

## Werk

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## Kontakt/Contact

[Digizeitschriften e.V.](#)  
SUB Göttingen  
Platz der Göttinger Sieben 1  
37073 Göttingen

✉ [info@digizeitschriften.de](mailto:info@digizeitschriften.de)

## Alcilia.

Eine Sammlung von Gedichten aus dem Jahre 1595.  
Nach dem einzigen Exemplar der Hamburger Stadtbibliothek

herausgegeben und eingeleitet

von

**Wilhelm Wagner.**

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Es ist ein Verdienst J. Payne Collier's zuerst auf die anonyme Gedichtsammlung, welche wir hier für die Leser des Jahrbuchs herausgeben, aufmerksam gemacht zu haben. In seinem *Poetical Decameron*, vol. II (1820) p. 112 und 116—120 theilt er einzelne Proben aus der *Alcilia* mit, ohne sich jedoch auf bibliographische Notizen weiter einzulassen; als sein Urtheil darf man wohl die p. 119 zu lesende Aeusserung Morton's, des einen der Freunde, welche im *Decameron* redend eingeführt werden, betrachten: *We are much obliged to you for introducing us to a poet who can write with so much ease and delicacy.* Ausserdem ist hervorzuheben, dass Collier 1820 noch keine Ahnung von dem muthmasslichen Verfasser hatte, denn p. 116 wird auf die Frage: *Have you any conjecture who is meant by Philoparthen?* geantwortet: *I have not, nor do I find any clue in the production.* Damals übersah also Collier die in allen (späteren) Ausgaben, von denen es in England Exemplare giebt, sich vorfindenden Buchstaben *J. C.*, aber in einem späteren Werke, *A Bibliographical and Critical Account of the Rarest Books in the English Language* I, 117—118 sagt er: *There is some reason for assigning to Chalkhill a collection of small poems under the title of "Alcilia, Philoparthen's loving Folly", which was first printed in 4to. 1613 in a volume with Marston's "Pygmalion's Image" and "The Love of Amos and Laura" (welches nicht von Chalkhill ist). The last of these is dedicated to Is. Wa.*

or Isaac Walton, which connects him with the publication; and at the end of the first piece are the initials J. C. which perhaps were those of John Chalkhill. There were subsequent editions of "Alcilia" in 8vo. 1619, and 4to. 1628, and it certainly deserved considerable popularity for the "smooth and easy verse", in which it is written, a quality imputed by Walton to Chalkhill's poetry. Collier stellt dann die Vermuthung auf, dass der Philaretes, welcher den zu Anfang der Sammlung stehenden Brief an den Verfasser geschrieben haben will, Walton selbst sei, who, nearly sixty years afterwards, edited *Thealma and Clearchus*. Dies ist alles *guesswork*, und kann keine weitere Werthschätzung beanspruchen.

Die erste Ausgabe der Alcilia von 1595, von der sich ein Exemplar auf der Hamburger Stadtbibliothek befindet, scheint in England gänzlich unbekannt zu sein. In Hazlitt's Handbook werden folgende Ausgaben angeführt:

a) Alcilia. Philoparthen's Louing Folly. Whereunto is added Pigmaliions Image. With the Loue of Amos and Laura and other Epigrammes, by Sir I. H. and others. Neuer before imprinted. London: Printed for Richard Hawkins, dwelling in Chancery-lane, neare Serjeants-Inne. 1613. 4to. 48 Blätter. Ein Exemplar, Bright 1845, woran 2 Blätter fehlten, wurde für Pfd. Sterl. 3. 10 Sh. für Herrn Corser, den Verfasser der *Collectanea Angl. Poetica* (1860) gekauft, und ist aus dessen Bibliothek dann in das British Museum gekommen.

b) Alcilia. Philoparthen's Louing Folly. Whereunto is added Pigmaliions Image. With the Loue of Amos and Laura. London. Printed for Richard Hawkins, dwelling in Chancery Lane, neere Serieants Inne. 1619. klein 8vo. Das einzige bekannte Exemplar dieser Ausgabe befindet sich im British Museum.

