

# ENGLAND'S HELICON

*Shearsman Classics Vol. 9*  
*(The Tudor Miscellanies N° 3)*

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# ENGLAND'S HELICON

THOUGHT TO HAVE BEEN COMPILED BY  
JOHN BODENHAM AND/OR NICHOLAS LING

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*England's Helicon* was first published in 1600 by John Flasket,  
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See page 208 for details of the text used here.

ENGLANDS  
HELICON.

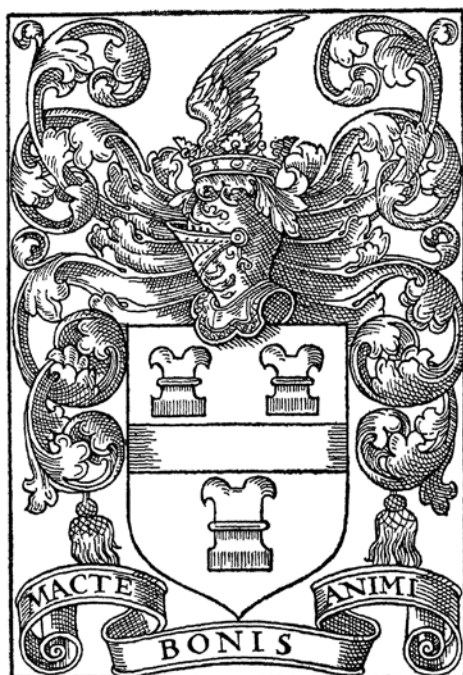
Casta placent superis,  
pura cum veste venite,  
Et manibus puris  
sumite fontis aquam.

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AT LONDON  
**Printed by I. R. for John Flasket, and are**  
to be sold in Paules Church-yard, at the signe  
of the Beare. 1600.



TO  
HIS LOVING KINDE FRIEND,

*Maister Iohn Bodenham.*

**W***its Common-wealth*, the first fruites of thy paines,  
Drew on *Wits Theater*, thy second Sonne:  
By both of which, I cannot count the gaines,  
And wondrous profit that the world hath wonne.  
Next, in the *Muses Garden*, gathering flowers,  
Thou mad'st a Nosegay, as was neuer sweeter:  
Whose sent will sauour to Times latest howres,  
And for the greatest Prince no Poesie meeter.  
Now comes thy *Helicon*, to make compleate  
And furnish up thy last impos'd designe:  
My paines heerein, I cannot terme it great,  
But what-so-ere, my loue (and all) is thine.  
Take loue, take paines, take all remaines in me:  
And where thou art, my hart still liues with thee.

A. B.

To his very louing friends, M. *Nicholas*  
*Wanton*, and M. *George Faucet*

**T**Hough many miles (but more occasions) doo sunder vs (kind Gentlemen) yet a promise at parting, dooth in iustice claime performance, and assurance of gentle acceptance, would mightilie condemne me if I should neglect it. *Helicon*, though not as I could wish, yet in such good sort as time would permit, hauing past the pikes of the Presse, comes now to Yorke to salute her rightfull Patrone first, and next (as his deere friends and kindsmen) to offer you her kinde seruice. If shee speede well there, it is all shee requires, if they frowne at her heere, she greatly not cares: for the wise (she knowes) will neuer be other then them selues, as for such then as would seeme so, but neither are, nor euer will be, she holds this as a maine principle; that their malice neede as little be feared, as their fauour or friendship is to be desired. So hoping you will not forget us there, as we continual lie shall be mindefull of you heere. I leaue you to the delight of *Englands Helicon*.

*Yours in all he may,*

A. B.



## *To the Reader, if indifferent*

**M**Any honoured names haue heretofore (in their particuler interest,) patronized some part of these inuentions: many here be, that onely these Collections haue brought to light, & not inferiour (in the best opinions) to anie before published. The trauaile that hath beene taken in gathering them from so many handes, hath wearied some howres, which seuered, might in part haue perished, digested into this meane volume, may in the opinion of some not be altogether vnworthy the labour. If any man hath beene defrauded of any thing by him composed, by another mans title put to the same, hee hath this benefit by this collection, freely to challenge his owne in publike, where els he might be robd of his proper due. No one thing beeing here placed by the Collector of the same vnder any mans name, eyther at large, or in letters, but as it was deliuered by some especiall copy comming to his handes. No one man, that shall take offence that his name is published to any inuention of his, but he shall within the reading of a leafe or two, meete with another in reputation euery way equal with himselfe, whose name hath beene before printed to his Poeme, which nowe taken away were more then theft: which may satisfie him that would faine seeme curious or be intreated for his fame.

