesse of his mind that would make such a choice; but thinking that these were but passionat toies that might be thrust out at pleasure, to avoid the syren that inchaunted him he put spurs to his horse, and bad this faire shepheard farwell.

Fawnia (who all this while had marked the princely gesture of Dorastus) seeing his face so wel featured, and each lim so perfectly framed, began greatly to praise his perfection, commending him so long till she found her selfe faultie, and perceived that if she waded but a little further she might slippe over her shooes: shee therefore, seeking to quench that fier which never was put out, went home and faining her selfe not well at ease got her to bed; where casting a thousand thoughts in her head she could take no rest: for if she waked, she began to call to minde his beautie, and thinking to beguile such thoughts with sleepe, she then dreamed of his perfection. Pestered thus with these unacquainted passions, she passed the night as she could in short slumbers.

Dorastus (who all this while rode with a flea in his eare)

could not by any meanes forget the sweete favour of Fawnia, but rested so bewitched with her wit and beauty, as hee could take no rest. He felt fancy to give the assault, and his wounded mind readie to yeeld as vanquished: yet he began with divers considerations to suppress this frantick affection, calling to minde that Fawnia was a shepheard, one not worthy to be looked at of a prince, much lesse to bee loved of such a potentate; thinking what a discredite it were to himselfe, and what a grieve it would be to his father, blaming fortune and accusing his owne follie that should bee so fond as but once to cast a glance at such a country slut. As thus he was raging against him selfe, Love fearing if she dallied long to loose her champion, stept more nigh, and gave him such a fresh wounde as it pearst him at the heart, that he was faine to yeeld, maugre his face, and to forsake the companie and gette him to his chamber, where being solemnly set hee burst into these passionate tearmes.

Ah, Dorastus, art thou alone? No not alone, while thou art tired with these unacquainted passions. Yeld to fancy thou canst not by thy fathers counsaile, but in a frenzie thou art by just destinies. Thy father were content if thou couldest love, and thou therefore discontent because thou doest love. O, devine love! feared of men because honoured of the Gods, not to be suppressed by wisdom, because not to be comprehended by reason; without lawe, and therefore above all law. How now, Dorastus! why doest thou blaze that with praises, which thou hast cause to blaspheme with curses? yet why should they curse love that are in love? Blush, Dorastus, at thy fortune, thy choice, thy love: thy thoughts cannot be uttered without shame, nor thy affections without discredit. Ah Fawnia, sweete Fawnia, thy beauty Fawnia! Shamest not thou, Dorastus, to name one unfitte for thy birth, thy dignities, thy kingdomes? Dye, Dorastus, Dorastus die. Better hadst thou perish with high desires, then live in base thoughts. Yea, but beautie must be obeyed because it is beauty, yet framed of the Gods to feede the eye, not to fetter the heart.

Ah, but he that striveth against love, shooteth with them of Scyrum against the winde, and with the cockatrice pecketh against the steele. I will therefore obey, because I must obey. Fawnia, yea Fawnia shall be my fortune in spight of fortune. The Gods above disdain not to love women beneath. Phœbus liked Sibilla, Jupiter Io, and why not I then Fawnia! one something inferiour to these in birth, but farre superiour to them in beautie, borne to be a shepheard, but worthy to be a goddesse. Ah, Dorastus, wilt thou so forget thy selfe as to suffer affection to suppress wisdom, and love to violate thine honour? how sower will thy choice be to thy father, sorrowfull to thy subjects, to thy friends a grieffe, most gladsome to thy foes! Subdue then thy affections, and cease to love her whome thou couldst not love unlesse blinded with too much love. Tushe, I talke to the wind, and in seeking to prevent the causes I further the effectes. I will yet praise Fawnia; honour, yea, and love Fawnia, and at this day followe content, not counsaile. Doo, Dorastus: thou canst but repent.

And with that his page came into the chamber, whereupon hee ceased from his complaints, hoping that time would weare out that which fortune had wrought. As thus he was pained, so poore Fawnia was diversly perplexed; for the next morning getting up very earely shee went to her sheepe, thinking with hard labours to passe away her new conceived amours, beginning very busily to drive them to the field, and then to shifte the foldes. At last, (wearied with toile) she sate her down, where (poore soule) she was more tryed with fond affections; for love beganne to assault her, in so much that as she sate upon the side of a hill she began to accuse her owne folly in these tearmes.

Infortunate Fawnia, and therefore unfortunate because Fawnia! thy shepherds hooke sheweth thy poore state, thy proud desires an aspiring mind: the one declareth thy want, the other thy pride. No bastard hauke must soare so hie as the hobbie, no fowle gaze against the sunne but the eagle: actions wrought against nature reape despight, and thoughts

above fortune disdain. Fawnia, thou art a shepheard, daughter to poore Porrus: if thou rest content with this thou art like to stande; if thou climbe thou art sure to fal. The herb Anita growing higher then sixe ynches becommeth a weede. Nylus flowing more then twelve cubits procureth a dearth. Daring affections that passe measure are cut shorte by time or fortune: suppresseth then, Fawnia, those thoughts which thou mayest shame to expresse. But ah, Fawnia, love is a lord who will commaund by power, and constraîne by force. Dorastus, ah, Dorastus is the man I love! the woorse is thy hap, and the lesse cause hast thou to hope. Will eagles catch at flyes! will cedars stoupe to brambles, or mighty princes looke at such homely trulles! No, no; thinke this: Dorastus disdaineth is greater then thy desire; hee is a prince respecting his honour, thou a beggars brat forgetting thy calling. Cease then not onely to say, but to thinke to love Dorastus, and dissemble thy love, Fawnia; for better it were to dye with griefe, then to live with shame. Yet in despight of love I will sigh, to see if I can sigh out love.

Fawnia somewhat appeasing her griefes with these pithie perswasions began, after her wonted maner, to walke about her sheepe, and to keepe them from straying into the corne, suppressing her affection with the due consideration of her base estate, and with the impossibilities of her love; thinking it were frenzy, not fancy, to covet that which the very destinies did deny her to obtaine.

But Dorastus was more impatient in his passions, for love so fiercely assayed him, that neither companie nor musicke could mitigate his martirdome, but did rather far the more increase his maladie: shame would not let him crave counsaile in this case, nor feare of his fathers displeasure reveyle it to any secrete friend; but he was faine to make a secretarie of himselfe, and to participate his thoughtes with his owne troubled mind. Lingring thus awhile in doubtfull suspence, at last stealing secretly from the court without either men or page, hee went to see if hee could espie Fawnia walking

abroade in the field; but as one having a great deal more skill to retriue the partridge with his spaniels then to hunt after such a straunge pray, he sought, but was little the better; which crosse lucke drave him into a great choler, that he began to accuse love and fortune. But as he was readie to retire he saw Fawnia sitting all alone under the side of a hill, making a garland of such homely flowres as the fields did afoord. This sight so revived his spirites that he drewe nigh, with more judgement to take a view of her singular perfection, which hee found to bee such as in that countrey attyre shee stained al the courtlie dames of Sicilia. While thus he stooode gazing with pearcing lookes on her surpassing beautie, Fawnia cast her eye aside and spyed Dorastus, with sudden sight made the poore girle to blush, and to die her christal cheeks with a vermilion red, which gave her such a grace as she seemed more beautiful. And with that she rose up, saluting the prince with such modest curtesies as he wondred how a country maid could afoord such courtly behaviour. Dorastus, repaying her curtesie with a smiling countenance, began to parlie with her on this manner.

Faire maide (quoth he), either your want is great, or a shepherds life very sweete, that your delight is in such country labors. I can not conceive what pleasure you should take, unlesse you meane to imitate the nymphes, being your-selfe so like a nymph. To put me out of this doubt, shew me what is to be commended in a shepherdes life, and what pleasures you have to countervaile these drudging laboures.

Fawnia with blushing face made him this ready aunswere. Sir, what richer state then content, or what sweeter life then quiet? we shepherds are not borne to honor, nor beholding unto beautie, the lesse care we have to feare fame or fortune. We count our attire brave inough if warme inough, and our foode dainty if to suffice nature: our greatest enimie is the wolfe, our only care in safe keeping our flock: in stead of courtly ditties we spend the daies with country songs: our amorous conceites are homely thoughtes; delighting as much to talke

of Pan and his cuntry pranks, as ladies to tell of Venus and her wanton toyes. Our toyle is in shifting the fouldes and looking to the lambes, easie labours: oft singing and telling tales, homely pleasures: our greatest welth not to covet, our honor not to climbe, our quiet not to care. Envie looketh not so lowe as shepherds: shepherds gaze not so high as ambition. We are rich in that we are poore with content, and proud only in this, that we have no cause to be proud.

This wittie aunswer of Fawnia so inflamed Dorastus fancy, as he commended him selfe for making so good a choyce, thinking if her birth were aunswerable to her wit and beauty, that she were a fitte mate for the most famous prince in the worlde. He therefore beganne to sifte her more narrowly on this manner.

Fawnia, I see thou art content with country labours, because thou knowest not courtly pleasures. I commend thy wit, and pittie thy want; but wilt thou leave thy fathers cottage and serve a courtlie mistresse?

Sir (quoth she) beggers ought not to strive against fortune, nor to gaze after honour, least either their fall be greater, or they become blinde. I am borne to toile for the court, not in the court, my nature unfit for their nurture: better live, then, in meane degree, than in high disdaine.

Well saide, Fawnia (quoth Dorastus): I gesse at thy thoughtes; thou art in love with some cuntry shepheard.

No, sir (quoth she): shepherds cannot love that are so simple, and maides may not love that are so young.

Nay, therefore (quoth Dorastus) maides must love because they are young; for Cupid is a child, and Venus, though olde, is painted with fresh coloures.

I graunt (quoth she) age may be painted with new shadowes, and youth may have imperfect affections; but what arte concealeth in one, ignorance revealeth in the other. Dorastus seeing Fawnia helde him so harde, thought it was vaine so long to beate about the bush; therefore he thought to have given her a fresh charge, but he was so prevented by certaine of his men, who missing their maister came poffing to seeke

him, seeing that he was gone foorth all alone: yet before they drewe so nie that they might heare their talke, he used these speeches.

Why, Fawnia, perhappes I love thee, and then thou must needes yeelde, for thou knowest I can commaunde and constraîne. Trueth, sir, (quoth she) but not to love; for constrained love is force, not love: and know this, sir, mine honesty is such, as I hadde rather dye then be a concubine even to a king, and my birth is so base as I am unfitte to bee a wife to a poore farmer. Why then (quoth he) thou canst not love Dorastus. Yes, saide Fawnia, when Dorastus becomes a shepheard. And with that the presence of his men broke off their parle, so that he wente with them to the palace and left Fawnia sitting still on the hill side, who, seeing that the night drewe on, shifted her fouldes, and busied her selfe about other worke to drive away such fond fancies as began to trouble her braine. But all this could not prevaile; for the beautie of Dorastus had made such a deepe impression in her heart, as it could not be worne out without cracking, so that she was forced to blame her owne folly in this wise.

Ah, Fawnia, why doest thou gaze against the sunne, or catch at the winde! starres are to be looked at with the eye, not reacht at with the hande: thoughts are to be measured by fortunes, not by desires: falles come not by sitting low, but by climbing too hie. What then, shal al feare to fal because some happe to fall? No, lucke commeth by lot, and fortune windeth those threedes which the destinies spin. Thou art favored, Fawnia, of a prince, and yet thou art so fond to reject desired favours: thou hast deniall at thy tonges end, and desire at thy hearts bottome; a womans fault to spurne at that with her foote, which she greedily catcheth at with her hand. Thou lovest Dorastus, Fawnia, and yet seemest to lower. Take heede: if hee retire thou wilt repent; for unles hee love, thou canst but dye. Dye then, Fawnia, for Dorastus doth but jest: the lyon never prayeth on the mouse, nor faulcons stoupe not to dead stales. Sit downe then in sorrow,



ceasse to love and content thy selfe that Dorastus will vouchsafe to flatter Fawnia, though not to fancy Fawnia. Heigh ho! ah, foole, it were seemelier for thee to whistle as a shepheard, then to sigh as a lover. And with that she ceased from these perplexed passions, folding her sheepe and hying home to her poore cottage.

But such was the incessant sorrow of Dorastus to thinke on the witte and beautie of Fawnia, and to see how fond hee was being a prince, and how forward she was being a beggar, that he began to loose his wonted appetite, to looke pale and wan; instead of mirth, to feede on melancholy, for courtly daunces to use cold dumpes; in so much that not onely his owne men, but his father and all the court began to marvaile at his sudden change, thinking that some lingring sickness had brought him into this state. Wherefore he caused phisitions to come, but Dorastus neither would let them minister, nor so much as suffer them to see his urine; but remained stil so oppressed with these passions, as he feared in himselfe a farther inconvenience. His honor wished him to ceasse from such folly, but love forced him to follow fancy. Yea, and in despight of honour, love wonne the conquest, so that his hot desires caused him to find new devises; for hee presently made himselfe a shepherds coate, that he might goe unknowne and with the lesse suspicion to prattle with Fawnia, and conveied it secretly into a thick grove hard joyning to the pallace, whether finding fit time and opportunity he went all alone, and putting off his princely apparell got on those shepherds robes, and taking a great hooke in his hand (which he had also gotten) he went very anciently to finde out the mistres of his affection. But as he went by the way, seeing himselfe clad in such unseemely ragges, he began to smile at his owne folly and to reprove his fondnesse in these tearmes.

Well, said Dorastus, thou keepest a right decorum; base desires and homely attires: thy thoughtes are fit for none but a shepheard, and thy apparell such as only becomes a shepheard. A strang change from a prince to a pesant! what,

is it thy wretched fortune or thy wilful folly ! Is it thy cursed destinies, or thy crooked desires, that appointeth thee this penance ? Ah, Dorastus, thou canst but love ; and unlesse thou love, thou art like to perish for love. Yet, fond foole, choose flowers, not weedes ; diamondes, not peables ; ladies which may honor thee, not shepheards which may disgrace thee. Venus is painted in silkes, not in ragges ; and Cupid treadeth on disdain, when he reacheth at dignitie. And yet, Dorastus, shame not at thy shepheards weede. the heavenly godes have sometime earthly thoughtes. Neptune became a ram, Jupiter a bul, Apollo a shepheard : they gods, and yet in love ; and thou a man appointed to love.

Devising thus with himselfe hee drew nigh to the place where Fawnia was keeping her shepe, who casting her eye aside and seeing such a manerly shepheard, perfectly limmed and comming with so good a pace, she began halfe to forget Dorastus and to favor this prety shepheard, whom she thought shee might both love and obtaine. But as shee was in these thoughts, she perceived then that it was the yong prince Dorastus, wherefore she rose up and reverently saluted him. Dorastus taking her by the hand repaied her curtesie with a sweete kisse, and praying her to sit downe by him, he began thus to lay the batterie.

If thou marvell Fawnia at my strange attyre, thou wouldest more muse at my unaccustomed thoughtes : the one disgraceth but my outward shape, the other disturbeth my inward senses. I love, Fawnia, and therefore what love liketh I cannot mislike. Fawnia, thou hast promised to love, and I hope thou wilt performe no lesse. I have fulfilled thy request, and now thou canst but graunt my desire. Thou wert content to love Dorastus when he ceast to be a prince and to become a shepheard, and see I have made the change, and therefore not to misse of my choice.

Trueth, quoth Fawnia, but all that wear cooles are not monkes : painted eagles are pictures, not eagles. Zeusis grapes were like grapes, yet shadowes : rich clothing make not princes, nor homely attyre beggers : shepheards are not

called shepherdes because they were hookes and bagges, but that they are borne poore and live to keepe sheepe; so this attire hath not made Dorastus a shepherd, but to seeme like a shepherd.

Well, Fawnia, answered Dorastus, were I a shepherd, I could not but like thee, and being a prince I am forst to love thee. Take heed, Fawnia: be not proud of beauties painting, for it is a flower that fadeth in the blossome. Those which disdayne in youth are despised in age. Beauties shadowes are tricked up with times colours, which being set to drie in the sunne are stained with the sunne, scarce pleasing the sight ere they beginne not to be worth the sight; not much unlike the herbe Ephemeron, which flourisheth in the morning and is withered before the sunne setting. If my desire were against lawe, thou mightest justly deny me by reason; but I love thee, Fawnia, not to misuse thee as a concubine, but to use thee as my wife. I can promise no more, and meane to performe no lesse.

Fawnia hearing this solemne protestation of Dorastus could no longer withstand the assault, but yeelded up the forte in these friendly tearmes.

Ah, Dorastus, I shame to expresse that thou forcest me with thy sugred speeche to confesse: my base birth causeth the one, and thy high dignities the other. Beggars thoughts ought not to reach so far as kings, and yet my desires reach as high as princes. I dare not say, Dorastus, I love thee, because I am a shepherd; but the gods know I have honored Dorastus (pardon if I say amisse), yea, and loved Dorastus with such dutiful affection as Fawnia can performe, or Dorastus desire. I yeeld, not overcome with prayers but with love, resting Dorastus handmaid ready to obey his wil, if no prejudice at all to his honour, nor to my credit.

Dorastus hearing this frendly conclusion of Fawnia embraced her in his armes, swearing that neither distance, time, nor adverse fortune, should diminish his affection; but that in despite of the destinies he would remaine loyall unto death. Having thus plight their troath each to other, seeing

they could not have the full fruition of their love in Sycilia, for that Egistus consent woulde never bee graunted to so meane a match, Dorastus determined, as sone as time and oportunitie would give them leave, to provide a great masse of money, and many rich and costly jewels for the easier cariage, and then to transporte themselves and their treasure into Italy, where they should leade a contented life, until such time as either he could be reconciled to his father, or els by sucesion come to the kingdome. This devise was greatly praysed of Fawnia, for she feared if the king his father should but heare of the contract, that his furie would be such as no lesse then death would stand for payment. She therefore tould him that delay bred daunger; that many mishaps did fall out betweene the cup and the lip; and that to avoid danger, it were best with as much speed as might be to passe out of Sycilia, least fortune might prevent their pretence with some newe despight. Dorastus, whom love pricked forward with desire, promised to dispatch his affaires with as great hast as either time or oportunitie would geve him leave, and so resting upon this point, after many imbracings and sweete kisses, they departed.

Dorastus having taken his leave of his best beloved Fawnia went to the grove where hee had his rich apparel, and there uncasing himself as secretly as might be, hiding up his shepherds attire till occasion should serve againe to use it, he went to the pallace, shewing by his merrie countenance that either the state of his body was amended, or the case of his minde greatly redressed. Fawnia, poore sowle, was no lesse joyful, that being a shepherd, fortune had favoured her so as to reward her with the love of a prince, hoping in time to be advaunced from the daughter of a poore farmer to be the wife of a riche king; so that she thought every houre a yeere, till by their departure they might prevent danger, not ceasing still to goe every daye to her sheepe, not so much for the care of her flock, as for the desire she had to see her love and lord, Dorastus, who oftentimes, when oportunitie would serve, repaired thither to feede

his fancy with the sweet content of Fawnias presence. And although he never went to visit her but in his shepherds raggess, yet his ofte repaire made him not onely suspected, but knowne to divers of their neighbours; who for the good will they bare to old Porrus tould him secretly of the matter, wishing him to keepe his daughter at home, least she went so ofte to the field that shee brought him home a yong sonne, for they feared that Fawnia, being so beautifull, the yong prince would allure her to folly. Porrus was stricken into a dump at these newes, so that thanking his neighboures for their good will, he hyed him home to his wife, and calling her aside, wringing his handes and shedding forth teares, he brake the matter to her in these tearmes.

I am afraid, wife, that my daughter Fawnia hath made her selfe so fine, that she will buy repentance too deare. I heare newes, which, if they be true, some will wish they had not proved true. It is tould me by my neighbours that Dorastus, the kings sonne, begins to looke at our daughter Fawnia; which if it be so, I will not geve her a halfe peny for her honestie at the yeeres end. I tell thee, wife, nowadaies beautie is a great stale to trap young men, and faire wordes and sweete promises are two great enemies to a maydens honestie; and thou knowest, where poore men in-treate and cannot obtaine, there princes may commaund and wil obtaine. Though kings sonnes daunce in nettes they may not be seene; but poore mens faultes are spied at a little hole. Well, it is a hard case where kinges lustes are lawes, and that they should binde poore men to that which they themselves wilfully breake.

Peace husband (quoth his wife), take heede what you say: speake no more than you should, least you heare what you would not: great streames are to be stopped by sleight, not by force, and princes to be perswaded by submission, not by rigor. Doe what you can, but no more than you may, least in saving Fawnias mayden-head you loose your owne head. Take heede, I say: it is ill jesting with edged tooles, and bad sporting with kinges. The wolfe had his skinne

puld over his eares for but looking into the lions den. Tush, wife, (quoth he) thou speakest like a foole: if the king should knowe that Dorastus had begotten our daughter with childe (as I feare it will fall out little better) the kings furie would be such as, no doubt, we should both loose our goodes and lives. Necessitie therefore hath no lawe, and I will prevent this mischiefe with a newe devise that is come into my head, which shall neither offend the king nor displease Dorastus. I meane to take the chaine and the jewels that I found with Fawnia, and carrie them to the king, letting him then to understand how she is none of my daughter, but that I founde her beaten up with the water, alone in a little boate wrapped in a riche mantle, wherein was inclosed this treasure. By this meanes I hope the king will take Fawnia into his service, and we, whatsoever chaunceth, shall be blamelesse. This device pleased the good wife very well, so that they determined, assoone as they might know the king at leisure, to make him privie to this case.

In the meane time Dorastus was not slacke in his affaires, but applyed his matters with such diligence that he provided all thinges fitte for their journey. Treasure and jewels he had gotten great store, thincking there was no better friend then money in a strange cuntry: rich attire he had provided for Fawnia, and, because he could not bring the matter to passe without the helpe and advice of some one, he made an old servant of his, called Capnio, who had served him from his childhood, privie to his affaires; who seeing no perswasions could prevaile to divert him from his settled determination, gave his consent, and dealt so secretly in the cause that within short space hee had gotten a ship ready for their passage. The mariners seeing a fitt gale of winde for their purpose wished Capnio to make no delayes, least if they pretermitted this good weather they might stay long ere they had such a fayre winde. Capnio, fearing that his negligence should hinder the journey, in the night time conveyed the trunckes full of treasure into the shippe, and by secrete meanes let Fawnia understand that the next morning they

meant to depart. She upon this newes slept verie little that night, but gotte up very early, and wente to her sheepe, looking every minute when she should see Dorastus, who taried not long for feare delay might breede daunger, but came as fast as he could gallop, and without any great circumstance tooke Fawnia up behinde him and rode to the haven where the shippe lay, which was not three quarters of a mile distant from that place. He no sooner came there but the marriners were readie with their cockboate to set them aboard, where being coucht together in a cabben they past away the time in recounting their old loves till their man Capnio should come. Porrus, who had heard that this morning the king would go abroade to take the ayre, called in haste to his wife to bring him his holyday hose and his best jacket, that he might goe like an honest substantiall man to tell his tale. His wife, a good cleanly wenche, brought him all things fitte, and spungd him up very handsomlie, giving him the chaines and jewels in a little boxe, which Porrus for the more safety put in his bosom. Having thus all his trinkets in a readines, taking his staffe in his hand he bad his wife kisse him for good lucke, and so hee went towards the pallace. But as he was going, fortune (who meant to shewe him a little false play) prevented his purpose in this wise.

He met by chaunce in his way Capnio, who trudging as fast as he could with a little coffer under his arme to the ship, and spying Porrus, whome he knewe to be Fawnias father, going towards the pallace, being a wylie fellow, began to doubt the worst, and therefore crost him by the way, and askt him whither he was going so earely this morning? Porrus (who knew by his face that he was one of the court) meaning simply, told him that the kings son Dorastus dealt hardly with him; for he had but one daughter who was a little beautifull, and that the neighbours told him the young prince had allured her to folly: he went therefore now to complaine to the king how greatly he was abused.

Capnio (who straight way smelt the whole matter) began to soth him in his talke, and said that Dorastus dealt not

like a prince to spoile any poore manes daughter in that sort: he therefore would doe the best for him he could, because he knew he was an honest man. But (quoth Capnio) you lose your labour in going to the pallace, for the king meanes this day to take the aire of the sea and to goe aboard of a shippe that lies in the haven. I am going before, you see, to provide all things in redinesse, and if you wil follow my counsaile, turne back with me to the haven, where I will set you in such a fitte place as you may speake to the king at your pleasure. Porrus giving credit to Capnios smooth tale, gave him a thousand thanks for his friendly advise, and went with him to the haven, making all the way his complaintes of Dorastus, yet concealing secretlie the chaine and the jewels. As soone as they were come to the sea side, the marriners seeing Capnio came a land with their cock-boote, who still dissembling the matter demaunded of Porrus if he would go see the ship! who, unwilling and fearing the worst because he was not well acquainted with Capnio, made his excuse that he could not brooke the sea, therefore would not trouble him.

Capnio, seeing that by faire meanes hee could not get him aboard, comaunded the mariners that by violence they should carrie him into the shippe; who like sturdy knaves hoisted the poore shepheard on their backes, and bearing him to the boate launched from the land.

Porrus seeing himselfe so cunningly betraied durst not crie out, for hee sawe it would not prevaile, but began to intreate Capnio and the marriners to be good to him, and to pittie his estate: hee was but a poore man that lived by his labour. They laughing to see the shepheard so afraide made as much haste as they could, and set him aboorde. Porrus was no sooner in the shippe but he saw Dorastus walking with Fawnia; yet he scarce knew her, for she had attired her selfe in riche apparell, which so increased her beauty that shee resembled rather an angell then a mortall creature.

Dorastus and Fawnia were halfe astonished to see the olde shepheard, marvailing greatly what wind had brought him thither, til Capnio told him al the whole discourse; how



Porrus was going to make his complaint to the king, if by policie he had not prevented him, and therefore now, sith he was aboard, for the avoiding of further danger it were best to carrie him into Italy.

Dorastus praised greatly his mans devise, and allowed of his counsaile; but Fawnia (who stil feared Porrus as her father) began to blush for shame, that by her meanes he should either incure daunger or displeasure.

