

*Las obras de Diego de San Pedro. Un éxito editorial*

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La cronología de las obras de Diego de San Pedro, según establece Whinnom (1974, 36 et ss.) es la siguiente: *Pasión trovada* (h. 1474), *Siete angustias de la Virgen* (antes de 1481), *Tractado de amores de Arnalte y Lucenda* (h. 1481), *Sermón de amores* (h. 1485), *Cárcel de Amor* (h. 1488) y *Desprecio de Fortuna* (1498). Asimismo, la cronología de impresión de sus obras es como sigue: *Arnalte y Lucenda* (1491), *Pasión trovada*, *Cárcel de Amor* (1492), *Cárcel de Amor* (con la continuación de Núñez, 1496). Del *Arnalte y Lucenda*, en particular, se conocen dos ediciones: la de Burgos, Fadrique de Basilea, 1491; la de Burgos, Alonso de Melgar, 1522. Whinnom (1971) sospecha que podría haber habido una edición más de h. 1500.

*Cárcel de Amor* y *Arnalte y Lucenda* tuvieron un éxito extraordinario en varios idiomas europeos. Damos a continuación una lista de las traducciones de ambas obras a varios idiomas:

• *Arnalte y Lucenda*

- Francés

*L'amant mal traicté de sa mye*. Trad. de Niolás d'Herberay, Sieur des Essars, Sl., s.a. [París, Denis Janot], 1539.

*L'amant mal traicté par sa mie*. París, ¿1540?

*L'amant mal traicté de sa mye*. París, 1541.

*Petit traité de Arnalte et Lucenda*. París, Jeanne de Marnef, 1546.

Ulteriores ediciones en Tolosa (1546), París (1548), Lyon (1550), París, ¿1551?, Lyon (1553), Gante (1556), París (1561), París (1581), París (1595).

- Francés e italiano

*Petit traité de Arnalte et Lucenda. Picciol trattato d'Arnalte e di Lucenda, intitolato L'amante mal trattato dalla sua amorosa*. Trads. Nicolás d'Herberay, Bartolomeo Maraffi. Lyon, Balthzar Arnoullet, 1555.

Ulteriores ediciones en París (1556), Lyon (1570), Lyon (1578), Lyon (1583).

- Inglés

*A certayn treatye most wyttely deuised, orygyinally griten in the Spanynysse, lately traducted in to Frenche entitled Lamant mal traicte de samye*. Trad. John Clerke. Londres, Robert Wyer, 1543.

*A small treatise betwixt Arnalte and Lucenda entituled The evill-treated lover or, The melancholy knight*. Trad. Leonard Lawrance. Londres, J. Okes, 1639.

- Inglés e italiano

*The pretie and wittie historie of Arnalt & Lucenda, with certen rules and dilagues set forth for the learner of th'Italian tong.* Trad. Claudius Hollyband. Londres, Thomas Purfoote, 1575.

*The Italian schoole-maister. Containing rules for the perfect pronouncing of th'Italian tongue...and a fine Tuscan historie called Arnalt & Lucenda.* Trad. Claudius Holliband. Londres, Thomas Purfoot, 1597.

Ulterior edición (*Now revised and corrected by F.P., an Italian*) Londres (1608).

• *Cárcel de Amor*

- Español y francés

*Cárcel de Amor; Prison d'amour.* París, Gille Corrozet, 1552.

Ulteriores ediciones en Amberes (1555), Amberes (1556), Amberes (1560), París (1567), París (1581), Lyon (1583), París (1587), París (1594), París (1595), París (1598), Lyon (1608), París (1616), Amberes (1650).

- Catalán

*Cárcel de Amor. Obra intitulado lo Carcer de Amor.* Barcelona, Johan Rosenbach, 1493.

- Italiano

*Carcer d'amore.* Venecia, Georgio de Rusconi, 1515.

Ulteriores ediciones de Venecia (1513 o 1514)?, Venecia (1518), Venecia (1521), Venecia (1525), Venecia (1533), Venecia (1537), Venecia (1546), Venecia (1621).

- Francés

*Prison d'amour.* París, Antonio Couteau, 1525.

Ulteriores ediciones s.l., s.a. [París] (1526), París (1527), Lyon (1528), París (1533), París (1581), Lyon (1583), París (1594).

- Inglés

*The Castell of Love.* Londres, ¿1549?

Ulterior edición de Londres (¿1560?).

- Alemán

*Carcell de amor oder Gefängnis der Lieb.* Leipzig, 1625.

Ulteriores ediciones de Leipzig (1630), Leipzig (1635), Hamburgo (1660), Hamburgo (1675).

Puede apreciarse que el éxito editorial aseguró la amplísima lectura de las obras sanpedrinas durante los siglos XVI y XVII. La versión inglesa que aquí presentamos de *Arnalte y Lucenda* se traduce de la versión italiana de Maraffi, y en verso. Para ello, recuérdese, se contaba ya con el precedente de la traducción catalana, que se hizo asimismo en verso. En definitiva todas las versiones a otros idiomas, en el caso de *Arnalte y Lucenda*, derivan en último término de la francesa de Nicolás Herberay.

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A Small Treatise betwixt / ARNALTE and LUCENDA / Entituled / *The Evill-intreated Lover*, / OR / *The Melancholy Knight*. / Originally written in the Greeke Tongue, / by an unknowne Author. / Afterwards Translated into *Spanish*, after that, for / the Excellency thereof, into the *French Tongue* by / *N. H.* next by *B. M.* into the *Thuscan*, and / now turn'd into *English Verse* by *L. L.* / a well-wisher to the *Muses*. / Ovid. de trist. / *Si qua meis fuerint, ut erunt, vitiosalibellis, Excusata suo tempore Lector habe.* / LONDON: / Printed by *F. Okes* or *H. Mosley*, and are to be sold at his/ shop, at the Signe of the Princes Armes in / *Pauls Church-yard*, 1639.

[1] To his more than Honoured Unckle *Adame Lawrence*: *Leonard Lawrence* wisheth increase of happiness, with the Yeares of *Nestor*.

*Sir*, When first I translated this small Treatise of *Arnalte* and *Lucenda*, I was resolved to have tendered it to your honoured view, fairely written in a well-pened manuscript: but since that time my resolutions are altered, yet not somuch through my owne desires, as by the perswasion of some wellwishing friends, who earnest to have some copies of (I must confesse) these my weake endeavours, encouraged me to send it to the presse, thereby to avoyde the tediousnesse of writing: To these their motions I was easily perswaded, and that the rather, 'cause my subject had formerly been a printed object: (though in another tongue) Yet I protest no vaine ambition, no phantastique desire, to be perspicuous to the transparent eye of the world incited me, but onely the importunity of friends: this I hope will excuse my forwardnesse, either to your worthy selfe, or any indefferent reader, the ingenious I am sure will encourage my resolutions; and as for the *Hidra*-headed [2] multitude, let them spit the venome of their malicious Envy, and spare not; for I have already prevented the operation of their poyson, with an antidote of sufficient worth, which is, my neglect of such criticall dispositions: and if this be not sufficient, why the two capitall letters of your ever-honoured name, is of force enough to confound them with amazement. For which reason, I knowing it to be customary to such as write bookes, to dedicate their labours to some one or other; some tendring their workes to the view of grand-personages, (I will not say in hope of reward) others to their speciall friends, (perhaps in respect of love and familiarity) yet both (I am confident (with intent, that they may be set forth to the perspicuous eye of the world; have chose your most respected selfe to patronize my post-ensuing lines; not knowing any so worthy, or more judicious, or to whom I am more oblieged. Or have I dared to tender them to the acceptance of any other, sith they are yours, and you may justly claime them, I having devoted all my services to your candid selfe. These if you daigne to protect, I'lle not care for carping *Momus*, or barking *Zoylus*, though they should taxe me with a *Westminsterian* epitaph: albeit I confesse I was never such a pretender to learning (though I know not much) as to steale whole verses, though it bee lawfull to quacke-salve lame lines with helping words, and two physitians use one and the selfe-same simples (though differently compounded) but to write *Verbatim*, I'de not affront any mans ingenium, so ignobly, or dishonour my selfe so basely, though thousands know it not: one may come [3] with *Virgils* verse in his mouth, and say, *Hos ego versiculos feci, tulit alter honores*. But's no matter, such censures may use their freedome, I will not say of ignorace or envy, if of either I care not: It's your honoured selfe, whom I observe: so you be pleased, it imports not who's offended.

My *Genius* having prompt me to present these unpolisht lines to your judicious censure; I shall intreate you'd pardon the faults my English stile affords; and attribute them to my unskilfulnesse; I must confesse (and believe) there bee many, yet since more sublimer wits have had some, mine may bee the more excusable; for if the finest lawne have an iron-mould, (witness your selfe) it may bee borne withall in a courser piece.

But what neede I direct the freenesse of your Noble disposition, or the generosity of your super-excellent minde, since the transcendency of your judgement, manifests that you'le have this consideration, that a small haire cannot give so great a shadow as a bigge cable, nor a needles poynt, so large a circumference as a wide circle. I neede not unfold the *ænigma* of my meaning, *car, au, bon entendeur ne fault que demy parole*. As painters draw a counter-figies by a living object, so have I enterprized to translate a booke, being a printed subject; yet if I give not a true resemblance, or lay my shadowes right, representing the *Idea* of my *Prose*, though metamorphised into *verse*, impute it to my want of Art, not of Desire: Thus, if you please to protect these my employments, which kept my wits busie for some spare houres, from [4] the taxations of false-opinionate men, whose criticall censures I may compare to *Paris* darts, or *Cephalus* shafts, which transpierce the best armour of prooffe, though of *Vulcans* owne forging. I'le promise, when as I am growne more cunning, and can mixe my colours better, to present you with some more serious piece: In the interim I, tendring these to your protection, recommend you to the tuition of the universall *Rector*, who felicitate all your enterprizes; whilst I, with all respect, and submissive reverence, humbly kisse your hands, and remaine in hope of the continuance of your favours,  
*Your well-wishing, and most affectionate Nephew:*  
Leonard Lawrence.

[5] To the noble-minded reader.

*Sir, if my lines should chance come unto  
the worthy prospect of your noble view,  
although they are (I must confesse) unfit  
to walke in equipage with better wit,  
nor worth the observance of your curious eye,*

*yet read them pray, and passe their faults; for why  
a stocke ungrafted never yet could yield  
such pleasant fruite as pruned trees: the field  
untilled (you know) can nothing else produce,  
unlesse wilde weeds, good to no wholesome use.  
wild grapes, though prest, yeeld not such pleasant wines  
as the rich clusters of the manured vines:  
or can the crab-tree such an apple beare  
as the faire pippin; then Sir, shall I dare  
presume to thinke my *Genius* or my braines  
can echo forth such high cothurnick straines,  
as these ingenious wits, who well may claime  
the sacred title of a poets name?*

*arre be't from me to harbour such a thought,  
since in respect so such, I'me worse than nought  
by many thousands: thus your pardon daigne,  
excuse my faults, 'twill recompense my paine:  
[6] for know some time my Muse and I have spent  
this worke to finish, which I now have sent.  
For since report had falsely blazed, that I  
could steale whole verses, but not versifie,  
I chose a subject therby to express  
the skill I have, how to compact a verse.  
Yet Sirs, beare with me, though they doe not run  
with fluent straines most sweetly on your tongue.  
I ne're was lull'd asleepe upon the lap  
of some sweete Muse, I never tooke a nap  
under the shadie leaves of Phœbus tree,  
the groves of Tempe I did never see.  
th'are the first blossomes of my unskilled braine,  
which if you please to cherish and maintaine,  
with the bright sun-shine of your favour, then  
the wipping frosts of selfe-opionate men,  
nor envies blasts shall never have the power*

*to crop the bud of this my growing flower.  
this if you grant, 'twill tye me to remaine  
your constant friend, to which I signe my name.*

L. Lavvrence

[7] To all Faire Ladies, famous for their Vertues, L. L. wisheth the enjoyment of their Desires; whether cœlestiall, or terrestriall, but most especially to *that* paragon of perfection, the very non-such of her sexe, famous by the name of Mistris M. S.

Oh stand my friends yee sacred treble-trine  
of divine sisters, oh yee Muses nine,  
in flame my *Genius*, and my thoughts inspire  
with the bright beams of your ætheriall fire:  
Oh teach me words which yet were never knowne,  
the choisest straines that flow from Helicon,  
and rape me up with raptures 'yond the pitch  
of vulgar thought; my obtuse minde enrich  
with quick invention, for I have a taske  
beyond my skill, therefore your ayde I aske.  
Be then propitious unto my designes,  
and prompt my thoughts, that I in *strenuous lines*,  
[8] and words compacted by your proper paine,  
may gaine excuse; yet left I should prophane

the sacred worth of those *Faire Ladies*, who  
may claime all honour as their proper due,  
what *attributes*, what *honoured titles* shall  
my trembling *tongue*, my *faculties*, and all  
my laboring *senses* study to conferre  
on their rare worths, who scarce know how to erre?  
Call I them ladies? why their sexe doth claime  
the proper title of that gentile name:  
stile I them *faire ones*? Of an *Angels* hue,  
that's but their right, I give them but their due:  
say I th'are vertuous? why their actions show  
It most apparent, and the world doth know  
I should but flatter, if I should confine  
my tongue to style them *Goddesses divine*:  
though others use it, pardon me, not I,  
I have no power for to deifie,  
though I adore yee, and would sacrifice  
my Life to serve yee: what shall I devise,  
what shall I adde, or what shall I expresse  
to found your praises? Oh I must confesse  
It is a subjecto for an *Homers* quill,  
by farre transcending my unlearned skill:  
M'Invention's dull, or is it so sublime,  
to touch your worths, your being most divine:  
what new-coyned titles, what unheard of straines  
shall I then frame, to blazon forth your fames?  
Alas, I'de best strike faile, waft to the shore,  
and anchor there, not dare to venture o're  
this sea of Honour, 'lesse I had the art  
of *heraldry*, your titles to impart,  
[9] Or skill to blaze them in their severall tables  
drawne out with *or*, with *argent*, and with *sables*;  
*gules*, *furres*, & *azure*, *bands*, *barres*, *chevrons*, *crosses*,  
*bulls*, *beares*, and *lyons*, with the well-shapet *horse*:  
or that my *barke* were better rigged and trimed,  
or that I had a fairer gale of winde  
T' embreath the failes of my most flake invention,  
and so transport me with quick apprehension.  
and now more than my tongue can style yee, know  
I am oblieged and eke engaged to show  
unto the prospect of your glorious eyes,  
the sighs, the sobs, the woes, the miseries  
of tortured *Arnalt*, who doth living dye  
through the unkindnesse and strange cruelty  
which faire *Lucenda* shews him: this his Fate  
he doth intreate you to compassionate,

and to bewaile his sufferings, to complaine  
 of her neglect and tyrant-like disdain,  
 which is he cause of his afflicting smart,  
 and of the tortures which infest his heart.  
 Oh if you chance but ever to distill  
 a pearle-like teare, he doth beleeve it will  
 be of such force, that it will mollifie  
 her flinty heart, convert her cruelty  
 to courteous kindnesse, move her to repent  
 her peevish coynesse, cause him sweet content.  
 Then oh yee rare ones, since yee thus may save  
 our ill-intreated Lover from the grave,  
 expresse your pittie, oh bewaile his fate,  
 taxe the unkindnesse and inveterate hate  
 of coy *Lucenda*, blame her for neglect:  
 Oh, tell her, tell her, that such true respect  
 [10] she doth not merit, since she still disdaines  
 his profered love, his service, and his paines:  
 And let the beames of your bright goodnesse shine  
 also faire Ladies on these lines of mine,  
 which though unworthy of your gracious view,  
 vouch safe to read, they being sent to you;  
 t'will please sad *Arnalt*, and exhilarate  
 his pensive thoughts, perhaps t'may recreate  
 your fancies wearied with excesse of pleasure,  
 but t'will reward me with too rich a treasure,  
 and so engage me, that I shall not know  
 how to obsoolve the debts the which I owe  
 unto your worths, for why, they cannot be  
 repayed without some new-coyned mystery:  
 Thus with my booke I kisse your faire white hand,  
 and at the barre of your just knowledge stand  
 to heare our doome; it's you must judgement give  
 if by oblivion we shall dye, or live  
 with fame eternized: give your *Verdict* then,  
 and with it life in spight of envious men.  
 say you'l protect it, say't shall take a nap,  
 encurtained closely in your silken laps:  
 Grant this sweet Ladies unto him who stil  
 vvill be obsequious to your honoured wills,  
 yea, unto him, whoever will remaine  
 more than your servant, well knowne by the name

of *L. L.*

[11] To his respected second-selfe *L. L.*

*How can thy worth be more exprest, than by  
the pleasant fruits of the ingenuity?  
The praise whereof shall tend to thy renowne,  
tea, binde thy temples with a lawrell crowne:  
envy may barke, but shall not bite thy name,  
nor yet have force to rob thee of thy Fame.  
Heed no aspersion, set thy selfe at rest,  
the supprest palme fructifieth best:  
Apollo's Sonnes, Minerva's Darlings will  
applaud thy Genius, and maintaine it still.  
Thy private friends (experienced) will confesse  
there's worth, there's wit, there's learning in thy verse.  
And thy familiars, wishing thee the bayes,  
have song encomiums to thy lasting praise.  
Shall I now laud thee, no t'must be some other;  
my reason's this, because I am thy brother*

J. Lawrence

[12] To his worthy friend the *Author*, upon his translation.

Thy *Arnalt* sad, yet sweetly sung, will move  
in all delight and pleasure, win their love.  
so *Philomel*, whilst of her rape she plaines,  
the senses ravisht with delightsome straines.  
then doe not suffer this thy worke to dwell  
with dull oblivion in her gloomy cell:  
what though thy *Arnalt* doth himselfe confine  
to groves? yet to the world let thy Muse shine:  
feare not the *ill-intreated Lovers* Fate,  
all lovingly will 'treate thy Muse, none hate.

*W. M.*

[13] To his ingenious friend the *Author*, upon his translation.

*I have beheld, with an admiring eye,  
these thy first blossomes of sweet poesie,  
sprung from thy Infant-Muse, whose leaves doe show  
a fragrantnesse; although they did not grow  
nigh helicon, or on the fertile strand  
of sacred Tempe, or Parnassus land.  
thy verse (though sad) is fraught with such sweete layes,  
that it deserves the ever-verdent bayes  
of famed Apollo, for I vow you merit,*

*if for reward, a greater to inherit.  
Thou shewest us Arnalt, yes, and thy translation*

*sheweth thy Genius, and thy education:*

*[14] and we that can no French, are bound to thee  
in bonds of love, for letting us to see  
his love-sicke story most exactly writ  
in English verse, pened by thy fluent wit.  
No more Ile say, friend Lawrence, for thy worth  
it's badge enough to set thy vertues forth;  
for who so reades thy lines, they will confesse  
thy Muse runs well, having o're-tane the presse.*

R. Knowles.

[15] To his much esteemed friend *L. L.* upon his translation of *Arnalte* and *Lucenda*.

*I must confesse, these lines which thou hast writ,  
expresse (kind friend) thy Genius and thy wit:  
And these thy verses have revived in me  
the e'ne dead sparkes of pleasing poetrie:  
'cause I'de say something in the commendation  
of this thy poem, and well-pened translation:  
I doe not write to beautifie thy worke,  
nor under covert of thy sheates to lurke,  
and so to crowd into the presse, not I,  
but to applaud thy ingenuity:  
the Greeks, the Italians, Spaniards, French-men too,  
they are beholding Sir, I vow to you:  
my reason's this, since by thy paines and pen,  
th' hast taught pure English to their country-men,  
and thereon their worth's perspicuous to our Nation.  
By this thy copious and refined translation.  
hadst thou beene tutored or at first brought up  
to quesse of nectar in a golden cup,  
I de ne're admired these thy strenuous lines,  
nor yet have wondered at thy well pened rimes:  
but's strange, me thinkes, that one who daily uses  
to trade, and trafficke, thus should court the Muses,  
then thrive in raptures, and transcendent layes,  
that Fame may crowne thee with a wreath of baies.*  
N. P.

[16] To his much honoured friend, *L. L.*

It were in vaine for me to blaze thy worth,  
this thy translation plainly sets it forth:

and eke thy lines, they all are so well pened,  
that they alone may serve thee to commend:  
Should I extoll thee, why it will but shew  
that to the World, which they already know:  
then all Ile say, the all I doe intend,  
't shall be to shew, I'me proud of such a friend.

T. A.

To his true friend, L. L.

*Art graceth Nature, yet the grace of Art  
growes from those gifts, good Nature doth imparts  
Noe Art, nor Natures gifts are scarce in thee,  
Thy lines will shew, which, like thy selfe, are free.  
Thy Naturall Genius shines forth in thy braine,  
which Time cann't rust, nor spatring Envy staine:  
The Muses blesse thee still as th'have begunne:  
thus prays thy friend, and thus thy friend hath done.*

R. M.

[17] The translator tenders his respect to *all ingenious poets, who, he hopes, will cherish these his infant verses, as being the first that hee ever writ.*

I will not venture usurpe or claime  
the sacred title of a poets name,  
or dare to challenge ought that doth belong  
unto their merits, least their worths I wrong.  
The Worlds applausive praise I will resigne  
to *Phæbus* sonnes, their raptures are Divine,  
sublime transcendent; and their candor's such,  
that I can but the superficies touch  
or their perfections: no, I have no skill  
to found their praises, or to guide my quill:  
to portraice forth th' *Idea* of their Fame,  
unlesse by writing of a poet's name;  
Yet that's enough; for sweete-toned poesie  
makes men immortall, and doth deifie  
them by their actions: what was ever writ  
by a true poet, *Fame* eternized it,  
witness an *Homer*, or brave *Horace* name,  
*Propertius*, *Virgil*, or sweete *Ovids* fame:  
Or looke but backe to these our Moderne times,  
*Spencer*, though dead, surviveth by his rimes;  
[18] *Johnson*, and others, needlesse to rehearse,

are eternized by their famous verse;  
unto whose worths, time-during Fame hath raised  
trophies of honour, to their lasting praise.  
Oh that I could but shew, or else esprese  
how much I Honour the ingenuosness  
of great *Apollo's* darlings, who surpasse  
so farre the vulgar, as bright diamonds glasse!  
my lines are framed in a leaden mould,  
their straines composed of the purest gold;  
whose high-tuned words, like precious jems adorne  
the readers eare, too costly to be worne  
by every vulgar criticke, who despight  
all sence or reason, be it wrong or right,  
will spit the venome of their malice, and  
censure mens labours, though not understand:  
But's to no purpose; say they what they will,  
poets are poets, they but coxecombes still.

[19] A small treatise betwixt Arnalte and Lucenda: entituled The Evill-intreated Lover.