c) Alcilia. Philoparthen's Louing Folly. Whereunto is added Pigmaliions Image. With the Loue of Amos and Laura. And also Epigrammes by Sir J. H. and others. The second impression. London: Printed for Richard Hawkins, dwelling in Chancery Lane, neere Serjeants Inne. 1628. 4to. Ein Exemplar befindet sich in der Bodleiana zu Oxford. Ein anderes wurde auf Harvard's Auction 1858 mit Pfd. Sterl. 3. 11 Sh. bezahlt. Es ist klar, dass dieses eine neue Auflage von a) ist.

d) An edition "Printed and sold by William Leake at the Crown and Scepter between the Two Temple Gates" circa 1643, is advertised as published, on a separate leaf pasted into a copy of the *Compleat Justice* 1643. 12mo.

Ausserdem verdanke ich der Güte meines geehrten Freundes F. J. Furnivall, des Directors der New Shakspeare Society, den Hinweis auf Corser's Beschreibung der Alcilia (1613) in seinen Collect. Ang. Poet. I, 15—27; über die Ausgabe von 1628 fasst sich Corser kürzer.

Nach all' diesen Erörterungen, welche so sorgfältigen Forschern wie Hazlitt und Corser entnommen sind, darf wohl mit Zuversicht ausgesprochen werden, dass die Hamburger Stadtbibliothek an der Alcilia von 1595 ein wirkliches Unicum besitzt.

Dieses Exemplar ist in klein 4to. und besteht aus 31 nicht paginirten Blättern, einschliesslich des Titels: bei den meinem Wiederabdrucke des Gedichts beigesetzten Seitenzahlen habe ich jedoch das Titelblatt nicht mitgezählt. Auf dem letzten Blatte ist, jedoch in verkehrter Richtung, in einer Schrift, welche ganz entschieden das Gepräge des 16. oder des Anfangs des 17. Jahrhunderts trägt, der Name des früheren Besitzers eingetragen:

Edmund Stubbing his booke

Ex dono Doris Clapham

und auf dem Titelblatte selbst hat sich unter der Jahreszahl ein späterer Besitzer eingeschrieben: J. Langermann DR 1755. Nach einer Mittheilung des Herrn v. Dommer, Bibliotheks-Assistenten in Hamburg, findet sich dieser Name in gar manchen Büchern der hiesigen Bibliothek: Dr. Langermann war ein Jurist, welcher in der zweiten Hälfte des vorigen Jahrhunderts dem Staate seine Bibliothek vermachte. Wie aus dem Besitze Edmund Stubbing's das Büchlein nach Hamburg und in die Hände des Dr. Langermann gekommen ist -- dem nachzuforschen möchte wohl Zeitvergeudung sein; jedenfalls steckt es aber noch jetzt in demselben Einbände, welchen ihm der erste Besitzer Stubbing, oder vielleicht schon der ursprüngliche Donator Dr. Clapham, einst gab.

In Bezug auf den Verfasser der Gedichte ist allerdings das Hamburger Exemplar der ersten Ausgabe nur geeignet, neue Verwirrung, neue Zweifel zu erregen; denn wenn nach Collier die 4 bisher bekannten Ausgaben am Schlusse die Buchstaben J. C. tragen (nach einer Mittheilung Furnivall's steht J. C. in der Ausgabe von 1613, während es I. C. in der von 1619 ist), so zeigt das Hamburger Exemplar zwar auf den ersten Blick die Buchstaben J. G., aber bei genauerer Prüfung erweist sich, dass auch in ihm ursprünglich J. C. stand; es ist nämlich durch Hinzufügung eines kunstgerechten Unterstriches das C in ein G verwandelt.