The old shephard hearing this hard sentence, that he should on such a sodaine be caried from his wife, his country, and kinsfolke, into a forraine lande amongst straungers, began with bitter teares to make his complaint, and on his knees to intreate Dorastus, that pardoning his unadvised folly he would give him leave to goe home; swearing that hee would keepe all thinges as secret as they could wish. But these protestations could not prevaile, although Fawnia intreated Dorastus very earnestly; but the mariners hoisting their maine sailes waied ankers, and hailed into the deepe, where we leave them to the favour of the wind and seas, and returne to Egistus.

Who having appointed this day to hunt in one of his forests called for his sonne Dorastus to go sport himselfe, because hee saw that of late hee began to loure; but his men made answer that hee was gone abroade none knew whither, except he were gone to the grove to walke all alone, as his custome was to doe every day.

The king willing to waken him out of his dumpes sent one of his men to goe seeke him, but in vaine, for at last he returned, but finde him he could not, so that the king went himselfe to goe see the sport; where passing away the day, returning at night from hunting, hee asked for his sonne, but hee could not be heard of, which drave the king into a great choler: where upon most of his noblemen and other courtiers poasted abroad to seek him, but they could not heare of him through all Sicilia, onely they missed Capnio his man, which againe made the king suspect that hee was not gone farre.

Two or three daies being passed, and no newes heard of Dorastus, Egistus began to feare that he was deuoured with some wilde beastes, and upon that made out a greate troupe of men to go seeke him; who coasted through all the countrey, and searched in euerie daungerous and secrete place, untill at last they mette with a fisherman that was mending his nettes when Dorastus and Fawnia tooke shipping; who being examined if he either knewe or heard where the kinges sonne was, without any secrecie at all revealed the whole matter, how he was sayled two dayes past, and had in his company his man Capnio, Porrus and his faire daughter Fawnia. This heauiue newes was presently caryed to the king, who, halfe dead for sorrow commaunded Porrus wife to bee sent-for. She being come to the pallace, after due examination, confessed that her neighbours had oft told her that the kinges sonne was too familier with Fawnia, her daughter; whereuppon, her husband, fearing the worst, about two dayes past (hearing the king should goe an hunting) rose earely in the morning and went to make his complaint; but since she neither heard of him, nor saw him. Egistus perceiving the womans unfeyned simplicity, let her depart without incurring further displeasure, conceiuing such secret greefe for his sonnes recklesse follie, that he had so forgotten his honour and parentage by so base a choise to dishonor his father and discredit himselfe, that with very care and thought he fel into a quartan fever, which was so unfit for his aged yeeres and complexion, that he became so weake as the phisitions would graunt him no life.

But his sonne Dorastus little regarded either father, countrey, or kingdome in respect of his lady Fawnia; for fortune smyling on this young novice lent him so lucky a gale of winde for the space of a day and a night, that the maryners lay and slept upon the hatches; but on the next morning, about the breake of day the aire began to be overcast, the winds to rise, the seas to swel, yea, presently there arose such a fearfull tempest, as the ship was in danger to be swallowed

up with every sea, the maine mast with the violence of the wind was thrown over board, the sayles were torne, the tacklings went in sunder, the storme raging still so furiously that poore Fawnia was almost dead for feare, but that she was greatly comforted with the presence of Dorastus. The tempest continued three dayes, at which time the mariners everie minute looked for death, and the aire was so darkned with cloudes that the maister could not tell by his compasse in what coast they were. But upon the fourth day, about ten of the clocke, the wind began to cease, the sea to wax calme, and the sky to be cleare, and the mariners descryed the coast of Bohemia, shooting of their ordance for joy that they had escaped such a fearefull tempest.

Dorastus hearing that they were arrived at some harbour sweetly kissed Fawnia, and bad her be of good cheare: when they tolde him that the port belonged unto the cheife cittie of Bohemia, where Pandosto kept his court, Dorastus began to be sad, knowing that his father hated no man so much as Pandosto, and that the king himself had sought secretly to betray Egistus: this considered, he was halfe afraide to goe on land, but that Capnio counselled him to change his name and his cuntry, until such time as they could get some other barke to transport them into Italy. Dorastus liking this devise made his case privy to the marriners, rewarding them bountiffully for their paines, and charging them to saye that he was a gentleman of Trapolonia called Meleagrus. The shipmen, willing to shew what friendship they could to Dorastus, promised to be as secret as they could, or hee might wish; and upon this they landed in a little village a mile distant from the citie, where after they had rested a day, thinking to make provision for their mariage, the fame of Fawnias beauty was spread throughout all the citie, so that it came to the eares of Pandosto; who then being about the age of fifty had notwithstanding yong and freshe affections, so that he desired greatly to see Fawnia; and to bring this matter the better to passe, hearing they had but one man,

and how they rested at a very homely house, he caused them to be apprehended as spies, and sent a dozen of his garde to take them: who being come to their lodging tolde them the kings message. Dorastus no whit dismayed, accompanied with Fawnia and Capnio, went to the court (for they left Porrus to keepe the stuffe) who being admitted to the kings presence, Dorastus and Fawnia with humble obeysance saluted his majestie.

Pandosto amazed at the singular perfection of Fawnia stood halfe astonished, viewing her beauty, so that he had almost forgot himselfe what hee had to doe: at last with stearne countenance he demaunded their names, and of what countrey they were, and what caused them to land in Bohemia? Sir (quoth Dorastus) know that my name Meleagrus is, a knight borne and brought up in Trapolonia, and this gentlewoman, whom I meane to take to my wife, is an Italian, borne in Padua, from whence I have now brought her. The cause I have so small a trayne with me is for that her friends unwilling to consent, I intended secretly to convey her into Trapolonia; whither as I was sailing, by distresse of weather I was driven into these coasts: thus have you heard my name, my country, and the cause of my voiage. Pandosto, starting from his seat as one in choller, made this rough reply.

Meleagrus, I feare this smooth tale hath but small trueth, and that thou coverest a foule skin with faire paintings. No doubt this ladie by her grace and beauty is of her degree more meete for a mighty prince, then for a simple knight, and thou like a perjured traitour hath bereft her of her parents, to their present grieffe and her insuing sorrow. Till therefore I heare more of her parentage and of thy calling I will stay you both here in Bohemia.

Dorastus, in whome rested nothing but kingly valor, was not able to suffer the reproches of Pandosto, but that he made him this answer.

It is not meete for a king without due prooffe to appeach any man of ill behaviour, nor upon suspition to inferre beleefe:

straungers ought to bee entertained with courtesie not to bee intreated with crueltie, least being forced by want to put up injuries, the gods revenge their cause with rigor.

Pandosto hearing Dorastus utter these wordes commaunded that he should straight be committed to prison untill such time as they heard further of his pleasure; but as for Fawnia, he charged that she should be entertained in the court with such curtesie as belonged to a straunger and her calling. The rest of the shipmen he put into the dungeon.

Having thus hardly handled the supposed Trapolonians, Pandosto, contrarie to his aged yeares, began to be somewhat tickled with the beauty of Fawnia, in so much that hee could take no rest, but cast in his old head a thousand new devises: at last he fell into these thoughtes.

How art thou pested, Pandosto, with fresh affections, and unfitte fancies, wishing to possesse with an unwilling mynde, and a hot desire troubled with a could disdain! shall thy mynde yeeld in age to that thou hast resisted in youth? Peace, Pandosto: blabbe not out that which thou maiest be ashamed to reveale to thy self. Ah, Fawnia is beautifull, and it is not for thine honour (fond foole) to name her that is thy captive, and an other man's concubine. Alas, I reach at that with my hand which my hart would faine refuse; playing like the bird Ibys in Egipt, which hateth serpents yet feedeth on their egges. Tush, hot desires turne ostentimes to colde disdain: love is brittle, where appetite, not reason, beares the sway: kinges thoughtes ought not to climbe so high as the heavens, but to looke no lower then honour: better it is to pecke at the starres with the young eagles, then to pray on dead carkasses with the vulture: tis more honourable for Pandosto to dye by concealing love, than to enjoy such unfitte love. Dooth Pandosto then love? Yea: whome? A maide unknowne, yea, and perhappes immodest, stragled out of her owne countrie; beautifull, but not therefore chast; comely in bodie, but perhappes crooked in minde. Cease then, Pandosto, to looke at Fawnia, much lesse to love

her: be not overtaken with a womans beauty, whose eyes are framed by arte to inamour, whose hearte is framed by nature to inchaunt, whose false teares knowe their true times, and whose sweete wordes pearce deeper then sharpe swordes.

Here Pandosto ceased from his talke, but not from his love : although he sought by reason and wisdom to suppress this franticke affection, yet he could take no rest, the beauty of Fawnia had made such a deepe impression in his heart. But on a day, walking abroad into a parke which was hard adjoining to his house, he sent by one of his servants for Fawnia, unto whome he uttered these wordes.

Fawnia, I commend thy beauty and wit, and now pittie thy distresse and want; but if thou wilt forsake Sir Meleagrus, whose poverty, though a knight, is not able to maintaine an estate aunswerable to thy beauty, and yeld thy consent to Pandosto, I wil both increase thee with dignities and riches. No, sir, answered Fawnia; Meleagrus is a knight that hath wonne me by love, and none but he shal weare me: his sinister mischance shall not diminish my affection, but rather increase my good will: thinke not, though your grace hath imprisoned him without cause, that feare shall make mee yeld my consent: I had rather be Meleagrus wife and a begger, then live in plenty and be Pandostos concubine. Pandosto hearing the assured aunswere of Fawnia would, notwithstanding, prosecute his suite to the uttermost, seeking with faire words and great promises to scale the fort of her chastitie, swearing that if she would graunt to his desire Meleagrus should not only be set at libertie, but honoured in his courte amongst his nobles. But these alluring baytes could not entise her minde from the love of her newe betrothed mate Meleagrus; which Pandosto seeing he left her alone for that time to consider more of the demaund. Fawnia being alone by her selfe began to enter into these solitarie meditations.

Ah, infortunate Fawnia! thou seest to desire above fortune

is to strive against the gods, and fortune. Who gazeth at the sunne weakeneth his sight: they which stare at the skie fall ofte into deepe pits: haddest thou rested content to have bene a shepheard, thou needest not to have feared mischaunce: better had it bene for thee by sitting lowe to have had quiet, then by climing high to have fallen into miserie. But alas, I feare not mine owne daunger, but Dorastus displeasure. Ah sweete Dorastus, thou art a prince, but now a prisoner, by too much love procuring thine owne losse: haddest thou not loved Fawnia thou haddest bene fortunate: shall I then be false to him that hath forsaken kingdomes for my cause? no: would my death might deliver him, so mine honour might be preserved! With that, fetching a deepe sigh, she ceased from her complaints, and went againe to the pallace, injoying a libertie without content, and profered pleasure with smal joy. But poore Dorastus lay all this while in close prison, being pinched with a hard restraint, and pained with the burden of colde and heavie irons, sorrowing sometimes that his fond affection had procured him this mishappe, that by the disobedience of his parentes he had wrought his owne despight: an other while cursing the gods and fortune, that they should crosse him with such sinister chaunce, uttering at last his passions in these words.

Ah, unfortunate wretch! borne to mishappe, now thy folly hath his desert: art thou not worthie for thy base minde to have bad fortune? could the destinies favour thee, which hast forgot thine honor and dignities? wil not the gods plague him in despight that payneth his father with disobedience? Oh, gods! if any favour or justice be left, plague me, but favour poore Fawnia, and shrowd her from the tirannies of wretched Pandosto; but let my death free her from mishap, and then welcome death. Dorastus payned with these heavie passions sorrowed and sighed, but in vaine, for which he used the more patience. But againe to Pandosto, who broyling at the heat of unlawfull lust, coulede take no rest, but still felt his minde disquieted with his new

love, so that his nobles and subjectes marveyled greatly at this sudaine alteration, not being able to conjecture the cause of this his continued care. Pandosto, thinking every hower a yeare til he had talked once againe with Fawnia, sent for her secretly into his chamber, whither though Fawnia unwillingly comming, Pandosto entertained her very courteously, using these familiar speaches, which Fawnia answered as shortly in this wise.

*Pandosto.*

Fawnia, are you become lesse wilfull and more wise to preferre the love of a king before the liking of a poore knight? I thinke ere this you thinke it is better to be favoured of a king then of a subject.

*Fawnia.*

Pandosto, the body is subject to victories, but the minde not to be subdued by conquest: honesty is to be preferred before honour; and a dramme of faith weigheth downe a tunne of gold. I have promised to Meleagrus to love, and will performe no lesse.

*Pandosto.*

Fawnia, I know thou art not so unwise in thy choice as to refuse the offer of a king, nor so ingrateful as to dispise a good turne. Thou art now in that place where I may commaunde, and yet thou seest I intreate: my power is such as I may compell by force, and yet I sue by prayers. Yeelde, Fawnia, thy love to him which burneth in thy love: Meleagrus shall be set free, thy countrymen discharged, and thou both loved and honoured.

*Fawnia.*

I see, Pandosto, where lust ruleth it is a miserable thing to be a virgin; but know this, that I will alwaies preferre fame before life, and rather choose death then dishonour.



Pandosto seeing that there was in Fawnia a determinate courage to love Meleagrus, and a resolution without feare to hate him, flong away from her in a rage, swearing if in shorte time she would not be wonne with reason, he would forget all courtesie, and compel her to graunt by rigour: but these threatning wordes no whit dismayed Fawnia, but that she still both dispihted and dispised Pandosto. While thus these two lovers strove, the one to winne love, the other to live in hate, Egistus heard certaine newes by merchauntes of Bohemia, that his sonne Dorastus was imprisoned by Pandosto, which made him feare greatly that his sonne should be but hardly entreated: yet considering that Bellaria and hee was cleared by the Oracle of Apollo from that crime wherewith Pandosto had unjustly charged them, he thought best to send with all speed to Pandosto, that he should set free his sonne Dorastus, and put to death Fawnia and her father Porrus. Finding this by the advise of counsaile the speediest remedy to release his sonne, he caused presently too of his shippes to be rigged, and thoroughly furnished with provision of men and victuals, and sent divers of his nobles embassadoures into Bohemia; who willing to obey their king, and receive their yong prince, made no delayes for feare of danger, but with as much speede as might be sailed towards Bohemia. The winde and seas favored them greatly, which made them hope of some good happe, for within three daies they were landed; which Pandosto no sooner heard of their arrivall, but he in person went to meete them, intreating them with such sumptuous and familiar courtesie, that they might well perceive how sory he was for the former injuries he had offered to their king, and how willing (if it might be) to make amendes.

As Pandosto made report to them, how one Maleagrus, a knight of Trapolonia, was lately arived with a lady called Fawnia in his land, comming very suspitiously, accompanied onely with one servant and an olde shepheard, the embassadours perceived by the halfe, what the whole tale ment, and

began to conjecture that it was Dorastus, who for feare to bee knowne had chaunged his name; but dissembling the matter they shortly arrived at the court, where after they had bin verie solemnly and sumptuously feasted, the noble men of Sicilia being gathered together, they made reporte of their embassage, where they certified Pandosto that Meleagrus was sonne and heire to the king Egistus, and that his name was Dorastus; how contrarie to the kings minde he had privilie convaied away that Fawnia, intending to marrie her, being but daughter to that poore shepheard Porrus: whereupon the kings request was that Capnio, Fawnia, and Porrus, might be murthered and put to death, and that his sonne Dorastus might be sent home in safetie. Pandosto having attentively, and with great mervaile, heard their embassage, willing to reconcile himselfe to Egistus and to shew him how greatlie he esteemed his labour, although love and fancy forbad him to hurt Fawnia, yet in despight of love hee determined to execute Egistus will without mercy; and therefore he presently sent for Dorastus out of prison, who mervailing at this unlooked for curtesie, found at his comming to the kings presence that which he least doubted of, his fathers embassadours; who no sooner saw him, but with great reverence they honored him, and Pandosto embracing Dorastus set him by him very lovingly in a chaire of estate. Dorastus, ashamed that his follie was bewraied, sate a long time as one in a muse, til Pandosto told him the summe of his fathers embassage; which he had no sooner heard, but he was toucht at the quicke, for the cruell sentence that was pronounced against Fawnia. But neither could his sorrow nor his perswasions prevaile, for Pandosto commaunded that Fawnia, Porrus, and Capnio, should bee brought to his presence; who were no sooner come, but Pandosto, having his former love turned to a disdainful hate, began to rage against Fawnia in these tearnes.

Thou disdainfull vassal, thou currish kite, assigned by the destinies to base fortune, and yet with an aspiring minde

gazing after honor, how durst thou presume, being a beggar, to match with a prince? by thy alluring lookes to inchant the sonne of a king to leave his owne cuntry to fulfill thy disordinate lusts! O despightfull minde! a proud heart in a beggar is not unlike to a great fire in a smal cottage, which warmeth not the house, but burneth it: assure thy selfe that thou shalt die. And thou, old doating foole, whose follie hath bene such as to suffer thy daughter to reach above thy fortune, looke for no other meede but the like punishment. But Capnio, thou which hast betrayed the king, and hast consented to the unlawfull lust of thy lord and maister, I know not how justly I may plague thee: death is too easie a punishment for thy falsehood, and to live (if not in extreme miserie) were not to shew thee equitie. I therefore award that thou shall have thine eyes put out, and continually while thou diest, grinde in a mil like a brute beast. The feare of death brought a sorrowfull silence upon Fawnia and Capnio, but Porrus seeing no hope of life burst forth into these speeches.

Pandosto, and ye noble embassadours of Sicilia, seeing without cause I am condemned to die, I am yet glad I have opportunitie to disburden my conscience before my death. I will tel you as much as I know, and yet no more than is true. Whereas I am accused that I have bene a supporter of Fawnias pride, and shee disdained as a vilde begger, so it is, that I am neither father unto her, nor she daughter unto me. For so it happened, that I being a poore shepheard in Sicilia, living by keeping other mens flockes, one of my sheepe straying downe to the sea side, as I went to seeke her, I saw a little boat driven upon the shoare, wherein I found a babe of sixe daies olde, wrapped in a mantle of skarlet, having about the necke this chaine. I pittying the child, and desirous of the treasure, carried it home to my wife, who with great care nursed it up and set it to keepe sheepe. Heere is the chaine and the jewels, and this Fawnia is the childe whome I found in the boate. What shee is, or of what pa-

rentage I knowe not, but this I am assured that shee is none of mine.

Pandosto would scarce suffer him to tell out his tale, but that he enquired the time of the yeere, the manner of the boate and other circumstaunces; which when he found agreeing to his count he sodainelie leapt from his seate and kissed Fawnia, wetting her tender cheeks with his teares, and crying, my daughter Fawnia! ah sweete Fawnia! I am thy father, Fawnia. This sodaine passion of the king drave them all into a maze, especially Fawnia and Dorastus. But when the king had breathed himselfe a while in this newe joy, hee rehearsed before the embassadours the whole matter, how hee had entreated his wife Bellaria for jealousie, and that this was the childe whome hee had sent to floate in the seas.

Fawnia was not more joyfull that she had found such a father, then Dorastus was glad he should get such a wife. The embassadors rejoyced that their yong prince had made such a choice, that those kingdomes, which through enmitie had long time been dissevered, should now through perpetual amitie be united and reconciled. The citizens and subjects of Bohemia (hearing that the king had found againe his daughter, which was supposed dead, joyfull that there was an heire apparent to his kingdome) made bonfires and showes throughout the cittie. The courtiers and knights appointed justs and turneis to signifie their willing mindes in gratifying the kings hap.

Eightene daies being past in these princely sports, Pandosto, willing to recompence old Porrus, of a shepheard made him a knight; which done, providing a sufficient navie to receive him and his retinue, accompanied with Dorastus, Fawnia, and the Sicilian embassadours, he sailed towards Sicilia, where he was most princelie entertained by Egistus; who hearing this most comicall event, rejoyced greatly at his sonnes good happe, and without delay (to the perpetuall joy of the two yong lovers) celebrated the marriage: which was

no sooner ended, but Pandosto (calling to mind how first he betrayed his friend Egistus, how his jealousy was the cause of Bellarias death, that contrarie to the law of nature hee had lusted after his owne daughter) moved with these desperate thoughts, he fell into a melancholie fit, and to close up the comedie with a tragicall stratageme, hee slewe himselfe; whose death being many daies bewailed of Fawnia, Dorastus, and his deere friend Egistus, Dorastus, taking his leave of his father, went with his wife and the dead corps into Bohemia, where after they were sumptuouslie intoombed, Dorastus ended his daies in contented quiet.

FINIS.

## NOTES.

Page 18, line 9, "*This*, since thou must goe," &c. ; we ought to read "*Thus* since," &c. as it stands in some of the later editions.

Page 18, line 18, "Having neither saile *nor other* to guid it," &c. ; we ought to read, "Having neither saile *nor rudder* to guid it." The error is corrected in the impressions subsequent to that which is considered the first.

Page 21, line 18, for "his babe innocent," read, "his babe *an* innocent."

Page 24, line 13, "Sackles" is *guiltless* ; and in some of the later editions (as in that of 1632), the one word is substituted for the other.

Page 29, line 34, "Thou seest my white hayres are blossomes for the grave," &c. Percy in his "Reliques," II, 177, Edit. 1812, quotes the following as part of an old song on the story of the Beggars Daughter of Bethnall Green :—

" His reverend lockes  
In comelye curles did wave,  
And on his aged temples grewe  
The blossomes of the grave."

Page 37, line 9, "We are rich in that we are poore with content." So Shakespeare, *Othello*, Act III, Scene 3 :—

" Poor and content is rich, and rich enough."

Page 38, line 24, "Starres are to be looked at with the eye, not reacht at with the hand." So Shakespeare, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act III, Scene 1 :—

" Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee ?"

Page 43, line 24, "Though kings sonnes daunce in nettes, they may not be seene." Alluding to the old story of the fisherman's daughter who was ordered to dance before a great lord, so that she might be seen, yet not seen, to effect which she covered herself with one of her father's nets. The Italian fool and jester Gonella for the same purpose is said to have put himself behind a sieve.

Page 55, line 21, "Who willing to obey their king, and *receiue* the yong prince," &c. Ought we not to read *relieve* instead of *receiue*, though the old copies follow the edition of 1588 ?

Page 56, line 15, "And to shew him how greatlie he esteemed his *labour*." Later editions read *favour* for *labour*, which is clearly right.

# ROSALYND.

EUPHUES' GOLDEN LEGACIE,

FOUND AFTER HIS DEATH

IN HIS CELL AT SILEXEDRA.

&c.

BY THOMAS LODGE, GENT.

UPON WHICH SHAKESPEARE FOUNDED HIS "AS YOU LIKE IT."

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REPRINTED FROM THE EDITION OF 1592.

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LONDON :

THOMAS RODD, 2, GREAT NEWPORT STREET.

MDCCLXIII.

ROSALEND.

BY MRS. J. W. WALKER.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY MRS. J. W. WALKER.

NEW YORK: PUBLISHED BY G. W. WALKER, 1848.



## INTRODUCTION.

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STEEVENS, speaking of the obligations of Shakespeare to the novel we have here reprinted, says, that our great dramatist followed it "more exactly than is his general custom, when he is indebted to such worthless originals." Let it be remembered, that this opinion as to the value of Lodge's "Rosalynd" was given by the commentator who asserted that the force of an Act of Parliament would not be sufficient to compel people to read Shakespeare's Sonnets, and who pronounced Watson a more elegant writer than Shakespeare in that department of poetry.

Comparing "Rosalynd" with "As you like it," the former may indeed be termed "worthless," inasmuch as Shakespeare's play is so immeasurably superior to it; but Steevens spoke in the abstract of works of the kind of which Shakespeare had availed himself; and placing Lodge's novel by the side of other productions of the same class, we cannot hesitate to declare it a very amusing and varied composition, full of agreeable and graceful invention (for we are aware of no foreign authority for any of the incidents), and with much natural force and simplicity in the style of the narrative. That it is here and there disfigured by the faults of the time, by forced conceits, by lowness of allusion and expression, and sometimes by inconsistency and want of decorum in the characters, cannot be denied. These are errors which the judgment and genius of Shakespeare taught him to avoid; but the admitted extent and nature of his general obligations to Lodge afford a high tribute to the excellence of that "original," which Steevens pronounced "worthless." It may almost be doubted whether he had even taken the trouble to

read carefully that performance upon which he delivered so dogmatical and definitive a condemnation.

As in the case of Greene's "Dorastus and Fawnia," so in that of Lodge's "Rosalynd," the means of exact comparison between it and the play being now (for the first time) afforded to the modern reader, it would only be a waste of time and space for us to enter into any details on the point. The resemblance throughout will be found rather general than particular; and the characters of Jaques, Touchstone, and Audrey are entirely new in Shakespeare. The names of the other personages engaged in the drama have also been changed, with the exception of those of the heroine, Phœbe, Adam, and Charles the Wrestler.

The edition we have followed is that of 1592, in 4to, B. L.; and by our notes it will be seen that we have carefully collated it with the impression of 1598. "Rosalynd" originally came out in 1590; but Ritson was unacquainted with its existence, and as no perfect copy of the first edition is known, we have necessarily adopted the text of the second. It was reprinted at least ten times before the breaking out of the Civil Wars—a sufficient evidence of the popularity of the story.

On the title-page Lodge tells us that it was "fetched from the Canaries;" and in the Dedication he informs Lord Hunsdon that he wrote the novel "to beguile the time" while he was on a voyage "to the islands of Terceras and the Canaries," with Captain Clarke. He does not speak of it as a translation (as he does of his "Margarite of America," printed in 1596, and written in 1592 while Lodge was at sea with Cavendish), and there is no reason to suppose that it was not an original production. Several of the poems interspersed in "Rosalynd" were copied into "England's Helicon," 4to, 1600.