There's but a Summer past; the golden Sunne,  
he hath but once his annuall course o're-run,  
and ledged his fire-breathing steeds within  
the lofty stables of cold *Pisces* Inne.  
And fragant *flora*, dewie-breasted Queene  
of hills and vallies, which we all have seene  
be-spread with grasse-green carpets, intermixt  
with pleasing flowers, which no Art had fixt.  
for by their spreadings and their disperst show,  
one might perceive that *Nature* caused them grow:  
attended on with troopes of lovely *roses*,  
*carnations*, *lillies*, which the Spring discloses;  
and divers forts of various cloured flowers,  
as *pink* and *pawuses*, nursed by *April's* showers.  
Shee hath but once with this her trame given place  
to wintring hyems, with his snow-white face,  
since I a journey, to my selfe no gaine,  
did undertake; for, for my friend the paine,  
[20]I freely did embrace, for certainly,  
the place at distance farre remote did lye,  
whereto I was adrest: but with my steed,  
like *Pegasus* I did intend to speed.  
But having some dayes spent in this my race,  
my fortunes brought me to a desart place,  
set thick with trees, whole lofty tops aspire  
to kisse the clouds; nay yet to reach more higher,

spreading their branches with that large extent,  
that from my eyes they hid the firmament;  
joying so close, that they did *Phæbus* shrowd,  
as he had beene behinde some watry cloud;  
and interposed his glorious beames, that he  
was forcet to peepe to spy his *Daphnean* tree.  
Under their shades the vallies prostrate lay,  
where wolves and foxes did their gamboiles play:  
no silly sheepe, or lambes were ever seene  
to browse or feed upon those plaines, though greene:  
The labouring oxe, nor the milke-giving cow,  
did e're graze there, or hath the sharpe-edged plough  
been ever knowne to furrow up that land:  
No house or cottage on that ground did stand,  
'twas unfrequented, not a tract was seene  
Of man or beast, 'twas all o're-growne with greene,  
with *thistles*, *thornes*, and scratching brier:  
The *boxe* and *holly* which whistand the ire  
of winters rage, for they are alwayes seene  
for to survive, clad in their robes of greene.  
no noise I heard, no cry of coupled hounds,  
whose bawling throats doe make the woods resound  
their yelping clamour, all was quiet there:  
no lusty keeper hollowed in his deere;  
'twas hush and silent lesse some pretty rill  
which murmuring ran at foote of some tall hill,  
or else the whistlings that the winde did breath,  
which made a rushling 'mongst the trembling leafes.  
No shepherd pipet the whilst his flocks did graize:  
no pretty birds did warble our sweet layes,  
[21] unlesse 'twere whose chirping notes did found  
anthems of sorrow to the liftning ground:  
it seemed to be the feate of pensive care,  
of melancholy, and of grim dispaire.  
There mourning fate the harmlesse *turtle dove*,  
and sung sad Dirges on her lifelesse Love:  
And in sweet-tongued *Casta*, pretty *Philomel*,  
in mourning layes, *Tereus* soule lust did tell,  
and in sweet straines though sadly did relate  
her sad disasters, and most cruell Rape.  
Here did I finde that I was gone astray,  
and that unwitting I had lost my way;  
then solid care and passion did possesse  
my wearied thoughts; since that no redresse  
I could rescouter, for the spacious field  
no guide, no shepherd, not a man did yeeld,

nor this alone my vexed minde did trouble,  
The craggy wayes my cares did likewise double.  
the continent it was to me inknowne,  
nor no addresse could unto me be showne,  
which forcet me wander , till at length I found  
my selfe quite lost, I erring in that ground,  
then being streightned, finding no reliefe,  
the uncounthnesse I did exceed with grieffe,  
'twixt feare and hope, I there did musing stand,  
and with my heavy eyes beheld the land,  
And here, and there, and ever where I spye  
to ease my heart; at length my curious eye  
the Heavens being faire, discerned a distance off  
from forth a grove, the smoake ascent aloffe,  
so by that signe I did conjecture then,  
that in that place I should rescouter men.  
This hope revived me, and then wearied I  
'gan trace the path which to the grove might lye,  
and through the thickest of the wood with speed  
I did direct my almost tyred steed,  
but as I traverst through the wood, to finde  
some quite harbour to relieve my minde,  
[22] the pathlesse passage I so tedious found,  
that I repented that my selfe I'de bound  
to enterprise it; for the raged shrubs  
o're-threw my steed, and dasht me'gainst the stubs:  
the catching, scratching thorny briars then  
entangled me as they had angry been.  
Th'untrodden paths with them did eke conspire,  
and tript me up, and laid me in the mire;  
when straight recovering, I re-falling found  
there was no pittie in that desart ground  
and thus preplexet I did not onely grieve,  
for I did wish that Fate an end would give  
unto my travells, and so whishing I  
unto my wisht for end a pace did hye,  
for though my fortunes had me strangely crest,  
that by dispaire my selfe was well-nigh lost,  
I onward went, I would not quench the fire  
that Hope had kindled with my friend Desire.  
I still did journey, but about the time  
that golden *Phæbus* in the West doth shine,  
I gained a hill, from whence I might descry  
with ease the place, from whence the smoake did fly,  
it was a mansion, which report did tell,  
belonged unto a man that there did well,

who by his birth was gentle, and his fame  
unto the World did testifie the same:  
this fabricke he of late caused to be built,  
yet was the front-piece not like others, gilt;  
there were no pillars hewed by curious Art,  
nor did the marble-stones there beare a part:  
No open walkes, no arched galleries,  
as any past, with prospect pleased their eyes,  
but sable blacke did onely make the show,  
for as darke Night it seemed from top to toe:  
which when I saw, it did me so affright,  
that I abashed, stood at the black sight,  
and there my wondring thoughts with rests desire,  
of all my former griefes did quench the fire.  
[23] But drawing nigher, Fate did me conduct  
hard by a place, and as my Fortunes luckt,  
where men were walking, 'twas; who when I found  
their sad aspects, and their lamenting sound,  
their mourning habits, and their sorrowing hearts,  
did testifie that they did act their parts  
in some sad sceane: for by their outward show,  
as men possest with griefe, they all did goe.  
But one amongst the rest who formost went,  
whose sorrwing sighes and groans teh aire did rent,  
who with sad griefe bewailing spent the day,  
him did the rest as Lord and Sir obey.  
And howbeit, that care had quite and cleane  
dried up those ruby streames, the which were seene  
his manly face to staine; and though the rose,  
in striving with the lilly, there did lose,  
her blushing colour: yet I pittying, say,  
his gentle vertues still did beare their sway;  
nor did his face, that likned *Cinthias* waine,  
unto his Noble parts proove any staine:  
and well he shewed it; for he no sooner spyed  
my wearied selfe, brought there by Fortunes guide,  
but did mee friendly greete, although that he  
astonished was, my wondring selfe to see;  
but that past o're and by his courteous show  
he did declare that roses doe not grow  
on raggy thistles: for, oh, Noble he,  
for to descend my horse intreated me:  
and then the passage of my travels past  
he having heard, himselfe did cause with haste,  
for to provide, that fatigated I,  
with carelesse sleepe may ease my drowsie eyes:

then stretching forth to me his gentle hand,  
he did me bring where his sad house did stand,  
which with amazement did afresh renew  
my wondring eyes, and my abashed view;  
which I enforced with heede there to observe  
the speciall markes that notice did deserve,  
[24] obseving which, unto the gate we came,  
where neither Love, nor Fate, or flying Fame,  
did carved stand, or could I ought else spye,  
unlesse 'twere three white scroules on which my eies  
did prying glance; and there I reading found  
this sad inscription, on that argent ground.

*This is the mansion  
of him that living, dyes,  
though death consent not  
to close up his eyes.*

These lines I having read deliberately,  
we farther went, and my observing eye  
perceived, that all things in that house so sad,  
of mourning grieffe a representmente had:  
but though I sadnesse every where did see,  
at that same time I would not curious bee  
to aske the reason, I omitted it,  
till I should finde the time and place more fit.  
Onward we walket and so we entered in  
a spacious hall, where when a while we had bin,  
*Ceres* and *Bacchus*, with thier plenteous traine.  
the tables decked, and then went out againe:  
But long they stayed not, for they ushered in  
plenty of viands, which their traines did bring,  
wheron we fed: then supper being past,  
the grieving Knight he caused me for the haste  
unto my rest, and this kinde he did doe,  
because my travailes and my paines he knew:  
which to refresh most courteously he lead  
me to a chamber, where when I was brought,  
he sighing left me, asking if that ought  
I wanted, and sadly then retiring,  
At these strange wonders left me there admiring:  
being alone, the bedde it standing nigh,  
upon the swanny doune, I downe did lye:  
[25] And as I thought my quiet rest to take,  
when silent Night doth suffer few to wake:  
about the houre, when a watchfull cocke,  
the nights shirll bell-man, and the pesants clock,  
doth give the signall by his early crowing,

that mid-night's past, the cheerefull day is growing.  
I then did heare sad sorrow breath such groanes,  
and sob such sighes and utter forth such moanes  
that the strange noyse with wonder did confound,  
m'amazed sence, but liftning then I found  
that 'twas the Knight, with his attendants, who  
breath forth those groans, and made that strange adoe,  
for with sad musicke they did shreeking plaine  
of thier afflictions, and their smarting paine.  
wailing their sorrowes in nights darkest shade,  
'cause it to sadnesse some resemblance had;  
the direfull screech-owle, beare with them apart.  
And from her screeking throat did shew her Art,  
in keeping time with their sad strained moanes,  
or eccho, like in answering to their groanes:  
hearing this noyse, and in the dead of night,  
I doe protest, it did me sore affright:  
and then I wondered more that e're before,  
for strange it seemed to heare them so deplore:  
imagination feized on sleepe, caused *Morpheus* flye,  
and wiped his leaden slumbers from my eyes,  
and did unlose those silken bands, wherein  
the drowsie god had chained my eye-lids in:  
for those sad tones, the which I heard that night,  
refresing sleepe did from my pores affright,  
that I lay pausing in my naked bed;  
whilst thousand thoughts did traverse through my head,  
but true report hath since informed me,  
that every night the Knight did usually  
renew with passion his lamenting moanes,  
tortering his heart with endlesse sighes and groanes,  
which mooved his servants to deplore his Fate,  
and to bewaile his sad afflicted state:  
[26] for love and pittie did them joyntly binde,  
to be conformed to this greived minde:  
who now wil doubt but that disturbed I,  
lay fraught with wonder, since their pittious cry  
chast sleepe away: for with their teares they past  
the nights sad houres, greiving whilst they last:  
but when the East 'gan vest himselfe with gray,  
which is the ensuing of a golden day,  
all was in silence husht, they did lay by  
their dolefill tones, and their distracted cries.  
rose-cheeked *Aurora*, usher to the day,  
had now with-drawne Nights curtaines, cald away  
gold-glistering *Titan*, from faire *Tethis* bed:

(to whose embraces he was lately fled)  
which when he heard, with speed and haste he hyed  
unto his chariot, which he there espyed:  
then mounting up his bright refulgent beames,  
guilded the mountaines, and the silver streames:  
when stately riding through the christall skye,  
vested in gold, from forth a church hard by  
I heard a Saints-bell found, whose tones did call  
the circumjacent dwellers (great and small)  
unto that service, which is styled the masse,  
or mattins either (well we'le let that passe,  
and to the purpose) then I did espye  
my Noble host, the Knight, with weeping eyes  
enter my chamber, where he did expresse  
the selfe same Honour and true Noblenesse  
which he vouchfased me, the last passed night,  
when Fortune brought me to his corteous sight:  
for freindly grasping of my hand, he lead  
me to the place where service then was read  
where when arrived, my over-curious eye  
roving about, I chanced for to espye  
a monument, with sable blacke be-decked,  
which sorrowing grieffe had caused the Knight erect  
and as I since have heard, he doth intend  
therein to rest, when Death shall give an end  
[27] to all his cares: observing it I found  
this sad inscription which engraved was round.

*See here the Memory*

*of one that grieves with paine,  
since that the sight of him nor her  
with case he cannot gaine.*

Although the masse, a service that's divine,  
was celebrated at that present time,  
which claimed attention with a due respect,  
yet masse and service did I then neglect,  
and there my thoughts, which should have bin divine,  
did poise the meaning of each severall line:  
And having poised them, yet I did not spare  
to note the sorrow that they did declare.  
yet though I those things saw, I troubled was,  
since of th'effects I could not judge the cause,  
but then from church, sevice being done,  
we homeward went, where whe that we were come,  
wee free-faced plenty found, who from her store  
had spread the table with the cates all-o're,  
then downe we fate, refreshet our appetite,

and dinner past, the sad lamenting Knight  
striving to glad me with some recreation,  
the which might keepe me in some agitation;  
he'gan discourse, and in's discourse did show  
that he the King and Queene full well did know,  
requiring me most friendly to relate  
if they attended were with courtlike state,  
honoured and ferved with true magnificence  
as did belong unto their Excellence:  
these his demands I well could satisfie,  
but let them passe, for with my judging eye  
I did perceive that he discourse did frame,  
me for to pleasure and to entertaine:  
not from desire that he had to know,  
how it with King or Queene or Court did goe:  
[28] and this I judged because he was so sad,  
for he his sorrow alwayes present had;  
for, for the most part he both sighed and sorrowed,  
but sometimes liftning, then a smile he borrowed;  
and so concluding he me to requite,  
did render thanks, and this he did recite:  
know worthy friend, that not without good reason  
our past discourse was framed, nor out of reason:  
for I to thee the true effects will show,  
to finde the spring from whence my teares doe flow,  
provided this, that you me pledge doe give,  
that you'le not faile, nay, by the faith you live,  
to publish all that my sad tongue shall tell  
to vertuous Ladies, who with wit as well  
as modesty are gracet, oh let such know,  
how one doth cause me suffer smart and woe  
without just cause, how her obdurate minde  
no teares will soften, no intreats make kinde:  
that from her sexe she varies, and despight  
their sweet conditions which doe men delight:  
shee tyrannizes, and to vanquiaht me,  
shee is more cruell than man to man would be.  
Report this to them, and with grieffe declare  
this sorrowing note unto their gentle eares,  
that they advertised may her folly blame,  
and of her cruelty with me complaine.

"And now ye Ladies, Angels by your hues,  
"I am oblie'gd to tender to your views  
"this following worke, the which I heard at large;  
"nor will I faile to execute my charge,  
"since yee by right may claime, and 'tis most fit

"that to your censures I should tender it.

*Translator to the Ladies.*

Oh that my tongue were now with silver tipet,  
since to yee Ladies I must sing with it:  
nay, I could wish the concave of my throate  
were lined with brasse, since that I the note  
[29] of the sad Knight must found unto your eares,  
and with my verse expresse his mourning teares.  
Oh! Could I gaine but little *Philomel*,  
*Phæbus* sweet bird, within my beast to dwell,  
that she might teach me how to warble forth  
a mourning ditty, for I now am loath  
to venture on this following worke: for why,  
I am unskilled, nor e're could versifie.  
and then againe, I did it entrprize,  
ere I did finde that it unto your eyes  
should be presented: had it beene to men,  
I'de not have cared if they had censured them:  
but's to your honoured sexe, you'le judge aright,  
and on my faults your sweet eyes soon will light:  
but passe them Ladies, when yee them espy,  
not on my faults, on me reflect your eyes:  
and pardon Ladies, if my Muse affords  
no pleasing straines, or if my ill placet words  
expresse no sweetnesse, or my halting verse  
doe not runne currant; for I ne're conversst  
with the nine *Muses*, never did I clime  
*Pernassus* top, my wits for to sublime;  
*Helicons* sweet water I did never taste,  
but if I drank't, it was upon the waste:  
*Ambrosia*, *Nectar* never did I touch,  
then of my rudenesse censure not to much,  
but stay my Muse, if you this course doe keepe,  
you'le run astray, and I before't to seeke  
a new my subject: then let's not digresse  
from our intended purpose, but rehearse  
the Knights sad words, oh neither let my tongue  
injure *Arnalte*, or the authour wrong.

*The Knight to the traveller.*

Sir, I doe thinke that I should injure thee  
beyond all Reason, in a high degree,  
if I should faile those secrets to unshrowd,  
which now are vailed under silence cloud;  
[30] or to declare of my demands the cause,

with their effects, and what the reason was  
that mov'd me to them; for it's not of late  
that I the King and Queene, their Princely state  
have truely knowne; for by their high renowne,  
their vertuous goodnesse which their acts do crown,  
their fames divulged, the world enough doth know,  
their honoured worths; but for your paines I owe  
some kind requitall, since you have declared  
all what you knew, and thereof nothing spared:  
my thanks I'll tender for to gratifie  
in some respects thy noble courtesie,  
but other reasons moved me to demand  
those fained questions, and my speech was framed  
unto another end; for I meane t'impair  
the grieving passins of my sorrowing heart  
unto thy selfe, and so conferre on thee  
the treasureship of all my miseries:  
for I beleieve thou wilt vouchsafe to rest  
some sort of pittie in thy manly breast,  
which will incite thee to bewaile my Fate,  
and the oppressions of my wretched state  
causing thee harbour in thy solid braine,  
what I recount, that so you may proclaime  
in future times the summe of all my grieffe,  
and how I live stil hopelesse of reliefe.  
attend me then with silence, but first know  
I thanks to *Thebes* for my nurture owe,  
for that's my Nation, which *Agenors* sonne,  
*Cadmus* did build, when as he durst not turne  
backe to his Father, 'cause he could not gaine  
his deare *Europa*, whom great *Jove* had taine,  
with this same *Cadmus*, the *Bœtian* King,  
I for a long time nourished have beene,  
and eke a long time's past, since unkind Death  
deprived my Father of his vitall breath,  
whose honoured selfe was named as I, *Arnalte*:  
but I'll refraine to certifie unto thee  
[31] what that he was; for it will ill become  
me for to praise him, since I am his sonne,  
in these paste dayes King *Cadmus* kept his Court  
within faire *Thebes*, and his chiefst resort  
was oftneft thither; for which reason, I  
did there recide, and live most constantly;  
following my study, mixt with recreation,  
sometimes with sport, sometimes in contemplation,  
voyd of all care I lived, my Heart was free,

from Love-sicke passions, or his tyranny:  
Whilst thus I lived in hight of perfect blisse,  
unconstant Fortune (who e're whirling is)  
cast me from forth the seat of mans chiefe hap,  
and flung me head long in *Pandoreas* lap,  
for one a day, when as my selfe I found  
quiet in minde, and eke in all parts found,  
free from disturbance of unquiet cares,  
or pensive thoughts, commixt with palid feares,  
an eminent man, in *Thebes* city knowne,  
for Fame his worth on her shrill trumpe had blown,  
yeeled himselfe unto pale a shie death,  
who victor-like exhaled his fainting breath.  
Unto whose funerall rites and obsequies  
the stately courtier and the burgeois hyes  
and divers others, who did all intend  
to grace the body of their deceast friend,  
whose life-lesse corps with many watrey eyes  
was brought to church in a most solemne wise,  
where when arrived it in the misdst was placed,  
during such time the ceremonies last,  
and there abode, whilst that with weeping eyes,  
his nighest kinne the rites did solemnize  
chiefely his daughter, who, alas did seeme  
like faire faced *Venus*, Loves cœlestiall Queene,  
when shee wore mourning for the timelesse death  
of sweete *Adonis*, wonder of the earth.  
for shee with shreekes and sad lamenting cryes,  
distiled salt teares, which flowed from her eyes,  
[32] in that aboundant manner, as if all  
the rainy showres had beene forced to fall,  
trickling along her cheekes, which to my view  
seemed like transparent drops of pearly dew  
on fragrant roses, e're the bright-faced sunne  
had kist them drye, teares did not only runne  
from her bright christall fountaines, for she tare  
her silken vestments, and her flaxe-like haire  
the *Cypresse* vaile, which her faire face did shrowd,  
like golden *Phæbus* in a watry cloud,  
shee rent in peeces, with her snow-white bands  
disheveled her curious breded bands,  
the winds enamoured, ravished with delight  
at the faire prospect of so rich a sight.  
breath forth their milder gales and gently blew  
their fanning windes, by which her bright haire flew.  
In amorous dangling, frisling her faire tresses,

which in *Meanders* hung and curled esses  
and like the surges of the rowling maine  
they rise and fall, or as upon some plaine  
wee see the pretty rising hillocks stand  
or as the furrowes of the plowed up land  
these sunne-like tresses twined in artlesse knots  
where in close ambush wanton *Cupid* lurkes,  
shee did unroote without the least respite  
she waged a warre maintained a deadly fight,  
'twixt her faire hands, and those disheveled haire  
which without pittie from her head she teares,  
and they not able to with-stand her might,  
o'come in battaile, trembling tooke their flight  
in scattered troopes and some quite dead did lye  
on her spread shoulders, obvious to the eye  
of the beholders, in that pittious hew,  
that those that did this cruell conflict view,  
at their rare beauty did not onely wonder  
but grieved to see them severed so assunder,  
pittying their usage and their ruined state,  
seeking to save them though, alas, too late.  
[33] O'come with passion, and distracting woe,  
halfe mad with sorrow, she oh, she did throw  
her tender body on the senceless ground  
and there lay grov'ling with her teares e'ne drownd  
her acclamations mixt with grievous groanes,  
her sighes, her sobs, her sad lamenting moanes  
were powred forth, in that distracted wise,  
that all who saw her joyntly sympathized  
with her in sorrow, some bewailed her Fate,  
others her losse, the rest compassionate,  
those out-rages, the which she did inflict  
on her faire selfe, alas, she did commit  
such cruelty, that pittie mooved all those  
that were spectators of her grievous woes,  
to have a feeling of ther inward smart,  
whose cruell tortures did infest her heart,  
for every one did taxe this Virgins Fate,  
and her sad sorrowes caused them lachrymate  
since in her passions she was so extream,  
for to her grieffe she limited no means,  
which so surprest her, that she seemed ro bee  
the very abstract of calamity.  
but now, alas! She of whom I speake,  
whose sad remembrance makes my heart to break,  
oh shee it is ! yea, she that bears the name

of faire *Lucenda*! my e're honoured dame.  
Then lift awhile, and my sad tongue shall tell,  
how she in worth all others doth excell,  
Ile thus describe her in each feverall eye  
a *Cupid* sits inthroned with Majesty  
vertue attends her, midesty doth grace  
the rose-like blushes of her lovely face,  
her pure complexion doth surpasse the snow,  
and stains the lillies in their milke-white show,  
the pleasing grace, which makes her lovely seeme,  
may claime precedence of the *Paphian* Queene,  
like polished ivory doth her fore-head shine,  
her soft silke tresses in *Meanders* twine,  
[34] and are so bright, that *Phæbus* he doth shroud,  
if her he spies, his face behind a cloud,  
as sparking *diamonds* shine her splendent eyes,  
or as bright stars, which twinkle in the skies,  
whose radiant beames doe such a luster dart,  
that with a slash they have consumed my heart.  
Her nose's well featured, of the handsomest mould,  
not long, or peaked, signes that grace a scould.  
Her cheekes resemble two fresh flowey banks,  
where bright *carnations* grow in disperst rankes,  
and in those cheekes the red and whit discloses  
such pleasing glimps, as lawne o're spreading roses.  
Her lips like *rubies*, which by Art are joyned,  
doe sweetely close, and friendly are combined  
and for their colour, they by farre exceede  
the rosiate blood, which purple grapes doe bleed,  
who when they move, they presently doe shew  
or orient pearles, a well-raged row.  
Her organ-voyce it may paralell  
the sweete-tuned notes or pretty *Philomel*,  
nay, farre surpasse, the *Spheares* it may exceed,  
for if she sing her tones doe raptures breed,  
her breath so fragrant, that it doth surscent  
the *Arabian* spices, those from *India* sent,  
a lovely dimple setteth forth her chin,  
and wanton *Cupid* plaies bo-peepe therein.  
A snow-white necke supporteth eke her head,  
and from that neck two faire large shoulders spread.  
Her virgin bosome branched with swelling veines,  
distiled from Heaven in *Aprilian* raines,  
whose azured dye doth staine the spahiers hew,  
and make'em yeeld that they are not so blew,  
beares two white hils, whose whitenes may compare

