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Return to
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The Shepheardes Calender

Edmund Spenser

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This html edition (May, 1996) of *The Shepheardes Calender* is the second edition of that originally prepared in ASCII in 1993 by R.S. Bear from the John C. Nimmo facsimile (London, 1895) of the British Museum copy of the first edition of 1579. A number of errors were found in the first edition and have been corrected; it is to be hoped that new errors were not introduced. Long "s" has been modernized, "vv" has been replaced by "w", and catchwords have been omitted. Sixteenth century usage of "i" for "j" and of "u" and "v" has been retained, along with the original spelling. Text found in the original in Greek has been transliterated within brackets. A few printer's errors have been emended, also within brackets. The poems, which were originally in black letter, have been romanized. "E. K."s notes in the original and in most editions are arranged in hanging indent paragraphs; these have been reformatted and hyper linked to the poems. The 12 woodcuts are included as inline GIF images. They load slowly, but have not been reduced as the information they contain is valuable. They can be displayed or printed at high resolution. The editor gratefully acknowledges the helpful comments of Dr. G. William Rockett of the University of Oregon. This edition is copyright © [The University of Oregon](#); it is distributed for scholarly and nonprofit purposes only.

Contents:

- [Introduction](#)

- [The Shepheardes Calender:](#)
 - [Januarye](#)
 - [Februarie](#)
 - [March](#)
 - [Aprill](#)

- Maye
 - Iune
 - Iulye
 - August
 - September
 - October
 - Nouember
 - December
-

Go on to the Introduction.



Introduction to Edmund Spenser's *The Shepheardes Calender*

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Edmund Spenser

Pembroke College, Cambridge

Born in or near 1552 to a family of small means, Edmund Spenser attended the Merchant Taylor's School under Richard Mulcaster, and went to Cambridge, about 1569-76, as a sizar of Pembroke Hall, where he befriended Gabriel Harvey. He took his Bachelor's degree in 1573 and his Master's in 1576. By 1578 he was serving as secretary to Bishop John Young, in Kent, the landscape of which is frequently mentioned in *The Shepheardes Calender*. Entering into employment by the Earl of Leicester the following year, Spenser became friends with Philip Sidney, Edward Dyer, and Fulke Greville; they formed a literary group called by Spenser the "Areopagus," and their talents were enlisted in supporting the cause of the Leicester faction in matters of religion and politics (Heninger xii-xiii). *The Shepheardes Calender* appeared at the end of the year, in time to serve as, among other things, propaganda for the Leicester position on the Queen's proposed marriage with the Duc d'Alencon. The following year he began work on *The Faerie Queene*, and entered the employ of Lord Grey of Wilton, Lord Deputy of Ireland. In 1581 Spenser was appointed Clerk in Chancery for Faculties, and soon after befriended Sir Walter Raleigh, whose estate was not far from his own. The year 1589 saw Spenser's return to London, partly to oversee the publication of the first three books of *The Faerie Queene*. Soon thereafter the *Daphnaïda* and the *Complaints* also appeared. After two years Spenser returned to Ireland, where he

courted and married Elizabeth Boyle, and continued to produce a number of works, including the *Amoretti and Epithalamion*, *Colin Clouts Come Home Againe*, *Fowre Hymnes*, and *Prothalamion*. An edition of *The Faerie Queene*, Books I-VI, appeared in 1596. The Stationers Register carries an entry for *A Vewe of the present state of Irelande* in April, 1598, but this did not appear until 1633. A general uprising of the Irish forced Spenser to flee to London in 1598, where he brought correspondence from Sir Thomas Norris to the Privy Council; a few weeks later, January 13th, 1599, he died in Westminster and was buried in Westminster Abbey. The *Cantos of Mutabilitie* first appeared in the edition of *The Faerie Queene* of 1609 (MacLean xv-xvi).

The Shepheardes Calender

The Shepheardes Calender, published anonymously in 1579 by Hugh Singleton, consists of twelve eclogues named for the twelve months, comprising together a year symbolic, in its turning of the seasons, of the whole of human life. The work is greatly expanded by introductory matter and glosses, written by one E.K., and each eclogue is preceded by a carefully designed woodcut and followed by a motto or "emblem" summing up the attitude of each speaker. Models for the poem include Theocritus, Virgil, Mantuan, and Marot, and the style is influenced by, among others, Chaucer and Skelton. Chaucer, indeed, is the one poet to whom Spenser acknowledges a direct debt (De Selincourt xvii); he strives for a language more purely English than the "gallimaufry and hodge podge of al other speeches" which the literary diction of England had become. Although Spenser's language and rhythm is or attempts to be that of Chaucer, his precedent for the pastoral form is that of debut efforts of antiquity: Virgil, for example, whose *Aeneid* begins by acknowledging the pastoral apprenticeship. E.K. notes the tradition:

...and as young birdes, that be newly crept out of the nest, by little first to proue theyr tender wyngs, before they make a greater flyght. So flew Theocritus, as you may percieue he was all ready full fledged. So flew Virgile, as not yet well feeling his winges So flew Mantuane, as being not full somd. So Petrarque. So Boccace; So Marot, Sanazarus, and also diuers other excellent both Italian and French Poetes, whose foting this Author euery where followeth, yet so as few, but they be well sented can trace him out.

E.K. predicts that Spenser, "our new Poete...shall be hable to keepe wing with the best," a foreshadowing of the appearance of *The Faerie Queene*.

Five editions of *The Shepheardes Calender* appeared in the years 1579- 1597, proving its staying power despite the topicality of its allegories. In the years since, the work has provoked considerable critical disagreement, with contrary estimations of its success, the meaning of its arrangement, the identities of the voices of the eclogues and of the protagonists of their fables, the extent to which E.K. himself is but a *persona* of Spenser, and the extent to which the poem reaches beyond topical allegory into expression of Spenser's poetical and patriotic vision.

On the success of the poetry there can be no doubt. Though its diction demands even more effort from

us than from its contemporary readers, the rewards remain very great. *Aprill* offers a marvelously lyrical "laye" in honor of the Queen:

Now ryse vp Elisa, decked as thou art,
in royall aray:
And now ye daintie Damsells may depart
echeone her way,
I feare, I haue troubled your troupes to longe:
Let dame Eliza thanke you for her song.
And if you come hether,
When Damsines I gether,
I will part them all you among.

Maye provides, in its fable, finely observed description and characterization:

But the false Foxe came to the dore anone:
Not as a Foxe, for then he had be kend,
But all as a poore pedlar he did wend,
Bearing a trusse of tryfles at hys backe,
As bells, and babes, and glasses in hys packe.
A Biggen he had got about his brayne,
For in his headpeace he felt a sore payne.
His hinder heele was wrapt in a clout,
For with great cold he had gotte the gout.
There at the dore he cast me downe hys pack,
And layd him downe, and groned, Alack, Alack.
Ah deare Lord, and sweet Saint Charitee,
That some good body woulde once pitie mee.

October delves into the "great matter" of poetic inspiration:

Ah fon, for loue does teach him climbe so hie,
And lyftes him vp out of the loathsome myre:
Such immortall mirrhor, as he doth admire,
Would rayse ones mynd aboue the starry skie.
And cause a captiue corage to aspire,
For lofty loue doth loath a lowly eye.

Nouember contains the memorable lyrical elegiac of "some mayden of great bloud, whom he calleth Dido":

Whence is it, that the flouret of the field doth fade,

And lyeth buried long in Winters bale:
Yet soone as spring his mantle hath displayd,
It floureth fresh, as it should neuer fayle?
But thing on earth that is of most auaile,
As vertues braunch and beauties budde,
Reliuen not for any good.
O heaueie herse,
The braunch once dead, the budde eke needes must quaile,
O carefull verse.

December beautifully gathers the threads of the poem's life and ties them in the circle of a year, as the poet imagines himself in old age regretful of a misspent life:

Thus is my sommer worne away and wasted,
Thus is my haruest hastened all to rathe:
The eare that budded faire, is burnt & blasted,
And all my hoped gaine is turned to scathe.
Of all the seede, that in my youth was sowne,
Was nought but brakes and brambles to be mowne.

Although its mode is classical pastoral, the arrangement of *The Shepherdes Calender* has two sources: one is the ancient almanac, *The Kalender of Sheepehards*, to which E.K. alludes, remarking that Spenser applied "an olde name to a new worke." The other source is the vogue for Emblem Books in Elizabethan times. Each of the twelve woodcuts forms part of a whole impression of the year, yet each easily stands alone with its eclogue as an enclosed work. The cyclical pattern of the "monethes" -- name, woodcut, argument, eclogue, "embleme," gloss -- is enhanced by the repetition of graphic elements: argument in italics, eclogue in black letter, glosses in roman type. All this local variation helps to unify the whole, as it is the same throughout. The effect is to bring the reader simultaneously to an awareness of the present moment and of the cycle of months and years throughout eternity. In this way, even the weakest moments of the verse are vested with the grandeur of timelessness.

That the eclogues are allegorical and topical is asserted by E.K. himself, and some of the voices are by him deliberately identified: Colin Clout (the name is from Skelton) is Spenser, Hobbinol represents Gabriel Harvey, and "the worthy whom she (the Queen) loved best" is the Earl of Leicester. Of the rest there is little agreement. Rosalind, Colin's great love, has been the object of much exasperated speculation. In recent years the whole effort to assign names of historical persons to these *personae* has come to be regarded as misguided, but I think that, provided we remember that identifications are *always* provisional, they serve two complementary purposes: one, we are forced, in considering candidates, to observe the work closely and critically, and to study attentively the history of a complex and fascinating period; two, we come to realize the rich multiplicity of readings an allegorical work can support, particularly in a culture steeped in typological readings of its classics and scriptures.

Paul E. McLane, writing in 1961, sought to identify dozens of Spenser's allegorical figures and topical

allusions. In *Januarye*, for example, he sees the famous Rosalind as Elizabeth I herself. Colin represents not merely Spenser the poet, but the people of England, rejected by her in her apparently reckless consideration of the French marriage. In *Februarie*, the Oake is Leicester, the Brier the Earl of Oxford, the Husbandman is Elizabeth I. *Maye's* Foxe is Esme Stuart, Duc D'Aubigny, the Kidd is King James of Scotland, and the Gate (Scottish for goat) is George Buchanan, the young King's tutor. *October's* Cuddie is Edward Dyer, a member of the Areopagus, whose poetry finds acceptance but no patronage at Court, while Piers, who suggests to Cuddie that he try composing epics starring the Queen and the Earl of Leicester, is John Piers, bishop of Salisbury and friend of Leicester. The "mayden of great bloud" in *Nouember*, called Dido, is Elizabeth I, "dead" to her people because of the impending French marriage; Lobbin the chief mourner is the Earl of Leicester.

McLane's analysis presents *The Shepherdes Calender* as another in the long series of propaganda pieces originating with the Leicester faction, including works by Sidney, Gascoigne and Dyer. Like Sidney's *May Lady* entertainment, Spenser's cautionary tales may be read as concerned mainly with the danger of the Queen's proposed marriage to a Catholic Frenchman. A strong piece of evidence supporting McLane's interpretation is the anonymous publication of Spenser's book: if the point of the allegory is to warn against Catholicism generally, it can hardly be dangerous for the author to be known. Yet it was not generally known that Spenser was the author for nearly a decade after the book first appeared (Heninger x).

Spenser's printer, the radical Puritan propagandist Hugh Singleton, had in August or September of 1579 brought out *The Discoverie of a Gaping Gulf Whereinto England Is Like To Be Swallowed by Another French Marriage, If the Lord Forbid Not the Banes, by Letting her Maiestie See the Sin and Punishment Thereof* by John Stubbs. Stubbs, his publisher William Page, and Singleton were all arrested and sentenced to have their right hands cut off. The sentence was carried out in November upon Stubbs and Page, but someone at Court procured a pardon for Singleton, who appears to have been a peripheral member of the Leicester group as well as a returned Marian exile. Undeterred, Singleton produced *The Shepherdes Calender* within a month of his narrow escape. Not until January of 1580 did Elizabeth write to Alencon to tell him the marriage was not to be (McLane 18-19).

Yet it is always possible to overshoot the mark in discovering specific referents in allegory. While everyone knew that pastorals were intended "under the vaile of homely persons and in rude speeches to insinuate and glaunce at greater matters" (Puttenham, *Arte of English Poesy*), they also understood that the "glaunce" was done through layers of accessible meaning that have their own validity. Without this validity the work could not serve as the protection to its author that it surely was. "The shepherd's cloak was the acknowledged disguise of the lover, the poet, the pastor of souls, the critic of contemporary life" (De Selincourt xv.). Pan might represent, at various places in the text, a Greek god, Henry VIII, the divine patron of poets, or (as pointed out several times by E.K.) Christ. The uncertainty, in any given passage, as to any character's precise identity not only gives some protection to the author but deepens and enriches the texture of the eclogues, and rewards repeated readings with the dawning of new possibilities.

The problem of E.K. has been "resolved" many times. Edward Kirke, who attended Cambridge at the same time as Spenser, and was also a friend of Gabriel Harvey, was for many years regarded as the obvious choice (De Selincourt xiv.), but it could have been no safer to sign one's own initials to the sometimes heavily polemical glosses than to the eclogues. In recent years the preferred assumption has been that Spenser himself is E.K. (Sommer 8), and this is supported by many internal and external evidences. A notable one is given by Sommer (23): in the gloss on *Maye*, E.K. quotes Sardanapalus as rendered by Cicero:

Haec habui quae edi, quaeque exaturata libido
Hausit, at illa manent multa ac praeclara relictâ.

and translates him into English thus:

All that I eat did I ioye, and all that I greedily gorged:
As for those many goodly matters left I for others.

Sommer notes that in a [letter to Harvey](#) dated 10 April 1580, Spenser sends him verses in Latin-style hexameters, and adds:

Seeme they comparable to those two which I translated you extempore in bed, the last time we lay together in Westminster?

That which I eat did I joy, and that which I greedily gorged,
As for those many goodly matters leaft I for others.

Yet this is not proof that Spenser is E.K.; it is at best evidence that Spenser was on the committee that created and sustained him. Arguments have been advanced for every member of the Areopagus, including Sidney, Harvey, and more recently Fulke Greville (McLane 280-95). In the end, we are left with no more of E.K. than the Areopagites have given us, and they protected his identity for the remainder of their lives. What we have of him, however, can afford to stand on its own. His contribution is a highly interesting text that forms an integral part of *The Shepherdes Calender*, amplifying the gist of the eclogues as needed, fine tuning our sense of the poet's technical attainment, erudition, and allegorical intent, yet at the same time deliberately adding confusion where it is needed, in order to distract powerful and potentially vindictive readers. In his "Argument" to *Februarie*, which contains a detailed allegory of court intrigue, E.K. carefully draws attention to the "literal" sense in which the tale may be taken:

For as in this time of yeare, so then in our bodies there is a dry & withering cold, which congealeth the crudled blood, and frieseth the wetherbeaten flesh, with stormes of Fortune, & hoare frosts of Care. To which purpose the olde man telleth a tale of the Oake and the Bryer, so lively, and so feelingly, as if the thing were set forth in some Picture before our eyes, more plainly could not appeare.

After we have read the eclogue, we might expect some exegesis of the veiled meaning from E.K., but he sticks, with tongue in cheek, to his obfuscation:

This tale of the Oake and the Brere, he telleth as learned of Chaucer, but it is cleane in another kind, and rather like to Aesopes fables. It is very excellente for pleasaunt descriptions, being altogether a certaine Icon or Hypotyposis of disdainfull younkers.

The poetic aims of *The Shepheardes Calender* are multiple: Spenser seeks to recover a native voice, and to warn his nation and his Queen of dangers to England and to the English Church from within and without. He seeks his own place in the affairs of his country, and a place among men of letters. Diverse as these aims may seem, they do not destroy the unity of his work, and even the garrulous E.K. presents no real threat to it. This is because there is one aim which Spenser regards as the highest, and he never loses sight of it even when addressing himself to the most current of current events. This aim will sustain him through the composition of *The Faerie Queene* and will become most evident, perhaps, in the unfinished *Mutabilitie Cantos*. Spenser's great aim is that of all poets: the defeat of death. This is a battle one cannot win individually, but the possibilities are greater for a collective effort, and E.K. explains the poet's role in the collective, or public, arena:

Plato...sayth, that the first inuention of Poetry was of very vertuous intent. For...some learned man being more hable then the rest, for speciall gyftes of wytte and Musicke, would take vpon him to sing fine verses to the people, in prayse eyther of vertue or of victory or of immortality or such like. At whose wonderful gyft al men being astonied and as it were rauished, with delight, thinking (as it was indeede) that he was inspired from aboue, called him vatem.

This agrees with Sidney, who in *The Defence of Poesie* asserts:

Among the Romans a poet was called *vates*, which is as much as a diviner, foreseer, or prophet (Duncan-Jones 214).

For Sidney and Spenser, the role of the poet is to bring divine instruction from the heavenly sphere into our own fallen realm, and so raise up the minds of men into such semblance of divinity as may be possible for them, and by that much defeat the Fall. Thus it is the poet's business to teach, through divine inspiration, virtue above all, for virtues are public enactments of what in scripture is called righteousness, the doing of God's work in the world. The Redcrosse Knight does not defeat the dragon for himself, but for us all. His prowess is not his own, but God's gift to him and to us for the defeat of fallenness, a figure for entropy. This giving or sharing of means to defeat entropy, or death, is called by the theologians *grace*, and is the cornerstone of Spenser's poetic vision of knighthood and civility as the means to bring in a new Golden Age. Spenser is well aware of the might of the opposition. The beauty of the present moment faces the "great enmity" of

...wicked Time, who with his scyth adrest,

Does mow the flowring herbes and goodly things,
And all their glory to the ground downe flings,
Where they doe wither, and are fowly mard:
He flyes about, and with his flaggy wings
Beates downe both leaues and buds without regard,
Ne euer pittie may relent his malice hard (FQ III.vi.39).

There can be no successful *private* reply to such an assault. Time destroys all moments in the world of mutability. Divine moments, however, are from beyond Time and safe from his power. The prophetic moment of Poesy, like that of the inspired prophets of Israel, accepts divine grace and distributes it to the community with rhetorical exhortation to carry out the instructions encoded in the divine gift. Spenser is best known for his effort to pass on these instructions through epic, in the superhuman efforts of the Faerie Queene's knights to beat back darkness. It is a stirring image. But I would argue that he is actually more successful in his vatic vocation when he is in the pastoral mode, for the deliberate lowliness of his shepherds is accessible to those of us who lack the prowess of a Britomart or an Artegall. It is his unarmed Colin Clout whose piping informs the dance of the Graces seen by Sir Calidore in the sixth book of the *Faerie Queene*:

Of a shrill pipe he playing heard on hight,
And many feete fast thumping th'hollow ground,
That through the woods their Eccho did rebound.
He nigher drew, to weete what mote it be;
There he a troupe of Ladies dancing found
Full merrily, and making gladful glee,
And in the midst a Shepheard piping he did see (FQ VI.x.10).

The vision is explained to Sir Calidore by the shepherd thus:

These three on men all gracious gifts bestow,
Which decke the body or adorne the mynde,
To make them louely or well faouered show,
As comely carriage, entertainment kynde,
Sweet semblaunt, friendly offices that bynde,
And all the complements of curtesie:
They teach vs, how to each degree and kynde
We should our selves demeane, to low, to hie;
To friends, to foes, which skill men call Ciuility.

Therefore they alwaies smoothly seeme to smile,
That we likewise should mylde and gentle be,
And also naked are, that without guile
Or false dissemblance all them plaine may see,
Simple and true from couert malice free:

And eeke them selues so in their daunce they bore,
That two of them still froward seem'd to bee,
But one still towards shew'd her selfe afore;
That good should from vs goe, then come in greater store (FQ VI.x.23-4).

This passage is at the heart of Spenser's message in his great poem, for it sums up the one rule central to both the Classical and Christian traditions of accepting, and passing on, divine grace, and the one means of defeating entropy on the social scale: treat others as you yourself wish to be treated. This is to be understood in Spenser's context of rigidly defined *degrees* of social position: honor those who are above you and below you in the hierarchy. Kindness is particularly to be offered to those below, as divine grace to us all is seen as a mimetic progression of *imitatio Christi* from the top of society to its lowest level. Divine inspiration comes through poets, but not poets alone: the sovereign, chosen by God to be both the head and the personification of the State, bears the highest responsibility and indeed must be, for the sake of stability, the most gracious of all.

It is in *The Shepheardes Calender* that Spenser first broaches his great theme:

Lo how finely the graces can it foote
to the Instrument:
They daucen deffly, and singen soote,
in their merriment.
Wants not a fourth grace, to make the daunce euen?
Let that rowme to my Lady be yeuen:
She shalbe a grace,
To fyll the fourth place,
And reigne with the rest in heauen.

The Graces are graceful. That is, their actions exemplify the best that form (of which Time is the enemy) has to offer. They are divine beings, for their abode is heaven; therefore their gracefulness cannot be flung to the ground, nor beaten with flaggy wings, nor cruelly scythed. Elisa, the Queen of England, is offered a place among them, to "reigne with the rest in heauen." Here, beyond the reach of Time, she may continue to represent the high and public virtue of Civility, as glossed by E.K.:

The Graces....make three, to wete, that men first ought to be gracious & bountiful to other freely, then to receiue benefits at other mens hands curteously, and thirdly to requite them thankfully: which are three sundry Actions in liberalitee. And Boccace saith, that they be painted naked...the one hauing her backe toward vs, and her face fromwarde, as proceeding from vs: the other two toward vs, noting double thanke to be due to vs for the benefit, we haue done.

By accepting the place of the fourth Grace, and thus completing the Dance, Elisa will complete the pantheon of the highest circle of the Elizabethan cosmos: the sphere of Immutabilitie. From there, she will be able to defeat the Grim Reaper, reign over England as a new Eden, and recover for all time the

Golden Age that was lost. Hobbinol's Embleme for that moment of divinization is explicit: "O dea certe."

We are painfully aware, through hindsight, that the Golden Age of Elizabeth was not sustained, if it ever existed. All the principals now lie "wrapt in lead." The poet's allegorical praises were self-serving in that he constructed them to attain his own political and financial ends, and the monarch he praised was one who bent all such praise to the maintenance of a repressive, authoritarian regime. But we must understand that such judgments are no new discovery; with them Spenser himself would have no quarrel. The civility he commends to us he believed in as something from beyond our world of decay, indeed the only immutable gift, and we might do worse than accept its commendation from his pen.

R.S. Bear

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Go on to the [Shepherdes Calender](#).



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The Shepherdes Calender

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T H E

Shepherdes Calender

Conteyning twelue Æglogues proportionable
to the twelve monethes.

Entitled

TO THE NOBLE AND VERTV-
ous Gentleman most worthy of all titles

both of learning and cheualrie M.

Philip Sidney.

(:.)

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AT LONDON.

Printed by Hugh Singleton, dwelling in

Creede Lane neere vnto Ludgate at the

signe of the gylden Tunne, and

are there to be solde.

1579.

TO HIS BOOKE.

*Goe little booke: thy selfe present,
As child whose parent is vnkent:
To him that is the president
Of noblesse and of cheualree,
And if that Enuie barke at thee,
As sure it will, for succoure flee
Vnder the shadow of his wing,
And asked, who thee forth did bring,
A shepheard's swaine saye did thee sing,
All as his straying flocke he fedd:
And when his honor has thee redde,
Crave pardon for my hardyhedde.
But if that any aske thy name,
Say thou wert base begot with blame:
For thy thereof thou takest shame.
And when thou art past ieopardie,
Come tell me, what was sayd of mee:
And I will send more after thee.*

Immeritô.

