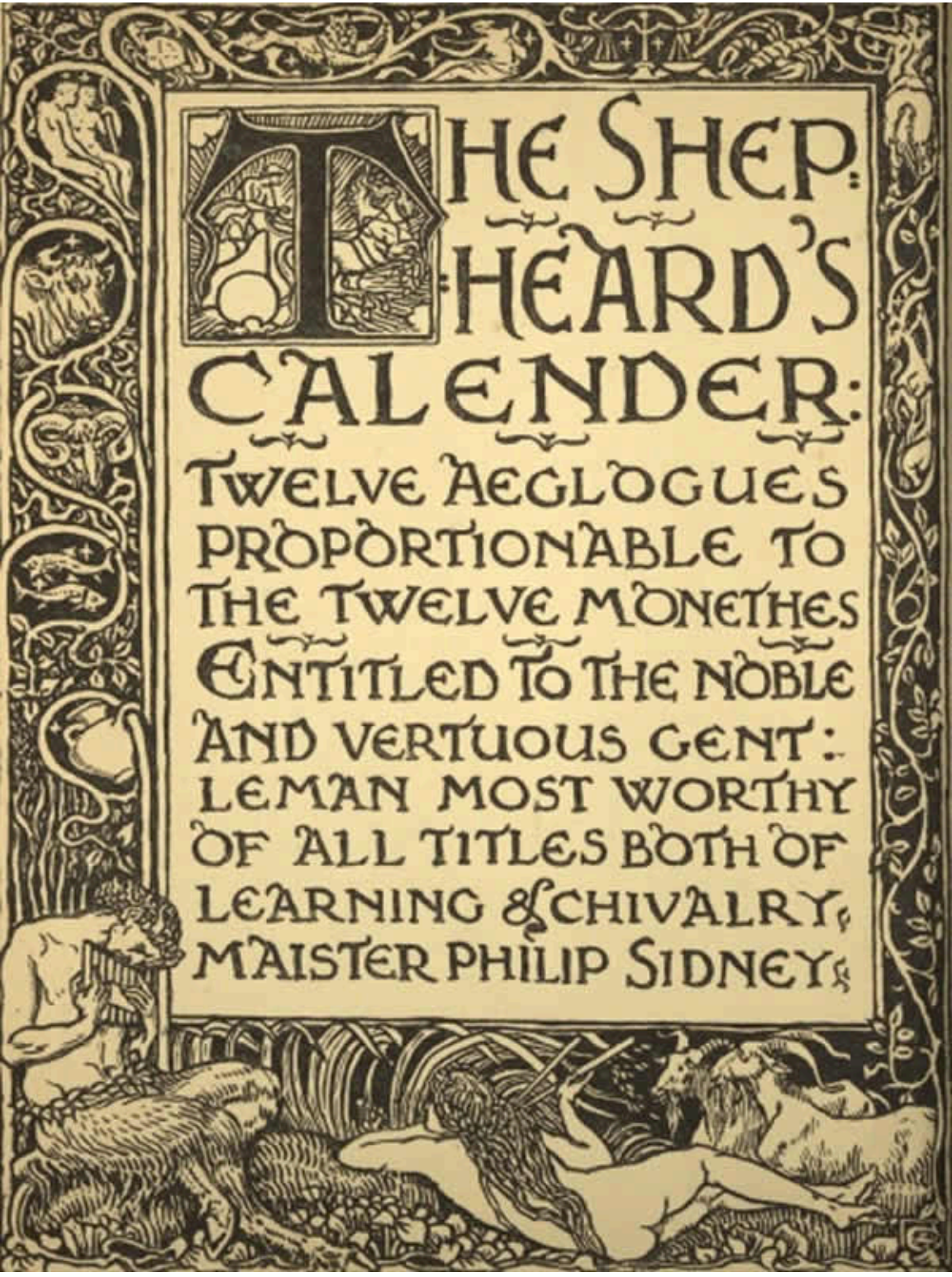
THE SHEP: HEARD'S CALENDER:

TWELVE AEGLOGUES PROPORTIONABLE TO THE TWELVE MONETHES ENTITLED TO THE NOBLE AND VERTUOUS GENT: LEMAN MOST WORTHY OF ALL TITLES BOTH OF LEARNING & CHIVALRY, MAISTER PHILIP SIDNEY:



The Project Gutenberg eBook of The Shepheard's Calender: Twelve Aeglogues Proportionable to the Twelve Monethes

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Title: The Shepheard's Calender: Twelve Aeglogues Proportionable to the Twelve Monethes

Author: Edmund Spenser

Illustrator: Walter Crane

Release date: April 27, 2013 [eBook #42607]
Most recently updated: October 23, 2024

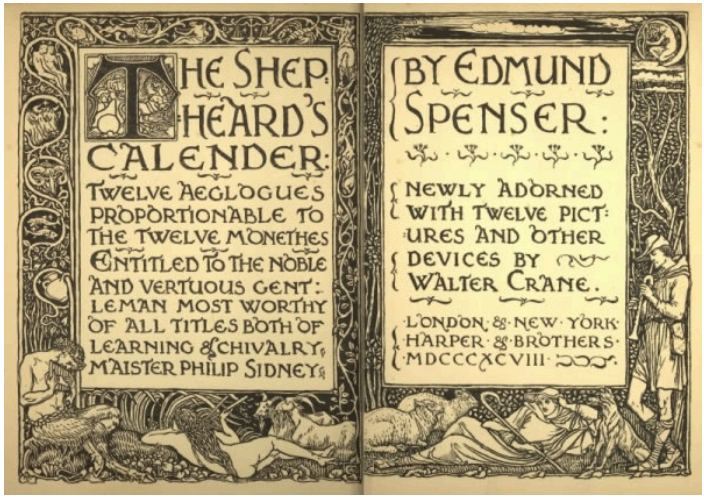
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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE SHEPHEARD'S CALENDER: TWELVE AEGLOGUES PROPORTIONABLE TO THE TWELVE MONETHES ***



THE SHEPHEARD'S CALENDER:

TWELVE AEGLOGUES PROPORTIONABLE TO THE TWELVE MONETHES

ENTITLED TO THE NOBLE AND VERTUOUS GENTLEMAN MOST WORTHY OF ALL TITLES BOTH OF LEARNING & CHIVALRY, MAISTER PHILIP SIDNEY.

BY EDMUND SPENSER:

NEWLY ADORNED
WITH TWELVE PICTURES AND OTHER DEVICES
BY
WALTER CRANE.

LONDON & NEW YORK
HARPER & BROTHERS
MDCCCXCVIII



TO HIS BOOK.

Go, little Book! thyself present, As child whose parent is unkent, To him that is the President Of Nobleness and Chivalry: And

if
that
Envy
bark
at
thee,
As
sure
it
will,
for
succour
flee
Under
the
shadow
of
his
wing.
And,
asked
who
thee
forth
did
bring,
A
shepheard's
swain,
say,
did
thee
sing,
All
as
his

straying
flock
he
fed:
And,
when
his
Honour
has
thee
read,
Crave
pardon
for
thy
hardyhed.
But,
if
that
any
ask
thy
name,
Say,
thou
wert
base-
begot
with
blame;
Forthy
thereof
thou
takest
shame.
And,

when
thou
art
past
jeopardy,
Come
tell
me
what
was
said
of
me,
And
I
will
send
more
after
thee.
IMMERITO.



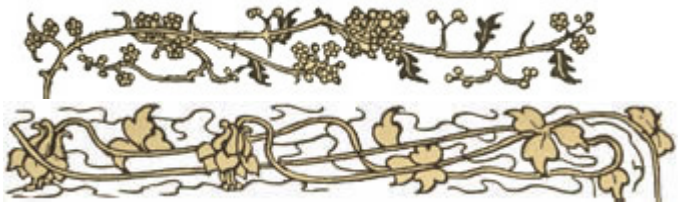


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TO THE
MOST
EXCELLENT
AND
LEARNED
BOTH
ORATOR
AND
POET,
MAISTER
GABRIEL
HARVEY,

His very
special and
singular good
friend E. K.
commendeth
the good liking
of this his
good
labour, and
the patronage
of the new
Poet.

Uncouth, unkiss'd, said the old famous poet Chaucer: whom for his excellency and wonderful skill in making, his scholar Lidgate, a worthy scholar of so excellent a maister, calleth the loadstar of our language: and whom our Colin Clout in his Æglogue, calleth Tityrus the god of shepheards, comparing him to the worthiness of the Roman Tityrus,

Virgil. Which proverb, mine own good friend M. Harvey, as in that good old poet it served well Pandar's purpose for the bolstering of his bawdy brocage, so very well taketh place in this our new Poet, who for that he is uncouth (as said Chaucer) is unkiss'd, and unknown to most men, is regarded but of a few. But I doubt not, so soon as his name shall come

into the knowledge of men, and his worthiness be sounded in the trump of Fame, but that he shall be not only kiss'd, but also beloved of all, embraced of the most, and wonder'd at of the best. No less, I think, deserveth his wittiness in devising, his pithiness in uttering, his complaints of love so lovely, his discourses of pleasure so pleasantly, his pastoral rudeness, his moral

wiseness, his due observing of decorum every where, in personages, in seasons, in matter, in speech; and generally, in all seemly simplicity of handling his matters, and framing his words: the which of many things which in him be strange, I know will seem the strangest, and words themselves being so ancient, the knitting of them so short and intricate, and the whole period and

compass of speech so delightsome for the roundness, and so grave for the strangeness. And first of the words to speak, I grant they be something hard, and of most men unused, yet both English, and also used of most excellent authors, and most famous poets. In whom, when as this our Poet hath been much travailed and throughly read, how

could it be, (as that worthy orator said) but that walking in the sun, although for other cause he walked, yet needs he must be sunburnt; and, having the sound of those ancient poets still ringing in his ears, he must needs, in singing, hit out some of their tunes. But whether he useth them by such casualty and custom, or of set purpose and choice, as thinking them fittest for such

rustical rudeness of shepheards, either for that their rough sound would make his rhymes more ragged and rustical; or else because such old and obsolete words are most used of country folk, sure I think, and think I think not amiss, that they bring great grace, and, as one would say, authority to the verse. For albe, amongst many other faults, it specially be objected of Valla against

Livy, and of other against Sallust, that with over much study they affect antiquity, as covering thereby credence and honour of elder years; yet I am of opinion, and eke the best learned are of the like, that those ancient solemn words are a great ornament, both in the one, and in the other: the one labouring to set forth in his work an eternal image of antiquity, and the

other carefully discoursing matters of gravity and importance. For, if my memory fail not, Tully in that book, wherein he endeavoureth to set forth the pattern of a perfect orator, saith that ofttimes an ancient word maketh the style seem grave, and as it were reverend, no otherwise than we honour and reverence gray hairs for a certain religious regard, which we have of old age. Yet

neither
every where
must old
words be
stuffed in,
nor the
common
dialect and
manner of
speaking so
corrupted
thereby,
that, as in
old
buildings, it
seem
disorderly
and ruinous.
But all as in
most
exquisite
pictures
they us?e to
blaze and
pourtray not
only the
dainty
lineaments
of beauty,
but also
round about
it to shadow
the rude
thickets and
craggy
clifts, that,

by the baseness of such parts, more excellency may accrue to the principal: for oftentimes we find ourselves, I know not how, singularly delighted with the shew of such natural rudeness, and take great pleasure in that disorderly order. Even so do those rough and harsh terms enlumine, and make more clearly to appear, the brightness of brave and

glorious words. So oftentimes a discord in music maketh a comely concordance: so great delight took the worthy poet Alceus to behold a blemish in the joint of a well-shaped body. But, if any will rashly blame such his purpose in choice of old and unwonted words, him may I more justly blame and condemn, or of witless headiness in judging, or of heedless hardiness in condemning:

for, not marking the compass of his bent, he will judge of the length of his cast: for in my opinion it is one especial praise of many, which are due to this Poet, that he hath laboured to restore, as to their rightful heritage, such good and natural English words, as have been long time out of use, and almost clean disherited. Which is the only cause, that our mother tongue,

which truly of itself is both full enough for prose, and stately enough for verse, hath long time been counted most bare and barren of both. Which default when as some endeavoured to salve and recure, they patched up the holes with pieces and rags of other languages, borrowing here of the French, there of the Italian, every where of the Latin; not weighing

how ill those tongues accord with themselves, but much worse with ours: So now they have made our English tongue a gallimaufrey, or hodgepodge of all other speeches. Other some not so well seen in the English tongue, as perhaps in other languages, if they happen to hear an old word, albeit very natural and significant, cry out straightway, that we speak no English, but

gibberish, or rather such as in old time Evander's mother spake: whose first shame is, that they are not ashamed, in their own mother tongue, to be counted strangers and aliens. The second shame no less than the first, that what so they understand not, they straightway deem to be senseless, and not at all to be understood. Much like to the mole in Æsop's fable, that,

being blind herself, would in no wise be persuaded that any beast could see. The last, more shameful than both, that of their own country and natural speech, which together with their nurse's milk they sucked, they have so base regard and bastard judgment, that they will not only themselves not labour to garnish and beautify it, but also repine, that of other it should be embellished.

Like to the dog in the manger, that himself can eat no hay, and yet barketh at the hungry bullock, that so fain would feed: whose currish kind, though it cannot be kept from barking, yet I conne them thank that they refrain from biting.

Now, for the knitting of sentences, which they call the joints and members thereof, and for all the compass of the speech, it is round

without roughness, and learned without hardness, such indeed as may be perceived of the least, understood of the most, but judged only of the learned. For what in most English writers useth to be loose, and as it were unright, in this Author is well grounded, finely framed, and strongly trussed up together. In regard whereof, I scorn and spue out the rakehelly rout of our

ragged rhymers (for so themselves use to hunt the letter) which without learning boast, without judgment jangle, without reason rage and foam, as if some instinct of poetical spirit had newly ravished them above the meanness of common capacity. And being, in the midst of all their bravery, suddenly, either for want of matter, or rhyme; or

having forgotten their former conceit; they seem to be so pained and travailed in their remembrance, as it were a woman in childbirth, or as that same Pythia, when the trance came upon her. "*Os rabidum fera corda domans*," etc.

Nathless, let them a God's name feed on their own folly, so they seek not to darken the beams of others' glory. As for

Colin, under whose person the Author's self is shadowed, how far he is from such vaunted titles and glorious shews, both himself sheweth, where he saith:

"Of Muses, Hobbin, I conne no skill."

And,

"Enough is me to paint out my unrest,"

etc.

And also appeareth by the baseness of the name, wherein it seemeth he chose rather to unfold great matter of argument covertly than, professing it, not suffice thereto accordingly. Which moved him rather in Æglogues than otherwise to write, doubting perhaps his ability, which he little needed, or minding to furnish our tongue with

this kind, wherein it faulteth; or following the example of the best and most ancient poets, which devised this kind of writing, being both so base for the matter, and homely for the manner, at the first to try their abilities; and as young birds, that be newly crept out of the nest, by little first prove their tender wings, before they make a greater flight. So

flew Theocritus, as you may perceive he was already full fledged. So flew Virgil, as not yet well feeling his wings. So flew Mantuane, as not being full somm'd. So Petrarch. So Boccace. So Marot, Sanazarius, and also divers other excellent both Italian and French poets, whose footing this author every where followeth: yet so as few, but they be well scented, can trace him out. So

finally flieth this our new Poet as a bird whose principals be scarce grown out, but yet as one that in time shall be able to keep wing with the best. Now, as touching the general drift and purpose of his Æglogues, I mind not to say much, himself labouring to conceal it. Only this appeareth, that his unstayed youth had long wander'd in the common labyrinth of love, in which time

to mitigate and allay the heat of his passion, or else to warn (as he saith) the young shepheards, his equals and companions, of his unfortunate folly, he compiled these twelve Æglogues, which, for that they be proportioned to the state of the twelve monethes, he termeth it the *Shepheard's Calender*, applying an old name to a new work. Hereunto have I added a certain

gloss, or scholion, for the exposition of old words and harder phrases; which manner of glossing and commenting, well I wot, will seem strange and rare in our tongue: yet, for so much as I knew many excellent and proper devices, both in words and matter, would pass in the speedy course of reading either as unknown, or as not marked; and that in this kind, as in

other, we might be equal to the learned of other nations; I thought good to take the pains upon me, the rather for that by means of some familiar acquaintance I was made privy to his counsel and secret meaning in them, as also in sundry other works of his. Which albeit I know he nothing so much hateth, as to promulgate, yet thus much have I adventured

upon his friendship, himself being for long time far estranged; hoping that this will the rather occasion him to put forth divers other excellent works of his, which sleep in silence; as his *Dreams*, his *Legends*, his *Court of Cupid*, and sundry others, whose commendation to set out were very vain, the things though worthy of many, yet being known to

few. These my present pains, if to any they be pleasurable or profitable, be you judge, mine own Maister Harvey, to whom I have both in respect of your worthiness generally, and otherwise upon some particular and special considerations, vowed this my labour, and the maidenhead of this our common friend's poetry; himself having already in the beginning

dedicated it to the noble and worthy gentleman, the right worshipful Maister Philip Sidney, a special favourer and maintainer of all kind of learning. Whose cause, I pray you, sir, if envy shall stir up any wrongful accusation, defend with your mighty rhetoric and other your rathe gifts of learning, as you can, and shield with your good will, as you ought, against the

malice and outrage of so many enemies, as I know will be set on fire with the sparks of his kindled glory. And thus recommending the Author unto you, as unto his most special good friend, and myself unto you both, as one making singular account of two so very good and so choice friends, I bid you both most heartily farewell, and commit you and your commendable studies to

the tuition of the Greatest.

Your own assuredly to be commanded,

E. K. [1]

P.S.—Now I trust, M. Harvey, that upon sight of your special friend's and fellow poet's doings, or else for envy of so many unworthy Quidams, which catch at the garland which to you alone is due, you will be persuaded to pluck out of the hateful

darkness those so many excellent English poems of yours which lie hid, and bring them forth to eternal light. Trust me, you do both them great wrong, in depriving them of the desired sun; and also yourself, in smothering your deserved praises; and all men generally, in withholding from them so divine pleasures, which they might conceive of your gallant English

verses, as they have already done of your Latin poems, which, in my opinion, both for invention and elocution are very delicate and super-excellent. And thus again I take my leave of my good M. Harvey. From my lodging at London this tenth of April 1579.







THE GENERAL ARGUMENT OF THE WHOLE BOOK.

Little, I hope, needeth me at large to discourse the first original of Æglogues, having already touched the same. But, for the word Æglogues I

know is unknown to most, and also mistaken of some of the best learned, (as they think,) I will say somewhat thereof, being not at all impertinent to my present purpose.

They were first of the Greeks, the inventors of them, called *Aeglogai, as it were Aegon, or Aeginomon logi*, that is, Goatherds' tales. For although in Virgil and others the speakers be more

shepheards than goatherds, yet Theocritus, in whom is more ground of authority than in Virgil, this specially from that deriving, as from the first head and wellspring, the whole invention of these Æglogues maketh goatherds the persons and authors of his tales. This being, who seeth not the grossness of such as by colour of learning would make us believe,

that they are more rightly termed *Eclogai*, as they would say, extraordinary discourses of unnecessary matter: which definition albe in substance and meaning it agree with the nature of the thing, yet no whit answereth with the analysis and interpretation of the word. For they be not termed *Eclogues*, but *Æglogues*; which sentence this Author very well observing,

upon good judgment, though indeed few goatherds have to do herein, nevertheless doubteth not to call them by the used and best known name. Other curious discourses hereof I reserve to greater occasion.

These twelve Æglogues, every where answering to the seasons of the twelve monethes, may be well divided into three forms or ranks. For either they be

plaintive, as the first, the sixth, the eleventh, and the twelfth; or recreative, such as all those be, which contain matter of love, or commendation of special personages; or moral, which for the most part be mixed with some satyrical bitterness; namely, the second, of reverence due to old age; the fifth, of coloured deceit; the seventh and ninth, of dissolute shepheards

and pastors; the tenth, of contempt of Poetry and pleasant Wits. And to this division may every thing herein be reasonably applied; a few only except, whose special purpose and meaning I am not privy to. And thus much generally of these twelve Æglogues. Now will we speak particularly of all, and first of the first, which he calleth by the first moneth's name, Januarie:

wherein to some he may seem foully to have faulted, in that he erroneously beginneth with that moneth, which beginneth not the year. For it is well known, and stoutly maintained with strong reasons of the learned, that the year beginneth in March; for then the sun reneweth his finished course, and the seasonable spring refresheth the earth, and the

pleasance thereof, being buried in the sadness of the dead winter now worn away, reliveth.

This opinion maintain the old Astrologers and Philosophers, namely, the reverend Andalo, and Macrobius in his *Holy Days of Saturn*; which account also was generally observed both of Grecians and Romans. But, saving the leave of such learned

heads, we maintain a custom of counting the seasons from the moneth Januarie, upon a more special cause than the heathen Philosophers ever could conceive, that is, for the Incarnation of our mighty Saviour, and Eternal Redeemer the Lord Christ, who as then renewing the state of the decayed world, and returning the compass of expired years to their former date and

first commencement, left to us his heirs a memorial of his birth in the end of the last year and beginning of the next. Which reckoning, beside that eternal monument of our salvation, leaneth also upon good proof of special judgment.