with snow or doun, the which the swan doth weare,  
soft as white wooll, or as the airy bed,  
whereon queene *Iuno* loft her maiden-head.  
Upon whose tops two pretty arbours stand,  
composed of roses, framed by Natures hand.  
[35] Betwixt those hills a pleasant vale doth lye,  
and't's consecrated to Loves deity,  
much like unto that shadie grove'tis seated,  
wher faire *Idalia* her *Adonis* treated.  
For to embrace her, whilst the unkind lad  
reject her suite, and left her vexing sad.  
Her hands and armes, they like unto the rest,  
are well proportioned, and for to be prest  
within their folds there is no greater blisse.  
oh wer't my hap that I may purchase this!  
For other parts, the which I doe not know,  
I will not mention, lest I speake too low,  
there's onely this, as there are fev'rall graces,  
and this I'le say, and speake it evermore,  
*Nature* in her hath laid up all her store,  
nor is this all, it's but the cabinet  
wherein a jemme of greater worth is kept,  
a soule unspotted, free from vulgar staine,  
immaculate and honourable name,  
a gentle heart, a truely-noble minde,  
not proud, but humble, very courteous, kind;  
rich in good thoughts, m or vertues having store,  
judicious, witty, but in vices poore.  
In briefe, to praise her goes beyond my skill,  
'twould fit a pensill, or some poets quill  
but to the purpose, I was sore agash't  
at the rare lady, whose strange acts abasht,  
m'admiring selfe possest with suddaine feare,  
for I did doubt that she would lend an eare  
unto th'alurements of dispaire, for why,  
shee did affilct her selfe most cruelly,  
and wonder rapt me with amazement, when  
I had the prospect of so rich a jemme,  
being so perfect in each linament,  
that like an angell from Joves palace sent,  
shee did appeare unto my trembling view,  
so faire, so bright, so glorious was her hew.  
[36] The corps being laid with order in his tombe,  
and publickly before the world inhum'd,  
*Lucenda* thence did wailing home returne;  
and I likewise, who then began to burne

with new-felt fire, whose tormenting flame  
tortur'd my heart with an unusuall paine.  
Thus being wounded with loves fiery dart,  
I did endeavour to recure my heart;  
which to effect, the groves I did frequent,  
the woods, the fields, that so I might prevent  
love of his purpose; but in vaine the fields,  
or silent woods, no comfort to me yeeld;  
though solitude I did accompany,  
No ease I gain'd, no helpe, no remedy;  
'twas labour lost, the place affords no ease,  
I still was tortur'd with my strange disease,  
and well I knew incontinent I found  
that folitude did not alone abound;  
nor get that hope at randome from mesped;  
but that all solace from my heart was fled.  
The twice *Twelve Sisters* clad in blacke and white;  
the day attending, and the darkfome night,  
their charge observing, suffer'd for to passe,  
thus many a day that runned through their glasse;  
whilst I endeavour'd for to entertaine  
dremaing oblivion, and to steepe my braine  
in *Lethean* water, that I might forget  
the sixt resolves whereon my minde was set;  
for fince my entrance I so prickly found,  
so cruell, cragged, an such thorny ground,  
I knew the issue would more tedious be,  
and farre more rugged unto love-ficke me.  
Yet this avail'd not, albeit time did haste  
with flying wings; nor would a minute waste,  
the more he flew, the more my paines drew nye,  
in whose hot flames my wounded heart did fry;  
'twas water throwne with smiths upon the fire,  
which doth not quench, but makes it flame the higher  
[37] for as my griefes increase and multiply,  
with winged speed my helps from me did flye;  
thus in a lab'rinth I was strangely got,  
and there I wander'd, having not the knot  
to re-conduct me forth, I seeking, stray  
in untrod paths, I found no ready way.  
Ten thousand thoughts lay hamm'ring in my braines,  
who forg'd out meanes how to asswage my paines.  
Buth prov'd so brittle, that they did not hold  
whilst I assay'd them; thus my hopes grew cold  
for want of succour, and most wretched I  
endur'd much anguish, then necessity,

the slye inventor of unheard of facts,  
 th' accomplisher of more than common acts,  
 by her sage counsell shew'd me by what wayes  
 I might released be from this strange maize;  
 and thus advis'd me, that I by a page  
 who waited on me in his equipage,  
 and to *Lucendas* house did oft resort,  
 her brother to associate and disport,  
 might certifie, I having the fit meanes  
 to faire *Lucenda*, (whose transpiercing beames  
 inflam'd my heart) the passion that I felt  
 for her sweet selfe, though I did often melt  
 to brackish teares, and from my eyes did flow  
 such rivolets, as might an ocean grow.  
 My thoughts thus having prompt me, I' gan spy  
 in every place for opportunity;  
 t' obviate which I did encharge my page  
 for to frequent more oft, and to engage  
 himselfe more dearely to *Lucendas* brother,  
 yet on his life m'intents not to discover.  
 This his imposed charge he modestly  
 did execute, with speed sought remedy  
 in such a wife, that he went in and out  
 my ladies mansion, none did him mis-doubt;  
 and having divers times him well advis'd  
 for to be secret, and unto his eyes  
 [38] presented divers chastisements, if he  
 unto my secrets should disloyall be;  
 gave him a letter, the which did containe  
 these following lines written with great paine.

*Arnaltes letter to Lucenda. (treasure)?*

*Thou matchlesse [?] of worth, the worlds chiefe  
 on whose faire fore-head sits a world of pleasure,  
 natures sole darling, an my soules delight;  
 fairer than Venus, than the Sunne more bright;  
 For why thy beauty doth by farre out-ray  
 th' orient brightnesse of a sun-shine day;  
 if that my fortunes so propitious were  
 to my desires, as you are Phoenix rare;  
 I'de rather wish that you were certifi'd  
 of my pure love, purer than gold though try'a,  
 or that my faith and constant loyalty  
 were but perspicuous to your glorious eye,  
 then that you should vouchsafe to read my lines,  
 th' interpreters of my infore't designes;*

had this favour, (fairest) were it so,  
observing me, you easily might know  
the passion that I suffer; which is such,  
and so out-raging, vexing me so much,  
that would be able freely to obtaine,  
that which I hop't by writing for to gaine;  
for by missive you can onely know  
my grieving ends, but then my teares would show  
the desp'rate state wherein afflicted I,  
doe passe my dayes in endlesse misery.  
My heaped griefes would likewise then supply  
my failing words, an to you testifie  
the truth of that which now your selfe may doubt;  
and from your breast, distrust they'd banish out.  
For though th' afflictions fortune hath not spar'd  
to let me suffer, cannot be declar'd,  
yet through my paine your ludgment would conceive  
the very truth, the reason why I grieve;  
[39] Now since such hap, my hapdoth not possesse,  
I'll force my lines my sorrowes to expresse,  
know, faire Lucenda, since that very day,  
your honour'd father was involv'd in clay,  
your more than mortall grace, and my affection  
captiv'd my heart, enthral'd me to subjection.  
Your shining living lampes, whose glorious light  
transcend the starres, that waite on Cintia bright,  
directed me at that same present time,  
to offer thy selfe (who seem'd divine)  
my life, my service, and I vow'd to be  
a faithfull Servant unto honour'd thee;  
whilst thus I gazed at thy most rare beauty,  
the Priests had done unto the corpes their duty,  
and your faire selfe did homeward then prepare;  
whence fleeting time did all your sorrowes beare;  
for, for to grieve you found it was in vaine,  
sith your lost Father teares could not regaine;  
you being gone, I likewise homeward went,  
where when arriv'd, I inwardly did scent  
a strange disturbance, all my spirits quak't,  
my vitals trembled, ague-like I shak't;  
my blood ranne boyling in my veines, my heart  
lay panting, throb'd with anxious smart;  
and I bewail'd the cruell smarting paine,  
which I doe suffer from that secret flame  
which love hat kindl'd, dazling in your eyes,  
whose radiant beames with torments me surpriz'd.

*Sweete I beseesh thee credit this; believe,  
that for thy selfe I doe both pine and grieve,  
for I'me so strongly fetter'd in loves band,  
that nought can free me'lesse thou lend a hand;  
being as feeble my passions to o're-sway,  
as you have force, t' inforce my heart obey;  
more o're, I thee assure, that want of power  
more than owne free-will caus'd me yeeld o're  
my thrall'd selfe, and tender to thy sbrine  
my vowes, my life, and thus vel nil as thine.  
[40] Had I the [?], or were I helpt by might,  
then from thy face I straight would take my flight;  
but [?] my will, perforce I am constrained  
to [?] thee ont by whom my heart is pained;  
nor from your beauty (fairest) can I flye,  
since in my thraldome doth my freedome lye;  
for over mee you sway so strong a band,  
and o're my selfe I have so small command,  
that if I purpose (lady) not to love thee,  
I am not able, your graces doe so move mee;  
for why, alas, my wounded sorrwoing heart  
by trough thy vertues, my love bearing part;  
So firmly knit, and link with loves strong band  
to thy sweete selfe, that nought can it dis-band.  
Thusiet these line (sweete mistris) certifie,  
if that I'de had the possibility.  
Rather than that I would have hop'd in vaine,  
for helpe of thee, by whom my heart's nigh slaine,  
I'de thee have banish'd from my quiet minde,  
nor thee have suffer'd barbour there to finde  
but fate has order'sy, and I am condemn'd  
by destiny, to be thy truest friend;  
or have I had the meanes to avoud the ill  
of this good hap, which thus remaine must still;  
protract not now thy comfort, but with speede,  
stench thou those wounds that in my heart doe bleed;  
heale mee, for why, I suffer cruell smart  
from thy bright eyes, which have transpiere'd my heart;  
deny me not thy gracious favour then,  
but by thy smiles glad me 'bove other men;  
for by the greatnesse of my suff'ring paine,  
I doe deseve these favours to obtain,  
and since in so few dayes thy sunne-like eyes  
have out-ray'd me in a most cruell wise;  
consider in what an obligation you  
are reduable, and to me 'tis due;*

*since I had rather lose my selfe for thee,  
then to fav'd, unlesse thy meanes it be  
[41] and sith thou art the cause of my torment,  
the paine is pleasing, and gives me content,  
and my destruction, for thy sake doe I,  
though with great losse, esteem it victory.  
Then sweete assist me, let me not despaire,  
cherish th' affection, which to thee I beare;  
although ay yet no recompence I crave,  
for I doe hope, when you shall knowledge have  
of the estate, wherein I loving live,  
that then your notice will you freedome give  
to loose the reines to reason, which you'le find  
not to be absent, gracing of your mind;  
and whereas reson's present, there'l not want  
a large reward, for it will kindnesse grant;  
now with this hope I straight waies will expell  
unquiet thoughts; dispaire shall never dwell  
within my breast; but since dispo'd I am,  
rather to suffer my afflicting paine,  
than to petition, or to intercede  
for thy assistance, I will cease to plead  
to gaine thy favou', causeile give an end  
to this missive, which I now doe send;  
onely vouchsafe my teare-drown'd face to see,  
that of my griefes it may a testate be;  
for why, deare love, a lovers pleading eyes  
may more expresse, than letters can comprize.*

Thus was my letter finish'd, yet friend know,  
e're I give order that my page should goe  
for to deliver't to the milke white hand  
of her, at whom all eyes amazed stand;  
I did instruct him in what manner he  
ought to proceed, and carefull for to be;  
wisely to chuse the place, and time most fit,  
to tender to her view what I had writ;  
that if perhaps *Lucenda* should refuse  
for to reveice it, then she might not chuse;  
these my commands unto th' obsequious will  
of my observing page, were pleasing still;  
[42] For by his actions he did still expresse  
his love and care to gaine me some red resse,  
daily endeavouring to relieve me, he  
at length had spy'd her all alone to be;  
then taking hold of opportunity,

he there intreated her as covertly  
as possibly he might, that she'd vouchsafe  
t' accept my lines, to daigne me so much grace;  
how she did like of this discourse so strange,  
she made expression by her colours change:  
Nor could she so dissemble, or disguise  
her inward thoughts, but by her blushing eyes  
she did reveale them; for we oft disery  
by outward symptomes what doth inward lye.  
Yet ne' rethelasse my page, as well advis'd,  
weighing the paine I suffer'd from her eyes,  
at nought did marvaile, but did still intreat  
her gracious pittie to asswage my heat;  
but she, alas, did no attention lend  
to his intreates, nor yet her favours send;  
for seeing that she still was importun'd,  
that on ther patience he too farre presum'd,  
thinking to free her selfe, she forthwith went  
from her soft resting seat with discontent.  
Which when my page perceiv'd, he suddainely,  
with large stept paces after her did hye,  
and swiftly speeding, he her over-tooke,  
then threw my letter where she needes must looke,  
which fell so fairely, that necessity  
inforc'd her will thereon to cast her eye,  
an take it up, but with such entertaine,  
that it a thousand rents did straight waies gaine;  
which spightfull act did re-assault my heart,  
with a stong troope of more than killing smarts.  
For when I saw my hopes thus blasted, and  
my griefes still crescent, I had no command  
o're my sad soule; a death-resembling cold  
possess'd my spirits, an my hopes control'd;  
[43] Which deepe distemper of my wounded breast  
did so torment me, that it did expresse  
me more than wretched; thus I still endur'd  
heart-burning tortures, hopelesse to be cur'd,  
unlesse pale death should penetrate my heart  
with the sharpe edge of his all-killing dart.  
Thus straught with passion and distracting care,  
o'r-come with griefe, possest with grim dispaire,  
unto my selfe I grew sostrange a foe,  
and such a friend unto my smarting woe,  
that I embrac't it with a great delight,  
and entertain'd it dayly in my sight.  
For if for refuge or some helpe I sought,

I had recourse unto my sorrowing thoughts;  
 and like sad *Philomel* in mourning layes,  
 I warbling, grieving spent full many dayes;  
 untill a morning which with ruddy looke,  
 did drive nim mists from off the silver brookes,  
 and that *Aurora* clad in purple gay, (day,?  
 had chas'd blacke night, and brought on cheerefull  
 or that bright *Titan* in the easterne streames  
 began to bathe his fiery-flaming beames;  
 for then my page who still was circumspect,  
 and tooke great heed m'affaires not to neglect,  
 came in and told me how *Lucenda*, she  
 the following night resolved for to be  
 at divine service; this then straight-wayes past  
 for truth unto my breast, since th' Eve it was  
 of Christ his masse; (oh ever honour'd time,  
 too great a subject for my love-sicke rime)  
 having heard this, I straight wayes summon'd in  
 my wits to cunsaile what I should begin.  
 Then for to ease my sad afflicted heart,  
 I did intend a new projected part;  
 which to accomplish I resolv'd, disguis'd  
 in ladies habite for to blind the eyes  
 of slye suspition; so for to draw neare  
 my honourd lady, sitting void of feare,  
 [44] Hoping by that fine slight for to prevent  
 the babbling tonge of dangers utterment;  
 then being accoutr'd ev'ry way compleat,  
 vested like her I went, an tooke my seate  
 nigh to the place whereas she us'd to be  
 at any time of high solemnity;  
 and she not doubting of my cunning plot,  
 (for so disguis'd alack she knew me not)  
 at her arrivall, though her tongue were mute,  
 with courtesie she did me then salute.  
 Night *Negro* Queene, having the earth o're-spread  
 with her blacke vaile, and in bright *Phoebus* stead,  
 pale *Luna* shining with her spangl'd traine,  
 whose glimmering lights did dart a twinkling flame;  
 I found occasion since the silent night,  
 th' obscure place (which might some others fright)  
 propositions prov'd, these words for to declare  
 unto *Lucenda* in perfections rare.

*Arnalte to Lucenda being disguis'd.*

Renowned lady, famous by the name  
of faire Lucenda, which you truely claime;  
had I th' Elixer of all humane wit,  
or were my tongue with gold or silver tipt;  
were I compos'd of a rethorick, could my words  
sound forth more sweetnesse than the true accords  
of Lutes, or Harps, or might my genius claime  
precedency of smooth'd-tongu'd tullies fame,  
yet were my words too meane I must confesse,  
for your attention, sweetest I professe;  
not able for to counterpoise the grace  
which doth adorne your Angelick face!  
For these same reasons let me (sweet) intreat  
thee not to heed what that my tongue shall speake;  
for had I (fairest) but such skill to plaine  
of thy unkindnesse, at' hast might to paine  
my yeelding heart, I' de justly then declare  
my selfe as learned as y' are beauteous faire.  
[45] But marke the passions of my wounded heart,  
th' abundance of my sighs, whose cruell smart  
at this same instant I present to thee;  
that of my paine they may affirmers be.  
I doe not know what gaine you hope to get  
out of my losse, what good you doe expect  
from my ill hap, for I have let you know  
by my sad lines, that I my life doe owe  
unto thee lady by my misery,  
express my selfe sole yours untill I die;  
yet arm'd with rage, dispightfully you tor'd  
my sad epistle, wherein I implor'd  
thee to release me from that anxious paine  
which thou hast caus'd me (fairest) to sustaine.  
You ought t' have given leave unto my lines  
t' have done their message, by which my designes  
you might have knowne, and how in passions I  
have ever liv'd, since first of thee my eye  
(guided by fate) so faire my a prospect gain'd;  
that to thy selfe I finde my heart enchain'd;  
perservere not I pray so vehemently,  
nor be not thus resolv'd; alas for why?  
The cloudie mists of base report will staine  
the lively glosse of your renowned fame.  
Nor will your fame alone endamag'd be,  
For I shall suffer through your tyranny,  
and lose a jemme priz'd beyond all wealth,  
(mans chiefest hap) the enjoyment of my health;

*where wilt thou finde excuse, whose force may serve  
thee to acquit of what thou dost deserve?  
Or warrantise thee too, too cruell action  
of these strange acts, or their offending fashion.  
Thou hear'st the anguish with the which my tongue  
doth crave redresse, for my heart-killing wrong  
full well you know that vertues differ farre  
from rigorous forces; how in kind they are  
unlike each other, that you cannot be  
vertuous, if cruell; kind, if harsh to me;  
[46] Nor can you (fairest) vertues period gaine,  
unlesse you gracious courtesie retaine  
then since it in your gracious power doth lye,  
with one poore word fully to satisfie  
and recompence my service, cleare the shot  
of all my paines, the word denie me not;  
for I no greater hap desire to gaine,  
than that by your consent I may proclaime  
my selfe your servant, for so honoured I  
my ills receiv'd from thee may satisfie,  
speake then thou non-such of thy sexe, for why  
I'me rapt with wonder, since that thy reply  
is still protracted, let thy organ-voyce  
pronounce some comfort, and my soule rejoyce,  
doe not consent (deares heart) to suffer me  
with tediousnesse still to sollicite thee:  
behold my sighs, my teares, how they espresse  
the weaknesse of my might, whose edifice  
so slightly's built, and by the combate rude  
which you deliver, and is still pursu'd,  
so much is shaken, that's more apt to fall  
then prove a fortresse to my life in thrall.  
Why standst thou mute, why make you no reply?  
Oh tune thy tongue, whose pleasing melody  
doth farre transcend the sweet harmonious straines  
of well-touch'd Lutes, composed by musicks paines.  
Perhaps you thinke your answer will defame  
your reputation, or your honour staine,  
or else those honey-words the which distill  
from 'twixt your lipps, whose tones with musick fill  
my ravisht eares, at such a rate you prize,  
that you beleeve that they will scandalize  
your spotlesse credit, should you let them slip  
into my eares from 'twixt your rose-leav'd lips.  
If so, take heed lest master'd with conceit,  
your selfe you wrong not, or too much forget,*

*for certainly 'twill to your shame redound,  
not to your glory, if you me confound.  
[47] Oh then Lucenda, doe not strive to gaine  
of cruell murdresse the abhorred name,  
doe not, I prethee, for so small a price  
lose thy true servant, and his services.  
What shall I say, what shall I else repeat,  
to make thee certaine of my paine most great?  
My tongue wants words my inward griefes to show,  
I want expression to declare my woe,  
Sure I was borne not it to certifie,  
but to be certaine of my misery  
having beene taught of her to grieve and plaine,  
then to finde ease for my affliction paine.  
Now since my will, and your excelling worth  
have not an equall measure, none of both,  
thrice noble lady, I'le cease t'importune  
your honour 'd selfe, nor yet with words presume  
you to disquiet, let it then suffice  
that thou hast seene through prospect of thy eyes,  
that if from me expected hope you banish,  
my life will end, which now doth pine and languish.  
Then having scarcely finished these my words,  
with trembling voice this answer she affords.*

Lucenda to Arnalte.

*Thou deemest, Arnalte, by thy cunning shift,  
thy filed talke, and this thy fancied drift  
t'o'ecome my vertues, and my spotlesse fame  
which would redound unto my utter shame,  
which if you hope to purchase, or inherit,  
as the true crowne belonging to your merit,  
in truth you'le faile, for ever to obtaine  
what you expect, by this your course so vaine,  
for this Ile tell you Sir, you may conceive  
what likes you best, but 'twill in fine deceive  
your expectations, for Sir, know you must  
that in my weake defence as much I trust,  
as you, in your perswasions, therefore flye  
these resolutions, doe no more relye  
[48] On thy strange fancies, but henceforth surcease  
from thy demands, and to thy selfe grant peace;  
this I advise thee, 'cause it will proclaime  
farre more your wisdom, than if you maintaine  
these fond resolves, for in the least respect*

*you'le no're accomplish what you doe proiect,  
and that you may, Arnalte, be more sure,  
know of a certaine, all the worlds great power  
cannot in sunder breake the well-bar'd gate  
of the fix'd purpose which I doe relate.  
Saile by this land-marke, for it will addresse  
thee to the haven of true happinesse  
though I have daign'd at this same present time  
to answer thee, why it hath onely beene  
to this intent, that having no assurance,  
you might not hope, or let your suit of durance  
since it these cases, it's Speransa's kind  
sooner that ease, prolong'd delaies to finde,  
or if my tongue (too mild) doe not expresse  
a severe harshesse, (for you must confesse  
you have deserv'd it, and should I inflict  
you cannot taxe me, since you merit it)  
In some respects, is for to favourise  
thy loyalty, obseved by my eyes.  
I doe not question, or will I deny  
but that you love me, which to testifie,  
thou oftner seek'st me than I doe desire,  
yet how soe're, thy paines must lose their higher  
for I pronounce your hope shall so farre flye  
as your request and importunity  
proves tedious to me. I no more will heare  
these irksome treats, which doe offend my eare,  
perhaps 't may be, you thinke, because my words  
are mild and pleasing, that my deeds 'il accord  
with them in kindnesse, being exempted free  
from rigorous strictnesse, or severity.  
Doe not still sooth your hopes, I plainely tell,  
if such a thought within your breast doth dwell,  
[49] 'twill not availe you ought. Arnalte know,  
if your insulting love you don't o'rethrow,  
or else divert its course, Ile give it o're  
unto some one who shall you not deplore,  
but have the power justly to plaine of thee,  
and eke avenge, and wreake this iniurie,  
for these same reasons, it's my wild-desire  
you leave dispute, without delay retire,  
for better 'tis with speed for to apply  
some saving meanes, some helping remedy,  
than by delayes protracting, to inforce  
betwixt the soule and body a divorce  
this to advertise I did think most fit,*

*since there's more losse than gaine for thee in it.  
 Yet howsoever this my counsaile laud,  
 and my well-wishes to the world applaud.  
 Be not so rashly bold, to dare to tell,  
 that with my speech I have not us'd you well,  
 for I declare, if such discourse you' gin,  
 as but to say you have abused bin,  
 taht great ill hap shall surely thee befall  
 which I will slight, not it regard at all.  
 Henceforth you ought your hot desires (uppresse,  
 and curbe your will, and to your selfe grant peace;  
 which I believe you'le doe; for as your eyes,  
 drown'd up in teares your vowed-good-will likewise  
 doe manifest, and plainly show to me,  
 that 'twill more pleasing, and delightfull be  
 to thee Arnalte, rather to present  
 pleasures unto me, than sad discontent.  
 this if you slight, the love which you maintaine  
 I shall suspect, though you it true proclaime,  
 and to your selfe it will procure but losse,  
 and unto me but angers vexing crosse.  
 Now to the end that your intents may prove  
 your selfe as prudent as your sightes you love,  
 and that your actions may expresse you thus,  
 to be as wise as you are amorous.  
 [50] I will no more [?] untro[?] path direct  
 where you [?] keepe your selfe for to protect.*

*Arnalte to the Traveller:*

Th[?] i *Lucenda's* answer (friend) agree  
 and correspond unto my miserie,  
 and [?] with-erew[?] its selfe from lending aide,  
 although with teares I her most humbly praied  
 for with disdain I was of her rewarded,  
 that pittie wept to see me unregarded,  
 and by so much my hope did faile and cease,  
 by so much more desire did increase,  
 for hearing of her sweete mellifluous prate,  
 enrich't with skill, whose tones might decorate  
 the heavenly spheares, I found my selfe berest  
 of living motion, onely it had left  
 my sence alive, for in that extasie  
 though rapt I was, yet liv'd my memory  
 the which attended with great heede to pry,  
 if it at length some good hap might desery

for of her well-ton'd words it did take note,  
that sweetly warbled from her silver throate,  
but with her threats, her words did joyntly end,  
and my reward fast lock'd, she left behinde,  
for to preferre my danger, yet sad I,  
of any thing I least did feare to dye,  
the which intending she should understand,  
some dayes being past, the taske I tooke in hand,  
and on a night before her house my tongue  
unto her eares did chant this following song.