*To the most excellent and learned both
Orator and Poete, Mayster Gabriell Haruey, his
verie special and singular good friend E.K. comend-
deth the good lyking of this his labour,
and the patronage of the
new Poete.
(.')*



NCOVTHE VNKISTE, Sayde the olde famous Poete Chaucer: whom for his excellencie and wonderfull skil in making, his scholler Lidgate, a worthy scholler of so excellent a maister, calleth the Loadstarre of our Language: and whom our Colin clout in his Æglogue calleth Tityrus the God of shepheardes, comparing hym to the worthines of the Roman Tityrus Virgile. Which prouerbe, myne owne good friend Ma. Haruey, as in that good old Poete it serued well Pandares purpose, for the bolstering of his baudy brocage, so very well taketh place in this our new Poete, who for that he is vncouthe (as said Chaucer) is vnkist, and vnknown to most men, is regarded but of few. But I doubt not, so soone as his name shall come into the knowledg of men, and his worthines be sounded in the tromp of fame, but that he shall be not only kiste, but

also beloued of all, embraced of the most, and wondred at of the best. No lesse I thinke, deserueth his wittnesse in deuising, his pithinesse in vttering, his complaints of loue so louely, his discourses of pleasure so pleasantly, his pastorall rudenesse, his morall wiseness, his dewe obseruing of Decorum euerye where, in personages, in seasons, in matter, in speach, and generally in al seemely simplicitie of handeling his matter, and framing his words: the which of many thinges which in him be straunge, I know will seeme the straungest, the words them selues being so auncient, the knitting of them so short and intricate, and the whole Periode and compasse of speache so delightsome for the roundnesse, and so graue for the straungenesse. And firste of the wordes to speake, I graunt they be something hard, and of most men vnused, yet both English, and also vsed of most Authours and most famous Poetes. In whom whenas this our Poet hath bene much traueiled and throughly redd, how could it be, (as that worthy Oratour sayde) but that walking in the sonne although for other cause he walked, yet needes he mought be sunburnt: and hauing the sound of those auncient Poetes still ringing in his eares, he mought needes in singing hit out some of theyr tunes. But whether he Vseth them by such casualtye and custome, or of set purpose and choyse, as thinking them fittest for such rusticall rudenesse of shepherds, eyther for that theyr rough sounde would make his rymes more ragged and rusticall, or els because such olde and obsolete wordes are most vsed of country folke, sure I think, and think I think not amisse, that they bring great grace and, as one would say, auctoritie to the verse. For albe amongst many other faultes it specially be obiected of Valla against Liuius, and of other against Saluste, that with ouer much studie they affect antiquitie, as courting thereby credence and honor of elder yeeres, yet I am of opinion, and eke the best learned are of the lyke, that those auncient solemne wordes are a great ornament both in the one and in the other; the one labouring to set forth in hys worke an eternall image of antiquitie, and the other carefully discoursing matters of grauitie and importaunce. For if my memory fayle not, Tullie in that booke, wherein he endeuoureth to set forth the paterne of a perfect Oratour, sayth that oftentimes an auncient worde maketh the style seeme graue, and as it were reuerend: no otherwise then we honour and reuerence gray heares for a certein religious regard, which we haue of old age. Yet nether euery where must old words be stuffed in, nor the commen Dialecte and maner of speaking so corrupted therby, that as in old buildings it seme disorderly and ruinous. But all as in most exquisite pictures they vse to blaze and portraict not onely the daintie lineaments of beautye, but also rounde about it to shadow the rude thickets and craggy clifts, that by the baseness of such parts, more excellency may accrew to the principall; for oftentimes we fynde ourselues, I knowe not how, singularly delighted with the shewe of such naturall rudenesse, and take great pleasure in that disorderly order. Euen so doe those rough and harsh termes enlumine and make more clearly to appeare the brightnesse of braue and glorious words. So oftentimes a dischorde in Musick maketh a comely concordance: so great delight tooke the worthy Poete Alceus to behold a blemish in the ioynt of a wel shaped body. But if any will rashly blame such his purpose in choyse of old and vnwonted words, him may I more iustly blame and condemne, or of witlesse headinesse in iudging, or of heedlesse hardinesse in condemning for not marking the compasse of hys bent, he wil judge of the length of his cast. For in my opinion it is one special prayse, of many which are dew to this Poete, that he hath laboured to restore, as to

theyr rightfull heritage such good and naturall English words, as have ben long time out of vse and almost cleane disinherited. Which is the onely cause, that our Mother tonge, which truely of it selfe is both ful enough for prose and stately enough for verse, hath long time ben counted most bare and barrein of both. Which default when as some endeuoured to salue and recure, they patched vp the holes with peces and rags of other languages, borrowing here of the french, there of the Italian, euery where of the Latine, not weighing how il those tongues accorde with themselues, but much worse with ours: So now they have made our English tongue, a gallimaufrey or hodgepodge of al other speches. Other some not so wel seene in the English tonge as perhaps in other languages, if they happen to here an olde word albeit very naturall and significant, crye out streight way, that we speak no English, but gibbrish, or rather such, as in old time Euanders mother spake. Whose first shame is, that they are not ashamed, in their own mother tonge straungers to be counted and alienes. The second shame no lesse then the first, that what they so vnderstand not, they streight way deeme to be sencelesse, and not at al to be vnderstode. Much like to the Mole in Æsopes fable, that being blynd her selfe, would in no wise be perswaded, that any beast could see. The last more shameful then both, that of their owne country and natural speach, which together with their Nources milk they sucked, they have so base regard and bastard iudgement that they will not onely themselues not labor to garnish and beautifie it, but also repine, that of other it should be embellished. Like to the dogge in the maunger, that him selfe can eate no hay, and yet barketh at the hungry bullock, that so faine would feede: whose currish kind though it cannot be kept from barking, yet I conne them thanke that they refrain from byting. Now for the knitting of sentences, whych they call the ioynts and members therof, and for al the compasse of the speach, it is round without roughnesse, and learned wythout hardnes, such indeede as may be perceiued of the leaste, vnderstode of the moste, but iudged onely of the learned. For what in most English wryter vseth to be loose, and as it were vngyrt, in this Author it is well grounded, finely framed, and strongly trussed vp together. In regard whereof, I scorne and spue out the rakehellye route of our ragged rymers (for so themselues vse to hunt the letter) which without learning boste, without iudgement iangle, without reason rage and fome, as if some instinct of Poeticall spirite had newly rauished them above the meanenesse of common capacitie. And being in the midst of all their brauery, sodenly eyther for want of matter, or of ryme, or hauing forgotten theyr former conceipt, they seeme to be so pained and traueled in theyr remembrance, as it were a woman in childebirth or as that same Pythia, when the traunce came vpon her.

Os rabidum fera corda domans &c.

Nethesse let them a Gods name feede on theyr owne folly, so they seeke not to darken the beames of others glory. As for Colin, vnder whose person the Author selfe is shadowed, how furre he is from such vaunted titles and glorious shewes, both him selfe sheweth, where he sayth.

Of Muses Hobbin. I conne no skill. And,

Enough is me to paint out my vnrest, &c.

And also appeareth by the basenesse of the name, wherein, it seemeth, he chose rather to vnfold great matter of argument couertly, then professing it, not suffice thereto accordingly. Which moued him rather in Æglogues, then other wise to write, doubting perhaps his habilitie, which he little needed, or mynding to furnish our tongue with this kinde, wherein it faulteth, or following the example of the best & most auncient Poetes, which deuised this kind of wryting, being both so base for the matter, and homely for the manner, at the first to trye theyr habilities? and as young birdes, that be newly crept out of the nest, by little first to proue theyr tender wyngs, before they make a greater flyght. So flew Theocritus, as you may percieue he was all ready full fledged. So flew Virgile, as not yet well feeling his winges So flew Mantuane, as being not full somd. So Petrarque. So Boccace; So Marot, Sanazarus, and also diuers other excellent both Italian and French Poetes, whose foting this Author euery where followeth, yet so as few, but they be well sented can trace him out. So finally flyeth this our new Poete, as a bird, whose principals be scarce growen out, but yet as that in time shall be hable to keepe wing with the best.

Now as touching the generall dryft and purpose of his Æglogues, I mind not to say much, him selfe labouring to conceale it. Onely this appeareth, that his vnstayed yougth had long wandred in the common Labyrinth of Loue, in which time to mitigate and allay the heate of his passion, or els to warne (as he sayth) the young shepherds .s. his equalls and companions of his vnfortunate folly, he compiled these xij. Æglogues, which for that they be proportioned to the state of the xij. monethes, he termeth the **SHEPHERDS CALENDAR**, applying an olde name to a new worke. Hereunto haue I added a certain Glosse or scholion for the exposition of old wordes & harder phrases: which maner of glosing and commenting, well I wote, wil seeme straunge & rare in our tongue: yet for somuch as I knew many excellent & proper deuises both in wordes and matter would passe in the speedy course of reading, either as vnknown, or as not marked, and that in this kind, as in other we might be equal to the learned of other nations, I thought good to take the paines vpon me, the rather for that by meanes of some familiar acquaintance I was made privy to his counsell and secret meaning in them, as also in sundry other works of his. Which albeit I know he nothing so much hateth, as to promulgate, yet thus much haue I aduentured vpon his frendship, him selfe being for long time furre estraunged, hoping that this will the rather occasion him, to put forth diuers other excellent works of his, which slepe in silence, as his Dreames, his Legendes, his Court of Cupide, and sondry others; whose commendations to set out, were verye vayne; the thinges though worthy of many, yet being known to few. These my present paynes if to any they be pleasurable or profitable, be you iudge, mine own good Maister Haruey, to whom I have both in respect of your worthinesse generally, and otherwyse vpon some particular & special considerations voued this my labour, and the maydenhead of this our commen frends Poetrie, himselfe hauing already in the beginning dedicated it to the Noble and worthy Gentleman, the right worshipfull Ma. Phi. Sidney, a special faouurer & maintainer of all kind of learning. Whose cause I pray you Sir, yf Enuie shall stur vp any wrongfull

accusasion, defend with your mighty Rhetorick & other your rare gifts of learning, as you can, & shield with your good wil, as you ought, against the malice and outrage of so many enemies, as I know wilbe set on fire with the sparks of his kindled glory. And thus recommending the Author vnto you, as vnto his most special good frend, and my selfe vnto you both, as one making singular account of two so very good and so choise frends, I bid you both most hartely farwel, and commit you & your most commendable studies to the tuicion of the greatest.

*Your owne assuredly to
be commaunded E. K.*

Post scr

NOw I trust M. Haruey, that vpon sight of your speciall frends and fellow Poets doings, or els for enuie of so many vnworthy Quidams, which catch at the garlond, which to you alone is dewe, you will be perswaded to pluck out of the hateful darknesse, those so many excellent English poemes of yours, which lye hid, and bring them forth to eternall light. Trust me you doe both them great wrong, in depriuing them of the desired sonne, annd also your selfe, in smothering your deserued prayses, and all men generally, in withholding from them so diuine pleasures, which they might conceive of your gallant English verses, as they haue already doen of your Latine Poemes, which in my opinion both for inuention and Elocution are very delicate, and superexcellent. And thus againe, I take my leaue of my good Mayster Haruey. From my lodging at London thys 10. of Aprill 1579.

The generall argument of

the whole booke.



Little I hope, needeth me at large to discourse the first Originall of Æglogues, hauing already touched the same. But for the word Æglogues I know is vnknown to most, and also mistaken of some the best learned (as they think) I wyl say somewhat thereof, being not at all impertinent to my present purpose.

They were first of the Greekes the inuentours of them called Æglogaj as it were [*aigon*] or [*aigonomon*]. [*logoi*]. that is Goteheards tales. For although in Virgile and others the speakers be [more shepherds then] Goteheards, yet Theocritus in whom is more ground of authoritie, then in Virgile, this specially from that deriuing, as from the first head and welspring the whole Inuencion of his Æglogues, maketh Goteheards the persons and authors of his tales. This being, who seeth not the grossnesse of such as by colour of learning would make vs beleue that they are more rightly termed Eclogai, as they would say, extraordinary discourses of vnnecessarie matter, which definition albe in substance and meaning it agree with the nature of the thing, yet no whit answereth with the [*analysis*] and interpretation of the word. For they be not termed Eclogues, but Æglogues. Which sentence this author very well obseruing, vpon good iudgement, though indeede few Goteheards have to doe herein, nethesse doubteth not to cal them by the vsed and best known name. Other curious discourses hereof I reserue to greater occasion. These xij. Æclogues euery where answering to the seasons of the twelue monthes may be well deuided into three formes or ranckes. For eyther they be Plaintiue, as the first, the sixth, the eleuenth, and the twelfth, or recreatiue, such as al those be, which conceiue matter of loue, or commendation of special personages, or Moral: which for the most part be mixed with some Satyricall bitterness, namely the second of reuerence dewe to old age, the fit of coloured deceit, the seuenth and ninth of dissolute shepherds & pastours, the tenth of contempt of Poetrie & pleasaunt wits. And to this diuision may euery thing herein be reasonably applyed: A few onely except, whose speciall purpose and meaning I am not priuie to. And thus much generally of these xij. Æclogues. Now will we speake particularly of all, and first of the first. Which he calleth by the first monethes name Ianuarie. wherein to some he may seeme fowly to have faulted, in that he erroneously beginneth with that moneth, which beginneth not the yeare. For it is wel known, and stoutely mainteyned with stronge reasons of the learned, that the yeare beginneth in March. for then the sonne reneweth his finished course, and the seasonable spring refresheth the earth, and the pleasaunce thereof being buried in the sadnessse of the dead winter now worne away, reliueth. This opinion maynteine the olde Astrologers and Philosophers, namely the reuerend Andalo, and Macrobius in his holydayes of Saturne, which accoumpt also was generally observed both of Grecians and Romans. But sauing the leaue of such learned heads, we mayntaine a custome of coumpting the seasons from the moneth Ianuary, vpon a more speciall cause, then the heathen Philosophers euer coulde conceiue, that is, for the incarnation of our mighty Sauior and eternall redeemer the L. Christ, who as then renewing the state of the decayed world, and returning the compasse of expired yeres to theyr former date and first commencement, left to vs his heires a memoriall of his birth in the ende of the last yeere and beginning of the next. which reckoning, beside that eternall monument of our saluation, leaneth also vpon good prooffe

of special iudgement. For albeit that in elder times, when as yet the coumpt of the yere was not perfected, as afterward it was by Iulius Cæsar, they began to tel the monethes from Marches beginning, and according to the same God (as is sayd in Scripture) comaunded the people of the Iewes to count the moneth [Abib], that which we call March, for the first moneth, in remembraunce that in that moneth he brought them out of the land of Ægipt: yet according to tradition of latter times it hath bene otherwise obserued, both in gouernmrt of the church, and rule of Mightiest Realmes. For from Iulius Cæsar who first obserued the leape yeere which he called Bissextilem Annum, and brought in to a more certain course the odde wandring dayes which of the Greekes were called [*hyperbainontes*]. Of the Romanes intercalares (for in such matter of learning I am forced to vse the termes of the learned) the monethes haue bene nombred xij. which in the first ordinaunce of Romulus were but tenne, counting but CCCiiij. dayes in euey yeare, and beginning with March. But Numa Pompilius, who was the father of al the Romain ceremonies and religion, seeing that reckoning to agree neither with the course of the sonne, nor of the Moone, therevnto added two monethes, Ianuary and February: wherin it seemeth, that wise king minded vpon good reason to begin the yeare at Ianuarie, of him therefore so called tanquam Ianua anni the gate and entraunce of the yere, or of the name of the god Ianus, to which god for that the old Paynims attributed the byrth & beginning of all creatures new comming into the worlde, it seemeth that he therfore to him assigned the beginning and first [entrance] of the yeare. which account for the most part hath hetherto continued. Notwithstanding that the Ægiptians beginne theyr yeare at September, for that according to the opinion of the best Rabbins, and very purpose of the scripture selfe, God made the worlde in that Moneth, that is called of them Tisri. And therefore he commaunded them, to keepe the feast of Pauilions in the end of the yeare, in the xv. day of the seuenth moneth, which before that time was the first.

But our Authour respecting nether the subiltie of thone parte, nor the antiquitie of thother, thinketh it fittest according to the simplicitie of commen vnderstanding, to begin with Ianuarie, wening it perhaps no decorum, that Shepheard should be seene in a matter of so deepe insight, or canuase a case of so doubtful iudgment. So therefore beginneth he, & so continueth he throughout.

Go on to [January](#).



Renaissance Editions

The Shepherdes Calender: January

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Ianuarye.



Ægloga prima.

ARGUMENT.

IN this fyrst Æglogue Colin clout a shepherdes boy complaineth him of his vnfortunate loue, being but newly (as semeth) enamoured of a countrie lasse called Rosalinde: with which strong affection being very sore traueled, he compareth his carefull case to the sadde season of the yeare, to the frostie ground, to the frosen trees, and to his owne winterbeaten flocke. And lastlye, fynding himselfe robbed of all former pleasaunce and delights, hee breaketh his Pipe in peeces, and casteth him selfe to the ground.

COLIN Cloute.



Shepeards boye (no better doe him call)
when Winters wastful spight was almost spent,
All in a sunneshine day, as did befall,
Led forth his flock, that had been long ypent.
So faynt they woxe, and feeble in the folde,
That now ynnethes their feete could them vphold.

All as the Sheepe, such was the shepeheards looke,
For pale and wanne he was, (alas the while,)
May seeme he lovde, or els some care he tooke:
Well couth he tune his pipe, and frame his stile.
Tho to a hill his faynting flocke he ledde,
And thus him playnd, the while his shepe there fedde.

Ye gods of loue, that pitie louers payne,
(if any gods the paine of louers pitie:)
Looke from aboue, where you in ioyes remaine,
And bowe your eares vnto my doleful dittie.
And Pan thou shepeheards God, that once didst loue,
Pitie the paines, that thou thy selfe didst proue.

Thou barrein ground, whome winters wrath hath wasted,
Art made a myrrhour, to behold my plight:
Whilome thy fresh spring flowrd, and after hasted
Thy sommer prowde with Daffadillies dight.
And now is come thy wynters stormy state,
Thy mantle mard, wherein thou mas-kedst late.

Such rage as winters, reigneth in my heart,
My life bloud friesing with vnkindly cold:
Such stormy stoures do breede my balefull smarte,
As if my yeare were wast, and woxen old.
And yet alas, but now my spring begonne,
And yet alas, yt is already donne.

You naked trees, whose shady leaves are lost,
Wherein the byrds were wont to build their bowre:
And now are clothd with mosse and hoary frost,
Insteade of bloosmes, wherwith your buds did flowre:

I see your teares, that from your boughes doe raine,
Whose drops in drery ysicles remaine.

All so my lustfull leafe is drye and sere,
My timely buds with wayling all are wasted:
The blossome, which my braunch of youth did beare,
With breathed sighes is blowne away, & blasted,
And from mine eyes the drizling teares descend,
As on your boughes the ysicles depend.

Thou feeble flocke, whose fleece is rough and rent,
Whose knees are weak through fast and evill fare:
Mayst witsnesse well by thy ill gouvernement,
Thy maysters mind is ouercome with care.
Thou weak, I wanne: thou leane, I quite forlorne:
With mourning pyne I, you with pyning mourne.

A thousand sithes I curse that carefull hower,
Wherein I longd the neighbour towne to see:
And eke tenne thousand sithes I blesse the stoure,
Wherein I sawe so fayre a sight, as shee.
Yet all for naught: [such] sight hath bred my bane.
Ah God, that loue should breede both ioy and payne.

It is not Hobbinol, wherefore I plaine,
Albee my loue he seeke with dayly suit:
His clownish gifts and curtsies I disdaine,
His kiddes, his cracknelles, and his early fruit.
Ah foolish Hobbinol, thy gyfts bene vayne:
Colin them gives to Rosalind againe.

I loue thilke lasse, (alas why doe I loue?)
And am forlorne, (alas why am I lorne?)
Shee deignes not my good will, but doth reprove,
And of my rurall musick holdeth scorne.
Shepherds deuise she hateth as the snake,
And laughes the songes, that Colin Clout doth make.

Wherefore my pype, albee rude Pan thou please,
Yet for thou pleasest not, where most I would:
And thou vn lucky Muse, that wontst to ease
My musing mynd, yet canst not, when thou should:

Both pype and Muse, shall sore the while aby.
So broke his oaten pype, and downe dyd lye.

By that, the welked *Phoebus* gan availe,
His weary waine, and nowe the frosty *Night*
Her mantle black through heauen gan overhaile.
Which seene, the pensife boy halfe in despight
Arose, and homeward drove his sonned sheepe,
Whose hanging heads did seeme his carefull case to weepe.

Colins Embleme.

Anchôra speme.

GLOSSE.

COLIN Cloute) is a name not greatly vsed, and yet haue I sene a Poesie of M. Skeltons vnder that title. But indeede the word Colin is Frenche, and vsed of the French Poete Marot (if he be worthy of the name of a Poete) in a certein Æglogue. Vnder which name this Poete secretly shadoweth himself, as sometime did Virgil vnder the name of Tityrus, thinking it much fitter, then such Latine names, for the great vnlikelihoode of the language.

vnnethes) scarcely.

couthe) commeth of the verbe Conne, that is, to know or to haue skill. As well interpreteth the worthy Sir Tho. Smitth in his booke of gouerment: wherof I haue a perfect copie in wryting, lent me by his kinseman, and my verye singular good freend, M. Gabriel Haruey: as also of some other his most graue & excellent wrytings.

Sythe) time.

Neighbour towne) the next towne: expressing the Latine Vicina.

Stoure) a fitt.

Sere) withered.

His clownish gyfts) imitateth Virgils verse,

Rusticus es Corydon, nec munera curat Alexis.

Hobbinol) is a fained country name, whereby, it being so commune and vsuall, seemeth to be hidden the person of some his very speciall and most familiar freend, whom he entirely and extraordinarily beloued, as peradventure shall be more largely declared hereafter. In thys place seemeth to be some sauour of disorderly loue, which the learned call paederastice: but it is gathered beside his meaning. For who that hath red Plato his dialogue called Alcibiades, Xenophon and Maximus Tyrius of Socrates opinions, may easily perceiue, that such loue is muche to be alowed and liked of, specially so meant, as Socrates vsed it: who sayth, that in deede he loued Alcybiades extremely, yet not Alcybiades person, but hys soule, which is Alcibiades owne selfe. And so is pederastice much to be praeferrred before gynerastice, that is the loue whiche enflameth men with lust toward woman kind. But yet let no man thinke, that herein I stand with Lucian or hys deuclish disciple Vnico Aretino, in defence of execrable and horrible sinnes of forbidden and vnlawful fleshlinesse. Whose abominable errour is fully confuted of Perionius, and others.

I loue) a prety Epanorthosis in these two verses, and withall a Paronomasia or playing with the word, where he sayth (I loue thilke lasse (alas &c.

Rosalinde) is also a feigned name, which being wel ordered, wil bewray the very name of hys loue and mistresse, whom by that name he coloureth. So as Ouide shadoweth hys loue vnder the name of Corynna, which of some is supposed to be Iulia, themperor Augustus his daughter, and wyfe to Agryppa. So doth Aruntius Stella euery where call his Lady Asteris and Ianthis, albe it is well knowen that her right name was Violantilla: as witnesseth Statius in his Epithalamium. And so the famous Paragone of Italy, Madonna Coelia in her letters enuelopeth her selfe vnder the name of Zima: and Petron [vnder] the name of Bellochchia. And this generally hath bene a common custome of counterfeicting the names of secret Personages.

Auail) bring downe.

Overhaile) drawe over.

Embleme.

His Embleme or Poesye is here vnder added in Italian, Anchóra speme: the meaning wherof is, that notwithstandinge his extreme passion and lucklesse loue, yet leaning on hope, he is some what recomforted.

Go on to [February](#).





Ægloga prima.

ARGUMENT.

In this fyrst Æglogue Colin cloate as shepheardes boy complaineth him of his infortunate lue, being but newly (as some th' enamoured of a country lasse called Rosalinde: with whiche strong affection being very sore troubled, he compares his carefull case to the sadde season of the year, to the frostie ground, to the frozen trees, and to his owne winterbeaten flocke. And lastlye, finding himselfe robbed of all former pleasure and delights, he breaketh his Pipe in peeces, and casteth him selfe to the ground.

COLIN Cloute.



Shepheards boye (no better doe him call)
 when winter's wastfull sight was almost spent,
 All in a sunneshine day, as he befell,
 Led to his flock, th' had bene long ypent.
 So laynt they woe, and feeble in the fold,
 That now tincthes their feete could them uphold.

All as the sheepe, such was the shepheards look,
 For pale and want he was, (alas the while,)
 They seeme so lowd, or els some care he took:
 Well woult he stine his pipe, and frame his stile.

A. 1.

C. 1.

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The Shepheardes Calender: February

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Februarie.



Ægloga Secunda.

ARGUMENT.

This Æglogue is rather morall and generall, then bent to any secrete or particlar purpose. It specially conteyneth a discourse of old age, in the persone of Thenot an olde Shepheard, who for his crookednesse and vnlustinesse, is scorned of Cuddie an vnhappy Heardmans boye. The matter very well accordeth with the season of the moneth, the yeare now drouping, & as it were, drawing to his last age. For as in this time of yeare, so then in our bodies there is a dry & withering cold, which congealeth the crudled blood, and frieseth the wetherbeaten flesh, with stormes of Fortune, & hoare frosts of Care. To which purpose the olde man telleth a tale of the Oake and the Bryer, so lively, and so feelingly, as if the thing were set forth in some Picture before our eyes, more plainly could not appeare.

CVDDIE. THENOT.

AH for pittie, wil ranke Winters rage,
These bitter blasts neuer ginne tasswage?
The keene cold blowes throug my beaten hyde,
All as I were through the body gryde.
My ragged rontes all shiver and shake,
As doen high Towers in an earthquake:
They wont in the wind wagge their wrigle tailles,
Perke as Peacock: but nowe it auales.

THENOT.

Lewdly complainest thou laesie ladde,
Of Winters wracke, for making thee sadde.
Must not the world wend in his commun course
From good to badd, and from badde to worse,
From worse vnto that is worst of all,
And then returne to his former fall?
Who will not suffer the stormy time,
Where will he liue tyll the lusty prime?
Selfe haue I worne out thrise threttie yeares,
Some in much ioy, many in many teares:
Yet never complained of cold nor heate,
Of Sommers flame, nor of Winters threat:
Ne euer was to Fortune foeman,
But gently tooke, that vngently came.
And euer my flocke was my chiefe care,
Winter or Sommer they mought well fare.

CVDDIE.

No marueile *Thenot*, if thou can not beare
Cherefully the Winters wrathfull cheare:
For Age and Winter accord full nie,
This chill, that cold, this crooked, that wrye.
And as the lowring Wether lookes downe,

So semest thou like good fryday to frowne.
But my flowring youth is foe to frost,
My shippe vnwont in stormes to be tost.

THENOT.

The soueraigne of seas he blames in vaine,
That once seabeate, will to sea againe.
So loytring liue you little heardgroomes,
Keeping your beastes in the budded broomes:
And when the shining sunne laugheth once,
You deemen, the Spring is come attonce.
Tho gynne you, fond flyes, the cold to scorn,
And crowing in pypes made of greene corne,
You thinken to be Lords of the yeare.
But eft, when ye count you freed from feare,
Comes the breme winter with chamfred browes,
Full of wrinckles and frostie furrowes:
Drerily shooting his stormy darte,
Which cruddles the blood, and pricks the harte.
Then is your carelesse corage accoied,
Your carefull heards with cold bene annoied.
Then paye you the price of your surqedrie,
With weeping, and wayling, and misery.

CVDDIE.

Ah foolish old man, I scorne thy skill,
That wouldest me, my springing youth to spil.
I deeme, thy braine emperished bee
Through rusty elde, that hath rotted thee:
Or sicker thy head veray tottie is,
So on thy corbe shoulder it leanes amisse.
Now thy selfe hast lost both lopp and topp,
Als my budding branch thou wouldest cropp:
But were thy yeares greene, as now bene myne,
To other delights they would encline.
Tho wouldest thou learne to caroll of Loue,

And hery with hymnes thy lasses gloue.
Tho wouldest thou pype of Phyllis prayse:
But Phyllis is myne for many dayes:
I wonne her with a girdle of gelt,
Embost with buegle about the belt.
Such an one shepheards woulde make full faine:
Such an one would make thee younge againe.

THENOT.

Thou art a fon, of thy loue to boste,
All that is lent to loue, wyll be lost.

CVDDIE.

Seest, howe brag yond Bullocke beares,
So smirke, so smoothe, his pricked eares?
His hornes bene as broade, as Rainebowe bent,
His dewelap as lythe, as lasse of Kent.
See howe he venteth into the wynd.
Weenest of loue is not his mynd?
Seemeth thy flock thy counsell can,
So lustlesse bene they, so weake so wan,
Clothed with cold, and hoary wyth frost.
Thy flocks father his corage hath lost:
Thy Ewes, that wont to haue blowen bags,
Like wailful widdowes hangen their craggs:
The rather Lambes bene starued with cold,
All for their Maister is lustlesse and old.