Da stehen wir vor einem Räthsel! Das Hamburger Exemplar enthält ausserdem eine ziemliche Anzahl von Correcturen im Texte selbst, welche von uns am gehörigen Orte vermerkt worden sind: alle sind in derselben Tinte wie der zu dem ursprünglichen C hinzugefügte Strich. Hat der vortreffliche Dr. Clapham diese Correcturen vorgenommen? Ja, war er vielleicht der Autor der Alcilia? Machte er also sein eigenes Opus seinem Freunde Stubbing zum Geschenke, und sollte er, damit dieser nicht so leicht den Autor des Büchleins erriethe, den C in einen G verwandelt haben? Warum hat uns das Geschick nicht den Vornamen des Dr. Clapham aufbewahrt: hiess er J?

Oder hiess der Verfasser wirklich J. G.? Dann liessen sich gar manche Vermuthungen aufstellen, ja in diesem Falle hätten wir wohl eine kleine Hypothese schon fix und fertig, um dem Dichter der Alcilia mindestens einen Namen, wenn auch nicht eine *local habitation* zu geben. Es finden sich nämlich in der Literatur dieser Zeit die Buchstaben J. G. in mehreren Fällen als Autorenbezeichnung verwandt. Da wir die Notizen mit einiger Vollständigkeit beisammen zu haben glauben, so mag immerhin gestattet werden, das Material hier mitzutheilen, und so vielleicht zu weiterem Forschen anzuregen.

In dem British Museum befinden sich folgende zwei Tractate:

1) M. Some laid open in his coulens: wherein the indifferent reader may easily see, how wretchedly and loosely he hath handleed the cause against M. Penry. Done by an Oxford man to his friend in Cambridge. Die Buchstaben J. G. stehen zu Ende des Werkchens, dessen Druckort und Druckzeit unsicher sind, doch wird London 1588 gemuthmasst. Ueber den Inhalt besitze ich keine Angabe.

2) A Refutation of the Apology for Actors (von Thomas Heywood), divided into three briefe treatises. Wherein is confuted all the chiefe groundes — — alleaged in defence of Playes: and withall in each treatise is deciphered Actors 1. Heathenish and diabolicall institution. 2. Their ancient and modern indignitie. 3. The wonderfull abuse of their impious qualitie. By J. G. London, 1615. 4to.

Ganz dem Gegenstande nach übereinstimmen mit dem, was man dem Verfasser der Alcilia zutrauen dürfte, würde wohl ein Gedicht, dessen Titel wir aus Hazlitt's Handbook entnehmen:

G. (J.) An Apologie for Women-kinde. At London. Printed by Ed. Alde for William Ferbrand. 1605. 4to. Es würde interessant sein, dies Gedicht mit der Alcilia zu vergleichen; doch hat es mir dazu vollständig an Gelegenheit gefehlt.

Auf einen vollständigen Namen, wenn auch nicht auf eine sonst bekannte Persönlichkeit, würde folgende Notiz führen, auf die mich wieder Furnivall aufmerksam gemacht hat:

*African and Mensola. — A Famous tragicall discourse of two lovers, African and Mensola, their lives, infortunate loves, and lamentable deaths, together with the of-spring of the Florentines. A History no lesse pleasant then full of recreation and delight. Newly translated out of Tuscan into French by Anthony Guerin, domino Creste. And out of French into English by Jo. Goubourne. — At London Printed by Ja. R. for William Blackman, dwelling neere the great North doore of Paules. 1597. 4to. 44 Blätter.*

Nach Collier, dessen *Bibliographical and Critical Account* etc. I, 13 dieser Titel entnommen ist, ist dies *a prose romance, written in an affected style, and the languid story devoid of interest. A young shepherd named African falls in love with a nymph of Diana whom he long in vain pursues, but at length, in female attire, deflowers her, and finally kills himself. Of Mensola is born Pruneo, who is represented as the original, or "of-spring", of the Florentines. The description of the half-willing and half-unwilling rape upon the heroine is sufficiently prurient, and must have constituted the chief attraction of the performance. — Of Jo. Goubourne we have no other trace, and at the close is printed "Thus endeth Maister John Bocace to his Flossolan: Data fata secutus". It is dedicated by I. G. "to the vertuous gentleman Maister Frances Versaline": then comes an address "To the Reader health", and a page headed "The author disireth the favour of his Mistris". "A Table of Contents" gives the titles of the 18 tedious chapters of which the romance consists. The whole merits notice only on account of its extreme rarity.*