Nowe, if any Stationer shall finde faulte, that his Coppies are robd by any thing in this collection, let me aske him this question, Why more in this, then in any Diuine or humane Authour: From whence a man (writing of that argument) shal gather any saying, sentence, similie, or example, his name put to it who is the Authour of the same. This is the simplest of many reasons that I could vrdege, though perhaps the nearest his capacitie, but that I would be loth to trouble my selfe, to satisfie him. Further, if any man whatsoever, in prizing of his owne birth or fortune, shall take in scorne, that a far meaner man in the eye of the world, shall be placed by him: I tell him plainly whatsoever so excepting, that, that mans wit is set by his, not that man by him. In which degree, the names of Poets (all feare and dutie ascribed to her great and sacred Name) haue beene placed with the names of the greatest Princes of the world, by the most autentique and worthiest iudgements, without disparagement to their soueraigne titles: which if any man taking exception thereat, in ignorance know not, I hold him vnworthy to be placed by the meanest that is but graced with the title of a Poet. Thus gentle Reader I wish thee all happines.

*L. N.*



*The Sheepheard to his chosen Nimph.*

O Nely ioy, now heere you are,  
Fit to heare and ease my care:  
Let my whispring voyce obtaine,  
Sweet reward for sharpest paine.  
Take me to thee, and thee to me,  
No, no, no, no, my Deere, let be.

Night hath clos'd all in her cloke,  
Twinkling starres Loue-thoughts prouoke,  
Daunger hence good care dooth keepe,  
lealousie it selfe dooth sleepe.  
Take me to thee, and thee to me:  
No, no, no, no, my Deere, let be.

Better place no wit can finde,  
*Cupids* yoake to loose or binde,  
These sweet flowers on fine bed too,  
Vs in their best language woo,  
Take me to thee, and thee to me:  
No, no, no, no, my Deere, let be.

This small light the Moone belowes,  
Serues thy beames but to enclose,  
So to raise my hap more hie,  
Feare not else, none can vs spie.  
Take me to thee, and thee to me:  
No, no, no, no, my Deare, let be.

That you heard was but a Mouse,  
Dumbe sleepe holdeth all the house,  
Yet a-sleepe me thinks they say,  
Young folkes, take time while you may.  
Take me to thee, and thee to me:  
No, no, no, no, my Deare, let be.

Niggard Time threats, if we misse  
This large offer of our blisse,

Long stay, ere he graunt the same,  
(Sweet then) while each thing dooth frame,  
    Take me to thee, and thee to me:  
    No, no, no, no, my Deere, let be.

Your faire Mother is a bed,  
Candles out, and Curtaines spred,  
She thinks you doo Letters write,  
Write, but let me first indite.  
    Take me to thee, and thee to me,  
    No, no, no, no, my Deere, let be.

Sweete (alas) why striue you thus?  
Concord better fitteth vs.  
Leaue to *Mars* the force of hands.  
Your power in your beauty stands.  
    Take me to thee, and thee to me:  
    No, no, no, no, my Deare, let be.

Woe to me, and you doo sweare  
Me to hate, but I forbear,  
Cursed be my destenies all,  
That brought me to so high a fall.  
    Soone with my death I will please thee:  
    No, no, no, no, my Deare, let be.

*FINIS.*

*S. Phil. Sidney.*

**Theorello**  
***A Shepheards Edillion***

**Y**Ou Shepheards which on hillocks sit,  
like Princes in their throanes:  
And guide your flocks, which else would flit,  
your flocks of little ones:  
Good Kings haue not disdained it,  
but Shepheards haue beene named:  
A sheepe-hooke is a Scepter fit,  
for people well reclaimed.  
The Shepheards life so honour'd is and praised:  
That Kings lesse happy seeme, though higher raised.