THENOT.

Cuddie, I wote thou kenst little good,
So vainely taduance thy headlesse hood.
For Youngh is a bubble blown vp with breath,
Whose witt is weakenesse, whose wage is death,

Whose way is wilderness, whose ynné Penance,
And stoopegallaunt Age the hoste of Greeuance.
But shall I tel thee a tale of truth,
Which I cond of *Tityrus* in my youth,
Keeping his sheepe on the hils of Kent?

CVDDIE.

To nought more, *Thenot*, my mind is bent,
Then to heare nouells of his devise:
They bene so well thewed, and so wise,
What euer that good old man bespake.

THENOT.

Many meete tales of youth did he make,
And some of loue, and some of cheualrie:
But none fitter than this to applie.
Now listen a while, and hearken the end.

There grew an aged Tree on the greene,
A goodly Oake sometime had it bene,
With armes full strong and largely displayd,
But of their leaues they were disarayde:
The bodie bigge, and mightily pight,
Thoroughly rooted, and of wonderous hight:
Whilome had bene the King of the field,
And mochell mast to the husband did yelde,
And with his nuts larded many swine.
But now the gray mosse marred his rine,
His bared boughes were beaten with stormes,
His toppe was bald, & wasted with wormes,
His honor decayed, his braunches sere.

Hard by his side grew a bragging brere,
Which proudly thrust into Thelement,
And seemed to threat the Firmament.
Yt was embellisht with blossomes fayre,
And thereto aye wonned to repayre

The shepherds daughters, to gather flowres,
To peinct thir girlonds with his colowres.
And in his small bushes vsed to shrowde
The sweete Nightingale singing so lowde:
Which made this foolish Brere wexe so bold,
That on a time he cast him to scold,
And snebbe the good Oake, for he was old.

Why standst there (quoth he) thou brutish blocke?
Nor for fruct, nor for shadowe serues thy stocke:
Seest, how fresh my flowers bene spredde,
Dyed in Lilly white, and Cremsin redde,
With leaves engrained in lusty greene,
Colours meete to clothe a mayden Queene.
Thy wast bignes but combers the grownd,
And dirks the beauty of my blossomes rownd.
The mouldie mosse, which thee accloieth,
My Sinnamon smell too much annoieth.
Wherefore soone I rede thee, hence remove,
Least thou the price of my displeasure proue.
So spake this bold brere with great disdain:
Little him answered the Oake againe,
But yielded, with shame and greefe adawed,
That of a weede he was ouerawed.

Yt chaunced after vpon a day,
The Hus-bandman selfe to come that way,
Of custome to seruwe his grownd,
And his trees of state in compasse rownd.
Him when the spitefull brere had espyed,
Causlesse complained, and lowdly cryed
Vnto his Lord, stirring vp sterne strife:
O my liege Lord, the God of my life,
Pleaseth you ponder your Suppliants plaint,
Caused of wrong, and cruell constraint,
Which I your poore Vassall dayly endure:
And but your goodnes the same recure,
Am like for desperate doole to dye,
Through felonous force of mine enemie.

Greatly aghast with this piteous plea,
Him rested the goodman on the lea,
And badde the Brere in his plaint proceede.
With painted words tho gan this proude weede,
(As most vsen Ambitious folke:)
His colowred crime with craft to cloke.

Ah my soueraigne, Lord of creatures all,
Thou placer of plants both humble and tall,
Was not I planted of thine owne hand,
To be the primrose of all thy land,
With flowring blossomes, to furnish the prime,
And scarlot berries in Sommer time?
How falls it then, that this faded Oake,
Whose bodie is sere, whose braunches broke,
Whose naked Armes stretch vnto the fyre,
Vnto such tyrannie doth aspire:
Hindring with his shade my louely light,
And robbing me of the swete sonnes sight?
So beate his old boughes my tender side,
That oft the bloud springeth from wounds wyde:
Vntimely my flowres forced to fall,
That bene the honor of your Coranall.
And oft he lets his cancker wormes light
Vpon my braunches, to worke me more spight:
And oft his hoarie locks downe doth cast,
Where with my fresh flowretts bene defast.
For this, and many more such outrage,
Crauing your goodlihead to aswage
The ranckorous rigour of his might,
Nought aske I, but onely to hold my right:
Submitting me to your good sufferance,
And praying to be garded from greeuance.
To this the Oake cast him to replie
Well as he couth: but his enemie
Had kindled such coles of displeasure,
That the good man noulde stay his leasure,
But home him hasted with furious heate,
Encreasing his wrath with many a threate.
His harmefull Hatchet he hent in hand,
(Alas, that it so ready should stand)
And to the field alone he speedeth.
(Ay little helpe to harme there needeth)
Anger nould let him speake to the tree,
Enaunter his rage mought cooled bee:
But to the roote bent his sturdy stroke,
And made many wounds in the wast Oake.
The Axes edge did oft turne againe,
As if halfe vnwilling to cutte the graine:

Semed, the sencelesse yron dyd feare,
Or to wrong holy eld did forbear.
For it had bene an auncient tree,
Sacred with many a mysteree,
And often crost with the priestes crewe,
And often halowed with holy water dewe.
But sike fancies weren foolerie,
And broughten this Oake to this miserye.
For nought mought they quitten him from decay:
For fiercely the good man at him did laye.
The blocke oft groned vnder the blow,
And sighed to see his neare ouerthrow.
In fine the steele had pierced his pith,
Tho downe to the earth he fell forthwith:
His wonderous weight made the grounde to quake,
Thearth shronke vnder him, and seemed to shake.
There lyeth the Oake, pitied of none.

Now stands the Brere like a Lord alone,
Puffed vp with pryde and vaine pleasaunce:
But all this glee had no continuaunce.
For eftsones Winter gan to approche,
The blustring Boreas did encroche,
And beate vpon the solitarie Brere:
For nowe no succoure was seene him nere.
Now gan he repent his pryde to late:
For naked left and disconsolate,
The byting frost nipt his stalke dead,
The watrie wette weighed downe his head,
And heaped snowe burdned him so sore,
That nowe vpright he can stand no more:
And being downe, is trodde in the durt
Of cattell, and brouzed, and sorely hurt.
Such was thend of this Ambitious brere,
For scoring Eld

CVDDIE.

Now I pray thee shepheard, tel it not forth:
Here is a long tale, and little worth.
So longe haue I listned to thy speche,

That graffed to the ground is my breache:
My hartblood is welnigh frorne I feele,
And my galage growne fast to my heele:
But little ease of thy lewd tale I tasted.
Hye thee home shepheard, the day is nigh wasted.

Thenots Embleme.

*Iddio perche é vecchio,
Fa suoi al suo essemplio.*

Cuddies Embleme.

*Niuno vecchio,
Spaventa Iddio.*

G L O S S E.

Kene) sharpe. Gride) perced: an olde word much vsed of Lidgate, but not found (that I know of) in Chaucer.

Ronts) young bullockes.

Wracke) ruine or Violence, whence commeth shipwracke: and not wreake, that is vengeaunce or wrath.

Foeman) a foe.

Thenot) the name of a shepheard in Marot his Æglogues.

The soueraigne of Seas) is Neptune the God of the seas. The saying is borrowed of Mimus Publianus, which vsed this prouerb in a verse.

Improbe Neptunum accusat, qui iterum naufragium facit.

Heardgromes) Chaucers verse almost whole.

Fond Flyes) He compareth carelesse sluggardes or ill husbandmen to flyes, that so soone as the sunne shineth, or yt wexeth any thing warme, begin to flye abroade when sodeinely they be overtaken with cold.

But eft when A verye excellent and liuely description of Winter, so as may bee indifferently taken, eyther for old Age, or for Winter season.

Breme) chill, bitter.

Chamfred) chapt, or wrinckled.

Accoied) plucked downe and daunted.

Surquedrie) pryde.

Elde) olde age.

Sicker) sure.

Tottie) wauering.

Corbe) crooked.

Herie) worshippe.

Phyllis) the name of some mayde vnknowen, whom Cuddie, whose person is secrete, loued. The name is vsuall in Theocritus, Virgile, and Mantuane.

Belte) a girdle or wast band.

A fon) a foole.

Lythe) soft & gentile.

Venteth) snuffeth in the wind.

Thy flockes Father) the Ramme.

Crags) neckes.

Rather Lambes) that be ewed early in the beginning of the yeare.

Youth is) A very moral and pithy Allegorie of youth, and the lustes thereof compared to a wearie wayfaring man.

Tityrus) I suppose he meane Chaucer, whose prayse for pleasaunt tales cannot dye, so long as the memorie of hys name shal liue, and the name of Poetrie shal endure.

Well thewed) that is, Bene moratae, full of morall wisenesse.

There grew) This tale of the Oake and the Brere, he telleth as learned of Chaucer, but it is cleane in another kind, and rather like to Aesopes fables. It is very excellente for pleasaunt descriptions, being altogether a certaine Icon or Hypotyposis of disdainfull youngers.

Embellisht) beautified and adorned.

To wonne) to haunt or frequent.

Sneb) checke.

Why standst) The speach is scorneful & very presumptuous.

Engrained) dyed in grain.

Accloie) encombred.

Adawed) daunted & confounded.

Trees of state) taller trees fitte for timber wood.

Sterne strife) said Chaucer .s. fell and sturdy.

O my leige) a maner of supplication, wherein is kindly coloured the affection and speache of Ambitious men.

Coronall) Garlande.

Flourets) Young blossomes.

The Primrose) The chiefe and worthiest.

Naked armes) metaphorically ment of the bare boughes, spoyled of leaues. This colourably he speaketh, as adiudging hym to the fyre.

The blood) spoken of a blocke, as it were of a living creature, figuratiuely, and (as they saye) [*kat eikasmon*].

Hoarie lockes) metaphorically for withered leaues.

Hent) caught.

Nould) for would not.

Ay) euermore.

Wounds) gashes.

Enaunter) least that.

The priestes crewe) holy water pott, wherewith the popishe priest vsed to sprinckle & hallowe the trees from mischaunce. Such blindnesse was in those times, which the Poete supposeth, to haue bene the finall decay of thi s auncient Oake.

The blocke oft groned) A liuelye figure, whiche geueth sence and feeling to vnsensible creatures, as Virgile also sayeth: Saxa gemunt grauido &c.

Boreas) the Northerne wynd, that bringeth the most stormie weather.

Glee) chere and iollitie.

For scorning Eld) and minding (as shoulde seme) to haue made ryme to the former verse, he is conningly cutte of by Cuddye, as disdayning to here any more.

Galage) a startuppe or clownish shoe.

Embleme.

This embleme is spoken of Thenot, as a moral of his former tale: namelye, that God, which is himselfe most aged, being before al ages, and without beginninge, maketh those, whom he loueth like to himselfe, in heaping yeares vnto theyre dayes, and blessing them wyth longe lyfe. For the blessing of age is not giuen to all, but vnto those, whom God will so blesse: and albeit that many euil men reache vnto such fulnesse of yeares, and some also wexe olde in myserie and thraldome, yet therefore is not age euer the lesse blessing. For euen to such evill men such number of yeares is added, that they may in their last dayes repent, and come to their first home. So the old man checketh the rashheaded for despysing his gray and frosty heares.

Whom Cuddye doth counterbuff with a byting and bitter prouerbe, spoken indeede at the first in contempt of old age generally. for it was an old opinion, and yet is continued in some mens conceipt, that men of yeares have no

feare of god at al, or not so much as younger folke. For that being rypered with long experience, and hauing passed many bitter brunts and blastes of vengeance, they dread no stormes of Fortune, nor wrathe of Gods, nor daunger of menne, as being eyther by longe and ripe wisdome armed against all mischaunces and aduersitie, or with much trouble hardened against all troublesome tydes: lyke vnto the Ape, of which is sayd in Æsops fables, that oftentimes meeting the Lyon, he was at first sore aghast & dismayed at the grimnes and austeritie of hys countenance, but at last being acquainted with his lookes, he was so furre from fearing him, that he would familiarly gybe and iest with him: Suche long experience breedeth in some men securitie. Although it please Erasmus a great clerke and good old father, more fatherly and faourablye to construe it in his Adages for his own behoofe, That by the prouerbe *Nemo Senex metuit Iouem*, is not meant, that old men haue no feare of God at al, but that they be furre from superstition and Idolatrous regard of false Gods, as is Iupiter. But his greate learning notwithstanding, it is to plaine, to be gainsayd, that olde men are mucche more enclined to such fond fooleries, then younger heades.

Go on to [March](#).



The Shepheardes Calender: March

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March.



Ægloga Tertia.

ARGUMENT.

IN this Æglogue two shepherds boyes taking occasion of the season, beginne to make purpose of loue and other pleasaunce, which to springtime is most agreeable. The speciall meaning hereof is, to giue certaine markes and tokens, to know Cupide the Poets God of Loue. But more particularlye I thinke, in the person of Thomalin is meant some secrete freend, who scorned Loue and his knights so long, till at length him selfe was entangled, and unwares wounded with the dart of some beautifull regard, which is Cupides arrowe.

Willye Thomalin.

Thomalin, why sytten we soe,
As weren ouerwent with woe,
Vpon so fayre a morow?
The ioyous time now nighest fast,
That shall allegge this bitter blast,
And slake the winters sorowe.

Thomalin.

Sicker Willye, thou warnest well:
For Winters wrath beginnes to quell,
And pleasant spring appeareth.
The grasse now ginnes to be refresht,
The Swallow peepes out of her nest,
And clowdie Welkin cleareth.

Willye.

Seest not thilke same Hawthorne studde,
How bragly it beginnes to budde,
And vtter his tender head?
Flora now calleth forth eche flower,
And bids make ready Maias bowre,
That newe is vpryst from bedde.
Tho shall we sporten in delight,
And learne with Lettice to wexe light,
That scornefully lookes askaunce,
Tho will we little Loue awake,
That nowe sleepeth in Lethe lake,
And pray him leaden our daunce.

Thomalin.

Willye, I wene thou bee assott:
For lustie Loue still sleepeth not,
But is abroad at his game.

Willye.

How kenst thou, that he is awoke?
Or hast thy selfe his slomber broke?
Or made preuie to the same?

Thomalin.

No, but happely I hym spyde,
Where in a bush he did him hide,
With winges of purple and blewe.
And were not, that my sheepe would stray,
The preuie marks I would bewray,
Whereby by chaunce I him knewe.

Willye.

Thomalin, haue no care for thy,
My selfe will haue a double eye,
Ylike to my flocke and thine:
For als at home I haue a syre,
A stepdame eke as whott as fyre,
That dewly adayes counts mine.

Thomalin.

Nay, but thy seeing will not serue,
My sheepe for that may chaunce to swerue,
And fall into some mischiefe.
For sithens is but the third morowe,

That I chaunst to fall a sleepe with sorowe,
And waked againe with grieffe:
The while thilke same vnhappye Ewe,
Whose clouted legge her hurt doth shewe,
Fell headlong into a dell.
And there vnioynted both her bones:
Mought her necke bene ioynted attones,
She shoulde haue neede no more spell.
Thelf was so wanton and so wood,
(But now I trowe can better good)
She mought ne gang on the greene,

Willye.

Let be, as may be, that is past:
That is to come, let be forecast.
Now tell vs, what thou hast seene.

Thomalin.

It was vpon a holiday,
When shepherdes groomes han leaue to playe,
I cast to goe a shooting.
Long wandring vp and downe the land,
With bowe and bolts in either hand,
For birds in bushes tooting:
At length within an Yuie todde
(There shrouded was the little God)
I heard a busie bustling.
I bent my bow against the bush,
Listening if any thing did rushe,
But then heard no more rustling.
Tho peeping close into the thicke,
Might see the mouing of some quicke.
Whose shape appeared not:
But were it faerie, feend, or snake,
My courage earnd it to awake,
And manfully thereat shotte.

With that sprong forth a naked swayne,
With spotted winges like Peacocks trayne,
And laughing lope to a tree.
His gylden quiuer at his backe,
And silver bowe, which was but slacke,
Which lightly he bent at me.
That seeing, I leuelde againe,
And shott at him with might and maine,
As thicke, as it had hayled.
So long I shott, that al was spent:
Tho pumie stones I hastily hent,
And threwe: but nought availed:
He was so wimble, and so wight,
From bough to bough he lepped light,
And oft the pumies latched.
Therewith affrayd I ranne away:
But he, that earst seemd but to playe,
A shaft in earnest snatched,
And hit me running in the heele:
For then I little smart did feele:
But soone it sore encreased.
And now it ranckleth more and more,
And inwardly it festreth sore,
Ne wote I, how to cease it.

Willye.

Thomalin, I pittie thy plight.
Perdie with loue thou diddest fight:
I know him by a token.
For once I heard my father say,
How he him caught vpon a day,
(Whereof he wilbe wroken)
Entangled in a fowling net,
Which he for carrion Crowes had set,
That in our Peeretree haunted.
Tho sayd, he was a winged lad,
But bowe and shafts as then none had:
Els had he sore be daunted.
But see the Welkin thicks apace,

And stouping *Phebus* steepes his face:
Yts time to hast vs homeward.

Willyes Embleme.

*To be wise and eke to loue,
Is graunted scarce to God aboue.*

Thomalins Embleme.

*Of Hony and of Gaule in loue there is store:
The Honye is much, but the Gaule is more.*

GLOSS.

THIS Æglogue seemeth somewhat to resemble that same of Theocritus, wherein the boy likewise telling the old man, that he had shot at a winged boy in a tree, was by hym warned, to beware of mischief to come.

Ouerwent) overgone.

Alegge) to lessen or aswage.

To quell) to abate.

Welkin) the skie.

The swallow) which bird vseth to be counted the messenger, as it were, the fore runner of springe.

Flora) the Goddesse of flowres, but indede (as saith Tacitus) a famous harlot, which with the abuse of her body hauing gotten great riches, made the people of Rome her heyre: who in remembrance of so great beneficence, appointed a yearely feste for the memoriall of her, calling her, not as she was, nor as some doe think, Andronica, but Flora: making her the Goddesse of all floures, and doing yerely to her solemne sacrifice.

Maias bowre) that is the pleasaunt field, or rather the Maye bushes. Maia is a Goddes and the mother of Mercurie, in honour of whome the moneth of Maye is of her name so called, as sayth Macrobius.

Lettice) the name of some country lasse.

Ascaunce) askewe or asquint.

For thy) therefore.

Lethe) is a lake in hell, which the Poetes call the lake of forgetfulnes. For Lethe signifieth forgetfulnes. Wherein the soules being dipped, did forget the cares of their former lyfe. So that by loue sleeping in Lethe lake, he meaneth he was almost forgotten and out of knowledge, by reason of winters hardnesse, when al pleasures, as it were, sleepe and weare out of mynde.

Assotte) to dote.

His slomber) To breake Loues slomber, is to exercise the delightes of Loue and wanton pleasures.

Winges of purple) so is he feigned of the Poetes.

For als) he imitateth Virgils verse.

Est mihi namque domi pater, est iniusta nouerca &c.

A dell) a hole in the ground.

Spell) is a kind of verse or charme, that in elder tymes they vsed often to say ouer euery thing, that they would haue preserued, as the Nightspel for theeues, and the woodspell. And herehence I thinke is named the gospell, as it were Gods spell or worde. And so sayth Chaucer, Listeneth Lordings to my spell.

Gange) goe

An Yuie todde) a thicke bushe.

Swaine) a boye: for so he is described of the Poetes, to be a boye .s. alwayes freshe and lustie: blindfolded, because he maketh no difference of Personages: wyth diuers coloured winges, .s. ful of flying fancies: with bowe and arrow, that is with glaunce of beautye, which prycketh as a forked arrowe. He is sayd also to haue shafts, some leaden, some golden: that is, both pleasure for the gracious and loued, and sorow for the louer that is disdayned or forsaken. But who liste more at large to behold Cupids colours and furniture, let him reade ether Propertius, or Moschus his Idyllion of wandring loue, being now most excellently translated into Latine by the singuler learned man Angelus Politianus: Whych worke I haue seene amongst other of thys Poets doings, very wel translated also into Englishe Rymes.

Wimble and wighte) Quicke and deliuer.

In the heele) is very Poetically spoken, and not without speciall iudgement. For I remember, that in Homer it is

sayd of Thetis, that shee tooke her young babe Achilles being newly borne, and holding him by the heele, dipped him in the River of Styx. The vertue whereof is, to defend and keepe the bodyes washed therein from any mortall wound. So Achilles being washed al ouer, saue anely his hele, by which his mother held, was in the rest [invulnerable]: therefore by Paris was feyned to bee shotte with a poysoned arrowe in the heele, whiles he was busie about the marying of Polyena in the temple of Apollo. Which mysticall fable Eustathius vnfolding, sayth: that by wounding in the hele, is meant lustfull loue. For from the heele (as say the best Phisitions) to the preuie partes there passe certaine veines and slender synnewes, as also the like come from the head, and are carryed lyke little pypes behynd the eares: so that (as sayth Hippocrates) yf those veynes there be cut a sonder, the partie straighte becometh cold and vnfruitful. which reason our Poete wel weighing, maketh this shepherds boye of purpose to be wounded by Loue in the heele.

Latched) caught.

Wroken) reuenged.

For once) In this tale is sette out the simplicitie of shepherds opinion of Loue.

Stouping Phaebus) Is a Periphrasis of the sunne setting.

Embleme.

Hereby is meant, that all the delights of Loue, wherein wanton youth walloweth, be but follye mixt with bitternesse, and sorow sawced with repentaunce. For besides that the very affection of Loue it selfe tormenteth the mynde, and vexeth the body many wayes, with vnrestfulnesse all night, and wearines all day, seeking for that we can not haue: euen the selfe things which best before vs liked, in course of time and chaung of ryper yeares, whiche also therewithall chaungeth our wonted lyking and former fantasies, will then seeme lothsome and breede vs annoyaunce, when yougthes flowre is withered, and we fynde our bodyes and wits aunswere not to suche vayne iollitie and lustfull pleasaunce.

Go on to [April](#).



The Shepherdes Calender: April

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Aprill.



Ægloga Quarta.

ARGUMENT.

This Æglogue is purposely intended to the honor and prayse of our most gracious souereigne, Queene Elizabeth. The speakers herein be Hobbinoll and Thenott, two shepherdes: The which Hobinoll being before mentioned, greatly to haue loued Colin, is here set forth more largely, complayning him of that boyes great misaduenture in Loue, whereby his mynd was alienate and with drawen not onely from him, who moste loued him, but also from all former delightes and studies, aswell in pleasaunt pyping, as conning ryming and singing, and other his laudable exercises. Whereby he taketh occasion, for prooffe of his more excellencie and skill in poetrie, to recorde a song, which the sayd Colin sometime made in honor of her Maiestie, whom abruptly he termeth Elysa.

Thenot. Hobbinoll.

Tell me good Hobbinoll, what garres thee greete?
What? hath some Wolfe thy tender Lambes ytorne?
Or is thy Bagpype broke, that soundes so sweete?
Or art thou of thy loued lasse forlorne?

Or bene thine eyes attempred to the yeare,
Quenching the gasping furrowes thirst with rayne?
Like April shoure, so stremes the trickling teares
Adowne thy cheeke, to quenche thye thirstye payne.

Hobbinoll.

Nor thys, not that, so muche doeth make me mourne,
But for the ladde, whom long I lovd so deare,
Nowe loues a lasse, that all his loue doth scorne:
He plinged in payne, his tressed locks dooth teare.

Shepherds delights he dooth them all forswear,
Hys pleasaunt Pipe, whych made vs meriment,
He wylfully hath broke, and doth forbear
His wonted songs, wherein he all outwent.

Thenot.

What is he for a Ladde, you so lament?
Ys loue such pinching payne to them, that proue?
And hath he skill to make so excellent,
Yet hath so little skill to brydle loue?

Hobbinoll.

Colin thou kenst, the Southerne shepherdes boye:
Him Loue hath wounded with a deadly darte.
Whilome on him was all my care and ioye,
Forcing with gyfts to winne his wanton heart.

But now from me hys madding mynd is starte,
And woes the Widdowes daughter of the glenne:
So now fayre *Rosalind* hath bred hys smart,
So now his frend is changed for a frenne.

Thenot.

But if his ditties bene so trimly dight,
I pray thee *Hobbinoll*, record some one:
The whiles our flockes doe graze about in sight,
And we close shrowded in thys shade alone.

Hobbinol.

Contented I: then will I singe his laye
Of fayre *Elisa*, Queene of shepherdes all:
Which once he made, as by a spring he laye,
And tuned it vnto the Waters fall.



Ye dayntye Nymphs, that in this blessed Brooke
doe bathe your brest,
Forsake your watry bowres, and hether looke,
at my request:
And eke you Virgins, that on *Parnasse* dwell,
Whence floweth Helicon the learned well,

Helpe me to blaze
Her worthy praise,
Which in her sexe doth all excell.

Of fayre *Elisa* be your siluer song,
that blessed wight:
The flowre of Virgins, may shee flourish long,
In princely plight.

For she is Syrinx daughter without spotte,
Which Pan the shepherds God of her begot:
So sprong her grace
Of heauenly race,
No mortal blemishe may her blotte.

See, where she sits vpon the grassie greene,
(O seemly sight)
Yclad in Scarlot like a mayden Queene,
And Ermines white.
Vpon her head a Cremosin coronet,
With Damaske roses and Dafadillies set:
Bayleaues betweene,
And Primroses greene
Embellish the sweete Violet.

Tell me, haue ye seene her angelick face,
Like Phoebe fayre?
Her heauenly haueour, her princely grace
can you well compare?
The Redde rose medled with the White yfere,
In either cheeke depeincten liuely chere.
Her modest eye,
Her Maiestie,
Where haue you seene the like, but there?

I sawe Phoebus thrust out his golden hedde,
vpon her to gaze:
But when he sawe, how broade her beames did spredde,
it did him amaze.
He blusht to see another Sunne belowe,
Ne durst againe his fyrye face out showe:
Let him, if he dare,
His brightnesse compare
With hers, to haue the ouerthrowe.

Shewe thy selfe Cynthia with thy siuer rayes,
and be not abasht:
When shee the beames of her beauty displayes,
O how art thou dasht?
But I will not match her with Latonaes seede,
Such follie great sorow to Niobe did breede.

Now she is a stone,
And makes dayly mone,
Warning all others to take heede.