Wenn gleich Collier's Beschreibung dieser Erzählung kein sehr günstiges Vorurtheil für dieselbe und ihren Verfasser erweckt, und obschon wir das Werk selbst nicht gelesen haben, so liesse sich immerhin — freilich als reines Rathen — John Goubourne als der J. G. unserer Alcilia in Anspruch nehmen: vorausgesetzt, dass die Buchstaben J. G. irgend welche Autorität besitzen. Da sich aber diese Voraussetzung durch nichts bestimmt erweisen lässt, so fällt wohl unser ganzes Gebäude wie ein Kartenhaus zusammen.

Sicherer ist, was sich über die Bildung und das Können des Dichters der Alcilia bemerken lässt. Da fallen zunächst die Marginal-Inschriften in die Augen, und von diesen sind eine ganze Reihe italienisch, nicht weniger als fünf:

Ne amor ne signoria vuole compagnia

Sonn. L, p. 25.

Chi non si fida, non viene ingannato

Sonn. 1, zweite Abth., p. 47.

Chi non fa, non falla, chi falla l' amendn

(wohl s' amenda). Sonn. 2, XIII, p. 51.

Chi va e ritorna, fa buon viaggio

Sonn. 2, XV, p. 51

Quanto piace all mondo, è breve sogno

Sonn. 2, XXXVIII, p. 60.

Diese italienische Gelehrsamkeit entspricht übrigens ganz der Bildung der Zeit und dem Geschmacke, der sich auch sonst in Sonetten der Elisabethischen Periode geltend macht.

Wenn wir nun aus der Alcilia selbst uns ein Bild von dem Verfasser machen wollen — worin ja zugleich eine Würdigung der Production selbst enthalten sein muss — so liesse sich wohl auf Folgendes hinweisen.

Unser Dichter ist offenbar ein sehr gebildeter und in gewisser Beziehung gelehrter Mann. Dafür spricht erstens einmal das seinen 'Sonnets' voraufgeschickte lateinische Gedicht, dessen Verse im Ganzen sehr correct und gefällig sind — wenn freilich auch der Schnitzer cōmīter für cōmīter (V. 7) nicht verschwiegen werden darf. Weiter bezeugen die classische Bildung unseres Dichters die beigeschriebenen lateinischen Sentenzen, bei denen jedoch nur Martial mit Namen (Sonn. LVIII, p. 28), dagegen bekannte Verse aus Vergil (Sonn. 1) und Ovid (Sonn. 2, XXX, p. 57), sowie aus anderen Dichtern ohne Namen angeführt werden (Sonn. 2, XXXVI, p. 59 und 2, XXXVII, p. 59). Ausserdem finden sich allgemeine Sentenzen angeführt: meritum petere grave Sonn. XXX; nemini datur amare simul et sapere p. 6; alteri inserviens me ipsum conficio Sonn. LX, p. 29, die allem Anscheine nach aus einer Anthologie oder Gnomologie der Zeit, und nicht aus selbständiger Lectüre der Schriftsteller herrühren. Wohl mit Sicherheit lässt sich das behaupten von dem zu Sonn. XXXVI angeschriebenen Ausspruche des Cynikers Diogenes: amor est otiosorum negotium, der auf eine griechische Quelle zurückgeht, mit welcher unser Dichter schwerlich vertraut gewesen dürfte: Diogenes Laertius VI, 2, 51 (vol. 1, p. 271 ed. Tauchn.), τὸν ἔρωτα ἀσχολίαν (εἶναι ἔλεγεν ὁ Διογένης).