We have it on Lodge's own evidence (see the Dedication), that he was educated at Oxford under Sir Edward Hobby, and that he was contemporary there with two of the sons of Lord Hunsdon. In fact, he was entered at Trinity College

in 1573, and, as Anthony Wood states, took "one degree in arts;" after which he went to London. There he joined a theatrical company, became an actor and a dramatic author, and about 1580 wrote a Defence of Stage-plays, in answer to Stephen Gosson's "School of Abuse," which had been printed in the preceding year. Lodge's Defence was suppressed by the public authorities, and only two copies of it are now known, both of which have been mutilated, being without title-pages. His oldest production with a date is his "Alarum against Usurers," 4to, 1584, in which he mentions the fate of his answer to Gosson. It seems likely that he entered the army soon afterwards, and accompanied Captains Clarke and Cavendish on their several expeditions.

At the close of his "Rosalynd," Lodge promises a work which, as far as we know, was never printed, to be called "The Sailor's Calendar," and it most likely had relation to his sea adventures. However, we find him again in connection with the stage soon after 1590; and his tragedy called "The Wounds of Civil War" was published in 1594. This is the only extant dramatic piece which he wrote alone, though he had joined Robert Greene in "A Looking Glass for London and England," which must have been composed before September 1593, and was printed in the next year. If any other dramas came from his pen, we have no record of them either in print or in manuscript; but as he certainly wrote with much facility, it is likely that he produced several other plays for the association of actors with which Philip Henslowe was connected, and of which Lodge was a member.

As early as 1589, we learn from the title-page of his "Scilla's Metamorphosis," that he was a "student of Lincoln's Inn," and he still styled himself "of Lincoln's Inn, gentleman," when he published his "Fig for Momus," in 1595.

How soon, and from what motive, he abandoned the study of the law and took up that of medicine, we have no information: probably it happened about the year 1596, when he published his latest miscellaneous work, "Wits Miserie,"

and dated it "from my house at Low Layton." Wood says that he took his degree in medicine at Avignon; but we hear no more of him until 1603, when he printed "A Treatise on the Plague," which was then raging in London; and of which disorder he is supposed to have died in 1625. In the interval he practised as a physician, and is mentioned by his contemporary dramatist and actor, Thomas Heywood, in his *Troja Britannica*, 1609, in that capacity. Lodge was the author of a translation of Josephus, in 1609, and of Seneca in 1614; and in 1616 he obtained a passport from the Privy Council, that he might "travel into the Arch Duke's country," to "recover debts," said to be due to him, though circumstances make it appear likely that it was to avoid his own creditors.

It seems not improbable that our novelist and poet was in some way related to Sir Thomas Lodge, who was Lord Mayor of London in 1563, and regarding the necessity of supporting whose credit a letter from the Lord Treasurer is preserved among the Lansdowne MSS. in the British Museum (No. 6.) Sir Thomas Lodge was one of the persons who fitted out the *Minion* and *Primrose* for the coast of Guinea in 1562 (See Hakluyt's *Voyages*); and it is very possible that the author of "*Rosalynd*" accompanied Clarke and Cavendish on their respective expeditions in consequence of his family connection with one of the promoters of previous naval adventures. He speaks of his "birth," and of "the offspring from whence he came," in his earliest dated production, and for aught that appears to the contrary, he might be the son of Sir Thomas Lodge, who met with misfortunes both during and subsequent to his mayoralty. This, however, is a new point of speculation, not touched by any of those who have hitherto adverted to the particulars of the life of the author of the ensuing novel.

Rofalynde.

Euphues golden Legacie, found after his death in his Cell at Siledra.

BEQVEATHED TO PHILAVTVS

Sonnes, nursed vp with their Father in England.

*Fetcht from the Canaries by T. L. Gent.*

LONDON

Printed by Abel Ieffes for T. G.

and *John Busbie.* 1592.



To the Right Honorable and his most esteemed Lord the Lord of Hunsdon, Lord Chamberlaine to her Majesties household, and Governor of her Towne of Barwicke :  
T. L. G. wisheth increase of all honourable vertues.

Such Romanes (right honorable) as delighted in martiall exploits, attempted their actions in the honour of Augustus, because he was a patron of souldiors : and Virgil dignified him with his poems, as a Mæcenas of schollers ; both joyntly advancing his royaltie, as a prince warlike and learned. Such as sacrifice to Pallas present her with bayes as she is wise, and with armour as she is valiant ; observing heerein that excellent *το πεπεω*, which dedicateth honours according to the perfection of the person. When I entred (right honorable) with a deepe insight into the consideration of these premisses, seeing your L. to be a patron of all martiall men, and a Mæcenas of such as apply themselves to studie, wearing with Pallas both the launce and the bay, and aiming with Augustus at the favour of all, by the honourable vertues of your minde, being myselfe first a student, and afterwards falling from bookes to armes, even vowed in all my thoughts dutifully to affect your Lordshippe. Having with Captaine Clarke made a voyage to the Ilands of Terceras and the Canaries, to beguile the time with labour I writ this booke ; rough, as hatcht in the stormes of the ocean, and feathered in the surges of many perillous seas. But as it is the woorke of a souldiour and a scholler, I presumed to shrowd it under your honors patronage, as one that is the fautor and favourer of all vertuous actions ; and whose honorable loves, growne from the generall applause of the whole common-welth for your higher desertes, may keepe it from the mallice of every

THE EPISTLE DEDICATORIE.

bitter toong. Other reasons more particular (right honourable) chalenge in me a speciall affection to your Lordshippe, as being a scholler with your two noble sonnes, Maister Edmund Carew, and M. Robert Carew, (two siens worthy of so honorable a tree, and a tree glorious in such honourable fruite) as also being scholler in the Universitie under that learned and vertuous knight Sir Edward Hobby, when he was Batcheler in Artes, a man as well lettered as well borne, and, after the etymologie of his name, soaring as high as the winges of knowledge can mount him, happie every way, and the more fortunate, as blessed in the honor of so vertuous a lady. Thus (right honourable) the duetie that I owe to the sonnes, chargeth me that all my affection be placed on the father; for where the branches are so pretious, the tree of force must be most excellent. Commaunded and imboldened thus, with the consideration of these forepassed reasons, to present my booke to your Lordship, I humbly intreate your honour will vouch of my labours, and favour a souldiers and a schollers penne with your gracious acceptance, who answers in affection what he wants in eloquence; so devoted to your honour, as his only desire is, to ende his life under the favour of so martiall and learned a patron. Resting thus in hope of your Lordships curtesie, in deyning the patronage of my worke, I cease, wishing you as many honorable fortunes as your L. can desire or I imagine.

Your honors souldiour most

humbly affectionate:

THOMAS LODGE.



## TO THE GENTLEMEN READERS.

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GENTLEMEN, looke not heere to finde anie sprigs of Pallas bay tree, nor to heare the humour of any amorous lawreat, nor the pleasing vaine of any eloquent orator: *Nolo altum szpere*, they bee matters above my capacitie: the coblers checke shal never light on my heade, *Ne su'or ultra crepidam*; I will go no further than the latchet, and then all is wel. Heere you may perhaps finde some leaves of Venus mirtle, but hewen down by a souldier with his curtaxe, not boght with the allurement of a filed tongue. To bee briefe, gentlemen, roome for a souldier and a sailer, that gives you the fruits of his labors that he wrote in the ocean, when everie line was wet with a surge, and every humorous passion countercheckt with a storme. If you like it, so; and yet I will bee yours in duetie, if you be mine in favour. But if Momus or any squinteied asse, that hath mighty eares to conceive with Midas, and yet little reason to judge, if he come aboard our barke to find fault with the tackling, when hee knowes not the shrowds, Ile downe into the hold, and fetch out a rustie pollax, that sawe no sunne this seaven yeare, and either well bebast him, or heave the cockescombe over boord to feed cods. But curteous gentlemen, that favour most, back-bite none, and pardon what is overslipt, let such come and welcome; Ile into the stewards roome, and fetch them a kanne of our best bevradge. Well, gentlemen, you have Euphuus Legacie. I fetcht it as farre as the Ilands of Terceras, and therefore read it: censure with favour, and farewell.

Yours, T. L.

THE SCEDULE ANNEXED TO EUPHUES TESTAMENT, THE  
TENOUR OF HIS LEGACIE, THE TOKEN OF HIS LOVE.

The vehemency of my sicknes (Philautus) hath made mee doubtfull of life, yet must I die in counsailling thee like Socrates, because I love thee. Thou hast sons by Camilla, as I heare, who being yong in yeres have green thoughts, and nobly born have great minds: bend them in their youth like the willow, least thou bewayle them in their age for their wilfulness. I have bequeathed them a golden legacie, because I greatly love thee. Let them read it as Archelaus did Cassender, to profit by it; and in reading let them meditate, for I have approved it the best methode. They shall find love anatomized by Euphues with as lively colours as in Appelles table: roses to whip him when he is wanton, reasons to withstand him when he is wilie. Here may they read that vertue is the king of labours, opinion the mistres of fooles; that vanitie is the pride of nature, and contention the overthrow of families: here is elleborus, bitter in taste, but beneficial in triall. I have nothing to sende thee and Camilla but this counsel, that in stead of worldly goods you leave your sons vertue and glorie; for better were they to bee partakers of your honours then lords of your manners. I feele death that summoneth me to my grave, and my soule desirous of his God. Farewell, Philautus, and let the tenor of my counsaile be applyed to thy childrens comfort.

*Euphues dying to live.*

If any man find this scrowle, send it to Philautus in England.

## ROSALYNDE.

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THERE dwelled adjoyning to the cittie of Bordeaux a knight of most honourable parentage, whome Fortune had graced with many favors, and Nature honoured with sundry exquisite qualities, so beautified with the excellence of both, as it was a question whether Fortune or Nature were more prodigall in deciphering the riches of their bounties.

Wise he was, as holding in his head a supreme conceipt of pollicie, reaching with Nestor into the depth of all civil government; and to make his wisdom more gracious, he had that *salem ingenii*, and pleasant eloquence that was so highly commended in Ulisses: his valour was no lesse then his witte, nor the stroke of his lance no lesse forcible than the sweetnesse of his tongue was perswasive; for he was for his courage chosen the principall of all the knights of Malta. This hardy knight thus enricht with vertue and honour, surnamed Sir John of Burdeux, having the prime of his youth in sundry battailes against the Turkes, at last (as the date of time hath his course) grewe aged. His haire was silver hued, and the map of his age was figured on his forehead: honour sate in the furrowes of his face, and many yeares were pourtrayed in his wrinckled lineaments, that all men might perceive his glasse was runne, and that nature of necessitie chalenged her due. Sir John (that with the phenix knewe the tearme of his life was now expired, and could, with the swan, discover his end by her songs) having three sonnes by his wife Lynida, the very pride of all his forepassed yeares, thought now (seeing death by constraint would compel him to leave them) to bestow upon them such a legacie as might bewray his love, and increase their insuing amitie. Calling therefore these yong gentlemen before him, in the presence of

his fellow knights of Malta, he resolved to leave them a memorial of all his fatherly care in setting downe a methode of their brotherly dueties. Having therefore death in his lookes to moove them to pittie, and teares in his eyes to paint out the depth of his passions, taking his eldest sonne by the hand, he began thus.

SIR JOHN OF BURDEAUX LEGACIE HE GAVE TO HIS  
SONNES.

Oh my sons, you see that Fate hath set a period of my years, and destenies have determined the final ende of my dayes: the palme tree waxeth away ward, for hee stoopeth in his height, and my plumes are ful of sicke feathers touched with age. I must to my grave that dischargeth all cares, and leave you to the world that increaseth many sorrowes: my silver haire containeth great experience, and in the number of my yeares are pende downe the subtleties of Fortune. Therefore, as I leave you some fading pelfe to counterchecke povertie, so I will bequeath you infallible precepts that shall lead you unto vertue. First, therefore, unto thee Saladyne, the eldest, and therefore the chiefest pillar of my house, wherein should bee ingraved as wel the excellency of thy fathers qualities, as the essentiall fortune of his proportion, to thee I give foureteene ploughlands, with all my mannor houses and richest plate. Next, unto Fernandine I bequeath twelve ploughlands. But, unto Rosader, the youngest, I give my horse, my armour, and my launce with sixteene ploughlands; for if the inwarde thoughts be discovered by outward shadows, Rosader wil exceed you all in bountie and honour. Thus (my sonnes) have I parted in your portions the substance of my wealth, wherein if you be as prodigall to spend as I have beene carefull to get, your friendes wil greeve to see you more wastfull then I was bountifull, and your foes smile that my fal did begin in your excesse. Let mine honour be the glasse of your actions, and the fame of my vertues the loadstarre to direct the course of your pilgrimage.

Ayme your deedes by my honorable endeavours, and shew yourselves siens worthy of so flourishing a tree, least, as the birdes Halcyones, which exceede in whitenesse, I hatch yong ones that exceed in blacknes. Climb not, my sonnes: aspiring pride is a vapour that ascendeth hie, but soone turneth to a smoake; they which stare at the starres stumble upon the stones, and such as gaze at the sunne (unless they be eagle eyed) fal blinde. Soare not with the hobbie, least you fal with the larke, nor attempt not with Phaeton, least you drowne with Icarus. Fortune, when shee wils you to flye, tempers your plumes with waxe; and therefore eyther sit stil and make no wing, or else beware the sunne, and hold Dedalus axiome authentical (*medium tenuere tutissimum.*) Low shrubs have deepe rootes, and poore cottages great patience. Fortune looks ever upward, and envy aspireth to nestle with dignitie. Take heed, my sonnes, the meane is sweetest melodie; where strings high stretch, eyther soone cracke, or quickly grow out of tune. Let your countryes care be your hearts content, and thinke that you are not borne for your selves, but to levell your thoughts to be loyal to your prince, careful for the common-weale, and faythful to your friendes; so shal Fraunce say, these men are as excellent in vertues as they be exquisite in features. Oh my sons, a friend is a pretious jewell, within whose bosome you may unload your sorrowes, and unfold your secrets, and he eyther wil releve with counsaile, or perswade with reason; but take heed in the choyce: the outward shew makes not the inwarde man, nor are the dimples in the face the calenders of truth. When the liquorice leafe looketh most dry, then it is most wet: when the shoares of Lepadus are most quiet, then they forepoint a storme. The baarran leafe the more fayre it lookes, the more infectious it is, and in the sweetest wordes is oft hid most trechery. Therefore, my sonnes, chuse a friend as the Hiperborei do the mettals, sever them from the ore with fire, and let them not bide the stampe before they be currant: so trie and then trust: let time be the touch-

stone of friendship, and then frends faithful lay them up for jewels. Be valiant, my sonnes, for cowardice is the enemy to honour; but not too rash, for that is extreme. Fortitude is the meane, and that is limited within bonds, and prescribed with circumstance. But above al, and with that he fetcht a deep sigh, beware of love, for it is farre more perillous then pleasant, and yet, I tel you, it allureth as ill as the syrens. Oh my sonnes, fancie is a fickle thing, and beauties paintings are trickt up with times colours, which, being set to drie in the sunne, perish with the same. Venus is a wanton, and though her lawes pretend libertie, yet there is nothing but losse and glistering miserie. Cupids wings are plumed with the feathers of vanitie, and his arrowes, where they pierce, inforce nothing but deadly destres: a womans eye, as it is pretious to behold, so is it prejudicial to gaze upon; for as it affoordeth delight, so it snareth unto death. Trust not theyr fawning favours, for their loves are like the breath of a man upon steele, which no sooner lighteth on but it leapeth off, and their passions are as momentary as the colours of a polipe, which changeth at the sight of every object.

My breath waxeth short, and mine eyes waxeth dimme: the houre is come, and I must away; therefore let this suffice: women are wantons, and yet men cannot want one: and therefore, if you love, choose her that hath eyes of adamant, that wil turne onely to one poynt; her heart of a diamond, that will receive but one forme; her tongue of a sethin leafe, that never waggess, but with a south-east winde: and yet, my sonnes, if she have all these qualities, to be chaste, obedient, and silent, yet for that she is a woman, shalt thou finde in her sufficient vanities to countervaile her vertues. Oh now, my sonnes, even now take these my last wordes as my latest legacie, for my threed is spunne, and my foot is in the grave. Keepe my precepts as memorials of your fathers counsailes, and let them bee lodged in the secrete of your hearts; for wisdom is better than wealth, and a golden sentence worth a world of treasure. In my fal see and marke, my sonnes,

the folly of man, that being dust climbeth with Biases to reach at the heavens, and ready every minute to dye, yet hopeth for an age of pleasures. Oh, mans life is like lightning, that is but a flash, and the longest date of his yeares but as a bavons blaze. Seeing then man is so mortal, be careful that thy life be vertuous, that thy death may bee ful of admirable honors: so shalt thou challenge fame to be thy fautor, and put oblivion to exile with thine honorable actions. But, my sonnes, least you should forget your fathers axiomes, take this scroule, wherein reade what your father dying wils you to execute living. At this hee shrunke downe in his bed, and gave up the ghost.

John of Bourdeaux being thus dead was greatly lamented of his sonnes, and bewayled of his friends, especially of his fellow knights of Malta, who attended on his funerals, which were performed with great solemnitie. His obsequies done, Saladyne caused, next his epitaph, the contents of the scroule to bee pourtrayed out, which were to this effect.

THE CONTENTS OF THE SCEDULE WHICH SIR JOHN OF  
BOURDEAUX GAVE TO HIS SONNES.

My sonnes, behold what portion I do give.

I leave you goods, but they are quickly lost :

I leave advise, to schoole you how to live :

I leave you wit, but wonne with little cost :

But keepe it well, for counsaile still is one,

When father, friends, and worldly goods are gone.

In choice of thrift let honour be your gaine,

Winne it by vertue and by manly might ;

In dooing good esteeme thy toyle no paine ;

Protect the fatherlesse and widowes right :

Fight for thy faith, thy country, and thy king,

For why ? this thrift wil prove a blessed thing.

In choise of wife, preferre the modest chaste ;

Lillies are faire in shew, but foule in smell :

The sweetest lookes by age are soon defast ;

Then choose thy wife by wit and living well.

Who brings thee wealth and many faults withall,

Presents the hony mixt with bitter gall.

In choise of friends, beware of light beliefe ;

A painted tongue may shroud a subfill heart :

The Syrens teares doe threaten mickle grieffe.

Foresee, my sonnes, for feare of sodaine smart :

Chuse in your wants, and he that friends you then,

When richer growne, befriend you him again.

Learne with the ant in summer to provide ;

Drive with the bee the droane from out the hive :

Buyld lyke the swallow in the summer tyde ;

Spare not too much (my sonnes) but sparing thrive :

Be poore in folly, rich in all but sinne,

So by your death your glory shall beginne.

Saladyne having thus set up the scedule, and hangd about his fathers hearse many passionate poems, that France might suppose him to be passing sorrowful, hee clad himselfe and his brothers all in black, and in such sable sutes discoursed his grieffe: but as the hiena when she mourns is then most guilefull, so Saladine under this shewe of grieffe shaddowed a heart ful of contented thoughts. The tyger, though he hide his claws, wil at last discover his rapine: the lions looks are not the maps of his meaning, nor a mans phisnomie is not the display of his secrets. Fire cannot be hid in the straw, nor the nature of man so concealed, but at last it will have his course: nurture and art may do much, but that *natura naturans*, which by propagation is ingrafted in the hart, will be at last perforce predominant according to the olde verse,

*Naturam expellas furca licet, tamen usque recurret.*

So fares it with Saladine, for after a months mourning was past, he fel to consideration of his fathers testament; how hee had bequeathed more to his yoonger brothers than himselfe, that Rosader was his fathers darling, but now under his tuition, that as yet they were not come to yeares, and he being their gardian, might (if not defraud them of their due) yet make such havocke of theyr legacies and lands, as they should be a great deal the lighter: wherupon he began thus to meditate with himselfe.



## SALADYNES MEDITATION WITH HIMSELFE.

Saladyne, how art thou disquieted in thy thoughts, and perplexed with a world of restlesse passions, having thy minde troubled with the tenour of thy fathers testament, and thy heart fiered with the hope of present preferment! By the one thou art counsailld to content thee with thy fortunes, by the other, perswaded to aspire to higher wealth. Riches (Saladyne) is a great royaltie, and there is no sweeter phisick than store. Avicen, like a foole, forgot in his aphorismes to say that gold was the most precious restorative, and that treasure was the most excellent medecine of the minde. Oh, Saladyne, what, were thy fathers precepts breathed into the winde! hast thou so soone forgotten his principles! did he not warne thee from coveting without honor, and climbing without vertue! did he not forbid thee to ayme at any action that should not bee honourable? and what will bee more prejudiciall to thy credite, than the carelesse ruine of thy brothers prosperitie? and wilt thou become the subversion of their fortunes? is there any sweeter thing than concord, or a more precious jewel then amitie? are you not sonnes of one father, siens of one tree, birds of one neast, and wilt thou become so unnaturall as to robbe them, whom thou shouldest relieve! No, Saladyne, intreat them with favours, and entertaine them with love, so shalt thou have thy conscience cleare and thy renowne excellent. Tush, what wordes are these! base foole, farre unfit (if thou be wise) for thy humour. What though thy father at his death talked of many frivolous matters, as one that doted for age and raved in his sicknes, shal his words be axioms, and his talk be so authentically, that thou wilt (to observe them) prejudice thy selfe! No no, Saladyne, sicke mens willes, that are parole and have neither hand nor scale, are like the lawes of a cittie written in dust, which are broken with the blast of every winde. What, man, thy father is dead, and hee can neither helpe thy for-

tunes, nor measure thy actions; therefore bury his words with his carcasse, and be wise for thy selfe. What, tis not so olde as true,

*Non sapit, qui sibi non sapit.*

Thy brother is yoong, keepe him now in awe; make him not checke mate with thy selfe, for

*Nimia familiaritas contemptum parit.*

Let him know litle, so shall he not be able to execute much: suppress his wittes with a base estate, and though hee be a gentleman by nature, yet forme him anew, and make him a peasant by nourture. So shalt thou keepe him as a slave, and raigne thy selfe sole Lord over all thy fathers possessions. As for Fernandyne, thy middle brother, he is a scholler and hath no minde but on Aristotle: let him reade on Galen while thou rifest with golde, and pore on his booke til thou doest purchase landes: witte is great wealth; if he have learning it is enough, and so let all rest.

In this humour was Saladyne, making his brother Rosader his foote boy for the space of two or three yeares, keeping him in such servile subjection, as if he had been the sonne of any country vassal. The young gentleman bare all with patience, til on a day, walking in the garden by himselfe, he began to consider how he was the sonne of John of Bourdeaux, a knight renowned for many victories, and a gentleman famozed for his vertues; how, contrarie to the testament of his father, hee was not only kept from his land and in-treated as a servant, but smothered in such secret slaverie, as hee might not attaine to any honourable actions. As, quoth hee to himselfe (nature working these effectuall passions) why should I that am a gentleman borne, passe my time in such unnatural drudgery? were it not better either in Paris to become a scholler, or in the court a courtier, or in the field

a souldier, then to live a foote boy to my own brother? nature hath lent me wit to conceive, but my brother denied mee art to contemplate: I have strength to performe any honorable exploit, but no libertie to accomplish my vertuous indevours: those good partes that God hath bestowed upon mee, the envy of my brother doth smother in obscuritie; the harder is my fortune, and the more his frowardnes. With that casting up his hand he felt haire on his face, and perceiving his beard to bud for choler hee began to blush, and swore to himselfe he would be no more subject to such slaverie. As thus he was ruminating of his melancholie passions in came Saladyne with his men, and seeing his brother in a browne study, and to forget his wonted reverence, thought to shake him out of his dumps thus. Sirha (quoth he) what is you heart on your halfepeny, or are you saying a dirge for your fathers soule? what, is my dinner readie? At this question Rosader, turning his head ascance, and bending his browes as if anger there had ploughed the furrowes of her wrath, with his eyes full of fire, hee made this replie. Doest thou aske mee (Saladyne) for thy cates? aske some of thy churles who are fit for suche an office: I am thine equal by nature, though not by birth, and though thou hast more cardes in the bunch, I have as many trumpes in my handes as thy selfe. Let me question with thee, why thou hast feld my woods, spoyled my manner houses, and made havocke of suche utensalles as my father bequeathed unto mee? I tell thee, Saladyne, either answer me as a brother, or I wil trouble thee as an enemy.

At this replie of Rosaders Saladyne smiled, as laughing at his presumption, and frowned as checking his folly: he therefore tooke him up thus shortly: What, sirha, wel I see early pricks the tree that wil proove a thorne: hath my familiar conversing with you made you coy, or my good looks drawne you to be thus contemptuous? I can quickly remedie such a fault, and I wil bend the tree while it is a wand. In faith (sir boy) I have a snaffle for such a headstrong colt.