For albeit that in elder times, when as yet the count of the year was not perfected, as afterward it was by Julius Cæsar, they

began to tell the monethes from March's beginning, and according to the same, God (as is said in Scripture) commanded the people of the Jews, to count the moneth *Abib*, that which we call March, for the first moneth, in remembrance that in that moneth he brought them out of the land of Egypt: yet, according to tradition of latter times it hath been otherwise observed, both in

government of the Church and rule of mightiest realms. For from Julius Cæsar who first observed the leap year, which he called *Bissextilem Annum*, and brought into a more certain course the odd wand'ring days which of the Greeks were called *Hyperbainontes*, of the Romans *Intercalares*, (for in such matter of learning I am forced to use the terms of the learned,)

the monethes have been numbered twelve, which in the first ordinance of Romulus were but ten, counting but 304 days in every year, and beginning with March. But Numa Pompilius, who was the father of all the Roman ceremonies and religion, seeing that reckoning to agree neither with the course of the sun nor the moon, thereunto added two

monethes, Januarie and Februarie; wherein it seemeth, that wise king minded upon good reason to begin the year at Januarie, of him therefore so called *tanquam janua anni*, the gate and entrance of the year; or of the name of the god *Janus*, to which god for that the old Paynims attributed the birth and beginning of all creatures new coming into the world, it seemeth

that he *therefore* to him assigned the beginning and first entrance of the year. Which account for the most part hath hitherto continued: notwithstanding that the Egyptians begin their year at September; for that, according to the opinion of the best Rabbins and very purpose of the Scripture itself, God made the world in that moneth, that is called of

them *Tisri*. And therefore he commanded them to keep the feast of Pavilions in the end of the year, in the xv. day of the seventh moneth, which before that time was the first.

But our author, respecting neither the subtilty of the one part, nor the antiquity of the other, thinketh it fittest, according to the simplicity of common understanding, to begin

with Januarie; weening it perhaps no *decorum* that shepheards should be seen in matter of so deep insight, or canvass a case of so doubtful judgment. So therefore beginneth he, and so continueth he throughout.



JANUARIE · AEGLOGA PRIMA



JANUARIE. ÆGLOGA PRIMA. ARGUMENT.

In this first Æglogue Colin Clout, a shepheard's boy, complaineth himself of his unfortunate love, being but newly (as seemeth) enamoured of a country lass called Rosalind: with which strong affection being very sore travailed, he compareth his careful case to the sad season of the year, to the frosty ground, to the frozen trees, and to his own winter-beaten flock. And lastly, finding himself robbed of all former pleasance and delight, he breaketh his pipe in pieces, and casteth himself to the ground.



COLIN
CLOUT.

A
shepheard's
boy,
(no
better
do
him
call,)
When
winter's
wasteful
spite
was
almost

spent,
All
in
a
sunshine
day,
as
did
befall,
Led
forth
his
flock,
that
had
been
long
ypent:
So
faint
they
wox,
and
feeble
in
the
fold,
That
now
unnethes
their
feet
could
them
uphold.

All
as
the
sheep,
such
was
the
shepheard's
look,
For
pale
and
wan
he
was,
(alas
the
while!)
May
seem
he
lov'd,
or
else
some
care
he
took;
Well
couth
he
tune
his
pipe
and
frame

his
style:
Then
to
a
hill
his
fainting
flock
he
led,
And
thus
him
plain'd,
the
while
his
sheep
there
fed:

"Ye
gods
of
love!
that
pity
lovers'
pain,
(If
any
gods
the
pain
of

lovers
pity,)
Look
from
above,
where
you
in
joys
remain,
And
bow
your
ears
unto
my
doleful
ditty.
And,
Pan!
thou
shepheards'
god,
that
once
didst
love,
Pity
the
pains
that
thou
thyself
didst
prove.

"Thou
barren
ground,
whom
winter's
wrath
hath
wasted,
Art
made
a
mirror
to
behold
my
plight:
Whilome
thy
fresh
spring
flower'd,
and
after
hasted
Thy
summer
proud,
with
daffodillies
dight;
And
now
is
come
thy
winter's

stormy
state,
Thy
mantle
marr'd
wherein
thou
maskedst
late.

"Such
rage
as
winter's
reigneth
in
my
heart,
My
life-
blood
freezing
with
unkindly
cold;
Such
stormy
stoures
do
breed
my
baleful
smart,
As
if
my

year
were
waste
and
waxen
old;
And
yet,
alas!
but
now
my
spring
begun,
And
yet,
alas!
it
is
already
done.

"You
naked
trees,
whose
shady
leaves
are
lost,
Wherein
the
birds
were
wont
to

build
their
bower,
And
now
are
cloth'd
with
moss
and
hoary
frost,
Instead
of
blossoms,
wherewith
your
buds
did
flower;
I
see
your
tears
that
from
your
boughs
do
rain,
Whose
drops
in
dreary
icicles
remain.

"All
so
my
lustful
leaf
is
dry
and
sere,
My
timely
buds
with
wailing
all
are
wasted;
The
blossom
which
my
branch
of
youth
did
bear,
With
breathed
sighs
is
blown
away
and
blasted;
And
from

mine
eyes
the
drizzling
tears
descend,
As
on
your
boughs
the
icicles
depend.

"Thou
feeble
flock!
whose
fleece
is
rough
and
rent,
Whose
knees
are
weak
through
fast
and
evil
fare,
Mayst
witness
well,
by

thy
ill
government,
Thy
master's
mind
is
overcome
with
care:
Thou
weak,
I
wan;
thou
lean,
I
quite
forlorn:
With
mourning
pine
I;
you
with
pining
mourn.

"A
thousand
siths
I
curse
that
careful
hour

Wherein
I
long'd
the
neighbour
town
to
see,
And
eke
ten
thousand
siths
I
bless
the
stoure
Wherein
I
saw
so
fair
a
sight
as
she:
Yet
all
for
naught:
such
sight
hath
bred
my
bane.

Ah,
God!
that
love
should
breed
both
joy
and
pain!

"It
is
not
Hobbinol [2]
wherefore
I
plain,
Albe
my
love
he
seek
with
daily
suit;
His
clownish
gifts
and
court'sies
I
disdain,
His
kids,
his

cracknels,
and
his
early
fruit.
Ah,
foolish
Hobbinol!
thy
gifts
be
vain;
Colin
them
gives
to
Rosalind
again.

"I
love
thilk
lass,
(alas!
why
do
I
love?)
And
am
forlorn,
(alas!
why
am
I
lorn?)

She
deigns
not
my
good
will,
but
doth
reprove,
And
of
my
rural
music
holdeth
scorn.
Shepheard's
device
she
hateth
as
the
snake,
And
laughs
the
songs
that
Colin
Clout
doth
make.

"Wherefore,
my
pipe,

albe
rude
Pan
thou
please,
Yet
for
thou
pleasest
not
where
most
I
would;
And
thou,
unlucky
Muse,
that
wont'st
to
ease
My
musing
mind,
yet
canst
not
when
thou
should;
Both
Pipe
and
Muse
shall

sore
the
while
abye."
So
broke
his
oaten
pipe,
and
down
did
lie.

By
that,
the
welked
Phœbus
gan
availe
His
weary
wain;
and
now
the
frosty
Night
Her
mantle
black
through
heaven
gan
overhale:

Which
seen,
the
pensive
boy,
half
in
despite,
Arose,
and
homeward
drove
his
sunned
sheep,
Whose
hanging
heads
did
seem
his
careful
case
to
weep.

COLIN'S
EMBLEME.
Anchora
speme.
(Hope
is
my
anchor.)





FEBRUARIE · AEGLOGA SECUNDA



FEBRUARIE. ÆGLOGA SECUNDA.
ARGUMENT.

This Æglogue is rather moral and general than bent

to any secret or particular purpose. It specially containeth a discourse of old age, in the person of Thenot, an old shepheard, who, for his crookedness and unlustiness, is scorned of Cuddie, an unhappy herdman's boy. The matter very well accordeth with the season of the moneth, the year now drooping, and as it were drawing to his last age. For as in this time of year, so then in our bodies, there is a dry and withering cold, which congealeth the curdled blood, and freezeth the weather-beaten flesh, with storms of Fortune and hoar-frosts of Care. To which purpose the old man telleth a tale of the Oak and the Brier, so lively, and so feelingly, as, if the thing were set forth in some picture before our eyes, more plainly could not appear.



CUDDIE.
THENOT.

CUDDIE.
Ah
for
pity!
will
rank
winter's
rage

These
bitter
blasts
never
gin
t'assuage?
The
keen
cold
blows
through
my
beaten
hide,
All
as
I
were
through
the
body
gride:
My
ragged
ronts
all
shiver
and
shake,
As
doen
high
towers
in
an
earthquake:

They
wont
in
the
wind
wag
their
wriggle
tails
Perk
as
a
peacock;
but
now
it
availes.
THE.
Lewdly
complainest,
thou
lazy
lad,
Of
winter's
wrack
for
making
thee
sad.
Must
not
the
world
wend
in

his
common
course,
From
good
to
bad,
and
from
bad
to
worse,
From
worse
unto
that
is
worst
of
all,
And
then
return
to
his
former
fall?
Who
will
not
suffer
the
stormy
time,
Where
will

he
live
till
the
lusty
prime?
Self
have
I
worn
out
thrice
thirty
years,
Some
in
much
joy,
many
in
many
tears,
Yet
never
complained
of
cold
nor
heat,
Of
summer's
flame,
nor
of
winter's
threat,

Ne
ever
was
to
Fortune
foeman,
But
gently
took
that
ungently
came;
And
ever
my
flock
was
my
chief
care;
Winter
or
summer
they
might
well
fare.
CUD.
No
marvel,
Thenot,
if
thou
can
bear
Cheerfully

the
winter's
wrathful
cheer;
For
age
and
winter
accord
full
nigh,
This
chill,
that
cold;
this
crooked,
that
wry;
And
as
the
louring
weather
looks
down,
So
seemest
thou
like
Good
Friday [3]
to
frown:
But
my

flow'ring
youth
is
foe
to
frost,
My
ship
unwont
in
storms
to
be
tost.
THE.
The
sovereign
of
seas
he
blames
in
vain,
That,
once
sea-
beat,
will
to
sea
again:
So
loit'ring
live
you
little

herdgrooms,
Keeping
your
beasts
in
the
budded
brooms;
And,
when
the
shining
sun
laugheth
once,
You
deemen,
the
spring
is
come
at
once;
Then
gin
you,
fond
flies!
the
cold
to
scorn,
And,
crowing
in
pipes

made
of
green
corn,
You
thinken
to
be
lords
of
the
year;
But
eft,
when
ye
count
you
freed
from
fear,
Comes
the
breme
Winter
with
chamfred
brows,
Full
of
wrinkles
and
frosty
furrows,
Drearily
shooting

his
stormy
dart,
Which
curdles
the
blood
and
pricks
the
heart:
Then
is
your
careless
courage
accoyed,
Your
careful
herds
with
cold
be
annoyed:
Then
pay
you
the
price
of
your
surquedry,
With
weeping,
and
wailing,

and
misery.
CUD.
Ah!
foolish
old
man!
I
scorn
thy
skill,
That
wouldst
me
my
springing
youth
to
spill:
I
deem
thy
brain
emperished
be
Through
rusty
eld,
that
hath
rotted
thee;
Or
sicker
thy
head

very
totty
is,
So
on
thy
corb
shoulder
it
leans
amiss.
Now
thyself
hath
lost
both
lop
and
top,
Als
my
budding
branch
thou
wouldest
crop;
But
were
thy
years
green,
as
now
be
mine,
To

other
delights
they
would
incline:
Then
wouldest
thou
learn
to
carol
of
love,
And
hery
with
hymns
thy
lass's
glove;
Then
wouldest
thou
pipe
of
Phillis'
praise;
But
Phillis
is
mine
for
many
days;
I
won

her
with
a
girdle
of
gelt,
Embost
with
bugle
about
the
belt:
Such
an
one
shepheards
would
make
full
fain;
Such
an
one
would
make
thee
young
again.
THE.
Thou
art
a
fon,
of
thy
love

to
boast;
All
that
is
lent
to
love
will
be
lost.
CUD.
Seest
how
brag
yond
bullock
bears,
So
smirk,
so
smooth,
his
pricked
ears?
His
horns
be
as
broad
as
rainbow
bent,
His
dewlap
as

lithe
as
lass
of
Kent:
See
how
he
venteth
into
the
wind;
Weenest
of
love
is
not
his
mind?
Seemeth
thy
flock
thy
counsel
can,
So
lustless
be
they,
so
weak,
so
wan;
Clothed
with
cold,

and
hoary
with
frost,
Thy
flock's
father
his
courage
hath
lost.
Thy
ewes,
that
wont
to
have
blowen
bags,
Like
wailful
widows
hangen
their
crags;
The
rather
lambs
be
starved
with
cold,
All
for
their
master

is
lustless
and
old.
THE.
Cuddie,
I
wot
thou
kenst
little
good,
So
vainly
to
advance
thy
heedlesshood;
For
youth
is
a
bubble
blown
up
with
breath,
Whose
wit
is
weakness,
whose
wage
is
death,
Whose

way
is
wilderness,
whose
inn
penance,
And
stoop-
gallant
Age,
the
host
of
Grievance.
But
shall
I
tell
thee
a
tale
of
truth,
Which
I
cond
of
Tityrus
in
my
youth,
Keeping
his
sheep
on
the

hills
of
Kent?

CUD.

To
nought
more,
Thenot,
my
mind
is
bent
Than
to
hear
novels
of
his
devise;
They
be
so
well
thewed,
and
so
wise,
Whatever
that
good
old
man
bespake.

THE.

Many
meet

tales
of
youth
did
he
make,
And
some
of
love,
and
some
of
chivalry;
But
none
fitter
than
this
to
apply.
Now
listen
a
while
and
hearken
the
end.
"There
grew
an
aged
tree
on
the

green,
A
goodly
Oak
sometime
had
it
been,
With
arms
full
strong
and
largely
display'd,
But
of
their
leaves
they
were
disarray'd:
The
body
big,
and
mightily
pight,
Throughly
rooted,
and
of
wondrous
height;
Whilome
had

been
the
king
of
the
field,
And
mochell
mast
to
the
husband
did
yield,
And
with
his
nuts
larded
many
swine:
But
now
the
gray
moss
marred
his
rine;
His
bared
boughs
were
beaten
with
storms,

His
top
was
bald,
and
wasted
with
worms,
His
honour
decayed,
his
branches
sere.
"Hard
by
his
side
grew
a
bragging
Brere,
Which
proudly
thrust
into
th'
element,
And
seemed
to
threat
the
firmament:
It
was

embellish'd
with
blossoms
fair,
And
thereto
aye
wonted
to
repair
The
shepheards'
daughters
to
gather
flowers,
To
paint
their
garlands
with
his
colours;
And
in
his
small
bushes
used
to
shroud
The
sweet
nightingale
singing
so

loud;
Which
made
this
foolish
Brere
wax
so
bold,
That
on
a
time
he
cast
him
to
scold
And
snebbe
the
good
Oak,
for
he
was
old.
"'Why
standst
there
(quoth
he)
thou
brutish
block?
Nor

for
fruit
nor
for
shadow
serves
thy
stock;
Seest
how
fresh
my
flowers
be
spread,
Dyed
in
lily
white
and
crimson
red,
With
leaves
engrained
in
lusty
green;
Colours
meet
to
clothe
a
maiden
queen?
Thy

waste
bigness
but
cumbers
the
ground,
And
dirks
the
beauty
of
my
blossoms
round:
The
mouldy
moss,
which
thee
accloyeth,
My
cinnamon
smell
too
much
annoyeth:
Wherefore
soon
I
rede
thee
hence
remove,
Lest
thou
the

price
of
my
displeasure
prove.'
So
spake
this
bold
Brere
with
great
disdain:
Little
him
answered
the
Oak
again,
But
yielded,
with
shame
and
grief
adawed,
That
of
a
weed
he
was
overcrawed.
"It
chanced
after

upon
a
day,
The
husbandman
self
to
come
that
way,
Of
custom
for
to
surview
his
ground,
And
his
trees
of
state
in
compass
round:
Him
when
the
spiteful
Brere
had
espied,
Causeless
complained,
and
loudly

cried
Unto
his
lord,
stirring
up
stern
strife:
"'O
my
liege
lord!
the
god
of
my
life,
Pleaseth
you
ponder
your
suppliant's
plaint,
Caused
of
wrong
and
cruel
constraint,
Which
I
your
poor
vassal
daily
endure;

And,
but
your
goodness
the
same
recure,
Am
like
for
desperate
dool
to
die,
Through
felonous
force
of
mine
enemy.'
"Greatly
aghast
with
this
piteous
plea,
Him
rested
the
goodman
on
the
lea,
And
bade
the

Brere
in
his
plaint
proceed.
With
painted
words
then
gan
this
proud
weed
(As
most
usen
ambitious
folk)
His
coloured
crime
with
craft
to
cloak.
"'Ah,
my
sovereign!
lord
of
creatures
all,
Thou
placer
of
plants

both
humble
and
tall,
Was
not
I
planted
of
thine
own
hand,
To
be
the
primrose
of
all
thy
land;
With
flow'ring
blossoms
to
furnish
the
prime,
And
scarlet
berries
in
summer
time?
How
falls
it

then
that
this
faded
Oak,
Whose
body
is
sere,
whose
branches
broke,
Whose
naked
arms
stretch
unto
the
fire,
Unto
such
tyranny
doth
aspire;
Hindering
with
his
shade
my
lovely
light,
And
robbing
me
of
the

sweet
sun's
sight?
So
beat
his
old
boughs
my
tender
side,
That
oft
the
blood
springeth
from
woundës
wide;
Untimely
my
flowers
forced
to
fall,
That
be
the
honour
of
your
coronal:
And
oft
he
lets

his
canker-
worms
light
Upon
my
branches,
to
work
me
more
spite;
And
oft
his
hoary
locks
down
doth
cast,
Wherewith
my
fresh
flow'rets
be
defast:
For
this,
and
many
more
such
outrage,
Craving
your
goodlyhead

to
assuage
The
rancorous
rigour
of
his
might;
Nought
ask
I,
but
only
to
hold
my
right;
Submitting
me
to
your
good
sufferance,
And
praying
to
be
guarded
from
grievance.'
"To
this
this
Oak
cast
him

to
reply
Well
as
he
couth;
but
his
enemy
Had
kindled
such
coals
of
displeasure,
That
the
goodman
nould
stay
his
leisure,
But
home
him
hasted
with
furious
heat,
Increasing
his
wrath
with
many
a
threat:

His
harmful
hatchet
he
hent
in
hand,
(Alas!
that
it
so
ready
should
stand!)
And
to
the
field
alone
he
speedeth,
(Aye
little
help
to
harm
there
needeth!)
Anger
nould
let
him
speak
to
the
tree,

Enaunter
his
rage
might
cooled
be;
But
to
the
root
bent
his
sturdy
stroke,
And
made
many
wounds
in
the
waste
Oak.
The
axe's
edge
did
oft
turn
again,
As
half
unwilling
to
cut
the
grain;

Seemed,
the
senseless
iron
did
fear,
Or
to
wrong
holy
eld
did
forbear;
For
it
had
been
an
ancient
tree,
Sacred
with
many
a
mystery,
And
often
cross'd
with
the
priests'
crew,
And
often
hallowed
with

holy-
water
dew:
But
sike
fancies
weren
foolery,
And
broughten
this
Oak
to
this
misery;
For
nought
might
they
quitten
him
from
decay,
For
fiercely
the
goodman
at
him
did
lay.
The
block
oft
groaned
under

the
blow,
And
sighed
to
see
his
near
overthrow.
In
fine,
the
steel
had
pierced
his
pith,
Then
down
to
the
earth
he
fell
forthwith.
His
wondrous
weight
made
the
ground
to
quake,
Th'
earth
shrunk

under
him,
and
seemed
to
shake:
—
There
lieth
the
Oak,
pitied
of
none!
"Now
stands
the
Brere
like
a
lord
alone,
Puffed
up
with
pride
and
vain
pleasance;
But
all
this
glee
had
no
continuance:

For eftsoons winter gan to approach;
The blust'ring Boreas did encroach,
And beat upon the solitary Brere;
For now no succour was seen him near.
Now gan he repent his pride too late;
For, naked left

and
disconsolate,
The
biting
frost
nipt
his
stalk
dead,
The
watry
wet
weighed
down
his
head,
And
heaped
snow
burden'd
him
so
sore,
That
now
upright
he
can
stand
no
more;
And,
being
down,
is
trod

in
the
durt
Of
cattle,
and
broused,
and
sorely
hurt.
Such
was
th'
end
of
this
ambitious
Brere,
For
scorning
eld
—"
CUD.
Now
I
pray
thee,
shepheard,
tell
it
not
forth:
Here
is
a
long

tale,
and
little
worth.
So
long
have
I
listened
to
thy
speech,
That
graffed
to
the
ground
is
my
breech;
My
heartblood
is
well
nigh
frorne
I
feel,
And
my
galage
grown
fast
to
my
heel;

But
little
ease
of
thy
lewd
tale
I
tasted:
Hie
thee
home,
shepheard,
the
day
is
nigh
wasted.

THENOT'S EMBLEME. [4]
Iddio,
perche
É
vecchio,
Fa
suoi
al
suo
essempio.
CUDDIE'S EMBLEME.[4]
Niuno
vecchio
Spaventa
Iddio.


IDDIO·PERCHE·E·VECCHI
FA·SUOI·AL·SUO·ESSEMP


NIUNO·VECCHIO·





MARCH · AEGLOGA TERTIA



MARCH. ÆGLOGA TERTIA. ARGUMENT.