Indessen für die Annahme, dass der Dichter kein eigentlicher Gelehrter, sondern ein Mann war, der nach empfangener Universitätsbildung in das praktische Leben eingetreten und aller Pedanterie,

allem Prunken mit gelehrtem Kram, abhold war, muss man hinweisen auf den verhältnissmässig sparsamen Gebrauch, den er von der classischen Mythologie macht: was um so mehr hervorzuheben ist, wenn man bedenkt, dass in dem Stil der damaligen Zeit mythologische Anspielungen ein sehr beliebter Zierrath waren und oft im Uebermass angewandt wurden. Soviel ich sehe, sind hier bloss die drei Grazien (Sonn. XIII, p. 13), Phöbus (XVI, p. 14), Jupiter und Ganymed (XVI, p. 14) und Icarus (p. 36) bemüht worden.

Im Allgemeinen dürfte wohl Einfachheit und Natürlichkeit als der Hauptvorzug der Alcilia bezeichnet werden. Die Sprache ist so durchgängig klar und verständlich, dass allein dieser Umstand diesen Gedichten in der damaligen Zeit eine gewisse Popularität verschafft haben muss — denn dass die Alcilia sich einer solchen erfreute, kann man nach dem oben gegebenen Verzeichnisse der Ausgaben nicht leicht bezweifeln. Dass jedoch der Dichter keine grosse Gewalt und Herrschaft über die Sprache besass, wird sogleich gezeigt werden, indessen leuchtet dies erst bei näherer Controlle seiner Reime und sonstigen poetischen Hilfsmittel ein: der erste Eindruck (und dieser entscheidet bei dem grossen Publikum) bleibt doch der einer gefälligen Einfachheit und Verständlichkeit. Doch wird der Dichter auch gelegentlich zu populär, wie wenn er den volksthümlichen Ausdruck *at six and seven* Sonn. 2, XVIII, p. 53 in einer Umgebung gebraucht, die uns nicht recht passend erscheinen will.

Das Versmass der Sonette ist ein über alle Beschreibung einfaches: und in der That, vergleicht man den strengen Bau des Sonetts bei den Italienern, und selbst die weniger strenge, ja oft nachlässige Behandlung desselben bei den Elisabethischen Dichtern, so hat sich der Dichter der Alcilia die Sache leicht gemacht! Ausser ihm und gefälligen Freunden würde Niemand wohl diese 6zeiligen Strophen mit dem stolzen Namen 'Sonnets' belegen: indessen mag die Fahrlässigkeit des Sprachgebrauchs der Zeit ihn entschuldigen, und wir wollen nicht weiter mit ihm rechten.

Die rhythmische Bewegung ist häufig steif und nach der bessern Praxis späterer Dichter fehlerhaft; z. B. ein Vers wie Sonn. XIII, p. 13:

*her body is straight slénder ánd upright*

würde heute allgemein und im siebzehnten Jahrhundert von den sorgfältigern Dichtern vermieden worden sein. Auch daraus also machten wohl die Zeitgenossen unserm Dichter keinen Vorwurf.

Die Reime sind ermüdend einförmig, und hier zeigt sich wohl am meisten, dass dem Verfasser zum Dichter Vieles fehlte. Er hat