You, sirs, lap holde on him and binde him, and then I will give him a cooling carde for his choller. This made Rosader halfe mad, that stepping to a great rake that stood in the garden, hee laide such loade uppon his brothers men that hee hurt some of them, and made the rest of them run away. Saladyne seeing Rosader so resolute, and with his resolution so valiant, thought his heeles his best safetie, and tooke him to a loft adjoining to the garden, whether Rosader pursued him hotlie. Saladine, afraide of his brothers furie, cried out to him thus: Rosader, be not so rash: I am thy brother and thine elder, and if I have done thee wrong ile make thee amendes: revenge not anger in blood, for so shalt thou staine the vertue of old Sir John Bourdeaux: say wherein thou art discontent and thou shalt bee satisfied. Brothers frownes ought not to be periodes of wrath: what, man, looke not so sowerly; I know we shalbe friendes, and better friends then we have been. For, *Amantium ira amoris redinte gratio est.*

These wordes appeased the choller of Rosader (for he was of a milde and curteous nature) so that hee layde downe his weapons, and upon the faith of a gentleman assured his brother hee would offer him no prejudice: wherupon Saladyne came down, and after a little parley they imbraced eache other and became friends; and Saladyne promising Rosader the restitution of all his lands, and what favour els (quoth he) any waies my ability or the nature of a brother may performe, upon these sugred reconciliations they went into the house arme in arme together, to the great content of all the old servants of Sir John of Bourdeaux. Thus continued the pad hidden in the strawe, til it chaunced that Torismond, king of France, had appointed for his pleasure a day of wrastling and of tournament to busie his commons heades, least, being idle, their thoughts should runne uppon more serious matters, and call to remembrance their old banished king. A champion there was to stand against all commers, a Norman, a man of tall stature and of great strength; so valiant, that in many such conflicts he alwaies bare away the victorie, not onely

overthrowing them which hee incountred, but often with the weight of his bodie killing them outright. Saladyne hearing of this, thinking now not to let the ball fal to the ground, but to take opportunitie by the forehead, first by secret meanes convented with the Norman, and procured him with rich rewards to sweare, that if Rosader came within his clawes hee would never more returne to quarrel with Saladyne for his possessions. The Norman desirous of pelfe, as (*quis nisi mentis inops oblatum respuit aurum*) taking great gifts for litle gods, tooke the crownes of Saladyne to performe the stratagem. Having thus the champion tied to his vilanous determination by oath, hee prosecuted the intent of his purpose thus:—He went to yoong Rosader (who in all his thoughts reacht at honour, and gazed no lower then vertue commanded him), and began to tel him of this tournament and wrastling, how the king should bee there, and all the chiefe peeres of France, with all the beautiful damosels of the country. Now, brother (quoth hee) for the honor of Sir John of Bourdeaux, our renowned father, to famous that house that never hath bin found without men approved in chivalrie, shewe thy resolution to be peremptorie. For myselfe thou knowest, though I am eldest by birth, yet never having attempted any deedes of armes, I am yongest to performe any martial employtes, knowing better how to survey my lands then to charge my lance: my brother Fernandyne hee is at Paris poring on a fewe papers, having more insight into sophistic and principles of philosophie, then anie warlyke indeveurs; but thou, Rosader, the youngest in yeares but the eldest in valour, art a man of strength, and darest doo what honour allowes thee. Take thou my fathers lance, his sword, and his horse, and hve thee to the tournament, and either there valiantly cracke a speare, or trie with the Norman for the palme of activitie. The words of Saladyne were but spurres to a free horse, for hee had scarce uttered them, ere Rosader tooke him in his armes, taking his proffer so kindly, that hee promised in what hee might to requite his

curtesie. The next morrow was the day of the tournament, and Rosader was so desirous to shew his heroycal thoughts that he past the night with litle sleep; but assoone as Phœbus had vailed the curteine of the night, and made Aurora blush with giving her the *bezoles labres* in her silver couch, he gat him up, and taking his leave of his brother, mounted himselfe towards the place appoynted, thinking every mile ten leagues til he came there. But leaving him so desirous of the journey, to Torismond, the king of France, who having by force banished Gerismond, their lawful king that lived as an outlaw in the forest of Arden, sought now by all meanes to keep the French busied with all sports that might breed their content. Amongst the rest he had appointed this solemne turnament, wherunto hee in most solemne maner resorted, accompanied with the twelve peers of France, who, rather for fear then love, graced him with the shew of their dutiful favours. To feede their eyes, and to make the beholders pleased with the sight of most rare and glistring objects, he had appoynted his owne daughter Alinda to be there, and the fair Rosalynd, daughter unto Gerismond, with al the beautifull dammoselles that were famous for their features in all France.

Thus in that place did love and war triumph in a sympathy; for such as were martial might use their launce to be renowned for the excellency of their chevalrie, and suche as were amorous might glut themselves with gazing on the beauties of most heavenly creatures. As every mans eye had his severall survey, and fancie was partial in their lookes, yet all in general applauded the admirable riches that nature bestowed on the face of Rosalynde; for uppon her cheekes there seemed a battaile betweene the graces, who should bestow most favours to make her excellent. The blush that gloried Luna, when she kist the shepherd on the hilles of Latmos, was not tainted with such a pleasant dye, as the vermilion flourisht on the silver hue of Rosalyndes countenance: her eyes were lyke those lampes that make the wealthie

covert of the heavens more gorgeous, sparkling favour and disdain; courteous and yet coy, as if in them Venus had placed all her amoretts, and Diana all her chastitie. The trammels of her hayre, foulded in a call of golde, so farre surpast the burnisht glister of the mettall, as the sunne doth the meanest starre in brightnesse: the tresses that foldes in the browes of Apollo were not halfe so rich to the sight, for in her hayres it seemed love had laide herselfe in ambush, to intrappe the proudest eye that durst gaze upon their excellence. What should I neede to decipher her particular beauties, when by the censure of all shee was the paragon of all earthly perfection? This Rosalynd sat, I say, with Alinda as a beholder of these sportes, and made the cavaliers cracke their lances with more courage: many deedes of knighthood that day were performed, and many prizes were given according to their severall desertes. At last when the tournament ceased, the wrastling beganne, and the Norman presented himselfe as a challenger against all commers, but hee looked lyke Hercules when he advaunst himselfe agaynst Acheloüs, so that the furie of his countenance amazed all that durst attempte to incounter with him in any deed of activitie: til at last a lustie Francklin of the country came with two tall men, that were his sonnes, of good lyniaments and comely personage: the eldest of these dooing his obeysance to the king entered the lyst, and presented himselfe to the Norman, who straight coapt with him, and as a man that would triumph in the glorie of his strength, roused himselfe with such furie, that not onely hee gave him the fall, but killed him with the weight of his corpulent personage; which the younger brother seeing, lepte presently into the place, and thirstie after the revenge, assayled the Norman with such valour, that at the first incounter hee brought him to his knees: which repulst so the Norman, that recovering himselfe, feare of disgrace doubling his strength, hee stept so stearnely to the yoong Francklin, that taking him up in his armes hee threw him against the grounde so violently, that hee

broake his necke, and so ended his dayes with his brother. At this unlookt for massacre the people murmured, and were all in a deepe passion of pittie; but the Franklin, father unto these, never chaunged his countenance, but as a man of a courageous resolution tooke up the bodies of his sonnes without shewe of outward discontent.

All this while stood Rosader and sawe this tragedie; who, noting the undoubted vertue of the Francklins minde, alighted of from his horse, and presently sat downe on the grasse, and commanded his boy to pul off his bootes, making him ready to try the strength of this champion. Being furnished as he would, he clapt the Francklin on the shoulder and said thus. Bold yeoman, whose sonnes have ended the tearme of their yeares with honour, for that I see thou scornest fortune with patience, and thwartest the injury of fate with content in brooking the death of thy sonnes, stand awhile, and either see me make a third in their tragedie, or else revenge their fal with an honourable triumph. The Francklin, seeing so goodly a gentleman to give him such curteous comfort, gave him hartie thankes, with promise to pray for his happy successe. With that Rosader vailed bonnet to the king, and lightly leapt within the lists, where noting more the companie then the combatant, he cast his eye upon the troupe of ladies that glistered there lyke the starres of heaven; but at last Love willing to make him as amourous as hee was valiant, presented him with the sight of Rosalynd, whose admirable beautie so inveagled the eye of Rosader, that forgetting himselfe, hee stood and fedde his lookes on the favour of Rosalyndes face; which shee perceiving, blusht, which was such a doubling of her beauteous excellence, that the bashful redde of Aurora at the sight of unacquainted Phaeton, was not halfe so glorious.

The Normane seeing this young gentleman fettered in the lookes of the ladyes drave him out of his memento with a shake by the shoulder. Rosader looking backe with an angrie frowne, as if hee had been wakened from some pleasaunt



dreame, discovered to all by the furey of his countenance that hee was a man of some high thoughts: but when they all noted his youth, and the sweetnesse of his visage, with a general applause of favours, they grieved that so goodly a yoong man should venture in so base an action; but seeing it were to his dishonour to hinder him from his enterprise, they wisht him to bee graced with the palme of victorie. After Rosader was thus called out of his memento by the Norman, he roughly clapt to him with so fierce an encounter, that they both fel to the ground, and with the violence of the fal were forced to breathe: in which space the Norman called to minde by all tokens, that this was hee whome Saladyne had appoynted him to kil; which conjecture made him stretch every limbe, and try every sinew, that working his death hee might recover the golde which so bountifully was promised him. On the contrary part, Rosader while he breathed was not idle, but stil cast his eye upon Rosalynde, who to incourage him with a favour, lent him such an amorous looke, as might have made the most coward desperate: which glance of Rosalynd so fiered the passionate desires of Rosader, that turning to the Noman hee ranne upon him and braved him with a strong encounter. The Norman received him as valiantly, that there was a sore combat, hard to judge on whose side fortune would be prodigal. At last Rosader, calling to minde the beautie of his new mistresse, the fame of his fathers honours, and the disgrace that should fal to his house by his misfortune, rowsed himselfe and threw the Norman against the ground, falling uppon his chest with so willing a weight, that the Norman yelded nature her due, and Rosader the victorie.

The death of this champion, as it highly contented the Francklin, as a man satisfied with revenge, so it drue the king and all the peeres into a great admiration, that so yoong yeares and so beautiful a personage should contain such martiall excellence; but when they knew him to bee the yoongest sonne of Sir John of Bourdeaux, the king rose from

his seat and imbraced him, and the peeres intreated him with all favourable curtesie, commending both his valour and his vertues, wishing him to go forward in such haughtie deeds, that hee might attaine to the glory of his fathers honourable fortunes.

As the king and lordes graced him with embracyng, so the ladies favoured him with theyr lookes, especially Rosalynd, whome the beautie and valour of Rosader had already touched: but she accounted love a toye, and fancie a momentary passion, that as it was taken in with a gaze, might be shaken off with a winke, and therefore feared not to dally in the flame; and to make Rosader know she affected him, tooke from her necke a jewel, and sent it by a page to the yong gentleman. The prize that Venus gave to Paris was not halfe so pleasing to the Trojan as this jemme was to Rosader; for if fortune had sworne to make himself sole monarke of the world, he would rather have refused such dignitie, then have lost the jewel sent him by Rosalynd. To return hir with the like he was unfurnished, and yet that he might more than in his lookes discover his affections, hee stept into a tent, and taking pen and paper writ this fancie:—

Two sunnes at once from one faire heaven there shinde,  
 Ten braunches from two boughes tipt, all with roses,  
 Pure lockes more golden than is golde refine,  
 Two pearled rows that natures pride incloses;  
 Two mounts faire marble white, downe-soft and dainty,  
 A snow died orbe, where love increast by pleasure  
 Full wofull makes my heart, and body faintie:  
 Hir faire (my woe) exceeds all thought and measure.  
 In lines confusde my lucklesse harme appeareth,  
 Whom sorrow clowdes, whom pleasant smiling cleareth.

This sonnet he sent to Rosalynd, which when she read shee blusht, but with a sweet content in that she perceived love had allotted her so amorous a servant. Leaving her to her intertained fancies, againe to Rosader, who triumphing in the glorie of this conquest, accompanied with a troupe of

young gentlemen that were desirous to be his familiars, went home to his brother Saladynes, who was walking before the gates, to heare what successe his brother Rosader should have, assuring himself of his death, and devising how with dissimuled sorrowe to celebrate his funerals. As he was in his thought, he cast up his eye, and sawe where Rosader returned with the garland on his head, as having won the prize, accompanied with a crue of boon companions: greeved at this, he stepped in and shut the gate. Rosader seeing this, and not looking for such unkind entertainment, blusht at the disgrace, and yet smothering his grieffe with a smile, he turned to the gentlemen, and desired them to hold his brother excused, for he did not this upon any malicious intent or nigardize, but being brought up in the country, he absented himselfe as not finding his nature fit for such youthful company. Thus he sought to shadow abuses proffered him by his brother, but in vaine, for hee could by no meanes be suffered to enter: wherupon he ran his foot against the doore, and brake it open, drawing his sword, and entering boldly into the hall, where he found none (for all were fled) but one Adam Spencer, an English man, who had beene an old and trustie servant to Sir John of Bourdeaux. He for the love hee bare to his deceased maister, favored the part of Rosader, and gave him and his such entertainment as he could. Rosader gave him thanks, and looking about, seeing the hall empty, saide, Gentlemen, you are welcome; frolike and be merry: you shall be sure to have wine enough, whatsoever your fare be. I tel you, cavaliers, my brother hath in his house five tunne of wine, and as long as that lasteth, I beshrew him that spares his lyquor. With that he burst open the buttery doore, and with the helpe of Adam Spencer covered the tables, and set downe whatsoever he could find in the house; but what they wanted in meat, was supplied with drinke, yet had they royall cheare, and withal such hartie welcome as would have made the coursest meats seeme delicates. After they had feasted and frolickt it twice or thrise with

an upsey freeze, they all tooke leave of Rosader and departed. Assoone as they were gone, Rosader growing impatient of the abuse, drewe his sword, and swore to be revenged on the discourteous Saladyne; yet by the meanes of Adam Spencer, who sought to continue friendshippe and amity betwixt the brethren, and through the flattering submission of Saladyne, they were once againe reconciled, and put up all forepassed injuries with a peaceable agreement, living together for a good space in such brotherly love, as did not onely rejoyce the servantes, but made all the gentlemen and bordering neighbours glad of such friendly concord. Saladyne, hiding fire in the straw, and concealing a poysoned hate in a peaceable countenance, yet deferring the intent of his wrath till fitter oportunity, he shewed himselfe a great favorer of his brothers vertuous endeavors: where, leaving them in this happy league, let us returne to Rosalynd.

Rosalynd returning home from the tryumph, after she waxed solitary love presented her with the idea of Rosaders perfection, and taking her at discoverd stroke her so deepe, as she felte her selfe grow passing passionate. Shee began to cal to minde the comlinessse of his person, the honor of his parents, and the vertues that, excelling both, made him so gracious in the eies of every one. Sucking in thus the hony of love by imprinting in her thoughts his rare qualities, shee began to surfet with the contemplation of his vertuous conditions; but when she cald to remembrance her present estate, and the hardnesse of her fortunes, desire began to shrink, and fancie to vale bonnet, that betweene a chaos of confused thoughts she began to debate with herselfe in this maner.

#### ROSALYNDS PASSION.

Infortunate Rosalynde, whose misfortunes are more than thy yeares, and whose passions are greater then thy patience! The blossoms of thy youth are mixt with the frosts of envy, and the hope of thy ensuing fruits perish in the bud. Thy

father is by Torismond banisht from the crown, and thou, the unhappy daughter of a king detained captive, living as disquieted in thy thoughts, as thy father discontented in his exile. Ah Rosalynd, what cares wait upon a crown! what griefs are incident to dignity! what sorrows haunt royal paffaces! The greatest seas have the sorest stormes, the highest birth subject to the most bale, and of all trees the cedars soonest shake with the wind: smal currents are ever calme, lowe valleys not scorcht in any lightnings, nor base men tyed to anie baleful prejudice. Fortune flies, and if she touch poverty it is with hir heele, rather disdainng their want with a frown, then envying their welth with disparagement. Oh Rosalynd, hadst thou beene born low, thou hadst not falne so high, and yet beeing great of blood thine honour is more, if thou brookest misfortune with patience. Suppose I contrary fortune with content, yet fates unwilling to have me any waies happy, have forced love to set my thoughts on fire with fancie. Love, Rosalynd! becommeth it women in distresse to thinke on Love! Tush, desire hath no respect of persons: Cupid is blind and shooteth at random, assoone hitting a ragge as a robe, and piercing assoone the bosome of a captive, as the brest of a libertine. Thou speakest it, poore Rosalynd, by experience; for being every way distrest, surcharged with cares, and overgrowne with sorrowes, yet amidst the heape of all these mishaps, love hath lodged in thy heart the perfection of yong Rosader, a man every way absolute as wel for his inward life, as for his outward lynniments, able to content the eye with beauty, and the eare with the report of his vertue. But consider, Rosalynde, his fortunes, and thy present estate: thou art poore and without patrymony, and yet the daughter of a prince; he a yonger brother, and voyd of such possessions as eyther might maintaine thy dignities or revenge thy fathers injuries. And hast thou not learned this of other ladies, that lovers cannot live by looks? that womens eares are sooner content with a pound of *give me*, then a dram of *heare me*? that gold is

sweeter than eloquence? that love is a fire, and wealth is the fewel? that Venus coffer should be ever ful? Then, Rosalynd, seeing Rosader is poore, thinke him lesse beautiful, because hee is in want, and account his vertues but qualities of course, for that he is not indued with wealth. Doth not Horace tell thee what methode is to be used in love?

*Querenda pecunia primum, post nummos virtus.*

Tush, Rosalynd, be not over rash: leape not before thou looke: either love such a one as may with his landes purchase thy libertie, or els love not at all. Chuse not a faire face with an empty purse, but say as most women use to say,

*Si nihil attuleris, ibis Homere foras.*

Why, Rosalynd, can such base thoughts harbour in such high beauties? can the degree of a princesse, the daughter of Gerismond harbour such servile conceites, as to prize gold more than honour, or to measure a gentleman by his wealth, not by his vertues? No, Rosalynd, blush at thy base resolution, and say, if thou lovest, eyther Rosader or none. And why? because Rosader is both beautiful and vertuous. Smiling to her selfe to thinke of her new intertaind passions, taking up her lute that lay by her, she warbled out this dittie.

#### ROSALYNDS MADRIGALL.

Love in my bosome like a bee  
 Doth sucke his sweete:  
 Now with his wings he playes with me,  
 Now with his feete.  
 Within mine eyes he makes his nest,  
 His bed amidst my tender brest:  
 My kisses are his dayly feast,  
 And yet he robs me of my rest.  
 Ah, wanton, will ye?

And if I sleepe, then pearcheth he  
     With pretty flight,  
 And makes his pillow of my knee  
     The livelong night.  
 Strike I my lute, he tunes the string;  
 He musicke playes if so I sing.  
 He lends me every lovely thing,  
 Yet cruell he my heart doth sting:  
     Whist, wanton, still ye!  
 Else I with roses every day  
     Will whip you hence,  
 And binde you, when you long to play,  
     For your offence.  
 Ile shut mine eyes to keep you in,  
 Ile make you fast it for your sinne,  
 Ile count your power not worth a pinne.  
 Alas, what hereby shall I winne,  
     If he gainsay me?  
 What if I beate the wanton boy  
     With many a rod?  
 He wil repay me with annoy,  
     Because a God.  
 Then sit thou safely on my knee,  
 And let thy bower my bosome be;  
 Lurke in mine eies, I like of thee,  
 O Cupid, so thou pittie me,  
     Spare not but play thee.

Scarce had Rosalynde ended her madrigale, before Torismond came in with his daughter Alinda and many of the peers of France, who were enamoured of her beauty; which Torismond perceiving, fearing least her perfection might be the beginning of his prejudice, and the hope of his fruit ende in the beginning of her blossomes, he thought to banish her from the court: for, quoth he to himselfe, her face is so ful of favour, that it pleads pittie in the eye of every man: her beauty is so heavenly and devine, that she wil prove to me as Helen did to Priam: some one of the peeres wil ayme at her love, end the marriage, and then in his wives right attempt the kingdome. To prevent therefore had I wist in

all these actions, shee tarryes not about the court, but shall (as an exile) eyther wander to her father, or else seeke other fortunes. In this humour, with a sterne countenance ful of wrath, he breathed out this censure unto her before the peers, that charged her that that night shee were not seene about the court: for (quoth he) I have heard of thy aspiring speeches, and intended treasons. This doome was strange unto Rosalynd, and presently covred with the shield of her innocence, she boldly brake out in reverent tearms to have cleared herself; but Torismond would admit of no reason, nor durst his lords plead for Rosalynd, although her beauty had made some of them passionate, seeing the figure of wrath pourtrayed in his brow. Standing thus all mute, and Rosalynd amazed, Alinda, who loved her more than herself, with grief in her hart and teares in her eyes, falling down on her knees, began to intreat her father thus.

ALINDAS ORATION TO HER FATHER IN DEFENCE OF  
ROSALYNDE.

If (mighty Torismond) I offend in pleading for my friend, let the law of amitie crave pardon for my boldnesse; for where there is depth of affection, there friendship alloweth a priviledge. Rosalynd and I have beene fostered up from our infancies, and noursed under the harbour of our conversing togeather with such private familiarities, that custome had wrought an unyon of our nature, and the sympathie of our affections such a secret love, that we have two bodies and one soule. Then marvell not (great Torismond) if, seeing my friend distrest, I finde myselfe perplexed with a thousand sorrowes; for her vertuous and honourable thoughts (which are the glories that maketh women excellent) they be such as may challenge love, and race out suspition. Her obedience to your majestie I referre to the censure of your owne eye, that since her fathers exile hath smothered al griefs with patience, and in the absence of nature, hath honored you with all



dutie, as her owne father by nouriture, not in word uttering any discontent, nor in thought as (far as conjecture may reach) hammering on revenge; only in all her actions seeking to please you, and to win my favor. Her wisdom, silence, chastitie, and other such rich qualities, I need not decypher; onely it rests for me to conclude in one word, that she is innocent. If then, fortune who tryumphs in variety of miseries, hath presented some envious person (as minister of her intended stratagem) to tainte Rosalynde with any surmise of treason, let him be brought to her face, and confirme his accusation by witnesses; which proved, let her die, and Alinda wil execute the massacre. If none can avouch any confirmed relation of her intent, use justice, my lord, it is the glory of a king, and let her live in your wonted favour; for if you banish her, myselfe, as copartner of her harde fortunes, will participate in exile some part of her extremities.

Torismond (at this speech of Alinda) covered his face with such a frown, as tyranny seemed to sit triumphant in his forehead, and checkt her up with such taunts, as made the lords (that only were hearers) to tremble. Proud girle (quoth he) hath my looks made thee so light of toong, or my favours encouraged thee to bee so forward, that thou darest presume to preach after thy father? hath not my yeares more experience than thy youth, and the winter of mine age deeper insight into civil policie, than the prime of thy flourishing dayes? The olde lion avoids the toyles, where the yong one leapes into the nette: the care of age is provident and foresees much: suspition is a vertue, where a man holdes his enemy in his bosome. Thou, fond girle, measurest all by present affection, and as thy heart loves, thy thoughts censure; but if thou knowest that in liking Rosalynd thou hatchest up a bird to pecke out thine owne eyes, thou wouldst intreat as much for hir absence as now thou delightest in her presence. But why doe I alleadge policie to thee? sit you downe, huswife, and fall to your needle: if idlenes make you so wanton, or libertie so malipert, I can quickly tye you to a

sharper taske. And you (mayd) this night be packing, eyther into Arden to your father, or whither best it shall content your humour, but in the court you shall not abide. This rigorous replie of Torismond nothing amazed Alinda, for stil she prosecuted her plea in the defence of Rosalynd, wishing her father (if his censure might not be reverst) that he would appoynt her partner of her exile; which if he refused, eyther she would by some secret meanes steale out and followe her, or else ende her dayes with some desperate kind of death. When Torismond heard his daughter so resolute, his heart was so hardened against her, that he set down a definitive and peremptory sentence, that they should both be banished, which presently was done, the tyrant rather choosing to hazard the losse of his onely child than any wayes to put in question the state of his kingdome; so suspitious and fearfull is the conscience of an usurper. Wel, although his lords perswaded him to retaine his owne daughter, yet his resolution might not be reverst, but both of them must away from the court without eyther more company or delay. In hee went with great melancholy, and left these two ladyes alone. Rosalynd waxed very sad, and sate downe and wept. Alinda she smiled, and sitting by her friend began thus to comfort her.

#### ALINDAS COMFORT TO PERPLEXED ROSALYND.

Why how now, Rosalynd, dismayd with a frowne of contrary fortune? Have I not oft heard thee say, that hygh mindes were discovered in fortunes contempt, and heroycal seene in the depth of extremities? Thou wert wont to tel others that complained of distresse, that the sweetest salve for misery was patience, and the onely medicine for want that pretious implaister of content. Being such a good phisition to others, wilt thou not minister receipts to thy selfe? but perchance thou wilt say,

*Consulenti nunquam caput doluit.*

Why then, if the patients that are sicke of this disease can finde in themselves neither reason to perswade, nor art to cure, yet (Rosalynd) admit of the counsaile of a friend, and applie the salves that may appease thy passions. If thou grievest that being the daughter of a prince, and envy thwarteth thee with such hard exigents, thinke that royaltie is a faire marke, that crowns have crosses when mirth is in cottages; that the fairer the rose is, the sooner it is bitten with caterpillers; the more orient the pearle is, the more apt to take a blemish; and the greatest birth, as it hath most honour, so it hath much envy. If then fortune aymeth at the fairest, be patient Rosalynd, for first by thine exile thou goest to thy father: nature is higher prised then wealth, and the love of ones parents ought to bee more pretious then all dignities. Why then doth my Rosalynd grieve at the frowne of Torismond, who by offering her a prejudice proffers her a greater pleasure? and more (mad lasse) to be melancholy, when thou hast with thee Alinda, a friend who wil be a faithful copartner of al thy misfortunes; who hath left her father to follow thee, and chooseth rather to brooke al extremities then to forsake thy presence. What, Rosalynd,

*Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.*

Cheerly, woman: as wee have been bedfellowes in royaltie, we wil be felow mates in povertie: I wil ever be thy Alinda, and thou shalt ever rest to me Rosalynd; so shall the world canonize our friendship, and speake of Rosalynd and Alinda, as they did of Pilades and Orestes. And if ever fortune smile, and we returne to our former honour, then folding our selves in the sweete of our friendship, we shal merily say (calling to mind our forepassed miseries)

*Olim hæc meminisse juvabit.*

At this Rosalynd began to comfort her, and after shee had wept a fewe kinde teares in the bosome of her Alinda, shee

gave her heartie thankes, and then they sat them downe to consult how they should travel. Alinda grieved at nothing but that they might have no man in their company, saying, it would bee their greatest prejudice in that two women went wandring without either guide or attendant. Tush (quoth Rosalynd) art thou a woman, and hast not a sodeine shift to prevent a misfortune? I (thou seest) am of a tall stature, and would very wel become the person and apparel of a page: thou shalt bee my mistresse, and I wil play the man so properly, that (trust me) in what company so ever I come I wil not be discovered. I will buy me a suite, and have my rapier very handsomly at my side, and if any knave offer wrong, your page wil shew him the poynt of his weapon. At this Alinda smiled, and upon this they agreed, and presently gathered up al their jewels, which they trussed up in a casket, and Rosalynd in all hast provided her of robes; and Alinda being called Aliena, and Rosalynd Ganimede, they traveled along the vineyardes, and by many by-waies, at last got to the forrest side, where they traveled by the space of two or three dayes without seeing anye creature, being often in danger of wilde beasts, and payned with many passionate sorrowes. Now the black oxo began to tread on their feet, and Alinda thought of her wonted roialtie; but when she cast her eyes on her Rosalynd, she thought every daunger a step to honour. Passing thus on along, about midday they came to a fountaine, compast with groave of cipresse trees, so cunningly and curiously planted, as if some goddesse had intreated nature in that place to make her an arbour. By this fountaine sat Aliena and her Ganimede, and forth they pulled such victuals as they had, and fedde as merely as if they had been in Paris with all the kings delicates, Aliena onely grieving that they could not so much as meete with a shepheard to discourse them the way to some place where they might make their abode. At last Ganimede casting up his eye espied where on a tree was ingraven certaine verses; which assoone as he espied,

he cryed out, be of good cheare, mistresse : I spie the figures of men; for heere in these trees bee ingraven certaine verses of shepheards, or some other swaines that inhabite here about. With that Aliena start up joyful to hear these newes, and looked, where they found carved in the barke of a pine tree this passion.