The Sommer Sunne hath guilded faire,  
with morning rayes the mountaines:  
The birds doo caroll in the ayre,  
and naked Nymphs in Fountaines.  
The *Siluanes* in their shagged haire,  
with *Hamadriades* trace:  
The shadie *Satires* make a Quiere,  
which rocks with Ecchoes grace.  
All breathe delight, all solace in the season:  
Not now to sing, were enemie to reason.

*Cosma* my Loue, and more then so,  
the life of mine affections:  
Nor life alone, but Lady too,  
and Queene of their directions.  
*Cosma* my Loue, is faire you know,  
and which you Shepheards know not:  
Is (*Sophi* said) thence called so,  
but names her beauty shoue not.  
Yet hath the world no better name then she:  
And then the world, no fairer thing can be.

The Sunne vpon her fore-head stands,  
(or iewell Sunne-like glorious,)  
Her fore-head wrought with *Ioues* owne hands,  
for heauenly white notorious.

Her golden lockes like *Hermus* sands,  
(or then bright *Hermus* brighter:)  
A spangled Cauill binds in with bands,  
then siluer morning lighter.  
And if the Planets are the chiefe in skies  
No other starres then Planets are her eyes.

Her cheeke, her lip, fresh cheeke, more fresh,  
then selfe-blowne buds of Roses:  
Rare lip, more red then those of flesh,  
which thousand sweetes encloses:  
Sweet breath, which all things dooth refresh,  
and words than breath farre sweeter:  
Cheeke firme, lip firme, not fraile nor nesh,  
as substance which is fleeter.  
In praise doo not surmount, although in placing:  
Her christall necke, round breast, and armes embracing.

The thorough-shining ayre I weene,  
is not so perfect cleare:  
As is the skie of her faire skinne,  
whereon no spots appeare.  
The parts which ought not to be seene,  
for soueraigne woorth excell:  
Her thighs with Azure braunched beene,  
and all in her are well.  
Long luorie hands, legges straighter then the Pine:  
Well shapen feete, but vertue most diuine.

Nor cloathed like a Sheephardesse,  
but rather like a Queene:  
Her mantle dooth the formes expresse,  
of all which may be seene.  
Roabe fitter for an Empresse,  
then for a Sheepheards loue:  
Roabe fit alone for such a Lasse,  
as Emperours doth moue.  
Roabe which heauens Queene, the bride of her owne brother.  
Would grace herselfe with, or with such another.

Who euer (and who else but *Ioue*)  
embroidered the same:  
Hee knew the world, and what did moue,  
in all the mightie frame.  
So well (belike his skill to proue)  
the counterfeits he wrought:  
Of wood-Gods, and of euery groaue,  
and all which else was ought  
Is there a beast, a bird, a fish worth noate?  
Then that he drew, and picturde in her coate.

A vaile of Lawne like vapour thin  
vnto her anckle trailes:  
Through which the shapes discerned bin,  
as too and fro it sailes.  
Shapes both of men, who neuer lin  
to search her wonders out:  
Of monsters and of Gods a kin,  
which her empale about  
A little world her flowing garment seemes:  
And who but as a wonder thereof deemes?

For heere and there appeare forth towers,  
among the chalkie downes:  
Citties among the Country bowers,  
which smiling Sun-shine crownes.  
Her mettall buskins deckt with flowers,  
as th'earth when frosts are gone:  
Besprinckled are with Orient showers  
of hayle and pebble stone.  
Her feature peerelesse, peerelesse her attire,  
I can but loue her loue, with zeale entire.

O who can sing her beauties best,  
or that remaines vnsung?  
Doe thou *Apollo* tune the rest,  
vnworthy is my tongue.  
To gaze on her, is to be blest,  
so wondrous fayre her face is;

Her fairenes cannot be exprest,  
in Goddesses nor Graces.  
I loue my loue, the goodly worke of Nature:  
Admire her face, but more admire her stature.