immer und immer wieder dieselben Reime. Ich habe bald die Geduld verloren ihm nachzuzählen, aber Einiges mag doch hier erwähnt werden. Bei einem Verfasser von Liebesgedichten muss ja natürlich *love* viel herhalten. So finden wir denn *prove* auf *love* reimend (unrein, aber gewöhnlich) mindestens 6 mal; *love* auf *prove* 3 mal; *proved* auf *loved* 2 mal; *loved* auf *proved* 3 mal; *proved* auf *beloved* 1 mal. Dann reimt *move* auf *love* und umgekehrt, und *moved* auf *loved*. Dann haben wir 2 mal *dart* auf *heart* und 4 mal *smart* auf *heart*. Ferner finde ich 4 mal *again* auf *pain* und 1 mal das umgekehrte; auch 1 mal *gain* : *pain*. Andere wohlfeile Reime, die alle öfter vorkommen, sind *feature* : *creature*; *cure* : *endure*; *heart* : *part* (oft); *vain* : *pain*; *grief* : *relief*; *fire* : *desire*; *regard* : *reward* (mindestens 3 mal); *past* : *last*; *hateful* : *ungrateful* (2 mal). Ferner sind nachlässige Reime *greater* : *detter*, p. 6; *have* : *crave*, Sonn. XVII, p. 14 und p. 37, wozu *crave it* : *have it*, p. 38, und *crave* : *have*, 2, XXV, p. 55; dann *found* : *wound* ('Wunde') Sonn. XXI, p. 16; *good* : *blood*, p. 46; *bloom* : *come*, 2, XXVIII, p. 56; *miscarry* : *wary*, p. 43; *past* : *waste*, 2, XXIII, p. 55; *desert* : *part*, p. 42. Etwas wie *cruelties* : *eyes*, p. 32, gehört zu den erlaubten Dingen, und *unstable* : *miserable*, p. 33, sowie *hate* : *intemperate*, p. 37, findet seine richtige Erklärung in der Aussprache der Zeit. Wir sehen aber aus dieser Zusammenstellung, dass die dem Verfasser zu Gebote stehenden poetischen Mittel gering und dürftig sind.

Wenn auch die Sprache im Ganzen leicht dahin fließt, so finden sich in derselben doch einige Archaismen, welche dem Stile Shakespeare's bereits fremd geworden sind. Diese Archaismen finden sich aber alle auch bei Spenser, und da die Alcilia sich auch in der Wahl des Metrums an diesen Dichter anschliesst (man vergleiche Spenser's *Astrophel*), so darf man wohl Spenser in gewisser Beziehung als den Lehrmeister unsers Dichters bezeichnen. Dazu stimmt auch, dass der Verfasser der Alcilia in Chaucer zu Hause zu sein scheint und sich auf *our ancient poet* beruft:<sup>1)</sup> pries doch auch Spenser den alten Dichter als *the well of English undefiled!*

Wir geben zunächst ein alphabetisch geordnetes Verzeichniss der bedeutenderen Archaismen:

*brond* = *brand* : 'my burning brond' in *Love's Last Will and Testament*, p. 45. Obgleich diese Form nicht durch den Reim ge-

<sup>1)</sup> Es ist mir leider nicht gelungen, die Stelle in Chaucer zu entdecken, an welcher der von unserm Dichter angeführte Ausdruck 'uncouth unkist' vorkommt.

schützt ist, darf man sie doch nicht ändern, da sie ganz genau ebenso bei Spenser vorkommt.

*carke* in dem alliterirenden Ausdruck *care and carke* p. 44. Spenser hat *careful carke* F. Q. I, 1, 44.

*contrary* und *contráry* werden von dem Dichter der Alcilia beide gebraucht, und wenn auch die erstere Aussprache jetzt für die gebildete gilt, so hat sich doch die zweite im Volksmund behauptet. Spenser und Shakespeare bedienen sich beider Betonungen: für letzteren s. A. Schmidt's vortreffliches Lexikon.

*eftsoons* ein archaisches Wort = *forthwith*, öfter bei Spenser; bei Shakespeare wohl nur einmal im Pericles (wo also der Verdacht entsteht, dass die Stelle nicht von ihm herrührt, sondern aus seiner Vorlage herübergenommen ist); doch hat Shakespeare das Adjectiv *eft* 'bereit' in Much Ado about Nothing IV, 2.

*gré* = frz. *gré* in *en bon gré*, mal *gré*. Spenser braucht dasselbe Wort. Hier Am. Prael. p. 5.

*intent* = *intention*, S. XV, p. 14. In derselben Weise finden wir noch *repent* = *repentance*, p. 36, und *resist* = *resistance*, p. 8. Gekürzte Substantiva dieser Art sind in der englischen Poesie, namentlich der älteren, doch auch der archaisirenden unserer Zeit, ziemlich häufig.