The song.

*If the afflictions which infest my heart  
must still increase and gaine no finall end,  
can any one conceive the anxious smart,  
which doth my heart with cruell tortures end?  
Since I still living dye, yet cannot gaine  
death's easing helpe to free me of my paine.  
[51] If all my gaine in losse be comprehended,  
and that my passions and heart-throbbing woes  
(although they are of wretched me be-friended)  
still prove to be my most invete'rate foes,  
why doe I live, and not implore pale death  
to end my paines, by stopping of my breath?*

*Yet, if it seeme to your rare selfe, that I  
deserve these torments as my proper due,  
delighting still to be my enemy,  
who feeles such paines as I receive from you?  
For though I living dye, I cannot gaine  
deaths easing helpe, to free me of my paine.*

Perhaps the aire of this sad song might keep  
*Lucenda* waking, drive away her sleepe,  
yet sure I am my plaints and sighing groanes  
could not awake her heart to heare my moanes,  
nor all my vowes, protests could her perswade.  
nor my laments her marble-breast invade.  
Then seeing of my selfe to be neglected  
and that my service was of her rejected  
and that my sorrows over me did sway,  
that I perforce was forc't for to obey  
unto their wills, for as they waxed great,  
my pores did faile, and I grew wondrous weake,  
and eke my hope was troubled in such wise,

that it did cause my tender weeping eyes  
to raine such showers, that I at length became  
halfe blind with sorrow, waxing wondrous wane,  
disfigur'd pale, and this exceeded all,  
I grew so desperate, that I' gan to bawle  
and raile against my wretched selfe, and say,  
o wretched Caitiffe, where wou't thou away,  
stay haplesse man, whereto art thou become?  
Or to what place arriv'd? Where wou't thou runne?  
Hast thou yet hope, why do'st thou not dispaire?  
Or see you not that from you's banisht farre  
[52] Redresse or helpe? Or that's impossible  
to cure thy wounds, or ever make thee well?  
How clearely doe these signes to thee presage  
they present losse, and future ruinage,  
since thou hast rear'd by thy aspiring eye  
too high the ladder of thy loyalty?  
For thou must looke to fall thence sooner downe,  
than mount the top, thy wishes there to crowne,  
thou art the man that must more ill endure,  
for thou art he who of no hap art sure,  
slave to thy selfe, who do'st abhorre to live,  
yet not to wish, for thereto scope you give,  
what lucklesse planet raigned at thy birth?  
what fatall *Omen* was presag'd on earth?  
I doe perceive that by degrees you waste,  
and that desire will you o're-come at last.  
Hast not thou then great reason for to crave  
that death would lay thee in a silent grave?  
Yet though you wish't, or that for ease you chus't  
unto your hart, yet ought you to refus't,  
thereby to shun the losse thou must sustaine,  
and flye perdition which the soule may gaine,  
Then out I cry'd, I have so great a taske,  
I know not what to chuse, to say, or aske  
Oh my forsaken soule, why do'st possesse  
a habitation so full of wretchednesse?  
And thou my eye, enemy to my heart,  
immortall foe, why did'st thou me convet  
to *Cupids* doctrine? Did I e're give cause  
that thou should'st me submit to loves false lawes?  
thou wer't unwitting, his rewards are vaine,  
when his employments are too full of paine.  
Yet did you know that he who truely lov'd  
if life he kept, from torments, never moved,  
thou knew'st th' impuisance, oh to what intent

did'st yeeld thy selfe unto his government?  
Reply you may that you had no more power  
to disobey, than I have at this houre  
[53] Will to forget her, what ills are these I see  
that thus afflict, torment, and torture me?  
Oh haplesse man! Even as thy forces faile,  
so doe thy sorrows over thee prevaile.  
For at this present by thy acts thou thought'st  
t'enrich thy mind, but thou alas canst nought;  
for which attempt thou wilt receive great shame,  
thy life's endanger'd, injur'd is thy fame,  
for these requitalls thou ought'st sooner grieve,  
than laud her kindnesse, or her praises give,  
but since it's thus, let patience recompense  
thy paines, and end the warre thou hast commenst,  
and bide the brunts the which thou dost attend,  
for they hereafter will more fury lend.  
Though now th'are easie, very light to beare,  
yet in the end continuance will out-weare  
thy soule with griefe, and toyle thy understanding.  
If this asswage not, or be a disbanding,  
why summon reason, and appeale if she  
assist thee not, or else abandons thee.  
Bewaile thy cares, and ope the gates then wide,  
thou may'st not thinke to gaine the remedy,  
which sence and reason unto thee deny.

*Arnalte to the Traveller.*

Thus to my selfe I breath'd out these laments,  
and many more, but yet their sad relents  
in silence I will bury, left that I  
should you offend through their prolixity,  
but being lancht into the sea of care,  
the galley of my passions I'gan steere  
and row to land-ward, but the raging waves  
of these my torments, like so many graves,  
were ready still for to devoure me  
up in the bowells of their misery;  
and coupling mischiefes with their rowlings let,  
that I safe harbour in no wise could get;  
[54] Then in that \_\_\_ I did of *Lethe* drinke,  
that of my us'd delights I did not thinke;  
t' grew so pensive, and so wondrous sad  
that no delight in any thing I had;  
sorrow and care did their service tender,

and wanton pleasure did her place surrender.  
Abstaine I did from the sweet company  
of my familiars, no society  
with my deare friends, did I from that time keepe,  
t' de worke enough to curse my fate and weepe.  
No where I went, unlesse sometimes to court,  
the *King* to visite, (not my selfe to sport.)  
But now my friends they had a great desire  
to know the reason why I did retire,  
and dayly question'd and enquir'd to know  
how I did fare; this did inforce me goe  
unto the court upon an even-tide,  
and thereas soone as that the King me spy'd.  
Having betwixt us past a complement,  
he did invite me to a tournament,  
which by some Gallants who did oft resort  
his Grace to visite, some Signiors of the Court  
was enterpriz'd; and howbeit that I  
was more addicted to my privacy  
than to assemblies, yet my will to obey  
I did enforce, and this to him did say,  
that since his Grace vouchsaf't me to command,  
I ready was, nor would his will with-stand.  
Wherefore the King, he certifi'd to me  
the manner of't, the day when it should be;  
the terme prefix't, it being well-nigh come,  
that our attempts should truely then be done,  
I did intreate the King for to enjoyne  
all the faire ladies who at that same time  
were resident in *Thebes* or the Court,  
for to repaire unto the masking sport,  
as well as to the tilting, and have sight  
of the Nights revells as the dayes delight;  
[55] It pleas'd him well, an I conveiv'd by this,  
*Lucenda* to invtie they would not misse,  
great trouble then did my sad heart betide,  
my anguishes with suddaine hopes were priz'd;  
and at that instant I was farre more glad,  
than other times I was accounted sad.  
The lists being rear'd, and that his royall grace,  
with his faire confort had possest their place,  
the Combatants, the signall given, 'gin  
to ranke themselves, each hoping fame to win;  
when by the scaffold of the Queene I past,  
checking barbed steed, who with a grace  
I caus'd curvete, to mount, to prounce, and leap,

and bravely vault, and such a measure keepe,  
that not a dancier truer steps could trace,  
though he should traverse, hop, fall backe, or chase;  
for like a kid he wantonly would skip,  
then like a barke, or elsesome well-rig'd ship  
which rides at anchor, and doth rowling lye;  
he'de rise and fall, yet onward wouldnot flye;  
he springs, he leaps, then on tow feete he stands,  
then on all foure, then spurnes about the sands;  
he'neighes, he foames, he puffes, he blowes, he sweats,  
and with his hoofes the clayie ground he beats;  
then round he runs, as he would make a ring  
compos'd of horse-shoos; then his heeles he flings,  
which strikes the dirt into the gazers eyes,  
and makes a dust which doth obscure the skies;  
stocke-still he stands, then suddenly he runs  
with full carreere, then wound about he turnes,  
and in his course he suddently doth stop,  
and gently prouncing he doth sideling trote.  
Thus managing my steed, I suddenly,  
through visir of my helmet chanc'd to spye  
*Lucenda's* sweet aspect, whose face containes  
all rare perfections, and in her remaines  
th' abstract of all beauty; oh this sight  
how pleasing was'tl how full of sweet delight!

[56]                    *The letter.*  
*Had I, Lucenda, but such canse to right*  
*my wronged selfe, as I have cause to write;*  
*doubtlesse I should my selfe most happy count,*  
*and sweete delights my sorrowes would surmount.*  
*But no, alas, all wisdom, wit, or might*  
*(by being thine) from me have tane their flight,*  
*and left me guarded with a troope of cares,*  
*environ'd round with griefes, and grim dispaire;*  
*so that I doubt I never shall obtaine*  
*thy gracious favour to asswage my paine;*  
*my words and line have so much to thee shewne,*  
*that more to say, it is to me unknowne;*  
*there's onely this, if you my hope delay,*  
*my speech, my life, the both will sonne decay.*  
*Alas, you may be surer of the ill*  
*for which I grieve, lament, and mourne still,*  
*through my bewailings, or my brinish tears*  
*than by my words; for they are mixt with feares;*  
*for whereas anguish doth o'ecome the heart,*

*the eye supplies the tongue, and acts its part;  
oh wretched man, in that estate I live,  
that to my selfe I know not what to give;  
for let my faith never so lively be,  
I finde reward a sluggard still to mee.  
Yet if you thinke, if that you should vouchesafe  
to grant me peace, (and so my life keepe safe)  
you should wage warre against your honour'd fame;  
farre be't from me, I doe not threat aime;  
desire I doe not that you should afford,  
If't be your pleasure, unto me a word;  
onely vouchsafe on me to cast your eye,  
for it's a kindnesse which will satisfie,  
and recompence all ills you ever have  
conferr'd upon me, being of your slave.  
Oh sweete Lucenda cease, give o're to be  
unto my selfe so harsh an enemy;  
[57] For if you will that death an end shall give  
unto my life, I have no minde to live;  
thus without trouble we may both consent,  
or much dispute, agree and be content.  
But sweet consider, if you cause me die,  
you will be branded with base infamy;  
and the report of your ill actions, they  
will not so lightly cease or flye away,  
so long as time shall last, or flye with wings,  
or the continuance be of mortall things,  
there will be mention of thy cruelty,  
and of my end, caus'd through thy tyranny.  
Oh follow reason, and esteeme thou wilt  
that it's ill done to punish where's no guilt,  
unlesse you thinke that he doth so deserve  
a punishment, who doth you love and serve.  
In such a case its you have onely might,  
and I must suffer be it wrong or right.  
But since you told me that you doe believe  
that I you have, and thereto credit give,  
why read my letter, and then call to minde  
the paine & suffer, 'cause you are unkinde,  
for sure & am if that my torments were  
presented to you, whisper'd in your eare,  
you'd have more cause your rigour to repent,  
than to continu't to my detriment.  
Or were the passions, which to give y'ave pleas'd,  
In equall balance with my service peas'd,  
certaine I am that then you would confesse*

*to have no reason much joy to expresse,  
or boasting brag of the great prise you gaine,  
which through my losse you winning doe obtaine.  
But to conclude, my letter for to end,  
I doe intreate that I no more may send.  
But that is now may be the last; for why,  
the presence's able for to verifie  
that which the paper may faile to rehearse,  
is wanting teares my sorrows to expresse;  
[58] Oh daigne to see me otherwise, I shall  
desire death to case me out of thrall.*

Arnalte to the Traveller.

M'epistle being in the custody  
of faire *Lucenda*, I did long to see  
how she would use't, for this intent did I  
with stedfast looke fixe still on her my eye;  
yet could I nought perceive the which might ease  
my longing thoughts, or my expectance please;  
for still the doubts I had, or the mistrust  
expell'd my hopes, and then obey I must.  
Besides my selfe I was, yea, so amaz'd,  
my friend I answer not to what he sayes,  
but in a shivering passion I conferr'd,  
and trembling voice which from the purpose err'd.  
Alas! I had any but apporacht, my heart  
panting for life, o' recome with cruelle smart,  
they might have knowne that unkind loves assaults  
did torture me for ther offensive faults.  
Now silver'd *Cinthia* in her spangled speare  
gan to decline, and not to shine so cleare;  
and Nights blacke Queene had almost run her race,  
for she from farre might spey *Aurora's* face,  
which gave an end unto the maske and sport,  
and every one returned home from court;  
some in their coaches, some on foot depart.  
But I addicted rather to my smart,  
than to repose my selfe, I having seeine  
*Lucenda* bid goo-night unto the Queene,  
in my disguised habit I did trace  
her angel-foote-steps to her dwelling place.  
Nor did I leave her there, but did aspire  
to mount her chamber, being a srotie higher;  
and being there, I then did strive to see  
what would the issue of my letter be;  
but all the while that I with her did stay,

I could not see her to my sight display  
[59] A piece of paper. Barr'd of my desire,  
my hope being frustrate, I did then retire;  
but watchfull love, who never falls asleep,  
with sundry thought awake did strive to keep  
my drowsie selfe, and so he chas't away  
my quiet slumbers; but as soone as day  
I saw peepe, (and that *Negro* Queene  
was fled away, for feare she should be seene  
of bright *Apollo*, whose bright beames did shine  
through my glasse-windows, as he 'gan to clime  
th' easterne hills withhis fire-breathing teeme,  
whose hoofes like brasse, or lese like gold did seeme)  
unto her mansion I my page then sent  
to make a searh, but 'twas with this intent,  
onely to see if he should chance to finde  
some pieces of th' embassage of my minde.  
For this discovery I did him encharge  
no place to leave unsough, to looke at large  
in every corner, with great heed to pry  
in commom roomes, and those of privacy.  
Not to passe by the place where they did use  
to cast their ordure, that of all to chuse;  
my page his duty did, yet could not he  
bring any newes the which might flatter me,  
or cause me hope, and so extenuate  
the burning flame of my prodigious fate.  
But like to *Silyphus* I rowle a stone,  
and turne a whirling wheele like *Ixion*;  
the further still I went to some helpe to finde,  
I found it absent, staying still behind,  
so that I could not hide my flaming fire,  
kindled by love, continu'd by desire,  
but 'twas perceived through the sweltry smoake  
of my hot sighs, which did me well-nigh choake;  
and the consuming flame, bu which my heart  
did suffer torments 'yond *Perillus* art.  
This caus'd me grow so wondrous solitary,  
that I kept house, being of my selfe a weary;  
[60] But then my sister, who *Belisa* hight,  
in my misfortunes claim'd a part, as right  
belonging to her, and with me would share,  
and so a world of sorrow for me beare.  
For on a day as we did both devise,  
she burst out teares, which flowed from her eyes  
in such abundant manner, as if all

the rainy showers had beene forc't to fall  
beseeching me the cause not to conceale  
of my sad sorrow, but it to reveale.  
Her plaints did move me that I was compell'd  
to manifest, what I would saine have held  
secret and private; yet e're I did't rehearse,  
drying her eyes these words she did expresse.

*Belisa to Arnalte.*

*O dearest brother, for loves sake I pray  
no longer hide thy sorrows, now display  
the very truth, and satisfaction give  
to my requests, and shew me why you grive;  
for why so oft as I have thee demanded,  
thou still found' st figments that thy selfe hadst fain'd;  
consider if the truth you doe deny,  
or paliate from me the verity;  
the love I beare thee, may with my regreets  
be intermixt, and so at odds be set.  
That y' are my debtor you your selfe confesse,  
if that I love thee, thou maintain'st no losse.  
Returning love for love, and mutually  
in your affections make a sympathy;  
reciprocally affection you returne,  
to recompense my kindnesse so both burne  
in mutuall flames of that same sacred fire,  
which love in breasts consanguin'd doth inspire.  
But by your words and speech you doe declaime  
that which in actions you doe not maintaine.  
You know full well that such pretences ought  
to be omitted, not to thinke such thoughts.  
[61] Let me intreate thee on, my heart bestow  
the secretary-ship of all thy woe;  
for to whose trust ought you such things confide,  
if not to mine, whole loyalty y' ave tride?  
For sure you are, if you desire death,  
that I doe crave as soone to lose my breath.  
If you flye pleasures, and abhorre their sight,  
mournings please me, and therein I delight.  
If care and travaile you affect or love,  
rest I dispise, for it doth tedious prove.  
Thus your afflictions, and my ills alike,  
torment one heart, with tortures on it srike.  
Now if you are advis'd, resolv'd to calme  
these wherling surges safely steere the helme;  
by whose assistance can you't earlier doe,  
than by her helpe, who for your hap doth sue?*

*Your griefes t' unload, if that you daigne or please,  
we'le joyntly beare them, so shall you have ease.  
If't be your pleasure that we waile and weeps,  
we'le nought else doe, our eyes in teares we'le steepe.  
Shall we each other comfort, moane your smart?  
I am content, be't so with all my heart.  
Will y'ave it hidden, or at least conceal'd?  
We'le keepe it close, it shall not bereveal'd.  
If you desire soms helpe for to effect,  
to ease your selfe, I will it not neglect.  
Then shew not such small love to her I pray,  
whose chiefe observance is thee to obey.  
Belive not that your slye pretences can  
o're-come my judgement, though you are a man.  
Your fighes betray you, an they manifest,  
what of your selfe your strive not to confesse;  
reason doth tell, that love ought not to be  
lesse in expression than fraternity.  
Death would most pleasing be, should I my life  
lose for to ease thee, rid thee out of strife;  
for I preceive thy sufferings are so strong,  
the'le cut thee off, not let thee live too long.  
[62] Oh rowse thy spirits, recover strength, you'le finde  
fortune proves crosse, unlucky, and unkind  
unto her darling's; to the caitiffe she's  
the chieffest hope to ease his miseries.  
If so unstedfast she's, so variable,  
unconstant, wherling, never sitll unstable,  
and eke so fickle, that her Minions need  
not blaze her favours, or her noble deeds;  
ne're doubt her kindesse, doe not too much care,  
of her good-will I wish you not dispaire.  
Her wheele still turnes, and dayly she imparts  
some accidents to one or others hearts.  
The saddest man you know doth mitigate  
his vexing sorrow, if he doe't relute  
unto his friend; for through the recreation  
of words, oft-times torments lose their station.  
Sorrow doth inward swell if but conceal'd,  
but if disclos'd, it may perhaps be heald;  
thus if the keyes of these my connsells may  
unlocke thy helps, and thereto make thee way,  
refuse them not; or doe you take delight  
on your afflictions so thinke day and night,  
your precious time wastfully expending  
by parlying to your selfe, yet no good conding?*

*I know (believe me) that the hidden flame  
which you reveale not, it doth but enflame  
thy soule with torments, and that obseur'd fire  
doth burne thy heart with coales of hot desire;  
whereas the sorrows which you did expresse,  
through utterment their paine is growne more lesse  
in what degree thy torments be, or, are,  
in their concealement there's more danger farre  
than to detect them, specially to me,  
who in my heart doe beare and owe to thee  
more love and friendship than my tongue can show,  
or words expresse, or thoughts conceive to know.  
Now fearing least that I too farre presume,  
I'll at this present cease to importune  
[63] thee with treaties, leave off my requests,  
and end discourse, and to my words give rest.*

*Arnalte to Belisa.*

My sister pausing, I did this reply;  
thy passion sister moves me to comply  
unto thy will, and forces me declare,  
what by my gestured doth most plaine appeare;  
but I am urg'd, more through thy earnestnesse,  
than my owne will, to answer thy requests.  
Had I not seene these thy unfaigned teares,  
thou ne're hadst heard this answer with thy eares;  
yet e're I ought relate, I thee intreat,  
when as my tongue my sufferings shall repeat,  
not to disturbe thy selfe; for sooner I,  
then leave my purpose, am resolv'd to dye.  
Then thus it is, my selfe I doe not know  
by what strange meanes, but I was forc'd to bow,  
and yeeld my selfe to loves all-conquering lawes,  
without provisoes, or a helping clause;  
to which my fortune hath me so confin'd,  
that nought but trouble I doe daily find;  
for my sad heart's besieg'd, environ'd round  
with many torments, who would me confound.  
A thousand sobs guard my distressed heart,  
as many sighes their vexing aide impart;  
millions of woes, like bands of armed Knights,  
stop up the passage of my sweete delights;  
which siege still dures, and in that cruell wife,  
that all th' opposement that I can devise,  
whether in mining with my deepest thoughts,  
or climbing ladders by aspiring wrought,

cannot obtaine a wisht for victory.  
For love opposes, proves an enemy  
unto my fortune, who doth faintly strive  
against th' incounters, which love fiercely drives.  
Oh thus it is, if death doe not lend succour,  
too late 'twill bee, if else where I't recover;  
[64] why then, deare sister, doe not grieve I pray,  
or vexe thy selfe, though sorrow should meslay,  
but rather joy, since thou hast a brother,  
who can his sorrowes, and his torments smother.  
If ought thou'lt do wherewith thou wilt me pleasure,  
dry up those teares, which trickel out of measure  
along thy cheekes, bedewing thy faire face,  
where love and beauty sit with equal grace;  
if teares would helpe me, I'de alone deplore,  
I need no partner, for of teares I've store.  
But since these watry streames, which over-flow  
like rising *Nilus*, cause but passion grow;  
Farre better 'tis to let thy sluces downe,  
and stop their fury, lest they doe thee drowne.  
Two different planets reigned at our births,  
mine prophes'd sorrow, thine presaged mirth;  
for all the pleasure that I'de seeke or chuse,  
I'de turne it over to thy proper use,  
'cause justly it to thee doth appertaine;  
for care and travaile, I doe nought else claime,  
and can more stoutly beare them and resist  
them manfully, and spight their force subsist  
with farre more vigour than thou canst expresse;  
for in thy heart there is no roome to rest  
or harbour such afflictions, be content  
for these my reasons, and I pray consent  
that we may live, my selfe in sad distresse,  
and thou in joy and true happinesse.  
If this you contradict, or else oppose,  
I shall believe that you professe but showes,  
not wishing me the good you doe expresse,  
since to my will you proove to be adverse,  
doubling my woes, causing my paine to thrive  
through thy bewailings; oh practice, learne, strive  
to o' recome thy sorrow, ease henceforth to grieve,  
or moane the paine wherein I tortur'd live,  
else shall I have more cause for to lament,  
feeling more sorrow linkt with discontent,  
[65] My sister seeing that no other wise  
I her requests did answers satisfice,

did then intend not to sollicite more  
to know the reason why I did deplore;  
but cunningly resolved for to find  
the sad effects of my disturbed minde,  
and to search out with flye subtilties  
the hidden spring from whence my paines did rise.  
For endlesse woes did still associate me,  
and vexing sorrows kept me company.  
My sister then she was no sooner gone,  
but I gave way to let my grieffe come on  
more freely then I ever did afore,  
which I did cherish dayly more and more;  
what anguishes, what torments did acquaint  
m' afflicted heart which did through sorrow faint  
with their hard usage, and their cruell power,  
turning my sweet into a bitter sower!  
During the which I ne're could take my rest.  
I was borne wretched, and did live opprest;  
but being got on sorrows highest staire,  
arrived at the period of dispaire,  
I then remembred how on a certaine time  
I had reveal'd unto a friend of mine,  
(a gentleman, and my familiar mate)  
the love I beare *Lucenda*, and the state  
wherein I liv'd, and how tht he did strive  
that loving humour from my minde to drive;  
for which occasion since I had not beene  
to shew my minde, or else to speake with him,  
weighing the danger that might so arise,  
for well I knew in such necessities  
and weighty matters, if a man disclose  
his secret thoughts (although he doe suppose  
it's to his friend) he may the hazard run,  
his hope to fustrate, and so overturne  
his expectation; for through secresie  
the lover's crown'd with true felicity.  
[66] Yet ne' rethelasse casting these doubts aside,  
I did conclude once more for to unhide  
to him of whom I speake all my affections,  
hoping he'd pittie give me some directions.  
What me emboldned, was because that he  
next neighbour was unto *Lucenda* she;  
were I lodg'd where this my friend did dwell,  
I then might see and please my eye-sight well;  
for which intent I sent to pray him come  
to visite me, which straight of him was done.