In this Æglogue two Shepheards' Boys, taking occasion of the season, begin to make purpose of love, and other pleasance which to springtime is most agreeable. The special meaning hereof is, to give certain marks and tokens, to know Cupid the poets' god of Love. But more particularly, I think, in the person of Thomalin, is meant some secret friend, who scorned Love and his knights so long, till at length himself was entangled, and unwares wounded with the dart of some beautiful regard, which is Cupid's arrow.



WILLY.
THOMALIN.

WILLY.
Thomalin,
why
sitten
we
so,
As
weren
overwent
with
woe,
Upon
so

fair
a
morrow?
The
joyous
time
now
nigheth
fast,
That
shall
alegge
this
bitter
blast,
And
slake
the
winter
sorrow.
THO.
Sicker,
Willy,
thou
warnest
well;
For
winter's
wrath
begins
to
quell,
And
pleasant
spring
appeareth:

The
grass
now
gins
to
be
refresht,
The
swallow
peeps
out
of
her
nest,
And
cloudy
welkin
cleareth.
WIL.
Seest
not
thilk
same
hawthorn
stud,
How
bragly
it
begins
to
bud,
And
utter
his
tender
head?

Flora
now
calleth
forth
each
flower,
And
bids
make
ready
Maia's
bower
That
new
is
uprist
from
bed:
Then
shall
we
sporten
in
delight,
And
learn
with
Lettice
to
wax
light,
That
scornfully
looks
askance;
Then

will
we
little
Love
awake,
That
now
sleepeth
in
Lethe
lake,
And
pray
him
leaden
our
dance.
THO.
Willy,
I
ween
thou
be
assot;
For
lusty
Love
still
sleepeth
not,
But
is
abroad
at
his
game.

WIL. How kenst thou that he is awoke?
Or hast thyself his slumber broke?
Or made privy to the same?
THO. No; but happily I him spied,
Where in a bush he did him hide,
With

wings
of
purple
and
blue;
And,
were
not
that
my
sheep
would
stray,
The
privy
marks
I
would
bewray,
Whereby
by
chance
I
him
knew.
WIL.
Thomalin,
have
no
care
forthy;
Myself
will
have
a
double

eye,
Alike
to
my
flock
and
thine;
For,
alas!
at
home
I
have
a
sire,
A
stepdame
eke,
as
hot
as
fire,
That
duly
adays
counts
mine.
THO.
Nay,
but
thy
seeing
will
not
serve,
My

sheep
for
that
may
chance
to
swerve,
And
fall
into
some
mischief:
For
sithens
is
but
the
third
morrow
That
I
chanc'd
to
fall
asleep
with
sorrow,
And
waked
again
with
grief;
The
while
thilk
same

unhappy
ewe,
Whose
clouted
leg
her
hurt
doth
shew,
Fell
headlong
into
a
dell,
And
there
unjointed
both
her
bones:
Might
her
neck
been
jointed
attones,
She
should
have
need
no
more
spell;
Th'
elf
was

so
wanton
and
so
wood,
(But
now
I
trow
can
better
good,)
She
might
ne
gang
on
the
green.
WIL.
Let
be,
as
may
be,
that
is
past;
That
is
to
come,
let
be
forecast:
Now

tell
us
what
thou
hast
seen.
THO.
It
was
upon
a
holiday,
When
shepheards'
grooms
have
leave
to
play,
I
cast
to
go
a
shooting;
Long
wand'ring
up
and
down
the
land,
With
bow
and
bolts

in
either
hand,
For
birds
in
bushes
tooting,
At
length
within
the
ivy
tod,
(There
shrouded
was
the
little
god,)
I
heard
a
busy
bustling;
I
bent
my
bolt
against
the
bush,
List'ning
if
any
thing

did
rush,
But
then
heard
no
more
rustling.
Then,
peeping
close
into
the
thick,
Might
see
the
moving
of
some
quick,
Whose
shape
appeared
not;
But
were
it
faery,
fiend,
or
snake,
My
courage
yearn'd
it

to
awake,
And
manfully
thereat
shot:
With
that
sprang
forth
a
naked
swain;
With
spotted
wings
like
peacock's
train,
And
laughing
lope
to
a
tree;
His
gilden
quiver
at
his
back,
And
silver
bow,
which
was

but
slack,
Which
lightly
he
bent
at
me:
That
seeing,
I
levell'd
again,
And
shot
at
him
with
might
and
main,
As
thick
as
it
had
hailed.
So
long
I
shot,
that
all
was
spent;
Then

pumie
stones
I
hast'ly
hent,
And
threw;
but
nought
availed:
He
was
so
wimble
and
so
wight,
From
bough
to
bough
he
leaped
light,
And
oft
the
pumies
latched:
Therewith
afraid
I
ran
away;
But
he,

that
erst
seem'd
but
to
play,
A
shaft
in
earnest
snatched,
And
hit
me
running
in
the
heel:
For
then
I
little
smart
did
feel,
But
soon
it
sore
increased;
And
now
it
rankleth
more
and

more,
And inwardly it fest'reth sore,
Ne wote I how to cease it.
WIL. Thomalin, I pity thy plight,
Perdie with Love thou didest fight;
I know him by a token:
For once I heard my

father
say,
How
he
him
caught
upon
a
day,
(Whereof
he
will
be
wroken,)
Entangled
in
a
fowling
net,
Which
he
for
carrion
crows
had
set
That
in
our
pear-
tree
haunted:
Then
said,
he
was

a
winged
lad,
But
bow
and
shafts
as
then
none
had,
Else
had
he
sore
been
daunted.
But
see,
the
welkin
thicks
apace,
And
stooping
Phœbus
steeps
his
face;
It's
time
to
haste
us
homeward.

WILLY'S
EMBLEME.
To
be
wise
and
eke
to
love,
Is
granted
scarce
to
gods
above.
THOMALIN'S
EMBLEME.
Of
honey
and
of
gall
in
love
there
is
store;
The
honey
is
much,
but
the
gall
is
more.


TO BE WISE & EKE TO LOV
IS GRAVNTED SCARCE TO GODS


OF HONEY & GALLE IN LOVE
IS STORE
THE HONEY IS MUCH BUT





APRIL · AEGLOGA QUARTA



APRIL. ÆGLOGA QUARTA. ARGUMENT.

This Æglogue is purposely intended to the honour and praise of our most gracious sovereign, Queen Elizabeth. The speakers hereof be Hobbinol and Thenot, two shepheards: the which Hobbinol, being beforementioned greatly to have loved Colin, is here set forth more largely, complaining him of that boy's great misadventure in love; whereby his mind was alienated and withdrawn not only from him, who most loved him, but also from all former delights and studies, as well in pleasant piping, as cunning rhyming and singing, and other his laudable exercises. Whereby he taketh occasion, for proof of his more excellency and skill in poetry, to record a song, which the said Colin sometime made in honour of her Majesty, whom abruptly he termeth Elisa.



THENOT.
HOBBINOL.

THENOT.
Tell
me,
good
Hobbinol,
what
gars
thee

greet?
What!
hath
some
wolf
thy
tender
lambs
ytorn?
Or
is
thy
bagpipe
broke,
that
sounds
so
sweet?
Or
art
thou
of
thy
loved
lass
forlorn?
Or
be
thine
eyes
attemper'd
to
the
year,
Quenching
the

gasping
furrows'
thirst
with
rain?
Like
April
shower,
so
stream
the
trickling
tears
Adown
thy
cheek,
to
quench
thy
thirsty
pain.
HOB.
Nor
this,
nor
that,
so
much
doth
make
me
mourn,
But
for
the
lad,

whom
long
I
lov'd
so
dear,
Now
loves
a
lass
that
all
his
love
doth
scorn:
He,
plunged
in
pain,
his
tressed
locks
doth
tear;
Shepheard's
delights
he
doth
them
all
forswear;
His
pleasant
pipe,
which

made
us
merriment,
He
wilfully
hath
broke,
and
doth
forbear
His
wonted
songs
wherein
he
all
outwent.
THE.
What
is
he
for
a
lad
you
so
lament?
Is
love
such
pinching
pain
to
them
that
prove?

And hath he skill to make so excellent,
Yet hath so little skill to bridle love?
HOB. Colin thou kenst, the southern shepheard's boy;
Him Love hath wounded with a deadly dart:
Whilome on him was

all
my
care
and
joy,
Forcing
with
gifts
to
win
his
wanton
heart.
But
now
from
me
his
madding
mind
is
start,
And
wooes
the
widow's
daughter
of
the
glen;
So
now
fair
Rosalind
hath
bred

his
smart;
So
now
his
friend
is
changed
for
a
frenne.
THE.
But
if
his
ditties
be
so
trimly
dight,
I
pray
thee,
Hobbinol,
record
some
one,
The
whiles
our
flocks
do
graze
about
in
sight,

And
we
close
shrouded
in
this
shade
alone.
HOB.
Contented
I:
then
will
I
sing
his
lay
Of
fair
Elisa,
queen
of
shepheards
all,
Which
once
he
made
as
by
a
spring
he
lay,
And
tuned

it
unto
the
waters'
fall.

"Ye
dainty
Nymphs,
that
in
this
blessed
brook
Do
bathe
your
breast,
Forsake
your
watry
bowers,
and
hither
look,
At
my
request.
And
eke
you
virgins,
that
on
Parnass
dwell,

Whence
floweth
Helicon,
the
learned
well,
Help
me
to
blaze
Her
worthy
praise,
Which
in
her
sex
doth
all
excel.

"Of
fair
Elisa
be
your
silver
song,
That
blessed
wight,
The
flower
of
virgins;
may

she
flourish
long
In
princely
plight!
For
she
is
Syrinx'
daughter
without
spot,
Which
Pan,
the
shepheards'
god,
of
her
begot:
So
sprung
her
grace
Of
heavenly
race,
No
mortal
blemish
may
her
blot.

"See,

where
she
sits
upon
the
grassy
green,
(O
seemly
sight!)
Yclad
in
scarlet,
like
a
maiden
queen,
And
ermines
white:
Upon
her
head
a
crimson
coronet,
With
damask
roses
and
daffadillies
set;
Bay
leaves
between,
And

primroses
green,
Embellish
the
sweet
violet.

"Tell
me,
have
ye
seen
her
angelic
face,
Like
Phœbe
fair?
Her
heavenly
haveour,
her
princely
grace,
Can
you
well
compare?
The
red
rose
medled
with
the
white
yfere,

In
either
cheek
depeincten
lively
cheer:
Her
modest
eye,
Her
majesty,
Where
have
you
seen
the
like
but
there?

"I
saw
Phœbus;
thrust
out
his
golden
head,
Upon
her
to
gaze;
But,
when
he
saw

how
broad
her
beams
did
spread,
It
did
him
amaze.
He
blush'd
to
see
another
sun
below,
Ne
durst
again
his
fiery
face
out
show.
Let
him,
if
he
dare,
His
brightness
compare
With
hers,
to

have
the
overthrow.

"Shew
thyself,
Cynthia,
with
thy
silver
rays,
And
be
not
abash'd:
When
she
the
beams
of
her
beauty
displays,
O
how
art
thou
dash'd!
But
I
will
not
match
her
with
Latona's

seed;
Such folly great sorrow to Niobe did breed.
And she is a stone,
And makes daily moan,
Warning all other to take heed.

"Pan may be proud that ever he begot
Such a bellibone;

And
Syrinx
rejoice,
that
ever
was
her
lot
To
bear
such
an
one.
Soon
as
my
younglings
crying
for
the
dam,
To
her
will
I
offer
a
milkwhite
lamb;
She
is
my
goddess
plain,
And
I

her
shepheard's
swain,
Albe
forswonk
and
forswat
I
am.

"I
see
Calliope
speed
her
to
the
place,
Where
my
goddess
shines;
And
after
her
the
other
Muses
trace,
With
their
violins.
Be
they
not
bay-

branches
which
they
do
bear,
All
for
Elisa
in
her
hand
to
wear?
So
sweetly
they
play,
And
sing
all
the
way,
That
it
a
heaven
is
to
hear.

"Lo,
how
finely
the
Graces
can

it
foot
To
the
instrument:
They
dancen
deftly,
and
singen
soote,
In
their
merriment.
Wants
not
a
fourth
Grace,
to
make
the
dance
even?
Let
that
room
to
my
Lady
be
yeven
She
shall
be
a

Grace,
To
fill
the
fourth
place,
And
reign
with
the
rest
in
heaven.

"And
whither
runs
this
bevy
of
ladies
bright,
Ranged
in
a
row?
They
be
all
Ladies
of
the
Lake
behight,
That
unto

her
go.
Chloris,
that
is
the
chiefest
nymph
of
all,
Of
olive
branches
bears
a
coronal:
Olives
be
for
peace
When
wars
do
surcease:
Such
for
a
princess
be
principal.

"Ye
shepheards'
daughters,
that
dwell

on
the
green,
Hie
you
there
apace:
Let
none
come
there
but
that
virgins
bene,
To
adorn
her
grace:
And,
when
you
come
whereas
she
is
in
place,
See
that
your
rudeness
do
not
you
disgrace:

Bind your fillets fast,
And gird in your waist,
For more fineness, with a tawdry [5] lace.

"Bring hither the pink and purple columbine,
With gelliflowers;
Bring coronations, and sops-in-wine,
Worn of paramours:
Strow

me
the
ground
with
daffadowndillie
And
cowslips,
and
kingcups,
and
loved
lillies:
The
pretty
paunce,
And
the
chevisance,
Shall
match
with
the
fair
flower
delice.

"Now
rise
up,
Elisa,
decked
as
thou
art
In
royal

array;
And
now
ye
dainty
damsels
may
depart
Each
one
her
way.
I
fear
I
have
troubled
your
troops
too
long;
Let
Dame
Elisa
thank
you
for
her
song:
And,
if
you
come
hither
When
damsines

I
gather,
I
will
part
them
all
you
among."

THE.
And
was
thilk
same
song
of
Colin's
own
making?
Ah!
foolish
boy!
that
is
with
love
yblent;
Great
pity
is,
he
be
in
such
taking,

For naught caren that be so lewdly bent.

HOB. Sicker I hold him for a greater fon,

That loves the thing he cannot purchase.

But let us homeward, for night draweth on,

And twinkling stars the

daylight
hence
chase.

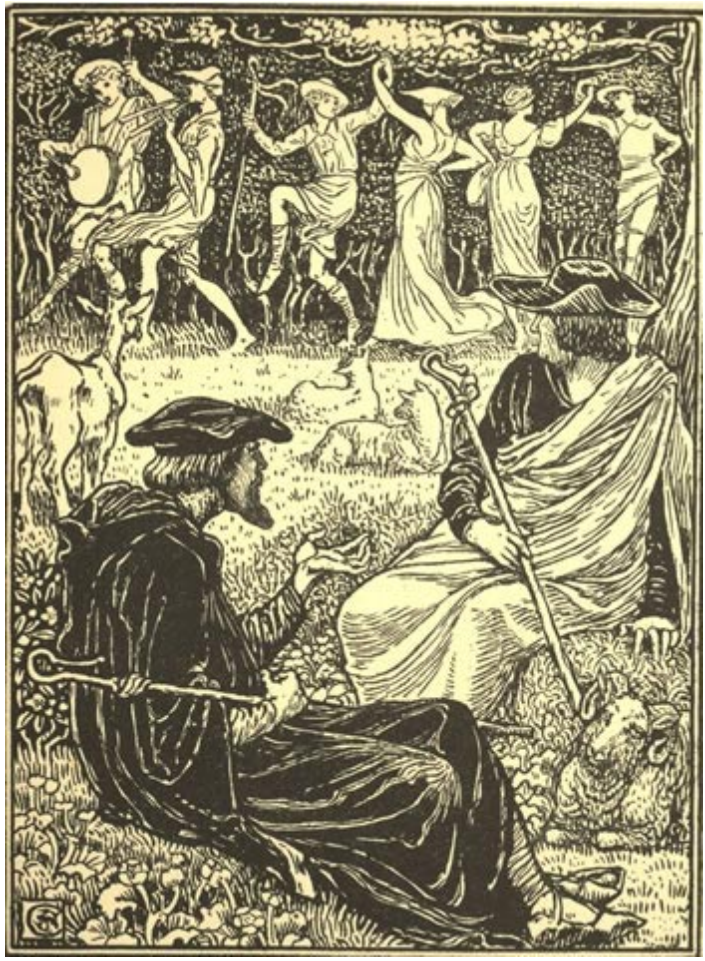
THENOT'S
EMBLEME. [6]
O
quam
et
memorem
virgo!
HOBBINOL'S
EMBLEME.
O
Dea
certe!







MAY · AEGLOGA QUINTA



MAY. ÆGLOGA QUINTA. ARGUMENT.

In this fifth Æglogue, under the person of two shepheards, Piers and Palinode, be represented two

forms of Pastors or Ministers, or the Protestant and the Catholic; whose chief talk standeth in reasoning, whether the life of the one must be like the other; with whom having shewed, that it is dangerous to maintain any fellowship, or give too much credit to their colourable and feigned good-will, he telleth him a tale of the Fox, that, by such a counterpoint of craftiness, deceived and devoured the credulous Kid.



PALINODE.
PIERS.

PALINODE.
Is
not
thilk
the
merry
month
of
May,
When
love-
lads
masken
in
fresh
array?

How
falls
it,
then,
we
no
merrier
bene,
Alike
as
others,
girt
in
gaudy
green?
Our
bloncket
liveries
be
all
too
sad
For
thilk
same
season,
when
all
is
yclad
With
pleasance;
the
ground
with
grass,

the
woods
With
green
leaves,
the
bushes
with
blooming
buds.
Youth's
folk
now
flocken
in
every
where,
To
gather
May-
buskets
and
smelling
brere;
And
home
they
hasten
the
posts
to
dight,
And
all
the
kirk-

pillars
ere
day-
light,
With
hawthorn
buds,
and
sweet
eglantine,
And
garlands
of
roses,
and
sops-
in-
wine.
Such
merrimake
holy
saints
doth
queme,
But
we
here
sitten
as
drown'd
in
dream.
PIERS.
For
younkers,
Palinode,

such
follies
fit,
But
we
tway
be
men
of
elder
wit.
PAL.
Sicker
this
morrow,
no
longer
ago,
I
saw
a
shoal
of
shepheards
outgo
With
singing,
and
shouting,
and
jolly
cheer:
Before
them
yode
a

lusty
tabrere,
That
to
the
many
a
horn-
pipe
play'd,
Whereto
they
dancen
each
one
with
his
maid.
To
see
those
folks
make
such
jovisance,
Made
my
heart
after
the
pipe
to
dance:
Then
to
the

green
wood
they
speeden
them
all,
To
fetchen
home
May
with
their
musical;
And
home
they
bringen
in
a
royal
throne,
Crowned
as
king;
and
his
queen
attone
Was
Lady
Flora,
on
whom
did
attend
A

fair
flock
of
faeries,
and
a
fresh
bend
Of
lovely
nymphs.
(O
that
I
were
there,
To
helpen
the
ladies
their
Maybush
bear!)
Ah!
Piers,
be
not
thy
teeth
on
edge,
to
think
How
great
sport

they
gainen
with
little
swink?

PIERS.

Perdie,
so
far
am
I
from
envy,
That
their
fondness
inly
I
pity:
Those
faitours
little
regarden
their
charge,
While
they,
letting
their
sheep
run
at
large,
Passen
their
time,

that
should
be
sparely
spent,
In
lustihed
and
wanton
merriment.
Thilk
same
be
shepheards
for
the
devil's
stead,
That
playen
while
their
flocks
be
unfed:
Well
it
is
seen
their
sheep
be
not
their
own,
That

letten
them
run
at
random
alone:
But
they
be
hired
for
little
pay
Of
other,
that
caren
as
little
as
they,
What
fallen
the
flock,
so
they
have
the
fleece,
And
get
all
the
gain,
paying

but
a
piece.
I
muse,
what
account
both
these
will
make;
The
one
for
the
hire,
which
he
doth
take,
And
th'
other
for
leaving
his
Lord's
task,
When
great
Pan
account
of
shepheards
shall
ask.

PAL. Sicker, now I see thou speakest of spite,
All for thou lackest somdele their delight.
I (as I am) had rather be envied,
All were it of my foe, than fonly pitied;
And yet, if

need
were,
pitied
would
be,
Rather
than
other
should
scorn
at
me;
For
pitied
is
mishap
that
n'as
remedy,
But
scorned
be
deeds
of
fond
foolery.
What
shoulden
shepheards
other
things
tend,
Than,
sith
their
God

his
good
does
them
send,
Reapen
the
fruit
thereof,
that
is
pleasure,
The
while
they
here
liven
at
ease
and
leisure?
For,
when
they
be
dead,
their
good
is
ygoe,
They
sleepen
in
rest,
well
as

other
moe:
Then
with
them
wends
what
they
spent
in
cost,
But
what
they
left
behind
them
is
lost.
Good
is
no
good,
but
if
it
be
spend;
God
giveth
good
for
none
other
end.
PIERS.