## MONTANUS PASSION.

Hadst thou been borne wher as perpetuall cold  
Makes Tanais hard, and mountaines silver old :

Had I complaine unto a marble stone,  
Or to the fouds bewraide my bitter mone,

I then could beare the burthen of my griefe :  
But even the pride of countries at thy birth,  
Whilste heavens did smile, did new aray the earth

With flowers chiefe ;

Yet thou, the flower of beautie blessed borne,  
Hast pretie lookes, but all attirde in scorne.

Had I the power to weep sweet Mirrhas teares,  
Or by my plaints to pearce repining cares :  
Hadst thou the heart to smile at my complaint,  
To scorne the woes that doth my hart attaint,

I then could beare the burthen of my griefe :  
But not my teares, but truth with thee prevailes,  
And seeming sowre my sorowes thee assailes :

Yet small releife ;

For if thou wilt thou art of marble hard,  
And if thou please my suite shall soone be heard.

No doubt (quoth Aliena) this poesie is the passion of some perplexed shepheard, that being enamoured of some faire and beautifull shepheardesse, suffered some sharpe repulse, and therefore complained of the crueltie of his mistresse. You may see (quoth Ginimede) what mad cattel you women be, whose harts sometimes are made of adamant that wil touch with no impression, and sometime of wax that is fit for every forme : they delight to be courted, and then they glory

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to seeme coy, and when they are most desired then they freese with disdain: and this fault is so common to the sex, that you see it painted out in the shepherdes passions, who found his mistres as froward as he was enamoured. And I pray you (quoth Aliena) if your robes were off, what mettall are you made of that you are so satyirical against women? is it not a foule bird defiles his own nest? beware (Ganimede) that Rosader heare you not, if hee doe, perchance you wil make him leape so farre from love, that he wil anger every vaine in your heart. Thus (quoth Ganimede) I keepe decorum: I speak now as I am Aliena's page, not as I am Gerismonds daughter; for put mee but into a peticoat, and I wil stand in defiance to the uttermost, that women are curteous, constant, vertuous, and what not. Stay there (quoth Aliena) and no more words, for yonder be characters graven uppon the barke of the tall beech tree. Let us see (quoth Ganimede); and with that they read a fancy written to this effect.

First shall the heavens want starry light,  
 The seas be robbed of their waves,  
 The day want sunne, and sunne want bright,  
 The night want shade, the dead mens graves;  
 The April flowers, and leafe, and tree,  
 Before I false my faith to thee.

First shall the tops of highest hills  
 By humble plaines be overpride;  
 And poets scorne the muses quils,  
 And fish forsake the water glide,  
 And Iris loose her coloured weed,  
 Before I faile thee at thy need.

First direful hate shall turne to peace,  
 And love relent in deepe disdain,  
 And poets scorne the muses quils,  
 And fish forsake the water glide.  
 And Iris loose her coloured weed,  
 Before I faile thee at thy need.

First direfull hate shall turn to peace,  
 And love relent in deep disdain,  
 And death his fatall stroake shall cease,  
 And envy pitie every paine ;  
 And pleasure mourn and sorow smile,  
 Before I talke of any guile.

First time shall stay his staylesse race,  
 And winter blesse his browes with corne ;  
 And snow bemoysten Julies face,  
 And winter spring, and summer mourn,  
 Before my pen, by helpe of fame,  
 Cease to recite thy sacred name.

MONTANUS.

No doubt (quoth Ganimede) this protestation grew from one full of passions. I am of that minde too (quoth Aliena) but see, I pray, when poore women seeke to keepe themselves chaste, how men woo them with many fained promises ; alluring with sweet words as the syrens, and after proving as trothlesse as Æneas. Thus promised Demophoon to his Phillis, but who at last grew more false ? The reason was (quoth Ganimede) that they were womens sonnes, and tooke that fault of their mother, for if man had growne from man, as Adam did from the earth, men had never been troubled with inconstancie. Leave off (quoth Aliena) to taunt thus bitterly, or els Ile pull off your pages apparell, and whip you (as Venus doth her wantons) with nettles. So you will (quoth Ganimede) perswade mee to flattery, and that needs not : but come (seeing we have found here by this fount the tract of shepherdes by their madrigalles and roundelaies) let us forwarde ; for either wee shall finde some foldes, sheepcoates, or els some cottages wherin for a day or two to rest. Content (quoth Aliena) and with that they rose up, and marched forward till towards the even, and then comming into a faire valley (compassed with mountaines, whereon grew many pleasaut shrubbes) they descrie where two flockes of sheepe did feed. Then, looking about, they might perceive where an old shepheard sate (and with him a yong swaine)

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under a covert most pleasantly scituated. The ground where they sate was diapred with Floras riches, as if she ment to wrap Tellus in the glorie of her vestments: round about in the forme of an amphitheater were most curiously planted pine trees, interseamed with lymons and cytrons, which with the thicknesse of their boughes so shadowed the place, that Phœbus could not prie into the secret of that arbour; so united were the tops with so thick a closure, that Venus might there in her jollitie have dallied unseene with her deerest paramour. Fast by (to make the place more gorgious) was there a fount so christalline and cleare, that it seemed Diana with her Driades and Hemadriades had that spring, as the secret of all their bathings. In this glorious arbour satte these two shepheardes (seeing their sheepe feede) playing on their pipes many pleasant tunes, and from musicke and melodie falling into much amorous chat. Drawing more nigh we might descry the countenance of the one to be full of sorrow, his face to bee the very pourtraiture of discontent, and his eyes full of woes, that living he seemed to dye: we (to heare what these were) stole privily behinde the thicke, where we overheard this discourse.

*you*  
A PLEASANT EGLOG BETWEEN MONTANUS AND CORIDON.

*Coridon.*

Say, shepheards boy, what makes thee greet so sore?  
Why leaves thy pipe his pleasure and delight?  
Yoong are thy yeares, thy checks with roses dight:  
Then sing for joy (sweet swain) and sigh no more.

This milk-white poppy, and this climbing pine  
Both promise shade; then sit thee downe and sing,  
And make these woods with pleasant notes to ring,  
Till Phœbus daine all westward to decline.



*Montanus.*

Ah (Coridon) unmeet is melody  
 To him whom proud contempt hath overborn :  
 Slain are my joyes by Phœbus bitter scorn ;  
 Far hence my weale, and nere my jeopardy.

Loves burning brand is couched in my breast,  
 Making a Phœnix of my faintfull hart :  
 And though his fury doo inforce my smart,  
 Ay blyth am I to honour his bebest.

Preparde to woes, since so my Phœbe wils,  
 My lookes dismaid, since Phœbe will disdain ;  
 I banish blisse and welcome home my pain :  
 So stream my teares as showers from alpine hils.

In errors maske I blindfold judgements eye,  
 I fetter reason in the snares of lust,  
 I seeme secure, yet know not how to trust ;  
 I live by that which makes me living dye.

Devoid of rest, companion of distresse,  
 Plague to myselfe, consumed by my thought,  
 How may my voyce or pipe in tune be brought,  
 Since I am reft of solace and delight ?

*Coridon.*

Ah, lorrell lad, what makes thee herry love ?  
 A sugred harme, a poyson full of pleasure,  
 A painted shrine full-fild with rotten treasure ;  
 A heaven in shew, a hell to them that prove.

A gaine in seeming, shadowed stil with want,  
 A broken staffe which follie doth upholde,  
 A flower that fades with everie frostie colde,  
 An orient rose sprong from a withred plant.

A minutes joy to gaine a world of grieffe,  
 A subtil net to snare the idle minde,  
 A seeing scorpion, yet in seeming blinde,  
 A poore rejoyce, a plague without reliefe.

For thy, Montanus, follow mine arreedde,  
 (Whom age hath taught the traines that fancy useth)  
 Leave foolish love, for beautie wit abuseth,  
 And drownes (by folly) vertues springing seede.

*Montanus.*

So blames the childe the flame, because it burnes,  
 And bird the snare, because it doth intrap,  
 And fooles true love, because of sorry hap,  
 And saylers curse the ship that overturnes.

But would the childe forbearde to play with flame,  
 And birds beware to trust the fowlers gin,  
 And fooles foresee before they fall and sin,  
 And maisters guide their ships in better frame ;

The childe would praise the fire, because it warmes,  
 And birds rejoyce to see the fowler faile,  
 And fooles prevent before their plagues prevaile,  
 And saylers blesse the barke that saves from harmes.

Ah, Coridon, though many be thy yeares,  
 And crooked elde hath some experience left,  
 Yet is thy mind of judgement quite bereft,  
 In view of love, whose power in me appeares.

The ploughman litle wots to turn the pen,  
 Or bookeman skils to guide the ploughmans cart ;  
 Nor can the cobbler count the tearmes of art,  
 Nor base men judge the thoughts of mighty men.

Nor withered age (unmeet for beauties guide,  
 Uncapable of loves impression)  
 Discourse of that whose choyce possession  
 May never to so base a man be tied.

But I (whom nature makes of tender mold,  
 And youth most pliant yeelds to fancies fire)  
 Do build my haven and heaven on sweet desire,  
 On sweet desire, more deere to me than gold.

Thinke I of love, O, how my lines aspire !  
 How hast the muses to imbrace my browes,  
 And hem my temples in with lawrell bowes,  
 And fill my braines with chast and holy fire !

Then leave my lines their homely equipage,  
 Mounted beyond the circle of the sunne:  
 Amazed I read the stile when I have done,  
 And herry love that sent that heavenly rage.

Of Phœbe then, of Phœbe then I sing,  
 Drawing the puritie of all the spheares,  
 The pride of earth, or what in heaven appeares,  
 Her honoured face and fame to light to bring.

In fluent numbers, and in pleasant vaines,  
 I robbe both sea and earth of all their state,  
 To praise her parts: I charme both time and fate,  
 To bless the nymph that yeelds me love sicke paines.

My sheepe are turnd to thoughts, whom froward will  
 Guydes in the restles laborynth of love;  
 Feare lends them pasture whereso ere they move,  
 And by their death their life renueth still.

My sheephooke is my pen, mine oaten reed  
 My paper, where my many woes are written.  
 Thus silly swaine (with love and fancie bitten)  
 I trace the plaines of paine in wofull weed.

Yet are my cares, my broken sleepes, my teares,  
 My dreames, my doubts, for Phœbe sweet to me:  
 Who wayteth heaven in sorrowes vale must be,  
 And glory shines where daunger most appeares.

Then, Coridon, although I blith me not,  
 Blame me not, man, since sorrow is my sweet:  
 So willeth love, and Phœbe thinks it meet,  
 And kind Moutanus liketh well his lot.

*Coridon.*

Oh, staylesse youth, by errour so misguided,  
 Where will proscribeth lawes to perfect wits,  
 Where reason mournes, and blame in triumph sits,  
 And folly poysoneth all that time provided!

With wilfull blindnesse bleard, prepard to shame,  
 Prone to neglect Occasion when she smiles :  
 Alas, that love, by fond and froward guiles,  
 Should make thee tract the path to endlesse blame !

Ah (my Montanus) cursed is the charme,  
 That hath bewitched so thy youthfull eyes.  
 Leave off in time to like these vanities,  
 Be forward to thy good, and fly thy harme.

As many bees as Hibla daily shields,  
 As many frie as fleet on oceans face ;  
 As many heards as on the earth do trace,  
 As many flowers as decke the fragrant fields ;

As many stars as glorious heaven contains,  
 As many storms as wayward winter weepes,  
 As many plagues as hell inclosed keepes,  
 So many griefs in love, so many pains.

Suspitions, thoughts, desires, opinions, prayers,  
 Mislikes, misdeedes, fond joies, and fained peace,  
 Illusions, dreames, great paines, and small increase,  
 Vowes, hope, acceptance, scorns, and deepe despaires ;

Truce, warre, and wo do wait at beauties gate ;  
 Time lost, laments, reports, and privy grudge,  
 And lust : fierce love is but a partiall judge,  
 Who yeelds for service shame, for friendship hate.

*Montanus.*

All adder-like I stop mine cares (fond swaine)  
 So charm no more, for I will never change.  
 Call home thy flocks betime that stragling range,  
 For loe, the sunne declineth hence amaine.

*Terentius.*

In amore hæc insunt vitia : induciæ, inimicitia, bellum, pax rursus :  
 incerta hæc si tu postules, ratione certa fieri nihilo plus agas, quam  
 fides operam, ut cum ratione insanias.

The shepheards having thus ended their Eglogue, Aliena stept with Ganimedè from behind the thicket; at whose sodayne sight the shepheards arose, and Aliena saluted them thus: Shepheards, all haile (for such wee deeme you by your flockes) and lovers, good lucke, (for such you seeme by your passions) our eyes being witnessse of the one, and our eares of the other. Although not by love, yet by fortune, I am a distressed gentlewoman, as sorrowfull as you are passionate, and as full of woes as you of perplexed thoughts. Wandring this way in a forrest unknown, onely I and my page, wearied with travel, would faine have some place of rest. May you appoint us any place of quiet harbour (bee it never so meane) I shall bee thankfull to you, contented in my selfe, and gratefull to whosoever shall be mine host. Coridon, hearing the gentlewoman speake so courteously, returned her mildly and reverently this answer.

Faire mistresse, wee returne you as hearty a welcome as you gave us a courteous salute. A shepheard I am, and this a lover, as watchful to please his wench as to feed his sheep: full of fancies, and therefore, say I, full of follies. Exhort him I may, but perswade him I cannot; for love admits neither of counsaile nor reason. But leaving him to his passions, if you be distrest, I am sorrowfull such a faire creature is crost with calamitie: pray for you I may, but releve you I cannot. Marry, if you want lodging, if you vouch to shrowd your selves in a shepheards cottage, my house for this night shall be your harbour. Aliena thankt Coridon greatly, and presently sate her downe and Ganimedè by hir, Coridon looking earnestly upon her, and with a curious survey viewing all her perfections applauded (in his thought) her excellence, and pitying her distresse was desirous to heare the cause of her misfortunes, began to question her thus.

If I should not (faire Damosell) occasionate offence, or renew your griefs by rubbing the scar, I would faine crave so much favour as to know the cause of your misfortunes, and why, and whither you wander with your page in so dan-

gerous forest? Aliena (that was as courteous as she was fayre) made this replie. Shepheard, a friendly demaund ought never to be offensive, and questions of curtesie carry priviledged pardons in their forheads. Know, therefore, to discover my fortunes were to renew my sorrowes, and I should, by discoursing my mishaps, but rake fire out of the cynders. Therefore let this suffice, gentle shepheard: my distress is as great as my travaile is dangerous, and I wander in this Forrest to light on some cottage where I and my page may dwell: for I meane to buy some farme, and a flocke of sheepe, and so become a shepheardesse, meaning to live low, and content mee with a country life; for I have heard the swaines saye, that they drunke without suspition, and slept without care. Marry, mistress, quoth Coridon, if you meane so you came in good time, for my landlord intends to sell both the farme I tyll, and the flocke I keepe, and cheape you may have them for ready money: and for a shepherds life (oh mistres) did you but live a while in their content, you would say the court were rather a place of sorrow then of solace. Here, mistresse, shal not fortune thwart you, but in mean misfortunes, as the losse of a few sheepe, which, as it breedes no beggery, so it can bee no extreame prejudice: the next yeare may mend all with a fresh increase. Envy stirres not us, we covet not to climbe, our desires mount not above our degrees, nor our thoughts above our fortunes. Care cannot harbour in our cottages, nor doe our homely couches know broken slumbers: as wee exceed not ill dyet, so we have inough to satisfie: and, mistresse, I have so much Latin, *satis est quod sufficit.*

By my trueth, shepheard (quoth Aliena) thou makest mee in love with your countrey life, and therefore send for thy landlord, and I will buy thy farme and thy flocks, and thou shalt still under me bee overseer of them both: onely for pleasure sake I and my page will serve you, lead the flocks to the field, and folde them. Thus will I live quiet, unknowne, and contented. This newes so gladded the hart of

Coridon, that he should not be put out of his farme, that putting off his shepherds bonnet, he did hir all the reverence that he might. But all this while sate Montanus in a muse, thinking of the crueltie of his Phœbe, whom he wooed long, but was in no hope to win. Ganimede, who stil had the remembrance of Rosader in his thoughtes, tooke delight to see the poore shepherd passionate, laughing at love, that in all his actions was so imperious. At last, when she had noted his teares that stole down his cheeks, and his sighes that broke from the center of his heart, pittying his lament, she demanded of Coridon why the yong shepherd looked so sorrowfull? Ah sir (quoth he) the boy is in love. Why (quoth Ganimede) can shepherds love? I (quoth Montanus) and overlove, els shouldst not thou see me so pensive. Love, I tell thee, is as pretious in a shepherds eye, as in the lookes of a king, and we cuntry swains intertaine fancie with as great delight as the proudest courtier doth affection. Opportunity (that is the sweetest friend to Venus) harboureth in our cottages, and loyaltie (the chiefest fealty that Cupid requireth) is found more among shepherdes than higher degrees. Then, aske not if suche silly swains can love? What is the cause then, quoth Ganimede, that love being so sweet to thee, thou lookest so sorrowfull? Because quoth Montanus, the party beloved is froward, and having curtesie in her lookes, holdeth disdain in her tongues ende. What hath she, then, quoth Aliena, in heart? Desire (I hope madame) quoth he, or else my hope lost: dispaire in love were death. As thus they chatted, the sunne being ready to set, and they not having folded their sheepe, Coridon requested she would sit there with her page, till Montanus and hee lodged theyr sheepe for that night. You shall goe quoth Aliena, but first I will intreate Montanus to sing some amorous sonnet that hee made when he hath beene deeply passionate. That I will quoth Montanus, and with that he began thus.

## MONTANUS SONNET.

Phæbe sate,  
 Sweet she sate,  
     Sweet sate Phæbe when I saw her,  
 White her brow,  
 Coy her eye :  
     Brow and eye how much you please me !  
 Words I spent,  
 Sighes I sent ;  
     Sighs and words could never draw hir.  
 Oh my love,  
 Thou art lost,  
     Since no sight could ever ease thee.

Phæbe sat  
 By a fount,  
     Sitting by a fount I spide her :  
 Sweet hir touch,  
 Rare her voyce :  
     Touch and voyce what may distain you ?  
 As she sung  
 I did sigh,  
     And by sighs whilst that I tride her,  
 Oh mine eyes !  
 You did loose  
     Hir first sight whose want did pain you.

Phæbes flockes,  
 White as wooll,  
     Yet were Phæbes locks more whiter.  
 Phæbes eyes  
 Dovelike mild,  
     Dovelike eyes, both mild and cruell.  
 Montan swears,  
 In your lampes  
     He will die for to delight her.  
 Phæbe yeeld,  
 Or I die.  
     Shall true hearts be fancies fuell ?



Montanus had no sooner ended his sonnet, but Coridon with a lowe curtesie rose up, and went with his fellow, and shut their sheepe in the folds; and after returning to Aliena and Ganimedè, conducted them home weary to his poore cottage. By the way there was much good chat with Montanus about his loves, hee resolving Aliena that Phœbe was the fairest shepherdice in al France, and that in his eye her beautie was equal with the nimphs. But, quoth he: as of all stones the diamond is most cleerest, and yet most hard for the lapidorie to cut, as of all flowres the rose is the fairest, and yet guarded with the sharpest prickles: so of al our country lasses Phœbe is the brightest, but the most coy of all to stoop unto desire. But let her take heed quoth he, I have heard of Narcissus, who for his high disdain against love, perished in the folly of his owne love. With this they were at Coridons cottage, where Montanus parted from them, and they went in to rest. Aliena and Ganimedè glad of so contented a shelter, made merry with the poore swaine; and though they had but countrey fare and course lodging, yet their welcome was so greate, and their cares so little, that they counted their diet delicate, and slept as soundly as if they had beene in the court of Torismond. The next morne they lay long in bed, as wearyed with the toyle of unaccustomed travaile; but assoone as they got up, Aliena resolved there to set up her rest, and by the helpe of Coridon swapt a bargaine with his landslord, and so became mistres of the farme and the flocke, her selfe putting on the attyre of a shepherdesse, and Ganimedè of a yong swaine: everye day leading forth her flockes, with such delight, that she held her exile happy, and thought no content to the blisse of a countrey cottage. Leaving her thus famous amongst the shepherds of Arden, againe to Saladyne.

When Saladyne had a long while concealed a secrete resolution of revenge, and could no longer hide fire in the flax, nor oyle in the flame, (for envy is like lightning, that will appeare in the darkest fog) it chaunced on a morning very

early he cald up certain of his servants, and went with them to the chamber of Rosader, which being open, hee entred with his crue, and surprised his brother when he was a sleepe, and bound him in fetters, and in the midst of his hall chained him to a post. Rosader, amazed at this strange chaunce, began to reason with his brother about the cause of this sodaine extremity, wherin he had wrongd, and what fault he had committed worthy so sharpe a penance? Saladyne answered him onely with a look of disdain, and went his way, leaving poore Rosader in a deepe perplexity; who, thus abused, fell into sundry passions, but no means of releefe could be had: wherupon for anger he grew into a discontented melancholy. In which humour he continued two or three daies without meat, insomuch that seeing his brother would give him no food, he fel into despaire of his life. Which Adam Spencer, the old servant of Sir John of Bourdeaux, seeing, touched with the dutie and love hee ought to his olde maister, felt a remorse in his conscience of his sonnes mishap; and therefore, although Saladyne had given a generall charge to his servants that none of them upon pain of death should give either meat or drink to Rosader, yet Adam Spencer in the night rose secretly, and brought him such victuals as he could provide, and unlockt him, and set him at liberty. After Rosader had well feasted himselfe, and felt he was loose, straight his thoughts aymed at revenge, and now (all being a sleepe) hee would have quit Saladyne with the methode of his own mischief. But Adam Spencer did perswade him to the contrary with these reasons. Sir, quoth hee, be content, for this night go againe into your olde fetters, so shall you trie the faith of friends, and save the life of an old servant. Tomorrow hath your brother invited al your kinred and allyes to a solempne breakefast, onely to see you, telling them all that you are mad, and faine to be tied to a poast. Assoone as they come complain to them of the abuse proffered you by Saladyne. If they redresse you, why so: but if they passe over your playntes *sicco pede*, and hold with the violence of your

brother before your innocence, then thus: I will leave you unlockt that you may breake out at your pleasure, and at the ende of the hall shall you see stand a couple of good pollaxes, one for you and another for mee. When I give you a wincke, shake off your chaines, and let us plaie the men, and make havocke amongst them, drive them out of the house and maintaine possession by force of armes, till the king hath made a redresse of your abuses.

These wordes of Adam Spencer so perswaded Rosader, that he went to the place of his punishment, and stood there while the next morning. About the time appointed, came all the gwestes bidden by Saladyne, whom hee intreated with curteous and curious entertainment, as they all perceived their welcome to be great. The tables in the hall, where Rosader was tyed, were covered, and Saladyne bringing in his gwests together, shewed them where his brother was bound, and was inchainde as a man lunaticke. Rosader made reply, and with some invectives made complaintes of the wrongs proffered him by Saladyne, desiring they would in pitie seeke some meanes for his reliefe. But in vaine, they had stopt their eares with Ulisses, that were his words never so forceable, he breathed onely his passions into the winde. They, carelesse, sat downe with Saladyne to dinner, beeing very frolicke and pleasant, washing their heades well with wine. At last, when the fume of the grape had entered peale meale into their braines, they began in satyricall speeches to raile against Rosader: which Adam Spencer no longer brooking, gave the signe, and Rosader shaking off his chaines got a pollaxe in his hande, and flew amongst them with such violence and fury, that he hurt many, slew some, and drave his brother and the rest quite out of the house. Seeing the coast cleare, he shut the doores, and being sore an hungred, and seeing such good victuals, he sat him downe with Adam Spencer, and such good fellowes as he knew were honest men, and there feasted themselves with such provision as Saladyne had provided for his friends.

After they had taken their repast, Rosader rampierd up the house, leas upon a sodeine his brother should raise some crew of his tennants, and surprise them unawares. But Saladyne tooke a contrary course, and went to the sheriffe of the shire and made complaint of Rosader, who giving credite to Saladyne, in a determined resolution to revenge the gentlemans wrongs, tooke with him five and twentie tall men, and made a vow, either to break into the house and take Rosader, or else to coope him in till hee made him yeeld by famine. In this determination, gathering a crue together, hee went forward to set Saladyne in his former estate. Newes of this was brought unto Rosader, who smiling at the cowardize of his brother, brookt al the injuries of fortune with patience, expecting the comming of the sheriffe. As he walked upon the battlements of the house, he descryed where Saladyne and he drew neare, with a troupe of lustie gallants. At this he smilde, and calde Adam Spencer, and shewed him the envious treacherie of his brother, and the folly of the sheriffe to bee so credulous. Now, Adam, quoth he, what shall I do! It rests for me either to yeeld up the house to my brother and seek a reconcilement, or els issue out, and break through the company with courage, for coopt in like a coward I will not bee. If I submit (ah Adam!) I dishonor my selfe, and that is worse then death, for by such open disgraces, the fame of men growes odious: if I issue out amongst them, fortune may favour mee, and I may escape with life; but suppose the worst: if I be slaine, then my death shall be honorable to me, and so inequall a revenge infamous to Saladyne. Why then, master, forward and feare not: out amongst them: they bee but faint hearted lozels, and for Adam Spencer, if hee die not at your foote, say he is a dastard.