Pan may be proud, that euer he begot
such a Bellibone,
And *Syrinx* reioyse, that euer was her lot
to beare such an one.
Soone as my younglings cryen for the dam,
To her will I offer a milkwhite Lamb:
Shee is my goddesse plaine,
And I her shepherds swayne,
Albee forswonck and forswatt I am.

I see Calliope speede her to the place,
Where my Goddesse shines:
And after her the other Muses trace,
with their Violines.
Bene they not Bay braunches, which they doe beare,
All for *Elisa*, in her hand to weare?
So sweetely they play,
And sing all the way,
That it a heauen is to heare.

Lo how finely the graces can it foote
to the Instrument:
They daucen deffly, and singen soote,
in their merriment.
Wants [not] a fourth grace, to make the daunce euen?
Let that rowme to my Lady be yeuen:
She shalbe a grace,
To fyll the fourth place,
And reigne with the rest in heauen.

And whither rennes this beuie of Ladies bright,
raunged in a rowe?
They bene all Ladyes of the lake behight,
that vnto her goe.
Chloris, that is the chiefest Nymph of al,
Of Oliue braunches beares a Coronall:
Oliues bene for peace,
When wars doe surcease:

Such for a Princesse bene principall.

Ye shepherds daughters, that dwell on the greene,
hye you there apace:

Let none come there, but that Virgins bene,
to adorne her grace.

And when you come, whereas shee is in place,
See, that your rudenesse doe not you disgrace:

Binde your fillets faste,

And gird in your waste,

For more finesse with a tawdrie lace.

Bring hether the Pincke and purple Cullambine,
With Gelliflowres:

Bring Coronations, and Sops in wine,
worne of Paramoures.

Strowe me the ground with Daffadowndillies,
And Cowslips, and Kingcups, and loued Lillies:

The pretie Pawnce,

And the Cheuisaunce,

Shall match with the fayre flowre Delice.

Now ryse vp *Elisa*, decked as thou art,
in royall aray:

And now ye daintie Damsells may depart
echeone her way,

I feare, I haue troubled your troupes to longe:

Let dame *Eliza* thanke you for her song.

And if you come hether,

When Damsines I gether,

I will part them all you among.

Thenot.

And was thilk same song of *Colins* owne making?

Ah foolish boy, that is with loue yblent:

Great pittie is, he be in such taking,

For nought caren, that bene so lewdly bent.

Hobbinol.

Sicker I hold him, for a greater fon,
That loues the thing, he cannot purchase.
But let vs homeward: for night draweth on,
And twincling starres the daylight hence chase.

Thenots Embleme.

O quam te memorem virgo?

Hobbinols Embleme.

O dea certe.

G L O S S E.

Gars thee greete) causeth thee to weepe and complain.

Forlorne) left & forsaken.

Attempred to the yeare) agreeable to the season of the yeare. that is Aprill, which moneth is most bent to shoures and seasonable rayne: to quench, that is, to delaye the drought, caused through drynesse of March wyndes.

The Ladde) Colin Clout)

The Lasse) Rosalinda.

Tressed locks) wrethed & curled.

Is he for a ladde) A straunge manner of speaking .s. what maner of Ladde is he?

To make) to rime and versifye. For in this word making, our olde Englishe Poetes were wont to comprehend all the skil of Poetrye, according to the Greeke woorde [*poiein*], to make, whence commeth the name of Poets.

Colin thou kenst) knowest. Seemeth hereby that Colin perteyneth to some Southern noble man, and perhaps in Surrye or Kent, the rather bicause he so often nameth the Kentish downes, and before, As lythe as lasse of Kent.

The Widowes) He calleth Rosalind the Widowes daughter of the glenne, that is, of a country Hamlet or borough, which I thinke is rather sayde to coloure and concele the person, then simply spoken. For it is well knowen, euen in spight of Colin and Hobbinoll, that shee is a Gentle woman of no meane house, nor endewed with anye vulgare and common gifts both of nature and manners: but such indeede, as neede nether Colin be ashamed to haue her made knowne by his verses, nor Hobbinoll be greued, that so she should be commended to immortalitie for her rare and singular Vertues: Specially deserving it no lesse, then eyther Myrto the most excellent Poete Theocritus his dearling, or Lauretta the diuine Petrarches Goddesse, or Himera the worthye Poete Stesichorus hys Idole: Vpon whom he is sayd so much to haue doted, that in regard of her excellencie, he scorned & wrote against the beauty of Helena. For which his praesumptuous and vnheedie hardinesse, he is sayde by vengeance of the Gods, thereat being offended, to haue lost bothe his eyes.

Frenne) a straunger. The word I thinke was first poetically put, and afterwarde vsed in commen custome of speach of forenne.

Dight) adorned.

Laye) a songe. as Roundelayes and Virelayes. In all this songe is not to be respected, what the worthinesse of her Maiestie deserueth, nor what to the highnes of a Prince is agreeable, but what is moste comely for the meanesse of a shepherds witte, or to conceiue, or to vtter. And therefore he calleth her Elysa, as through rudenesse tripping in her name: & a shepherds daughter, it being very vnfit, that a shepherds boy brought vp in the shepefold, should know, or euer seme to haue heard of a Queenes roialty.

Ye daintie) is, as it were an Exordium ad preparandos animos.

Virgins) the nine Muses, daughters of Apollo and Memorie, whose abode the Poets faine to be on Parnassus, a hill in Grece, for that in that countrie specially florished the honor of all excellent studies.

Helicon) is both the name of a fountaine at the foote of Parnassus, and also of a mounteine in Baeotia, out of which floweth the famous Spring Castalius, dedicate also to the Muses: of which spring it is sayd, that when Pegasus the winged horse of Perseus (whereby is meant fame and flying renowme) strooke the grownde with his hoofe, sodenly thereout sprange a wel of moste cleare and pleasaunte water, which from thence forth was consecrate to the Muses & Ladies of learning.

Your siluer song) seemeth to imitate the lyke in Hesiodus [*argureon melos*>].

Syrinx) is the name of a Nymphe of Arcadie, whom when Pan being in loue pursued, she flying from him, of the Gods was turned into a reede. So that Pan catching at the Reedes in stede of the Damosell, and puffing hard (for he was almost out of wind) with hys breath made the Reedes to pype: which he seeing, tooke of them, and in remembraunce of his lost loue, made him a pype thereof. But here by Pan and Syrinx is not to bee thoughte, that the shepherde simplye meante those Poetical Gods: but rather supposing (as seemeth) her graces progenie to be diuine and immortall (so as the Paynims were wont to iudge of all Kinges and Princes, according to Homeres saying.

[*Thumos de megas esti diotrepheos Basileos,*]

[time d' ek dios esti philei o metiea Zeus])

could deuise no parents in his iudgement so worthy for her, as Pan the shepeheards God, and his best beloued Syrx. So that by Pan is here meant the most famous and victorious King, her highnesse Father, late of worthy memorye K. Henry the eyght. And by that name, oftymes (as hereafter appeareth) be noted kings and mighty Potentates: And in some place Christ himself, who is the verye Pan and god of Shepherdes.

Cremsin coronet) he deuiseh her crowne to be of the finest and most delicate flowers, instede of perles and precious stones, wherewith Princes Diademes vse to bee adorned and embost.

Embellish) beautifye and set out.

Phebe) the Moone, whom the Poets faine to be sister vnto Phaebus, that is the Sunne.

Medled) mingled.

Yfere) together. By the mingling of the Redde rose and the White, is meant the vning of the two principall houses of Lancaster and of Yorke: by whose longe discord and deadly debate, this realm many yeares was sore traueiled, & almost cleane decayed. Til the famous Henry the seuenth, of the line of Lancaster, taking to wife the most vertuous Princesse Elisabeth, daughter to the fourth Edward of the house of Yorke, begat the most royal Henry the eyght aforesayde, in whom was the firste vnion of the Whyte Rose and the Redde.

Calliope)one of the nine Muses: to whome they assigne the honor of all Poeticall Inuention, and the firste glorie of the Heroicall verse. other say, that shee is the Goddess of Rhetorick: but by Virgile it is manifeste, that they mystake the thyng. For there in hys Epigrams, that arte semeth to be attributed to Polymnia, saying: Signat cuncta manu, loquiturque Polymnia gestu. which seemeth specially to be meant of Action and elocution, both special partes of Rhetorick: besyde that her name, which (as some construe it) importeth great remembraunce, conteineth another part. but I holde rather with them, which call her Polymnia or Polyhymnia of her good singing.

Bay branches) be the signe of honor & victory, & therfore of myghty Conquerors worn in theyr triumphes, & eke of famous Poets, as saith Petrarch in hys Sonets.

Arbor vittoriosa triumphale,
Honor d'Imperadori & di Poeti, &c.

The Graces) be three sisters, the daughters of Iupiter, whose names are Aglaia, Thalia, Euphrosyne, & Homer onely addeth a fourth .s. Pasithea) otherwise called Charites, that is thanks. whom the Poetes feyned to be the Godd esses of al bountie & comelines, which therefore (as sayth Theodontius) they make three, to wete, that men first ought to be gracious & bountiful to other freely, then to receiue benefits at other mens hands curteously, and thirdly to requite them thankfully: which are three sundry Actions in liberalitie. And Boccace saith, that they be painted naked, (as they were indeede on the tombe of C. Iulius Cæsar) the one hauing her backe toward vs, and her face fromwarde, as proceeding from vs: the other two toward vs, noting double thanke to be due to vs for the benefit, we haue done.

Deaffly) Finely and nimbly.

Soote) Sweete.

Meriment) Mirth.

Beuie) A beuie of Ladyes, is spoken figuratiuely for a company or troupe. the terme is taken of Larkes. For they say a Beuie of Larkes, euen as a Couey of Partridge, or an eye of Pheasaunts.

Ladyes of the lake) be Nymphes. For it was an olde opinion amongst the Auncient Heathen, that of euery spring and fountaine was a goddesse the Soueraigne. Whiche opinion stucke in the myndes of men not manye yeares sithence, by meanes of certain fine fablers and lowd lyers, such as were the Authors of King Arthure the great and such like, who tell many an vnlawfull leasing of the Ladyes of the Lake, that is, the Nymphes. For the word Nymph in Greeke signifieth Well water, or otherwise a Spouse or Bryde.

[Behight]) called or named.

Cloris) the name of a Nymph, and signifieth greenesse, of whome is sayd, that Zephyrus the Westerne wind being in loue with her, and coueting her to wyfe, gaue her for a dowrie, the chiefedome and soueraignty of al flowres and greene herbes, growing on earth.

Oliues bene) The Oliue was wont to be the ensigne of Peace and quietnesse, eyther for that it cannot be planted and pruned, and so carefully looked to, as it ought, but in time of peace: or els for that the Oliue tree, they say, will not growe neare the Firre tree, which is dedicate to Mars the God of battaile, and vsed most for speares and other instruments of warre. Whereupon is finely feigned, that when Neptune and Minerua strove for the naming of the citie of Athens, Neptune striking the ground with his mace, caused a horse to come forth, that importeth warre, but at Mineruaes stroke sprong out an Oliue, so note that it should be a nurse of learning, and such peaceable studies.

Binde your) Spoken rudely, and according to shepherdes simplicitye.

Bring) all these be names of flowers. Sops in wine a flowre in colour much like to a Coronation, but differeing in smel and quantite. Flowre delice, that which they vse to misterme, Flowre de luce, being in Latine called Flos delitiarum.

A Bellibone) or a bonibell. homely spoken for a fayre mayde or Bonilasse.

Forswonck and forswatt) ouerlaboured and sunneburnt.

I saw Phaebus) the sunne. A sensible Narration, and present view of the thing mentioned, which they call [*parousia*].

Cynthia) the Moone so called of Cynthus a hyll, where she was honored.

Latonaes seede) Was Apollo and Diana. Whom when as Niobe the wife of Amphion scorned, in respect of the noble fruct of her wombe, namely her seuen sonnes, and so many daughters, Latona being therewith displeased, commaunded her sonne Phoebus to slea al the sonnes, and Diana all the daughters: whereat the vnfortunate Niobe being sore dismayed, and lamenting out of measure, was feigned of the Poetes, to be turned into a stone vpon the sepulchre of her children. for which cause the shepheard sayth, he will not compare her to them, for feare of like mysfortune.

Now rise) is the conclusion. For hauing so decked her with prayses and comparisons, he returneth all the thanck of hys laboure to the excellencie of her Maiestie.

When Damsins) A base reward of a clownish giuer.

Yblent) Y, is a poeticall addition. blent blinded.

Embleme

This Poesye is taken out of Virgile, and there of him vsed in the person of Æneas to his mother Venus, appearing to him in likenesse of one of Dianaes damosells: being there most diuinely set forth. To which similitude of diuinitie Hobbinoll comparing the excelency of Elisa, and being through the worthynes of Colins song, as it were ouercome with the hugenesse of his imagination, brusteth out in great admiration, (O quam te memore virgo?) being otherwise vnhabable, then by soddein silence, to expresse the worthinesse of his conceipt. Whom Thenot answereth with another part of the like verse, as confirming by his graunt and approuaunce, that Elisa is nowhit inferiour to the Maiestie of her, of whome that Poete so boldly pronounced, O dea certe.

Go on to [May](#).



Renaissance Editions

The Shepherdes Calender: May

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Maye.



Ægloga Quinta.

ARGUMENT.

In this [fifte] Æglogue, vnder the persons of two shepherds Piers & Palinodie, be represented two formes of pastoures or Ministers, or the protestant and the Catholique: whose chiefe talke standeth in reasoning, whether the life of the one must be like the other. with whom hauing shewed, that it is daungerous to mainteine any felowship, or giue too much credit to their colourable and feyned goodwill, he telleth him a tale of the foxe, that by such a counterpoynt of craftines deceiued and deuoured the credulous kidde.

Palinode. Piers,

IS not thilke the mery moneth of May,
When loue lads masken in fresh aray?
How falles it then, we no merrier bene,
Ylike as others, girt in gawdy greene?
Our bloncket liueryes bene all to sadde,
For thilke same season, when all is ycladd
With pleasaunce: the grownd with grasse, the Wods
With greene leaues, the bushes with bloosming Buds.
Youghthes folke now flocken in euery where,
To gather may bus-kets and smelling brere:
And home they hasten the postes to dight,
And all the Kirke pillours eare day light,
With Hawthorne buds, and swete Eglantine,
And girlonds of roses and Sopps in wine.
Such merimake holy Saints doth queme,
But we here sytten as drownd in a dreme.

PIERS.

For Younkers *Palinode* such follies fitte,
But we tway bene men of elder witt.

PALINODE.

Sicker this morrowe, ne lenger agoe,
I sawe a shole of shepehardes outgoe,
With singing, and shouting, and iolly chere:
Before them yode a lusty Tabrere,
That to the many a Horne pype playd,
Whereto they dauncen eche one with his mayd.
To see those folkes make such iouysaunce,
Made my heart after the pype to daunce.
Tho to the greene Wood they speeden hem all,
To fetchen home May with their musicall:
And home they bringen in a royall throne,

Crowned as king: and his Queene attone
Was Lady Flora, on whom did attend
A fayre flock of Faeries, and a fresh bend
Of louely Nymphes. (O that I were there,
To helpen the Ladyes their Maybush beare)
Ah *Piers*, bene not thy teeth on edge, to thinke
How great sport they gaynen with little swinck.

PIERS.

Perdie so farre am I from enuie,
That their fondnesse inly I pitie.
Those faytours little regarden their charge,
While they letting their sheepe runne at large,
Passen their time, that should be sparely spent,
In lustihede and wanton meryment.
Thilke same bene shepeheardes for the Deuils stedde,
That playen while their flockes be vnfedde.
Well is it seene, theyr sheepe bene not their owne,
That letten them runne at randon alone.
But they bene hyred for little pay
Of other, that caren as little as they,
What fallen the flocke, so they han the fleece,
And get all the gayne, paying but a peece.
I muse, what account both these will make,
The one for the hire, which he doth take,
And thother for leauing his Lords tas-ke,
When [great] Pan account of shepeherdes shall aske.

PALINODE.

Sicker now I see thou speakest of spight,
All for thou lackest somedele their delight.
I (as I am) had rather be enuied,
All were it of my foe, then fonly pitied:
And yet if neede were, pitied would be,
Rather, then other should scorne at me:
For pittied is mishappe, that nas remedie,

But scorned bene dedes of [fond] foolerie.
What shoulde shepherds other things tend,
Then sith their God his good does them send,
Reapen the fruite thereof, that is pleasure,
The while they here liuen, at ease and leasure?
For when they bene dead, their good is ygoe,
They sleepe in rest, well as other moe.
Tho with them wends, what they spent in cost,
But what they left behind them, is lost.
Good is no good, but if it be spend:
God giueth good for none other end.

PIERS.

Ah *Palinodie*, thou art a worldes childe:
Who touches Pitch mought needes be defilde.
But shepherds (as Algrind vsed to say,)
Mought not liue ylike, as men of the laye:
With them it sits to care for their heire,
Enaunter their heritage doe impaire:
They must prouide for meanes of maintenaunce,
And to continue their wont countenaunce.
But shepherd must walke another way,
Sike worldly souenance he must foresay.
The sonne of his loines why should he regard
To leaue enriched with that he hath spard?
Should not thilke God, that gaue him that good,
Eke cherish his child, if in his wayes he stood?
For if he misliue in leudnes and lust,
Little bootes all the welth and the trust,
That his father left by inheritaunce:
All will be soone wasted with misgouernaunce.
But through this, and other their miscreaunce,
They maken many a wrong cheuisaunce,
Heaping vp waues of welth and woe,
The floddes whereof shall them ouerflowe.
Sike mens follie I cannot compare
Better, then to the Apes folish care,
That is so enamoured of her young one,
(And yet God wote, such cause hath she none)
That with her hard hold, and straight embracing,

She stoppeth the breath of her youngling.
So often times, when as good is meant,
Euil ensueth of wrong entent.

The time was once, and may againe retorne,
(For ought may happen, that hath bene beforene)
When shepeheardes had none inheritaunce,
Ne of land, nor fee in sufferauance:
But what might arise of the bare sheepe,
(Were it more or lesse) which they did keepe.
Well ywis was it with shepheards thoe:
Nought hauing, nought feared they to forgoe.
For Pan himselte was their inheritaunce,
And little them serued for their mayntenaunce.
The [shepheards] God so wel them guided,
That of nought they were vnprouided,
Butter enough, honye, milke, and whay,
And their flockes fleeces, them to araye.
But tract of time, and long prosperitie:
That nource of vice, this of insolencie,
Lulled the shepheards in suc securitie,
That not content with loyal obeysaunce,
Some gan to gape for greedie gouernaunce,
And match them selte with mighty potentates,
Louers of Lordship and troublers of states:
Tho gan shepheards swaines to looke a loft,
And leaue to liue hard, and learne to ligge soft:
Tho vnder colour of shepeheardes, somewhile
There crept in Wolues, ful of fraude and guile,
That often deuoured their owne sheepe,
And often the shepheards, that did hem keepe.
This was the first sourse of shepheards sorowe,
That now nill be quitt with baile, nor borrowe.

PALINODE.

Three things to beare, bene very burdenous,
But the fourth to forbear, is outragious.
Wemen that of Loues longing once lust,
Hardly forbear, but haue it they must:
So when choler is inflamed with rage,
Wanting reuenge, is hard to asswage:

And who can counsell a thristie soule,
With patience to forbear the offred bowle?
But of all burdens, that a man can beare,
Moste is, a fooles talke to beare and to heare.
I wene the Geaunt has not such a weight,
That beares on his shoulders the heauens height.
Thou findest faulte, where nys to be found,
And buildest strong warke vpon a weake ground:
Thou raylest on right withouten reason,
And blamest hem much, for small encheason.
How shoulde shepherdes liue, if not so?
What? should they pynen in payne and woe?
Nay sayd I thereto, by my deare borrowe,
If I may rest, I nill liue in sorrowe.
Sorrowe ne neede be hastened on:
For he will come without calling anone.
While times endure of tranquillitie,
Vsen we freely our felicitie.
For when approchen the stormie stowres,
We mought with our shoulders beare of the sharpe showres.
And sooth to sayne, nought seemeth sike strife,
That shepherdes so witen ech others life,
And layen her faults the world beforne,
The while their foes done eache of hem scorne.
Let none mislike of that may not be mended:
So conteck soone by concord mought be ended.

PIERS.

Shepherd, I list none accordaunce make
With shepherd, that does the right way forsake.
And of the twaine, if choice were to me,
Had leuer my foe, then my freend he be.
For what concord han light and darke sam?
Or what peace has the Lion with the Lambe?
Such faitors, when their false harts bene hidde,
Will doe, as did the Foxe by the Kidde.

PALINODE.

Now *Piers*, of felowship, tell vs that saying:
For the Ladde can keepe both our flocks from straying.

PIERS.

Thilke same Kidde (as I can well deuse
Was too very foolish and vnwise.
For on a tyme in Sommer season,
The Gate her dame, that had good reason,
Yode forth abroade vnto the greene wood,
To brouze, or play, or what shee thought good.
But for she had a motherly care
Of her young sonne, and wit to beware,
Shee set her youngling before her knee,
That was both fresh and louely to see,
And full of fauour, as kidde mought be:
His Vellet head began to shoot out,
And his wreathed hornes gan newly sprout:
The blossomes of lust to bud did beginne,
And spring forth ranckly vnder his chinne.
My sonne (quoth she) (and with that gan weepe:
For carefull thoughts in her heart did creepe)
God blesse thee poore Orphane, as he mought me,
And send thee ioy of thy iollitee.
Thy father (that word she spake with payne:
For a sigh had nigh rent her heart in twaine)
Thy father, had he liued this day,
To see the braunche of his body displaie,
How would he haue ioyed at this sweete sight?
But ah false Fortune such ioy did him spight,
And cutte of hys dayes with vntimely woe,
Betraying him into the traines of hys foe.
Now I a wayfull widdowe behight,
Of my old age haue this one delight,
To see thee succede in thy fathers steade,
And flourish in flowres of lusty head.
For euen so thy father his head vpheld,
And so his hauty hornes did he weld.

Tho marking him with melting eyes,
A thrilling throbbe from her hart did aryse,
And interrupted all her other speache,
With some old sorowe, that made a new breache:
Seemed shee sawe in the younglings face
The old lineaments of his fathers grace.
At last her solein silence she broke,
And gan his newe budded beard to stroke.

Kiddie (quoth shee) thou kenst the great care,
I have of thy health and thy welfare,
Which many wylde beastes liggen in waite,
For to entrap in thy tender state:
But most the Foxe, maister of collusion:
For he has voued thy last confusion.
For thy my Kiddie be ruld by mee,
And neuer giue trust to his trecheree.
And if he chaunce come, when I am abroad,
Sperre the yate fast for feare of fraude:
Ne for all his worst, nor for his best,
Open the dore at his request.

So schooled the Gate her wanton sonne,
That answerd his mother, all should be done.
Tho went the pensife Damme out of dore,
And chaunst to stomble at the threshold flore:
Her stombling steppe some what her amazed,
(For such, as signes of ill luck bene dispraised)
Yet forth shee yode thereat halfe aghast:
And Kiddie the dore sperred after her fast.
It was not long, after shee was gone,
But the false Foxe came to the dore anone:
Not as a Foxe, for then he had be kend,
But all as a poore pedlar he did wend,
Bearing a trusse of tryfles at hys backe,
As bells, and babes, and glasses in hys packe.
A Biggen he had got about his brayne,
For in his headpeace he felt a sore payne.
His hinder heele was wrapt in a clout,
For with great cold he had gotte the gout.
There at the dore he cast me downe hys pack,
And layd him downe, and groned, Alack, Alack.
Ah deare Lord, and sweet Saint Charitee,
That some good body woulde once pitie mee.
Well heard Kiddie al this sore constraint,

And lenged to know the cause of his complaint:
Tho creeping close behind the Wickets clinck,
Preuelie he peeped out through a chinck:
Yet not so preuelie, but the Foxe him spyed:
For deceitfull meaning is double eyed.

Ah good young maister (then gan he crye)
Iesus blesse that sweete face, I espye,
And keepe your corpse from the carefull stounds,
That in my carrion carcas abounds.
The Kidd pittying hys heauinesse,
Asked the cause of his great distresse,
And also who, and whence that he were.
Tho he, that had well ycond his lere,
Thus medled his talke with many a teare,
Sicke, sicke, alas, and little lack of dead,
But I be relieued by your beastlyhead.

I am a poore Sheepe, albe my coloure donne:
For with long traueile I am brent in the sonne.
And if that my Grandsire me sayd, be true,
Sicker I am very sybbe to you:

So be your goodlihead doe not disdayne
The base kinred of so simple swaine.
Of mercye and favour then I you pray,
With your ayd to forstall my neere decay.

Tho out of his packe a glasse he tooke:
Wherein while kiddie vnwares did looke,
He was so enamoured with the newell,
That nought he deemed deare for the iewell.
Tho opened he the dore, and in came
The false Foxe, as he were starke lame.
His tayle he clapt betwixt his legs twayne,
Lest he should be descried by his trayne.

Being within, the Kidde made him good glee,
All for the loue of the glasse he did see.
After his chere the Pedlar can chat,
And tell many lesings of this, and that:
And how he could shewe many a fine knack.
Tho shewed his ware, and opened his packe,
All saue a bell, which he left behind
In the bas-ket for the Kidde to fynd.
Which when the Kidde stooped down to catch,
He popt him in, and his bas-ket did latch,

Ne stayed he once, the dore to make fast,
But ran away with him in all hast.
Home when the doubtful Damme had her hyde,
She mought see the dore stand open wyde.
All aghast, lowdly she gan to call
Her Kidde: but he nould answer at all.
Tho on the flore she sawe the merchandise,
Of which her sonne had sette to dere a prise.
What helpe? her Kidde shee knewe well was gone:
Shee weeped, and wayled, and made great mone.
Such end had the Kidde, for he nould warned be
Of craft coloured with simplicitie:
And such end perdie does all hem remayne,
That of such false freendship bene fayne.

PALINODIE.

Truly *Piers*, thou art beside thy wit,
Furthest fro the marke, weening it to hit.
Now I pray thee, lette me thy tale borrowe
For our sir Iohn, to say to morrowe
At the Kerke, when it is holliday:
For well he meanes, but little can say.
But and if Foxes bene so crafty, as so,
Much needeth all shepherds hem to know.

PIERS.