Ah!
Palinode,
thou
art
a
world's
child:
Who
touches
pitch,
must
needs
be
defil'd;
But
shepheards
(as
Algrind [7]
used
to
say)
Must
not
live
alike
as
men
of
the
lay.
With
them
it
sits
to
care

for
their
heir,
Enaunter
their
heritage
do
impair:
They
must
provide
for
means
of
maintenance,
And
to
continue
their
wont
countenance:
But
shepheard
must
walk
another
way,
Sike
worldly
sovenance
he
must
for-
say.
The
son

of
his
loins
why
should
he
regard
To
leave
enriched
with
that
he
hath
spar'd?
Should
not
thilk
God,
that
gave
him
that
good,
Eke
cherish
his
child,
if
in
his
ways
he
stood?
For
if

he
mislive
in
lewdness
and
lust,
Little
boots
all
the
wealth,
and
the
trust,
That
his
father
left
by
inheritance;
All
will
be
soon
wasted
with
misgovernance
But
through
this,
and
other
their
miscreance,
They
maken

many
a
wrong
chevisance,
Heaping
up
waves
of
wealth
and
woe,
The
floods
whereof
shall
them
overflow.
Sike
men's
folly
I
cannot
compare
Better
than
to
the
ape's
foolish
care,
That
is
so
enamoured
of
her

young
one,
(And
yet,
God
wot,
such
cause
had
she
none,)
That
with
her
hard
hold,
and
strait
embracing,
She
stoppeth
the
breath
of
her
youngling.
So
oftentimes,
whenas
good
is
meant,
Evil
ensueth
of
wrong

intent.
The
time
was
once,
and
may
again
retorn,
(For
ought
may
happen,
that
hath
been
beforn,)
When
shepheards
had
none
inheritance,
Ne
of
land
nor
fee
in
sufferance,
But
what
might
arise
of
the
bare

sheep,
(Were
it
more
or
less)
which
they
did
keep.
Well
ywis
was
it
with
shepheards
then:
Nought
having,
nought
feared
they
to
forego;
For
Pan
himself
was
their
inheritance,
And
little
them
served
for
their

maintenance.
The
shepheards'
God
so
well
them
guided,
That
of
nought
they
were
unprovided;
Butter
enough,
honey,
milk,
and
whey,
And
their
flocks'
fleeces
them
to
array:
But
tract
of
time,
and
long
prosperity,
(That
nurse

of
vice,
this
of
insolency,)
Lulled
the
shepheards
in
such
security,
That,
not
content
with
loyal
obeisance,
Some
gan
to
gape
for
greedy
governance,
And
match
them
self
with
mighty
potentates,
Lovers
of
lordship,
and
troublers

of
states:
Then
gan
shepheards'
swains
to
look
aloft,
And
leave
to
live
hard,
and
learn
to
ligg
soft:
Then,
under
colour
of
shepheards,
somewhile
There
crept
in
wolves,
full
of
fraud
and
guile,
That
often

devoured
their
own
sheep,
And
often
the
shepheards
that
did
them
keep:
This
was
the
first
source
of
shepheards'
sorrow,
That
now
nill
be
quit
with
bail
nor
borrow.
PAL.
Three
things
to
bear
be
very

burdenous,
But
the
fourth
to
forbear
is
outrageous:
Women,
that
of
love's
longing
once
lust,
Hardly
forbearen,
but
have
it
they
must:
So
when
choler
is
inflamed
with
rage,
Wanting
revenge,
is
hard
to
assuage:
And

who
can
counsel
a
thirsty
soul,
With
patience
to
forbear
the
offer'd
bowl?
But
of
all
burdens,
that
a
man
can
bear,
Most
is,
a
fool's
talk
to
bear
and
to
hear.
I
ween
the
giant

has
not
such
a
weight,
That
bears
on
his
shoulders
the
heaven's
height.
Thou
findest
fault
where
n'is
to
be
found,
And
buildest
strong
work
upon
a
weak
ground:
Thou
railest
on
right
withouten
reason,
And

blamest
them
much
for
small
encheason.
How
shoulden
shepheards
live,
if
not
so?
What?
should
they
pinen
in
pain
and
woe?
Nay,
say
I
thereto,
by
my
dear
borrow,
If
I
may
rest,
I
nill
live

in
sorrow.
Sorrow
ne
need
be
hastened
on,
For
he
will
come,
without
calling,
anon,
While
times
enduren
of
tranquillity,
Usen
we
freely
our
felicity;
For,
when
approachen
the
stormy
stowres,
We
must
with
our
shoulders

bear
off
the
sharp
showers;
And,
sooth
to
sayn,
nought
seemeth
sike
strife,
That
shepheards
so
witen
each
other's
life,
And
layen
their
faults
the
worlds
beforn,
The
while
their
foes
do
each
of
them
scorn.

Let
none
mislike
of
that
may
not
be
mended;
So
contest
soon
by
concord
might
be
ended.
PIERS.
Shepheard,
I
list
no
accordance
make
With
shepheard,
that
does
the
right
way
forsake;
And
of
the
twain,

if
choice
were
to
me,
Had
lever
my
foe
than
my
friend
he
be;
For
what
concord
have
light
and
dark
sam?
Or
what
peace
has
the
lion
with
the
lamb?
Such
faitours,
when
their
false

hearts
be
hid,
Will
do
as
did
the
Fox
by
the
Kid. [8]
PAL.
Now,
Piers,
of
fellowship,
tell
us
that
saying;
For
the
lad
can
keep
both
our
flocks
from
straying.
PIERS.
Thilk
same
Kid
(as

I
can
well
devise)
Was
too
very
foolish
and
unwise;
For
on
a
time,
in
summer
season,
The
Goat
her
dam,
that
had
good
reason,
Yode
forth
abroad
unto
the
green
wood,
To
brouze,
or
play,

or
what
she
thought
good:
But,
for
she
had
a
motherly
care
Of
her
young
son,
and
wit
to
beware,
She
set
her
youngling
before
her
knee,
That
was
both
fresh
and
lovely
to
see,
And

full
of
favour
as
kid
might
be.
His
velvet
head
began
to
shoot
out,
And
his
wreathed
horns
gan
newly
sprout;
The
blossoms
of
lust
to
bud
did
begin,
And
spring
forth
rankly
under
his
chin.

"My
son,"
(quoth
she,
and
with
that
gan
weep;
For
careful
thoughts
in
her
heart
did
creep;)
"God
bless
thee,
poor
orphan!
as
he
might
me,
And
send
thee
joy
of
thy
jollity.
Thy
father,"
(that

word
she
spake
with
pain,
For
a
sigh
had
nigh
rent
her
heart
in
twain,)
"Thy
father,
had
he
lived
this
day,
To
see
the
branch
of
his
body
display,
How
would
he
have
joyed
at

this
sweet
sight?
But
ah!
false
Fortune
such
joy
did
him
spite,
And
cut
off
his
days
with
untimely
woe,
Betraying
him
into
the
trains
of
his
foe.
Now
I,
a
wailful
widow
behight,
Of
my

old
age
have
this
one
delight,
To
see
thee
succeed
in
thy
father's
stead,
And
flourish
in
flowers
of
lustihead;
For
even
so
thy
father
his
head
upheld,
And
so
his
haughty
horns
did
he
weld."

Then
marking
him
with
melting
eyes,
A
thrilling
throb
from
her
heart
did
arise,
And
interrupted
all
her
other
speech
With
some
old
sorrow
that
made
a
new
breach;
Seemed
she
saw
in
her
youngling's
face

The old lineaments of his father's grace.
At last her sullen silence she broke,
And gan his new-budded beard to stroke.
"Kiddie," (quoth she,) "thou kenst the great care
I have of thy health and

thy
welfare,
Which
many
wild
beasts
liggen
in
wait
For
to
entrap
in
thy
tender
state:
But
most
the
Fox,
master
of
collusion;
For
he
has
vowed
thy
last
confusion.
Forthy,
my
Kiddie,
be
rul'd
by

me,
And
never
give
trust
to
his
treachery;
And,
if
he
chance
come
when
I
am
abroad,
Sperr
the
gate
fast,
for
fear
of
fraud;
Ne
for
all
his
worst,
nor
for
his
best,
Open
the

door
at
his
request."
So
schooled
the
Goat
her
wanton
son,
That
answer'd
his
mother,
all
should
be
done.
Then
went
the
pensive
dam
out
of
door,
And
chanc'd
to
stumble
at
the
threshold
floor;
Her

stumbling
step
somewhat
her
amazed,
(For
such,
as
signs
of
ill
luck,
be
dispraised;)
Yet
forth
she
yode,
thereat
half
aghast;
And
Kiddie
the
door
sperred
after
her
fast.
It
was
not
long,
after
she
was

gone,
But
the
false
Fox
came
to
the
door
anone;
Not
as
a
fox,
for
then
he
had
be
kend,
But
all
as
a
poor
pedlar
he
did
wend,
Bearing
a
truss
of
trifles
at
his

back,
As
bells,
and
babes,
and
glasses,
in
his
pack:
A
biggen
he
had
got
about
his
brain,
For
in
his
headpiece
he
felt
a
sore
pain:
His
hinder
heel
was
wrapt
in
a
clout,
For

with
great
cold
he
had
got
the
gout:
There
at
the
door
he
cast
me
down
his
pack,
And
laid
him
down,
and
groaned,
"Alack!
alack!
Ah!
dear
Lord!
and
sweet
Saint
Charity!
That
some
good

body
would
once
pity
me!"
Well
heard
Kiddie
all
this
sore
constraint,
And
long'd
to
know
the
cause
of
his
complaint;
Then,
creeping
close
behind
the
wicket's
clink,
Privily
he
peeped
out
through
a
chink,
Yet

not
so
privily
but
the
Fox
him
spied;
For
deceitful
meaning
is
double-
eyed.
"Ah!
good
young
master,"
(then
gan
he
cry,)
"Jesus
bless
that
sweet
face
I
espy,
And
keep
your
corpse
from
the
careful

stounds
That
in
my
carrion
carcase
abounds."
The
Kid,
pitying
his
heaviness,
Asked
the
cause
of
his
great
distress,
And
also
who,
and
whence
that
he
were.
Then
he,
that
had
well
yconn'd
his
lere,
Thus

medled
his
talk
with
many
a
tear:
"Sick,
sick,
alas!
and
little
lack
of
dead,
But
I
be
relieved
by
your
beastlyhead.
I
am
a
poor
sheep,
albe
my
colour
dun,
For
with
long
travel
I

am
brent
in
the
sun;
And
if
that,
my
grandsire
me
said,
be
true,
Sicker,
I
am
very
sib
to
you;
So
be
your
goodlihead
do
not
disdain
The
base
kindred
of
so
simple
swain.
Of

mercy
and
favour
then
I
you
pray,
With
your
aid
to
forestall
my
near
decay."
Then
out
of
his
pack
a
glass
he
took,
Wherein
while
Kiddie
unwares
did
look,
He
was
so
enamoured
with
the

newell,
That
nought
he
deemed
dear
for
the
jewel:
Then
opened
he
the
door,
and
in
came
The
false
Fox,
as
he
were
stark
lame:
His
tail
he
clapt
betwixt
his
legs
twain,
Lest
he
should

be descried by his train.
Being within, the Kid made him good glee,
All for the love of the glass he did see.
After his cheer, the pedlar gan chat,
And tell many leasings of this

and
that,
And
how
he
could
shew
many
a
fine
knack;
Then
shewed
his
ware
and
opened
his
pack,
All
save
a
bell,
which
he
left
behind
In
the
basket
for
the
Kid
to
find;
Which

when
the
Kid
stooped
down
to
catch,
He
popt
him
in,
and
his
basket
did
latch;
Ne
stayed
he
once
the
door
to
make
fast,
But
ran
away
with
him
in
all
hast.
Home
when
the

doubtful
dame
had
her
hied,
She
might
see
the
door
stand
open
wide;
All
aghast,
loudly
she
gan
to
call
Her
Kid;
but
he
nould
answer
at
all:
Then
on
the
floor
she
saw
the
merchandice

Of
which
her
son
had
set
too
dear
a
price.
What
help!
her
Kid
she
knew
well
was
gone:
She
weeped,
and
wailed,
and
made
great
moan.
Such
end
had
the
Kid,
for
he
nould
warned

be
Of
craft,
coloured
with
simplicity;
And
such
end,
perdie,
does
all
them
remain,
That
of
such
falsers'
friendship
be
fain.
PAL.
Truly,
Piers,
thou
art
beside
thy
wit,
Furthest
fro
the
mark,
weening
it
to

hit.
Now,
I
pray
thee,
let
me
thy
tale
borrow
For
our
Sir
John, [9]
to
say
to-
morrow
At
the
kirk
when
it
is
holiday;
For
well
he
means,
but
little
can
say.
But,
and
if

foxes
be
so
crafty
as
so,
Much
needeth
all
shepheards
them
to
know.
PIERS.
Of
their
falsehood
more
could
I
recount,
But
now
the
bright
sun
ginneth
to
dismount;
And,
for
the
dewy
night
now
doth

nigh,
I
hold
it
best
for
us
home
to
hie.

PALINODE'S EMBLEME.
Πασ μεν απιστοσ απιστει
(Every one without faith is suspicious.)
PIERS, HIS EMBLEME.
Τισ δ' αρα πιστισ απιστὸ
What faith, then, in the

faithless?)

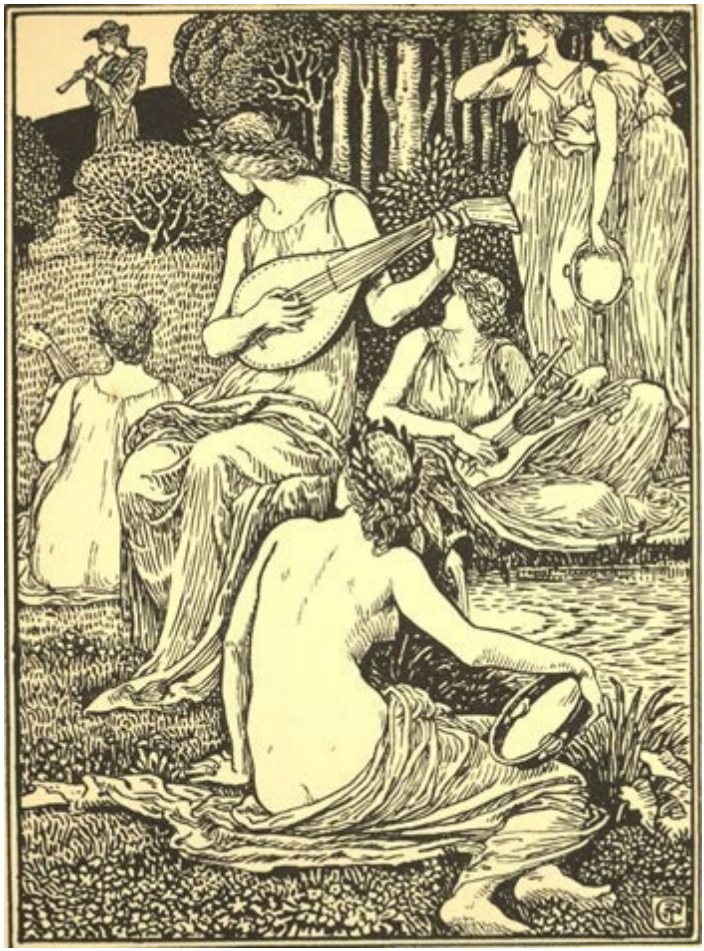








JUNE · AEGLOGA SEXTA



JUNE. ÆGLOGA SEXTA. ARGUMENT.

This *Æglogue* is wholly vowed to the complaining of Colin's ill success in his love. For being (as is aforesaid) enamoured of a country lass Rosalind, and having (as seemeth) found place in her heart, he lamenteth to his dear friend Hobbinol, that he is now forsaken unfaithfully, and in his stead Menalcas, another shepheard, received disloyally. And this is the whole Argument of this *Æglogue*.



HOBBINOL.
COLIN
CLOUT.

HOBBINOL.
Lo!
Colin,
here
the
place
whose
pleasant
site
From
other
shades
hath
wean'd

my
wand'ring
mind,
Tell
me,
what
wants
me
here
to
work
delight?
The
simple
air,
the
gentle
warbling
wind,
So
calm,
so
cool,
as
nowhere
else
I
find;
The
grassy
ground
with
dainty
daisies
dight,
The

bramble
bush,
where
birds
of
every
kind
To
the
waters'
fall
their
tunes
attemper
right.

COL.
O
happy
Hobbinol,
I
bless
thy
state,
That
Paradise
hast
found
which
Adam
lost:
Here
wander
may
thy
flock

early
or
late,
Withouten
dread
of
wolves
to
be
ytost;
Thy
lovely
lays
here
mayst
thou
freely
boast:
But
I,
unhappy
man!
whom
cruel
Fate
And
angry
gods
pursue
from
coast
to
coast,
Can
nowhere
find

to
shroud
my
luckless
pate.

HOB.
Then,
if
by
me
thou
list
advised
be,
Forsake
the
soil
that
so
doth
thee
bewitch;
Leave
me
those
hills
were
harbrough
n'is
to
see,
Nor
holly-
bush,
nor

briar,
nor
winding
ditch;
And
to
the
dales
resort,
where
shepheards
rich,
And
fruitful
flocks,
be
every
where
to
see:
Here
no
night-
ravens
lodge,
more
black
than
pitch,
Nor
elvish
ghosts,
nor
ghastly
owls
do

flee;

But
friendly
Faeries,
met
with
many
Graces,
And
lightfoot
Nymphs,
can
chase
the
ling'ring
Night
With
heydeguys,
and
trimly
trodden
traces,
Whilst
Sisters
Nine,
which
dwell
on
Parnass
height,
Do
make
them
music
for

their
more
delight;
And
Pan
himself
to
kiss
their
crystal
faces
Will
pipe
and
dance,
when
Phœbe
shineth
bright:
Such
peerless
pleasures
have
we
in
these
places.

COL.
And
I,
whilst
youth,
and
course
of

careless
years,
Did
let
me
walk
withouten
links
of
love,
In
such
delights
did
joy
amongst
my
peers;
But
riper
age
such
pleasures
doth
reprove:
My
fancy
eke
from
former
follies
move
To
stayed
steps;
for

time
in
passing
wears,
(As
garments
do,
which
waxen
old
above,)
And
draweth
new
delights
with
hoary
hairs.

Then
couth
I
sing
of
love,
and
tune
my
pipe
Unto
my
plaintive
pleas
in
verses
made;

Then
would
I
seek
for
queen-
apples
unripe;
To
give
my
Rosalind,
and
in
summer
shade
Dight
gaudy
garlands
was
my
common
trade,
To
crown
her
golden
locks;
but
years
more
ripe,
And
loss
of
her,

whose
love
as
life
I
weigh'd,
Those
weary
wanton
toys
away
did
wipe.

HOB.
Colin,
to
hear
thy
rhymes
and
roundelays,
Which
thou
wert
wont
on
wasteful
hills
to
sing,
I
more
delight
than
lark

in
summer
days,
Whose
echo
made
the
neighbour
groves
to
ring,
And
taught
the
birds,
which
in
the
lower
spring
Did
shroud
in
shady
leaves
from
sunny
rays,
Frame
to
thy
song
their
cheerful
chirruping,
Or

hold
their
peace,
for
shame
of
thy
sweet
lays.

I
saw
Calliope
with
Muses
moe,
Soon
as
thy
oaten
pipe
began
to
sound,
Their
ivory
lutes
and
tambourins
forgo,
And
from
the
fountain,
where
they

sat
around,
Run
after
hastily
thy
silver
sound;
But,
when
they
came
where
thou
thy
skill
didst
shew,
They
drew
aback,
as
half
with
shame
confound
Shepheard
to
see,
them
in
their
art
outgo.

COL.

Of
Muses,
Hobbinol,
I
con
no
skill,
For
they
be
daughters
of
the
highest
Jove,
And
holden
scorn
of
homely
shepheard's
quill;
For
sith
I
heard
that
Pan
with
Phœbus
strove,
Which
him
to
much
rebuke

and
danger
drove,
I
never
list
presume
to
Parnass
hill,
But,
piping
low
in
shade
of
lowly
grove,
I
play
to
please
myself,
all
be
it
ill.

Nought
weigh
I,
who
my
song
doth
praise

or
blame,
Ne
strive
to
win
renown,
or
pass
the
rest:
With
shepheard
sits
not
follow
flying
Fame,
But
feed
his
flock
in
fields
where
falls
them
best.
I
wot
my
rhymes
be
rough,
and
rudely

drest;
The
fitter
they
my
careful
case
to
frame:
Enough
is
me
to
paint
out
my
unrest,
And
pour
my
piteous
plaints
out
in
the
same.

The
god
of
shepheards,
Tityrus, [10]
is
dead,
Who
taught

me
homely,
as
I
can,
to
make:
He,
whilst
he
lived,
was
the
sovereign
head
Of
shepheards
all
that
be
with
love
ytake;
Well
couth
he
wail
his
woes,
and
lightly
slake
The
flames
which
love

within
his
heart
had
bred,
And
tell
us
merry
tales
to
keep
us
wake,
The
while
our
sheep
about
us
safely
fed.

Now
dead
he
is,
and
lieth
wrapt
in
lead,
(O
why
should
Death

on
him
such
outrage
shew!)
And
all
his
passing
skill
with
him
is
fled,
The
fame
whereof
doth
daily
greater
grow.
But,
if
on
me
some
little
drops
would
flow
Of
that
the
spring
was
in

his
learned
head,
I
soon
would
learn
these
woods
to
wail
my
woe,
And
teach
the
trees
their
trickling
tears
to
shed.

Then
should
my
plaints,
caus'd
of
discourtesy,
As
messengers
of
this
my
painful

plight,
Fly
to
my
love
where
ever
that
she
be,
And
pierce
her
heart
with
point
of
worthy
wite,
As
she
deserves,
that
wrought
so
deadly
spite.
And
thou,
Menalcas!
that
by
treachery
Didst
underfong
my

lass
to
wax
so
light,
Shouldst
well
be
known
for
such
thy
villany.