On thee (ô *Cosma*) will I gaze,  
and reade thy beauties euer:  
Delighting in the blessed maze,  
which can be ended neuer.  
For in the luster of thy rayes,  
appeares thy parents brightness:  
Who himselfe infinite displaies  
in thee his proper greatnes.  
My song must end, but neuer my desire:  
For *Cosmas* face is *Theorellos* fire.

FINIS.

E. B.

### ***Astrophels Loue is dead***

**R**ing out your belles, let mourning shewes be spread,  
For Loue is dead.  
All loue is dead, infected  
With plague of deepe disdain:  
Worth as nought worth reiected,  
And faith faire scorne doth gaine.  
From so vngratefull fancie,  
From such a femall frenzie,  
From them that vse men thus:  
Good Lord deliuer vs

Weepe neighbours weepe, doe you not heare it saide  
That Loue is dead?  
His death-bed Peacocks follie,  
His winding sheete is shame:  
His will false, seeming holie,  
His sole exectour blame.  
From so vngratefull fancie.



From such a female frenzie.  
From them that vse men thus:  
Good Lord deliuer vs.

Let Dirge be sunge, and Trentals richly read,  
For Loue is dead  
And wrong his Tombe ordaineth,  
My Mistresse marble hart:  
Which Epitaph containeth,  
Her eyes were once his Dart.  
From so vngratefull fancie,  
From such a female frenzie,  
From them that vse men thus:  
Good Lord deliuer vs.

Alas, I lye, rage hath this errour bred,  
Loue is not dead.  
Loue is not dead, but sleepeth  
In her vnmatched minde:  
Where shee his counsell keepeth,  
Till due desert she find.  
Therefore from so vile fancie,  
To call such wit a frenzie.  
Who loue can temper thus:  
Good Lord deliuer vs.

*FINIS.*

*Sir. Phil. Sidney.*

### ***A Palinode***

**A**S withereth the Primrose by the riuier,  
As fadeth Sommers-sunne from gliding fountaines;  
As vanisheth the light blowne bubble euer,  
As melteth snow vpon the mossie Mountaines.  
So melts, so vanisheth, so fades, so withers,  
The Rose, the shine, the bubble and the snow,  
Of praise, pompe, glorie, ioy (which short life gathers,)

Faire praise, vaine pompe, sweet glory, brittle ioy.  
The withered Primrose by the mourning riuer,  
The faded Sommers-sunne from weeping fountaines:  
The light-blowne bubble, vanished for euer,  
The molten snow vpon the naked mountaines,  
Are Emblems that the treasures we vp-lay,  
Soone wither, vanish, fade, and melt away.

For as the snowe, whose lawne did ouer-spread  
Th'ambitious hills, which Giant-like did threat  
To pierce the heauen with theyr aspiring head,  
Naked and bare doth leaue their craggie seate.  
When as the bubble, which did emptie flie  
The daliance of the vndiscerned winde:  
On whose calme rowling waues it did relie,  
Hath shipwrack made, where it did daliance finde:  
And when the Sun-shine which dissolu'd the snow,  
Cullourd the bubble with a pleasant varie,  
And made the rathe and timely Primrose grow,  
Swarth cloudes with-drawne (which longer time doe tarie)  
Oh what is praise, pompe, glory, ioy, but so  
As shine by fountaines, bubbles, flowers or snow?

FINIS.

K. B.

***Astrophell the Sheep-heard, his complaint to  
his flocke***

**G**Oe my flocke, goe get yee hence,  
Seeke a better place of feeding:  
Where yee may haue some defence  
From the stormes in my breast breeding,  
And showers from mine eyes proceeding.

Leaue a wretch, in whom all woe,  
can abide to keepe no measure:  
Merry Flocke, such one forgoe

vnto whom mirth is displeasure,  
onely ritch in mischiefes treasure.

Yet (alas) before you goe,  
    heare your wofull Maisters Storie:  
Which to stones I else would showe.  
    Sorrow onely then hath glorie:  
    when tis excellently sorrie.

*Stella*, fiercest Sheephardesse,  
    fiercest, but yet fairest euer:  
*Stella*, whom the heauens still blesse,  
    though against me she perseuer,  
    though I blisse, inherite neuer.