*maker* als 'Dichter', *ποιητής*, S. LX, p. 29, darf als bekannt angenommen werden, doch ist wohl zu bemerken, dass das Wort in dieser Bedeutung bei Shakespeare nicht vorkommt.

*'pincons of despair'*, p. 32, ist vermuthlich ein blosser Druckfehler; vergl. meine Anmerkung zu der Stelle.

*regiment* 'Regierung' findet sich auch bei Shakespeare; s. meine Anm. zu Marlowe's Edward II., p. 12 u. 75.

*retchless* = *reckless*, p. 7 und S. 2, XXVII, p. 56, findet sich auch bei Spenser.

*shent*, S. VI, p. 11, auch bei Shakespeare.

*sterve* = *die* 'sterben', S. XXX, p. 19, oft genug bei Chaucer und Spenser, Shakespeare ist es fremd.

*ventre* nachlässige Aussprache statt *venture*; unser Dichter reimt *ventring* : *entring*, S. XLVIII, p. 25, und ebenso reimt Spenser F. Q. IV, 7, 31 *ventred* : *entred*.

*wist*: die Redensart '*had I wist*' wendet unser Dichter 2 mal an: Sonn. LXIII, p. 30 und p. 42 zu Ende, beide male als den Ausdruck der durch witzigende Erfahrung bewirkten Reue. Man vergl. dazu Dyce's Anmerkung zu Marlowe Edw. II. II, 5, 90 (p 61 meiner Ausg.), und ein Beispiel aus dem alten *King John* (in den

Old Plays, from which Sh. took his &c.), p. 268: *mylord, I took a care of 'had I wist'*.

Noch Eins bleibt uns zu erörtern übrig und das mag für den Leser eines Shakespeare-Jahrbuchs wohl gerade die Hauptsache sein. Freilich bedarf wohl im Allgemeinen der Abdruck einer höchst seltenen Sammlung von Gedichten aus der Zeit Shakespeare's keiner weiteren Entschuldigung; wir alle wissen, dass, um Shakespeare zu verstehen und um ihm nach allen Seiten gerecht zu werden, man nicht ihn allein, sondern ihn in Verbindung mit seiner Zeit, seiner Mitwelt, studiren muss. Gerade eine Gedichtsammlung aber wie die Alcilia zeigt uns den poetischen Dilettanten der Elisabethischen Periode und besitzt insofern ein ganz eigenes Interesse. Der Verfasser beweist, wie wir gesehen haben, eine gewisse Vertrautheit mit dem, was seine Zeit als zur 'Bildung' erforderlich betrachtete; er kann nette lateinische Verse machen, er versteht italienisch, er kennt seine Classiker, und kann in der Muttersprache wie ein Spenser en miniature Liebesgedichte, 'Sonnets', verfertigen. Aber auch in's Theater geht er, und es finden sich bei ihm auch Reminiscenzen Shakespeare'scher Stellen.

Romeo und Juliet war in der älteren Bearbeitung schon längst vor 1595, vermuthlich schon 1592 oder 1593, auf der Bühne erschienen; dass unser Dichter, der auch von Liebe schreibt, — freilich hat seine Alcilia nach echt englischer Art immer ein Auge *to the main chance*, und als er zögert sich zu erklären, nimmt sie den, welcher sie zuerst heirathen will!<sup>1)</sup> — an das 'Hohelied der Liebe' einmal anstreifen würde, liess sich erwarten. Nach Sonn. 2, XL (p. 60) hat er zwei Jahre geschmachtet, und dürfte man seiner Versicherung, dass die 'Sonnets' nach und nach *'at divers times and upon divers occasions'* (p. 9) entstanden seien, unbedingt trauen, so könnte er ja nach einer Vorstellung von Romeo und Juliet sein zweites Sonett geschrieben haben, worin der Ausdruck vorkommt: *each sigh a wind*. Bei Shakespeare heisst es, freilich unter ganz verschiedenen Verhältnissen, und doch wiederum dem zweiten Gedichte der Alcilia in den Ausdrücken auffallend ähnlich, III, 5, 130 ff.:

*In one little body  
Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind;  
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,  
Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,  
Sailing in this salt flood; the winds, thy sighs u. s. w.*

<sup>1)</sup> Vergl. p. 35 zu Ende.