These words cheered up so the heart of yong Rosader, that he thought himselfe sufficient for them al, and therefore prepared weapons for him and Adam Spencer, and were readie to entertaine the sheriffe; for no sooner came Saladyne and he to

the gates, but Rosader, unlookt for, leapt out and assailed them, wounded many of them, and caused the rest to give backe, so that Adam and he broke through the prease in despite of them all, and tooke their way towards the forrest of Arden. This repulse so set the sheriffs hart on fire to revenge, that he straight raised all the country, and made hue and crie after them. But Rosader and Adam, knowing full well the secret waies that led through the vineyards, stole away privily through the province of Bourdeaux, and escaped safe to the forrest of Arden. Being come thether, they were glad they had so good a harbor: but fortune (who is like the camelion) variable with every object, and constant in nothing but inconstancie, thought to make them myrrours of her mutabilitie, and therefore still crost them thus contrarily. Thinking still to passe on by the bywaies to get to Lions, they chanced on a path that led into the thicke of the forrest, where they wandred five or sixe dayes without meate, that they were almost famished, finding neither shepheard nor cottage to relieve them; and hunger growing on so extreame, Adam Spencer, (being olde) began to faint, and sitting him downe on a hill, and looking about him, espied where Rosader laye as feeble and as ill perplexed: which sight made him shedde teares, and to fall into these bitter tearmes.

#### ADAM SPENCERS SPEECH.

Oh, how the life of man may well bee compared to the state of the ocean seas, that for every calme hath a thousand storms, resembling the rose tree, that for a few flowers hath a multitude of sharpe prickles! All our pleasures ende in paine, and our highest delightes are crossed with deepest discontents. The joyes of man, as they are few, so are they momentarie, scarce ripe before they are rotten, and withering in the blosome, either parched with the heate of envy or fortune. Fortune, oh inconstant friend, that in all thy deedes art fro-

ward and fickle, delighting in the povertie of the lowest, and the overthrow of the highest! To decypher thy inconstancy thou standest upon a globe, and thy wings are plumed with Times feathers, that thou maist ever be restlesse: thou art double faced like Janus, carrying frownes in the one to threaten, and smiles in the other to betray. Thou profferest an eele, and performest a scorpion, and wher thy greatest favours be, there is the feare of the extreamest misfortunes, so variable are all thy actions. But why, Adam, doest thou exclaime against Fortune! she laughes at the plaintes of the distressed, and there is nothing more pleasing unto her, then to heare fooles boast in her fading allurements, or sorrowfull men to discover the sower of their passions. Glut her not, Adam, then with content, but thwart her with brooking all mishappes with patience. For there is no greater check to the pride of Fortune, then with a resolute courage to passe over her crosses without care. Thou art old, Adam, and thy haire waxe white: the palme tree is alreadie full of bloomes, and in the furrowes of thy face appeares the kalenders of death: wert thou blessed by Fortune thy yeares could not bee many, nor the date of thy life long: then sith Nature must have her due, what is it for thee to resigne her debt a little before the day.—Ah, it is not that which grieveth mee, nor do I care what mishaps Fortune can wage against mee, but the sight of Rosader that galleth unto the quicke. When I remember the worships of his house, the honour of his fathers, and the vertues of himselfe, then doo I say, that Fortune and the Fates are most injurious, to censure so hard extreames, against a youth of so great hope. Oh, Rosader, thou art in the flower of thine age, and in the pride of thy yeares, buxsome and full of May. Nature hath prodigally inricht thee with her favours, and vertue made thee the myrror of her excellence; and now, through the decree of the unjust starres, to have all these good partes nipped in the blade, and blemisht by the inconstancie of Fortune! Ah, Rosader, could I helpe thee, my grieffe were the lesse, and

happie should my death be, if it might bee the beginning of thy reliefe: but seeing we perish both in one extreame, it is a double sorrow. What shall I doo? prevent the sight of his further misfortune with a present dispatch of mine owne life? Ah, despaire is a merciless sinne!

As he was readie to go forward in his passion, he looked earnestly on Rosader, and seeing him chaunge colour, hee rose up and went to him, and holding his temples, said, What cheere, maister? though all faile, let not the heart faint: the courage of a man is shewed in the resolution of his death. At these wordes Rosader lifted up his eye, and looking on Adam Spencer, began to weep. Ah, Adam, quoth he, I sorrow not to dye, but I grieve at the maner of my death. Might I with my lance encounter the enemy, and so die in the field, it were honour, and content: might I (Adam) combat with some wilde beast, and perish as his praie, I were satisfied; but to die with hunger, O, Adam, it is the extreamest of all extreames! Maister (quoth he) you see we are both in one predicament, and long I cannot live without meate; seeing therefore we can finde no foode, let the death of the one preserve the life of the other. I am old, and overworne with age, you are yoong, and are the hope of many honours: let me then dye, I will presently cut my veynes, and, maister, with the warme blood relieve your fainting spirites: sucke on that till I ende, and you be comforted. With that Adam Spencer was ready to pull out his knife, when Rosader full of courage (though verie faint) rose up, and wisht A. Spencer to sit there til his returne; for my mind gives me, quoth he, I shall bring thee meate. With that, like a mad man, he rose up, and raunged up and downe the woods, seeking to encounter some wilde beast with his rapier, that either he might carry his friend Adam food, or els pledge his life in pawn for his loyaltie. It chaunced that day, that Gerismond, the lawfull king of France banished by Torismond, who with a lustie crue of outlawes lived in that forest, that day in honour of his birth made a feast to all his bolde

yeomen, and frolickt it with store of wine and venison, sitting all at a long table under the shadow of lymon trees. To that place by chance fortune conducted Rosader, who seeing such a crue of brave men, having store of that for want of which hee and Adam perished, hee stept boldly to the boords end, and saluted the company thus :—

Whatsoever thou be that art maister of these lustie squiers, I salute thee as graciously as a man in extreame distresse may : know, that I and a fellow friend of mine are here famished in the forrest for want of food: perish wee must, unlesse relieved by thy favours. Therefore, if thou be a gentleman, give meate to men, and to such as are everie way woorthie of life. Let the proudest squire that sits at thy table rise and incounter with mee in any honorable point of activitie whatsoever, and if hee and thou proove me not a man, send me away comfortlesse. If thou refuse this, as a niggard of thy cates, I will have amongst you with my sword; for rather wil I dye valiantly, then perish with so cowardly an extreame. Gerismond, looking him earnestly in the face, and seeing so proper a gentleman in so bitter a passion, was mooved with so great pitie, that rising from the table, he tooke him by the hand and badde him welcome, willing him to sit downe in his place, and in his roome not onely to eat his fill, but the lord of the feast. Gramercy, sir (quoth Rosader) but I have a feeble friend that lyes hereby famished almost for food, aged and therefore lesse able to abide the extremitie of hunger then my selfe, and dishonour it were for me to taste one crumme, before I made him partner of my fortunes: therefore I will runne and fetch him, and then I wil gratefully accept of your proffer. Away hies Rosader to Adam Spencer, and tels him the newes, who was glad of so happie fortune, but so feeble he was that he could not go; wherupon Rosader got him up on his backe, and brought him to the place. Which when Gerismond and his men saw, they greatly applauded their league of friendship; and Rosader, having Gerismonds place assigned him, would not sit there himselfe, but set downe



Adam Spencer. Well, to be short, those hungry squires fell to their victuals, and feasted themselves with good delicates, and great store of wine. Assoone as they had taken their repast, Gerismond (desirous to heare what hard fortune drave them into those bitter extreames) requested Rosader to discourse, (as it were not any way prejudicall unto him) the cause of his travell. Rosader (desirous any way to satisfie the curtesie of his favourable host, first beginning his *exordium* with a volley of sighes, and a fewe luke warme teares) prosecuted his discourse, and told him from point to point all his fortunes: how he was the yongest sonne of Sir John of Bourdeaux, his name Rosader, how his brother sundry times had wronged him, and lastly, how for beating the sheriffe, and hurting his men, hee fled. And this old man (quoth he) whom I so much love and honour, is surnamed Adam Spencer, an old servant of my fathers, and one (that for his love) never fayled me in all my misfortunes.

When Gerismond heard this, he fell on the neck of Rosader, and next discoursing unto him, how he was Gerismond their lawfull king, exiled by Torismond, what familiaritie had ever been betwixt his father, Sir John of Bourdeaux, and him, how faithfull a subject hee lived, and how honourably he dyed; promising (for his sake) to give both him and his friend such curteous entertainment as his present estate could minister; and upon this made him one of his forresters. Rosader seeing it was the king, cravde pardon for his boldnesse, in that hee did not doo him due reverence, and humbly gave him thanks for his favourable curtesie. Gerismond, not satisfied yet with newes, beganne to enquire if he had been lately in the court of Torismond, and whether he had scene his daughter Rosalynd, or no? At this, Rosader fetcht a deep sigh, and shedding many teares, could not answere: yet at last, gathering his spirits together, he revealed unto the king, how Rosalynde was banished, and how there was such a simparchie of affections betwixt Alinda and her, that shee chose rather to be partaker of her exile, then to part fellowship: whereupone the

unnaturall king banished them both ; and now they are wandred none knowes whither, neither could any learne since their departure, the place of their abode. This newes drive the king into a great melancholy, that presently hee arose from all the company, and went into his privie chamber, so secrete as the harbour of the woods would allow him. The company was all dasht at these tydings, and Rosader and Adam Spencer, having such opportunitie, went to take their rest. Where we leave them, and returne againe to Torismond.

The flight of Rosader came to the eares of Torismond, who hearing that Saladyne was sole heire of the landes of Sir John of Bourdeaux, desirous to possesse such faire revenewes, found just occasion to quarrell with Saladyne about the wrongs he proffered to his brother; and therefore, dispatching a herehault, he sent for Saladyne in all poast haste. Who marveiling what the matter should be, began to examine his owne conscience, wherein hee had offended his highnesse ; but imboldened with his innocence, he boldly went with the herehault unto the court; where, assoone as hee came, hee was not admitted into the presence of the king, but presently sent to prison. This greatly amazed Saladyne, chiefly in that the jayler had a straight charge over him, to see that he should be close prisoner. Many passionate thoughts came in his head, till at last he began to fall into consideration of his former follies, and to meditate with himselfe. Leaning his head on his hand, and his elbow on his knee, full of sorrow, grief and disquieted passions, he resolved into these tearmes.

#### SALADYNES COMPLAINT.

Unhappie Saladyne! whome folly hath led to these misfortunes, and wanton desires wrapt within the laborinth of these calamities. Are not the heavens doomers of mens deedes? And holdes not God a ballance in his fist, to reward with favour, and revenge with justice? Oh, Saladyne, the faults

of thy youth, as they were fond, so were they foule, and not onely discovering little nourture, but blemishing the excellence of nature. Whelpes of one litter are ever most loving, and brothers that are sonnes of one father should live in friendship without jarre. Oh, Saladyne, so it should bee; but thou hast with the deere fedde against the winde, with the crabbe strove against the streame, and sought to pervert nature by unkindnesse. Rosaders wrongs, the wrongs of Rosader (Saladyne) cryes for revenge: his youth pleads to God to inflict some penaunce upon thee, his vertues are pleas that inforce writtes of displeasure to crosse thee: thou hast highly abused thy kynde and naturall brother, and the heavens cannot spare to quite thee with punishment. There is no sting to the worme of conscience, no hell to a minde toucht with guilt. Every wrong I offred him (called now to remembrance) wringeth a drop of blood from my heart, every bad looke, every frowne pincheth me at the quicke, and saies, Saladyne thou hast sinned against Rosader. Be penitent, and assigne thyselfe some pennance to discover thy sorrow, and pacifie his wrath.

In the depth of his passion, hee was sent for to the king, who with a looke that threatened death entertained him, and demaunded of him where his brother was? Saladyne made answer, that upon some ryot made against the sheriffe of the shire, he was fled from Bourdeaux, but he knew not whither. Nay, villaine (quoth he) I have heard of the wronges thou hast proffered thy brother, since the death of thy father, and by thy means have I lost a most brave and resolute chevalier. Therefore, in justice to punish thee, I spare thy life for thy fathers sake, but banish thee for ever from the court and cuntry of France; and see thy departure be within tenne dayes, els trust me thou shalt loose thy head. And with that the king flew away in a rage, and left poore Saladyne greatly perplexed; who grieving at his exile, yet determined to bear it with patience, and in penaunce of his former folies

to travaile abroade in every coast till he had found out his brother Rosader. With whom now I beginne.

Rosader, beeing thus preferred to the place of a forrester by Gerismond, rooted out the remembrance of his brothers unkindnes by continuall exercise, traversing the groves and wilde forrests, partly to heare the melody of the sweete birds which recorded, and partly to shew his diligent indevour in his masters behalfe. Yet whatsoever he did, or howsoever he walked, the lively image of Rosalynde remained in memorie: on her sweete perfections he fed his thoughts, proving himselfe like the eagle a true borne bird, since that the one is knowne by beholding the sunne, so was he by regarding excellent beautie. One day among the rest, finding a fit opportunity and place convenient, desirous to discover his woes to the woodes, hee engraved with his knife on the bark of a mir tre, this pretye estimate of his mistres perfection.

## SONNETTO.

Of all chast birdes the phœnix doth excell,  
 Of all strong beastes the lyon beares the bell,  
 Of all sweet flowers the rose dot! sweetest smel,  
 Of all faire maydes my Rosalynd is fairest.

Of all pure mettals gold is onely purest,  
 Of all high trees the pine hath highest crest,  
 Of all soft sweets I like my mistris brest,  
 Of all chast thoughts my mistris thoughts are rarest.

Of all proud birds the eagle pleaseth Jove,  
 Of pretie fowles kind Venus likes the dove,  
 Of trees Minerva doth the olive love,  
 Of all sweet nimphs I honour Rosalynd.

Of all her gifts her wisdome pleaseth most,  
 Of all her graces vertue she doth boast:  
 For all these gifts my life and joy is lost,  
 If Rosalynde prove cruell and unkind.

In these and such like passions Rosader did every day eternize the name of his Rosalynd; and this day especially when Aliena and Ganimedè (inforced by the heat of the sun to seeke for shelter) by good fortune arrived in that place, where this amorous forrester registred his melancholy passions. They saw the sodaine change of his looks, his folded armes, his passionate sighes: they heard him often abruptly cal on Rosalynd, who (poore soule) was as hotly burned as himselfe, but that shee shrouded her paines in the cinders of honorable modesty. Whereupon (gessing him to be in love, and according to the nature of their sexe being pittifull in that behalfe) they sodainly brake off his melancholy by theyr approach, and Ganimedè shooke him out of his dumps thus.

What newes, forrester? hast thou wounded some deere, and lost him in the fall? Care not man for so small a losse: thy fees was but the skinne, the shoulder, and the horns: tis hunters lucke to ayme faire and misse; and a woodmans fortune to strike and yet go without the game.

Thou art beyond the marke Ganimedè (quoth Aliena): his passions are greater, and his sighs discovers more losse: perhaps in traversing these thickets, he hath seene some beautifull nymph, and is growne amorous. It may be so (quoth Ganimedè) for here he hath newly ingraven some sonnet: come, and see the discourse of the forresters poems. Reading the sonnet over, and hearing him name Rosalynde, Aliena lookt on Ganimedè and laught, and Ganimedè looking backe on the forrester, and seeing it was Rosader, blusht; yet thinking to shrowd all under her pages apparell, she boldly returned to Rosader, and began thus.

I pray thee tell me, forrester, what is this Rosalynd for whom thou pinest away in such passions? Is shee some nymph that wayts upon Dianaes traine, whose chastitie thou hast deciphred in such epethites? Or is she some shepherdesse that hants these playnes whose beautie hath so bewitched thy fancie, whose name thou shaddowest in covert

under the figure of Rosalynd, as Ovid did Julia under the name of Corinna? or say mee forsooth, is it that Rosalynde, of whome wee shepheards have heard talke, shee, forrester, that is the daughter of Gerismond, that once was king, and now an outlawe in the forrest of Arden? At this Rosader fecht a deepe sigh, and sayde, It is she, O gentle swayne, it is she: that saint it is whom I serve, that goddesse at whose shrine I doe bend all my devotions: the most fayrest of all faires, the phenix of all the sexe, and the puritie of all earthly perfection. And why (gentle forrester) if shee be so beautifull, and thou so amorous, is there such a disagreement in thy thoughts? Happily she resembleth the rose, that is sweete, but full of prickles? or the serpent regius that hath scales as glorious as the sunne, and a breath as infectious as the aconitum is deadly? So thy Rosalynd may be most amiable, and yet unkind; full of favour and yet froward, coy without wit, and disdainfull without reason.

Oh, Shepheard (quoth Rosader) knewest thou her personage, graced with the excellence of all perfection, beeing a harbour wherein the graces shrowd their vertues, thou wouldest not breath out such blasphemy against the beauteous Rosalind. She is a diamond, bright, but not hard, yet of most chast operation: a pearle so orient, that it can be stained with no blemish: a rose without prickles, and a princesse absolute, as well in beauty as in vertue. But I, unhappy I, have let mine eye soare with the eagle against so bright a sun, that I am quite blind: I have with Apollo enamoured myselve of a Daphne, not (as she) disdainful, but farre more chast than Daphne: I have with Ixion laide my love on Juno, and shall (I feare) embrace nought but a clowde. Ah, Shepheard, I have reacht at a starre: my desires have mounted above my degree, and my thoughts above my fortunes. I being a peasant, have ventured to gaze on a princesse, whose honors are too high to vouchsafe such base loves.

Why, forrester, quoth Ganimedede, comfort thy selfe: be blyth and frolike man. Love sowseth as low as she soar-

eth high: Cupid shootes at a ragge assoon as at a roabe; and Venus eye that was so curious, sparkled favour on pole-footed Vulcan. Feare not, man, womens lookes are not tied to dignities feathers, nor make they curious esteeme where the stone is found, but what is the vertue. Feare not, forrester: faint heart never woone faire ladye. But where lives Rosalynde now? at the court!

Oh no, quoth Rosader, she lives I knowe not where, and that is my sorrow, banished by Toresmond, and that is my hell: for might I but finde her sacred personage, and plead before the bar of her pitie the plaint of my passions, hope telles me shee would grace me with some favour, and that would suffice as a recompence of all my former miseries.

Much have I heard of thy mistres excellence, and I know, forrester, thou canst describe her at the full, as one that hast survaid all her parts with a curious eye; then doo that favour, to tell me what her perfections be. That I wil, quoth Rosader, for I glorie to make all eares wonder at my mistres excellence. And with that he pulde a paper fourth his bosome, wherein he read this.

#### ROSALYNDES DESCRIPTION.

Like to the cleere in highest speare,  
Where all imperiall glorie shines,  
Of selfe same colour is her haire,  
Whether unfolded, or in twines:  
Heigh ho, faire Rosalynde.

Her eyes are saphires set in snow,  
Refining heaven by every wincke:  
The gods do feare when as they glow,  
And I doo tremble when I thinke:  
Heigh ho, would she were mine.

Her chekes are lyke the blushing clowde  
That bewtifies Auroraes face,  
Or lyke the silver crimsin shrowde,  
That Phœbus smiling lookes doth grace:  
Heigh ho, faire Rosalynd.

Her lippes are like two budded roses,  
Whome ranckes of lillies neighbour nie,  
Within which bounds she balme incloses,  
Apt to intice a Deitie :

Heigh ho, would she were mine.

Her necke, like to a stately tower,  
When love himselfe imprisoned lies,  
To watch for glaunces every houre,  
From her devine and sacred eyes :

Heigh ho, faire Rosalynde.

Her pappes are centers of delight,  
Her pappes are orbes of heavenly frame,  
Where nature molds the deaw of light,  
To feed perfection with the same :

Heigh ho, would she were mine.

With orient pearle, with rubie red,  
With marble white, with saphire blew,  
Her body every way is fed,  
Yet soft in touch, and sweet in view :

Heigh ho, faire Rosalynde.

Nature her selfe her shape admires,  
The Gods are wounded in her sight,  
And Love forsakes his heavenly fires,  
And at her eyes his brand doth light :

Heigh ho, would she were mine.

Then muse not, nymphes, though I bemoue  
The absence of faire Rosalynde,  
Since for her faire there is fairer none,  
Nor for her vertues so devine :

Heigh ho, faire Rosalynde.

Heigh ho, my heart, would God that she were mine !

Periit, quia deperibat.

Beleeve me (quoth Ganimede) eyther the forrester is an exquisite painter, or Rosalynde farre above wonder; so it makes me blush to heare how women should be so excellent, and pages so unperfect.

Rosader beholding her earnestly, answered thus. Truly, gentle page, thou hast cause to complaine thee, wert thou the



substance, but resembling the shadow, content thyself; for it is excellence enough to be like the excellence of nature. He hath answered you, Ganimede, quoth Aliena, it is enough for pages to wait on beautiful ladies, and not to be beautiful themselves. Oh, mistres, quoth Ganimede, hold you your peace, for you are partiall: who knowes not, but that all women have desire to tye soveraintie to their petticoates, and ascribe beauty to themselves, wher, if boies might put on their garments, perhaps they would prove as comely, if not as comely, as courteous. But tel me, forrester (and with that she turned to Rosader) under whom maintainest thou thy walke? Gentle swaine, under the king of outlawes, said he; the unfortunate Gerismond, who having lost his kingdome, crowneth his thoughtes with content, accounting it better to governe among poore men in peace, then great men in danger. But hast thou not, said she, (having so melancholy opportunities as this forrest affordeth thee) written more sonets in commendations of thy mistris? I have, gentle swaine, quoth he, but they be not about me: to morrow by dawn of day, if your flocks feed in these pastures, I will bring them you; wherein you shall read my passions, whiles I feele them, judge my patience when you read it: til when I bid farewel. So giving both Ganimede and Aliena a gentle good night, he resorted to his lodge, leaving them to their prittle prattle. So Ganimede (said Aliena, the forrester being gone) you are mightily beloved: men make ditties in your praise, spend sighs for your sake, make an idoll of your beauty: believe mee, it grieves mee not a little to see the poore man so pensive, and you so pittillesse.

Ah, Aliena (quoth she) be not peremptory in your judgments. I heare Rosalynde praisd as I am Ganimede, but were I Rosalynde, I could answer the forrester: if he mourne for love, there are medicines for love: Rosalynde cannot be faire and unkind. And so, madame, you see it is time to fold our flocks, or else Coridon will frown and say, you will never prove good huswife. With that they put

their sheepe into the coates, and went home to her friend Coridons cottage, Aliena as merry as might bee that she was thus in the company of her Rosalynde; but shee, poore soule, that had love her loadstarre, and her thoughtes set on fire with the flame of fancie, could take no rest, but being alone began to consider what passionate pennance poore Rosader was enjoyned to by love and fortune, that at last shee fell into this humour with her selfe.

ROSALYNDE PASSIONATE ALONE.

Ah, Rosalynd, how the Fates have set down in theyr Sinode to make thee unhappy: for when Fortune hath done hir worst, then Love comes in to begin a new tragedie: she seeks to lodge her sonne in thyne eyes, and to kindle her fires in thy bosome. Beware, fond girle, he is an unruly guest to harbour: for entring in by intreats, he will not be thrust out by force, and her fires are fed with such fuell, as no water is able to quench. Seest thou not how Venus seekes to wrap thee in her laborynth, wherein is pleasure at the entrance, but within, sorrowes, cares, and discontent? she is a syren, stop thine eares to her melodie; she is a basilicke, shutte thy eyes, and gaze not at her least thou perish. Thou art now placed in the cuntry content, where are heavenly thoughtes and meane desires: in those lawnes where thy flocks feed Diana haunts: be as her nymphes chast, and enemie to love, for there is no greater honour to a mayd, than to account of fancie as a mortal foe to their sexe. Daphne, that bonny wench, was not turned into a bay tree, as the poets fain, but for her chastitie: her fame was immortall, resembling the lawrell that is ever greene. Follow thou her steps, Rosalynd, and the rather, for that thou art an exile, and banished from the court; whose distresse, and it is appeased with patience, so it would be renewed with amorous passions. Have minde on thy forepassed fortunes; feare the worst, and intangle not thy selfe with present fancies, least loving in hast, thou repent thee at

leisure. Ah, but yet, Rosalynd, it is Rosader that courts thee : one who as he is beutifull, so hee is vertuous, and harboureth in his minde as manie good qualities as his face is shadowed with gracious favours ; and therefore Rosalynde stoope to love, least, beeing eyther too coy or too cruell, Venus waxe wroth, and plague thee with the reward of disdaine.

Rosalynde thus passionate, was wakened from her dumpes by Aliena, who sayd it was time to goe to bed. Coridon swore that was true, for Charls Waine was risen in the north ; wheruppon each taking leave of other, went to their rest, all but the poore Rosalynde, who was so full of passions, that she could not possesse any content. Well, leaving her to her broken slumbers, expect what was performed by them the next morning.