Of their falshode more could I recount.
But now the bright Sunne gynneth to dismount:
And for the deawie night now doth nye,
I hold it best for vs, home to hye.

Palinodes Embleme.

[*Pas men apiotos apistei*]

Piers his Embleme.

[*Tis d' ara piotis apisto*]

GLOSSE.

Thilke) this same moneth. It is applyed to the season of the moneth, when all menne delight them selues with pleasaunce of fieldes, and gardens, and garments.

Bloncket liueries) gray coates.

Yclad) arrayed, Y, redoundeth, as before.

In euery where) a straunge, yet proper kind of speaking.

Buskets) a Diminutiue .s. little bushes of hauthorne.

Kirke) church.

Queme) please.

A shole) a multitude; taken of fishe, whereof some going in great companies, are sayde to swimme in a shole.

Yode) went.

Iouyssance) ioye.

Swinck) labour.

Inly) entirely

Faytours) vagabonds.

Great pan) is Christ, the very God of all the shepherds, which calleth himselfe the greate and good shepherd. The name is most rightly (me thinkes) applyed to him, for Pan signifieth all or omnipotent, which is onely the Lord Iesus. And by that name (as I remember) he is called of Eusebius in his fifte booke de Preparat. Euang; who thereof telleth a proper storye to that purpose. Which story is first recorded of Plutarch, in his booke of the ceasing of oracles, & of Lauetere translated, in his booke of walking sprights. Who sayth, that about the same time, that our Lord suffered his most bitter passion for the redemption of man, certein passengers sayling from Italy to Cyprus and passing by certein Iles called Paxae, heard a voyce calling alowde Thamus, Thamus, (now

Thamus was the name of an Ægyptian, which was Pilote of the ship,) who giuing eare to the cry, was bidden, when he came to Palodes, to tel, that the great Pan was dead: which he doubting to doe, yet for that he came to Palodes, there sodeinly was such a calm of winde, that the shippe stode still in the sea vnmoued, he was forced to cry aloud, that Pan was dead: wherewithall there was heard suche piteous outcryes and dreadfull shriking, as hath not bene the like. By whych Pan, though of some be vnderstoode the great Satanas, whose kingdome at that time was by Christ conquered, the gates of hell broken vp, and death by death deliuered to eternall death, (for at that time,as he sayth, all Oracles surceased, and enchaunted spirits, that were wont to delude the people, thenceforth held theyr peace) & also at the demaund of the Emperoure Tiberius, who that Pan should be, answere was made him by the wisest and best learned, that it was the son of Mercurie and Penelope, yet I think it more properly meant of the death of Christ, the onely and very Pan, then suffereing for his flock.

I as I am) seemeth to imitate the commen prouerb, Malim Inuidere mihi omnes quam miserescere.

Nas) is a syncope, for ne has, or has not,: as nould, for would not.

Tho with them) doth imitate the Epitaphe of the ryotous king Sardanapalus, whych caused to be written on his tombe in Greeke: which verses be thus translated by Tullie:

" Haec habui quae edi, quaeque exaturata libido
" Hausit, at illa manent multa ac praeclara relictæ.

which may thus be turned into English.

" All that I eate did I ioye, and all that I greedily gorged:
" As for those many goodly matters left I for others.

Much like the Epitaph of a good olde Erle of Deuonshire, which though much more wisdomẽ bewraieith, then Sardanapalus, yet hath a smacke of his sensuall delights and beastlinesse. The rymes be these.

" Ho, Ho, who lies here?
" I the good Erle of Deuonshire,
" And Maulde my wife, that was full deare,
" We liued together lv. yeare.
" That we spent, we had:
" That we gaue, we haue:
" That we left, we lost.

Algrind) the name of a shepheard.

Men of the Lay) Lay men.

Enaunter) least that.

Souenaunce) remembraunce.

Miscreaunce) despaire or misbeliefe. Cheuisaunce. sometime of Chaucer vsed for gaine: sometime of other for spoyle, or bootie, or enterprise, and sometime for chiefdome.

Pan himselfe) God. According as is sayd in Deuteronomie, That in diuision of the lande of Canaan, to the tribe of Leuie no portion of heritage should bee allotted for GOD himselfe was their inheritaunce.

Some gan) meant of the Pope, and his Antichristian prelates, which vsurpe a tyrannical dominion in the Churche, and with Peters counterfet keyes, open a wide gate to al wickednesse and insolent gouernment. Nought here spoken as of purpose to deny fatherly rule and godly gouernaunce (as some malitiously of late haue done to the great vnreste and hindaunce of the the Churche) but to displaye the pride and disorder of such, as in steede of feeding their sheepe, indeede feede of theyr sheepe.

Source) welspring and originall.

Borrowe) pledge or suretie.

The Geaunte) is the greate Atlas, whom the poetes feign to be a huge geaunt, that beareth Heauen on his shoulders: being in deede a merueilous highe mountaine in Mauritania, that now is Barbarie, which to mans seeming perceth the cloudes, and seemeth to touch the heauens. Other thinke, and they not amisse, that this fable was meant of one Atlas king of the same countrye, (of whome may bee, that that hil had his denomination) brother to Prometheus who (as the Grekes say) did first fynd out the hidden courses of the starres, by an excellent imagination. Wherefore the poetes feigned, that he susteyned the firmament on his shoulders. Many other coniectures needlesse be told hereof.

Warke) worke.

Encheason) cause, occasion.

Deare borow) That is our sauour, the comen pledge of all mens debts to death.

Wyten) blame.

Nought seemeth) is vnseemely.

Conteck) strife contention.

Her) theyr, as vseth Chaucer.

Han) for haue.

Sam) together.

This tale is much like to that in Æsops fables, but the Catastrophe and end is farre different. By the Kidde may be vnderstoode the simple sorte of the faythfull and true Christians. By hys dame Christe, that hath alreadie with carefull watchewords (as heere doth the gote) warned his little ones, to beware of such doubling deceit. By the Foxe, the false and faithlesse Papistes, to whom is no credit to be giuen, nor felowshippe to be vsed.

The gate) the Gote: Northernly spoken to turne O into A.

Yode) went. Afforesayd

She set) A figure called Fictio which vseth to attribute reasonable actions and speaches to vnreasonable creatures.

The bloosmes of lust) be the young and mossie heares, which then beginne to sproute and shoote fourth, when lustfull heate beginneth to kindle.

And with) A very Poeticall [*pathos*].

Orphane) A youngling or pupill, that needeth a Tutour and gouernour.

That word) A patheticall parenthesis, to encrease a carefull Hyperbaton.

The braunch) of the fathers body, is the child.

For euen so) Alluded to the saying of Andromache to Ascanius in Virgile.

Sic oculos, sic ille manus, sic ora ferebat.

A thrilling throb) a percing sighe.

Liggen) lye.

Maister of collusion) .s. coloured guile, because the Foxe of al beasts is most wily and crafty.

Sperre the yate) shut the dore.

For such) The gotes stombling is here noted as an euill signe. The like to be marked in all histories: and that not the leaste of the Lord Hastinges in King Rycharde the third his dayes. For beside his daungerous dreame (whiche was a shrewde prophecie of his mishap, that folowed) it is sayd that in the morning ryding toward the tower of London, there to sitte vppon matters of counsell, his horse stombled twice or thrise by the way: which of some, that ryding with hym in his company, were priuie to his neere destenie, was secretly marked, and afterward noted for memorie of his great mishap, that ensewed. For being then as merye, as man might be, and least doubting any mortall daunger, he was within two howres after, of the Tyranne put to a shamefull death.

As belles) by such trifles are noted, the reliques and ragges of popish superstition, which put no smal religion in Belles: and Babies .s. Idoles: and glasses .s. Paxes, and such lyke trumperies.

Great cold.) For they boast much of their outward patience, and voluntarye sufferance as a worke of merit and holy humblenesse.

Sweete S. Charitie.[)] The Catholiques comen othe, and onely speache, to haue charitye alwayes in their mouth, and sometime in their outward Actions, but neuer inwardly in fayth and godly zeale.

Clincke.) a key hole. Whose diminutiue is cliket, vsed of Chaucer for a key.

Stoundes) fittes: aforesayde.

His lere) his lesson.

Medled) mingled.

Bestlihead.) agreeing to the person of a beast.

Sibbe.) of kynne.

Newell) a newe thing.

To forestall) to praeuent.

Glee) chere, afforesayde.

Deare a price.) his lyfe, which he lost for those toyes.

Such ende) is an Epiphonema, or rather the morall of the whole tale, whose purpose is to warne the protestant beware, howe he geueth credit to the vnfaythfull Catholique: whereof we haue dayly proofes sufficient, but one moste famous of all, practised of Late yeares in Fraunce by Charles the nynth.

Fayne) gladde or desyrous.

Our sir Iohn) a Popishe priest. A saying fit for the grosenesse of a shepheard, but spoken to taunte vnlearned Priests.

Dismount) descende or set.

Nye) draweth nere.

Embleme.

Both these Emblemes make one whole Hexametre. The first spoken of Palinodie, as in reproche of them, that be distrustfull, is a peece of Theognis verse, intending, that who doth most mistrust is most false. For such experience in falsehod breedeth mistrust in the mynd, thinking no lesse guile to lurk in others, then in hymselfe. But Piers thereto strongly replyeth with another peece of the same verse, saying as in his former fable, what fayth then is there in the faythlesse. For if fayth be the ground of religion, which fayth they dayly false, what hold then is there of theyr religion. And thys is all that they saye.

Go on to June.



The Shepheardes Calender: June

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Iune.



Ægloga Sexta.

ARGUMENT.

This Æglogue is wholly vowed to the complayning of Colins ill successe in his loue. For being (as is aforesaid) enamoured of a Country lasse Rosalind, and hauing (as seemeth) founde place in her heart, he lamenteth to his deare frend Hobbinoll, that he is nowe forsaken vnfaithfully, and in his steed Menalcas, another shepheard receiued disloyally. And this is the whole Argument of this Æglogue.

HOBBINOL. COLIN Cloute.

LO *Coll[in]*, here the place, whose pleasaunt syte
From other shades hath weand my wandring mynde.
Tell me, what wants me here, to worke delyte?
The simple ayre, the gentle warbling wynde,
So calme, so coole, as no where else I fynde:
The grassye ground with daintye Daysies dight,
The Bramble bush, where Byrds of euery kynde
To the waters fall their tunes attemper right.

COLLIN.

O happy *Hobbinoll*, I blesse thy state,
That Paradise hast found, whych *Adam* lost.
Here wander may thy flock early or late,
Withouten dreade of Wolues to bene ytost:
Thy louely layes here mayet thou freely boste.
But I vnhappy man, whom cruell fate,
And angry Gods pursue from coste to coste,
Can nowhere fynd, to shouder my lucklesse pate.

HOBBINOLL.

Then if by me thou list aduised be,
Forsake the soyle, that so doth the bewitch:
Leaue me those hilles, where harbrough nis to see,
Nor holybush, nor brere, nor winding witche:
And to the dales resort, where shepherds ritch,
And fruitfull flocks bene euery where to see.
Here no night Rauens lodge more blacke then pitche,
Nor eluish ghosts, nor gastly owles doe flee.

But frendly Faeries, met with many Graces,
And lightfote Nymphes can chace the lingring night,
With Heydeguyes, and trimly trodden traces,
Whilst systers nyne, which dwell on *Parnasse* hight,
Doe make them musick, for their more delight:
And *Pan* himselfe to kisse their christall faces,

Will pype and daunce, when *Phoebe* shineth bright:
Such pierlesse pleasures haue we in these places.

COLLIN.

And I, whylst youth, and course of carelesse yeeres
Did let me walke withouten lincks of loue,
In such delights did ioy amongst my peeres:
But ryper age such pleasures doth reprove,
My fancye eke from former follies moue
To stayed steps: for time in passing weares
(As garments doen, which wexen old aboue)
And draweth newe delightes with hoary heares.

Tho couth I sing of loue, and tune my pype
Vnto my plaintiue pleas in verses made:
Tho would I seeke ,
To giue my *Rosalind*, and in Sommer shade
Dight gaudy Girlonds, was my comen trade,
To crowne her golden locks, but yeeres more rype,
And losse of her, whose loue as lyfe I wayd,
Those weary wanton toyes away dyd wype.

HOBBINOLL.

Colin, to heare thy rymes and roundelayes,
Which thou were wont on wastfull hylls to singe,
I more delight, then larke in Sommer dayes:
Whose Echo made the neyghbour groues to ring,
And taught the byrds, which in the lower spring
Did shroude in shady leaues from sonny rayes,
Frame to thy songe their chereful cheriping,
Or hold theyr peace, for shame of thy swete layes.

I sawe Calliope wyth Muses moe,
Soone as thy oaten pype began to sound,
Theyr youry Luyts and Tamburins forgoe:
And from the fountaine, where they sat around,

Renne after hastely thy siluer sound.
But when they came, where thou thy skill didst showe,
They drewe abacke, as halfe with shame confound,
Shepherd to see, them in theyr art outgoe.

COLLIN.

Of Muses *Hobbinol*, I conne no skill:
For they bene daughters of the hyghest *Ioue*,
And holden scorne of homely shepherds quill.
For sith I heard, that *Pan* with *Phoebus* stroue,
Which him to much rebuke and Daunger droue:
I neuer lyst presume to *Parnasse* hyll,
But pyping lowe in shade of lowly groue,
I play to please my selfe, all be it ill.

Nought weigh I, who my song doth prayse or blame,
Ne striue to winne renowne, or passe the rest:
With shepherd sittes not, followe flying fame:
But feede his flocke in fields, where falls hem best.
I wote my rymes bene rough, and rudely drest:
The fyttter they, my carefull case to frame:
Enough is me to paint out my vnrest,
And poore my piteous plaints out in the same.

The God of shepherds *Tityrus* is dead,
Who taught me homely, as I can, to make.
He, whilst he liued, was the soueraigne head
Of shepherds all, that bene with loue ytake:
Well couth he wayle hys Woes, and lightly slake
The flames, which loue within his heart had bredd,
And tell vs mery tales, to keepe vs wake,
The while our sheepe about vs safely fedde.

Nowe dead he is, and lyeth wrapt in lead,
(O why should death on hym such outrage showe?)
And all hys passing skil with him is fledde,
The fame whereof doth dayly greater growe.
But if on me some little drops would flowe,
Of that the spring was in his learned hedde,

I soone would learne these woods, to wayle my woe,
And teache the trees, their trickling teares to shedde.

Then should my plaints, causd of discurtesee,
As messengers of all my painful plight,
Flye to my loue, where euer that she bee,
And pierce her heart with poynt of worthy wight:
As shee deserues, that wrought so deadly spight.
And thou Menalcas, that by trecheree
Didst vnderfong my lasse, to wexe so light,
Shouldest well be knowne for such thy villanee.

But since I am not, as I wish I were,
Ye gentle shepherds, which your flocks do feede,
Whether on hylls, or dales, or other where,
Beare witnesse all of thys so wicked deede:
And tell the lasse, whose flowre is woxe a weede,
And faultlesse fayth, is turned to faithlesse fere,
That she the truest shepherds hart made bleede,
That lyues on earth, and loued her most dere.

HOBBINOL.

O carefull *Colin*, I lament thy case,
Thy teares would make the hardest flint to flowe.
Ah faithlesse Rosalind, and voide of grace,
That art the roote of all this ruthfull woe.
But now is time, I gesse, homeward to goe:
Then ryse ye blessed flocks, and home apace,
Least night with stealing steppes doe you forsloe,
And wett your tender Lambes, that by you trace.

Colins embleme.

Gia speme spenta.

GLOSSE.

Syte) situation and place.

Paradise) A Paradise in Greeke signifieth a Garden of pleasure, or place of delights. So he compareth the soile, wherein Hobbinoll made his abode, to that earthly Paradise, in scripture called Eden; wherein Adam in his first creation was placed. Which of the most learned is thought to be in Mesopotamia, the most fertile and pleasaunte country in the world (as may appeare by Diodorus Syculus description of it, in the hystorie of Alexanders conquest thereof) lying betweene the two famous Ryuers (which are sayd in scripture to flow out of Paradise) Tygris and Euphrates, whereof it is so denominated.

Forsake the soyle) This is no poetical fiction, but vnfeynedly spoken of the Poete selfe, who for speciall occasion of priuate affayres (as I haue bene partly of himselfe informed) and for his more preferment remouing out of the Northparts came into the South, as Hobbinoll indeede aduised him priuately.

Those hylles) that is the North countreye, where he dwelt.

N'is) is not.

The Dales) the Southpartes, where he nowe abydeth, which thoughe they be full of hylles and woodes (for Kent is very hyllye and woodye; and therefore so called: for Kantsh in the Saxons tongue signifieth woodie) yet in respecte of the Northpartes they be called dales. For indede the North is counted the higher countrye.

Night Rauens &c.) by such hatefull byrdes, hee meaneth all misfortunes (whereof they be tokens) flying euery where.

Frendly faeries) the opinion of Faeries and elfes is very old, and yet sticketh very religiously in the mindes of some. But to roote that rancke opinion of Elfes oute of mens hearts, the truth is, that there be no such thinges, nor yet the shadowes of the things, but onely by a sort of bald Friers and knauish shauelings so feigned; which as in all other thinges, so in that, soughte to nousell the comen people in ignorounce, least being once acquainted with the truth of things, they woulde in tyme smell out the vntruth of theyr packed pelfe and Masspenie religion. But the sooth is, that when all Italy was distraicte into the Factions of the Guelfes and the Gibelins, being two famous houses in Florence, the name began through their great mischiefes and many outrages, to be so odious or rather dreadfull in the peoples eares, that if theyr children at any time were frowarde and wanton, they would say to them that the Guelfe or the Gibeline came. Which words nowe from them (as many thinge els) be come into our vsage, and for Guelfes and Gibelines, we say Elfes and Goblins. No otherwise then the Frenchmen vsed to say of that valiaunt captain, the very scourge of Fraunce, The Lord Thalbot, afterward Erle of Shrewsbury; whose noblesse bred such a terrour in the hearts of the French, that oft times euen great armies were defaicted and put to flyght at the onely hearing of hys name. In somuch that the French wemen, to affray theyr chyldren, would tell them that the Talbot commeth.

Many Graces) though there be indeede but three Graces of Charites (as afore is sayd) or at the vtmost but foure, yet in respect of many gyftes of bounty, there may be sayde more. And so Musaeus sayth, that in Heroes eyther eye there satte a hundred graces. And by that authoritye, thys same Poete in his Pageaunts sayth. An hundred

Graces on her eyedde satte, &c.

Haydeguies) A country daunce or rownd. The conceipt is, that the Graces and Nymphes doe daunce vnto the Muses, and Pan his musicke all night by Moonelight. To signifie the pleasauntnesse of the soyle.

Peeres) Equalles and felow shepherds.

Queneapples vnripe) imitating Virgils verse.

Ipse ego cana legam tenera lanugine mala.

Neighbour groues) a straunge phrase in English, but word for word expressing the Latine vicina nemora.

Spring) not of water, but of young trees springing.

Calliope) afforesayde. Thys staffe [is] full of verie poetical inuention.

Tamburines) an olde kind of instrument, which of some is supposed to be the Clarion.

Pan with Phoebus) the tale is well knowne, howe that Pan and Apollo striuing for excellencye in musick, chose Midas for their iudge. Who being corrupted wyth partiall affection, gaue the victorye to Pan vnderdeserued: for which Phoebus sette a payre of Asses eares vpon hys head &c.

Tityrus) That by Tityrus is meant Chaucer, hath bene already sufficiently sayde, & by thys more playne appeareth, that he sayth, he tolde merye tales. Such as by hys Canterburie tales. whom he calleth the God of Poetes for hys excellencie, so as Tullie calleth Lentulus, Deum vitae suae .s. the God of hys lyfe.

To make) to versifie.

O why) A pretye Epanorthosis or correction.

Discurtesie) he meaneth the falsenesse of his louer Rosalinde, who forsaking hym, hadde chosen another.

Poynte of worthy wite) the pricke of deserued blame.

Menalcas) the name of a shepherde in Virgile; but here is meant a person vnknowne and secrete, agaynst whome he often bitterly inuayeth.

vnderfonge) vndermynde and deceiue by false suggestion.

Embleme

You remember, that in the fyrst Æglogue, Colins Poesie was Anchora speme: for that as then there was hope of fauour to be found in tyme. But nowe being cleane forlorne and reiected of her, as whose hope, that was, is cleane extinguished and turned into despeyre, he renounceth all comfort and hope of goodnesse to come. which is all the meaning of thys Embleme.

Go on to [July](#).



The Shepheardes Calender: July

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Iulye.



Ægloga Septima.

ARGUMENT.

This Æglogue is made in the honour and commendation of good shepheardes, and to the shame and disprays of proude and ambitious Pastours. Such as Morrell is here imagined to bee.

Thomalin. Morrell.



S not thilke same a goteheard prowde,
that sittes on yonder bancke,
Whose straying heard them selfe doth shrowde
among the bushes rancke?

Morrell.

What ho, thou iollye shepherds swayne,
come vp the hill to me:
Better is, then the lowly playne,
als for thy flocke, and thee.

Thomalin.

Ah God shield, man, that I should clime,
and learne to looke alofte,
This reede is ryfe, that oftentime
great clymbers fall vnsoft.
In humble dales is footing fast,
the trode is not so tickle:
And though one fall through heedlesse hast,
yet is his misse not mickle.
And now the Sonne hath reared vp
his fyriefooted teme,
Making his way betweene the Cuppe,
and golden Diademe:
The rampant Lyon hunts he fast,
with Dogge of noysome breath,
Whose balefull barking bringes in hast
pyne, plagues, and dreery death.
Agaynst his cruell scortching heate
where hast thou couerture?
The wastefull hylls vnto his threate
is a playne ouerture.
But if thee lust, to holden chat
with seely shepherds swayne,
Come downe, and learne the little what,
that Thomalin can sayne.

Morrell.

Syker, thous but a laesie loord,
and rekes much of thy swinck,
That with fond termes, and weetlesse words
to blere myne eyes doest thinke.
In euill houre thou hentest in hond
thus holy hylles to blame,
For sacred vnto saints they stond,
and of them han theyr name.
S. Michels mount who does not know,
that wardes the Westerne coste?
And of S. Brigets bowre I trow,
all Kent can rightly boaste:
And they that con of Muses skill,
sayne most what, that they dwell
(As goteheards wont) vpon a hill,
beside a learned well.
And wonned not the great god Pan,
vpon mount Oliuet:
Feeding the blessed flocke of Dan,
which dyd himselfe beget?

Thomalin.

O blessed sheepe, O shepheard great,
that bought his flocke so deare,
And them did saue with bloudy sweat
from Wolues, that would them teare.

Morrel.

Besyde, as holy fathers sayne,
there is a hyllye place,
Where Titan ryseth from the mayne,

to renne hys dayly race.
Vpon whose toppe the starres bene stayed,
and all the skie doth leane,
There is the caue, where *Phebe* layed,
The shepherd long to dreame.
Whilome there vsed shepherds all
to feede theyr flocks at will,
Till by his foly one did fall,
that all the rest did spill.
And sithens shepherdes bene foresayd
from places of delight:
For thy I weene thou be affrayed,
to clime this hilles height.
Of *Synah* can I tell thee more,
and of our Ladyes bowre:
But little needes to strow my store,
suffice this hill of our.
Here han the holy Faunes resourse,
and *Syluanes* haunten rathe.
Here has the salt Medway his sourse,
wherein the Nymphes doe bathe.
The salt Medway, that trickling stremis
adowne the dales of Kent:
Till with his elder brother Themis
his brackish waues be meynt.
Here growes *Melampode* euery where,
and *Terebinth* good for Gotes:
The one, my madding kiddes to smere,
the next, to heale theyr throtes.
Hereto, the hills bene nigher heuen,
and thence the passage ethe.
As well can proue the piercing levin,
that seeldome falls bynethe.

Thomalin.

Syker thou speakes lyke a lewde lorrell,
of Heauen to demen so:
How be I am but rude and borrell,
yet nearer wayes I knowe.

To Kerke the narre, from God more farre,
has bene an old sayd sawe.
And he that striues to touch the starres,
oft stombles at a strawe.
Alsoone may shepheard clymbe to skye,
that leades in lowly dales,
As Goteherd prowde that sitting hye,
vpon the Mountaine sayles.
My seely sheepe like well belowe,
they neede not *Melampode*:
For they bene hale enough, I trowe,
and liken theyr abode.
But if they with thy Gotes should yede,
they soone myght be corrupted:
Or like not of the frowie fede,
or with the weedes be glutted.
The hylls, where dwelled holy saints,
I reuerence and adore:
Not for themselfe, but for the sayncts,
which han be dead of yore.
And nowe they bene to heauen forewent,
theyr good is with them goe:
Theyr sample onely to vs lent,
that als we mought doe soe.
Shepherds they weren of the best,
and liued in lowly leas:
And sith theyr soules bene now at rest,
why done we them disease?
Such one he was, (as I haue heard
old Algrind often sayne)
That whilome was the first shepheard,
and liued with little gayne:
As meeke he was, as meeke mought be,
simple, as simple sheepe,
Humble, and like in eche degree
the flocke, which he did keepe.
Often he used of hys keepe
a sacrifice to bring,
Nowe with a Kidde, now with a sheepe
The Altars hallowing.
So lowted he vnto hys Lord,
such fauour couth he fynd,
That sithens neuer was abhord,

the simple shepherds kynd.
And such I weene the brethren were,
that came from *Canaan*:
The brethren twelue, that kept yfere
The flockes of mighty *Pan*.
But nothing such thilke shepheard was,
whom *Ida* hyll dyd beare,
That left hys flocke, to fetch a lasse,
whose loue he bought to deare:
For he was proude, that ill was payd,
(no such mought shepherds bee)
And with lewde lust was ouerlayd:
tway things doen ill agree:
But shepheard mought be meeke and mylde,
well eyed, as Argus was,
With fleshly follyes vndefyled,
and stoute as steede of brasse.
Sike one (sayd *Algrin*) *Moses* was,
that sawe hys makers face,
His face more cleare, then Christall glasse,
and spake to him in place.
This had a brother, (his name I knewe)
the first of all his cote,
A shepheard trewe, yet not so true,
as he that earst I hote.
Whilome all these were lowe, and lief,
and loued their flocks to feede,
They neuer strouen to be chiefe,
and simple was theyr weede.
But now (thanked be God therefore)
the world is well amend,
Their weedes bene not so nighly wore,
such simplese mought them shend:
They bene yclad in purple and pall,
so hath theyr god them blist,
They reigne and rulen ouer all,
and lord it, as they list:
Ygyrt with belts of glitterand gold,
(mought they good sheepeheardes bene)
Theyr Pan theyr sheepe to them has sold,
I saye as some haue seene.
For Palinode (if thou him ken)

yode late on Pilgrimage
To Rome, (if such be Rome) and then
he sawe thilke misusage.
For shepeheardes (sayd he) there doen leade,
As Lordes done other where,
Theyr sheepe han crustes, and they the bread:
the chippes, and they the chere:
They han the fleece, and eke the flesh,
(O seely sheepe the while)
The corn is theyrs, let other thresh,
their hands they may not file.
They han great stores, and thriftye stockes,
great freendes and feeble foes:
What neede hem caren for their flocks?
theyr boyes can looke to those.
These wisardsweltre in welths waues,
pampred in pleasures deepe,
They han fatte kernes, and leany knaues,
their fasting flockes to keepe.
Sike mister men bene all misgone,
they heapen hylles of wrath:
Sike syrly shepherds han we none,
they keepen all the path.