*Stella*, hath refused me,  
    *Stella*, who more loue hath proued  
In this caitiffe hart to be,  
    Then can in good eawes be moued:  
    Towards Lambkins best beloued.

*Stella*, hath refused me,  
    *Astrophell* that so well serued,  
In this pleasant Spring must see,  
    while in pride flowers be preserued:  
    himselſe onely Winter-sterued.

Why (alas) then dooth she sweare,  
    that she loueth me so dearely:  
Seeing me so long to beare  
    coales of loue that burne so clearely:  
    and yet leaue me helplesse meereſy?

Is that loue? Forsooth I trow,  
    if I saw my good dogge greeued:  
And a helpe for him did know,  
    my Loue should not be beleueed:  
    but he were by me releueed.

No, she hates me, well away,  
    faigning loue, somewhat to please me:  
Knowing, if she should display  
    all her hate, Death soone would seaze me:  
    and of hideous torments ease me.

Then my deare Flocke now adiew,  
    but (alas) if in your straying,  
Heauenly *Stella* meete with you,  
    tell her in your pittious blaying:  
    her poore slaues vniust decaying.

FINIS.

*S. Phil. Sidney.*

### **Hobbinolls Dittie in prayse of *Eliza* Queene of the Shepheards**

**Y**Ee dainty Nymphs that in this blessed Brooke  
    Doo bath your brest;  
    Forsake your watry Bowers, and hether looke  
    At my request  
And you faire Virgins that on *Parnasse* dwell,  
Whence floweth *Helicon* the learned well:  
    Helpe me to blaze  
    Her worthy praise,  
    Who in her sexe dooth all excell.

Of faire *Eliza* be your siluer song.  
    That blessed wight:  
The flower of Virgins, may she flourish long,  
    In Princely plight:  
For shee is *Sirinx* daughter, without spot,  
Which *Pan* the Shepheards God on her begot:  
    So sprung her Grace,  
    Of heauenly race:  
    No mortall blemish may her blot.

See where she sits vpon the grassie greene,  
O seemely sight:  
Yclad in scarlet, like a mayden Queene,  
And Ermines white.  
Vpon her head a crimson Coronet,  
With Daffadills and Damaske Roses set,  
Bay leaues betweene,  
And Primeroses greene:  
Embellish the sweet Violet.

Tell me, haue ye beheld her Angels face.  
Like *Phæbe* faire?  
Her heauenly hauiour, her Princely Grace,  
Can well compare.  
The red-Rose medled and the white yfere,  
In eyther cheeke depeincten liuely cheere.  
Her modest eye,  
Her Maiestie,  
Where haue you seene the like but there?

I saw *Phæbus* thrust out his golden head,  
On her to gaze:  
But when he saw how broade her beames did spread:  
It did him maze.  
He blusht to see an other Sunne below,  
Ne durst againe his fierie face out-show:  
Let him if he dare  
His brightnes compare  
With hers, to haue the ouerthrow,

Shew thy selfe Cinthia with thy siluer rayes,  
And be not abasht,  
When she the beames of her beauty displayes,  
Oh how art thou dasht?  
But I will not match her with *Latonaes* seede,  
Such folly great sorrow to *Niobe* did breede,  
Now is she a stone.  
And makes deadly moane,  
Warning all other to take heede.

*Pan* may be proud, that euer he begot  
Such a Bellibone:  
And *Sirinx* reioyce, that euer was her lot  
To beare such a one.  
Soone as my Younglings cryen for the dam,  
To her will I offer a milke-white Lamb.  
Shee is my Goddesse plaine,  
And I her Sheepheards Swaine,  
Albe for-swonck and for-swat I am.

I see *Caliope* speede her to the place,  
Where my Goddesse shines:  
And after her the other Muses trace  
With their Violines.  
Bin they not Baie-braunches which they doo beare:  
All for *Eliza* in her hand to weare?  
So sweetly they play,  
And sing all the way,  
That it a heauen is to heare.