Then at's arrivall, I the cause did show  
for which I caus'd him come, and let him know  
the confidence and trust I did repose  
in him my friend, these secrets to disclose.  
For this he thank't me very lovingly;  
and whereas he before did often try  
for to divert me from my fixt intent,  
my minde to alter, which to love was bent,  
he now gave notice that he did approve  
to lend me succour to obtaine my love;  
which to effect, more pittie or insfuse  
within his breast, these words I then did use.

*Arnalte to Yerso.*

*Yerso*, my faithfull truest friend, if I  
at this same present unto the disery  
perspiciously the things which till this time  
in clouds of silence have obscured beene,  
it is thy vertue, and the confidence  
I have of thee that moves me to commence't;  
be not displeas'd, nor take it ill in part,  
that I so long have linger'd to impart;  
for well you know that silence is esteem'd  
in *Cupids* palace, and unwise he's deem'd  
who blabs loves secrets; this then wrought in me  
a thousand thoughts, which your benignity  
has chast away; and now (deare friend) at length  
I feele my anguish to abate its strength;  
[67] Since thus it is, where may I better rest  
my secret thoughts than in thy noble breast;  
sith that thy vertue and thy amity  
are both agreed, to guard them carefully.  
Then friend and brother, I to thee declare,  
'gainst life and death I wage a tedious warre;  
death I encounter, 'cause he'le not obey,  
life I oppose, 'cause she stands in my way.  
This cruell conflict it beganne, when as  
*Lucenda's* father from this life did passe;  
then first I saw her, and since that time  
continu'd without meanes for to combine  
a friendly peace or truce, for love seeing  
me so submissee, my chiefest practice being  
in due observance of her strict commands,  
or true performance of her ask't demands;  
with all his might wounded my (love-sicke) heart  
with burning shafts, and hot impoyson'd darts,

so that is combate being wondrous rude,  
 and my resistance weake, I was pursu'd  
 even unto death; for his assaults have beene  
 without cessation, or a finishing;  
 and my defence unto so poore an end,  
 that those who should have beene my truest friends,  
 they have betraid me, and helpe did from me flye,  
 reason she shun'd me, succour came not nigh.  
 Now if you thinke, because I this propound,  
 that in my wits I am not well, or sound,  
 believe me (*Yerso*) I should so possesse,  
 had I no sence, a reall happinesse.  
 Were I unwitting of my overthrow,  
 I for my losse should feele no paine or woe;  
 were I of wit and reason both bereaved,  
 I should not feare or question'd to he healed;  
 and so not hoping, I should not dispaire  
 of ease, or helpe, for which I now doe care.  
 [68] Thus dearest friend, thou see'st what that I am,  
 how to my selfe no safeguard len I can,  
 unlesie the bands of thy most kind affections,  
 and armed troopes of thy well-wisht directions  
 doe me assist, and undertake to guard  
 my wretched heart, which from all helpe is barr'd.  
 Upon a meanes I've thought, which to effect  
 to sweet content may truely me direct.  
 For since thy lodging doth so neare adjoyne  
 unto *Lucendas*, whose sweete lookes enjoyne  
 my dazel'd sight her apsect to behold,  
 (which shames *Apollo* though he shine like gold)  
 I crave deare friend that thou wilt suffer me  
 for to inhabite some few moneths with thee.  
 For all the joy and the blisse I crave,  
 is but a prospect of her face to have;  
 then I entreate thee that thou'lt not deny  
 to lend me helpe my minde to satisfie;  
 for, for this purpose I have for thee sent,  
 that being acquainted with my fixt intent,  
 thou might'st assist me, I implore thy aide;  
 for thou a meanes of great god love wert made.  
 And eause I credit you have more desire  
 for to befriend me than I can require,  
 I'll cease to parley, or to urge you more,  
 and end my suite, and my requests give o're.

*Answer of Yerso to Arnalte.*

Of thee, and to thee *Arnalte* I complaine,  
since in your breast your harbour and retaine  
doubt and suspicion, with the fiend distrust,  
and that of me more-o're taxe you I must,  
since you transgresse the limits of affection,  
seeking strange wayes, and not your friends protectio.  
Ill done it was so long for to obscure,  
or hide from me the ills you doe endure;  
put case it's thus, that loves ordained lawes  
binde you to silence, not to blab your cause;  
[69] You may be pitt'y'd, but no way reliev'd,  
if you conceale your paine, you being griev'd;  
for 'tis a maxime, and most true indeed,  
"who spare to aske, must likewise spare to speed.  
Thou maist, *Arnalte*, this thy selfe as aflure,  
the grieffe of thy afflictions will endure  
more constant with me than my words to plaine,  
of to condole thy sorrowes and thy paine.  
But could thy torments but divided be,  
I'de be a partner in thy misery;  
yet what in actions cannot be exprest,  
shall be accomplish'd through my willingnesse.  
Thou dost declare, that in the splendent eyes  
of bright *Lucenda* treason hidden lyes,  
which traiterously thy life doth overthrow,  
from those faire eyes my cares doe likewise grow;  
for if in thee shee moves afflicting passion,  
my life she ruines with a strange distruction.  
Yet to the end our wills may both accord,  
(free from discordance, of true friends abhor'd)  
from this day forward I will banish quite  
the thought of her who us'd me to delight;  
assuring you that Ile conclude a peace  
to pleasure thee, and cause my war to cease,  
though it doe grieve me very vehemently,  
Ile it effect to gaine my liberty,  
and turne thee over to the bondage which  
thou dost desire, satisfie thy wish;  
and that the rather, 'cause I will secure  
My liberty, for of no hap I'me sure;  
by my retreat I shall infranchis'd be,  
and you'le remaine still in captivity.  
Thou pray'st me also that I'de thee advise,  
receive thy plaints, and listen to thy cries;  
if from my counsaile could such profit grow,

as flowing teares from thy sad sorrowes, know  
thou shouldst be healed straight, exempted free  
from ill or paine, or any misery.

[70] But let me tell thee, I am rapt with wonder,  
that thou'dst be vanquisht, & by force brought under  
the cruell bondage of so weake a foe,  
who will usurpe, and you must duty owe.

And thou (brave spirit) who art memoriz'd  
for thy great acts above the lofty skies,  
thou art entrall'd, alas, now confin'd  
unto the will of a weake womans minde.

Oh call to minde how thy bright shining fame  
will be eclipsed, if thou dost this same,  
and thy rare worth, how will it blasted be  
with the report of shameful infamy?

Flye these abuses, and couragiously  
resist fond love with valour manfully.

Nor say I this because I would dehort  
thee from thy purpose, or at least exhort  
thee not to love; for I would have thee dare  
to cherish it, but with a pallid feare;  
and seeking shun it, wish, yet not crave,  
for to enjoy what you doe wish to have.

Or would I have thee all at once expell  
love from thy heart, (affections chieftest cell)  
for then thou wouldst as great a hazard runne,  
as it appears thou hast already done  
through thy consentment; since thou dost obey  
to love false soothinges, or his flatt'ring laye.

Love is a cheater, he pretends most faire,  
In stead of hap he'le leave you nought but care;  
who loves him least, and doth him most neglect,  
his lawes reward him with a due respect.

I am perswaded you'de doe wondrous well,  
should you repeat, and plainely to him tell  
the besnesse of his deedes, how shamelesse he  
abuseth thee through his base treachery.

Let no dispaire too much with thee reside,  
and have a care how you doe love confide.

Consider hope, how it is her condition,  
though things seeme easie, not to grant fruition;

[71] Regard how fortune, though she be unstable,  
gives end to unstedfast, variable;  
and thus *Lucenda*, authresse of thy woe,  
in time she may some pittie to thee show,  
and please thy senses, with her organ voyce

revive thy spirits, and thy heart rejoyce;  
now if you will advised by me be,  
thou shalt obtaine what seemeth hard to thee.  
Come to my house, use it, oh doe not stand  
on termes I pray, it is at your command;  
thou hast me injur'd, having all this time  
delay'd it, thou knowing I am thine;  
but 'cause hence-forward Ile more carefull be  
to cure they wounds, applying remedy,  
than to prove tedious with my words or talke,  
Ile silent be; and now wilt please you walke?

*Arnalte to the Traveller.*

Thus friend y'ave heard the answer *Yerso* made,  
But when he plaind of this sweet vertous maid,  
renowned *Lucenda*, I began to swell,  
being impoyson'd with a fiend of hell.  
Suspition scorcht me, raging jealousie  
did burne my heart, which in hot flames did frie;  
but howsoe're I made no outward show,  
how that the fire inwardly did glow;  
for I conjectur'd that these fantasies  
from too much love and fondnesse did arise.  
Sometimes I doubt him, which being scarcely thought,  
those thoughts I banish, set them all at nought,  
and then I way his kindnesse, and his proffer;  
our ancient friendship, how he neare did offer  
the least unkindnesse, and I then imbrace,  
to make his house my dwelling for a space.  
The giddy moone did scarcely three times run  
her mighty course, or hath the glorious sun  
(with fiery steeds, and flaming chariot hurl'd)  
thrice bud good-morrow to the nether world,  
[72] Whilst here I so journ'd; but I straight perceiv'd  
I was defrauded, and alas, deceiv'd;  
for though I watcht, or heedfully did look,  
I could not see her, though this paines I tooke.  
Thus worse and worse my paines did daily grow,  
and in so many kindes I did it show,  
that divers people did thereof take note,  
that variously they did of it report,  
and that so publicke, that my sister deare,  
the knide *Belisa*, came of it to heare;  
and she considering of my present paine,  
and future ills I might at length sustaine,  
with care endeavour'd, adding all her skill,

to finde the reason of my grieving ill.  
Through her intreaties she did so much learne,  
that she did see, perceive, and eke discern,  
that all my woes and paines they did arise  
from the faire fountaines of the christall eyes  
of sweete *Lucenda*; thus resolv'd, she speeds  
to find her out which caus'd my heart to bleed,  
alt' ring her course of life, striving to be  
Farre more familiar than she wont to be  
with Dame *Lucenda*, though long since 'twixt them  
love and affection had conversant beene,  
the daies great King, bright-ey'd *Hiperion*,  
in golden triumph brightly shining runne  
his wonted progresse o're and o're againe,  
himselpe to bathe in the coole Westerne Maine,  
e're that my sister could gaine swift-wing'd time  
to be propitious unto her disigne.

But on a day, about the time which we  
call the *Meridian*, when the sunne we see  
with hottest raies, and fiery breath to clime.  
Th' Lecclipticke pole, my sister then did dine  
with faire *Lucenda*, and then dinner past,  
she did retire with her welcome guest  
to a with-drawing roome, there to repose,  
where when they were my sister this disclos'd.

[73] *Belisa to Lucenda.*

Courteous *Lucenda*, vertues chiefest heire,  
our sexes glory, for there's none so faire;  
oh let thy goodnesse as transparent be,  
as those bright beames which in your eyes we see;  
thy wonted prudence and thy wisdom use,  
be not offended, all distaste refuse;  
oh taxe me not, although I should offend  
thee with my words, my dearest, dearest friend.

Deare taxe me not of indiserection,  
for any word the which my trembling tongue  
shall utter to thee, if you apprehend  
aright my meaning, I shall be esteem'd  
and prais'd, I hope rather, then to be told;  
and that the rather, 'cause anothers grieve  
emboldneth me to plead for his reliefe.  
Give eare *Lucenda*, and you then shall know,  
that it's long since that sorrow, paine, and woe  
thrieves with my brother, and the sacred lampe  
of his rich health, burnes smothering in a dampe;  
so that all helpe which we to him apply

effects no cure, it proveth contrary.  
Now knowing this, and seeing that the date  
of his sicke life was e'ne exterminate  
through vehement paine, and cruell killing smart,  
which rents his breast, and teares in two his heart;  
him I besought with sighes, and teares, and cryes,  
for to reveale, discover to my eyes  
his hidden passions, which did e'ne exhale  
his fainting breath (to puffe up *Charons* faile)  
but all I did could not, alacke, prevaile;  
He still was silent, though I weepe or waile.  
But I at length through slye suspition found,  
Of all his cares the true and perfect ground;  
and still inquiring, I did finde this out,  
(conjecture, aiding, and distrustfull doubt)  
[74] That thou the motive art which doth attract  
his dying heart, with blinde loves torments rackt;  
and eke the meanes consisteth friend in thee  
to heale his paine, release, and set him free.  
Now to assure your selfe that all is true  
which I expresse, declare, and tell to you,  
no other prppfe you neede, but the complaints  
I move, of him whose soule with sorrow faints.  
Had I not seene the dang'rous storme wherein  
his life's nigh shipwrack't, I would not have bin  
so unadvised rash, for to complaine  
of the afflictions which he doth sustaine.  
A great desire I moreover have  
to doe him service, and his life to save;  
For if my will resist, why straight I finde;  
His sad disasters to divert my minde,  
and my true love, and unfeign'd affection,  
if that I erre grants me a true direction;  
and this vow, could but my life release  
him from afflictions, to his heart give ease,  
I'de not respect it, I would lay it downe,  
his wounded heart with future blisse to crowne.  
You know the fruit the last plague did us yeeld,  
how *Charon* wafted to th' *Elisian* fields  
our honour'd parents; will you likewise act  
a tragedy as grievous, and as blacke,  
as full of horreur, to the utter ruine  
of all our linage, and our house undoing?  
Yet if so cruell you your selfe espresse,  
you will reveice small praise, you must confesse.  
Avouch I can, and this affirme indeed,

if you deny to helpe him now in need,  
care-freeing death will to his paine give rest,  
and ease his life, which now is but opprest.  
Consider but how deepely you are bound  
unto his love, which is most pure and sound;  
for though you him disdain, his suit neglect,  
still, still he loves you, owes you all respect.  
[75]And since to him these toy lesome labours seeme  
full of delight, and care he quiet deemes,  
for there's not any one so well acquainted  
with your conditions, with unkindnesse tainted.  
You are beholding, in a high degree,  
unto his faithfull love and constancy.  
Nor is this all, for it doth plaine appeare  
he doth respect your honour, truely feare  
to taxe your worth, for he with pleasure fain's  
to undergoe his sorrowes and his paines;  
and though his burthen might fit *Atlas* backe,  
with constancy he beares the heavy packe;  
Then doe not daigne to let such loyalty  
to faile or perish, unrewarded dye;  
which if you suffer, then the sisters three,  
the Goddesses of mortalls destinies,  
they'le cut his thred, and so he'le end his daies  
to your dishonour, his ne're dying praise;  
since now you may dis-ranke the mighty bands  
of his strong passions, quench the fiery brands  
of burning love, if onely you will daigne  
to send some lines, subscribed with your name;  
for loves sake grant it, and you then shall have  
of me your friend a most submissive slave.

*Lucenda to Belisa.*

Deare friend Belisa, let not any doubt  
possesse thy thoughts, suspition banish out;  
nor doe not thinke that thou shalt taxed be  
for any thing thou hast reveal'd to me;  
nor is thy honour blemish't, or thy fame  
so much spotted with a smutch or staine;  
It is as pure as the *Pirenian* snow,  
it is as bright as *Lillies* in their milke-white showes.  
This to affirme, I my conscience call,  
and thy renowne well knowne in generall.  
Pur case y'ad wrong'd me with you passed words,  
your bashfulnesse and modestly affords  
[76] As soone redresse; thus you ought rather mourne

for your deare brother, with affliction torne,  
than to excuse the fault that's not committed,  
but 'tis your goodnesse, and you ought be pitt'y'd.  
Oh how it grieves me that my answer can't  
yeeled thee no comfort, or wish't solace grant!  
I make no question of thy brothers paine,  
and lesse I wonder that for him you plaine.  
Now if he will, what you doe say he will,  
that is, consent my mide for to fulfill,  
himsel'fe shall act it, but provided this;  
that to my worth it no dishonour is;  
for I as much my honour must respect,  
as you his life; (nor I his life neglect)  
for well you know, if ladies doe consent  
unto th' allurings, an the blandishment  
of sighing lovers, then their fame will be  
ecclisps'd in clouds of shamefull infamy.  
Oh doe not crave that I should act that which  
your selfe would shunne; (our honours prejudice)  
are you unwitting of the sacred light  
of my pure vertures, would grow darke as night,  
should I enflame with my pure virgin fire  
the waxen taper of the hot desire  
of thy deare brother? would to Gd that this  
thou hadst not mention'd, since so grave it is.  
Alas, alas, how often times have I  
wish't this my beauty were deformity?  
How oft have I, when I have beene alone,  
bewayld his teares with teares, & moan'd his moan?  
Since that his thoughts doe mount, and aime so high,  
that they e'ne reach impossibility,  
as great a mind I have, as much desire  
him to assist, as you have to require;  
and if that ought his safety could procure,  
my fame exempted, I would it endure;  
but since my losse must prove to be his gaine,  
I cannot helpe him, would I ne're so faine.  
[77] This let him know, as also that I grieve  
for his hard chance, yet cannot him relieve  
now if my answer doe not satisfie  
thy expectations, doe not taxe me, why?  
There is no fault in me, my honour blame;  
for could I helpe him I would doe the same.  
Oh taxe me not *Belisa* of ill-will;  
nor doe thou blame me, I have done no ill.

*Arnalte to the Traveller.*

With quicke returne my sister to me came  
from faire *Lucenda* (whose transcendent name  
I ever honour) this she certifi'd;  
but yet her answer she from me did hide,  
thinking at length t' imprint into my minde  
that for my good, which now did prove unkinde.  
Yet all her words they could me not perswade,  
nor would I credit ought, though't did invade  
my pensive breast; for what my sister told,  
'twas ambiguous, 'surance did not hold  
league with her fictions; for if the effect  
proves false or feign'd, it cannot truth direct.  
These sundry reasons mov'd me to suppose  
my sister had not gain'd what she prepos'd.  
Then sad dispaire did straight possesse my breast,  
and expel'd hope of any helpe or rest;  
thus destitute of any meanes to ease,  
m' afflicted minde, or sorrowes to appease,  
I did resolve to faine, as if at noguht  
I priz'd *Lucenda*, not to cherish thought  
of her perfections; for I notice had  
she carelesse was, and void of all regard  
concerning my afflictions; m' unkinde fate  
she did not taxe, or once compassionate.  
But to the purpose, my resolv'd intent  
I executed, made experiment,  
praying my sister for to certifie  
unto *Lucenda*, that hence-forward I  
[78] Would take lesse paines, my selfe for to confine  
unto her service, though she seem'd divine.  
And that hereafter I would learne to live  
like to my selfe, and not my freedome give  
unto a lady, who did disregard  
my life and love, and gave me no reward;  
my sister said a word she would not misse,  
yet e're she went I her advised this,  
that she should marke, and with a curious eye  
observe the blushes of her phismony;  
and above all, when that she should declare  
her message to her, then to have a care  
for to behold the lookes which she should glance,  
with the mutations of her countenance;  
for by the gesture one may sooner finde,  
than by the words the meaning of the minde;  
and by the colour that doth come and goe,

the hearts intentions one may plainly know.  
As also to regard when she should cease,  
if that *Lucenda* too should hold her peace;  
of else make shew as if shee did not care  
for all the love or honour I her beare;  
and if she should respond whether it were  
suddaine or doubtfull, utter'd with a feare;  
for hard it is such things for to obscure,  
if love be perfect, or affection pure.

Now did my sister, having understood  
my will and pleasure, write in lines of blood  
within her heart, and lodged in her minde,  
what I had told her, and then went to finde  
vertuous *Lucenda*; who when sh'ad found,  
the place consenting, this she did propound.

*Belisa to Lucenda.*

If my requests have caus'd as much distate  
to thee *Lucenda*, as I am shame-fac't  
t' intreate then of thee, then I marvaile much  
your clemency and goodnesse should be such  
[79] As to reagard me, and most graciously  
for to forgive so great an injury;

yet howsoever it is so ordain'd,  
that the harsh torments of the captive, and  
my loving brother, moove and cause in thee,  
unquiet anger, and disturbers be  
of thy sweete thoughts, and my earnest suing  
as irksome to thee as my brothers woing.

The love I beare him it compelling me,  
and trusting in thy vertuous courtesie,  
I have presum'd my selfe for to present  
before thy face with his sad stain'd laments.