The sunne was no sooner stept from the bed of Aurora, but Aliena was wakened by Ganimede, who, restlesse all night, had tossed in her passions, saying it was then time to go to the field to unfold their sheepe. Aliena (that spied where the hare was by the hounds, and could see day at a little hole) thought to be pleasaunt with her Ganimede, and therefore replied thus : What, wanton ; the sun is but new up, and as yet Iris riches lies folded in the bosome of Flora : Phœbus hath not dried up the pearled dew, and so long Coridon hath taught me it is not fitte to lead the sheepe abroad, least the deaw being unwholesome, they get the rot : but now see I the old proverbe true, he is in hast whom the devill drives, and where love prickes forward, there is no worse death then delay. Ah, my good page, is there fancie in thine eye, and passions in thy heart ? What, hast thou wrapt love in thy looks, and sette all thy thoughts on fire by affection ? I tell thee, it is a flame as harde to be quencht as that of Aetna. But nature must have her course : womens eies have faculty attractive like the jeat, and retentive like the diamond : they dally in the delight of faire objects, til gazing on the panthers beautiful skin, repenting experience tel them he hath a devouring paunch. Come on (quoth Ganimede) this sermon of

yours is but a subtiltie to lie stil a bed, because either you think the morning cold, or els I being gone, you would steale a nappe: this shift carries no paulme, and therefore up and away. And for Love, let me alone: Ile whip him away with nettles, and set disdain as a charme to withstand his forces; and therefore looke you to your selfe: be not too bold, for Venus can make you bend, nor to coy, for Cupid hath a piercing dart, that will make you crie *peccavi*. And that is it (quoth *Aliena*) that hath raised you so earlie this morning. And with that she slipt on her peticoat, and start up; and assoone as she had made her ready, and taken her breakfast, away goe these two with their bagge and bottles to the field, in more pleasant content of mynd then ever they were in the court of *Torismond*. They came no sooner nigh the foldes, but they might see where their discontented forrester was walking in his melancholy. Assoone as *Aliena* saw him, she smiled, and sayd to *Ganymede*, Wipe your eyes, sweeting, for yonder is your sweet heart this morning in deep prayers, no doubt, to Venus, that she may make you as pitifull as hee is passionate. Come on, *Ganymede*, I pray thee, lets have a litle sport with him. Content (quoth *Ganymede*) and with that, to waken him out of his deep *memento*, he began thus:

Forrester, good fortune to thy thoughts, and ease to thy passions. What makes you so early abroad this morne! in contemplation, no doubt, of your *Rosalynd*. Take heede, forrester; step not too farre, the foord may be deep, and you slip over your shooes. I tell thee, flyes have their spleen, the antes choller, the least haire shadows, and the smallest loves great desires. Tis good (forrester) to love, but not to overlove, least in loving her that likes not thee, thou fold thy selfe in an endlesse laborinth. *Rosader*, seeing the faire shepherdesse and her prettie swayne in whose company he felt the greatest ease of his care, hee returned them a salute on this maner.

Gentle shepherds, all haile, and as heathfull be your flocks as you happie in content. Love is restlesse, and my bedde is

but the cell of my bane, in that there I finde busie thoughtes and broken slumbers: heere (although every where passionate) yet I brooke love with more patience, in that everie object feedes mine eye with varietie of fancies. When I looke on Floraes beauteous tapestrie, checkered with the pride of all her treasure, I call to minde the faire face of Rosalynd, whose heavenly hue exceeds the rose and the lilly in their highest excellence: the brightnesse of Phæbus shine puts mee in minde to think of the sparkeling flames that flew from her eyes, and set my heart first on fire: the sweet harmony of the birds, puts me in remembrance of the rare melody of her voyce, which lyke the syren enchaunteth the eares of the hearer. Thus in contemplation I salve my sorrowes, which applying the perfection of every object to the excellencie of her qualities.

She is much beholding unto you (quoth Aliena) and so much, that I have oft wisht with my selfe, that if I should ever prove as amorous as CEnone, I might finde as faithfull a Paris as your selfe.

How say you by this item, forrester? (quoth Ganimede) the faire shepheardesse favours you, who is mistresse of so manye flockes. Leave of, man, the supposition of Rosalynds love, when as watching at her, you rove beyond the moone, and cast your lookes upon my mistresse, who no doubt is as faire though not so royall, one bird in the hand is worth two in the wood: better possesse the love of Aliena, then catch furiously at the shadowe of Rosalynd.

Ile tel thee boy (quoth Rosader) so is my fancy fixed on my Rosalynde, that were thy mistresse as faire as Læda or Danae, whom Jove courted in transformed shapes, mine eyes would not vouch to entertaine their beauties: and so hath love lockt me in her perfections, that I had rather onely contemplate in her beauties, then absolutely possesse the excellence of any other. Venus is too blame (forrester) if having so true a servant of you, shee reward you not with Rosalynd, if Rosalynd were more fairer than her self.

But leaving this prattle, now Ile put you in mynd of your promise about those sonnets, which you sayd were at home in your lodge.

I have them about mee (quoth Rosader) let us sit downe, and then you shall heare what a poetically fury love will infuse into a man. With that they sate downe upon a greene banke, shadowed with figge trees, and Rosader, fetching a deep sigh, read them this sonnet.

#### ROSADERS SONNET.

In sorowes cell I layd me downe to sleepe,  
 But waking woes were jealous of mine eyes,  
 They made them watch, and bend themselves to weepe,  
 But weeping teares their want could not suffice :  
 Yet since for her they wept who guides my hart,  
 They weeping smile, and triumph in their smart.

Of these my teares a fountaine fiercely springs,  
 Where Venus baynes her selfe incenst with love,  
 Where Cupid bowseth his faire feathred wings,  
 But I behold what paines I must approve.  
 Care drinks it drie ; but when on her I thinke,  
 Love makes me weepe it full unto the brinke.

Meane while my sighes yeeld truce unto my teares,  
 By them the windes increast and fiercely blow :  
 Yet when I sigh the flame more plaine appeares,  
 And by their force with greater power doth glow :  
 Amids these paines, all Phœnix like I thrive  
 Since love, that yeelds me death, may life revive.

Rosader en esperance.

Now, surely, forrester (quoth Aliena), when thou madest this sonnet, thou wert in some amorous quandarie, neither too fearfull, as despairing of thy mistresse favours, nor too glee-some, as hoping in thy fortunes. I can smile (quoth Gany-mede) at the sonettoes, canzones, madrigales, roundes and roundelaies, that these pensive patients powre out when their eyes are more full of wantonnesse, then their hearts of pas-

sions. Then, as the fishers put the sweetest bayt to the fairest fish, so these Ovidians (holding *amo* in their tongues, when their thoughtes come at hap hazard) write that they bee wrapt in an endlesse laborinth of sorrow, when walking in the large leas of libertie, they only have their humours in their inckpot. If they find women so fond, that they will with such painted lures come to their lust, then they triumph till they be full gorgde with pleasures; and then flye they away (like ramage kytes) to their own content, leaving the tame foole, their mistresse, full of fancie, yet without ever a feather. If they misse (as dealing with some wary wanton, that wants not such a one as themselves, but spies their subtiltie), they ende their amors with a few fained sighes; and so theyr excuse is, their mistresse is cruell, and they smoother passions with patience. Such, gentle forrester, we may deeme you to be, that rather passe away the time heere in these woods with wryting amorets, then to be deeply enamoured (as you say) of your Rosalynde. If you bee such a one, then I pray God, when you thinke your fortunes at the highest, and your desires to bee most excellent, then that you may with Ixion embrace Juno in a cloude, and have nothing but a marble mistresse to release your martyrdome; but if you be true and trustie, eye-paynd and heart sick, then accursed be Rosalynd if she proove cruel: for, forrester (I flatter not), thou art worthie of as faire as shee. *Aliena*, spying the storme by the winde, smiled to see how *Ganymede* flew to the fist without any call; but *Rosader*, who tooke him flat for a shepheards swayne, made him this answer.

Trust me, swayne (quoth *Rosader*), but my canzon was written in no such humor; for mine eye and my heart are relatives, the one drawing fancy by sight, the other enteinteining her by sorrow. If thou sawest my *Rosalynd*, with what beauties Nature hath favoured her—with what perfection the heavens hath graced her—with what qualities the gods have endued her, then woulst thou say, there is none so fickle that

could be fleeting unto her. If she had been Æneas, Dido, had Venus and Juno both scolded him from Carthage, yet her excellence, despite of them, would have detained him at Tyre. If Phillis had been as beautiful, or Ariadne as virtuous, or both as honourable and excellent as she, neither had the philbert tree sorrowed in the death of despairing Phillis, nor the starres been graced with Ariadne, but Demophon and Theseus had been trustie to their paragons. I wil tel thee, swayne, if with a deep insight thou couldst pierce into the secrets of my loves, and see what deep impressions of her idea affection hath made in my heart, then wouldst thou confesse I were passing passionate, and no lesse indued with admirable patience. Why (quoth *Aliena*) needs there patience in love? Or else in nothing (quoth *Rosader*); for it is a restlesse sore, that hath no ease; a cankar that still frets; a disease that taketh away all hope of sleepe. If then so many sorrowes, sodaine joyes, momentary pleasures, continuall feares, daily griefes, and nightly woes be founde in love, then is not hee to bee accounted patient that smothers all these passions with silence? Thou speakest by experience (quoth *Ganimede*) and therefore we hold al thy wordes for axiomes. But is love such a lingring maladie? It is (quoth he) either extreame or meane, according to the minde of the partie that entertaines it; for, as the weedes grow longer untoucht then the prettie floures, and the flint lyes safe in the quarry, when the emerauld is suffering the lapidaries toole, so meane men are freed from Venus injuries, when kings are environed with a laborinth of her cares. The whiter the lawne is, the deeper is the moale; the more purer the chrysolite, the sooner stained; and such as have their hearts ful of honour, have their loves ful of the greatest sorowes. But in whomsoever (quoth *Rosader*) hee fixeth his dart, hee never leaveth to assault him, till either hee hath wonne him to folly or fancy; for as the moone never goes without the starre lunisequa, so a lover never goeth without the unrest of his thoughts. For prooffe you shall



heare another fancy of my making. Now doo, gentle forrester (quoth Ganimede); and with that he read over this sonetto.

## ROSADERS SECOND SONETTO.

Turne I my lookes unto the skies,  
 Love with his arrows wounds mine eies;  
 If so I gaze upon the ground,  
 Love then [in] every floure is found.  
 Search I the shade to flie my paine,  
 He meets me in the shade againe:  
 Wend I to walke in secret grove,  
 Even there I meet with sacred love.  
 If so I bayne me in the spring,  
 Even on the brinke I heare him sing:  
 If so I meditate alone,  
 He will be partner of my mone.  
 If so I mourn, he weeps with me,  
 And where I am, there will he be.  
 When, as I talke of Rosalynd,  
 The god from coynesse waxeth kind,  
 And seems in self same flames to fry,  
 Because he loves as well as I.  
 Sweet Rosalynd, for pittie rue;  
 For why, then Love I am more true:  
 He, if he speed, will quickly flie,  
 But in thy love I live and die.

How like you this sonnet (quoth Rosader)? Marry (quoth Ganimede), for the pen well, for the passion ill; for as I praise the one, I pitie the other, in that thou shouldest hunt after a cloude, and love either without reward or regard. Tis neither frowardnesse (quoth Rosader), but my hard fortunes, whose destenies have crost me with her absence; for did shee feele my loves, she would not let me linger in these sorrowes. Women, as they are faire, so they respect faith, and estimate more (if they be honourable) the wil than the wealth, having loyaltie the object wherat they ayme their

fancies. But leaving off these interparleyes, you shall heare my last sonnetto, and then you have heard all my poetry ; and with that he sight out this :—

ROSADERS THIRD SONNET.

Of vertuous love myself may boast alone,  
 Since no suspect my service may attain :  
 For perfect faire she is the only one  
 Whom I esteem for my beloved saint.  
 Thus, for my faith I only beare the bell,  
 And for her faire she only doth excell.

Then let fond Petrarch shrowd his Lawraes praise,  
 And Tasso cease to publish his affect,  
 Since mine the faith confirmd at all assaies,  
 And hers the faire, which all men do respect.  
 My lines hir faire, hir faire my faith assures ;  
 Thus I by love, and love by me indures.

Thus (quoth Rosader), here is an ende of my poems, but for all this no release of my passions ; so that I resemble him that, in the depth of his distresse, hath none but the eccho to answer him. Ganimede, pittying her Rosader, thinking to drive him out of his amorous melancholy, said, that now the sunne was in his meridionall heat, and that it was high noone, therefore wee shepherds say, tis time to go to dinner ; for the sunne and our stomackes are shepherds dials. Therefore, forrester, if thou wilt take such fare as comes out of our homely scrips, welcome shall answer whatsoever thou wantest in delicates. Aliena tooke the entertainment by the ende, and tolde Rosader hee should bee her guest. He thankt them heartily, and sat with them downe to dinner, where they had such cates as countrey state did allow them, sawst with such content, and such sweete prattle, as it seemed farre more sweet than all their courtly junkets.

Assoone as they had taken their repast, Rosader, giving them thankes for his good cheare, would have been gone ; but Ganimede, that was loath to let him passe out of her

presence, began thus: Nay, forrester, quoth she, if thy busines be not the greater, seeing thou saist thou art so deeply in love, let me see how thou canst woe: I will represent Rosalynde, and thou shalt bee as thou art, Rosader. See in some amorous eglogue, how if Rosalynd were present, how thou couldst court her; and while we sing of love, Aliena shall tune her pipe and plaie us melodie. Content (quoth Rosader), and Aliena, shee, to shew her willingnesse, drew forth a recorder, and began to winde it. Then the lovyng Forrester began thus.

THE WOONG EGLOGUE BETWIXT ROSALYNDE  
AND ROSADER.

ROSADER.

I pray thee, nymph, by all the working words,  
By all the teares and sighs that lovers know,  
Or what our thoughts or faltring tongue affords,  
I crave for mine in ripping up my woe.  
Sweet Rosalynd, my love (would God, my love)  
My life (would God, my life), aye, pitie me!  
Thy lips are kind, and humble like the dove,  
And but with beautie pitie wil not be.  
Looke on mine eyes, made red with rufull teares,  
From whence the raine of true remorse descendeth,  
All pale in lookes, and I though yong in yeares,  
And nought but love or death my dayes befriendeth.  
Oh let no stormy rigour knit thy browes,  
Which love appointed for his mercy seat:  
The tallest tree by Boreas breath it bowes;  
The yron yeels with hammer, and to heat.  
Oh, Rosalynd, then be thou pittifull,  
For Rosalynd is only beautifull.

ROSALYNDE.

Loves wantons arme their traitrous sutes with teares,  
With vows, with oaths, with lookes, with showers of gold;  
But when the fruit of their affects appeares,  
The simple heart by subtil sleights are sold.

Thus sucks the yeelding eare the poysoned bait,  
 Thus feeds the hart upon his endles harmes,  
 Thus glut the thoughts themselves on self deceit,  
 Thus blind the eyes their sight by subtil charme.  
 The lovely lookes, the sighs that storme so sore,  
 The deaw of deep dissembled doublenesse,  
 These may attempt, but are of power no more  
 Where beauty leanes to wit and soothfastnesse.

Oh, Rosader, then be thou wittifull,  
 For Rosalynd scorns foolish pitifull.

## ROSADER.

I pray thee, Rosalynd, by those sweet eyes  
 That stain the sun in shine, the morne in cleare,  
 By those sweet cheeks where Love incamped lyes  
 To kisse the roses of the springing yeare.  
 I tempt thee, Rosalynd, by ruthfull plaints,  
 Not seasoned with deceipt or fraudfull guile,  
 But firm in payn, far more than toong depaints,  
 Sweet Nymph, be kind, and grace me with a smile.  
 So may the heavens preserve from hurtfull food  
 Thy harmless flockes; so may the summer yeeld  
 The pride of all her riches and her good,  
 To fat thy sheepe (the cittizens of field.)  
 Oh, leave to arme thy lovely browes with scorne:  
 The birds their beake, the lyon hath his taile,  
 And lovers nought but sighs and bitter mourne,  
 The spotlesse fort of fancie to assaile.  
 Oh, Rosalynde, then be thou pittifull,  
 For Rosalynde is onely beautifull.

## ROSALYNDE.

The hardned steele by fire is brought in frame.

## ROSADER.

And Rosalynde, my love, that any wooll more softer;  
 And shall not sighes her tender hart inflame?

## ROSALYNDE.

Were lovers true, maydes would belceve them offer.

ROSADER.

Truth, and regard, and honour, guid my love.

ROSALYNDE.

Faine would I trust, but yet I dare not trie.

ROSADER.

Oh pittie me, sweet nymph, and do but prove.

ROSALYNDE.

I would resist, but yet I know not why.

ROSADER.

Oh, Rosalynde, be kinde, for times will change,  
Thy lookes ay will be faire as now they be ;  
Thine age from beautie may thy lookes estrange :  
Ah, yeeld in time, sweet nymph, and pittie me.

ROSALYNDE.

Oh, Rosalynde, thou must be pittifull,  
For Rosader is yong and beautifull.

ROSADER.

Oh gaine, more great than kingdomes or a crowne !

ROSALYNDE.

Oh trust betraid if Rosader abuse me.

ROSADER.

First let the heavens conspire to pull me downe  
And heaven and earth as abject quite refuse me  
Let sorrowes streame about my hatefull bower,  
And retchless horror hatch within my brest :  
Let beauties eye afflict me with a lower,  
Let deepe despair pursue me without rest,  
Ere Rosalynde my loyaltie disprove,  
Ere Rosalynde accuse me for unkind.

## ROSALYNDE.

Then Rosalynde will grace thee with her love,  
Then Rosalynde will have thee still in mind.

## ROSADER.

Then let me triumph more than Tithons deere,  
Since Rosalynde will Rosader respect :  
Then let my face exile his sorry cheere,  
And frolike in the comfort of affect ;  
And say that Rosalynde is onely pittifull,  
Since Rosalynde is onely beautifull.

When thus they had finished their courting eglogue in such a familiar clause, Ganimede, as augure of some good fortunes to light upon their affections, began to be thus pleasant. How now, forrester, have I not fitted your turne ? have I not playde the woman handsomely, and shewed myselfe as coy in graunts as courteous in desires, and beene as full of suspicion, as men of flattery ? and yet to salve all, jumpe I not all up with the sweet union of love ? Did not Rosalynde content her Rosader ? The forrester at this smiling, shooke his head, and folding his armes made this merrie reply.

Truth, gentle swaine, Rosader hath his Rosalynde ; but as Ixion had Juno, who, thinking to possesse a goddessse, only imbraced a clowd : in these imaginary fruitions of fancie I resemble the birds that fed themselves with Zeuxis painted grapes ; but they grew so leane with pecking at shadows, that they were glad, with Æsops cocke, to scrape for a barley cornell. So fareth it with me, who to feed my self with the hope of my mistres favors, sooth my selfe in thy sutes, and onely in concept reape a wished for content ; but if my foode bee no better than such amorous dreames, Venus at the yeares end, shal find me but a leane lover. Yet do I take these follyes for high fortunes, and hope these fained affections do devine some unfained ende of ensuing fancies. And thereupon (quoth Aliena) Ile play the priest : from this daye forth Ganimede shall call thee husband, and thou shalt cal Ganimede wife, and so weele have a marriage. Content

(quoth Rosader) and laught. Content (quoth Ganimedee) and chaunged as red as a rose: and so with a smile and a blush, they made up this jesting match, that after proved to a marriage in earnest, Rosader full little thinking hee had wooed and woonne his Rosalynde.

But all was well; hope is a sweet string to harpe on, and therefore let the forrester a while shape himselfe to his shadow, and tarrie fortunes leysure, till she may make a metamorphosis fit for his purpose. I digresse; and therefore to Aliena, who saide, the wedding was not worth a pinne, unless there were some cheare, nor that bargaine well made that was not striken up with a cuppe of wine: and therefore she wild Ganimedee to set out such cates as they had, and to draw out her bottle, charging the Forrester, as he had imagined his loves, so to conceipt these cates to be a most sumptuous banquet, and to take a mazer of wine and to drinke to his Rosalynde; which Rosader did, and so they passed awaye the day in many pleasant devices. Till at last Aliena perceyved time would tarry no man, and that the sun waxed very low, readie to set, which made her shorten their amorous prattle, and end the banquet with a fresh carrowse: which done, they all three arose, and Aliena brake off thus.

Now, forrester, Phœbus that all this while hath beene partaker of our sports, seeing every woodman more fortunate in his loves than he in his fancies, seeing thou hast woon Rosalynde, when he could not woo Daphne, hides his head for shame, and bids us adiew in a clowd. Our sheepe, they poore wantons, wander towards their foldes, as taught by nature their due times of rest, which tels us, forrester, we must depart. Marry, though there were a mariage, yet I must carry this night the bride with mee, and tomorrow morning if you meete us heere, Ile promise to deliver you her as good a mayd as I find her. Content (quoth Rosader) tis enough for me in the night to dreame on love, that in the day am so fond to doate on love: and so till to morrowe you to your folds, and I will to my lodge. And thus the Forrester and they parted.

He was no sooner gone, but Aliena and Ganimede went and folded their flocks, and taking up their hookes, their bags, and their bottles, hyed homeward. By the way Aliena (to make the time seeme short) began to prattle with Ganimede thus. I have heard them say, that what the Fates forepoint, that Fortune pricketh downe with a period; that the starres are slicklers in Venus court, and Desire hangs at the heele of Des-tenie: if it be so, then by all probable conjectures, this match will be a marriage: for if augurisme be authentically, or the devines doomes principles, it cannot bee but such a shadow portends the issue of a substance, for to that ende did the gods force the conceit of this eglogue, that they might discover the ensuing consent of your affections: so that ere it bee long, I hope (in earnest) to daunce at your wedding.

Tush (quoth Ganimede) all is not malte that is cast on the kill: there goes more wordes to a bargaine than one. Love feeles no footing in the aire, and Fancie holdes it slippery harbour to nestle in the tongue: the match is not yet so surely made, but hee may misse of his market; but if fortune be his friend, I will not be his foe: and so I pray you (gentle mistresse Aliena) take it. I take all things well (quoth she) that is your content, and am glad Rosader is yours; for now I hope your thoughts will bee at quiet: your eye that ever looked at love, will now lende a glaunce on your lambes, and then they will prove more buxsome, and you more blyth, for the eyes of the maister feedes the cattle. As thus they were in chat, they spyed olde Coridon where he came plodding to meet them, who told them supper was ready, which news made them speed them home. Where we will leave them to the next morrow, and returne to Saladyne.

All this while did poore Saladyne (banished from Bourdeaux and the court of France by Torismond) wander up and downe in the forrest of Arden, thinking to get to Lyons, and so travail through Germany into Italie: but the forrest beeing full of by pathes, and he unskilfull of the country coast, slipt out of the way, and chaunced up into the desart, not farre from the place



where Gerismond was, and his brother Rosader. Saladyne, wearie with wandring up and downe, and hungry with long fasting, finding a little cave by the side of a thicket, eating such fruite as the forest did affoord, and contenting himselfe with such drinke as nature had provided and thirst made delicate, after his repast he fell in a dead sleepe. As thus he lay, a hungry lyon came hunting downe the edge of the grove for pray, and espying Saladyne began to ceaze upon him: but seeing he lay still without any motion, he left to touch him, for that lyons hate to pray on dead carcases; and yet desirous to have some foode, the lyon lay downe and watcht to see if he would stirre. While thus Saladyne slept secure, fortune that was careful of her champion began to smile, and brought it so to passe, that Rosader (having stricken a deere that but slightly hurt fled through the thicket) came pacing downe by the grove with a boare-speare in his hande in great haste. He spyed where a man lay a sleepe, and a lyon fast by him: amazed at this sight, as he stooode gazing, his nose on the sodaine bledde, which made him conjecture it was some friend of his. Whereuppon drawing more nigh, he might easily discern his visage, perceived by his phisnomie that it was his brother Saladyne, which drave Rosader into a deepe passion, as a man perplexed at the sight of so unexpected a chance, marvelling what should drive his brother to traverse those secrete desarts, without any companie, in such distresse and forlorne sorte. But the present time craved no such doubting ambages, for he must eyther resolve to hazard his life for his reliefe, or else steale away, and leave him to the crueltie of the lyon. In which doubt hee thus briefly debated with himselfe.

#### ROSADERS MEDITATION.

Now, Rosader, Fortune that long hath whipt thee with nettles, meanes to salve thee with roses, and having crost thee with many frownes, now she presents thee with the bright-

nesse of her favors. Thou that didst count thyselfe the most distressed of all men, maiest account thy selfe the most fortunate amongst men, if fortune can make men happy, or sweet revenge be wrapt in a pleasing content. Thou seest Saladyne thine enemy, the worker of thy misfortunes, and the efficient cause of thine exile, subject to the crueltie of a mercilesse lyon, brought into this miserie by the gods, that they might seeme just in revenging his rigour, and thy injuries. Seest thou not how the starres are in a favourable aspect, the planets in some pleasing conjunction, the fates agreeable to thy thoughts, and the destinies performers of thy desires, in that Saladyne shall die, and thou bee free of his blood: he receive meed for his amisse, and thou erect his tombe with innocent handes. Now, Rosader, shalt thou retourne unto Bourdeaux and enjoy thy possessions by birth, and his revenews by inheritance: now mayest thou triumph in love, and hang fortunes altars with garlands. For when Rosalynde heares of thy wealth, it will make her love thee the more willingly: for womens eyes are made of chrisecoll, that is ever unperfect unlesse tempred with gold, and Jupiter soonest enjoyed Danae, because hee came to her in so rich a shower. Thus shall this lyon (Rosader) ende the life of a miserable man, and from distresse raise thee to be most fortunate. And with that, casting his boare speare on his necke, away he began to trudge.

But hee had not stept backe two or three paces, but a new motion stroke him to the very hart, that resting his boare speare against his brest, he fell into this passionate humour.

Ah, Rosader, wert thou the sonne of Sir John of Bourdeux, whose vertues exceeded his valour, and the most hardiest knight in all Europe? Should the honour of the father shine in the actions of the sonne? and wilt thou dishonour thy parentage, in forgetting the nature of a gentleman? Did not thy father at his last gaspe breath out this golden principle? Brothers amitie is like the drops of Balsamum, that salveth the most daungerous sores. Did he make a large exhort unto concord, and wilt thou shew thy selfe carelesse?

Oh Rosader, what though Saladyne hath wronged thee, and made the live an exile in the forrest, shall thy nature bee so cruell, or thy nurture so crooked, or thy thoughts so savage, as to suffer so dismall a revenge? What, to let him be devoured by wilde beastes? *Non sapit, qui non sibi sapit* is fondly spoken in such bitter extreames. Loose not his life Rosader, to win a worlde of treasure; for in having him thou hast a brother, and by hazarding for his life, thou gettest a friend, and reconcilest an enemy: and more honour shalt thou purchase by pleasuring a foe, than revenging a thousand injuries.