But
since
I
am
not
as
I
wish
I
were,
Ye
gentle
shepheards!
which
your
flocks
do
feed,
Whether
on
hills,
or

dales,
or
other
where,
Bear
witness
all
of
this
so
wicked
deed;
And
tell
the
lass,
whose
flower
is
wox
a
weed,
And
faultless
faith
is
turn'd
to
faithless
fear,
That
she
the
truest
shepheard's
heart

made
bleed
That
lives
on
earth,
and
loved
her
most
dear.

HOB.
O!
careful
Colin,
I
lament
thy
case;
Thy
tears
would
make
the
hardest
flint
to
flow!
Ah!
faithless
Rosalind,
and
void
of
grace,

That
art
the
root
of
all
this
ruthful
woe!
But
now
is
time,
I
guess,
homeward
to
go:
Then
rise,
ye
blessed
flocks!
and
home
apace,
Lest
night
with
stealing
steps
do
you
foreslow,
And
wet

your
tender
lambs
that
by
you
trace.

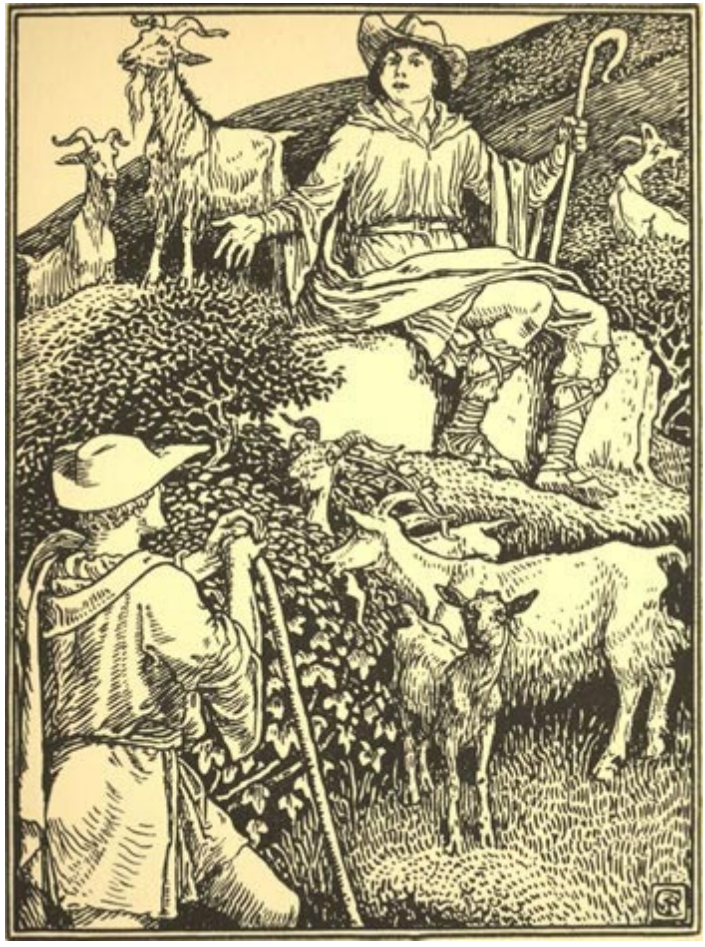
COLIN'S
EMBLEME.
Gia
speme
spenta.
(Already
hope
is
lost.)







JULY · AEGLOGA SEPTIMA



JULY. ÆGLOGA SEPTIMA. ARGUMENT.

This Æglogue is made in the honour and commendation of good shepheards, and to the shame and dispraise of proud and ambitious pastors: such as

Morrell is here imagined to be.



THOMALIN.
MORRELL. [11]

THOMALIN.
Is
not
thilk
same
a
goatherd
proud,
That
sits
on
yonder
bank,
Whose
straying
herd
them
self
doth
shroud
Among
the
bushes

rank?
MOR.
What,
ho,
thou
jolly
shepheard's
swain,
Come
up
the
hill
to
me;
Better
is
than
the
lowly
plain,
Als
for
thy
flock
and
thee.
THOM.
Ah!
God
shield,
man,
that
I
should
climb,
And

learn
to
look
aloft;
This
rede
is
rife,
that
oftentime
Great
climbers
fall
unsoft.
In
humble
dales
is
footing
fast,
The
trode
is
not
so
tickle,
And
though
one
fall
through
heedless
hast,
Yet
is
his

miss
not
mickle.
And
now
the
Sun [12]
hath
reared
up
His
fiery-
footed
team,
Making
his
way
between
the
Cup
And
golden
Diademe;
The
rampant
Lion
hunts
he
fast,
With
dogs
of
noisome
breath,
Whose
baleful

barking
brings
in
hast
Pine,
plagues,
and
dreary
death.
Against
his
cruel
scorching
heat,
Where
thou
hast
coverture,
The
wasteful
hills
unto
his
threat
Is
a
plain
overture:
But,
if
thee
list
to
holden
chat
With

seely
shepheard's
swain,
Come
down,
and
learn
the
little
what,
That
Thomalin
can
sayn.
MOR.
Siker
thou's
but
a
lazy
loord,
And
recks
much
of
thy
swink,
That
with
fond
terms,
and
witless
words,
To
blear

mine
eyes
dost
think.
In
evil
hour
thou
hentst
in
hand
Thus
holy
hills
to
blame,
For
sacred
unto
saints
they
stand,
And
of
them
have
their
name.
St.
Michel's
Mount
who
does
not
know,
That

wards
the
Western
coast?
And
of
St.
Bridget's
Bower
I
trow
All
Kent
can
rightly
boast:
And
they
that
con
of
Muses'
skill
Sayn
most-
what,
that
they
dwell
(As
goatherds
wont)
upon
a
hill,
Beside

a
learned
well.
And
wonned
not
the
great
good
Pan
Upon
Mount
Olivet,
Feeding
the
blessed
flock
of
Dan,
Which
did
himself
beget?
THOM.
O
blessed
Sheep!
O
Shepheard
great!
That
bought
his
flock
so
dear,

And
them
did
save
with
bloody
sweat
From
wolves
that
would
them
tear.
MOR.
Beside,
as
holy
Fathers
sayn,
There
is
a
holy
place
Where
Titan
riseth
from
the
main
To
run
his
daily
race,
Upon

whose
top
the
stars
be
stay'd,
And
all
the
sky
doth
lean;
There
is
the
cave
where
Phœbe
laid
The
shepheard
long
to
dream.
Whilome
there
used
shepheards
all
To
feed
their
flocks
at
will,
Till

by
his
folly
one
did
fall,
That
all
the
rest
did
spill.
And,
sithens
shepheards
be
foresaid
From
places
of
delight,
Forthy
I
ween
thou
be
afraid
To
climb
this
hillës
height.
Of
Sinai
can
I

tell
thee
more,
And
of
our
Lady's
Bower;
But
little
needs
to
strow
my
store,
Suffice
this
hill
of
our.
Here
have
the
holy
Fauns
recourse,
And
Sylvans
haunten
rathe;
Here
has
the
salt
Medway
his

source,
Wherein
the
Nymphs
do
bathe;
The
salt
Medway,
that
trickling
streams
Adown
the
dales
of
Kent,
Till
with
his
elder
brother
Themes
His
brackish
waves
be
ment.
Here
grows
melampode
every
where,
And
terebinth,
good

for
goats;
The
one
my
madding
kids
to
smear,
The
next
to
heal
their
throats.
Hereto,
the
hills
be
nigher
heaven,
And
then
the
passage
eath;
As
well
can
prove
the
piercing
levin,
That
seldom
falls

beneath.
THOM.
Siker thou speaks like a lewd lorrell,
Of heaven to deemen so;
How be I am but rude and borrell,
Yet nearer ways I know.
To kirk the narre, from God more far,
Has

been
an
old-
said
saw;
And
he,
that
strives
to
touch
a
star,
Oft
stumbles
at
a
straw.
As
soon
may
shepheard
climb
to
sky
That
leads
in
lowly
dales,
As
goatherd
proud,
that,
sitting
high,

Upon
the
mountain
sails.
My
seely
sheep
like
well
below,
They
need
not
melampode,
For
they
be
hale
enough,
I
trow,
And
liken
their
abode;
But,
if
they
with
thy
goats
should
yede,
They
soon
might

be
corrupted,
Or
like
not
of
the
frowy
feed,
Or
with
the
weeds
be
glutted.
The
hills,
where
dwelled
holy
saints,
I
reverence
and
adore,
Not
for
themself,
but
for
the
saints
Which
have
been
dead

of
yore.
And
now
they
be
to
heaven
forewent,
Their
good
is
with
them
go;
Their
sample
only
to
us
lent,
That
als
we
might
do
so.
Shepheards
they
weren
of
the
best,
And
lived
in

lowly
leas;
And,
sith
they
souls
be
now
at
rest,
Why
do
we
them
disease?
Such
one
he
was
(as
I
have
heard
Old
Algrind
often
sayn)
That
whilome
was
the
first
shepheard,
And
lived
with

little
gain:
And
meek
he
was,
as
meek
might
be,
Simple
as
simple
sheep;
Humble,
and
like
in
each
degree
The
flock
which
he
did
keep.
Often
he
used
of
his
keep
A
sacrifice
to
bring,

Now
with
a
kid,
now
with
a
sheep,
The
altars
hallowing.
So
louted
he
unto
his
Lord,
Such
favour
couth
he
find,
That
never
sithens
was
abhorr'd
The
simple
shepheards'
kind.
And
such,
I
ween,
the

brethren
were
That
came
from
Canaän,
The
brethren
Twelve,
that
kept
yfere
The
flocks
of
mighty
Pan.
But
nothing
such
thilk
shepheard
was
Whom
Ida
hill
did
bear,
That
left
his
flock
to
fetch
a
lass,

Whose
love
he
bought
too
dear.
For
he
was
proud,
that
ill
was
paid,
(No
such
must
shepheards
be!)
And
with
lewd
lust
was
overlaid;
Two
things
doen
ill
agree.
But
shepheard
must
be
meek
and

mild,
Well-
eyed,
as
Argus
was,
With
fleshly
follies
undefiled,
And
stout
as
steed
of
brass.
Such
one
(said
Algrind)
Moses
was,
That
saw
his
Maker's
face,
His
face,
more
clear
then
crystal
glass,
And
spake

to
him
in
place.
This
had
a
brother,
(his
name
I
knew,)
The
first
of
all
his
cote,
A
shepheard
true,
yet
not
so
true
As
he
that
erst
I
hote.
Whilome
all
these
were
low

and
lief,
And
loved
their
flocks
to
feed;
They
never
stroven
to
be
chief,
And
simple
was
their
weed:
But
now
(thanked
be
God
therefore!)
The
world
is
well
amend,
Their
weeds
be
not
so
nighly

wore;
Such simplesse might them shend!
They be yclad in purple and pall,
So hath their God them blist;
They reign and rulen over all,
And lord it as they list;
Ygirt with belts of glittering

gold,
(Might
they
good
shepheards
been!)
Their
Pan
their
sheep
to
them
has
sold,
I
say
as
some
have
seen.
For
Palinode
(if
thou
him
ken)
Yode
late
on
pilgrimage
To
Rome,
(if
such
be
Rome,)

and
then
He
saw
thilk
misusage;
For
shepheards
(said
he)
there
doen
lead,
As
lords
done
other
where;
Their
sheep
have
crusts,
and
they
the
bread;
The
chips,
and
they
the
cheer:
They
have
the
fleece,

and
eke
the
flesh,
(O
seely
sheep
the
while!)
The
corn
is
theirs,
let
others
thresh,
Their
hands
they
may
not
file.
They
have
great
store
and
thrifty
stocks,
Great
friends
and
feeble
foes;
What
need

them caren for their flocks,
Their boys can look to those.
These wisards welter in wealth's waves,
Pamper'd in pleasures deep;
They have fat kerns, and leany knaves,
Their fasting flocks to keep.
Sike mister men

be
all
misgone,
They
heapen
hills
of
wrath;
Such
surly
shepheards
have
we
none,
They
keepen
all
the
path.
MOR.
Here
is
a
great
deal
of
good
matter
Lost
for
lack
of
telling;
Now
sicker
I

see
thou
dost
but
clatter,
Harm
may
come
of
melling.
Thou
meddlest
more
than
shall
have
thank,
To
witen
shepheards'
wealth;
When
folk
be
fat,
and
riches
rank,
It
is
a
sign
of
health.
But
say

me,
what
is
Algrind,
he
That
is
so
oft
benempt?
THOM.
He
is
a
shepheard
great
in
gree,
But
hath
been
long
ypent:
One
day
he
sat
upon
a
hill,
As
now
thou
wouldest
me;
But

I
am
taught,
by
Algrind's
ill,
To
love
the
low
degree;
For
sitting
so
with
bared
scalp,
An
eagle [13]
soared
high,
That,
weening
his
white
head
was
chalk,
A
shell-
fish
down
let
fly;
She
ween'd

the
shell-
fish
to
have
broke,
But
therewith
bruis'd
his
brain;
So
now,
astonied
with
the
stroke,
He
lies
in
lingering
pain.
MOR.
Ah!
good
Algrind!
his
hap
was
ill,
But
shall
be
better
in
time.

Now
farewell,
shepheard,
sith
this
hill
Thou
hast
such
doubt
to
climb.

PALINODE'S
EMBLEME.
In
medio
virtus.
(Virtue
dwells
in
the
middle
place.)
MORRELL'S
EMBLEME.
In
summo
felicitas.
(Happiness
in
the
highest.)


·IN·MEDIO·VIRTVS·


IN·SUMMO·FELICIA





AUGUST · AEGLOGA OCTAVA



AUGUST. ÆGLOGA OCTAVA. ARGUMENT.

In this Æglogue is set forth a delectable controversy, made in imitation of that in Theocritus: whereto also Virgil fashioned his third and seventh Æglogue. They chose for umpire of their strife, Cuddy, a neat-herd's boy; who, having ended their cause, reciteth also himself a proper song, whereof Colin he saith was author.



WILLIE.
PERIGOT.
CUDDIE.

WILLIE.
Tell
me,
Perigot,
what
shall
be
the
game,
Wherefore
with
mine
thou
dare
thy

music
match?
Or
be
thy
bagpipes
run
far
out
of
frame?
Or
hath
the
cramp
thy
joints
benumb'd
with
ache?
PER.
Ah!
Willie,
when
the
heart
is
ill
assay'd,
How
can
bagpipe
or
joints
be
well

apaid?
WIL.
What
the
foul
evil
hath
thee
so
bestad?
Whilome
thou
was
peregall
to
the
best,
And
wont
to
make
the
jolly
shepheards
glad,
With
piping
and
dancing
didst
pass
the
rest.
PER.
Ah!
Willie,

now
I
have
learn'd
a
new
dance;
My
old
music
marr'd
by
a
new
mischance.
WIL.
Mischief
might
to
that
mischance
befall,
That
so
hath
reft
us
of
our
merriment;
But
rede
me
what
pain
doth

thee
so
appal;
Or
lovest
thou,
or
be
thy
younglings
miswent?
PER.
Love
hath
misled
both
my
younglings
and
me;
I
pine
for
pain,
and
they
my
pain
to
see.
WIL.
Perdie,
and
wellaway!
ill
may

they
thrive;
Never
knew
I
lover's
sheep
in
good
plight:
But
and
if
in
rhymes
with
me
thou
dare
strive,
Such
fond
fantasies
shall
soon
be
put
to
flight.
PER.
That
shall
I
do,
though
mochell

worse
I
fared:
Never
shall
be
said
that
Perigot
was
dared.
WIL.
Then
lo,
Perigot,
the
pledge
which
I
plight,
A
mazer
ywrought
of
the
maple
warre,
Wherein
is
enchased
many
a
fair
sight
Of
bears

and
tigers,
that
maken
fierce
war;
And
over
them
spread
a
goodly
wild
vine,
Entrailed
with
a
wanton
ivy
twine.
Thereby
is
a
lamb
in
the
wolvës
jaws;
But
see,
how
fast
runneth
the
shepheard
swain

To save the innocent from the beast's paws,
And here with his sheephook hath him slain.
Tell me, such a cup hast thou ever seen?
Well might it beseem any harvest queen.
PER. Thereto will I

pawn
yonder
spotted
lamb;
Of
all
my
flock
there
n'is
such
another,
For
I
brought
him
up
without
the
dam;
But
Colin
Clout
reft
me
of
his
brother,
That
he
purchas'd
of
me
in
the
plain

field;
Sore against my will was I forc'd to yield.
WIL. Sicker, make like account of his brother;
But who shall judge the wager won or lost?
PER. That shall yonder herdgroom and none other,
Which

over
the
pease
hitherward
doth
post.
WIL.
But,
for
the
sunbeam
so
sore
doth
us
beat,
Were
not
better
to
shun
the
scorching
heat?
PER.
Well
agreed,
Willie;
then
set
thee
down,
swain;
Such
a
song

never
heardest
thou
but
Colin
sing.
CUD.
'Gin,
when
ye
list,
ye
jolly
shepheards
twain;
Such
a
judge,
as
Cuddie,
were
for
a
king.
PER.
It
fell
upon
a
holy
eve,
WIL.
Hey,
ho,
holiday!
PER.

When
holy
Fathers
wont
to
shrieve;

WIL.

Now
ginneth
this
roundelay.

PER.

Sitting
upon
a
hill
so
high,

WIL.

Hey,
ho,
the
high
hill!

PER.

The
while
my
flock
did
feed
thereby;

WIL.

The
while
the

shepheard
self
did
spill;

PER.

I
saw
the
bouncing
Bellibone,

WIL.

Hey,
ho,
Bonnibell!

PER.

Tripping
over
the
dale
alone;

WIL.

She
can
trip
it
very
well.

PER.

Well
decked
in
a
frock
of
gray,

WIL.

Hey,
ho,
gray
is
greet!

PER.

And
in
a
kirtle
of
green
saye,

WIL.

The
green
is
for
maidens
meet.

PER.

A
chapelet
on
her
head
she
wore,

WIL.

Hey,
ho,
chapelet!

PER.

Of
sweet
violets

therein
was
store,

WIL.

She
sweeter
than
the
violet.

PER.

My
sheep
did
leave
their
wonted
food,

WIL.

Hey,
ho,
seely
sheep!

PER.

And
gaz'd
on
her
as
they
were
wood,

WIL.

Wood
as
he
that

did
them
keep.

PER.

As
the
bonilass
passed
by,

WIL.

Hey,
ho,
bonilass!

PER.

She
rov'd
at
me
with
glancing
eye,

WIL.

As
clear
as
the
crystal
glass:

PER.

All
as
the
sunny
beam
so
bright,

WIL.
Hey,
ho,
the
sun-
beam!
PER.
Glanceth
from
Phœbus'
face
forthright,
WIL.
So
love
into
thy
heart
did
stream:
PER.
Or
as
the
thunder
cleaves
the
clouds,
WIL.
Hey,
ho,
the
thunder!
PER.
Wherein
the

lightsome
levin
shrouds,

WIL.

So
cleaves
thy
soul
asunder:

PER.

Or
as
Dame
Cynthia's
silver
ray,

WIL.

Hey,
ho,
the
moonlight!

PER.

Upon
the
glittering
wave
doth
play,

WIL.

Such
play
is
a
piteous
plight.

PER.

The
glance
into
my
heart
did
glide,

WIL.

Hey,
ho,
the
glider!

PER.

Therewith
my
soul
was
sharply
gryde,

WIL.

Such
wounds
soon
waxen
wider.

PER.

Hasting
to
wrench
the
arrow
out,

WIL.

Hey,
ho,
Perigot!

PER. I left the head in my heart-root,

WIL. It was a desperate shot.

PER. There it rankleth aye more and more,

WIL. Hey, ho, the arrow!

PER. Ne can I find salve for my

sore,
WIL.
Love
is
a
careless
sorrow.
PER.
And
though
my
bale
with
death
I
bought,
WIL.
Hey,
ho,
heavy
cheer!
PER.
Yet
should
thilk
lass
not
from
my
thought,
WIL.
So
you
may
buy
gold

too
dear.

PER.

But
whether
in
painful
love
I
pine,

WIL.

Hey,
ho,
pinching
pain!

PER.

Or
thrive
in
wealth,
she
shall
be
mine,

WIL.

But
if
thou
can
her
obtain.

PER.

And
if
for
graceless

grief
I
die,

WIL.

Hey,
ho,
graceless
grief!

PER.

Witness
she
slew
me
with
her
eye,

WIL.

Let
thy
folly
be
the
prief.

PER.

And
you,
that
saw
it,
simple
sheep,

WIL.

Hey,
ho,
the
fair

flock!
PER.
For prief thereof, my death shall weep,
WIL.
And moan with many a mock.
PER.
So learn'd I love on a holy eve,
WIL.
Hey, ho, holy-day!
PER.
That ever since my heart

did
grieve,
WIL.
Now
endeth
our
roundelay."
CUD.
Sicker,
such
a
roundel
never
heard
I
none;
Little
lacketh
Perigot
of
the
best,
And
Willie
is
not
greatly
overgone,
So
weren
his
under-
songs
well
addrest.
WIL.