Heare then I pray thee, and with me beare part,  
since without them I live without a heart.

*Lucenda* know my brother doth intend  
no more to love thee, but to give an end  
unto those thoughts, that he himselfe may free  
from servitude, and gaine his liberty;  
although the beauty and the lovely grace,  
with the perfections of thy pleasing face,  
have setter'd him in chaines of wilfull love,  
and strongly bound him that he scarce can move;  
yet he doth say he'le do't, and forsake  
his countrey too, and then his absence make  
an arbitrator 'twixt thy cruelty  
an his true love, and constant loyalty;

an thus exiled he doth hope to finde  
what you deny him, being still unkinde.  
But if you doe permit, or else consent  
to let him act this his resolv'd intent,  
long after him I shall not live, but dye;  
for after death my soule with his must flye.  
If he himself absent he cannot live,  
and I alone; who shall me confort give?  
And so forsaken, living desolate,  
death will my light with speede extenuate  
and thus shall I as disrespected be,  
as if I were thy mortall enemy.  
[80] You take more paines for to seeme mercifull,  
than really for to be pittifull;  
for you reject the faithfull constancy  
of your true friend, who doth continually  
wish you more good than any living wight  
can optate for you, to your sweete delight.  
Yet not withstanding hath it ever beene  
heard of, or knowne, or at least wise seene,  
that any one did ever gratifie  
such generous actions with discourtesie?  
Wou't have his minde be whole, his will be found  
when thou his heart with torments dost confound?  
Let me entreat thee, (nay for love of me)  
new lawes establish, and henceforth decree  
other injunctions to thy resolv'd will,  
and with unkindnesse doe not thou him kill.  
Nor speake I this t'incite thee to transgresse  
the bounded limits of thy vertuousnesse;  
but if you act what I to you propound,  
It to your praise and glory will redound;  
since through your pittie you may save, relive  
two dying bodies, and their lives reprieve.  
Oh say not nay (deare friend) to my requests,  
since that thy honour shall not be molest;  
revolve unto thy selfe what will become  
of my deare brother, if he abadon  
thy comany; and what will eke betide  
to me (he absent) when alone I bide?  
Take heede least you cause him precipitate,  
and my sad sorrow doe not exasperate.  
Oh call to minde, alas, doe not forget  
his grieffe, my anguish, sweete now pittie it;  
for *loves* dread sake be not so obstinate,  
selfe-wil'd, resolv'd, or so opinionate;

oppose thy will, but spotlesse, without staine  
unto thy honour, or thy vertuous fame;  
so shall you served be, honour'd, and I  
have consolation in my misery.  
[81] Oh be not guilty of his overthrow,  
nor causer of my cruell-killing woe;  
strive to o'ecome the passion of thy will,  
withstand its rage, the fury of it kill;  
for all things govern'd by the wills direction  
come home with losse, and not with gains protection.  
With my entreaties be not thou offended,  
but let me thus farre be of thee befriended,  
that thou wilt, daigne some lines to recommend  
unto my brother, and that to this end,  
that the bright taper of his living light  
be not snuft out, and so his day made night;  
for 'tis against all reason, law, or sence,  
to punish him who hath done no offence.

*Lucenda to Belisa.*

Drye up thy teares *Belisa*, weepe no more,  
asswage thy passions, and thy grieve give o're,  
for from this day I will conformed be  
unto your will, and grant what you decree.  
Now would to God that I had not a tongue,  
then with my words my selfe I should not worng;  
and although the fault already is transgrest,  
too credulous, my selfe I have exprest.  
Yet could I not withstand it, since thou wilt  
take to thy selfe the blame of all my guilt;  
thy selfe oblieging for to set me free,  
clad in white robes of pure innocency.  
Oh doe not bragging boast, or boasting vaunt  
of what thy treaties have inforc't me grant;  
the trickling teares which from thy eyes did run,  
like armed troopes, my will have overcome;  
yet not withstanding I delight doe take  
in my displeasure, since it recreates  
thy pensive thoughts, and my affection's such,  
that ought for thee I cannot thinke too much;  
for if my losse thy gaine may prove to be,  
I doe desire to suffer it for thee;  
[82] Intreating thee to grant me so much love  
as to obtaine it, you have treaties mov'd  
not presently to vilifie; neglect  
the prize obtained with base disrespect;

for 'tis a rule well knowne in generall,  
 most common too, and kindly unto all;  
 that things not purchac'd we doe highly prize,  
 but once obtain'd we doe them then dispise.  
 Remember well, that from this present tide,  
 you reduable are to me oblieg'd.  
 The longest day you live doe not forget  
 The recompence to countervaile this debt.  
 Consider how at this same present time  
 my honours thred I doe untwist, untwine;  
 yet since I have my selfe thus hazarded  
 to write unto him, I will have no dread,  
 with this proviso, that my letter give  
 peace to his warre, quietly cause him live,  
 oh would to God that beene his sacred will,  
 that at that time when I my heart did fill  
 with the sad thought of this determination,  
 (imbracing sorrow with deliberation)  
 that then the earth had gap'd, and swallow'd me  
 up in her bowells of obscurity;  
 for then had I beene eas'd by pale-fac'd death  
 of that which now will last whilst I have breath;  
 my soule must suffer't, since commiseration  
 hath enterpriz'd against its selfe this action,  
 and though *Belisa* I doe now repent  
 me of these things to which I doe consent,  
 yet have I not the power to revoke  
 what I doe grant, because I would provoke  
 some joy to thee, also t'intermixe  
 mi'th with the sorrow, in thy true heart fixt.  
 Therefore will I give way that thy request  
 shall take possession of my pensive breast;  
 and to the end that thou maist have a sight  
 of my pen'd-missive, Ile begin to write.

[83]        A letter of *Lucenda* to *Arnalte*.  
*I doe believe my letter will not finde  
 thee, friend Arnalte glader in thy minde,  
 than said it left me; yet for to complaine  
 I'de had no cause, had but my hand beene lame,  
 or else benumb'd, at that same instant, when  
 it did touch paper with the well-nib pen,  
 to write this missive, since it captives me,  
 thralling my freedome and my liberty;  
 giving to thee that which I never thought,  
 a gage too precious, where it ow'd thee nought.  
 Bee not too proud, 'cause unto thee I write,*

*nor yet too sad, if henceforth to thy sight  
mepistles come not; let reason mitigate  
thy present glory, and my missive take.  
With shewes well-temper'd give it entertaine,  
with wise expressions; doe not thou proclaime  
thy inward joy, hide it, and disguise  
thy vehement love from all observing eyes.  
Remember well when as such victories  
are published, that men then sacrifice  
ladies bright honours, but since friend so well  
what's needfull fo thee thou thy selfe canst tell;  
be not lesse heedfull those things to direct,  
which may assist me, or my fame protect;  
still have before thy eyes, never forget,  
how thee to pleasure I my selfe neglect,  
changing my title; I whous'd to have  
respect and honour, am become a slave,  
to favour thee, for I have bazarded  
my reputation, and a discord bred  
within my selfe; for at that instant when  
you chant your glory, very, very then  
I waile and weepe, since I thee to content,  
suffer great losse unto my detriment,  
staining my honour, spotting of my fame  
with base aspersions, blasting of my name.  
[84] How oft have I with-drawne my trembling hand  
from off this paper, and gi'n strict command  
unto my pen not one work more to write?  
Ah, bu alas, who hath the strength or might  
for to withstand thy importunities,  
or ward themselves from thy perswading cries?  
Thou hast gain'd rest unto thy labour now;  
for doubt assurance, and moreover thou  
hast cause to glory, and thy selfe to glad,  
since no occasion's left to make thee sad.  
Thy sister tells me thou wilt hence depart;  
I thee assure't would grieve me to the heart;  
for those who cannot any helpe expresse,  
ought not directmen unto said distresse.  
To tell the truth, I rather doe mistrust  
this is deciet, than reall, true, or just;  
yet to deceive me if you did intend,  
I doe declare that thou hast gain'd thy end.  
But how soever, I would have you know  
I understood it, though I made no show;  
and to the end you thinking to beguile*

*or circumvent me, you be not the while  
o're-reacht, defrauded; for full well I know,  
that amongst yee, who love, doe duty owe;  
when that bu wiles you to the period come  
of your disignes, and slily over-come  
us female creatures, thinke yee have atchiev'd  
a victory most highly to be priz'd.  
Deeme not thy selfe so subtile, nor thinke me  
so indiscreet, or simple for to be;  
but that I have perceiv'd in that kinde,  
that more for pittie of thy vexed minde,  
than dread of thee, these few lines I doe write,  
what you endure your sister doth recite.  
For she doth so assure me of thy paine,  
and with her teares likewise aver the same;  
that not alone I thereto credit give;  
for, for thy suffrings I both mourne and grieve,  
[85] And in that wise that I would let thee know't  
bu this my letter which doth plainly shew't.  
Let this content thee, or else otherwise  
you may lose that which you have made your prize;  
comfort thy selfe, and so thy selfe retire  
into thy selfe, never more aspire  
to find me out with toylesome labour, why,  
your long discourse, and the small time that I  
can spare to heare it, will exasperate  
afresh your sorrowes, and them aggravate.*

*Arnalte to the Traveller.*

She having this her letter finished,  
she gav't my sister, who with swift-wing'd speed  
made haste to finde me, being at that tide  
into my closet for a while retir'd;  
but when I saw her, I did by her gesture,  
what she did speake; e're she it spoke conjecture.  
Then drawing nigh me, she began to tell  
I should not mourne, but my cares expell;  
for she did bring me what *Lucenda* had  
concluded of them, thus bid me be glad.  
Wherefore she 'gan for to recite at last,  
what 'twixt *Lucenda* and her selfe had past;  
and from her bosome she drew forth the letter,  
which did reprieve my life, and made me debter  
still unto death; then holding't in my hand,  
I did along while pausing with it stand.  
Nor could I be perswaded it could be,  
that such good hap should happen unto me.

Then kissing sweetely with a true respect  
 that blessed paper, and the snow-white necke,  
 and swan-like hands of my most dearest sister,  
 I broke it open having of then kist her;  
 and then I read it, but who then had seene  
 me, would have judg'd I had surprized beene  
 with sweete delight, and easily have sed  
 that pleasing pleasure had me ravished.  
 [86] The vertue of that letter did inflame  
 more bright my fire, and I deem'd the same  
 beyond esteemed, and with excesse of joy,  
 my soule was rapt in such an extasie,  
 that it well nigh my body did forsake,  
 for to give way that more roome might make  
 for these new joyes, and to entertaine  
 delight and pleasure in lieu of my paine.  
 But having read it, and re-read it, I  
 then found contentment and alacrity;  
 not too predominate, for grim dispaire  
 as well as joy, claim'd an equall share;  
 for when I thought my drooping selfe to glad,  
 I lost my courage, for no hope I had.  
 And if I would lament, why the good will  
 which she profest me, did oppose me still;  
 so what to doe, alas I could not tell,  
 my counsaile left me, doubt did with me dwell.  
 But 'cause my griefes were farre more vehement  
 than all the joy, or the sweete content  
 her letter brought me, I did then indite  
 this answer to her, which I thus recite.

*The letter of Arnalte to Lucenda.*  
*Those well-pen'd lines that were compos'd by thee,*  
*divine Lucenda, and adrest to me,*  
*I have receiv'd, but I must confesse*  
*with more content than now I can expresse;*  
*for when they were presented to me, then*  
*I deem'd my selfe the happiest of men;*  
*but when I read them sorrow did affright*  
*all joy from me, and all sweete delight;*  
*for being clos'd they promis'd me redresse,*  
*but being open'd, nothing else exprest,*  
*unlesse unkindnesse, which did overthrow*  
*my expectations, throb my heart with me woe,*  
*by which I indge there is more likely-hood*  
*for future illls than my for my present good;*

[87] *So that I cannot really expresse  
such true delight as I ought to confesse;  
for if I thinke thy favour to obtaine,  
my torments thrive, and I grow rich in paine;  
for by your writing you doe quite destroy  
all hope of comfort, or delight some joy.  
My ills you say doe grieve you, wherefore then  
doe you expresse that which you doe not meane?  
Why doe you publish, or with words proclaime,  
what with your will you meane not to maintaine?  
If so it were, that my afflictions they  
displeasing were, then might you truely say  
what you maintain'd, and then you would retract  
what you commit now both inword and fact.  
Ah deare Lucenda, why doe you pretend  
not truely with you truely loving friend.  
I have the name, but you commit the act;  
I gaine the honour, you expresse the fact.  
Truely I'de rather that my suff'rings were  
doubtfull unto thee, than that thou should beare  
credit unto thee, giving no redresse  
unto my torments, or my wretchednesse.  
You doe propose, deare love, to me that I  
should court your favours very modestly;  
If I could ease my selfe so freely well  
as I can beare my sorrowes, let me tell  
thee, dearest Mistris, I would never groane  
under the burthen of my grieffe or moane;  
my smarting paine with speed I would recure,  
these grievous torments which I doe endure.  
Now if you please (faire love) to succour me,  
or to allay my killing misery,  
let me intreat thee (sweetest) not to daigne  
dispaire a triumph o're my soule to gaine;  
neither permit grim death to bathe his dart  
within the crimson river of my heart;  
let it suffice that thou hast robbed me  
of the best part of my life; sweete lady see*  
[88] *How that my teares intreat thee for thy grace,  
which if you grant not, death will come in place;  
for why, my sorrowes which doe parallel  
thy heavenly beauty, which doth all excell,  
th' are too heavy and insufferable,  
I cannot beare them the'are intollerable.  
This is the cause, I feeling of my fate,  
and how unkindly you it aggravate;*

*that i cannot rejoyce, or dure to see  
another glader than my selfe to be;  
for I doe wish that every one were us'd  
with love as basely as I am abus'd;  
and since my love doth daily still increase,  
and that reward doth grant me no release,  
I doe resolve unto some place to goe,  
ne're to returne; for this Ile let thee know,  
that death and time in this my banishment,  
shall ease my cares, and kill sad languishment.  
Now since you have bard up all hope from me,  
of speaking to thee, yet vouchsafe to see  
me're I part; nor speake I this t' impaire  
thy bright renowne, as glorious and as faire  
as Phoebus raies, for let it not (sweete) be  
in any place debar'd from company;  
or where suspition wanders but in sight  
of my deare sister, in whom you delight;  
so shall you see my grieffe, and eke behold  
my blooming colour turn'd into the mould  
of pale-fac'd tawny, and all cheerefull grace  
to be esclips'd within my youthfull face;  
and as blacke grounds, they set off to the sight  
thansparent colours, most of all the white.  
so I being present, my pale hew will show  
how fragrant roses freshly bud and grow  
in milke-white fields; I meane those virgin plaines,  
your cheekes inbelish with carnation staines.  
If this you grant, or else consent that I  
shall you behold with unworthy eyes,  
[89] Then may you free wretched captiv'd heart  
of thy poore vassall from all cruell smart,  
and with that hap enrich my fortunes so,  
that what want meanes I never more shall know.  
What else to write I cannot tell, but this,  
if you vouchsafe to grant me so much blisse,  
as to permit me thy sweete face to see,  
my selfe Ille prostrate with humility,  
and kisse thy feete, and on my bended knee,  
and eyes erected, ever honour thee.*

*Arnalte to the Traveller.*

My letter ended, I did then implore  
my sisters aide, entreating her once more.  
For to present unot *Lucenda's* view  
this letter which I have rehearst to you;  
This she did grant me, being thereto mov'd

more through my treaties, than her will approv'd;  
for shame forbad her, but then pure affection  
o're-came all hindrance, and gave her direction.  
Then like to those who doe expect their fate,  
with speede she hasted for to obviate  
her good or ill, and to *Lucenda* she  
tender'd the letter that was sent by me;  
but she was forc't unanswe'd to returne  
to wretched me, whose heart in flames did burne  
of fiery love, still fewel'd with disdain,  
which did encrease more furiously my flame.  
This mov'd my sister daily to endeavour  
t' effect some meanes that she might me deliver.  
Then on a day vertuous *Lucenda* and  
my sister meeting, she could not withstand  
my sisters treats, though her defence were great,  
but did vouchsafe that I with her should speak.  
This sentence added wings unto the speed  
of my deareister, who was glad a blisse,  
and thank't great *love* that he had daign'd her this,  
[90] That she was borne the bearer for to be  
of the good newes which she did bring to me;  
she did rejoyce, and then did declare  
what was decree'd of sweet *Lucenda*, faire  
as bright *Aurora*, conduct to the day,  
whose roseate blushes to our sight displayes  
*Phoebus* approuch each day when he doth rise  
from *Tethys* bed, to travaile through the skies.  
Who ever saw a prisoner doom'd to death,  
gaine a reprivall for his sentenc'd breath,  
and that unlook't for, since he hath no hope  
but for to breath his last by sword or rope;  
is so transported, that he scarce beleeves,  
hearing th' injunction of those new decrees?  
But being assur'd, he with excesse of measure  
courts this his fortune with a world of pleasure.  
Or else a pilot in a riging storme,  
deemes barke, and goods, himselfe, and all folorne,  
since whirling winds feloniously doe crack  
his twisted cables, cause his anchors slack  
their forked hold, and drive hiim in despight  
of steere, or helme, he knows not wrong or right;  
mounting him one while to the azur'd skie,  
and the as soone redrive him furiously  
unto the bottome of the vast extent  
of *Neptunes* foaming watry regiment;

whilst thus he's tost on the se-swelling waves,  
and well-nigh swallow'd in their watry graves,  
fraught with dispaire, possest he never more,  
shall set his footing on the sandy shore,  
doth suddently through light of *Phoebus* ray,  
spies from a farre the prospect of a bay.  
Yet former hath so proessed his brest,  
and present ruine, that he feares this blest  
appearance's but an object of illusion,  
his hopes to flatter, ere their last confusion,  
but then the winds (though angry) and the light  
give him full view of what he had in sight;  
[91] Th' irefull seas transport him where the tyde  
doth drive his Barke, tha it may safely ride.  
Then being safe, and out of dangers way,  
He thankes great love, and with the cheerfull day  
doth rowse his spirits, and expelleth quite  
the sad remembrance of the passed night;  
even thus was I, untill that newes repriv'd  
my dying soule, and my sad heart reliev'd.  
For scarce my sister had breath'd out her words,  
but sweet content such pleasure me affords,  
that whilst I liv'd, I never did possesse  
such sweet delight, and pleasing happinesse;  
for, for t' espresse it it's impossible;  
my tongue's too weake my owne delights to tell,  
my anguishes were metamorphosed  
to suddaine joyes, sorrow from me fled  
with swistest speed; with mirth and pleasure then  
my soule and heart did joyntly entertaine  
that blessed newes, and at that very time  
love did me cherish, saying he was mine.  
But the the guardians of the bright-fac't day  
had set the houre, and we must away  
unto the place assign'd; for we did come  
when as bright *Titan*, otherwise the sunne  
comes dancing forth, heavens eastern-gate set wide,  
to mount his chariot, which doth for him bide.  
Unto a chappell then I did retire,  
unto a cell, where usually the fryer  
us'd for to shrift the people who confesse  
their sinnes, and crimes, with their past wickednesse.  
Joying to which *Lucenda* straight-wayes came,  
and tooke her feate; I seeing of the same,  
the place consenting, I began to show  
with words and teares my torments and my woes.

*Arnalte to Lucenda in the Friers cell.*

Fairest of ladies, mistris of my heart,  
renown'd *Lucenda*, auth' resee of my smart;  
[92] The gracious favour, and the honour'd grace,  
which at this present you to me vouchsafe;  
It's truely such, that I for e're despaire  
to recompence thy kindnesse, or thy care;  
Unlesse my service it may satisfie  
in some respects thy noble courtesie;  
sweete love accept them, and deare mistris let  
my weeping eyes; and sorrowfull aspect  
give thee assurance of my constant love,  
which whilst I live I vow shall never move.  
The *Pelican* shall never more espresse  
unot her young ones her kind tendersse.  
The *Negro* moore shall change his swarthy hew,  
the gods shall homage unto mortalls doe,  
E're I forsake to love and honour thee;  
why then, why then release my poore heart free,  
redresse my wrongs, relieve me, doe me right,  
In lieu of sorrow, grant me sweet delight;  
pitty thy captive, and some favour show  
unto my heart inveloped with woe.  
File of those shackles, with which thy disdain  
hath fetter'd me, release me out of paine.  
Let this incite thee, fairest, to apply  
some cooling cordial, for alas I fry,  
and burne in flames of hot torment fire,  
kind l'd by love, continu'd by desire.  
Oh helpe me now, for it will more redound  
unto thy praise to save, than to confound.  
Alas, alas, I suffer not alone,  
others are wrong'd; for why, my grieving moane  
hath shewne my torments so perspicuosly,  
that divers meaning for to love, doe flye  
from love with speed, fearing alas to be  
scorcht with the fire of discourtisie.  
Then since its thus, (thou wonder of our times)  
repent thee of thy former passed crimes;  
sweete I beseech thee, these thy faults amend,  
and with thy kindesse cherish me thy friend.  
[93] I doe not know what reason that you have  
not to be served, when all others crave  
for to possesse those things which you refuse,  
and with their wills, what you forsake, would chuse.

It is most easie for to know, that I  
have farre more want, nay more necessity  
of thy assistance, than thou hast desire  
that I should serve thee; or to quench the fire  
of my hot suff; rings. Oh, how is my heart  
supprest with tortures, and afflicting smart!  
What rude encounters, what assaults have I  
with-stood with courage through my constancy!  
What cruell combats has fainting hope  
deliver'd me! how hat my faith ta'ne scope  
for to assault me! that to thee 'tis knowne,  
they have my health impair'd, and overthrowne.  
Alas, alas, is't possible for me  
with words to utter (fairest) unto thee  
the perturbations that I have endur'd  
within my minde, in no wise to be cur'd  
but by thy aid? could this effected be,  
how would'st thou blame thy selfe for harming me.  
Oh never man endured such a crosse!  
Oh, never man joyed lesse hap, more losse!  
Oh never yet so great a memory  
did with oblivion insepulted lye.  
Thus my affection, link't with disdaine,  
sends death unto me with a world of paine;  
this I would let thee lady understand,  
that you henceforward may your will command  
to right my wrongs, that so you in the end  
may prove my mistris, and my dearest friend;  
and eke acquaint thee with the smarting paine  
and tedious torments that I doe sustaine,  
thereby to shew thee, that my constancy  
maugre all tortures, yet did never dye;  
nor have I found my selfe to be as yet  
weary of what you please on me t' inflict;  
[94] For I have deem'd my losse a prize to be,  
since you have gained what was lost by me.  
Nor is't without great reason, for if I  
endure afflictions, your sun-shaming eye  
is cause of it, that supérese lent grace,  
which nature lent to beautifie thy face.  
Now since th' art certaine of the love I beare  
to thee my sweet, in all perfections rare,  
you'd injure reason, and injustice doe  
unto my faith, if so be it that you  
establish not new orders to your will,  
restoring life to him you well nigh kill.

Now that you may hereafter exercise  
workers of repentance, listen to my cries,  
and grant deare lady, that I may inherit  
the happy favour, since it is my merit,  
to touch your faire hands with a reverent kisse,  
I crave no more, then sweet now daigne me this.  
Grant me this favour lady, besides which  
I shall not dare no other to beseech;  
yet if I should chance to transgresse, confine  
me to such tortures as you please; divine  
and glorious lady, if I ever swerve,  
let me be punisht as I doe deserve.