Loe how finely the *Graces* can it foote,  
to the Instrument:  
They dauncen deffely, and singen soote  
In their merriment.  
Wants not a fourth *Grace* to make the daunce euen?  
Let that roome to my Lady be giuen.  
Shee shall be a *Grace*,  
To fill the fourth place,  
And raigne with the rest in heauen.

And whether runnes this beuie of Ladies bright.  
Ranged in a roe?  
They been all Ladies of the Lake behight  
That vnto her goe:  
*Chloris*, that is the chiefe Nymph of all,  
Of Oliue-braunches beares a Coronall:  
Oliues beene for peace  
When warres doo surcease.  
Such for a Princesse beene principall.

Bring hether the Pinke and purple Cullumbine.  
With Gillyflowers  
Bring sweet Carnasions, and Sops in wine,  
Worne of Paramours.  
Strew me the ground with Daffa-down-Dillies,  
And Cowslips, and Kings-cups, and loued Lillies,  
The pretty Pounce,  
And the Cheuisaunce,  
Shall match with the faire flower-Delice.

Ye Shepheards daughters that dwell on the greene,  
Hie you there a pace,  
Let none come there but such as Virgins beene,  
To adorne her Grace.  
And when you come where as she is in place:  
See that your rudenes doo not you disgrace.  
Bind your Fillets fast,  
And gird in your wast:  
For more finenesse with a Tawdrie lace.

Now rise vp *Eliza*, decked as thou art,  
In royall ray:  
And now ye dainty Damsels may depart.  
Each one her way.  
I feare I haue troubled your troupes too long:  
Let dame *Eliza* thanke you for her Song.  
And if you come hether,  
When Damzins I gather  
I will part them all, you among.

*FINIS.*                      *Edm. Spencer.*

### ***The Shepheards Daffadill***

**G** *Orbo*, as thou cam'st this way  
By yonder little hill,  
Or as thou through the fields didst stray,  
Saw'st thou my *Daffadill*?

Shee's in a frock of Lincolne greene,  
The colour Maydes delight.  
And neuer hath her Beauty seene  
But through a vayle of white.

Then Roses richer to behold.  
That dresse vp Louers Bowers,  
The Pansie and the Marigold  
Are *Phæbus* Paramoures.

Thou well describ'st the *Daffadill*  
It is not full an hower  
Since by the Spring neere yonder hill  
I saw that louely flower.

Yet with my flower thou didst not meete,  
Nor newes of her doest bring,  
Yet is my *Daffadill* more sweete  
Then that by yonder Spring.

I saw a Sheepheard that doth keepe  
In yonder field of Lillies,  
Was making (as he fed his sheepe)  
A wreath of Daffadillies.

Yet *Gorbo*: thou delud'st me still  
My flower thou didst not see.  
For know; my pretty *Daffadill*  
Is worne of none but mee.

To shew it selfe but neere her seate  
No Lilly is so bold,  
Except to shade her from the heate,  
Or keepe her from the cold.

Through yonder vale as I did passe  
Descending from the hill,  
I met a smerking Bonny-lasse,  
They call her *Daffadill*.



Whose presence as a-long she went  
The pretty flowers did greete,  
As though their heads they downe-ward bent,  
With homage to her feete.

And all the Sheepheards that were nie,  
From top of euery hill;  
Vnto the Vallies loud did crie,  
There goes sweet *Daffadill*.

I gentle Sheepheard now with ioy  
Thou all my flock doest fill:  
Come goe with me thou Sheepheards boy,  
Let vs to *Daffadill*.

*FINIS.*                      *Michaell Drayton*

### ***A Canzon Pastorall in honour of her Maiestie.***

**A** Las what pleasure now the pleasant Spring  
Hath giuen place,  
To harsh black frosts the sad ground couering,  
Can wee poore wee embrace,  
When euery bird on euery branch can sing  
Naught but this note of woe alas?  
Alas this note of woe why should we sound?  
With vs as May, September hath a prime,  
Then birds and branches your alas is fond.  
Which call vpon the absent Sommer time:  
For did flowres make our May  
Or the Sun-beames your day,  
When Night and Winter did the world embrace,  
Well might you waile your ill and sing alas.