Herdgroom,
I
fear
me
thou
have
a
squint
eye;
Arede
uprightly,
who
has
the
victory.
CUD.
Faith
of
my
soul,
I
deem
each
have
gained;
Forthy
let
the
lamb
be
Willie
his
own;
And
for
Perigot,

so
well
hath
him
pained,
To
him
be
the
wroughten
mazer
alone.
PER.
Perigot
is
well
pleased
with
the
doom,
Ne
can
Willie
wite
the
witeless
herdgroom.
WIL.
Never
dempt
more
right
of
beauty,
I
ween,

The
shepheard
of
Ida
that
judged
Beauty's
queen.
CUD.
But
tell
me,
shepheards,
should
it
not
yshend
Your
roundels
fresh,
to
hear
a
doleful
verse
Of
Rosalind
(who
knows
not
Rosalind?)
That
Colin
made?
ilk
can

I
you
rehearse.
PER.
Now
say
it,
Cuddie,
as
thou
art
a
lad;
With
merry
thing
it's
good
to
medle
sad.
WIL.
Faith
of
my
soul,
thou
shalt
ycrowned
be
In
Colin's
stead,
if
thou
this

song arede;
For never thing on earth so pleaseth me
As him to hear, or matter of his deed.
CUD.
Then listen each unto my heavy lay,
And tune your pipes as ruthful as ye may.

"Ye
wasteful
Woods!
bear
witness
of
my
woe,
Wherein
my
plaints
did
oftentimes
resound;
Ye
careless
Birds
are
privy
to
my
cries,
Which
in
your
songs
were
wont
to
make
a
part:
Thou,
pleasant
Spring,
hast

lull'd
me
oft
asleep,
Whose
streams
my
trickling
tears
did
oft
augment!

"Resort
of
people
doth
my
griefs
augment,
The
walled
towns
do
work
my
greater
woe;
The
forest
wide
is
fitter
to
resound
The

hollow
echo
of
my
careful
cries.
I
hate
the
house,
since
thence
my
love
did
part,
Whose
wailful
want
debars
mine
eyes
of
sleep.

"Let
streams
of
tears
supply
the
place
of
sleep;
Let
all,

that
sweet
is,
void;
and
all,
that
may
augment
My
dole,
draw
near!
More
meet
to
wail
my
woe
Be
the
wild
woods,
my
sorrows
to
resound,
Than
bed,
nor
bower,
both
which
I
fill
with

cries,
When
I
them
see
so
waste,
and
find
no
part

"Of
pleasure
past.
Here
will
I
dwell
apart
In
gastful
grove
therefore,
till
my
last
sleep
Do
close
mine
eyes;
so
shall
I
not

augment
With
sight
of
such
as
change
my
restless
woe.
Help
me,
ye
baneful
Birds!
whose
shrieking
sound
Is
sign
of
dreary
death,
my
deadly
cries

"Most
ruthfully
to
tune:
and
as
my
cries
(Which

of
my
woe
cannot
bewray
least
part)
You
hear
all
night,
when
Nature
craveth
sleep,
Increase,
so
let
your
irksome
yells
augment.
Thus
all
the
nights
in
plaints,
the
day
in
woe,
I
vowed
have
to

waste,
till
safe
and
sound

"She
home
return,
whose
voice's
silver
sound
To
cheerful
songs
can
change
my
cheerless
cries.
Hence
with
the
nightingale
will
I
take
part,
That
blessed
bird,
that
spends
her
time

of
sleep
In
songs
and
plaintive
pleas,
the
more
t'
augment
The
memory
of
his
misdeed
that
bred
her
woe.

"And
you
that
feel
no
woe,
when
as
the
sound
Of
these
my
nightly
cries

ye
hear
apart,
Let
break
your
sounder
sleep,
and
pity
augment."

PER.
O
Colin,
Colin!
the
shepheards'
joy,
How
I
admire
each
turning
of
thy
verse;
And
Cuddie,
fresh
Cuddie,
the
liefest
boy,
How
dolefully

his
dole
thou
didst
rehearse!
CUD.
Then
blow
your
pipes,
shepheards,
till
you
be
at
home;
The
night
hieth
fast,
it's
time
to
be
gone.

PERIGOT
HIS
EMBLEME. [14]
Vincenti
gloria
victi.
(To
the
conqueror
belongs

the
glory
of
the
conquered.)
WILLIE'S
EMBLEME.[14]
Vinto
non
vitto.
(Conquered,
not
overcome.)
CUDDIE'S
EMBLEME.[14]
Felice
chi
puo.
(He
is
happy
who
can.)




VINTO NON VITTO


VINCENTI GLORIA VIC





SEPTEMBER · AEGLOGA NONA



SEPTEMBER. ÆGLOGA NONA.
ARGUMENT.

Herein Diggon Davie is devised to be a shepheard that, in hope of more gain, drove his sheep into a far country. The abuses whereof, and loose living of Popish prelates, by occasion of Hobbinol's demand, he discourseth at large.



HOBBINOL.
DIGGON DAVIE.

HOBBINOL.
Diggon Davie! I bid her good-day;
Or Diggon her is, or I missay.
DIG. Her was her,

while
it
was
day-
light,
But
now
her
is
a
most
wretched
wight:
For
day,
that
was,
is
wightly
past,
And
now
at
erst
the
dark
night
doth
hast.
HOB.
Diggon,
arede
who
has
thee
so

dight;
Never
I
wist
thee
in
so
poor
a
plight.
Where
is
the
fair
flock
thou
wast
wont
to
lead?
Or
be
they
chaffred,
or
at
mischief
dead?
DIG.
Ah!
for
love
of
that
is
to

thee
most
lief,
Hobbinol,
I
pray
thee
gall
not
my
old
grief;
Such
question
rippeth
up
cause
of
new
woe,
For
one,
opened,
might
unfold
many
moe.
HOB.
Nay,
but
sorrow
close
shrouded
in
heart,
I

know,
to
keep
is
a
burdenous
smart:
Each
thing
imparted
is
more
eath
to
bear:
When
the
rain
is
fallen,
the
clouds
waxen
clear.
And
now,
sithence
I
saw
thy
head
last,
Thrice
three
moons
be

fully
spent
and
past;
Since
when
thou
hast
measured
much
ground,
And
wandered
well
about
the
world
round,
So
as
thou
can
many
things
relate;
But
tell
me
first
of
thy
flock's
estate.
DIG.
My
sheep

be
wasted;
(woe
is
me
therefore!)
The
jolly
shepheard
that
was
of
yore,
Is
now
nor
jolly,
nor
shepheard
more.
In
foreign
coasts
men
said
was
plenty;
And
so
there
is,
but
all
of
misery:
I

deem'd
there
much
to
have
eked
my
store,
But
such
eking
hath
made
my
heart
sore.
In
those
countries,
whereas
I
have
been,
No
being
for
those
that
truly
mean;
But
for
such,
as
of
guile

maken
gain,
No
such
country
as
there
to
remain;
They
setten
to
sale
their
shops
of
shame,
And
maken
a
mart
of
their
good
name:
The
shepheards
there
robben
one
another,
And
layen
baits
to
beguile

their
brother;
Or
they
will
buy
his
sheep
out
of
the
cote,
Or
they
will
carven
the
shepheard's
throat.
The
shepheard's
swain
you
cannot
well
ken,
But
it
be
by
his
pride,
from
other
men;
They

looken
big
as
bulls
that
be
bate,
And
bearen
the
crag
so
stiff
and
so
state,
As
cock
on
his
dunghill
crowing
crank.
HOB.
Diggon,
I
am
so
stiff
and
so
stank,
that
uneath
may
I

stand
any
more;
And
now
the
western
wind
bloweth
sore,
That
now
is
in
his
chief
sovereignty,
Beating
the
withered
leaf
from
the
tree;
Sit
we
down
here
under
the
hill;
Then
may
we
talk
and

tellen
our
fill,
And
make
a
mock
at
the
blustering
blast:
Now
say
on,
Diggon,
whatever
thou
hast.
DIG.
Hobbin,
ah
Hobbin!
I
curse
the
stound
That
ever
I
cast
to
have
lorn
this
ground:
Well-

away
the
while
I
was
so
fond
To
leave
the
good,
that
I
had
in
hond,
In
hope
of
better
that
was
uncouth,
So
lost
the
dog
the
flesh
in
his
mouth.
My
silly
sheep
(ah!

silly
sheep!)
That
here
by
there
I
whilome
us'd
to
keep,
All
were
they
lusty
as
thou
didest
see,
Be
all
starved
with
pine
and
penury;
Hardly
myself
escaped
thilk
pain,
Driven
for
need
to
come

home
again.
HOB.
Ah!
fon,
now
by
thy
loss
art
taught
That
seldom
change
the
better
brought:
Content
who
lives
with
tried
state,
Need
fear
no
change
of
frowning
Fate;
But
who
will
seek
for
unknown

gain,
Oft
lives
by
loss,
and
leaves
with
pain.
DIG.
I
wot
ne,
Hobbin,
how
I
was
bewitch'd
With
vain
desire
and
hope
to
be
enrich'd:
But,
sicker,
so
it
is,
as
the
bright
star
Seemeth

aye
greater
when
it
is
far:
I
thought
the
soil
would
have
made
me
rich,
But
now
I
wot
it
is
nothing
sich;
For
either
the
shepheards
be
idle
and
still,
And
led
of
their
sheep

what
way
they
will,
Or
they
be
false,
and
full
of
covetise,
And
casten
to
compass
many
wrong
emprise:
But
the
more
be
fraught
with
fraud
and
spite,
Ne
in
good
nor
goodness
taken
delight,
But

kindle
coals
of
contest
and
ire,
Wherewith
they
set
all
the
world
on
fire;
Which
when
they
thinken
again
to
quench,
With
holy
water
they
do
them
all
drench.
They
say
they
con
to
heaven
the

highway,
But
by
my
soul
I
dare
undersay
They
never
set
foot
in
that
same
troad,
But
balk
the
right
way,
and
strayen
abroad.
They
boast
they
have
the
devil
at
command,
But
ask
them
therefore

what
they
have
pawn'd:
Marry!
that
great
Pan
bought
with
dear
borrow,
To
quit
it
from
the
black
bower
of
sorrow.
But
they
have
sold
thilk
same
long
ago,
For
they
woulden
draw
with
them
many

moe.
But
let
them
gang
alone
a
God's
name;
As
they
have
brewed,
so
let
them
bear
blame.
HOB.
Diggon,
I
pray
thee
speak
not
so
dirk;
Such
mister
saying
me
seemeth
to
mirk.
DIG.
Then,

plainly
to
speak
of
shepheards'
most
what,
Bad
is
the
best;
(this
English
is
flat)
Their
ill
haviour
gars
men
missay
Both
of
their
doctrine,
and
their
fay.
They
sayn
the
world
is
much
war
than

it
wont,
All
for
her
shepheards
be
beastly
and
blont.
Other
sayn,
but
how
truly
I
n'ote,
All
for
they
holden
shame
of
their
cote:
Some
stick
not
to
say,
(hot
coal
on
their
tongue!)
That

such
mischief
graseth
them
among,
All
for
they
casten
too
much
of
world's
care,
To
deck
their
dame,
and
enrich
their
heir;
For
such
encheason,
if
you
go
nigh,
Few
chimneys
reeking
you
shall
espy.
The

fat
ox,
that
wont
lig
in
the
stall,
Is
now
fast
stalled
in
their
crumenall.
Thus
chatten
the
people
in
their
steads,
Alike
as
a
monster
of
many
heads:
But
they,
that
shooten
nearest
the
prick,

Sayn,
other
the
fat
from
their
beards
doen
lick:
For
big
bulls
of
Bashan
brace
them
about,
That
with
their
horns
butten
the
more
stout;
But
the
lean
souls
treaden
under
foot,
And
to
seek
redress

might
little
boot;
For
liker
be
they
to
pluck
away
more,
Than
ought
of
the
gotten
good
to
restore:
For
they
be
like
foul
quagmires
overgrass'd,
That,
if
thy
galage
once
sticketh
fast,
The
more
to

wind
it
out
thou
dost
swink,
Thou
must
aye
deeper
and
deeper
sink.
Yet
better
leave
off
with
a
little
loss,
Than
by
much
wrestling
to
lose
the
gross.
HOB.
Now,
Diggon,
I
see
thou
speakest

too
plain;
Better
it
were
a
little
to
feign,
And
cleanly
cover
that
cannot
be
cured;
Such
ill,
as
is
forced,
must
needs
be
endured.
But
of
such
pastors
how
do
the
flocks
creep?
DIG.
Such

as
the
shepheards,
such
be
their
sheep,
For
they
nill
listen
to
the
shepheard's
voice;
But
if
he
call
them,
at
their
good
choice
They
wander
at
will
and
stay
at
pleasure,
And
to
their
folds

yede
at
their
own
leisure.
But
they
had
be
better
come
at
their
call;
For
many
have
unto
mischief
fall,
And
been
of
ravenous
wolves
yrent,
All
for
they
nould
be
buxom
and
bent.
HOB.
Fie

on
thee,
Diggon,
and
all
thy
foul
leasing;
Well
is
known
that,
sith
the
Saxon
king, [15]
Never
was
wolf
seen,
many
nor
some,
Nor
in
all
Kent,
nor
in
Christendom;
But
the
fewer
wolves
(the
sooth

to
sayn)
The
more
be
the
foxes
that
here
remain.
DIG.
Yes,
but
they
gang
in
more
secret
wise,
And
with
sheeps'
clothing
doen
them
disguise.
They
walk
not
widely
as
they
were
wont,
For
fear

of
rangers
and
the
great
hunt,
But
privily
prowling
to
and
fro,
Enaunter
they
might
be
inly
know.
HOB.
Or
privy
or
pert
if
any
bin,
We
have
great
bandogs
will
tear
their
skin.
DIG.
Indeed

thy
Ball
is
a
bold
big
cur,
And
could
make
a
jolly
hole
in
their
fur:
But
not
good
dogs
them
needeth
to
chase,
But
heedy
shepheards
to
discern
their
face;
For
all
their
craft
is

in
their
countenance,
They
be
so
grave
and
full
of
maintenance.
But
shall
I
tell
thee
what
myself
know
Chanced
to
Roffin
not
long
ago?
HOB.
Say
it
out,
Diggon,
whatever
it
hight,
For
not
but

well
might
him
betight:
He
is
so
meek,
wise,
and
merciable,
And
with
his
word
his
work
is
convenable.
Colin
Clout,
I
ween,
be
his
self
boy,
(Ah,
for
Colin!
he
whilome
my
joy:)
Shepheards
such,

God
might
us
many
send,
That
doen
so
carefully
their
flocks
tend.
DIG.
Thilk
same
shepheard
might
I
well
mark,
He
has
a
dog
to
bite
or
to
bark;
Never
had
shepheard
so
keen
a
cur,

That
waketh
and
if
but
a
leaf
stur.
Whilome
there
wonned
a
wicked
wolf,
That
with
many
a
lamb
had
gutted
his
gulf,
And
ever
at
night
wont
to
repair
Unto
the
flock,
when
the
welkin

shone
fair,
Yclad
in
clothing
of
silly
sheep,
When
the
good
old
man
used
to
sleep;
Then
at
midnight
he
would
bark
and
bawl,
(For
he
had
eft
learned
a
currës
call,)
As
if
a
wolf

were
among
the
sheep:
With
that
the
shepheard
would
break
his
sleep,
And
send
out
Lowder
(for
so
his
dog
hote)
To
range
the
fields
with
wide
open
throat.
Then,
when
as
Lowder
was
far
away,

This wolvish sheep would catchen his prey,
A lamb, or a kid, or a weanel wast;
With that to the wood would he speed him fast.
Long time he used this slippery prank,
Ere Roffy could

for
his
labour
him
thank.
At
end,
the
shepheard
his
practice
spied,
(For
Roffy
is
wise,
and
as
Argus
eyed,)
And,
when
at
even
he
came
to
the
flock,
Fast
in
their
folds
he
did
them

lock,
And
took
out
the
wolf
in
his
counterfeit
coat,
And
let
out
the
sheep's
blood
at
his
throat.
HOB.
Marry,
Diggon,
what
should
him
affray
To
take
his
own
where
ever
it
lay?
For,
had

his
weasand
been
a
little
widder,
He
would
have
devoured
both
hidder
and
shidder.
DIG.
Mischief
light
on
him,
and
God's
great
curse,
Too
good
for
him
had
been
a
great
deal
worse;
For
it
was

a
perilous
beast
above
all,
And
eke
had
he
cond
the
shepheard's
call,
And
oft
in
the
night
came
to
the
sheep-
cote,
And
called
Lowder,
with
a
hollow
throat,
As
if
the
old
man
self

had
been:
The
dog
his
master's
voice
did
it
ween,
Yet
half
in
doubt
he
opened
the
door,
And
ran
out
as
he
was
wont
of
yore.
No
sooner
was
out,
but,
swifter
than
thought,
Fast

by
the
hide
the
wolf
Lowder
caught;
And,
had
not
Roffy
run
to
the
steven,
Lowder
had
been
slain
thilk
same
even.
HOB.
God
shield,
man,
he
should
so
ill
have
thrive,
All
for
he
did

his
devoir
belive.
If
such
be
wolves,
as
thou
hast
told,
How
might
we,
Diggon,
them
behold?
DIG.
How,
but,
with
heed
and
watchfulness,
Forstallen
them
of
their
wiliness:
Forthy
with
shepheard
sits
not
play,
Or

sleep,
as
some
doen,
all
the
long
day;
But
ever
liggen
in
watch
and
ward,
From
sudden
force
their
flocks
for
to
guard.
HOB.
Ah!
Diggon,
thilk
same
rule
were
too
strait,
All
the
cold
season

to
watch
and
wait:
We
be
of
flesh,
men
as
other
be,
Why
should
we
be
bound
to
such
misery?
Whatever
thing
lacketh
changeable
rest,
Must
needs
decay,
when
it
is
at
best.
DIG.
Ah!
but,

Hobbinol,
all
this
long
tale
Nought
easeth
the
care
that
doth
me
forhaile;
What
shall
I
do?
what
way
shall
I
wend,
My
piteous
plight
and
loss
to
amend?
Ah!
good
Hobbinol,
might
I
thee
pray

Of aid or counsel in my decay?

HOB. Now by my soul, Diggon, I lament
The hapless mischief that has thee hent;
Natheless thou seest my lowly sail,
That froward Fortune doth ever availe:
But, were

Hobbinol
as
God
might
please,
Diggon
should
soon
find
favour
and
ease:
But
if
to
my
cottage
thou
wilt
resort,
So
as
I
can
I
will
thee
comfort;
There
mayst
thou
lig
in
a
vetchy
bed,

Till
fairer
Fortune
shew
forth
his
head.
DIG.
Ah!
Hobbinol,
God
may
it
thee
requite;
Diggon
on
few
such
friends
did
ever
light.

DIGGON'S
EMBLEME.
Inopem
me
copia
fecit.
(Plenty
has
made
me
poor.)



OCTOBER · AEGLOGA DECIMA



OCTOBER. ÆGLOGA DECIMA. ARGUMENT.

In Cuddie is set out the perfect pattern of a Poet, which, finding no maintenance of his state and

studies, complaineth of the contempt of Poetry, and the causes thereof: specially having been in all ages, and even amongst the most barbarous, always of singular account and honour, and being indeed so worthy and commendable an art; or rather no art, but a divine gift and heavenly instinct not to be gotten by labour and learning, but adorned with both; and poured into the wit by a certain Enthousiasmos and celestial inspiration, as the Author hereof elsewhere at large discourseth in his book called *The English Poet*, which book being lately come to my hands, I mind also by God's grace, upon further advisement, to publish.



PIERS.
CUDDIE.

PIERS.
Cuddie,
for
shame,
hold
up
thy
heavy
head,
And

let
us
cast
with
what
delight
to
chase
And
weary
this
long
ling'ring
Phœbus'
race.
Whilome
thou
wont
the
shepheards'
lads
to
lead
In
rhymes,
in
riddles,
and
in
bidding
base;
Now
they
in
thee,
and

thou
in
sleep,
art
dead.

CUD.

Piers,
I
have
piped
erst
so
long
with
pain,
That
all
mine
oaten
reeds
be
rent
and
wore,
And
my
poor
Muse
hath
spent
her
spared
store,
Yet
little

good
hath
got,
and
much
less
gain.
Such
pleasance
makes
the
grasshopper
so
poor,
And
lig
so
laid,
when
winter
doth
her
strain.

The
dapper
ditties,
that
I
wont
devise,
To
feed
youth's
fancy,
and

the
flocking
fry,
Delighten
much;
what
I
the
bett
forthy?
They
have
the
pleasure,
I
a
slender
prise:
I
beat
the
bush,
the
birds
to
them
do
fly:
What
good
thereof
to
Cuddie
can
arise?

PIERS.
Cuddie,
the
praise
is
better
than
the
price,
The
glory
eke
much
greater
than
the
gain:
O
what
an
honour
is
it,
to
restrain
The
lust
of
lawless
youth
with
good
advice,
Or
prick
them

forth
with
pleasance
of
thy
vein,
Whereto
thou
list
their
trained
wills
entice!

Soon
as
thou
'ginn'st
to
set
thy
notes
in
frame,
O
how
the
rural
routs
to
thee
do
cleave!
Seemeth
thou
dost

their
soul
of
sense
bereave,
All
as
the
shepheard
that
did
fetch
his
dame
From
Pluto's
baleful
bower
withouten
leave;
His
music's
might
the
hellish
hound
did
tame.

CUD.
So
praisen
babes
the
peacock's
spotted

train,
And
wondren
at
bright
Argus'
blazing
eye;
But
who
rewards
him
e'er
the
more
forthy,
Or
feeds
him
once
the
fuller
by
a
grain?
Such
praise
is
smoke,
that
sheddeth
in
the
sky;
Such
words

be
wind,
and
wasten
soon
in
vain.

PIERS.
Abandon
then
the
base
and
viler
clown;
Lift
up
thyself
out
of
the
lowly
dust,
And
sing
of
bloody
Mars,
of
wars,
of
giusts;
Turn
thee
to

those
that
wield
the
awful
crown,
To
doubted
knights,
whose
woundless
armour
rusts,
And
helms
unbruised
waxen
daily
brown.