Lucenda's *Answer* to Arnalte.

Had I *Arnalte*, but such fluent straines,  
or high-tun'd words, (compactd by the paines  
of sweet-tongu'd rethorick) as thou ost eprese,  
ingeniously I unto thee confesse,  
I should have skill to answer thee as well,  
as thou hast art, thy sorrow for to tell.  
Long since it is, since that thy presence and  
my shame assiege me with a well-train'd band  
of invitations, who doe so oppose  
and ward themselves fro my word-speaking blows,  
that they doe drive me into such a straight,  
that I beleeve all aide will come too late;  
[95] Being so confounded, and perplex't in mind,  
that no reliefe in any thing I find;  
since tha tmy fame hath gain'd so deepe a wound,  
that art, nor words can e're recure it found.  
For though my ignorance doe me acquit,  
yet reason checks me with her curbing bit,  
and doth condemne me, since my hounour'd fame  
I've harzarded, and sayes I am too blame.  
Thou animat'st me that I should convert  
thy sad disasters into pleasing mirth;  
I rather have more cause to mourne and grieve  
for my transgressions, than thee to relieve.  
Since what thou suffers't, it is sufferable,  
My honour casing't to be tolerable;  
For why th' offence, the which I perpetrate  
At this same instant, will precipitate  
Mu honour headlong, or at least defame  
With soule disgrace my cleare unspotted name.  
And thus the danger which doth threaten me,

Since I forget my selfe, to speake with thee,  
may sooner to thy disadvantage chance,  
than to thy profit, or thy gaine t' inhance;  
for i doe feare thou canst not silent be,  
or barre thy lips with bolts of secrecy,  
clouding the tryumph which thou do'st obtaine  
in mists of silence, from the eare of fame.  
For oftentimes the joy that we conceive  
of suppos'd favour, doth our hopes deceive;  
and so the tongue (too forward) doth expresse  
what th' heart with reason strives not to confesse.  
Yet if you be so lavish, to report't,  
it's at my perill, and you'le scale the fort  
of my high-towring honour, and so rase  
that to the ground, which yet hath stood with praise.  
How have thy treaties gain'd the upper hand,  
that my resistance cannot them with-stand!  
What woman is there that beleeveth thee,  
but to her selfe she must disloyall be?  
[96] Alas, alas how danger doth attend  
us silly damsells, if our eares we lend  
to mens perswasions, whose beginnings we,  
if wise we were, we should both shun and flee.  
Ah sad *Lucenda*, thou art now a slave,  
and you *Arnalte*, name of Victor have;  
but yet beware, lest that too much glory  
cause thee to loose through th' extreame of joy  
that which with grieffe, with sorrow, & with paine,  
with sighs, with sobs, thou now of me do'st gaine.  
Take notice how that secrefie doth heale,  
That which report doth wound, if he reveale,  
thou do'st intreate that thou my hands maist kisse,  
I am contended, but provided this,  
you doe not thinke that I doe it permit  
through vaine conceit, presumptuous pride, nor yet  
from any merit, that I dare to claime  
unto my selfe, and that you will refraine  
Henceforth to urge me, or solícite more  
with irkesome treaties, as y'ave herefore;  
and let thy sister now a testate be,  
who hath alredy done so much for thee,  
that she hath gain'd me so farre to transgresse  
the bounds of reason, that I doe espresse  
my selfe s' oblivious, that I now doe act  
that which I doe, in word, indeed, and fact.

*Arnalte to the Traveller.*

Scarce had *Lucenda* ended this her talke,  
but that the houre forc'd us for to walke;  
for't came to passe, so many people ran  
into the church, that both of us were faine  
for to depart; yet not without the grace  
which faire *Lucenda* did to me vouchsafe;  
for she permitted my rude lips to touch  
Her faire white hands, more white than snow un-  
my sister then, and I, we bad fare-well,  
and so return'd, each where we us'd to dwell.  
[97] And now dread *love* I unto record call;  
might I have had the choysiest of all  
the worlds rich wealth, and be ingag'd to lose  
the hap I purchas't, I would it refuse;  
this to affirme I doe summon in  
All constant lovers, who have tossed bin  
in *Cupids* blanket, for they know full well,  
that such a favour doth all wealth excell.  
Thus did I part content; mu sister then  
seeing me gaine my pristine health agen,  
with all essaies endeavour'd t' entertaine  
my new delights to ratifie my paine;  
desiring me that I would then repaire  
into the countrey for to take the aire,  
for she'de a house of pleasure, which did lye  
not farre from Thebes, for it was hard by.  
To this her motion I did soone consent,  
and then as soone we on our journey went.  
Where when arriv'd, I found the place to be  
seated by natures carefull industry,  
very commodious for th' exercise  
of healthfull hunting; (which some men doe prize  
above all sprts) this mov'd me cause my men  
bring me some birding-peeces, that (friend) then  
I might essay, what with th; agitation  
of that same pastime, and its recreation,  
for to recover my decayed health,  
which sad affliction had o'rethrowne by stealth.  
Now while I so journe'd with my sister deare,  
shee feasted me, and made me such good cheare,  
that in a short space I did there regaine.  
But on a day that I resolv'd to ride  
abroad a hunting just as I would stride  
my horse's backe, divers sad auguries  
did then appeare unto my wondring eyes,

which did presage, and eke denounce my fate,  
my future ruine, and its wretched state;  
[98] For suddendly the heavens, that were cleare,  
faire, bright, and calme, straight-wayes did appeare  
tempestuous, cloudy, winde and raine did flye  
with stormy rage, and darkenesse vail'd the skie;  
also a grey-hound, which I much did prise,  
ranne 'twixt my leggs, & there yelpt forth such cries  
and horrid howlings, that they did confound.  
m'amazed fences with their bawling sound.  
Yet I alas, who make but small account  
of such predictions, on my steed did mount;  
nor all those lets could not my purpose stay,  
but with my hawke upon my fist away  
into the fields I rod, where scarcely I  
had gun my quest, but then immediately  
I call'd to minde that it was long agone  
since I had seene the gentlemen, of whom  
I have already spoke; and that since I  
had shewn to him the love and loyalty,  
and deare affection which I alwayes beare  
unto *Lucenda*, he no more did care  
t' associate me, but by degrees did shun  
my company, or where I us'd to come;  
nor ne're came nigh me where I us'd to dwell,  
or once inquir'd, were I ill or well  
ceasing to be so courteous, or so kind,  
as fomerly I did his friendshipfinde.  
No sparke of goodnesse in his breast did shine,  
Towards me all friendship did in him decline;  
but 'case I knew it was the proper kind  
of divers men who have a wavering minde,  
not to be constant to their friends, but fickle,  
for as they please, they can love much or little;  
it mov'd me thinke that the had gain'd a touch  
of that infection, poison'd with too much  
ignoblenesse, which was the speciall cause  
of his non-servance of kind friendships lawes.  
And then againe I thought 'tmight sooner be  
that lightnings flame should blast *Apollo's* tree,  
[99] Than that he'd suffer that I should endure  
the least of torments, if he could me cure.  
Whilst thus I mus'd the depth of truth to sound,  
my hawke fell downe starke dead unto the ground;  
which sudden chance did straight wayes multiply  
the doubts I had of *Yerlo's* loyalty;

for suddently my heart it was surpris'd  
with grievous startings, and assaults; beside,  
I did remember how my well-shap'd hownd  
Had whin'd that morning, grovelling on the ground.  
Then thus disturb'd, I did resolve to speed  
backe to my sister, mounted on my steed;  
but as I rode, I found my selfe to be  
upon a mount, whence I might plainly see  
*Lucenda's* mansion, which did fairely lye  
unto the prospect of my roaving eye;  
and also heard the noise and perfect sound  
of drummes and haubois, which did there rebound  
their pleasant echoes gainst the mountaines, and  
the neighbouring hills, that there did proudly stand,  
rearing their heads in such a lofty wives,  
as if they meant to parley with the skies.  
This seemed strange unto my listning eare,  
for it agree'd not with time of yeare  
to use such pastime; thus I wax't farre more  
pensive, and sad, than e're I was afore,  
growing most jealous of my future losse,  
since that my fortunes prov'd to be so crosse.  
Well, there I stay'd so long for to disery  
the honse, from whence those merry tones did flye,  
that night o're-tooke me in her ebon-coach,  
e're to my sister I could then approach,  
who was accustom'd dayly for to waite  
my comming, at the entrance of her gate,  
there to embrace me; but at that same tide  
my dearest sister did not for me bide,  
which did renew againe my past distrust,  
and then alas, this of all was worst;  
[100] I being entered to the chamber come  
where she did fit, she seemed to me as dumbe,  
a word she spake not, but did sadly looke,  
as if all joy had her heart forsooke,  
this did amaze me, and I marvaild much  
for since her silence unto me was such,  
Idurst not aske her ought, doubting to heare  
by her discourse the news I much did feare,  
but yet at length I could not so containe  
my selfe with silence, or from words refraine,  
but that I asket her whence it did arise  
that she fate drooping in that mournfull wise,  
at this the flood-gates of her teare-drowned eyes  
burst ope through fury of her weeping cryes

from whence such sreames of chrystal-teares did flow,  
that to a deluge they began to grow,  
whose inundations did o're-flow so high,  
that they did stop her passage of reply,  
so that she could not answer me, untill  
those floods were sunke, that then amaine did swell  
but drying up those teares which trickled downe,  
whose gushing torrents did her eyes e'ne drowne,  
she did declare, how at that present tide,  
*Lucenda* was the faire espoused bride  
of youthfull *Yerso*, who I ever deemed  
my faithfull friend, for so he alwayes seemed  
and that as then she did to me relate  
as she did heare, they still did celebrate  
the nuptiall banquets, and the customed rites,  
with maskes, with revells, and such used delights  
when this I heard, I doe protest my friend,  
I thought my life would straight have ta'ne an end  
for my poore heart was suddenly assailed  
by woes Armado, that my spirits failed,  
which so amazed me, that a long while I  
stood mute and dumbe, nor could a word reply.  
Thus were the signes presiged unto me showne,  
and eke the noise I heard unto me knowne,  
[101] Which so disturbe me, that I in the place  
so rudely fell, grovelling on my face,  
that those who then were present, did esteeme  
I was intrans, for so I then did seeme  
but then as soone as I could breath againe,  
I tooke all letters, subscribed with the name  
of faire *Lucenda*, nay, I did not leave  
one single line which I of her received,  
but tore them all in the same raging vaine  
then growing wild, through fury of my paine,  
I being lost, and voyd of further hope,  
dispaire I welcomed who did soone take scope  
for to inflame me with tenne thousand thoughts,  
which in my braines a strange distraction wrought  
so that I did unroote my beard, and tare  
from off my head whole handfulls of my haire,  
although such actions (friend) I must confesse  
seeme womanish, and weaknesse doe expresse,  
yet blind-fold Love doth by his lawes confine  
to such extreames his sevants many times  
then some daies past, and that the consolation  
of my deare sister, with her milde perswasion

had in some fort asswaged my anxious griefe,  
and by he care had tendered me reliefe  
I gave a speciall order unto those  
who waited on me to weare mourning clothes,  
soone after which, a damsell to me came  
that served *Lucenda*, that angelicke dame,  
it was the maid in whom she did repose  
great confidence, and durst to her disclose  
her private secrets, and moreover rest  
her inward thoughts within her trusty breast  
who certified me in her Mistris name,  
how that her lady was inforced and faine  
to undergoe that marriage and that she,  
moe through the irksome importunity,  
and urgent treaties of her parents, (who  
claimed her obeysance as their proper due)  
[102] than of her owne consent, or proper will  
she was constrained t'imbrace him *vel* or *nil*.  
Having a long while heard her patiently,  
and satisfied her, she did homewards hye,  
but you must know that she rescoutered me  
clad with a gowne of blacke, (which did agree  
in outward shew, unto my inward griefe)  
about whose hemb (because I will be briefe)  
these lines and letters were embroydred round,  
which being read, this meaning forth did sound.

*Tell her that since that she hath chose to be  
unto her captive a submissive slave,  
I doe intend my life henceforth to save,  
living because she hath vouchsaft it me.*

This gentlewoman will advised and wise  
had great compassion of my mourning cries,  
and you must thinke she was instructed by  
her honoured Mistris, for to have an eye  
as well to marke the habit that I wore,  
as to observe me how I did deplore,  
which moved her glance upon my robe her eye,  
where in a moment she did soone espy  
the lines embroydred, whose conceite in mind  
shee well remebred, and then went to find  
her dame *Lucenda*, leaving me as mad  
at *Yerso's* treason, as my heart was sad  
at their late marriage, of which when I thought,  
such an impression in my soule it wrought,

that I concluded for to challenge him  
to combate with me, that before the King,  
and all the world, he truely might confesse  
his treacherous dealing and perfidiousnesse,  
which to effect a challenge I did send  
the words of which did to this purpose tend

[103] *Arnalte's Challenge to Yerso.*

*Yerso*, because that every one may know  
th'ignoblenesse I doe intend to show,  
how faithlesse that thy lying drifts have beene,  
with which in secret I've abused beene  
therefore in publicke I will manifest  
unto the world thy base perfidiousnesse,  
because henceforth thy punishment may be  
a president unto eternity  
and for to punish justly thy offence,  
th'uncourteous actions, and base insolence,  
I hope to vanquish and to overcome  
thee with my hands as also with my tongue  
to use such words as shall thee quite defame,  
and overthrow thee to thy utter shame  
but to the end that none may thee excuse,  
your selfe shall judge how you have me abused,  
revolve unto thy selfe and call to mind  
how long its since unfeigned love did binde  
so strict a league betwixt us, that we swore  
to be companions, faithfull evermore.  
Remember too, how for a long while we  
have mutuall beene, with seemed fidelity,  
bearing a love so pious to each other,  
that as two brethren we loved one another,  
by which conjunction thinking that thou wert  
faithfull and loyall, of a noble heart,  
my inward thoughts I have to thee reveald,  
my private secrets I have not concealed  
and amongst many th'affection that I bare  
unto *Lucenda*, in perfections rare,  
in which thou didst uphold me, promising  
for to assist me, that I might her winne,  
oh then thou spakst even as an impious slave,  
for that thou mightst defraud me, Sir you have  
[104] by divers waies, and sundry meanes exprest,  
you were content to further my request,  
plything thy faith, that albeith that she

thy Lady were that yet for love of mee  
 thou wouldst refraine to serve her, that I might  
 purchase th'injoyment of my sweet delight,  
 which I beleev'd so long untill th'event  
 did shew the issue of thy bad intent  
 for closely juggling thou hast tane to wife  
 my dearest Mistris, dearer than my life,  
 the right usurping, with the recompence  
 of all my travailes, contrary to sence,  
 by doing which, thou art not onely growne  
 my enemy, but likewise art thy owne,  
 at which I marvaile, and doe wonder much  
 for well I know thy knowledge it is such,  
 that thou art witting, how that vertue, and  
 the workes of freindship doe united stand  
 yet ne'rethelesse before thou wouldst take heed,  
 thou hast committed this ignoble deed,  
 soyling thy honour, spotting of thy fame,  
 blasting by treason thy renowned name,  
 waxing so different from the noble parts,  
 and worthy vertues, lodged within the hearts  
 of thy fore-fathers, as unto the fight  
 the blacke doth vary from the purest white,  
 but to the end that thou maist speedily  
 receive disgrace for thy base treachery,  
 I let thee know, (perjured as thou art)  
 that I will slay thee, and transpierce thy heart  
 with those same weapons that you shall allot,  
 and cut in two the gordian knitted knot  
 of thy base life, casting thee forth the field,  
 or else inforce thee humbly for to yeeld  
 thy selfe my prisoner, causing thee confesse  
 th'ignoble action of thy wickednesse,  
 for *love* assisting with my hands and thy  
 perfidious, base, dishonest villany  
 [105] I shall revenge and wraeke the injury  
 and base affronts which thou hast offer'd me  
 therefore appoint what Armes we shall use,  
 as 'tis the custome, send me no excuse  
 for having heard thy answer, I'll assigne  
 the field, the day, and meet thee at the time.

*Yerso's answer to Arnalte's Challenge*

*Arnalte*, I thy challenge have received,  
 and by the lecture the contents perceived

and eke according into what you say,  
if so be it that Fortune lead the way,  
and that th'event doe prove as advantagious  
as thy affronting words doe seeme outrageous  
I shall account, if such good hap you have,  
my selfe your vassall, and submissive slave,  
tending to thee the name and worthy praise  
of a brave victor, give thee up the bayes.  
But soft, but soft, this current that doth run  
within your braine, so strongly I will turne  
another way, and quite divert its course,  
for in my hands you shall not finde lesse force  
that I doe relish that thy words doe taste  
of base aspersion, and black-mouthed disgrace.  
Prate on, prate on, for as I may repute,  
it's you must babble, I must execute,  
thus shall thy arrongance and swelling pride,  
becasue that strangers, and moreo're beside  
they friends and kindred scarcely shall bemoane  
what I inflict upon thee, no not one,  
since 'twere injustice if thou should'st not feele  
the death you merit, from my pointed steele  
that by that death thou migh'st receive a true  
and just chastisement, as to thee is due.  
Thou do'st prepose unto the end that my  
transgressions may be knowne perspicuously,  
I should remember of the mutuall love  
frequent betwixt us, how we dayly strove  
[106] T'exceed each other in our courtesies,  
loving each other as we loved our eyes  
trusting in which thou did'st communicate  
thy secrets to me, and thy private state  
True, I confesse't nor in the least will I  
paliate, dissemble, or the truth deny,  
for so I should the bounds of truth transgresse,  
and injure reasopn, and all vertuousnesse  
thus, if thou hadst not publicky disgrac't  
my honour basely, insome private place  
I would have satisfied thee and at large  
have cleared my selfe of ought layd to my charge,  
and sure I am that after that you should  
have heard me speake, *Arnalte* then you would  
have reckoned me rather for to be  
thy loyall friend, that faithlesse unto thee  
since more for safety of thy health and life,  
than for my pleasure I have ta'ne to wife

the faire *Lucenda*, hoping then thereby  
 to end thy torments and thy miseries,  
 for seeing that thou wert not like to live  
 any long while, but subject still to grieve,  
 I held it for the best to act and doe  
 what I have done, unto the end that you  
 having no future hope, might'st strive to gaine  
 thy former strength and pristine health againe,  
 but since th'intents doe justly justifie  
 of else condemne one worthy for to dye  
 unto my thoughts I doe my selfe referre,  
 for I am sure my love did never erre,  
 yet since the truth ought sooner for to be  
 maintained by actions, than loquacity,  
 the judgment shall surcease untill the day  
 of execution *Phæbus* shall display,  
 then shalt thou see what thou had'st gained if that  
 thou hadst not prated this reproachfull chat,  
 and what thou'st lost, since thou hast wronged me  
 by the aspersions of thy obloquie  
 [107] For by my right and thy base pissing pride  
 it shall be judged and very plainly tryed  
 but since with thee I would not much dispute,  
 but purpose fiercely for to execute,  
 I doe advise thee that thou shalt recant  
 and eate thy words as a base recreant  
 which to accomplish I select and chuse  
 the proper armes that men at armes use  
 we will be armed as men at armes be,  
*a cap, a pe*, compleat in each degree  
 onely our right armes they shall be excepted  
 for they shall naked be, and quite detected  
 our launces equall, each two swords apiece  
 our horfes barbed with front-stalls, crannets, these  
 the weapons are, now when you will, you may  
 appoint the field, the houre, and the day,  
 for by the ayde of him who ought to be  
 judge 'twixt my wrongs and thy partiality,  
 I hope to slay thee, or to winne the field,  
 and victor-like enforce thee for to yeeld.

*Arnalte to the Traveller*

Now, since the armes were denoted, I  
 did straight-ways goe to the Kings Majesty,  
 informing him exactly of what had

past betwixt *Yerso* and my selfe (most sad)  
so that he hearing th'infidelity  
of my past friend, then growne my enemy,  
it seemed so strange to him that he did yeeld  
at my request to grant us both the field,  
then on the day assigned, *Yerso* and I,  
we did appeare before his Majesty,  
he having caused a scaffold for to be  
built and erected, that he there might see  
who should be master of the field and gaine  
a glorious conquest, to maintaine his fame  
then having viewed our armes, which his grace  
found very equall, th'oath used in that case  
[108] being delivered, and that heralds they  
had gi'ne the signall to the field, away  
with speed we hasted for to take our course  
running against each other with such force,  
that the rude shock of our rescouter did  
expresse what love was in our bosomes hid,  
but *Yerso* then being as fortunate  
as a good horse-man he did penetrate  
my naked arme with his pointed steele  
with which being wounded, I great paine did feele  
but as for my part, I had no such chance  
I onely counterbust him wuth my lance  
upon the viser of his helmet bright,  
yet did I not direct the stroake so right,  
but that I mist to wound him with the thrust.  
Thus by we rode, our lances being burst,  
which flew to shivers, lying scattered round  
upon the verdent grasse and trampled ground  
our staves thus broke, we quickly did betake  
us to our keen-edged swords, that they might make  
good what our speares had failed of their pretence  
then fiercely driving we did both commence  
a fray so bloody, that the crimson gore  
did trickle downe upone the grasse all-o're  
thundring our blowes with fury violent,  
that throuth our armour they a passage rent,  
to make a way unto our vitall parts,  
that unawares they might surprise our hearts.  
We sliced our shields, we clave our helmets bright,  
and were so eager on our bloody fight,  
that the spectators weary were to see  
the combate last so long, as also we  
grew faint with striking and through losse of blood

which flowed from us like a purple flood  
 but to be briefe, I gained the victory  
 and *Yerso* vanquisht at my feet did lye,  
 by which his treason plainely was proclaimed  
 and my just right and innocence maintained.  
 [109] Yet howsoever *Yerso* did disdain  
 a life of almes, rather would maintaine  
 his fame and honour by a warlike death  
 that by recanting to reprieve his breath,  
 and live dishonoured to his utter shame.  
*Lucenda* thus a widow did remaine,  
 and I victorious, then th'assembly gone,  
 with speed I hasted to my private home  
 where while I lay with wholesome meanes to cure  
 those smarting wounds, the which I did endure,  
 I was advertised that *Lucenda*, she  
 bewailed the losse she had obtained by me  
 and with great sorrow moaned the timelesse death  
 of her slaine husband, whose perfidious breath  
 I had exhaled, now that she might give o're  
 her lamentations, and no more deplore  
 his deserved death, I did resolve to proffer  
 my service to her, and more-o're to offer  
 if't should be pleasing to her, to supply  
 the place of *Yerso* with more constancy,  
 and be her husband, she my honoured wife,  
 who I would cherish rather than my life.