Loe Matron-like the Earth her selfe attires  
In habite graue,  
Naked the fields are, bloomelesse are the brires,  
Yet we a Sommer haue,

Who in our clime kindleth these liuing fires,  
Which bloomes can on the briers saue.  
No Ice dooth christallize the running Brooke,  
No blast deflowres the flowre-adorned field,  
Christall is cleere, but cleerer is the looke,  
Which to our climes these liuing fires dooth yield:  
Winter though euery where  
Hath no abiding heere:  
On Brooks and Briers she doth rule alone,  
The Sunne which lights our world is alwayes one.

*FINIS.*

*Edmund Bolton.*

### **Melicertus Madrigale**

**W**Hat are my Sheepe, without their wonted food?  
What is my life, except I gaine my Loue?  
My Sheepe consume, and faint for want of blood,  
My life is lost vnlesse I *Grace* approue.  
No flower that saplesse thriues,  
No Turtle without pheare.

The day without the Sunne doth lower for woe,  
Then woe mine eyes, vnlesse they beauty see:  
My Sonne *Samelaes* eyes, by whom I know,  
Wherein delight consists, where pleasures be.  
Nought more the hart reuiues,  
Then to embrace his Deare.

The starres from earthly humours gaine their light,  
Our humours by their light possesse their power:  
*Samelaes* eyes fed by my weeping sight,  
Infuse my paines or ioyes, by smile or lower.  
So wends the source of loue,  
It feedes, it failes, it ends.

Kind lookes, cleare to your Ioy, behold her eyes,  
Admire her hart, desire to tast her kisses:

In them the heauen of ioy and solace lyes,  
Without them, euery hope his succour misses.  
Oh how I liue to prooue.  
Whereto this solace tends?

*FINIS.*

*Ro. Greene*

### ***Olde Damons Pastorall***

**F**rom Fortunes frownes and change remou'd,  
wend silly Flocks in blessed feeding:  
None of *Damon* more belou'd,  
feede gentle Lambs while I sit reading.

Carelesse worldlings, outrage quelleth  
all the pride and pompe of Cittie:  
But true peace with Shepheards dwelleth,  
(Shepheards who delight in pittie.)  
Whether grace of heauen betideth,  
on our humble minds such pleasure:  
Perfect peace with Swaines abideth,  
loue and faith is Shepheards treasure.  
On the lower Plaines the thunder  
little thriues, and nought preuaileth:  
Yet in Citties breedeth wonder,  
and the highest hills assaileth.

Enuie of a forraigne Tyrant  
threatneth Kings, not Shepheards humble:  
Age makes silly Swaines delirant,  
thirst of rule garres great men stumble.  
What to other seemeth sorrie,  
abiection state and humble biding:  
Is our ioy and Country glorie,  
highest states haue worse betiding.  
Golden cups doo harbour poyson,  
and the greatest pompe, dissembling:

Court of seasoned words hath foyson,  
treason haunts in most assembling.

Homely breasts doo harbour quiet,  
little feare, and mickle solace:  
States suspect their bed and diet,  
feare and craft doo haunt the Pallace.  
Little would I, little want I,  
where the mind and store agreeth,  
Smallest comfort is not scantie,  
least he longs that little seeth.  
Time hath beene that I haue longed,  
foolish I, to like of follie:  
To conuerse where honour thronged,  
to my pleasures linked wholly.

Now I see, and seeing sorrow  
that the day consum'd, returnes not:  
Who dare trust vpon to morrow,  
when nor time, nor life soiournes not?

*FINIS.*                      *Thom. Lodge.*

### ***Perigot and Cuddies Roundelay***

**I**T fell vpon a holy-Eue,  
hey hoe holy-day:  
When holy-Fathers wont to shriue,  
now ginneth this Roundelay.  
Sitting vpon a hill so hie,  
hey hoe the hie hill:  
The while my flocke did feede thereby,  
the while the Sheepheards selfe did spill.

I saw the bouncing Bellybone,  
hey hoe Bonny-bell:  
Tripping ouer the Dale alone,  
shee can trip it very well.