Morell.

Here is a great deale of good matter,
lost for lacke of telling,
Now sicker I see, thou doest but clatter:
harne may come of melling.
Thou medlest more, then shall haue thanke,
to wyten shepherds welth:
When folke bene fat, and riches rancke,
it is a signe of helth.
But say to me, what is *Algrin* he,
that is so oft bynempt.

Thomalin.

He is a shepheard great in gree,
but hath bene long ypent.
One daye he sat vpon a hyll,
(as now thou wouldest me:
But I am tought by Algrins ill,
To loue the lowe degree.)
For sitting so with bared scalpe,
an Eagle sored hye,
That weening hys whyte head was chalke,
A shell fish downe let flye:
Shee weend the shell fish to haue broake,
but therewith bruzd his brayne,
So now astonied with the stroke,
he lyes in lingring payne.

Morrell.

Ah good *Algrin*, his hap was ill,
But shall be bett in time.
Now farwell shepheard, sith thys hyll
thou hast such doubt to climbe.

Thomalins Embleme.

In medio virtus.

Morrells Embleme.

In summo foelicitas

GLOSSE.

A Goteheard) By Gotes in scrypture be represented the wicked and reprobate, whose pastour also must needes be such.

Banck) is the seate of honor.

Straying heard) which wander out of the way of truth.

Als) for also.

Clymbe) spoken of Ambition.

Great clymbers) according to Seneca his verse, Decidunt celsa grauiore lapsus.

Mickle) much.

The sonne) A reason, why he refuseth to dwell on Mountaines, because there is no shelter against the scortching sunne. according to the time of the yeare, whiche is the whotest moneth of all.

The Cupp and Diademe) Be two figures in the Firmament, through which the sonne maketh his course in the moneth of Iuly.

Lion) Thys is Poetically spoken, as if the Sunne did hunt a Lion with one Dogge. The meaning whereof is, that in Iuly the sun is in Leo At which tyme the Dogge starre, which is called Syrius or Canicula reigneth, with immoderate heate causing Pestilence, drought, and many diseases.

Ouerture) an open place. The word is borrowed of the French, & vsed in good writers

To holden chatt) to talke and prate.

A loorde) was wont among the old Britons to signifie a Lorde. And therefore the Danes, that long time vsurped theyr Tyrannie here in Brytanie, were called for more dread and dignitie, Lurdanes .s. Lord Danes. At which time it is sayd, that the insolencie and pryde of that nation was so outragious in the Realme, that if it fortun'd a Briton to be going ouer a bridge, and sawe the Dane set foote vpon the same, he must retorne back, till the Dane were cleane ouer, or els abyde the pryce of his displeasure, which was no lesse, then present death. But being afterwarde expelled the name of Lurdane became so odious vnto the people, whom they had long oppressed, that euen at this daye they vse for more reproche, to call the Quartane ague the Feuer Lurdane.

Recks much of thy swinck) counts much of thy paynes.

Weeteless) not vnderstoode.

S. Michels mount) is a promontorie in the West part of England.

A hill) Parnassus afforesayd.

Pan[)] Christ.

Dan) One trybe is put for the whole nation per Synecdochen

Where Titan) the Sonne, Which story is to be redde in Diodorus Syc. of the hyl Ida; from whence he sayth, all night time is to bee seene a mightye fire, as if the skye burned, which toward morning beginneth to gather into a rownd forme, and thereof ryseth the sonne, whome the Poetes call Titan:

The Shepheard) is Endymion, whom the Poetes fayne, to haue bene so beloued of Phoebe .s. the Moone, that he was by her kept a sleepe in a caue by the space of xxx. yeares for to enioye his companye.

There) that is in Paradise, where through errour of shepherds vnderstanding, he sayth, that all shepherds did vse to feede theyr flocks, till one, (that is Adam by hys follye and disobedience, made all the rest of hys ofspring be debarred & shutte out from thence.

Synah) a hill in Arabia, where God appeared.

Our Ladyes bowre) a place of pleasure so called.

Faunes or Sylvanes) be of Poetes feigned to be Gods of the Woode.

Medway) the name of a Ryuer in Kent, which running by Rochester, meeteth with Thames; whon he calleth his elder brother, both because he is greater, and also falleth sooner into the Sea.

Meynt) mingled

. Melampode and Terebinth) be hearbes good to cure diseased Gotes. of thone speaketh Mantuane, and of thother Theocritus. [*terminthou tragon eskhaton akremona.*]

Nigher heauen) Note the shepherds simplenesse, which supposeth that from the hylls is nearer waye to heauen.

Leuein) Lightning; which he taketh for an argument, to proue the nighnes to heauen, because the lightning doth comenly light on high mountaynes, according to the saying of the Poete. *Feriantque summos fulmina montes.*

Lorrell) A losell.

A borrell) a playne fellowe.

Narre) nearer.

Hale) for hole.

Yede) goe.

Frowye) mustye or mossie.

Of yore) long agoe.

Forewente) gone afore.

The firste shepheard) was Abell the righteous, who (as scripture sayth) bent hys mind to keeping of sheepe, as did hys brother Cain to tilling the grownde.

His keepe) hys charge .s. his flock.

Lowted) did honour and reuerence.

The brethren) the twelue sonnes of Iacob, which were shepemaisters, and lyued onelye thereupon.

Whom Ida) Paris, which being the sonne of Priamus king of Troy, for his mother Hecubas dreame, which being with child of hym, dreamed shee brought forth a firebrand, that set all the towre of Ilium on fire, was cast forth on the hyll Ida; where being fostered of shepherds, he eke in time be came a shepheard, and lastly came to knowledge of his parentage.

A lasse) Helena the wyfe of Menelaus king of Lacedemonia, was by Venus for the golden Aple to her geuen, then promised to Paris, who thereupon with a sorte of lustye Troyanes, stole her out of Lacedemonia, and kept her in Troye, which was the cause of the tenne yeares warre in Troye, and the moste famous citye of all Asia most lamentably sacked and defaced.

Argus) was of the Poets deuised to be full of eyes, and therefore to hym was committed the keeping of the transformed Cow Io: So called because in the print of a Cows foote, there is figured an I in the midst of an O.

His name) he meaneth Aaron: whose name for more Decorum, the shepherde sayth he hath forgot, left his remembraunce and skill in antiquities of holy writ should seeme to exceede the meanenesse of the Person.

Not so true) for Aaron in the absence of Moses started aside, and committed Idolatry.

In purple) Spoken of the Popes and Cardinalles, which vse such tyrannical colours and pompous paynting.

Belts) Girdles.

Glitterand) Glittering. a Participle vsed sometime in Chaucer, but altogether in I. Goore

Theyr Pan) that is the Pope, whom they count theyr God and greatest shepheard.

Palinode) A shepheard, of whose report he seemeth to speake all thys.

Wisards) greate learned heads.

Welter) wallowe.

Kerne) a Churle or Farmer.

Sike mister men) such kinde of men.

Surly) stately and prowde

Melling) medling.

Bett) better.

Bynempte) named.

Gree) for degree.

Algrin[)] the name of a shepheard afforesayde, whose myshap he alludeth to the chaunce, that happened to the Poet Æschylus, that was brayned with a shellfishe.

Embleme.

By this poesye Thomalin confirmeth that, which in hys former speach by sondry reasons he had proued. for being both hymselfe sequestred from all ambition and also abhorring it in others of hys cote, he taketh occasion to prayse the meane and lowly state, as that wherein is safetie without feare, and quiet without danger, according to the saying of olde Philosophers, that vertue dwelleth in the midddest, being enuironed with two contrary vices: whereto Morrell replieth with continuance of the same Philosophers opinion, that albeit all bountye dwelleth in mediocritie, yet perfect felicitye dwelleth in supremacie. for they say, and most true it is, that happinesse is placed in the highest degree, so as if any thing be higher or better, then that streight way ceaseth to be perfect happines. Much like to that, which I once heard alleaged in defence of humilitee out of a great doctour, Suorum Christus humillimus: which saying a gentle man in the company taking at the rebownd, beat backe again with lyke saying of another Doctoure, as he sayde. Sourum deus altissimus.

Go on to [August](#).



The Shepherdes Calender: August

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August.



Ægloga Octaua.

ARGUMENT.

IN this Æglogue is set forth a delectable controuersie, made in imitation of that in Theocritus: whereto also Virgile fashioned his third & seuenth Æglogue. They choose for vmpere of their strife, Cuddie a neatherds boye, who hauing ended their cause, reciteth also himsefe a proper song, whereof Colin he sayth was Authour.

Willye. Perigot. Cuddie.



Ell me *Perigot*, what shalbe the game,
Wherefore with myne thou dare thy musick matche?
Or bene thy Bagpypes renne farre out of frame?
Or hath the Crampe thy ioynts benomd with ache?

Perigot.

Ah *Willye*, when the hart is ill assayde,
How can Bagpipe, or ioynts be well apayd?

Willye.

What the foule euill hath thee so bestadde?
Whilom thou was peregall to the best,
And wont to make the iolly shepeheards gladde
With pyping and dauncing, didst passe the rest.

Perigot.

Ah *Willye* now I haue learnd a newe daunce:
My old musick mard by a newe mischaunce.

Willye.

Mischiefe mought to that newe mischaunce befall,
That hath so raft vs of our meriment.
But reede me, what payne doth thee so appall?
Or louest thou, or bene thy younglings miswent?

Perigot.

Loue hath misled both my younglings, and mee:
I pyne for payne, and they my payne to see.

Willye.

Perdie and wellawaye: ill may they thriue:
Neuer knewe I louers sheepe in good plight.
But and if rymes with me thou dare striue,
Such fond fantasies shall soone be put to flight.

Perigot.

That shall I doe, though mochell worse I fared:
Neuer shall be sayde that *Perigot* was dared.

Willye.

Then loe *Perigot* the Pledge, which I plight:
A mazer ywrought of the Maple warre:
Wherein is enchased many a fayre sight
Of Beres and Tygres, that maken fiers warre:
And ouer them spred a goodly wild vine,
Entrailed with a wanton Yuie twine.

Thereby is a Lambe in the Wolues iawes:
But see, how fast renneth the shepheard swayne,
To saue the innocent from the beastes pawes:
And here with his shepehooke hath him slayne.
Tell me, such a cup hast thou euer sene?
Well mought it beseme any haruest Queene.

Perigot.

Thereto will I pawne yon spotted Lambe,
Of all my flocke there nis sike another:
For I brought him vp without the Dambe.
But *Colin Clout* rafte me of his brother,
That he purchast of me in the playne field:
Sore against my will was I forst to yield.

Willye.

Sicker make like account of his brother.
But who shall iudge the wager wonne or lost?

Perigot.

That shall yonder heardgrome, and none other,
Which ouer the pousse hetherward doth post.

Willye.

But for the Sunnebeame so sore doth vs beate
, Were not better, to shunne the scortching heate?

Perigot.

Well agreed *Willy*: then sitte thee downe swayne:
Sike a song neuer heardest thou, but Colin sing.

Cuddie.

Gynne, when ye lyst, ye iolly shepheards twayne:
Sike a iudge, as *Cuddie*, were for a king.



Perigot. I fell vpon a holly eue,
Willye. hey ho hollidaye,
Per. When holly fathers went to shrieue:
Wil. now gynneth this roundelay.
Per. Sitting vpon a hill so hye,
Wil. hey ho the high hyll,
Per. The while my flocke did feede thereby,
Wil. the while the shepheard selfe did spill:
Per. I saw the bouncing Bellibone,
Wil. Hey ho Bonibell,
Per. Tripping ouer the dale alone,
Wil. she can trippe it very well:
Per. Well decked in a frocke of gray,
Wil. hey ho gray is greete,
Per. And in a Kirtle of greene saye,
Wil. the greene is for maydens meete:
Per. A chapelet on her head she wore,
Wil. hey ho chapelet,
Per. Of sweete Violets therein was store,
Wil. she sweeter than the Violet.
Per. My sheepe did leaue theyr wonted foode,
Wil. hey ho seely sheepe,
Per. And gazd on her, as they were wood,
Wil. woode as he, that did them keepe.

Per. As the bonilasse passed bye,
Wil. hey ho bonilasse,
Per. She rouded at me with glauncing eye,
Wil. as cleare as the christall glasse:
Per. All as the Sunnye beame so bright,
Wil. hey ho the Sunne beame,
Per. Glaunceth from *Phoebus* face forthright,
Wil. so loue into thy hart did streame:
Per. Or as the thonder cleaues the cloudes,
Wil. hey ho the Thonder,
Per. Wherein the lightsome leuin shroudes,
Wil. so cleaues thy soule a sonder:
Per. Or as Dame *Cynthias* siluer raye
Wil. hey ho the Moonelight,
Per. Vpon the glittering waue doth playe:
Wil. such play is a pitteous plight.
Per. The glaunce into my heart did glide,
Wil. hey ho the glyder,
Per. Therewith my soule was sharply gryde,
Wil. uch wounds soone wexen wider.
Per. Hating to raunch the arrow out,
Wil. hey ho Perigot,
Per. I left the head in my hart roote:
Wil. it was a desperate shot.
Per. There it ranckleth ay more and more,
Wil. hey ho the arrowe,
Per. Ne can I find salue for my sore:
Wil. loue is a curelesse sorrowe.
Per. And though my bale with death I bought,
Wil. hey ho the heauie cheere,
Per. Yet should thilke lasse not from my thought:
Wil. so you may buye gold to deare.
Per. But whether in paynefull loue I pyne,
Wil. hey ho pinching payne,
Per. Or thriue in welth, she shalbe mine.
Wil. but if thou can her obteine.
Per. And if for gracelesse greefe I dye,
Wil. hey ho gracelesse grieffe,
Per. Witnessse, shee slewe me with her eye:
Wil. let thy follye be the priefe.
Per. And you, that sawe it, simple shepe,
Wil. hey ho the fayre flocke,
Per. For priefe thereof, my death shall weepe,

Wil. and mone with many a mocke.
Per. So learnd I loue on a hollye eue,
Wil. hey ho hollidaye,
Per. That euer since my hart did greue.
Wil. now endeth our roundelay.

Cuddye.

Sicker sike a roundle neuer heard I none.
Little lacketh *Perigot* of the best.
And *Willye* is not greatly ouergone,
So weren his vndersongs well address.

Willye.

Herdgrome, I feare me, thou haue a squint eye:
Areede vprightly, who has the victorye?

Cuddie.

Fayth of my soule, I deeme ech haue gayned.
For thy let the Lambe be *Willye* his owne:
And for *Perigot* so well hath hym payned,
To him be the wroughten mazer alone.

Perigot.

Perigot is well pleased with the doome.
Ne can *Willye* wite the witelesse herdgroome.

Willye.

Never dempt more right of beautye I weene,
The shepheard of *Ida*, that iudged beauties Queene.

Cuddie.

But tell me shepherds, should it not yshend
Your roundels fresh, to heare a dolefull verse
Of Rosalend (who knowes not Rosalend?)
That Colin made, ylke can I you rehearse.

Perigot.

Now say it *Cuddie*, as thou art a ladde:
With mery thing its good to medle sadde.

Willy.

Fayth of my soule, thou shalt ycrowned be
In *Colins* stede, if thou this song areede:
For neuer thing on earth so pleaseth me,
As him to heare, or matter of his deede.

Cuddie.

Then listneth ech vnto my heauy laye,
And tune your pypes as ruthful, as ye may.



E wastefull woodes beare witnessse of my woe,
Wherein my plaints did oftentimes resound:
Ye carelesse byrds are priuie to my cryes,
Which in your songs were wont to make a part:
Thou pleasaunt spring hast luld me oft a sleepe,
Whose streames my trickling teares did ofte augment.
Resort of people doth my greefs augment,

The walled townes do worke my greater woe:
The forest wide is fitter to resound
The hollow Echo of my carefull cryes,
I hate the house, since thence my loue did part,
Whose waylefull want debarres myne eyes from sleepe.
Let stremes of teares supply the place of sleepe:
Let all that sweete is, voyd: and all that may augment
My doole, drawe neare. More meete to wayle my woe,
Bene the wild woddes my sorrowes to resound,
Then bedde, or bowre, both which I fill with cryes,
When I them see so waist, and fynd no part
Of pleasure past. Here will I dwell apart
In gastful groue therefore, till my last sleepe
Doe close mine eyes: so shall I not augment
With sight of such a chaunge my recklesse woe:
Helpe me, ye banefull byrds, whose shrieking sound
Ys signe of dreery death, my deadly cryes
Most ruthfully to tune. And as my cryes
(Which of my woe cannot bewray least part)
You heare all night, when nature craueth sleepe,
Increase, so let your yrksome yells augment.
Thus all the night in plaints, the daye in woe
I vowed haue to wayst, till safe and sound
She home returne, whose voyces siluer sound
To cheerefull songs can chaunge my cherelesse cryes.
Hence with the Nightingale will I take part,
That blessed byrd, that spends her time of sleepe
In songs and plaintiue pleas, the more taugment
The memory of hys misdeede, that bred her woe:
And you that feele no woe, | when as the sound
Of these my nightly cryes | ye heare apart,
Let breake your sounder sleepe | and pitie augment.

Perigot.

O *Colin, Colin*, the shepherds ioye,
How I admire ech turning of thy verse:
And *Cuddie*, fresh *Cuddie*, the liefest boye,
How dolefully his doole thou didst rehearse.

Cuddie.

Then blowe your pypes shepheards, til you be at home:
The night nigheth fast, yts time to be gone.

Perigot his Embleme.

Vincenti gloria victi.

Willyes Embleme.

Vinto non vitto.

Cuddies Embleme.

Felice chi puo.

GLOSSE.

Bestadde) disposed, ordered.

Peregall) equall.

Whilome) once.

Rafte) bereft, depriued.

Miswent) gon astraye

Ill may) according to Virgile. In felix o semper ouis pecus.

A mazer) So also do Theocritus and Virgile feigne pledges of their strife.

Enchased) engrauen. Such pretie descriptions euery where vseth Theocritus, to bring in his Idyllia. For which speciall cause indede he by that name termeth his Æglogues: for Idyllion in Greke signifieth the shape or picture of any thing, whereof his booke is ful. And not, as I haue heard some fondly guesse, that they be called not Idyllia, but Haedilia, of the Goteherds in them.

Entrailed) wrought betwene.

Haruest Queene) The manner of country folke in haruest tyme.

Pousse.) Pease.

It fell vpon) Perigot maketh hys song in prayse of his loue, to whom Willy answereth euery vnder verse. By Perigot who is meant, I can not vprightly say: but if it be, who is supposed, his love deserueth no lesse prayse, then he giueth her.

Greete) weeping and complaint.

Chaplet) a kind of Garlond lyke a crowne.

Leuen) Lightning.

Cynthia) was sayd to be the Moone.

Gryde) perced.

But if) not vnlesse.

Squint eye) partiall iudgement.

Ech haue) so saith Virgile. Et vitula tu dignus, et hic &c. So by enterchaunge of gyfts Cuddie pleaseth both partes.

Doome) iudgement.

Dempt) for deemed, iudged.

Wite the witelesse) blame the blamelesse.

The shapherd of Ida) was sayd to be Paris.

Beauties Queene) Venus, to whome Paris adiudged the golden Apple, as the pryce of her beautie.

Embleme.

The meaning hereof is very ambiguous: for Perigot by his poesie claiming the conquest, & Willye not yeelding,

Cuddie the arbiter of theyr cause, and Patron of his own, semeth to chalenge it, as his dew, saying, that he, is happy which can, so abruptly ending but hee meaneth eyther him, that can win the beste, or moderate him selfe being best, and leaue of with the best.

Go on to [September](#).



The Shepheardes Calender: September

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September.



Ægloga Nona.

ARGUMENT.

Herein Diggon Daie is deuised to be a shepheard, that in hope of more gayne, droue his sheepe into a farre countrye. The abuses whereof, and loose liuing of Popish prelates, by occasion of Hobbinols demaund, he discourseth at large.

Hobbinol. Diggon Daie.

DIggon Dauie, I bidde her god day:

Or Diggon her is, or I missaye.

Diggon.

Her was her, while it was daye light,
But nowe her is a most wretched wight.
For day, that was, is wightly past,
And now at earst the dirke night doth hast.

Hobbinoll.

Diggon areede, who has thee so dight?
Neuer I wist thee in so poor a plight.
Where is the fayre flocke, thou was wont to leade?
Or bene they chaffred? or at mischiefe dead?

Diggon.

Ah for loue of that, is to thee moste leefe,
Hobbinol, I pray thee gall not my old griefe:
Sike question ripeth vp cause of newe woe,
For one opened mote vnfolde many moe.

Hobbinoll.

Nay, but sorrow close shrouded in hart
I know, to kepe, is a burdenous smart.
Eche thing imparted is more eath to beare:
When the rayne is faln, the cloudes wexen cleare.
And nowe sithence I sawe thy head last,
Thrise three Moones bene fully spent and past:

Since when thou hast measured much grownd,
And wandred I wene about the world rounde,
So as thou can many thinges relate:
But tell me first of thy flocks astate.

Diggon.

My sheepe bene wasted, (wae is me therefore)
The iolly shepheard that was of yore,
Is nowe nor iolloye, nor shepehearde more.
In forrein costes, men sayd, was plentye:
And so there is, but all of miserye.
I dempt there much to haue eeked my store,
But such eeking hath made my hart sore.
In tho countryes, whereas I haue bene,
No being for those, that truely mene,
But for such, as of guile maken gayne,
No such countrye, as there to remaine.
They setten to sale their shops of shame,
And maken a Mart of theyr good name.
The shepherds there robben one another,
And layen baytes to beguile her brother.
Or they will buy his sheepe out of the cote,
Or they will caruen the shepherds throte.
The shepherds swayne you cannot wel ken,
But it be by his pryde, from other men:
They looken bigge as Bulls, that bene bate,
And bearen the cragge so stiffe and so state,
As cocke on his dunghill, crowing cranck.

Hobbinoll.

Diggon, I am so stiffe, and so stanck,
That vneth may I stand any more:
And nowe the Westerne wind bloweth sore,
That nowe is in his chiefe souereigntee,
Beating the withered leafe from the tree.
Sitte we downe here under the hill:

Tho may we talke, and tellen our fill,
And make a mocke at the blustring blast.
Now say on Diggon, what euer thou hast.

Diggon.

Hobbin, ah hobbin, I curse the stounde,
That euer I cast to haue lorne this grounde.
Wel-away the while I was so fonde,
To leaue the good, that I had in honde,
In hope of better, that was vncouth:
So lost the Dogge the flesh in his mouth.
My seely sheepe (ah seely sheepe)
That here by there I whilome vsed to keepe,
All were they lustye, as thou didst see,
Bene all sterued with pyne and penuree.
Hardly my selfe escaped thilke payne,
Driuen for neede to come home agayne.

Hobbinoll.

Ah fon, now by thy losse art taught,
That seeldome chaunge the better brought.
Content who liues with tryed state,
Neede feare no chaunge of frowning fate:
But who will seeke for vnknowne gayne,
Oft liues by losse, and leaues with payne.

Diggon.

I wote ne Hobbin how I was bewicht
With vayne desyre, and hope to be enricht.
But sicker so it is, as the bright starre
Seemeth ay greater, when it is farre:
I thought the soyle would haue made me rich:
But nowe I wote, it is nothing sich.

For eyther the shepeheards bene ydle and still,
And ledde of theyr sheepe, what way they wyll:
Or they bene false, and full of couetise,
And casten to compasse many wrong emprise.
But the more bene fraught with fraud and spight,
Ne in good nor goodnes taken delight:
But kindle coales of conteck and yre,
Wherewith they sette all the world on fire:
Which when they thinken agayne to quench
With holy water, they doen hem all drench.
They saye they con to heauen the high way,
But by my soule I dare vndersaye,
Thye neuer sette foote in that same troade,
But balk the right way, and strayen abroad.
They boast they han the deuill at commaund:
But aske hem therefore, what they han paund.
Marrie that great *Pan* bought with deare borrow,
To quite it from the blacke bowre of sorrowe.
But they han sold thilk same long agoe:
For thy woulden drawe with hem many moe.
But let hem gange alone a Gods name:
As they han brewed, so let hem beare blame.

Hobbinoll.

Diggon, I praye the speake not so dirke.
Such myster saying me seemeth to mirke.

Diggon.

Then playnely to speake of shepheards most what,
Badde is the best (this english is flatt.)
Their ill hauiour garres men missay,
Both of their doctrine, and of their faye.
They sayne the world is much war then it wont,
All for her shepheards bene beastly and blont.
Other sayne, but how truely I note,
All for they holden shame of theyr cote.

Some sticke not to say, (whote cole on her tongue)
That sike mischeife graseth hem emong,
All for the casten too much of worlds care,
To deck her Dame, and enrich her heyre:
For such encheason, If you goe nye,
Fewe chymneis reeking you shall espye:
The fat Oxe, that wont ligge in the stal,
Is nowe fast stalled in her crumenall.
Thus chatten the people in theyr steads,
Ylike as a Monster of many heads.
But they that shooten neerest the pricke,
Sayne, other the fat from their beards doen lick.
For bigge Bulles of *Basanbrace* hem about,
That with theyr hornes butten the more stoute:
But the leane soules treaden vnder foote.
And to seeke redresse mought little boote:
For liker bene they to pluck away more,
Then ought of the gotten good to restore.
For they bene like foule wagmoires ouergrast,
That if thy galage once sticketh fast,
The more to wind it out thou doest swinck,
Thou mought ay deeper and deeper sinck.
Yet better leaue of with a little losse,
Then by much wrestling to leese the grosse.