A Letter of *Arnalte* to *Lucenda*

*Mirroure of women, Natures chiefest iewell,  
 Oh thou whose eyes are wanton Cupids fewell,  
 beauties Idea, sweete perfections grace,  
 for all perfections harbour in thy face  
 pardon my faults, oh doe not on me frowne,  
 but with thy favour my expectance crowne  
 deny me not thy mercy, but vouchsafe  
 for to protect me, and to keepe me safe.  
 I must confesse that I have injured thee,  
 yet have compassion on my misery,  
 and Lady, though for peace I intercede  
 in time of warre, or for thy pittie plead,  
 [110] Let me intreat thee that thou wilt not take  
 it in ill part, since I this suite doe make,  
 rather t'esteeme thy vertue that the crime  
 that's perpetrated'gainst thee most divine*

*and glorious creature, for your eyes they have  
a secret power how to kill or save,  
then since it in your gracious power doth lye  
to kill, or save, oh helpe, or else I dye.  
As for the chance that lately did befall  
thy livelesse husband, I great Love doe call  
to witnesse how it grieves me, for why best,  
he knowes what thoughts doe harbour in my brest,  
yet though it grieve me for the sake of him,  
sweete in respect of thee thus pleasing bin,  
for had I not (faire love) offended thee,  
thou couldst not, couldst not have absolved me  
shewing the vertue of forgiving, which  
most brightly doth they purest minde enrich.  
Now to the end it may be manifest,  
and to the world perspicuously exprest  
that thou forgivest me, let thy sorrowes be  
governed by reason, not extremity.  
If otherwise thou dost lament or plaine,  
thou'ls taxe thy credit, and receive great blame.  
Oh then, oh then deny me not this pleasure,  
by farre transcending India's golden treasure  
since by the purchase we may both remaine  
content and I for ever freed from paine,  
shewing thy pittie and thy mercy to  
the man to whom thou oughst for pardon sue.  
Alas, alas, I know thou art so sad,  
that I doe doubt to gaine in that regard,  
the hap I wish for, since that in the time  
when as thou wert most likely to be mine  
than now thou art, I never could arrive  
unto the port to which my thoughts did drive;  
although, deare heart, I felt more stronger gales  
from thy milde favours, which imbreathed my sailes  
[111] Yet how soe're I vow ne're to require  
that thing of thee which you shall not desire  
for should my paines inforce me to transgresse,  
my feares shall straight oppose my wilfulnesse,  
yet if you will direct your course and saile  
by reasons compasse, you will hardly faile  
t'account your selfe rather a foe to be  
unto your selfe, than not a friend to me.  
For say I've slaine thy husband, why his death  
hath stopt the passage but of one mans breath,  
but you, who have so many murdered ne're  
didst yet repent, or shed for one a teare,*

*thus thinke of me as thou wouldst others have  
to iudge of thee, althoug I am thy slave,  
which if you grant I soone shalt feele m'offence  
to be remitted with large recompence.  
Thy deceased husband hath so wounded me,  
that of my health the doctors desagree,  
yet spight of Fortune, or her utmost hate,  
or all th'afflictions of my cruell fate,  
I dread no danger, for my outward smart  
is farre unlike the suffr'ings of my heart.  
For 'tis long since (deare love) that Cupids dart,  
headed with thy bright eyes, have pierc't my heart  
and made so large an orifice, that those  
grand wounds I suffered from the smarting blowes  
of vanquished Yerso, seeme, alas, to be  
but pretty scratches, wholly disagree  
from the condition of my inward paine,  
whose cruell tortures doth my heart inflame  
with burning ardour, that it doth exceed  
my outward hurts, for loves doth inward bleed,  
thus I doe muster daily in my braine  
ten thousand thoughts, I also entertaine  
as many fancies, which my thoughts controule,  
whose suddaine discord wracks my wavering soule.  
Yet 'mongst so many, there's but one, the which  
doth my sad heart with future hope enrich.  
[112] which I'le reveale, unto the end that my  
most constant faith and faithfull loyalty  
may be most certaine, yet (sweet friend) before  
I doe rehearse it, let me thee implore,  
for to confider that it is in vaine,  
to thinke by teares thy husband to regaine  
for what death seizes with his mortall hand  
it's meerey lost, no force can him withstand,  
for 'tis most certaine, neither art or skill,  
honour, or goodnesse can prevent the ill  
of our malignant Starres, nor birth or state  
divert the Omen of our dying Fate.  
Therefore ne're hope for to recall to life  
Yerso, to whom thou lately wert a wife,  
but rather take my consaile, and replant  
that love is me, which you to him did grant  
for since I've tane him from thee, if you please  
I will be yours, and your griefes appease,  
yet if his love hath so blind-folded thee,  
or so obscured your judgement, not to see*

*how I deserve, or thinke I am not fit  
t'injoy thy love, nor that I merit it,  
oh be not so opiniate, nor believe  
thy judgement so, but let some others give  
thee better counsaile, for alas I doubt  
Yerso's sad chance hath chaced all reason out  
then shall you see how your resolves agree  
with your friends counsailes, as concerning me  
Yet, under favour, I must tell you that  
he doth deserve, who hath had such good hap,  
and power to vanquish him, who had the name  
of thy deare husband, justly for to claime  
all rights and titles which he did possess,  
injoying thee, thou cause of my distresse  
as for my birth, my honour or my state  
my parentage, it's needlesse to relate  
in vaine it were rare Paragon to shew't,  
since you faire love as well as I doe know't  
[113] Then if the merits of my travells have  
not yet deserved the favour that I crave,  
which is to have thee for to be my wife,  
and fairest spouse, who ever as my life  
I meane to cherish, you your selfe shall be  
the faithfull iudge betwixt your selfe and me  
for well I know that thou most certaine art  
that for to love thee, I have felt much smart,  
loathing my life, since I could never gaine  
a recompence to ratifie my paine,  
now if you please some succour for to lend,  
I doe intreate you will your answer send.*

*Arnalte to the Traveller*

My missive ended, I my sister caused  
to come unto me, who as sorry was  
to see my hurts, as she was glad that I  
had gained the honour and the victory,  
yet howsoever it did grieve her much  
that *Yerso's* chance did fall out to be such.  
then at her comming I did straight repeate  
my resolution, and I did intreate  
her to advise me, then did she reply.  
She wondred at my bold audacity,  
yet howsoever, since it might expiate  
the influence of my prodigious fate,  
she tooke my letter and away she hy'd

unto Lucenda, who no sooner spied  
my sister, but sh'intreated her to be  
as those same nuptials that were caused by me  
my sister then knew not what she meant,  
but afterwards she saw it by th'event,  
for at that time her friends and kindred were  
assembled all for to conduct and beare  
her company to a religious house  
which she had chose to celebrate her vowes,  
and to resiede the remnant of her dayes,  
singing sad *Dirges* and lamenting *Layes*.  
My sister then arrived at that time,  
derired to see th'event of their designe,  
[114] which hapned thus *Lucenda*, (with her friends  
my sister following to observe their ends)  
being arrived and to the covent come,  
there tooke the order or a hooden nunne,  
but 'cause till then my sister could not finde  
a fit convenience for to shew her minde,  
taking occasion by the fore-top, she  
'gan shew *Lucenda* what was sent by me.  
But she no sooner heard my name, but from  
my faithfull sister in a rage she flung,  
calling the abbesse, to whom she did relate,  
she was not entered through her arched gate  
into her house, for to consent that she,  
who was the sister of her enemy  
and mortall foe, should have the liberty  
to importune her with her urgency,  
which when my sister heard, she speedily  
departed thence, and home tome did hye,  
striving t'obscure and to paliate  
the sid report of my most cruell fate,  
yet ne'rethelasse, distrust did soon detect  
her fained fictions, which I did suspect.  
Ah where's that lover that e're had the like  
disgrace, and craved not thin-choped death to strike  
him to the heart? which I had soone obtained  
had not my friends perforce my life maintained  
thus hope fled from me, nor no meanes was left  
to comfort me, of joy I was bereft,  
then, knowing not where to have refuge, I  
turned to great *Love*, whom most submissively  
I did beseech with prayers for to daigne  
his gracious pittie to redresse my paine,  
but for my sinnes and former wickednesse,

he gave no eare unto my sad request,  
thus gaining no ease , neither from *love* above,  
nor of the world, or the blind-god *Love*,  
I did resolve to goe unto some place  
so solitary, that being there my face  
no mortall man should e're behold againe,  
there to condole my torment & my paine.  
[115] This when my sister heard, it did so fright  
her tender heart, as if some horrid fight  
had stood before her, thus amazed she,  
weeping extreamely hasted unto me,  
casting her selfe there prostrate on the ground  
then at my feet these words she did propound.

*Belisa to her brother Arnalte.*

I know deare brother that you doe intend  
to take a journey shortly, to an end  
so strange that's onely for to quench the flash  
or your light humour, for it is so rash  
and unadvised that you doe expresse  
your selfe quite void of reasons solidnesse.  
Alas, alas, I doe beseech thee for  
*loves* glorious sake, thou wilt this thought abhorre,  
chace forth thy minde these wandring fantasies,  
presse them to death, that they no more may rise  
up in rebellion, oh be not conscious that  
report may scatter a reproachfull chat  
to thy disgrace, but let it be thy care  
that slander doe not thy true worth impaire  
consider too, that those who shall take note  
of thy departure, that they will report  
that more for feare of *Yerso's* kindred , then  
through *loves* sad anguish thou art fled from men.  
Have a pre-fight to all mishaps that may  
through selfe-opinion wrong thee any way,  
and weigh their ends, left when it is too late  
you doe repent and curse your wilfull fate,  
for 'tis most frequent when the meanes is gone,  
that then repentance swiftly commeth on  
then doe not seeke to cloud thy honoured fame  
in a strange absence, or undoe thy name.  
If this prevaile not, call to minde, if you  
leave me alone, alas, what shall I doe?  
For well you know my honour is conserved  
by the rare worth long since by thee deserved.

Thus if you leave me, I shall be esteemed  
rather a stranger that henceforth be deemed  
[116] a *Thebian* damsell, ah deare brother hast  
thou kist oblivion or of *Lethe* taste,  
that thou forget'st that death did snatch away  
our honoured parents (now involved in clay)  
the last great plague, he being summoned in  
by the three sisters, on of whom doth spin,  
the other reeles, the third cuts with a knife  
the fatall thred of mans uncertaine life  
yet ne' rethelesse I still enioing thee  
have deemed my selfe as well allied to be  
as e're I was, as also for to have  
as many friends, as when the dungeon-grave  
did ne're inclose one to our blood affined,  
for they being dead, their love in you I finde,  
do'st not consider that you much doe loose,  
if you th'acquaintance of your freinds refuse?  
Remember how the King had bred thee, and  
looke on the Countrey and observe the Land  
which you forsake, behold th'abundant store  
of wealth and riches that you leave, before  
you take this course so contrary to sence,  
that all will blame you if you doe commencet.  
Beleeve me brother and be cautious too  
to act those things that may redound unto  
thy disadvantage, for the mountaines can  
not there commend thee for a worthy man,  
the fierce wild beasts, that range the fields for food,  
can not distinguish 'twixt the bad and good,  
nor have the birds the judgement or the Art  
to consolate thy sad distressed heart.  
Who then shall praise thy feats of chivalry,  
or blaze thy fame above the starry skie,  
or moane the time that you spend there in vaine,  
instead of striving to atchieve and gaine  
transcendent honour and deserved praise  
in bloody battells and in princely fraies?  
Hast thou forgot that the most noble kind  
of generous spirits and heroick minds,  
doe enterprise the things most intricate,  
though death & danger on their purpose wait?  
[117] If this perswade not, why, at least wise thinke,  
how your past acts, and renowned fame will sinke  
downe to the bottome of the *Letheaux* Lake,  
if this your journey you doe undertake,

say that distresse or sicknesse should befall  
you in that desart, on whom could you call  
for some assistance? Oh theres none to beare  
in thy afflictions the least part or share  
then is't not better that you should abide  
in this you Countrey and henceforth reside  
with those with home you ever used to live?  
Being so wife, not desperately to give  
thy selfe to ruine, but forsake th'intent  
to live with beasts in pensive banishment,  
where none can helpe thee, or thy wants supply,  
and you being absent, where alas shall I  
bestow my selfe? To whom shall I complaine,  
when as the friends of *Yerso* (by thee slaine)  
shall terrifie me, and upbraid my fame,  
casting aspersion on my honoured name?  
Ah brother, brother, for his glorious sake,  
who with a word the universe did make,  
moderate thy sorrow and asswage thy griefe,  
comfort thy selfe, and daigne thy selfe reliefe.

*Arnalte to Belisa*

I have deare sister plainly understood  
what you have told me for my future good,  
for which I thanke thee, yet let my reply  
assure thee that most consideratly  
I have premeditated on each word,  
the which your goodnesse did to me afford,  
and in the thought of that imagination,  
each poynt disturbs me with a vehement passion  
so that they joyntly have surprized my heart  
with far worse pangsthan raw-boned death doth dart,  
for anxious griefe within my breat tooke place,  
and swam in teares, which did o're-flow my face,  
and this dear sister, most especially  
I have endured for thy sake, for why  
[118] All other torments I can lightly beare,  
but as concerning thee I much doe care,  
for you I grieve, I doe not moane the smart  
which vulture-like still preys upon my heart.  
I dis-esteem it in respect of thee,  
for why loves warrant hath delivered me,  
thus I shall be perhaps excused by some  
and eke inforced to undergoe the doome  
of divers others, let 'em speake and spare not

in this respect, alas, alas I care not,  
for the pure vertue which is truely knowne,  
cannot be injured or disgraced by none  
thus shall th'opinions which are held of me,  
prove most part false, and feigned for to be.  
Thou dost prepose that 'twill be thought 'mongst men,  
that more for feare of *Yerso's* kindred then  
through the afflictions of my torments, I  
doe take this journey and away doe flye,  
fearing I should receive the selfe-same pay  
which I paid *Yerso*, when I did him slay.  
Oh thinke not so, but be thou confident,  
that ther's not one, who ever nobly meant,  
or truely loved as will imagine such  
a base conceit as may my honour smutch,  
for well they know the worth of valour bides  
ever most constant where true love resides  
and eke more-o're, I am not so unknowne,  
but that my worth (of Fames loud trumpet blowne)  
it is sufficient to obscure and shroud  
such base reports in darke oblivions cloud  
thou dost intreat me also to remember  
my goods, my servants and my safety tender,  
as for my servants, I so thinke of them,  
that if ther's any that will follow, when  
I shall depart from this displeasing place,  
their company with thanks I will embrace,  
rather t'expresse th'indulgent love I beare  
unto their kindnesse or their friendly care,  
that that I want or have necessity  
of their assitance, or society.

[119] now for my wealth and treasures from this time  
you are their mistris, for I make them thine,  
and for the rest oh deeme me not to be  
s'ignoble base, as that I would leave thee  
alone, forlorne, desolate, and forsaken,  
wretched, opprest, but if, thou art mistaken,  
for e're we part, with care I will provide,  
that I may see thee e're I goe, a bride  
ioyned to a husband, who shall still remaine  
with thee (I absent) to maintaine thy fame.  
And now I will one thing of thee require,  
and this it is: deare sister I desire  
that thou'lt take courage to thee, and that when  
I shall retire from the fight of men,  
your lamentations put me to no trouble

nor your bewailings my afflictions double,  
and lastly sister, for I thinke 'twill be  
the last request I e're shall make to thee,  
let me intreat thee that continually  
thou'lt plaine and taxe *Lucenda's* cruelty,  
ever remembring my untimely Fate,  
and utter ruine, caused by her hate  
yet if you see there's any likely-hood  
or expectation for my future good,  
or that she should repent her and bemoane  
the ills I suffer, under which I groane  
with endlesse torture, let that expiate  
alone thy wrath, no other vengeance take  
since in this hap the happy meanes doth lye  
the which alone can gaine my liberty  
thus I will cease to entertaine your eares  
with my sad words, breathed out with sighes & teares,  
'cause Ile avoyd thy importunity  
and fond objection of thy vaine reply.

At these my words my sisters tongue was tyed.  
her lips were bared, she never more replied  
one word or accent, the which might disswad,  
my resolution, or my breast invade  
with contradiction this my fixt intent  
she ne're essayd to alter, or prevent  
[120] then being healed of my wounds I went  
unto the King and shewed him my intent  
beseeching him most friendly to bestow  
a husband on my sister, who might show  
such constant friendship and such mutuall love,  
as doth the turtle to the harmlesse dove.  
This on his royall word he promised me  
for to accomplish then thrice Noble hee  
having performed what I did require,  
and satisfied most nobly my desire,  
with urgent treaties importuned my stay,  
and disadvised me from so strange a way  
preposing to me that it was ill done,  
on this my course so rashly for to runne,  
leaving my Countrey and my habitation,  
my goods, my sister, to court desolation,  
but since his will and mine did disagree  
in our resolves there was no harmony  
for the opinion which he did propound  
on the same key, with mine they did not found  
thus diffring both in our opinions, I

tooke my last leave, leaving his Majesty  
sufficiently assured that my will  
I would accomplish and my mind fulfill  
at which the King was so displeased that he  
would not vouchsafe his gracious leave to me  
yet ne'rethelesse, casting all things aside  
which may prevent me, though my friends decide  
the case most strongly urging how that I  
did runne the hazard of much misery  
I weighed it no, or did I heed the cryes  
which ran like rivers from the swolne eyes  
of my sweet sister, intermixt with groanes  
and sad laments, of force to soften stones.  
But after many loving ceremonies,  
and kind fare-wells, I did with watry eyes  
take my last leave of all my friends and kin,  
and then my journey I did straight begin,  
which soone was spread abroad and shrill report  
as soon blazed it in the king his court  
[121] which being told his grace (althoug my fame)  
I must confesse such honour could not claime)  
he did vouchsafe to farre to honour me  
himselpe and nobles in their gallantry,  
as to conducto me onward in my way  
unto a place that from the city lay  
some furlongs distant, now excuse me friend,  
if so thy eares I doe not recommend  
the words we had at parting, or else show  
the sighes & groanes which from our hearts did flow  
for without tediousness I cannot tell  
the passages which 'twitx us then befell,  
but let that passe, and know my weeping cryes  
and brynie teares which trickled from the eyes  
of my kind sister, at that time did sever  
both she and I, not for a time, but ever,  
and then the King and his attendants they  
returned to court, I followed on my way,  
continuing which I soone did feele my smart  
to be disburdened of much anxious smart  
so that I found this course farre to surpasse  
my residence, which in rich *Thebes* was.  
For my misfortunes rather chose to bide  
with beares and lyons, that for to reside  
longer with men, indued with reason, though  
their qualities a brutish different shew  
then having travelled many dayes, I found

my selfe arrived by chance on this same ground,  
so desolate, so uncoth, so o're-growne,  
as thy hard passage unto thee hath showne.  
But having gained this sad, solitary,  
rough, ragged mountaine, being e'ne a weary,  
confid'ring of its private scituation,  
resolved t'erect thereon this habitation  
of such materialls as might signifie  
*Lucenda's* hatred and strange cruelty.  
Thus friend y'ave heard the summe of all my grieffe,  
and how I've lived suppress without reliefe  
thou also know'st what sad afflictions I  
have undergone through my firme constancy  
[122] And eke what battells and assaults I have  
sustained for love, who used me as his slave  
but now kind friend, if my discourse hath stayed  
thee from thy businesse, and likewise delayed  
thy purposed journey, least wise if a man  
involved in woes and sorrows as I am,  
have not deserved that thou shouldst troubled be  
In such a sort, as though hast beene by me:  
let me beseech thee that thou wilt suspence  
thy then just anger and remit th'offence  
of such a wretched caitisse, who must still  
live fraught with sorrow and heart-killing ill.  
Moreover Sir, sith that thou do'st intend,  
this day being past to hasten to the end  
of thy set journey, beare still in thy minde  
how thou hast pawned thy faith and left behind  
a serious promise, justly to relate  
to courteous Ladies my most wretched state.  
Thus vertuous Ladies, our sad loving Knight  
his sad misfortunes did unto me recite,  
and eke discovered all such accidents,  
dispaire, mischances, woes, and discontents  
as e're he suffered now if I have proved  
as tedious to yee, as I left him moved  
with anxious passions, giving entertaine  
to his heart-torturing martyrdom and paine,  
yet if you please (rare ones) yee may dispence  
with your distasts, and pardon my offence  
for I assure yee honoured Ladies, this  
which I have done, (although perhaps amisse)  
hath onely beene t'obey and satisfie  
his sad requests and importunity  
as also to discharge my promise and

acquit my faith, which did engaged stand  
not to offend your eares, of else presume  
your paciencies with words to importune  
also I doe repose and eke confide  
so great a trust and confidence beside  
on your good natures, that you will connive  
at my mistakes & with your goodnes strive  
[123] for to supply my want and my default  
not once observing my ill-ordred talke  
but the desire which I have to show  
the service which unto your sexe I owe  
for it hath beene the sole efficient cause,  
by which (rare Ladies) I induced was,  
rather t'incurre the taxes of sharpe blame,  
than in the least respect to dismaintaine  
your more retyred recreations, when  
yee shall repaire unto your bookes, or pen  
cloyed with escesse of farre more choise delight,  
and pleasant pastime than I can recite  
besides I credit that yee are endewed  
with such bright-shining vertues, and infused  
with so much goodnesse, yea, so richly drest  
with gracious pittie harboured in your brest,  
that the compassion which yee shall expresse  
for the ill-usage and the wretchednesse  
of our sad lover, may perhaps invade  
your gentle bosomes, and in fine perswade  
your gracious selves, t'accept then in good part  
this the rehearsall of his anxious smartes,  
which I have published being (dames) confined  
thereto by his command which did me bind,  
and eke incite yee to requite my paines  
with thanks, for why I seeke no other gaines.  
Likewise (yee best of women) that you'l daigne  
to second him, so to with-stand his paine  
assiting him, thereby to undergoe  
the weighty burden of his grievous woe,  
taxing th'unkindnesse of this new-made nun,  
the cruell authresse of his martyrdome  
who through her desperatenes hath caused our Knight  
who most intirely loved her, to delight  
in the acquaintance of ill-look't dispaire  
and fellowship of heart-lamenting care  
So that he hath retird, himselfe confined  
unto a place cohering with his mind,  
alone sequestered most recluse, where he

dayly expects heart-easing Death to free  
[124] him from his passions which torment his heart  
with endlesse tortures, and unheard of smart.  
Now if's strange chance have not sufficient force  
t'infuse some pittie or so me sad remorse  
within you bosomes, yet he doth intreate  
(yee all by me) to harbour this conceite,  
that he doth rather cherish and miantaine  
his immense torments and extreamest paine  
since faire *Lucenda* therein doth delight  
than for to live in the most happiest plight  
than ever any mortall man possest,  
since she denyed him this true happinesse,  
but yet he hopes through processe of fleet time,  
or through her vertues which most brightly shine,  
that shee'l forget the too fond foolish love  
of her dead husband and at length remove  
all thought of him, and in the end confesse  
that she hath wronged me with her churlishnesse.  
Now if this happy turne shall chance to fall,  
ere Destiny for his faint breath shall call,  
he will remaine content, or if it come  
when he possesses his time-lasting home,  
his spirit will rejoyce, his joynt-falne bones  
repose more softer, though inhumed 'mongst stones.  
Thus you may see the hope with which I left  
the mournfull Knight of joy quite berest,  
and eke the end of his discourse, the which  
although it be not copiously enrich't  
with sweet-tuned words, or high cothurnick straines,  
composed by rethorick, or inventions paines,  
yet pray accept it, it may serve for want  
of better matter, (which I know's not scant)  
to entertaine your suitors, when they be  
familiar in your honoured company  
unto whose vertues and your famous graces  
adorned I hope with more than common faces,  
my selfe and service I doe recommend,  
and vow to be your servant till my end.

*Finis*