There
may
thy
Muse
display
her
flutt'ring
wing,
And
stretch
herself
at
large
from
east
to

west;
Whither thou list in fair Elisa [16] rest,
Or, if thee please in bigger notes to sing,
Advance the Worthy whom she loveth best,
That first the White Bear to the stake did bring.

And,

when
the
stubborn
stroke
of
stronger
stounds
Has
somewhat
slack'd
the
tenor
of
thy
string,
Of
love
and
lustihead
then
mayst
thou
sing,
And
carol
loud,
and
lead
the
Miller's
round,
All
were
Elisa
one
of

thilk
same
ring;
So
might
our
Cuddie's
name
to
heaven
sound.

CUD.
Indeed
the
Romish
Tityrus,
I
hear,
Through
his
Mecænas
left
his
oaten
reed,
Whereon
he
erst
had
taught
his
flocks
to
feed,
And

laboured
lands
to
yield
the
timely
ear,
And
eft
did
sing
of
wars
and
deadly
dreed
So
as
the
heavens
did
quake
his
verse
to
hear.

But
ah!
Mecænas
is
yclad
in
clay,
And
great

Augustus
long
ago
is
dead,
And
all
the
worthies
liggen
wrapt
in
lead,
That
matter
made
for
poets
on
to
play:
For
ever,
who
in
derring-
do
were
dread,
The
lofty
verse
of
them
was
loved

aye.

But
after
Virtue
gan
for
age
to
stoop,
And
mighty
Manhood
brought
a
bed
of
ease,
The
vaunting
poets
found
nought
worth
a
pease
To
put
in
press
among
the
learned
troop;
Then
gan

the
streams
of
flowing
wits
to
cease,
And
sunbright
honour
penn'd
in
shameful
coop.

And
if
that
any
buds
of
Poesy,
Yet
of
the
old
stock,
gan
to
shoot
again,
Or
it
men's
follies
must

to-
force
to
feign,
And
roll
with
rest
in
rhymes
of
ribaudry;
Or,
as
it
sprung,
it
wither
must
again;
Tom
Piper
makes
us
better
melody.

PIERS.
O
peerless
Po'sy!
where
is
then
thy
place?

If
nor
in
princes'
palace
thou
dost
sit,
(And
yet
is
princes'
palace
the
most
fit,)
Ne
breast
of
baser
birth
doth
thee
embrace,
Then
make
thee
wings
of
thine
aspiring
wit,
And,
whence
thou
cam'st,

fly
back
to
heaven
apace.

CUD.

Ah!
Percy,
it
is
all-
to
weak
and
wan,
So
high
to
soar
and
make
so
large
a
flight;
Her
pieced
pinions
be
not
so
in
plight:
For
Colin

fits
such
famous
flight
to
scan;
He,
were
he
not
with
love
so
ill
bedight,
Would
mount
as
high
and
sing
as
sweet
as
swan.

PIERS.
Ah!
fon;
for
Love
does
teach
him
climb
so

high,
And
lifts
him
up
out
of
the
loathsome
mire;
Such
immortal
mirror,
as
he
doth
admire,
Would
raise
one's
mind
above
the
starry
sky,
And
cause
a
caitiff
courage
to
aspire;
For
lofty
love
doth

loathe
a
lowly
eye.

CUD.
All
otherwise
the
state
of
Poet
stands;
For
lordly
Love
is
such
a
tyrant
fell,
That,
where
he
rules,
all
power
he
doth
expel;
The
vaunted
verse
a
vacant
head

demands,
Ne
wont
with
crabbed
care
the
Muses
dwell:
Unwisely
weaves,
that
takes
two
webs
in
hand.

Who
ever
casts
to
compass
weighty
prize,
And
thinks
to
throw
out
thund'ring
words
of
threat,
Let
pour

in
lavish
cups
and
thrifty
bits
of
meat,
For
Bacchus'
fruit
is
friend
to
Phœbus
wise;
And,
when
with
wine
the
brain
begins
to
sweat,
The
numbers
flow
as
fast
as
spring
doth
rise.

Thou

kenst
not,
Percie,
how
the
rhyme
should
rage;
O
if
my
temples
were
distain'd
with
wine,
And
girt
in
garlands
of
wild
ivy
twine,
How
I
could
rear
the
Muse
on
stately
stage,
And
teach
her

tread
aloft
in
buskin
fine,
With
quaint
Bellona
in
her
equipage!

But
ah!
my
courage
cools
ere
it
be
warm:
Forthy
content
us
in
this
humble
shade,
Where
no
such
troublous
tides
have
us
assay'd;

Here
we
our
slender
pipes
may
safely
charm.
PIERS.
And,
when
my
goats
shall
have
their
bellies
laid,
Cuddie
shall
have
a
kid
to
store
his
farm.

CUDDIE'S
EMBLEME. [17]
Agitante
calescimus
illo,
etc.


ANTE · CALESCIMVS · ILLO



NOVEMBER · AEGLOGA UNDECIMA



NOVEMBER. ÆGLOGA UNDECIMA. ARGUMENT.

In this xi. Æglogue he bewaileth the death of some maiden of great blood, whom he calleth Dido. The personage is secret, and to me altogether unknown, albeit of himself I often required the same. This Æglogue is made in imitation of Marot his song, which he made upon the death of Loyes the French Queen; but far passing his reach, and in mine opinion all other the Æglogues of this Book.



THENOT.
COLIN.

THENOT.
Colin, my dear, when shall it please thee sing,
As

thou
wert
wont,
songs
of
some
jovisance?
Thy
Muse
too
long
slumb'reth
in
sorrowing,
Lulled
asleep
through
Love's
misgovernance.
Now
somewhat
sing,
whose
endless
sovenance
Among
the
shepheards'
swains
may
aye
remain,
Whether
thee
list
thy

loved
lass
advance,
Or
honour
Pan
with
hymns
of
higher
vein.
COL.
Thenot,
now
n'is
the
time
of
merrimake,
Nor
Pan
to
herie,
nor
with
Love
to
play;
Such
mirth
in
May
is
meetest
for
to

make,
Or
summer
shade,
under
the
cocked
hay.
But
now
sad
winter
welked
hath
the
day,
And
Phœbus,
weary
of
his
yearly
task,
Ystabled
hath
his
steeds
in
lowly
lay,
And
taken
up
his
inn
in

Fishes' [18]
hask:
Thilk
sullen
season
sadder
plight
doth
ask,
And
loatheth
such
delights
as
thou
dost
praise:
The
mournful
Muse
in
mirth
now
list
ne
mask,
As
she
was
wont
in
youth
and
summer-
days;
But

if
thou
algate
lust
light
virelays,
And
looser
songs
of
love
to
underfong,
Who
but
thyself
deserves
such
poets'
praise?
Relieve
thy
oaten
pipes
that
sleepen
long.
THE.
The
nightingale
is
sovereign
of
song,
Before
him

sits
the
titmouse
silent
be;
And
I,
unfit
to
thrust
in
skilful
throng,
Should
Colin
make
judge
of
my
foolery.
Nay,
better
learn
of
them
that
learned
be,
And
have
been
watered
at
the
Muses'
well;

The
kindly
dew
drops
from
the
higher
tree,
And
wets
the
little
plants
that
lowly
dwell:
But
if
sad
winter's
wrath,
and
season
chill,
Accord
not
with
thy
Muse's
merriment,
To
sadder
times
thou
mayst
attune

thy
quill,
And
sing
of
sorrow
and
death's
drearíment;
For
dead
is
Dido, [19]
dead,
alas!
and
drent,
Dido!
the
great
shepheard
his
daughter
sheen:
The
fairest
may
she
was
that
ever
went,
Her
like
she
has

not
left
behind,
I
ween:
And,
if
thou
wilt
bewail
my
woful
teen,
I
shall
thee
give
yond
cosset
for
thy
pain;
And,
if
thy
rhymes
as
round
and
rueful
been
As
those
that
did
thy

Rosalind
complain,
Much
greater
gifts
for
guerdon
thou
shalt
gain.
Than
kid
or
cosset,
which
I
thee
benempt:
Then
up,
I
say,
thou
jolly
shepheard
swain,
Let
not
my
small
demand
be
so
contempt.
COL.
Thenot,

to
that
I
chose
thou
dost
me
tempt;
But
ah!
too
well
I
wot
my
humble
vein,
And
how
my
rhymes
be
rugged
and
unkempt;
Yet,
as
I
con,
my
conning
I
will
strain.

"Up,

then,
Melpomene!
the
mournful'st
Muse
of
Nine,
Such
cause
of
mourning
never
hadst
afore;
Up,
grisly
ghosts!
and
up
my
rueful
rhyme!
Matter
of
mirth
now
shalt
thou
have
no
more;
For
dead
she
is,
that

mirth
thee
made
of
yore.
Dido,
my
dear,
alas!
is
dead,
Dead,
and
lieth
wrapt
in
lead.
O
heavy
herse!
Let
streaming
tears
be
poured
out
in
store;
O
careful
verse!

"Shepheards,
that
by
your

flocks
of
Kentish
downs
abide,
Wail
ye
this
woful
waste
of
Nature's
wark;
Wail
we
the
wight,
whose
presence
was
our
pride;
Wail
we
the
wight,
whose
absence
is
our
cark;
The
sun
of
all
the

world
is
dim
and
dark;
The
earth
now
lacks
her
wonted
light,
And
all
we
dwell
in
deadly
night.
O
heavy
herse!
Break
we
our
pipes,
that
shrill'd
as
loud
as
lark;
O
careful
verse!

"Why
do
we
longer
live,
(ah!
why
live
we
so
long?)
Whose
better
days
Death
hath
shut
up
in
woe?
The
fairest
flower
our
garland
all
among
Is
faded
quite,
and
into
dust
ygo.
Sing
now,

ye
shepheards'
daughters,
sing
no
moe
The
songs
that
Colin
made
you
in
her
praise,
But
into
weeping
turn
your
wanton
lays.
O
heavy
herse!
Now
is
time
to
die:
nay,
time
was
long
ago:
O

careful
verse!

"Whence
is
it,
that
the
flowret
of
the
field
doth
fade,
And
lieth
buried
long
in
Winter's
bale;
Yet,
soon
as
Spring
his
mantle
hath
display'd,
It
flow'reth
fresh,
as
it
should
never

fail?
But
thing
on
earth
that
is
of
most
avail,
As
virtue's
branch
and
beauty's
bud,
Reliven
not
for
any
good.
O
heavy
herse!
The
branch
once
dead,
the
bud
eke
needs
must
quail;
O
careful

verse!

"She,
while
she
was,
(that
was,
a
woful
word
to
sayn!)
For
beauty's
praise
and
pleasance
had
no
peer;
So
well
she
couth
the
shepheards
entertain
With
cakes
and
cracknels,
and
such
country
cheer:

Ne
would
she
scorn
the
simple
shepheard's
swain;
For
she
would
call
him
often
heme,
And
give
him
curds
and
clouted
cream.
O
heavy
herse!
Als
Colin
Clout
she
would
not
once
disdain;
O
careful
verse!

"But
now
such
happy
cheer
is
turn'd
to
heavy
chance,
Such
pleasance
now
displac'd
by
dolor's
dint;
All
music
sleeps,
where
Death
doth
lead
the
dance,
And
shepheards'
wonted
solace
is
extinct.
The
blue
in
black,

the
green
in
gray,
is
tinct;
The
gaudy
garlands
deck
her
grave,
The
faded
flowers
her
corse
embrave.
O
heavy
herse!
Mourn
now,
my
Muse,
now
mourn
with
tears
besprint;
O
careful
verse!

"O
thou

great
shepheard,
Lobbin,
how
great
is
thy
grief?
Where
be
the
nosegays
that
she
dight
for
thee?
The
coloured
chaplets
wrought
with
a
chief, [20]
The
knotted
rush-
rings,
and
gilt
rosemary?
For
she
deemed
nothing
too

dear
for
thee.
Ah!
they
be
all
yclad
in
clay;
One
bitter
blast
blew
all
away.
O
heavy
herse!
Thereof
nought
remains
but
the
memory;
O
careful
verse!

"Ah
me!
that
dreary
death
should
strike

so
mortal
stroke,
That
can
undo
Dame
Nature's
kindly
course;
The
faded
locks
fall
from
the
lofty
oak,
The
floods
do
gasp,
for
dried
is
their
source,
And
floods
of
tears
flow
in
their
stead
perforce:

The
mantled
meadows
mourn,
Their
sundry
colours
turn.
O
heavy
herse!
The
heavens
do
melt
in
tears
without
remorse;
O
careful
verse!

"The
feeble
flocks
in
field
refuse
their
former
food,
And
hang
their
heads

as
they
would
learn
to
weep;
The
beasts
in
forest
wail
as
they
were
wood,
Except
the
wolves,
that
chase
the
wand'ring
sheep,
Now
she
is
gone
that
safely
did
them
keep:
The
turtle
on
the

bared
branch
  Laments
the
wound
that
Death
did
launch.
      O
heavy
herse!
And
      Philomele
      her
      song
      with
      tears
      doth
      steep;
      O
careful
verse!

"The
      water
      nymphs,
      that
      wont
      with
      her
      to
      sing
      and
      dance,
And

for
her
garland
olive
branches
bear,
Now
baleful
boughs
of
cypress
do
advance;
The
Muses,
that
were
wont
green
bays
to
wear,
Now
bringen
bitter
elder
branches
sere;
The
Fatal
Sisters
eke
repent
Her
vital
thread

so
soon
was
spent.
O
heavy
herse!
Mourn
now,
my
Muse,
now
mourn
with
heavy
cheer;
O
careful
verse!

"O
trustless
state
of
earthly
things,
and
slipper
hope
Of
mortal
men,
that
swink
and
sweat

for
nought,
And,
shooting
wide,
doth
miss
the
marked
scope;
Now
have
I
learn'd
(a
lesson
dearly
bought)
That
n'is
on
earth
assurance
to
be
sought;
For
what
might
be
in
earthly
mould,
That
did
her

buried
body
hold?
O
heavy
herse!
Yet
saw
I
on
the
bier
when
it
was
brought;
O
careful
verse!

"But
maugre
Death,
and
dreaded
Sisters'
deadly
spite,
And
gates
of
hell,
and
fiery
Furies'
force,

She
hath
the
bonds
broke
of
eternal
night,
Her
soul
unbodied
of
the
burdenous
corse.
Why
then
weeps
Lobbin
so
without
remorse?
O
Lobb!
thy
loss
no
longer
lament;
Dido
is
dead,
but
into
heaven
hent.

O
happy
herse!
Cease
now,
my
Muse,
now
cease
thy
sorrows'
source,
O
joyful
verse!

"Why
wail
we
then?
why
weary
we
the
gods
with
plaints,
As
if
some
evil
were
to
her
betight?
She

reigns
a
goddess
now
among
the
saints,
That
whilome
was
the
saint
of
shepheards
light,
And
is
installed
now
in
heavens'
height,
I
see
thee,
blessed
soul!
I
see
Walk
in
Elysian
fields
so
free.
O

happy herse!
Might I once come to thee, (O that I might!)
O joyful verse!

"Unwise and wretched men, to weet what's good or ill,
We deem of death as doom of ill desert;
But

knew
we,
fools,
what
it
us
brings
until,
Die
would
we
daily,
once
it
to
expert!
No
danger
there
the
shepheard
can
assert;
air
fields
and
pleasant
lays
there
bene;
The
fields
aye
fresh,
the
grass

aye
green.
O
happy
herse!
Make
haste,
ye
shepheards,
thither
to
revert.
O
joyful
verse!

"Dido
is
gone
afore;
(whose
turn
shall
be
the
next?)
There
lives
she
with
the
blessed
gods
in
bliss,
There

drinks
she
nectar
with
ambrosia
mixt,
And
joys
enjoys
that
mortal
men
do
miss.
The
honour
now
of
highest
gods
she
is,
That
whilome
was
poor
shepheards'
pride,
While
here
on
earth
she
did
abide.
O

happy
herse!
Cease
now,
my
song,
my
woe
now
wasted
is;
O
joyful
verse!"

THE.
Ay,
frank
shepheard,
how
be
thy
verses
meint
With
doleful
pleasance,
so
as
I
ne
wot
Whether
rejoice
or
weep

for
great
constraint!
Thine
be
the
cosset,
well
hast
thou
it
got.
Up,
Colin,
up,
enough
thou
mourned
hast;
Now
'gins
to
mizzle,
his
we
homeward
fast.

COLIN'S
EMBLEME.
La
mort
ny
mord.
(Death
has

lost
its
sting.)





DECEMBER · AEGLOGA DUODECIMA



DECEMBER. ÆGLOGA DUODECIMA [21].
ARGUMENT.

This Æglogue (even as the first began) is ended with a complaint of Colin to god Pan; wherein, as weary

of his former ways, he proportioned his life to the four seasons of the year; comparing his youth to the spring time, when he was fresh and free from love's folly. His manhood to the summer, which, he saith, was consumed with great heat and excessive drouth, caused through a comet or blazing star, by which he meaneth love; which passion is commonly compared to such flames and immoderate heat. His ripest years he resembleth to an unseasonable harvest, wherein the fruits fall ere they be ripe. His latter age to winter's chill and frosty season, now drawing near to his last end.



The gentle shepheard sat beside a spring,
All in the shadow of

a
bushy
brere,
That
Colin
hight,
which
well
could
pipe
and
sing,
For
he
of
Tityrus
his
song
did
lere:
There,
as
he
sat
in
secret
shade
alone,
Thus
gan
he
make
of
love
his
piteous

moan.

"O
sovereign
Pan!
thou
god
of
shepheards
all,
Which
of
our
tender
lambkins
takest
keep,
And,
when
our
flocks
into
mischance
might
fall,
Dost
save
from
mischief
the
unwary
sheep,
Als
of
their
masters

hast
no
less
regard
  Than
of
the
flocks,
which
thou
dost
watch
and
ward;

"I
    thee
    beseech
    (so
    be
    thou
    deign
    to
    hear
Rude
    ditties,
    tun'd
    to
    shepheard's
    oaten
    reed,
Or
    if
    I
    ever
    sonnet

sung
so
clear,
As
it
with
pleasance
might
thy
fancy
feed,)
Hearken
a
while,
from
thy
green
cabinet,
The
rural
song
of
careful
Colinet.

"Whilome
in
youth,
when
flower'd
my
joyful
spring,
Like
swallow
swift

I
wander'd
here
and
there;
For
heat
of
heedless
lust
me
so
did
sting,
That
I
of
doubted
danger
had
no
fear:
I
went
the
wasteful
woods
and
forest
wide,
Withouten
dread
of
wolves
to
be

espied.

"I
wont
to
range
amid
the
mazy
thicket,
And
gather
nuts
to
make
my
Christmas-
game,
And
joyed
oft
to
chase
the
trembling
pricket,
Or
hunt
the
heartless
hare
till
she
were
tame.
What

recked
I
of
wintry
age's
waste?
—
Then
deemed
I
my
spring
would
ever
last.

"How
often
have
I
scaled
the
craggy
oak,
All
to
dislodge
the
raven
of
her
nest?
How
have
I
wearied,

with
many
a
stroke,
The
stately
walnut-
tree,
the
while
the
rest
Under
the
tree
fell
all
for
nuts
at
strife?
For
like
to
me
was
liberty
and
life.

"And
for
I
was
in
thilk

same
looser
years,
(Whether
the
Muse
so
wrought
me
from
my
birth,
Or
I
too
much
believ'd
my
shepheard
peers,)
Somedele
ybent
to
song
and
music's
mirth,
A
good
old
shepheard,
Wrenock
was
his
name,
Made

me
by
art
more
cunning
in
the
same.

"Fro
thence
I
durst
in
derring
to
compare
With
shepheard's
swain
whatever
fed
in
field;
And,
if
that
Hobbinol
right
judgment
bare,
To
Pan
his
own
self

pipe
I
need
not
yield:
For,
if
the
flocking
nymphs
did
follow
Pan,
The
wiser
Muses
after
Colin
ran.

"But,
ah!
such
pride
at
length
was
ill
repaid;
The
shepheard's
god
(perdie,
god
was
he

none)
My
hurtless
pleasance
did
me
ill
upbraid,
My
freedom
lorn,
my
life
he
left
to
moan.
Love
they
him
called
that
gave
me
check-
mate,
But
better
might
they
have
behote
him
Hate.

"Then

gan
my
lovely
spring
bid
me
farewell,
And
summer
season
sped
him
to
display
(For
Love
then
in
the
Lion's
house
did
dwell,)
The
raging
fire
that
kindled
at
his
ray.
A
comet
stirr'd
up
that

unkindly
heat,
  That
reigned
(as
men
said)
in
Venus'
seat.

"Forth
        was
        I
        led,
        not
        as
        I
        wont
        afore,
When
        choice
        I
        had
        to
        choose
        my
        wand'ring
        way,
But
        whether
        luck
        and
        love's
        unbridled
        lore

Would
lead
me
forth
on
Fancy's
bit
to
play:
The
bush
my
bed,
the
bramble
was
my
bower,
The
woods
can
witness
many
a
woful
stowre.

"Where
I
was
wont
to
seek
the
honey
bee,

Working
her
formal
rooms
in
waxen
frame,
The
grisly
toadstool
grown
there
might
I
see,
And
loathed
paddocks
lording
on
the
same:
And,
where
the
chanting
birds
lull'd
me
asleep,
The
ghastly
owl
her
grievous
inn

doth
keep.