Hobbinoll.

Nowe Diggon, I see thou speakest to plaine:
Better it were, a little to feyne,
And cleanly couer, that cannot be cured.
Such il, as is forced, mought nedes be endured.
But of sike pastoures howe done the flocks creepe?

Diggon.

Sike as the shepherds, sike bene her sheepe,
For they nill listen to the shepherds voyce,
But if he call hem at theyr good choyce,

They wander at wil, and stray at pleasure,
And to theyr foldes yeeld at their owne leasure.
But they had be better come at their cal:
for many han into mischiefe fall,
And bene of rauenous Wolues yrent,
All for they nould be buxome and bent.

Hobbinoll.

Fye on thee Diggon, and all thy foule leasing,
Well is knowne that sith the Saxon king,
Neuer was Woolfe seene many nor some,
Nor in all Kent, nor in Christendome:
But the fewer Woolues (the soth to sayne,)
The more bene the Foxes that here remaine.

Diggon.

Yes, but they gang in more secrete wise,
And with sheepes clothing doen hem disguise,
They walke not widely as they were wont
For feare of raungers, and the great hunt:
But priuely prolling too and froe,
Enaunter they mought be inly knowe.

Hobbinoll.

Or priue or pert yf any bene,
We han great Bandogs will tear their skinne.

Diggon.

Indeede thy ball is a bold bigge curre,
And could make a iolly hole in theyr furre.

But not good Dogges hem needeth to chace,
But heedy shepherds to discern their face.
For all their craft is in their countenance,
They bene so graue and full of mayntenance.
But shall I tell thee what my selfe knowe,
Chaunced to Roffynn not long ygoe?

Hobbinoll.

Say it out Diggon, what euer it hight,
For not but well mought him betight.
He is so meeke, wise, and merciable,
And with his word his worke is conuenable.
Colin clout I wene be his selfe boye,
(Ah for Colin he whilome my ioye)
Shepherds sich, God mought vs many send,
That doen so carefully theyr flocks tend.

Diggon.

Thilk same shepherd mought I well marke:
He has a Dogge to byte or to bark,
Neuer had shepherd so nene a kurre,
That waketh, and if but a leafe sturre.
Whilome there wonned a wicked Wolfe,
That with many a Lambe had glutted his gulfe.
And euer at night wont to repayre
Vnto the flocke, when the Welkin shone faire,
Ycladde in clothing of seely sheepe,
When the good old man vsed to sleepe.
Tho at midnight he would barke and ball,
(For he had eft learned a curre call.)
As if a Woolfe were emong the sheepe.
With that the shpheard would breake his sleepe,
And send out Lowder (for so his dog hote)
To raunge the fields with wide oppen throte.
Tho when as Lowder was farre away,
This Woluish sheepe would catchen his pray,

A Lambe, or a Kidde, or a weanell wast:
With that to the wood would he speede him fast.
Long time he vsed this slippery pranck,
Ere Roffy could for his laboure him thanck.
At end the shepheard his practise spyed,
(For Roffy is wise, and as Argus eyed)
And when at euen he came to the flocke,
Fast in theyr folds he did them locke,
And tooke out the Woolfe in his counterfect cote,
And let out the sheepes bloud at his throte.

Hobbinoll.

Marry Diggon, what should him affraye,
To take his owne where euer it laye?
For had his wesand bene a little widder,
He would hue deuoured both hidder and shidder.

Diggon.

Mischiefe light on him, and Gods great curse,
Too good for him had bene a great deale worse:
For it was a perilous beast aboue all,
And eke had he cond the shepherds call.
And oft in the night came to the shepecote,
And called Lowder, with a hollow throte,
As if it the old man selfe had bene.
The dog his maisters voice did it weene,
Yet halfe in doubt, he opened the dore,
And ranne out, as he was wont of yore.
No sooner was out, but swifter then thought,
Fast by the hyde the Wolfe lowder caught:
And had not Roffy renne to the steuen,
Lowder had be slaine thilke same euen.

Hobbinoll.

God shield man, he should so ill haue thriue,
All for he did his deuoyr beliue.
If sike bene Wolues, as thou hast told,
How mought we Diggon, hem be-hold.

Diggon.

How, but with heede and watchfulnesse,
Forstallen hem of their wilnesse?
For thy with shepheard sittes not playe,
Or sleepe, as some doen, all the long day:
But euer liggen in watch and ward,
From soddein force theyr flocks for to gard.

Hobbinoll.

Ah Diggon, thilke same rule were too straight,
All the cold season to wach and waite.
We bene of flesh, men as other bee,
Why should we be bound to such miseree?
What euer thing lacketh changeable rest,
Mought needes decay, when it is at best.

Diggon.

Ah but Hobbinol, all this long tale,
Nought easeth the care, that doth me forhaile.
What shall I doe? what way shall I wend,
My piteous plight and losse to amend?
Ah, good Hobbinol, mought I thee praye,
Of ayde or counsell in my decaye.

Hobbinoll.

Now by my soule Diggon, I lament
The haplesse mischief, that has thee hent,
Nethesse thou seest my lowly saile,
That froward fortune doth euer auaile.
But were Hobbinoll, as God mought please,
Diggon should soone find fauour and ease.
But if to my cotage thou wilt resort,
So as I can, I wil thee comfort:
There mayst thou ligge in a vetchy bed,
Till fayrer Fortune shewe forth her head.

Diggon.

Ah Hobbinol, God mought it thee requite.
Diggon on fewe such freends did euer lite.

Diggons Embleme.

Inopem me copia fecit.

GLOSSE.

The dialecte and phrase of speache in this Dialogue, seemeth somewhat to differ from the comen. The cause whereof is supposed to be, by occasion of the party herein meant, who being very freend to the Author hereof, had bene long in forraine countreyes, and there seene many disorders, which he here recounteth to Hobbinoll.

Bidde her) Bidde good morrow. For to bidde, is to praye, whereof commeth beades for prayers, and so they say, To bidde his beades. .s. to saye his prayers.

Wightly) quicklye, or sodenlye.

Chaffred) solde.

Dead at mischiefe) an vnusuall speache, but much vsurped of Lidgate, and sometime of Chaucer.

Leefe) deare.

Ethe) easie.

These thre moones) nine monethes.

Measured) for traueled.

Wae) woe Northernly.

Eeeked) encreased.

Caruen[)] cutte.

Kenne) know.

Cragge) neck.

State) stoutley

Stanck) wearie or fainte.

And nowe) He applieth it to the tyme of the yeare, which is in thend of haruest, which they call the fall of the leafe: at which time the Westerne wynde beareth most swaye.

A mocke) imitating Horace, Debes ludibrium ventis.

Lorne) lefte.

Soote) swete.

Vncouthe) vnknowen.

Hereby there) here and there.

As the brighte) Translated out of Mantuane.

Emprise) for enterprise. Per Syncopen.

Contek) strife.

Trode) path.

Marrie that) that is, their soules, which by popish Exorcismes & practises they damme to hell.

Blacke) hell.

Gange) goe.

Mister) maner.

Mirke) obscure.

Warre) worse.

Crumenall) purse.

Brace[)] compasse.

Encheson) occasion.

Ouergrast) ouergrowen with grasse.

Galage) shoe.

The grosse) the whole.

Buxome and bent) meeke and obedient.

Saxon king) K. Edgare, that reigned here in Brytanye in the yeare of our Lorde. which king caused all the Wolues, whereof then was store in thys countrye, by a proper policie to be destroyed. So as neuer since that time, there haue ben Wolues here founde, vnlesse they were brought from other countryes. And therefore Hobbinoll rebuketh him of vntruth, for saying there be Wolues in England.

Nor in Christendome) This saying seemeth to be strange and vnreasonable: but indeede it was wont to be an old prouerbe and comen phrase. The original whereof was, for that most part of England in the reigne of king Ethelbert was vnchristened, So that Kent was counted no part of [Christendome].

Great hunt) Executing of lawes and iustice.

Enaunter) least that.

Inly) inwardly. afforesayde.

Preuely or pert) openly sayth Chaucer.

Roffy) The name of a shepehearde in Marot his Æglogue of Robin and the Kinge. whome he here commendeth for great care and wise gouernance of his flock

Colin cloute) Nowe I thinke no man doubteth but by Colin is euer meante the Authour selfe. whose especiall good freend Hobbinoll sayth he is, or more rightly Mayster Gabriel Haruey: of whose speciall commendation, aswell in Poetrye as Rhetorike and other choyce learning, we haue lately had a sufficient tryall in duerse his workes, but specially in his Musarum Lachrymae, and his late Gratulationum Valdinensium which boke in the progresse at Audley in Essex, he dedicated in writing to her Maiestie. afterward presenting the same in print vnto her Highnesse at the worshipfull Maister Capells in Hertfordshire. Beside other his sundrye most rare and very notable writings, partely vnder vnknown Tytles, and partly vnder counterfayt names, as hys Tyrannomastix, his Ode Natalitia, his Rameidos, and especially that parte of Philomusus, his diuine Anticosmopolita, and diuers other of lyke importance. As also by the names of other shepherdes, he couereth the persons of diuers other his familiar freendes and best acquayntaunce.

This tale of Roffy seemeth to coloure some particular Action of his. But what, I certeinlye know not.

Wonned) haunted.

Welkin) skie. afforesaid.

A Weanell waste) a weaned youngling.

Hidder and shidder) He & she. Male and Female.

Steuens) Noyse.

Beliue) quickly.

What euer) Ouids verse translated. Quod caret alterna requie, durable non est.

Forehaile) drawe or distresse.

Vetchie) of Pease strawe.

Embleme.

This is the saying of Narcissus in Ouid. For when the foolish boye by beholding hys face in the brooke, fell in loue with his owne likenesse: and not hable to content him selfe with much looking thereon, he cryed out, that plentye made him poore. meaning that much gazing had bereft him of sence. But our Diggon vseth it to other purpose, as who that by tryall of many wayes had founde the worst, and through great plentye was fallen into great penurie. This posie I knowe, to haue bene much vsed of the author, and to suche like effecte, as fyrste

Narcissus spake it.

Go on to [October](#).



The Shepheardes Calender: October

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October.



Ægloga decima.

ARGUMENT.

IN Cuddie is set out the perfecte paterne of a Poete, whishe finding no maintenaunce of his state and studies, complayneth of the contempte of Poetrie, and the causes thereof: Specially hauing bene in all ages, and euen amongst the most barbarous alwayes of singular account & honor, & being indeede so worthy and commendable an arte: or rather no arte, but a diuine gift and heauenly instinct not to bee gotten by laboure and learning, but adorned with both: and poured into the witte by a certaine [enthusiasmos], and celestiall inspiration, as the Author hereof els where at large discourseth, in his booke called the English Poete, which booke being lately come to my hands, I mynde also by Gods grace vpon further aduisement to publish.

Pierce. Cuddie.

*C*Vddie, for shame hold vp thy heauye head,
And let vs cast with what delight to chace:
And weary thys long lingring *Phoebus* race.
Whilome thou wont the shepherds laddes to leade,
In rymes, in ridles, and in bydding base:
Now they in thee, and thou in sleepe art dead?

Cuddye.

Piers, I haue pyped erst so long with payne,
That all mine Oten reedes bene rent and wore:
And my poore Muse hath spent her spared store,
Yet little good hath got, and much lesse gayne.
Such pleasaunce makes the Grashopper so poore,
And ligge so layd, when Winter doth her straine.

The dapper ditties, that I wont deuise,
To feede youthes fancie, and the flocking fry,
Delighten much: what I the bett for thy?
They han the pleasure, I a sclender prise.
I beate the bush, the byrds to them doe flye:
What good thereof to Cuddie can arise?

Piers.

Cuddie, the prayse is better, then the price,
The glory eke much greater then the gayne:
O what an honour is it, to restraine
The lust of lawlesse youth with good aduice:
Or pricke them forth with pleasaunce of thy vaine,
Whereto thou list their trayned willes entice.

Soone as thou gynst to sette thy notes in frame,
O how the rurall routes to thee doe cleaue:
Seemeth thou dost their soule of sence bereaue,

All as the shepherd, that did fetch his dame
From Plutoes balefull bowre withouten leaue:
His musicks might the hellish hound did tame.

Cuddie.

So praysen babes the Peacocks spotted traine,
And wondren at bright Argus blazing eye:
But who rewards him ere the more for thy?
Or feedes him once the fuller by a graine?
Sike prayse is smoke, that sheddeth in the skye,
Sike words bene wynd, and wasten soone in vayne.

Piers.

Abandon then the base and viler clowne,
Lyft vp thy selfe out of the lowly dust:
And sing of bloody Mars, of wars, of giusts,
Turne thee to those, that weld the awful crowne.
To doubted Knights, whose woundlesse armour rusts,
And helmes vnbruzed wexen dayly browne.

There may thy Muse display her fluttryng wing,
And stretch her selfe at large from East to West:
Whither thou list in fayre Elisa rest,
Or if thee please in bigger notes to sing,
Advaunce the worthy whome she loueth best,
That first the white bear to the stake did bring.

And when the stubborne stroke of stronger stounds,
Has somewhat slackt the tenor of thy string:
Of loue and lustihead tho mayst thou sing,
And carrol lowde, and leade the Myllers rownde,
All were Elisa one of thilke same ring.
So mought our Cuddies name to Heauen sownde.

Cuddie.

Indeede the Romish Tityrus, I heare,
Through his *Mecænas* left his Oaten reede,
Whereon he earst had taught his flocks to feede,
And laboured lands to yield the timely eare,
And eft did sing of warres and deadly drede,
So as the heauens did quake his verse to here.

But ah *Mecænas* is yclad in claye,
And great *Augustus* long ygoe is dead:
And all the worthies ligger wrapt in leade,
That matter made for Poets on to play:
For euer, who in derring doe were drede,
The loftie verse of hem was loued aye.

But after vertue gan for age to stoupe,
And mighty manhode brought a bedde of ease:
The vaunting Poets found nought worth a pease,
To put in preace emong the learned troupe.
Tho gan the streames of flowing wittes to cease,
And sonnebright honour pend in shamefull coupe.

And if that any buddes of Poesie,
Yet of the old stocke gan to shoote agayne:
Or it mens follies mote be forst to fayne,
And rolle with rest in rymes of rybaudrye.
Or as it sprong, it wither must agayne:
Tom Piper makes vs better melodie.

Piers.

O pierlesse Poesye, where is then thy place?
If nor in Princes pallace thou doe sitt:
(And yet is Princes pallace the most fitt)
Ne brest of baser birth doth thee embrace.
Then make thee winges of thine aspyring wit,
And, whence thou camst, flye backe to heauen apace.

Cuddie.

Ah *Percy* it is all to weake and wanne,
So high to sore, and make so large a flight:
Her peece pyneons bene not so in plight,
For *Colin* fittes such famous flight to scanne:
He, were he not with loue so ill bedight,
Would mount as high, and sing as soote as Swanne.

Piers.

Ah fon, for loue does teach him climbe so hie,
And lyftes him vp out of the loathsome myre:
Such immortall mirrhor, as he doth admire,
Would rayse ones mynd aboute the starry skie.
And cause a caytiue corage to aspire,
For lofty loue doth loath a lowly eye.

Cuddie.

All otherwise the state of Poet stands,
For lordly loue is such a Tyranne fell:
That where he rules, all power he doth expell.
The vaunted verse a vacant head demaundes,
Ne wont with crabbed care the Muses dwell:
Vnwisely weaues, that takes two webbes in hand.

Who euer casts to compasse weightye prise,
And thinks to throwe out thondring words of threate:
Let powre in lauish cups and thriftie bitts of meate,
For *Bacchus* fruite is frend to *Phoebus* wise.
And when with Wine the braine begins to sweate,
The numbers flowe as fast as spring doth ryse.

Thou kenst not *Percie* howe the ryme should rage.
O if my temples were distaind with wine,
And girt in girlonds of wild Yuie twine,

How I could reare the Muse on stately stage,
And teache her tread aloft in buskin fine,
With queint *Bellona* in her equipage.

But ah my corage cooles ere it be warme,
For thy, content vs in thys humble shade:
Where no such troublous tydes han vs assayde,
Here we our slender pipes may safely charme.

Piers.

And when my Gates shall han their bellies layd:
Cuddie shall haue a Kidde to store his farme.

Cuddies Embleme.

Agitante calescimus illo &c.

GLOSSE.

This Æglogue is made in imitation of Theocritus his xvi. Idilion, wherein hee reproveth the Tyranne Hiero of Syracuse for his nigardise toward Poetes, in whom is the power to make men immortal for their good dedes, or shameful for their naughty lyfe. And the lyke also is in Mantuane, The style hereof as also that in Theocritus, is more loftye then the rest, and applyed to the heighte of Poeticall witte.

Cuddie) I doubt whether by Cuddie be specified the authour selfe, or some other. For in the eyght Æglogue the same person was brought in, singing a Cation of Colins making, as he sayth. So that some doubt, that the persons be different.

Whilome) sometime.

Oaten reedes) Auena.

Ligge so layde) lye so faynt and vnlustye.

Dapper) prettye.

Frye) is a bold Metaphore, forced from the spawning fishes. for the multitude of young fish be called the frye.

To restraine.) This place seemeth to conspyre with Plato, who in his first booke de Legibus sayth, that the first inuention of Poetry was of very vertuous intent. For at what time an infinite number of youth vsually came to theyr great solemne feastes called Panegyrica, which they vsed euery fiue yeere to hold, some learned man being more hable then the rest, for speciall gyftes of wytte and Musicke, would take vpon him to sing fine verses to the people, in prayse [eyther] of vertue or of victory or of immortality or such like. At whose wonderful gyft al men being astonied and as it were rauished, with delight, thinking (as it was indeede) that he was inspired from aboue, called him vatem: which kinde of men afterwarde framing their verses to lighter musick (as of musick be many kinds, some sadder, some lighter, some martiall, some heroicall: and so diuersely eke affect the myndes of men) found out lighter matter of Poesie also, some playing wyth loue, some scorning at mens fashions, some powred out in pleasures, and so were called Poetes or makers.

Sence bereaue) what the secrete working of Musick is in the myndes of men, aswell appeareth, hereby, that some of the auncient Philosophers, and those the moste wise, as Plato and Pythagoras held for opinion, that the mynd was made of a certaine harmonie and musicall numbers, for the great compassion & likenes of affection in thone and in the other as also by that memorable history of Alexander: to whom when as Timotheus the great Musitian playd the Phrygian melodie, it is said, that he was distraught with such vnwonted fury, that streight way rysing from the table in great rage, he caused himselfe to be armed, as ready to goe to warre (for that musick is very warlike:) And immediatly whenas the Musitian chaunged his stroke into the Lydian and Ionique harmony, he was so furr from warring, that he sat as styl, as if he had bene in mattes of counsell. Such might is in musick. wherefore Plato and Aristotle forbid the Aradian Melodie from children and youth. for that being altogether on the fyft and vij, tone, it is of great force to molifie and quench the kindly courage, which vseth to burne in yong brests. So that it is not incredible which the Poete here sayth, that Musick can bereaue the soule of sence.

The shepheard that) Orpheus: of whom is sayd, that by his excellent skil in Musick and Poetry, he recouered his wife Eurydice from hell.

Argus eyes) of Argus is before said, that Iuno to him committed hir husband Iupiter his Paragon Io, bicause he had an hundred eyes: but afterwarde Mercury wyth his Musick lulling Argus asleepe, slew him and brought Io away, whose eyes it is sayd that [Iuno] for his eternall memory placed in her byrd the Peacocks tayle. for those coloured spots indeede resemble eyes.

Woundlesse armour) vnwounded in warre, doe rust through long peace.

Display) A poeticall metaphore: whereof the meaning is, that if the Poet list showe his skill in matter of more dignitie, then is the homely Æglogue, good occasion is him offered of higher veyne and more Heroicall argument, in the person of our most gracious soueraign, whom (as before) he calleth Elisa. Or if mater of knighthoode and cheualrie please him better, that there be many Noble & valiaunt men, that are both worthy of his payne in their deserued prayses, and also faouurers of hys skil and faculty.

The worthy) he meaneth (as I guesse) the most honorable and renommed the Erle of Leycester, whom by his cognisance (although the same be also proper to other) rather then by his name he bewrayeth, being not likely,

that the names of noble princes be known to country clowne.

Slack) that is when thou chaungest thy verse from stately discourse, to matter of mor[e] pleasaunce and delight.

The Millers) a kind of daunce.

Ring) company of dauncers.

The Romish Tityrus) well knowen to be Virgile, who by Mecaenas means was brought into the fauour of the Emperor Augustus, and by hin moued to write in loftier kinde, then he erst had doen.

Whereon) in these three verses are the three seueral workes of Virgile intended. For in teaching his flocks to feede, is meant his *Æglogues*. In labouring of lands, is hys *Bucoliques*. In singing of wars and deadly dreade, is his diuine *Æneis* figured.

In derring doe) In manhood and chiuallrie.

For euer) He sheweth the cause, why Poetes were wont be had in such honor of noble men; that is, that by them their worthines & valor shold through theyr famous Posies be commended to al posterities. wherefore it is sayd, that Achilles had neuer bene so famous, as he is, but for Homeres immortal verses. which is the only aduantage, which he had of Hector. And also that Alexander the great comming to his tomb in Sigeus, with naturall teares blessed him, that euer was his hap to be honoured with so excellent a Poets work: as so renowned and ennobled onely by hys meanes. which being declared in a most eloquent Oration of Tulies, is of Petrarch no lesse worthely sette forth in a sonet

Giunto Alexandro a la famosa tomba
Del sero Achille sospirando disse
O fortunato che si chiara tromba. Trouasti &c.

And that such account hath bene alwayes made of Poetes, aswell sheweth this that the worthy Scipio in all his warres against Carthage and Numantia had euermore in his company, and that in a most familiar sort the goode olde Poete Ennius: as also that Alexander destroying Thebes, when he was enformed that the famous Lyrick Poet Pindarus was borne in that citie, not onely commaunded streightly, that no man should vpon payne of death do any violence to that house by fire or otherwise: but also specially spared most, and some highly rewarded, that were of hys kinne. So fauoured he the only name of a Poete. whych prayse otherwise was in the same man no lesse famous, that when he came to ransacking of king Darius coffers, whom he lately had ouerthrowen, he founde in a little coffer of siuer two bookes of Homers works, as layd vp there for speciall iewells and richesse, which he taking thence, put one of them dayly in his bosome, and thother eury night layde vnder his pillowe. Such honor haue Poetes alwayes found in the sight of princes and noble men. which this author here very well sheweth, as els where more notably.

But after) he sheweth the cause of contempt of Poetry to be idlenesse and baseness of mynd.

Pent) shut vp in slouth, as in a coope or cage.

Tom piper) An Ironicall [*Sarcasmus*], spoken in derision of these rude wits, which make more account of a ryming rybaud, then of skill grounded vpon learning and iudgment.

Ne brest) the meaner sort of men.

Her peece of pineons) vnperfect skil. Spoken wyth humble modestie.

As soote as Swanne) The comparison seemeth to be strange: for the swanne hath euer wonne small commendation for her sweete singing: but it is sayd of the learned that the swan a little before hir death, singeth most pleasantly, as prophecyng by a secrete instinct her neere destinie As wel sayth the Pote elsewhere in one of his sonetts. The siluer swanne doth sing before her dying day As shee that feeles the deepe delight that is in death &c.

Immortall myrrhour) Beauty, which is an excellent object of Poeticall spirites, as appeareth by the worthy Petrarchs saying.

Fiorir faceua il mio debile ingegno
A las sua ombra, et crescer ne gli affanni.

A caytiue corage) a base and abiect minde.

For lofty loue) I think this playing with the letter to be rather a fault then a figure, aswel in our English tongue, as it hath bene alwayes in the Latin, called Cacozelon.

A vacant) imitateth Mantuanes saying. vacuum curis diuina cerebrum Poscit.

Lauish cups) Resembleth that comen verse Faecundi calices quem non fecere disertum.

O if my) He seemeth here to be rauished with a Poeticall furie. For (if one rightly mark) the numbers rise so ful, & the verse groweth so big, that it seemeth he hath forgot the meanenesse of shepherds state and stile.

Wild yuie) for it is dedicated to Bacchus & therefore it is sayd that the Maenades (that is Bacchus franticke priestes) vsed in theyr sacrifice to carry Thyrsos, which were pointed staues or Iauelins, wrapped about with yuie.

In buskin) it was the maner of Poetes & plaiers in tragedies to were buskins, as also in Comedies to vse stockes & light shoes. So that the buskin in poetry is vsed for tragical matter, as it said in Virgile. Sola sophocleo tua carmina digna cothurno.

Queint) strange Bellona; the goddese of battaile, that is Pallas, which may therefore wel be called queint for that (as Lucian saith) when Iupiter hir father was in traueile of her, he caused his sonne Vulcane with his axe to hew his head. Out which leaped forth lustely a valiant damsell armed at all poyntes, whom seeing Vulcane so faire & comely, lightly leaping to her, proffered her some cortesie, which the Lady disdeigning, shaked her speare at him,

and threatned his saucinesse. Therefore such [straungenesse] is well applyed to her.

Æquipage.) order.

Tydes) seasons.

Charme) temper and order. for Charmes were wont to be made by verses as Ouid sayth.

Aut si carminibus.

Embleme.

Hereby is meant, as also in the whole course of this Æglogue, that Poetry is a diuine instinct and vnnatural rage passing the reache of comen reason. Whom Piers answereth Epiphonematicos as admiring the excellencye of the skylle whereof in Cuddie hee hadde alreadye hadde a taste.

Go on to [November](#).



The Shepheardes Calender: November

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Nouember.



Ægloga vndecima.

ARGUMENT.

In this xi. Æglogue he bewayleth the death of some mayden of greate bloud, whom he calleth Dido. The personage is secrete, and to me altogether vnknowne, albe of him selfe I often required the same. This Æglogue is made in imitation of Marot his song, which he made vpon the death of Loys the frenche Queene. But farre passing his reache, and in myne opinion all other the Eglogues of this booke.

Thenot. Colin.