With that his brother began to stirre, and the lyon to rowse himselfe, whereupon Rosader sodainly charged him with the boare speare, and wounded the lion very sore at the first stroke. The beast feeling himselfe to have a mortall hurt, leapt at Rosader, and with his pawes gave him a sore pinch on the brest, that he had almost faln; yet as a man most valiant, in whom the sparks of Sir John Bourdeaux remained, he recovered himselfe, and in short combat slew the lion, who at his death roared so lowd that Saladyne awaked, and starting up, was amazed at the sudden sight of so monstrous a beast lying slaine by him, and so sweet a gentleman wounded. He presently (as he was of a ripe conceipt) began to conjecture that the gentleman had slaine him in his defence. Whereupon (as a man in a traunce) he stood staring on them both a good while, not knowing his brother, being in that disguise: at last he burst into these tearmes.

Sir, whatsoever thou be (as full of honour thou must needes be, by the view of thy present valour) I perceive thou hast redressed my fortunes by thy courage, and saved my life with thine own losse, which tyes me to be thine in all humble service. Thankes thou shalt have as thy due, and more thou canst not have, for my abilitie denies me to performe a deeper debt. But if any wayes it please thee to commaund me, use mee as farre as the power of a poore gentleman may stretch.

Rosader seeing hee was unknowne to his brother, woondered

to heare such courteous wordes come from his crabbed nature ; but glad of such reformed nurture, he made this answer. I am, sir (whatsoever thou art) a forrester and ranger of these walkes, who, following my deere to the fall, was conducted hither by some assenting fate, that I might save thee, and disparage my selfe. For comming into this place, I saw thee a sleepe, and the lyon watching thy awake, that at thy rising hee might pray upon thy carkasse. At the first sight I conjectured thee a gentleman (for all mens thoughts ought to bee favorable in imagination) and I counted it the part of a resolute man to purchase a strangers reliefe, though with the losse of his owne blood, which I have performed (thou seest) to mine owne prejudice. If therefore thou be a man of such worth as I value thee by thy exteriour liniaments, make discourse unto me what is the cause of thy present misfortunes; for by the furrowes in thy face thou seemest to be crost with her frownes: but whatsoever, or howsoever, lett emee crave that favour, to heare the tragicke cause of thy estate. Saladyne sitting downe, and fetching a deepe sigh, began thus.

#### SALADYNES DISCOURSE TO ROSADER UNKNOWNNE.

Although the discourse of my fortunes be the renewing of of my sorrowes, and the rubbing of the scarre will open a fresh wound, yet that I may not proove ingratefull to so courteous a gentleman, I wil rather sitte downe and sigh out my estate, then give any offence by smothering my grieffe with silence. Knowe therefore (sir) that I am of Bourdeaux, and the sonne and heyre of Sir John of Bourdeaux, a man for his vertues and valour so famous, that I cannot thinke but the fame of his honours hath reacht further than the knowledge of his personage. The infortunate sonne of so fortunate a knight am I, my name, Saladine; who succeeding my father in possessions, but not in qualities, having two brethren committed by my father at his death to my charge, with such golden principles of brotherly concorde, as might have pierst like the syrens melodie into any humane eare. But I (with

Uliſſes became deafe againſt his philoſophicall harmony, and made more value of profit than of vertue, eſteeming gold ſufficient honour, and wealth the fitteſt title for a gentlemans dignitie. I ſette my middle brother to the univerſitie to bee a ſcholler, counting it enough if he might pore on a booke while I fed on his revenewes; and for the yoongest (which was my fathers joye) yoong Rosader—And with that, naming of Rosader, Saladyne ſate him downe and wept.

Nay, forward man (quoth the forreſter) teares are the unfitteſt ſalve that any man can apply for to cure ſorrows, and therefore ceafe from ſuch feminine follies, as ſhould drop out of a womans eye to deceive, not out of a gentlemans looke to diſcover his thoughts, and forward with thy diſcourſe.

Ah, ſir (quoth Saladyne) this Rosader that wrings tears from my eyes, and blood from my heart, was like my father in exteriour perſonage and in inward qualities; for in the prime of his yeres he aymed all his acts at honor, and coveted rather to die than to brooke any injury unworthy a gentlemans credite. I, whom envy had made blinde, and covetouſneſſe masked with the vayle of ſelfe-love, ſeeing the palme tree grow ſtraight, thought to ſuppreſſe it, being a twig; but nature wil have her courſe, the cedar will be tall, the diamond bright, the carbuncle gliſtering, and vertue wil ſhine though it be never ſo much obſcured. For I kept Rosader as a ſlave, and uſed him as one of my ſervile hindes, until age grew on, and a ſecret insight of my abuſe entred into his minde: inſomuch, that he could not brooke it, but coveted to have what his father left him, and to live of himſelfe. To be ſhort, ſir, I repined at his fortunes, and he countercheckt me, not with abilitie but valour, until at laſt, by my friends, and ayde of ſuch as folowed gold more than right or vertue, I baniſht him from Bourdeaux, and hee, poore gentleman, lives no man knowes where, in ſome diſtreſſed diſcontent. The gods, not able to ſuffer ſuch impietie unrevenged, ſo wrought, that the king pickt a cauſeſſe quarrel againſt me, in hope to have my lands, and ſo hath exiled me out of

France for ever. Thus, thus, sir, am I the most miserable of all men, as having a blemish in my thoughts for the wrongs I profered Rosader, and a touch in my estate to be throwne from my proper possessions by injustice. Passionat thus with many griefs, in penance of my former follies I go thus pilgrime like to seeke out my brother, that I may reconcile myselfe to him in all submission, and afterward wend to the Holy Land, to ende my yeares in as many vertues as I have spent my youth in wicked vanities.

Rosader, hearing the resolution of his brother Saladyne, began to compassionate his sorrowes, and not able to smother the sparkes of nature with fained secrecie, he burst into these loving speeches. Then know, Saladyne, (quoth hee) that thou hast met with Rosader, who grieves as much to see thy distresse, as thy selfe to feele the burthen of thy misery. Saladyne casting up his eye, and noting well the phisnomy of the forrester, knew that it was his brother Rosader, which made him so bash and blush at the first meeting, that Rosader was faine to recomfort him, which he did in such sort, that hee shewed how highly he held revenge in scorne. Much ado there was betweene these two brethren, Saladyne in craving pardon, and Rosader in forgiving and forgetting all former injuries; the one submisse, the other curteous; Saladyne penitent and passionate, Rosader kynd and loving, that at length nature working an union of their thoughts, they earnestly embraced, and fell from matters of unkindnesse, to talke of the country life, which Rosader so highly commended, that his brother began to have a desire to taste of that homely content. In this humor Rosader conducted him to Gerismonds lodge, and presented his brother to the king, discoursing the whole matter how all had hapned betwixt them. The king looking upon Saladyne, found him a man of a most beautifull personage, and saw in his face sufficient sparkes of ensuing honors, gave him great entertainment, and glad of their friendly reconcilment, promised such favour as the povertie of his estate might affoord, which Saladyne gratefully accepted

And so Gerismond fell to question Torismonds life. Saladyne briefly discourst unto him his injustice and tyrannies with such modestie (although hee had wronged him) that Gerismond greatly praised the sparing speech of the yoong gentleman.

Many questions past, but at last Gerismond began with a deepe sigh to inquire if there were any newes of the welfare of Alinda, or his daughter Rosalynd? None, sir, quoth Saladyne, for since their departure they were never heard of. Injurious fortune (quoth the king) that to double the fathers miserie, wrongst the daughter with misfortunes! And with that (surcharged with sorrowes) he went into his cell, and left Saladyne and Rosader, whome Rosader straight conducted to the sight of Adam Spencer. Who, seeing Saladyne in that estate, was in a browne study; but when he heard the whole matter, although hee grieved for the exile of his maister, yet he joyed that banishment had so reformed him, that from a lascivious youth he was proved a vertuous gentleman. Looking a longer while, and seeing what familiaritie past betweene them, and what favours were interchanged with brotherly affection, he sayd thus. I marry, thus it should be: this was the concord that old Sir John of Bourdeaux wisht betwyxt you. Now fulfil you those precepts hee breathed out at his death, and in observing them, looke to live fortunate and die honorable. Well sayd, Adam Spencer (quoth Rosader), but hast any victuals in store for us? A piece of a red deer (quoth he) and a bottle of wine. Tis forresters fare, brother, quoth Rosader: and so they sat downe and fel to their cates. Assoone as they had taken their repast, and had wel dined, Rosader tooke his brother Saladyne by the hand, and shewed him the pleasures of the forrest, and what content they enjoyed in that mean estate. Thus for two or three dayes he walked up and downe with his brother to shew him all the commodities that belonged to his walke. In which time hee was mist of his Ganymede, who mused greatly (with Aliena) what should become of their forester. Some while they

thought he had taken some word unkindly, and had taken the pet: then they imagined some new love had withdrawne his fancie, or happely that he was sicke, or detained by some great businesse of Gerismonds; or that hee had made a reconcilement with his brother, and so returned to Bourdeaux.

These conjectures did they cast in their heades, but specially Ganimede, who, havng love in heart, proved restlesse, and halfe without patience, that Rosader wronged her with so long absence; for Love measures every minute, and thinkes houres to bee dayes, and dayes to bee moneths, till they feede theyr eyes with the sight of theyr desired object. Thus perplexed lived poore Ganimede, while on a day, sitting with Aliena in a great dumpe, she cast up her eye, and saw where Rosader came pacing towards them with his forrest bill on his necke. At that sight her colour changde, and shee said to Aliena, See, mistresse, where our jolly forrester comes. And you are not a little glad thereof (quoth Aliena), your nose bewrayes what porredge you love: the winde cannot be tyed within his quarter, the sun shadowed with a vayle, oyle hidden in water, nor love kept out of a womans lookes: but no more of that, *Lupus est in fabula*. Assoone as Rosader was come within the reach of her tongues ende, Aliena began thus. Why, how now, gentle forrester, what winde hath kept thee from hence? that being so newly marryed, you have no more care of your Rosalynd, but to absent yourself so many dayes? are these the passions you painted out so in your sonnets and roundelaies? I see well hote love is soone cold, and that the fancy of men is like to a loose feather that wandreth in the ayre with the blast of every wynd. You are deceived, mistres, quoth Rosader; 'twas a copy of unkindnes that kept me hence, in that, I being married, you caried away the bride: but if I have given any occasion of offence by absenting my selfe these three daies, I humbly sue for pardon, which you must grant of course, in that the fault is so friendly confest with penance. But to tel you the truth (faire mistresse, and my good Rosalynd) my eldest brother by the injury of



Torismond is banished from Bourdeaux, and by chance hee and I met in the forrest. And heere Rosader discourst unto them what had happened betwixt them, which reconcilement made them glad, especially Ganimede. But Aliena, hearing of the tyrannie of her father, grieved inwardly, and yet smothered all things with such secrecy, that the concealing was more sorrow then the concept: yet that her estate might bee hyd stil, she made faire weather of it, and so let all passe.

Fortune that sawe how these parties valued not her deitie, but helde her power in scorne, thought to have about with them, and brought the matter to passe thus. Certaine rascals that lived by prowling in the forest, who for feare of the provost marshall had caves in the groaves and thickets to shrowde themselves from his traines, hearing of the beautie of this faire shepheardesse, Aliena, thought to steale her away, and to give her to the king for a present; hoping, because the king was a great leacher, by such a gift to purchase all their pardons, and therefore came to take her and her page away. Thus resolved, while Aliena and Ganimede were in sad talke, they came rushing in, and layd violent hands upon Aliena and her page, which made them crye out to Rosader; who having the valour of his father stamped in his hart, thought rather to die in defence of his friends, than any way be toucht with the least blemish of dishonour, and therefore dealt such blowes amongst them with his weapon, as he did witness well upon their carkasses that hee was no coward. But as *Ne Hercules quidem contra duos*, so Rosader could not resist a multitude, having none to backe him; so that hee was not onely rebatted, but sore wounded, and Aliena and Ganimede had been quite carryed away by these rascalles, had not fortune (that meant to turne her frowne into a favour) brought Saladyne that way by chance, who wandring to find out his brothers walk, encountred this crue: and seeing not onely a shepheardesse and her boy forced, but his brother wounded, he heaved up a forrest bill he had on his neck, and

the first he stroke had never after more need of the phisition; redoubling his blowes with such courage that the slaves were amazed at his valour. Rosader, espying his brother so fortunately arrived, and seeing how valiantly he behaved himselfe, though sore wounded rushed amongst them, and layd on such loade, that some of the crue were slaine, and the rest fled, leaving Aliena and Ganimede in the possession of Rosader and Saladyne.

Aliena after shee had breathed awhile and was come to her selfe from this feare, lookt about her, and saw where Ganimede was busie dressing up the woundes of the forrester: but shee cast her eye upon this curteous champion that had made so hotte a rescue, and that with such affection, that shee began to measure every part of him with favour, and in her selfe to commende his personage and his vertue, holding him for a resolute man, that durst assaile such a troupe of unbrydeled villaines. At last, gathering her spirits together, she returned him these thanks.

Gentle sir, whatsoever you bee that have adventured your flesh to relieve our fortunes, and to have as many hidden vertues as you have manifest resolutions. Wee poore shepherdes have no wealth but our flocks, and therefore can wee not make requitall with any great treasures; but our recompence is thanks, and our rewards to our friends without fain- ing. For ransome therefore of this our rescue, you must content your selfe to take such a kinde gramercy as a poore shepherdesse and her page may give, with promise (in what wee may) never to proove ingratefull. For this gentleman that is hurt, yoong Rosader, hee is our good neighbour and familiar acquaintance: weele pay him with smiles, and feed him with love-lookes; and though he be never the fatter at the yeares ende, yet weele so hamper him that he shall hold himselfe satisfied.

Saladyne, hearing this shepherdesse speake so wisely, began more narrowly to pry into her perfection, and to survey all her liniaments with a curious insight; so long dallying in

the flame of her beautie, that to his cost he found her to be most excellent. For love that lurked in all these broyles to have a blow or two, seeing the parties at the gaze, encountered them both with such a veny, that the stroke pierst to the heart so deep as it could never after be raced out. At last, after hee had looked so long, till Aliena waxt red, he returned her this answere.

Faire shepherdesse, if Fortune graced me with such good hap as to doo you any favour, I hold my selfe as contented as if I had gotten a great conquest; for the reliefe of distressed women is the speciall point that gentlemen are tyed unto by honor: seeing then my hazard to rescue your harmes was rather duty than curtesie, thankes is more than belongs to the requittall of such a favour. But least I might seeme either too coy or too carelesse of a gentlewomans proffer, I will take your kinde gramercie for a recompence. All this while that he spake, Ganimede lookt earnestly upon him, and sayd, Truly, Rosader, this gentleman favours you much in the feature of your face. No marvell (quoth he, gentle swayne) for tis my eldest brother Saladyne. Your brother, quoth Aliena? (and with that she blusht) he is the more welcome, and I hold myselfe the more his debter: and for that he hath in my behalf done such a piece of service, if it please him to do me that honor, I will cal him servant, and he shall cal me mistresse. Content, sweet mistresse, quoth Saladyne, and when I forget to call you so, I will be unmindfull of mine owne selfe. Away with these quirkes and quiddities of love, quoth Rosader, and give me some drinke, for I am passyng thirstie, and then will I home, for my woundes bleed sore, and I will have them drest. Ganimede had teares in her eyes, and passions in her heart to see her Rosader so payned, and therefore stept hastily to the bottle, and filling out some wine in a mazer, she spiced it with such comfortable drugges as she had about her, and gave it him, which did comfort Rosader, that rysing (with the helpe of his brother) hee tooke his leave of them, and went to his lodge. Ganimede, assoone

as they were out of sight, led his flocks downe to a vale, and there under the shadow of a beech tree sat downe, and began to mourne the misfortunes of her sweet heart.

And Aliena (as a woman passyng discontent) severing herselfe from her Ganimede, sitting under a lymon tree, began to sigh out the passions of her new love, and to meditate with hir selfe in this maner.

#### ALIENAES MEDITATION.

Aye me! now I see, and sorrowing sigh to see, that Dianaes lawrels are harbours for Venus doves; that there trace as well through the lawnes wantons as chast ones; that Calisto, be she never so charie, wil cast one amorous eye at courting Jove; that Diana her selfe will chaunge her shape, but shee will honour Love in a shaddow; that maydens eyes bee they as hard as diamonds, yet Cupide hath drugs to make them more pliable than waxe. See, Alinda, how Fortune and Love have interleagued themselves to be thy foes, and to make thee theyr subject, or els an abject, have inveigled thy sight with a most beautiful object. Alate thou didst hold Venus for a giglot, not a goddesse, and now thou shalt bee forst to sue suppliant to her deitie. Cupide was a boy and blinde; but, alas, his eye had ayme inough to pierce thee to the hart. While I lived in the court I held love in contempt, and in high seats I had small desires. I knew not affection while I lived in dignitie, nor could Venus counterchecke me, as long as my fortune was majestie, and my thoughtes honour: and shall I now bee high in desires, when I am made lowe by destinie? I have heard them say, that Love lookes not at low cottages, that Venus jettes in roabes not in ragges, that Cupide flyes so high, that hee scornes to touch povertie with his heele. Tush, Alinda, these are but olde wives tales, and neither authentically precepts, nor infallible principles; for experience tels thee, that peasauntes have theyr passions as well as princes, that swaynes as they have theyr labours, so

they have theyr amoures, and Love lurkes assoone about a sheepcoate as a pallaice.

Ah, Alinda, this day in avoyding a prejudice thou art fallen into a deeper mischiefe; being rescued from the robbers, thou art become captive to Saladyne: and what then? Women must love, or they must cease to live; and therefore did nature frame them faire, that they might be subject to fancy. But perhaps Saladines eye is levelde upon a more seemlier saint. If it be so, beare thy passions with patience; say Love hath wrongd thee, that hath not wroong him; and if he be proud in contempt, be thou rich in content, and rather dye than discover any desire: for there is nothing more pretious in a woman than to conceale love, and to die modest. He is the sonne and heire of Sir John of Bourdeaux, a youth comely enough. Oh, Alinda, too comely, els hadst not thou been thus discontent: valiant, and that fettered thine eye: wise, else hadst thou not been now wonne; and for all these vertues banished by thy father, and therefore if he know thy parentage, he wil hate the fruit for the tree, and condemne the yoong sien for the old stock. Well, howsoever, I must love, and whomsoever I will; and, whatsoever betide, Aliena will thinke wel of Saladyne, suppose he of me as he please.

And with that fetching a deep sigh, she rise up, and went to Ganimede, who all this while sat in a great dumpe, fearing the imminent danger of her friend Rosader: but now Aliena began to comfort her, her selfe being over growne with sorrowes, and to recall her from her melancholy with many pleasaunt perswasions. Ganimede tooke all in the best part, and so they went home together after they had folded their flocks, supping with old Coridon, who had provided there cates. Hee, after supper, to passe away the night while bed time, began a long discourse, how Montanus the yoong shepheard, that was in love with Phœbe, could by no meanes obtaine any favour at her hands, but still pained in restlesse passions remained a hopelesse and perplexed lover. I would I might (quoth Aliena) once see that Phœbe. Is she so faire

that she thinks no shepherd worthy of her beauty? or so froward that no love nor loyaltie will content her? or so coy, that she requires a long time to be wooed? or so foolish that she forgets, that like a fop she must have a large harvest for a little come!

I cannot distinguish (quoth Coridon) of these nice qualities; but one of these dayes Ile bring Montanus and her downe, that you may both see their persons, and note their passions; and then where the blame is, there let it rest. But this I am sure, quoth Coridon, if al maidens were of her mind, the world would grow to a mad passe; for there would be great store of wooing and litle wedding, many words and little worship, much folly and no faith. At this sad sentence of Coridon, so solempnly brought forth, Aliena smiled, and because it waxt late, she and her page went to bed, both of them having fleas in their eares to keep them awake, Ganimede for the hurt of her Rosader, and Aliena for the affection she bore to Saladyne. In this discontented humour they past away the time, till falling on sleepe, their sences at rest, Love left them to their quiet slumbers, which were not long. For as soon as Phæbus rose from his Aurora, and began to mount him in the skie, summoning plough-swaines to their handy labour, Aliena arose, and going to the couch where Ganimede lay, awakened her page, and said the morning was farre spent, the deaw small, and time called them away to their foldes. Ah, ah! quoth Ganimede, is the wind in that doore? then in fayth I perceive that there is no diamond so hard but will yeeld to the file, no cedar so strong but the wind will shake, nor any mind so chast but love will change. Well, Aliena, must Saladyne be the man, and will it be a match? Trust me, he is faire and valiant, the sonne of a worthy knight, whome if he imitate in perfection, as he represents him in proportion, he is worthy of no lesse than Aliena. But he is an exile. What then? I hope my mistresse respectes the vertues not the wealth, and measures the qualities not the substance. Those dames that are like Danae, that like Jove in no shape but in

a shower of gold, I wish them husbands with much wealth and little witte, that the want of the one may blemish the abundance of the other. It should (my *Aliena*) stayne the honour of a shepheards life to set the end of passions upon pelfe. Loves eyes looks not so low as golde: there is no fees to be payd in Cupids courtes, and in elder time (as *Coridon* hath told me) the shepheardes love-gifts were apples and chest-nuts, and then their desires were loyall, and their thoughts constant. But now,

*Quærenda pecunia primum, post nummos virtus.*

And the time is grown to that which *Horace* in his satyres wrote on:

Omnis enim res  
Virtus fama decus divina humanaque pulchris  
Divitiis parent: quas qui constrinxerit ille  
Clarus erit, fortis, justus, sapiens, etiam et rex  
Et quicquid volet—

But, *Aliena*, lette it not be so with thee in thy fancies, but respect his faith and there an ende. *Aliena*, hearing *Ganimede* thus forward to further *Saladyne* in his affections, thought shee kist the child for the nurses sake, and woed for him that she might please *Rosader*, made this reply. Why, *Ganimede*, whereof growes this perswasion? Hast thou seene love in my lookes, or are mine eyes growne so amorous, that they discover some newe entertayned fancies? If thou measured my thoughts by my countenance, thou maiest prove as ill a physiognomer, as the lapidarie that aymes at the secret vertues of the topaze by the exterior shadow of the stone. The operation of the agate is not known by the strakes, nor the diamond prized by his brightnesse, but by his hardnesse. The carbuncle that shineth most is not ever the most pretious; and the apothecaries choose not flowers for their colours, but for their vertues. Womens faces are not alwayes calenders of fancie, nor do their thoughts and their lookes ever agree; for when their eyes are fullest of favors,

then are they oft most emptie of desire; and when they seeme to frowne at disdain, then are they most forward to affection. If I bee melancholie, then, Ganimede, tis not a consequence that I am intangled with the perfection of Saladyne. But seeing fire cannot be hid in the straw, nor love kept so covert but it will be spyed, what shoulde friends conceale fancies? knowe, my Ganimede, the beautie and valour, the wit and prowesse of Saladyne hath fettered Aliena so farre, as there is no object pleasing to her eyes but the sight of Saladyne; and if Love have done me justice to wrap his thoughts in the foldes of my face, and that he be as deeply enamoured as I am passionate, I tell thee, Ganimede, there shall not be much wooing, for she is already wonne, and what needes a longer battery. I am glad, quoth Ganimede, that it shall be thus proportioned, you to match with Saladyne, and I with Rosader: thus have the destenies favoured us with some pleasing aspect, that have made us as private in our loves, as familiar in our fortunes.

With this Ganimede start up, made her ready, and went into the fields with Aliena, where unfolding their flockes, they sate them downe under an olive tree, both of them amorous, and yet diversly affected, Aliena joying in the excellence of Saladyne, and Ganimede sorowing for the wounds of her Rosader; not quiet in thought till shee might heare of his health. As thus both of them sate in their dumpes, they might espie where Coridon came running towards them (almost out of breath with his hast). What newes with you (quoth Aliena) that you come in such post? Oh, mistres (quoth Coridon) you have a long time desired to see Phœbe, the faire shepherdesse whom Montanus loves; so now if you please, you and Ganimede, to walke with mee to yonder thicket, there shall you see Montanus aud her sitting by a fountaine, he courting her with her countrey ditties, and she as coy as if she held love in disdaine.

The newes were so welcome to the two lovers, that up they rose, and went with Coridon. Assoone as they drew nigh



the thicket, they might espie where Phœbe sate (the fairest shepherdesse in all Arden, and he the frolickst swaine in the whole Forrest) she in a petticoate of scarlet, covered with a green mantle, and to shrowd her from the sunne, a chaplet of roses, from under which appeared a face full of natures excellence, and two such eyes as might have amated a greater man than Montanus. At gaze uppon this gorgeous nymph sate the shepheard, feeding his eyes with her favours, wooing with such piteous lookes, and courting with such deepe strained sighs, as would have made Diana her selfe to have beene compassionate: at last, fixing his lookes on the riches of her face, his head on his hande, and his elbow on his knee, hee sung this mournefull dittie.

*Montanus Sonnet.*

A turtle sate upon a leavelesse tree,  
 Mourning her absent pheare,  
 With sad and sorry cheare :  
 About her wondring stood  
 The citizens of wood,  
 And whilest her plumes she rents,  
 And for her love laments,  
 The stately trees complaine them,  
 The birds with sorrow paine them.  
 Each one that doth her view,  
 Her paine and sorrowes rue ;  
 But were the sorrowes knowne  
 That me hath overthrowne,  
 Oh how would Phœbe sigh, if shee did looke on me ?

The love sicke Polypheme, that could not see,  
 Who on the barraine shore,  
 His fortunes doth deplore,  
 And melteth all in mone  
 For Galatea gone ;  
 And with his piteous cries,  
 Afflicts both earth and skies,  
 And to his woe betooke,  
 Doth breake both pipe and booke ;