"Then
as
the
spring
gives
place
to
elder
Time,
And
bringeth
forth
the
fruit
of
summer's
pride;
All
so
my
age,
now
passed
youthly
prime,
To
things
of
riper
season
self
applied,
And

learn'd
of
lighter
timber
cotes
to
frame,
  Such
as
might
save
my
sheep
and
me
fro
shame.

"To
    make
    fine
    cages
    for
    the
    nightingale,
And
    baskets
    of
    bulrushes,
    was
    my
    wont:
Who
    to
    entrap
    the

fish
in
winding
sale
Was
better
seen,
or
hurtful
beasts
to
hont?
I
learned
als
the
signs
of
heaven
to
ken,
How
Phœbus
fails,
where
Venus
sets,
and
when.

"And
tried
time
yet
taught
me

greater
things;
The
sudden
rising
of
the
raging
seas,
The
sooth
of
birds
by
beating
of
their
wings,
The
power
of
herbs,
both
which
can
hurt
and
ease,
And
which
be
wont
t'
enrage
the
restless

sheep,
And
which
be
wont
to
work
eternal
sleep.

"But,
ah!
unwise
and
witless
Colin
Clout,
That
kydst
the
hidden
kinds
of
many
a
weed,
Yet
kydst
not
one
to
cure
thy
sore
heart-
root,

Whose
rankling
wound
as
yet
does
rifely
bleed.
Why
livest
thou
still,
and
yet
hast
thy
death's
wound?
Why
diest
thou
still,
and
yet
alive
art
found?

"Thus
is
my
summer
worn
away
and
wasted,

Thus
is
my
harvest
hastened
all-
to
rathe;
The
ear
that
budded
fair
is
burnt
and
blasted,
And
all
my
hoped
gain
is
turn'd
to
scathe.
Of
all
the
seed,
that
in
my
youth
was
sown,

Was
none
but
brakes
and
brambles
to
be
mown.

"My
boughs
with
blooms
that
crowned
were
at
first,
And
promised
of
timely
fruit
such
store,
Are
left
both
bare
and
barren
now
at
erst;
The

flattering
fruit
is
fallen
to
ground
before,
And
rotted
ere
they
were
half
mellow
ripe;
My
harvest,
waste,
my
hope
away
did
wipe.

"The
fragrant
flowers,
that
in
my
garden
grew,
Be
withered,
as
they

had
been
gathered
long:
Their
roots
be
dried
up
for
lack
of
dew,
Yet
dewed
with
tears
they
have
been
ever
among.
Ah!
who
has
wrought
my
Rosalind
this
spite,
To
spoil
the
flowers
that
should

her
garland
dight?

"And
I,
that
whilome
wont
to
frame
my
pipe
Unto
the
shifting
of
the
shepheard's
foot,
Such
follies
now
have
gathered
as
too
ripe,
And
cast
them
out
as
rotten
and
unsoote.

The
looser
lass
I
cast
to
please
no
more;
One
if
I
please,
enough
is
me
therefore.

"And
thus
of
all
my
harvest-
hope
I
have
Nought
reaped
but
a
weedy
crop
of
care;
Which,

when
I
thought
have
thresh'd
in
swelling
sheave,
Cockle
for
corn,
and
chaff
for
barley,
bare:
Soon
as
the
chaff
should
in
the
fan
be
fin'd,
All
was
blown
away
of
the
wavering
wind.

"So

now
my
year
draws
to
his
latter
term,
My
spring
is
spent,
my
summer
burnt
up
quite;
My
harvest
hastes
to
stir
up
Winter
stern,
And
bids
him
claim
with
rigorous
rage
his
right:
So
now

he
storms
with
many
a
sturdy
stour;
So
now
his
blust'ring
blast
each
coast
doth
scour.

"The
careful
cold
hath
nipt
my
rugged
rind,
And
in
my
face
deep
furrows
eld
hath
pight:
My
head

besprent
with
hoary
frost
I
find,
And
by
mine
eye
the
crow
his
claw
doth
write:
Delight
is
laid
abed;
and
pleasure
past;
No
sun
now
shines;
clouds
have
all
overcast.

"Now
leave,
ye
shepheards'

boys,
your
merry
glee;
My
Muse
is
hoarse
and
weary
of
this
stound:
Here
will
I
hang
my
pipe
upon
this
tree,
Was
never
pipe
of
reed
did
better
sound:
Winter
is
come
that
blows
the

bitter
blast,
  And
after
winter
dreary
death
does
hast.

"Gather
        together,
        ye
        my
        little
        flock,
My
        little
        flock,
        that
        was
        to
        me
        so
        lief;
Let
        me,
        ah!
        let
        me
        in
        your
        folds
        ye
        lock,
Ere

the
breme
winter
breed
you
greater
grief.
Winter
is
come,
that
blows
the
baleful
breath,
And
after
winter
cometh
timely
death.

"Adieu,
delights,
that
lulled
me
asleep;
Adieu,
my
dear,
whose
love
I
bought
so

dear;
Adieu,
my
little
lambs
and
loved
sheep;
Adieu,
ye
woods,
that
oft
my
witness
were:
Adieu,
good
Hobbinol,
that
was
so
true,
Tell
Rosalind,
her
Colin
bids
her
adieu."

COLIN'S
EMBLEME.
Vivitur
ingenio:
cætera

mortis
erunt.
(The
creations
of
genius
live;
other
things
shall
be
the
prey
of
death.)









EPILOGUE.

Lo!
I
have
made
a
Calender
for
every
year,
That
steel
in
strength,
and
time
in
durance,
shall
outwear;
And,
if
I

marked
well
the
stars'
revolution,
It
shall
continue
till
the
world's
dissolution,
To
teach
the
ruder
shepheard
how
to
feed
his
sheep,
And
from
the
falser's
fraud
his
folded
flock
to
keep.
Go,
little
Calender!
thou

hast
a
free
passport;
Go
but
a
lowly
gate
amongst
the
meaner
sort:
Dare
not
to
match
thy
pipe
with
Tityrus
his
style,
Nor
with
the
Pilgrim [22]
that
the
ploughman
play'd
a
while;
But
follow
them

far
off,
and
their
high
steps
adore;
The
better
please,
the
worse
despise;
I
ask
no
more.

MERCE
NON
MERCEDE.
(For
recompense,
but
not
for
hire.)





NOTES

Page xviii, note 1.—The name of the writer of this letter is unknown.

Page 5, note 2.—"Hobbinol:" the author's friend Gabriel Harvey.

Page 10, note 3.—"Good Friday:" Good

Friday is said to frown, as being a fast-day.

Page 16, note 4.—Thenot's emblem means, in substance, that God, who is aged Himself, being without beginning of days, makes those whom He loves, to be aged, like Himself; and that it is a mark of His favour to be old. Cuddie's emblem is, "No old man fears God"—a sarcasm against Thenot.

Page 29, note 5. —"Tawdry:" is here used in its primitive sense, denoting something bought at the fair of St. Ethelred, or St. Awdrey.

Page 30, note 6. —"This poesy is taken out of Virgil, and there of him used in the person of Æneas to his mother Venus, appearing to him in likeness of one of Diana's damsels; being there most divinely

set forth. To which similitude of divinity Hobbinol comparing the excellency of Elisa, and being through the worthiness of Colin's song, as it were, overcome with the hugeness of his imagination, bursteth out in great admiration, (*O quam te memorem virgo!*) being otherwise unable, than by sudden silence, to express the worthiness of his conceit.

Whom Thenot answereth with another part of the like verse, as confirming by his grant and approvance, that Elisa is no whit inferior to the majesty of her, of whom the poet so boldly pronounced, *O dea certe!*"—E. K.

Page 35, note 7. —"Algrind:" Archbishop Grindall.

Page 37, note 8. —"Fox," "Kid:" "By the Kid may be understood the simple sort of the

faithful and true Christians; by his dam, Christ, that hath already with careful watchwords (as here doth the Goat) warned her little ones to beware of such doubling deceit; by the Fox, the false and faithless Papists, to whom is no credit to be given, nor fellowship to be used."—E. K.

Page 41, note 9. —"Sir John:" a name

applied to a Popish priest.

Page 47, note 10.—"Tityrus:" Chaucer is meant.

Page 53, note 11.—"Morrell:" supposed to be Elmer, or Aylmer, Bishop of London.

Page 53, note 12.—"The sun:" the sun enters Leo in July.

Page 59, note 13.—"An eagle:" the same story is told of the death of Eschylus.

Pages 68, 69, note 14.—"The

meaning hereof is very ambiguous: for Perigot by his posy claiming the conquest, and Willie not yielding, Cuddie the arbiter of their cause, and patron of his own, seemeth to challenge it, as his due, saying, that he is happy which can; so abruptly ending; but he meaneth either him, that can win the best, or moderate

himself being best, and leave off with the best."—E. K.

Page 77, note 15.—"Saxon king:" King Edgar, in whose reign wolves are said to have disappeared in England.

Page 84, note 16.—"Elisa:" Queen Elizabeth; the "Worthy" is the Earl of Leicester.

Page 87, note 17.—This emblem is portion of a Latin verse,

expressing the thought of the pastoral, that poetry is a fervid glow of inspiration which animates and kindles.

Page 91, note 18. —"Fishes:" the sun enters the constellation Pisces in November.

Page 92, note 19. —"Dido" and "great shepheard" both refer to real persons unknown.

Page 94, note 20. —"Wrought with a chief:" wrought into a

head, like a nosegay.

Page 101, note 21.—Translated freely from the French of Marot.

Page 107, note 22.—"The pilgrim:" perhaps the author of the "Visions of Pierce Ploughman."





GLOSSARY.

Accloyeth, *encumbereth.*
Accoyed, *daunted.*
Adawed, *daunted.*
Adays, *every day.*
Albe, *although.*
Alegge, *assuage.*
Algate, *at all events.*
All, *although.*
All be it, *although it be.*
All-to, *entirely.*
All-to rathe,

too early.
Als, *also*.
Arede,
declare,
repeat,
explain.
Assayed,
affected.
Assert,
befall.
Assot,
stupid.
As weren overwent, *as if we were overcome*.
At erst, *at last*.
Attone, *also*.
Attones, *at same time*.
Availe, *bring down*, *lower*.
Availes, *is lowered*.

Babes, *dolls*.
Bale, *ruin*.
Balk, *miss*.
Bate, bated,
fed.
Bedight,
affected.
Behight,
behote,
called.

Belive, *promptly*.
Bellibone (*belle et bonne*), *good and beautiful one*.
Bend, *band*.
Bene, *are*.
Benempt, *named, mentioned*.
Bent, *obedient*.
Besprint, besprent, *besprinkled*.
Betight, *betide, happened*.
Bett, *better*.
Bidding base, *game of prison base*.
Biggen, *cap*.
Bin, *be*.
Black bower, *i.e., hell*.
Bloncket liveries, *gray coats*.
Blont, *unpolished*.
Borrell,

rustic.
Borrow,
pledge,
surety,
Saviour.
Brace,
compass.
Brag,
bragly,
proudly.
Breme,
sharp.
Brent, *burnt*.
Brere, *brier*.
Brocage,
pimping.
Bugle,
beads.
But, *unless*.
Buxom,
yielding.

Can, *knows*.
Careful,
sorrowful.
Careful
case,
unhappy
condition.
Cark,
sorrow.
Chaffred,
sold or
exchanged.
Chamfred,
wrinkled.

Charm,
temper, *tune*.
Chevisance,
performance,
result,
bargain.
Chips,
fragments.
Collusion,
cunning.
Con, *know*.
Cond,
learned.
Confusion,
destruction.
Contempt,
contemned.
Convenable,
conformable.
Corb,
crooked.
Cosset,
lamb.
Cote,
sheepfold.
Courage,
mind.
Couth, *knew*
how, *could*.
Cracknels,
biscuits.
Crag, *neck*.
Crank,
courageous.
Crumenall,
purse.

Dapper
ditties,
pretty songs.
Deed, *doing, composing*.
Defast,
defaced.
Dempt,
deemed.
Depeincten,
painted.
Derring,
manly deeds.
Derring-do,
daring deeds.
Devoir,
duty.
Dight,
adorn, prepare;
adorned, prepared, dealt with.
Dint, *pang of grief*.
Dirk, *darkly*.
Dirks,
darkens.
Disease,
disturb.
Dole, dool,
sorrow, grief.
Doom,
judgment.
Doubted,
redoubted.

Drent,
drowned,
perished.

Eath, *easy*.
Eft, *quickly*,
soon.
Eftsoons,
immediately.
Eked,
increased.
Eld, *age*.
Embrave,
adorn.
Emprise,
enterprise.
Enaunter,
lest, *lest that*.
Enchased,
engraved.
Encheason,
occasion.
Entrailed,
intwined.
Erst, *before*,
at once.
Expert,
experience.

Faitours,
villains,
vagabonds.
Falsers,
deceivers.
Fay, *faith*.
File, *defile*.
Fined, *sifted*.

Fon, *fool.*
Fond,
foolish.
Fondness,
folly.
Fonly,
foolishly.
Foresaid,
banished.
Foreslow,
impede,
obstruct.
Forestall,
prevent.
Forhaile,
distress.
For-say,
forsake.
Forswat,
spent with heat.
Forswonk,
overlaboured.
Forthy,
therefore, *on that account.*
Frenne,
stranger.
Frorne,
frozen.
Frowy,
musty.

Galage,
wooden shoe.

Gang, *go*.
Gars, *makes*.
Gastful, *dreary*.
Gate, *way*.
Gelt, *a gilded girdle*.
Giant, *Atlas*.
Giusts, *tournaments*.
Go, *gone*.
Gree, *degree*.
Greet, *weep*; *mourning*.
Gride, gryde, *pierced*.
Gross, *whole*.

Harbrough, *habitation*.
Hask, *basket*.
Haveour, *demeanour*.
Heme, *home*.
Hent, *took*, *taken*.
Hentst, *takest*.
Herdgrooms, *herdsmen*.
Herie, hery, *honour*,

praise.
Herse,
rehearsal,
tale.
Heydeguys,
dances.
Hidder and
shidder, *him
and her*.
Hight,
purports;
was named.
Hote,
mentioned;
was called.

If, *unless*.
Ilk, *the
same*.
Inly,
inwardly.
Inn, *abode*.

Jovisance,
joyousness.

Keep, *care,
charge*.
Ken, *know*.
Kend,
known.
Kenst,
knowest.
Kerns,
farmers.
Kirk, *church*.
Knack, *trick*.

Knaves,
servants.
Kydst,
knowest.

Laid, *faint*.
Larded,
fattened.
Latched,
caught.
Lays, *leas*,
fields.
Leasing,
falsehood,
lies.
Lere, *lore*,
lesson; *learn*.
Lever,
rather.
Levin,
lightning.
Lewd,
foolish.
Lewdly,
foolishly.
Lief, *dear*,
beloved.
Lig, ligg,
liggen, *lie*.
Loord,
fellow.
Lope,
leaped.
Lorn, *left*,
lost.
Lorrell,

ignorant, worthless fellow.
Louted, *did honour*.
Lust, *wishest*.
Lustihed, *pleasure*.
Lustless, *languid*.

Maintenance, *behaviour*.
Make, *versify*.
Maugre, *in spite of*.
May, *maid*.
May-buskets, *May-bushes*.
Mazer, *bowl*.
Medle, *mingle*.
Meint, *mingled*.
Melling, *meddling*.
Men of the lay, *laymen*.
Ment, *mingled*.
Merciable, *merciful*.
Mickle,

much.
Miller's round, *a dance*.
Mirk, *very obscure*.
Miscreance, *unbelief*.
Misgone, *gone astray*.
Missay, *say evil*.
Mister men, *kind of men*.
Mister saying, *kind of speech*.
Miswent, *gone astray*.
Mizzle, *to rain a little*.
Mochell, *much*.
Moe, *more*.
Most what, *affairs*.
Most-what, *for the most part*.
Musical, *music*.

Narre, *nearer*.
N'as, *has not*.

Newell, *novelty*.
Nighly, *nearly so much*.
Nill, *will not*.
N'is, *is not*.
N'ote, *know not*.
Nought seemeth, *is unseemly*.
Nould, *would not*.

Overcrawed, *overcrowed*.
Overgone, *surpassed*.
Overhale, *draw over*.
Overture, *open place*.

Paddocks, *toads*.
Pained, *exerted himself*.
Paramours, *lovers*.
Paunce, *pansy*.
Perdie, *in truth, truly*.
Peregall, *equal*.

Perk, *pert.*
Pert, *open.*
Pieced,
imperfect.
Pight, *put,*
placed.
Plainful,
lamentable.
Prick, *mark.*
Pricket,
buck.
Prief, *proof.*
Prime,
spring.
Primrose,
chief flower.
Pumie,
pumice.
Purchase,
obtain.
Purpose,
conversation.

Quaint,
strange.
Quell, *abate.*
Queme,
please.
Quick, *alive.*
Quit, *deliver.*

Rathe, *early.*
Rather, *born*
early.
Record,
repeat.
Rede,

saying;
advise, *tell*.
Reliven, *live*
again.
Ribaudry,
ribaldry.
Rife,
frequent.
Rifely,
abundantly.
Rine, *rind*.
Romish
Tityrus,
Virgil.
Ronts, *young*
bullocks.
Roundel,
roundelay.
Routs,
companies.
Roved, *shot*.

Sale, *wicker*
net.
Sam,
together.
Sample,
example.
Saye, *silk*.
Scope, *mark*
aimed at.
Seely,
simple.
Sheen,
bright.
Shend,

disgrace.
Shepheard, *Abel*, *p. 56*; *Endymion*, *p. 55*; *Orpheus*, *p. 84*; *Paris*, *p. 57*.
Shield, *forbid*.
Sib, *related*.
Sich, *such*.
Sicker, siker, *surely*, *truly*.
Sike, *such*.
Site, *situation*.
Sithence, sithens, *since*, *since that time*.
Siths, *times*.
Sits, *becomes*.
Sits not, *is not becoming*.
Skill in making, *in writing poetry*.
Slipper, *slippery*, *uncertain*.
Smirk, *nice*.
Snebbe,

revile.
Somdele, *somewhat, in some degree*.
Some quick, *something alive*.
Sommed, *feathered*.
Soote, *sweetly*.
Sooth, *soothsaying*.
Sops-in-wine, *a flower*.
Sovenance, *remembrance*.
So well the wed, *of such sound morals*.
Sperr, *shut*.
Spill, *spoil, ruin, injure*.
Stank, *weary*.
State, *stoutly*.
Steven, *noise*.
Stound, *effort*; *hour*.
Stounds, *pains*; *occasions*.

Stour, *assault*.
Stoure, *occasion*.
Stoures, *attacks*.
Stowre, *affliction*, *violence*.
Strain, *imbody in strains*.
Strait, *strict*.
Strow, *display*.
Stud, *trunk*.
Sullen, *sad*.
Surquedry, *pride*.
Swink, *toil*.

Tabrere, *taborer*.
Teen, *sorrow*.
That, *that which*.
Thereto, *also*.
Thick, *thicket*.
Thilk, *this*, *these*, *this same*, *that same*.
Tickle,

uncertain.
Tinct,
coloured.
Tityrus,
Chaucer.
Tod, *thick bush*.
To-force,
perforce.
Tooting,
looking about.
Totty,
wavering.
Trace, *go*.
Trains,
snares.
Trode,
troad, *tread*, *path*.
Truss,
bundle.
Tway, *two*.

Uncouth,
unknown.
Underfong,
tamper with, *undertake*.
Undersay,
say in contradiction.
Uneath,
scarcely.
Unkempt,
unpolished.

Unkent, *unknown*.
Unlustiness, *feebleness*.
Unnethes, *scarcely*.
Unsoot, *unsweet*.
Uprist, *uprisen*.
Utter, *put forth*.

Venteth, *snuffeth*.
Vetchy, *of pease straw*.
Virelays, *songs*.

War, *worse*.
Warre, *ware*.
Weanel wast, *weaned youngling*.
Weed, *dress*.
Weet, *know*.
Weighed, *esteemed*.
Weld, *wield, bear*.
Welked, *decreased, shortened*.
Well apaid, *in good*

condition.
Wellaway,
alas!
Wend, *go*.
What,
matter,
thing.
What is he for a lad? *what sort of lad is he?*
Whilome,
formerly.
Widder,
wider.
Wight,
active.
Wightly,
quickly.
Wimble,
nimble.
Wisards,
learned men.
Wist, *knew*.
Witen,
blame.
Wonned,
dwelt.
Wood, *mad*,
wild.
Worthy wite,
deserved blame.
Wot, wote,
know.

Wot ne, *know not.*
Woundless, *unwounded.*
Wrack, *violence.*
Wroken, *avenged.*

Yblent, *blinded.*
Yconned, *conned.*
Yede, *go, went.*
Yeven, *given.*
Yfere, *together.*
Ygo, ygoe, *gone.*
Yode, *went.*
Yond, *yonder.*
Ypent, *pent, confined.*
Yshend, *disparage.*
Ytake, *taken, overcome.*
Ytost, *be harassed.*
Ywis, *truly.*


Calendrier





Transcriber's Notes:

Variations in spelling, punctuation and hyphenation have been retained except in obvious cases of typographical error:
"puo" has been changed to "può"
"anchora" has been changed to "ancora"
"AEGLOGA" has been changed to "ÆGLOGA"

Emblem images have been moved to end of chapters.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE SHEPHEARD'S CALENDER: TWELVE AEGLOGUES PROPORTIONABLE TO THE TWELVE MONETHES ***

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