Colin my deare, when shall it please thee sing,
As thou were | wont songs of some iouisaunce?
Thy Muse to long slombreth in sorrowing,
Lulled a sleepe through loues misgouernaunce.
Now somewhat sing, whose endles souenaunce,
Emong the shepeheards swaines may aye remaine,
Whether thee list the loued lasse aduaunce,
Or honor *Pan* with hymnes of higher vaine.

Colin.

Thenot, now nis the time of merimake.
Nor *Pan* to herye, nor with loue to playe:
Sike myrth in May is meetest for to make,
Or summer shade vnder the cocked haye.
But nowe sadde Winter welked hath the day,
And *Phoebus* weary of his yerely tas-ke,
Ystabled hath his steedes in lowlye laye,
And taken vp his ynne in Fishes has-ke.
Thilke sollein season sadder plight doth aske:
And loatheth sike delightes, as thou doest prayse:
The mornefull Muse in myrth now list ne mas-ke,
As shee was wont in yougth and sommer dayes.
But if thou algate lust light virelayes,
And looser songs of loue to vnderfong
Who but thy selfe deserues sike Poetes prayse?
Relieue thy Oaten pypes, that sleepen long.

Thenot.

The Nightingale is souereigne of song,
Before him sits the Titmose silent bee:
And I vnfitte to thrust in [s]kilfull thronge,
Should *Colin* make iudge of my fooleree.
Nay, better learne of hem, that learned bee,
An han be watered at the Muses well:

The kindlye dewe drops from the higher tree,
And wets the little plants that lowly dwell.
But if sadde winters wrathe and season chill,
Accorde not with thy Muses meriment:
To sadder times thou mayst attune thy quill,
And sing of sorrowe and deathes dreeriment.
For deade is Dido, dead alas and drent,
Dido the greate shepehearde his daughter sheene:
The fayrest May she was that euer went,
Her like shee has not left behind I weene.
And if thou wilt bewayle my wofull tene:
I shall thee giue yond Cosset for thy payne:
And if thy rymes as rownd and ruffall bene,
As those that did thy *Rosalind* complayne,
Much greater gyfts for guerdon thou shalt gayne,
Then Kidde of Cosset, which I thee bynempt:
Then vp I say, thou iolly shepeheard swayne,
Let not my small demaund be so contempt.

Colin.

Thenot to that I choose, thou doest me tempt,
But ah to well I wote my humble vaine,
And howe my rymes bene rugged and vnkempt:
Yet as I conne, my conning I will strayne.

Vp then Melpomene thou mounefulst Muse of nyne,
Such cause of mourning neuer hadst afore:
Vp grieslie ghostes and vp my ruffall ryme,
Matter of myrth now shalt thou haue no more.
For dead she is, that myrth thee made of yore.
Didomy deare alas is dead,
Dead and lyeth wrapt in lead:
O heaue herse,
Let streaming teares be poured out in store:
O carefull verse.

Shepherds, that by your flocks on Kentish downes abyde,
Waile ye this wofull waste of natures warke:

Waile we the wight, whose presence was our pryde:
Waile we the wight, whose absence is our carke.
The sonne of all the world is dimme and darke:
The earth now lacks her wonted light,
And all we dwell in deadly night,
O heauie herse,
Breake we our pypes, that shrild as lowde as Larke,
O carefull verse.

Why do we longer liue, (ah why liue we so long)
Whose better dayes death hath shut vp in woe?
The fayrest floure our gyrlond all emong,
Is faded quite and into dust ygoe.
Sing now ye shepherds daughters, sing no moe
The songs that *Colin* made in her prayse,
But into weeping turne your wanton layes,
O heauie herse,
Now is time to dye. Nay time was long ygoe,
O carefull verse.

Whence is it, that the flouret of the field doth fade,
And lyeth buryed long in Winters bale:
Yet soone as spring his mantle hath displayd,
It floureth fresh, as it should neuer fayle?
But thing on earth that is of most auaile,
As vertues braunch and beauties budde,
Reliuen not for any good.
O heauie herse,
The braunch once dead, the budde eke needes must quaile,
O carefull verse.

She while she was, (that was, a woful word to sayne)
For beauties prayse and pleasaunce had no pere:
So well she couth the shepherds entertayne,
With cakes and cracknells and such country chere.
Ne would she scorne the simple shepherds swaine,
For she would call hem often heame
And giue hem curds and clouted Creame.
O heauie herse,
Als *Colin cloute* she would not once disdayne.
O carefull verse.

But nowe sike happy cheere is turnd to heauie chaunce,
Such pleasaunce now displast by dolours dint:
All Musick sleepes, where death doth leade the daunce,
And shepherds wonted solace is extinct.
The blew in black, the greene in gray is tinct,
The gaudie girlonds deck her graue,
The faded flowres her corse embraue.
O heauie herse,
Morne nowe my Muse, now morne with teares besprint.
O carefull verse.

O thou great shepheard Lobbin, how great is thy grieffe,
Where bene the nosegayes that she dight for thee:
The coloured chaplets wrought with a chiefe,
The knotted rushrings, and gilte Rosemaree?
For shee deemed nothing too deere for thee.
Ah they bene all yclad in clay,
One bitter blast blew all away.
O heauie herse,
Thereof nought remaynes but the memoree.
O carefull verse.

Ay me that dreerie death should strike so mortall stroke,
That can vndoe Dame natures kindly course:
The faded lockes fall from the loftie oke,
The flouds do gaspe, for dryed is thyr sourse,
And flouds of teares flowe in theyr stead perforce.
The mantled medowes mourne,
Theyr sondry colours tourne.
O heauie herse,
The heauens doe melt in teares without remorse.
O carefull verse.

The feeble flocks in field refuse their former foode,
And hang theyr heads, as they would learne to weepe:
The beastes in forest wayle as they were woode,
Except the Wolues, that chase the wandring sheepe:
Now she is gon that safely did hem keepe.
The Turtle on the bared braunch,
Laments the wound, that death did launch.
O heauie herse,
And Philomele her song with teares doth steepe.

O carefull verse.

The water Nymphs, that wont with her to sing and daunce,
And for her girlond Oliue braunches beare,
Now balefull boughes of Cypres doen aduance:
The Muses, that were wont greene bayes to weare,
Now bringen bitter Eldre braunches seare:
The fatall sisters eke repent,
Her vitall threde so soone was spent.
O heauie herse,
Mourne now my Muse, now mourne with heauie cheare.
O carefull verse.

O trustlesse state of earthly things, and slipper hope
Of mortal men, that swincke and sweate for nought,
And shooting wide, doe misse the marked scope:
Now haue I learnd (a lesson derely bought)
That nys on earth assuraunce to be sought:
For what might be in earthlie mould,
That did her buried body hould,
O heauie herse,
Yet saw I on the beare when it was brought,
O carefull verse.

But maugre death, and dreaded sisters deadly spight,
And gates of hel, and fyrie furies forse:
She hath the bonds broke of eternall night,
Her soule vnbodyed of the burdenous corpse.
Why then weepes Lobbin so without remorse?
O Lobb, thy losse no longer lament,
Didonis dead, but into heauen hent.
O happye herse,
Cease now my Muse, now cease thy sorrowes sourse,
O ioyfull verse.

Why wayle we then? why weary we the Gods with playnts,
As if some euill were to her betight?
She raignes a goddesse now emong the saintes,
That whilome was the saynt of shepherds light:
And is enstalled nowe in heauens hight.
I see thee blessed soule, I see,
Walke in Elisian fieldes so free.

O happy herse,
Might I once come to thee (O that I might)
O ioyfull verse.

Vnwise and wretched men to weete whats good or ill,
We deeme of Death as doome of ill desert:
But knewe we fooles, what it vs bringes vntil,
Dye would we dayly, once it to expert.
No daunger there the shepheard can astert:
Fayre fieldes and pleasaunt layes there bene,
The fieldes ay fresh, the grasse ay greene:
O happy herse,
Make hast ye shepherds, thether to reuert,
O ioyfull verse.

Dido is gone afore (whose turne shall be the next?)
There liues shee with the blessed Gods in blisse,
There drincks she Nectar with Ambrosia mixt,
And ioyes enioyes, that mortall men do misse.
The honor now of highest gods she is,
That whilome was poore shepherds pryde,
While here on earth she did abyde.
O happy herse,
Ceasse now my song, my woe now wasted is.
O ioyfull verse.

Thenot.

Ay francke shepheard, how bene thy verses meint
With doolful pleasaunce, so as I ne wote,
Whether reioyce or weepe for great constrainte?
Thyne be the cossette, well hast thou it gotte.
Vp *Colin* vp, ynough thou mourned hast,
Noy gynnes to mizzle, hye we homeward fast.

Colins Embleme.

La mort ny mord.

GLOSSE.

Iouisaunce) myrth.

Souenaunce) remembraunce.

Herie) honour. Welked) shortned or empayred. As the Moone being in the waine is sayde of Lidgate to welk.

In lowly lay) according to the season of the moneth Nouember, when the sonne draweth low in the South toward his Tropick or returne.

In fishes haske) the sonne, reigneth that is, in the signe Pisces all Nouember. a haske is a wicker pad, wherein they vse to cary fish.

Virilaies) a light kind of song.

Bee watred) For it is a saying of Poetes, that they haue dronk of the Muses well Castlias, whereof was before sufficiently sayd.

Dreriment) dreery and heauy cheere.

The great shepherd) is some man of high degree, and not as some vainely suppose God Pan. The person both of the shepherde and of Dido is vnknown and closely buried in the Authours conceipt. But out of doubt I am, that it is not Rosalind, as some imagin: for he speaketh soone after of her also.

Shene) fayre and shining.

May) for mayde.

Tene) sorrow.

Guerdon) reward.

Bynempt) bequethed.

Cosset) a lambe brought vp without the dam.

Vnkempt) Incompti Not comed, that is rude and vnhansome.

Melpomene) The sadde and waylefull Muse vsed of Poets in honor of Tragedies: as saith Virgile Melpomene

Tragico proclamat maesta boatu. Vp griesly gosts) The maner of Tragical Poetes, to call for helpe of Furies and damned ghostes: so is Hecuba of Euripides, and Tantalus brought in of Seneca. And the rest of the rest.

Herse) is the solemne obsequie in funeralles.

Wast of) decay of so beautifull a peece.

Carke) care.

Ah why) an elegant Epanorthosis. as also soone after. nay time was long ago.

Flouret) a [diminutiue] for a little floure. This is a notable and sententio[us] comparison A minore ad manus.

Reliuen not) liue not againe .s. not in theyr earthly bodies: for in heauen they enjoy their due reward.

The braunch) He meaneth Dido, who being, as it were the main braunch now withered the buddes that is beautie (as he sayd afore) can nomore flourish.

With cakes) fit for shepherds bankets.

Heame) for home. after the northern pronouncing.

T[in]ct) deyd or stayned.

The gaudie) the meaning is, that the things, which were the ornaments of her lyfe, are made the honor of her funerall, as is vsed in burialls.

Lobbin) the name of a shepherd, which seemeth to haue bene the louer & deere frende of Dido.

Rushrings) agreeable for such base gyftes

Faded lockes) dried leaues. As if Nature her selfe bewayled the death of the Mayde.

Sourse) spring.

Mantled medowes) for the sondry flowres are like a Mantle or couerlet wrought with many colours.

Philomele) the Nightingale. whome the Poetes faine once to haue bene a Ladye of great beauty, till being rauished by hir sisters husbände, she desired to be turned into a byrd of her name. whose complaintes be very well set forth of Ma. George Gaskin a wittie gentleman, and the very chefe of our late rymers, who and if some partes of learning wanted not (albee it is well knowen he altogyther wanted not learning) no doubt would haue attained the excellencye of those famous Poets. For gifts of wit and naturall promptnesse appeare in hym abundantly.

Cypresse) vsed of the old Paynims in the furnishing of their funerall Pompe. and properly the [signe] of all sorrow and heauinesse.

The fatall sisters) Clotho Lachesis and Atropodas, [daughters] of Herebus and the Nighte, whom the Poetes fayne to spinne the life of man, as it were a long threde, which they drawe out in length, till his fatal howre & timely death be come; but if by other casualtie his dayes be abridged, then one of them, that is Atropos, is sayde to haue cut the threde in twain. Hereof commeth a common verse.

Clotho colum baiulat, lachesis trahit, [Atropos] occat.

O trustlesse) a gallant exclamation moralized with great wisdom and passionate wyth great affection.

Beare) a frame, whereon they vse to lay the dead corse.

Furies) of Poetes be feyned to be three, Persephone Alecto and Megera, which are sayd to be the Authours of all euill and mischief.

Eternall [n]ight) is death or darknesse of hell.

Betight) happened,

I see) A liuely Icon, or representation as if he saw her in heauen present.

Elysian fieldes) be deuised of Poetes to be a place of pleasure like Paradise, where the happye soules doe rest in peace and eternal happynesse.

Dye would) The very e[x]presse saying of Plato in Phaedone.

Astert) befall vnwares. Nectar and Ambrosia) be feigned to be the drink and foode of the gods: Ambrosia they liken to Manna in scripture and Nectar to be white like Creme, whereof is a proper tale of Hebe, that spilt a cup of it, and stayned the heauens, as yet appeareth. But I haue already discoursed that at large in my Commentarye vpon the dreames of the same Author.

Meynt) Mingled.

Embleme.

Which is as much to say, as death biteth not. For although by course of nature we be borne to dye, and being ripened with age, as with a timely haruest, we must be gathered in time, or els of our selues we fall like rotted fruite from the tree: yet death is not to be counted for euil, nor (as the Poete sayd a little before) as doome of ill desert) For though the trespasse of the first man brought death in to the world, as the guerdon of sinne, yet being

ouercome by the death of one, that dyed for al, it is now made (as Chaucer sayth) the grene path way to lyfe. So that it agreeth well with that was sayd, that Death byteth not (that is) hurteth not at all.

Go on to [December](#).



The Shepheardes Calender: December

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December.



Ægloga Duodecima.

ARGUMENT.

This Æglogue (euen as the first beganne) is ended with a complaynte of Colin to God Pan. wherein as weary of his former wayes, he proportioneth his life to the foure seasons of the yeare, comparing hys youthe to the spring time, when he was fresh and free from loues follye. His manhoode to the sommer, which he sayth, was consumed with greate heate and excessiue drouth caused through a Comet or blasinge starre, by which he meaneth loue, which passion is comenly compared to such flames and immoderate heate. His riper yeares hee resembleth to an vnseasonable harueste wherein the fruites fall ere they be ripe. His latter age to winters chyll & frostie season, now drawing neare to his last ende.



He gentle shepheard satte beside a springe,
All in the shadowe of a bushy brere,
That *Colin* hight, which wel could pype and singe,
For he of *Tityrus* his songs did lere.
There as he satte in secreate shade alone,
Thus gan he make of loue his piteous mone.

O soueraigne *Pan* thou God of shepherds all,
Which of our tender *Lambkins* takest keepe:
And when our flocks into mischaunce mought fall,
Doest save from mischeife the vnwary sheepe:
Als of their maisters hast no lesse regarde,
Then of the flocks, which thou doest watch and ward:

I thee beseche (so be thou *deigne* to heare,
Rude ditties tund to shepherds Oaten reede,
Or if I euer sonet song so cleare,
As it with pleasaunce mought thy fancie feede)
Hearken awhile from thy greene *cabinet*,
The rurall song of carefull *Colinet*.

Whilome in youth, when flowrd my ioyfull spring,
Like Swallow swift I wandred here and there:
For heate of heedlesse lust me so did sting,
That I of doubted daunger had no feare.
I went the wastefull woodes and forest wyde,
Withouten dreade of Wolues to bene espyed.

I wont to raunge amydde the *mazie* thickette,
And gather nuttes to make me Christmas game:
And ioyed oft to chace the trembling Pricket,
Or hunt the hartlesse hare, til shee were tame.
What wreaked I of wintrye ages waste,
Tho deemed I, my spring would euer laste.

How often haue I scaled the craggie Oke,
All to dislodge the Rauen of her neste:
Howe haue I wearied with many a stroke,
The stately Walnut tree, the while the rest
Vnder the tree fell all for nuts at strife:
For ylike to me was libertee and lyfe.

And for I was in thilke same looser yeaes,
(Whether the Muse so wrought me from my birth,
Or I tomuch beleueed my shepherd peres)
Somedele ybent to song and musicks mirth,
A good olde shepheard, *Wrenock* was his name,
Made me by arte more cunning in the same.

Fro thence I durst in derring [doe] compare
With shepherds swayne, what euer fedde in field:
And if that *Hobbinol* right iudgement bare,
To *Pan* his owne selfe pype I neede not yield.
For if the flocking Nymphes did folow Pan,
The wiser Muses after *Colin* ranne.

But ah such pryde at length was ill repayde,
The shepherds God (perdie God was he none)
My hurtlesse pleasaunce did me ill vpbraide,
My freedome lorne, my life he lefte to mone.
Loue they him called, that gaue me checkmate,
But better mought they haue behote him Hate.

Tho gan my louely Spring bid me farewell,
And Sommer season sped him to display
(For loue then in the Lyons house did dwell)
The raging fyre, that kindled at his ray.
A comett stird vp that vnkindly heate,
That reigned (as men sayd) in Venus seate.

Forth was I ledde, not as I wont afore,
When choise I had to choose my wandring waye:
But whether luck and loues vnbridled lore
Would leade me forth on Fancies bitte to playe:
The bush my bedde, the bramble was my bowre,
The Woodes can wisse many a wofull stowre.

Where I was went to seeke the honey Bee,
Working her formall rowmes in Wexen frame:
The grieslie Todestool growne there mought I se
And loathed Paddocks lording on the same.
And where the chaunting birds luld me a sleepe,
The ghastlie Owle her grieuous ynne doth keepe.

Then as the springe giues place to elder time,
And bringeth forth the fruite of sommers pryde:
Also my age now passed youghly pryme,
To thinges of ryper reason selfe applied.
And learnd of lighter timber cotes to frame,
Such as might saue my sheepe and me fro shame.

To make fine cages for the Nightingale,
And Baskets of bulrushes was my wont:
Who to entrappe the fish in winding sale
Was better seene, or hurtful beastes to hont?
I learned als the signes of heauen to ken,
How Phoebe sayles, where Venus sittes and when.

And tryed time yet taught me greater thinges,
The sodain rysing of the raging seas:
The soothe of byrds by beating of their wings,
The power of herbs, both which can hurt and ease:
And which be wont tenrage the restlesse sheepe,
And which be wont to worke eternall sleepe.

But ah vnwise and witlesse *Colin cloute*,
That kydst the hidden kinds of many a wede:
Yet kydst not ene to cure thy sore hart roote,
Whose ranckling wound as yet does rifely bleede.
Why liuest thou stil, and yet hast thy deathes wound?
Why dyest thou stil, and yet aliue art founde?

Thus is my sommer worne away and wasted,
Thus is my haruest hastened all to rathe:
The eare that budded faire, is burnt & blasted,
And all my hoped gaine is turned to scathe.
Of all the seede, that in my youth was sowne,
Was nought but brakes and brambles to be mowne.

My boughes with bloosmes that crowned were at firste,
And promised of timely fruite such store,
Are left both bare and barrein now at erst:
The flattring fruite is fallen to grownd before.
And rotted, ere they were halfe mellow ripe:
My haruest wast, my hope away dyd wipe.

The fragrant flowres, that in my garden grewe,
Bene withered, as they had bene gathered long.
Theyr rootes bene dried vp for lacke of dewe,
Yet dewed with teares they han be euer among.
Ah who has wrought my *Ro[s]alind* this spight
To spil the flowres, that should her girlond dight,

And I, that whilome wont to frame my pype,
Vnto the shifting of the shepherds foote:
Sike follies nowe haue gathered as too ripe,
And cast hem out, as rotten an vnsoote.
The loser Lasse I cast to please nomore,
One if I please, enough is me therefore.

And thus of all my haruest hope I haue
Nought reaped but a weedye crop of care:
Which, when I thought haue thresht in swelling sheaue,
Cockel for corne, and chaffe for barley bare.
Soone as the chaffe should in the fan be fynd,
All was blowne away of the wauering wynd.

So now my yeare drawes to his latter terme,
My spring is spent, my sommer burnt vp quite:
My harueste hasts to stirre vp winter sterne,
And bids him clayme with rigorous rage hys right.
So nowe he stormes with many a sturdy stoure,
So now his blustering blast eche coste doth scoure.

The carefull cold hath nypt my rugged rynde,
And in my face deepe furrowes eld hath pight:
My head besprent with hoary frost I fynd,
And by myne eie the Crow his clawe dooth wright.
Delight is layd abedde, and pleasure past,
No sonne now shines, cloudes han all ouercast.

Now leaue ye shepherds boyes yo[u]r merry glee,
My Muse is hoarse and weary of thys stounde:
Here will I hang my pype vpon this tree,
Was neuer pype of reede did better sounde.
Winter is come, that blowes the bitter blaste,
And after Winter dreerie death does hast.

Gather ye together my little flocke,
My little flock, that was to me so lief:
Let me, ah lette me in your folds ye lock,
Ere the breme Winter breede you greater grieffe.
Winter is come, that blowes the balefull breath,
And after Winter commeth timely death.

Adieu delightes, that lulled me asleepe,
Adieu my deare, whose loue I bought so deare:
Adieu my little Lambes and loued sheepe,
Adieu ye Woodes that oft my witsse were:
Adieu good *Hobbinol*, that was so true,
Tell *Rosalind*, her *Colin* bids her adieu.

Colins Embleme.

[Vivitur ingenio, caetera mortis erunt.]

GLOSSE.

Tityrus) Chaucer as hath bene oft sayd.

Lambkins) young lambes.

Als of their) Semeth to expresse Virgils verse. Pan curat oues ouiumque magistros.

Deigne) vouchsafe.

[C]abinet)Colinet) dimi nutines.

Mazie) For they be like to a maze whence it is hard to get out agayne.

Peres) felowes and companions.

Musick) that is Poetry as Terence sayth Qui artem tractant musicam, speking of Poetes.

]Derring doe) aforesayd.

Lions house) He imagineth simply that Cupid, which is loue, had his abode in the whote signe Leo, which is in midst of somer; a pretie allegory, whereof the meaning is, that loue in him wrought an extaordinarie heate of lust.

His ray) which is Cupids beame or flames of Loue.

A Comete) a blasing starre, meant of beautie, which was the cause of his whote loue.

Venus) the goddesse of beauty or pleasure. Also a signe in heauen, as it is here taken. So he meaneth that beautie, which hath alwayes aspect to Venus, was the cause of all his vnquietnes in loue.

Where I was) a fine description of the change of hys lyfe and liking, for all things nowe seemed to hym to have altered their kindly course.

Lording) Spoken after the manner of Paddocks and Frogges sitting which is indeed Lordly, not remouing nor looking once aside, vnlesse they be sturred.

Then as) The second part. That is his manhoode.

Cotes) sheepecotes. for such be the exercises of the shepherds.

Sale) or Salow a kind of woodde like the wylow, fit to wreath and bynde in leapes to catch fish withall.

Phoebe sayles) The Eclipse of the Moone, which is alwayes in Cauda or Capite Draconis, signes in heauen.

Venus) .s. Venus starre, otherwise called Hesperus and Vesper and Lucifer, both because he seemeth to be one of the brightest starres, and also first ryseth and setteth last. All which still in starres being conuenient for shepherdes to knowe as Theocritus and the rest vse.

Raging seaes) The cause of the swelling and ebbing of the sea commeth of the course of the Moone, sometime encreasing, sometime wayning and decreasing.

Sooth of byrdes) A kind of sooth saying vsed in elder tymes, which they gathered by the flying of byrds; First (as is sayd) [in]vented by the Thuscanes and from them deriued to the Romanes, who (as is sayd in Liuie) were so superstitiously rooted in the same, that they agreed that euery Noble man should put his sonne to the Thuscanes, by them to be brought vp in that knowledge.

Of herbes) That wonderous thinges be wrought by herbes, aswell appeareth by the common working of them in our bodies, as also by the wonderful enchauntments and sorceries that haue bene wrought by them; insomuch that it is sayde that Circe a famous sorceresee turned men into sondry kinds of beastes & Monsters, and onely by herbes: as the Poete sayth *Dea saeua potentibus herbis &c.*

Kidst) knewest.

Eare) of corne.

Scathe) losse hindaunce.

Euer among) Euer and anone.

This is my) The thyrd parte wherein is set forth his ripe yeres as an vntimely haruest, that bringeth little fruite.

The f[r]agraunt flowres) sundry studies and laudable partes of learning, wherein how our Poete is seene, be they witness which are priuie to his study.

So now my yeare) The last part, wherein is described his age by comparison of wyntrye stormes.

Carefull cold) for care is sayd to coole the blood.

Glee[]) mirth[.]

Hoary frost) A metaphore of hoary heares scattred lyke to a gray frost.

Breeme) sharpe and bitter.

Adiew delights) is a conclusion of all. where in sixe verses he comprehendeth briefly all that was touched on in this booke. In the first verse his delights of youth generally. in the second, the loue of Rosalind, in the thyrd, the keeping of the sheepe, which is the argument of all Ægloues. In the fourth his complaints. And in the last two his professed frendship and good will to his good friend Hobbinoll.

Embleme.

The meaning whereof is that all thinges perish and come to theyr last end, but workes of learned wits and monuments of Poetry abide for euer. And therefore Horace of his Odes a work though ful indeede of great wit & learning, yet of no so great weight and importaunce boldly sayth.

Exigi monimentum aere perennius,
Quod noc imber nec aquilo vorax &c.

Therefore let not be enuied, that this Poete in his Epilogue sayth he hath mad a Calendar, that shall endure as long as time &c. folowing the example of Horace and Ouid in the like.

Grande Opus exegi quae nec Iouis ira nec ignis,
Nec ferum poterit nec edax abolere vetustas &c.

*Loe I haue made a Calender for euery yeare,
That steele in strength, and time in durance shall outweare:
And if I marked well the starres reuolution,
It shall continewe till the worlds dissolution.
To teach the ruder shepheard how to feed his sheepe,
And from the falsers fraud his folded flocke to keepe.
Goe lyttle Calender, thou hast a free passeporte,
Goe but a lowly gate emongste the meaner sorte.
Dare not to match thy pipe with Tityrus his style,
Nor with the Pilgrim that the Ploughman playde a whyle:
But followe them farre off, and their high steppes adore,
The better please, the worse despise, I aske nomore.*

Merce non mercede.



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Return to [Table of Contents](#).



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