Well decked in a Frock of gray,  
    hey hoe gray is greeete:  
And in a Kirtle of greene Say,  
    the greene is for Maydens meete.

A Chaplet on her head she wore,  
    hey hoe the Chaplet:  
Of sweet Violets therein was store,  
    she's sweeter then the Violet.  
My Sheepe did leaue their wonted food,  
    hey hoe silly Sheepe:  
And gaz'd on her as they were wood,  
    wood as he that did them keepe.

As the Bony-lasse passed by,  
    hey hoe Bony-lasse:  
Shee rold at me with glauncing eye,  
    as cleare as the Christall-glasse.  
All as the Sunnie-beame so bright,  
    hey hoe the Sun-beame:  
Glaunceth from *Phæbus* face forth right,  
so loue into my hart did streame.

Or as the thunder cleaues the clouds,  
    hey hoe the thunder:  
Wherein the lightsome leuin shrouds,  
    so cleaues my soule a-sunder.  
Or as Dame *Cinthias* siluer ray,  
    hey hoe the moone-light:  
Vpon the glistering waue doth play,  
    such play is a pitteous plight.

The glaunce into my hart did glide,  
    hey hoe the glider:  
There-with my soule was sharply gride,  
    such wounds soone wexen wider.  
Hasting to raunch the arrow out,  
    hey hoe *Perigot*:  
I left the head in my hart roote,  
    it was a desperate shot.

There it rankleth aye more and more,  
    hey hoe the arrow:  
Ne can I finde salue for my sore,  
    loue is a curelesse sorrow.  
And though my bale with death I bought,  
    hey hoe heauie cheere:  
Yet should thilke lasse not from my thought,  
    so you may buy gold too deere.

But whether in painfull loue I pine,  
    hey hoe pinching paine:  
Or thriue in wealth, she shall be mine,  
    but if thou can her obtaine.  
And if for gracelesse greefe I dye  
    hey hoe gracelesse greefe:  
Witnesse, she slew me with her eye,  
    let thy folly be the preefe.

And you that saw it, simple sheepe,  
    hey hoe the faire flocke:  
For priefe thereof my death shall weepe,  
    and moane with many a mocke.  
So learn'd I loue on a holy-Eue,  
    hey hoe holy-day:  
That euer since my hart did greeue,  
    now endeth our Roundelay.

FINIS.                      *Edm. Spencer*

### **Phillida and Coridon**

**I**N the merry moneth of May,  
In a morne by breake of day,  
Foorth I walked by the Wood side,  
    When as May was in his pride:  
There I spied all alone,  
*Phillida and Coridon.*  
Much a-doo there was God wot,

He would loue, and she would not.  
 She sayd neuer man was true,  
 He sayd, none was false to you.  
 He sayd, he had lou'd her long.  
 She sayd, Loue should haue no wrong.  
*Coridon* would kisse her then.  
 She said, Maides must kisse no men,  
 Till they did for good and all.  
 Then she made the Sheepheard call  
 All the heauens to witnesse truth:  
 Neuer lou'd a truer youth.  
 Thus with many a pretty oath,  
 Yea and nay, and faith and troth,  
 Such as silly Sheepheards vse,  
 When they will not Loue abuse;  
 Loue, which had beene long deluded,  
 Was with kisses sweete concluded.  
 And *Phillida* with garlands gay:  
 Was made the Lady of the May.

FINIS. *N. Breton*

### **To Colin Cloute**

**B**eautie sate bathing by a Spring,  
           where fayrest shades did hide her.  
 The winds blew calme, the birds did sing,  
           the coole streames ranne beside her.  
 My wanton thoughts entic'd mine eye,  
           to see what was forbidden:  
 But better Memory said, fie,  
           so, vaine Desire was chidden,  
           hey nonnie, nonnie, &c.

Into a slumber then I fell,  
           when fond imagination:  
 Seemed to see, but could not tell  
           her feature or her fashion.

But euen as Babes in dreames doo smile,  
                    and sometime fall a weeping:  
So I awakt, as wise this while,  
                    as when I fell a sleeping.  
                    hey nonnie, nonnie, &c.

*FINIS.*

*Sheepheard Tonie*