Und dazu vergleiche man die Worte Romeo's II, 2, 80 ff.:

*By love, who first did prompt me to inquire,  
He lent me counsel and I lent him eyes.  
I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far  
As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,  
I would adventure for such merchandise.*

In komischer Weise findet sich übrigens bei Shakespeare derselbe Vergleich von Seufzern mit Winden in den *Two Gentlem. of Ver.* II, 3, 60, wo Launce sagt: *if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my sighs.*

Mit dem Gedanken, der sich bei dem Dichter der Alcilia noch an ein paar andern Stellen benutzt findet, vergleiche man übrigens auch Spenser's LXIII. Sonett in den Amoretti:

*After long storms and tempests and assay,  
Which hardly I endured heretofore,  
In dread of death and dangerous dismay,  
With which my silly bark was tossed sore:  
I do at length descry the happy shore,  
In which I hope ere long for to arrive:  
Fair soil it seems from far and fraught with store  
Of all that dear and dainty is alive.  
Most happy he, that can at last achieve  
The joyous safety of so sweet a rest;  
Whose least delight sufficeth to deprive  
Remembrance of all pains which him opprest.*

Noch ein anderer Ausdruck erinnert an Romeo und Juliet. Wie es dort heisst (II, 2, 109):

*O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,*

so muss wohl darauf aufmerksam gemacht werden, dass unser Dichter auch *the inconstant moon* hat, Sonn. 2, XIX, p. 53.

Ein weiteres Interesse erregt das 56. Sonett in der ersten Abtheilung, das da anfängt:

*The fire of love is first bred in the eye —*

denn man kann nicht umhin, dabei an das reizende Lied in dem *Merchant of Venice* zu denken (III, 2, 63 ff.):

*Tell me, where is fancy bred  
Or in the heart or in the head?  
How begot, how nourished?*

*Reply, reply.*

*It is engender'd in the eyes u. s. w.<sup>1)</sup>*

und wiederum findet die sich hieran schliessende Rede Bassanio's ihren Ausdruck und Wiederhall in den durch Anführungszeichen in der Originalausgabe als bedeutende Sentenz hervorgehobenen Schlussworten des 58. Sonetts:

*In meanest show the most affection dwells,  
And richest pearls are found in simplest shells.*

Das sind Anklänge, welche nicht gering anzuschlagen sind, und da wir ja nicht annehmen werden, dass Shakespeare seine Gedanken aus der Alcilia entlieh. so muss man wohl, wie bei den Anspielungen auf Ausdrücke in Romeo und Juliet, sich dahin entscheiden, dass der Verfasser der Alcilia den *Merchant of Venice* schon vor dem Jahre 1595 auf der Bühne gesehen und daraus seine Ausdrücke entnommen hatte.

Die Bestimmung der Abfassungszeit des *Merchant of Venice* ist bekanntlich, wie so Vieles in der Chronologie der Shakespeareschen Stücke, adhuc sub iudice streitig. Eine Untersuchung der Frage — über welche es jetzt genügt, unsere Leser auf den im sechsten Bande des Jahrbuchs enthaltenen Aufsatz Elze's zu verweisen — liegt uns hier fern; doch andeuten dürfen wir, wie wir uns die Sache denken. Wir nehmen, wie bei Romeo und Juliet, ein frühes Entstehen des Stückes an, und möchten zu den früheren Theilen ganz besonders die Kästchenscenen rechnen — auf welche der Dichter der Alcilia, wie es scheint, Bezug nimmt. Auch der fünfte Act wird der Hauptsache nach zu dem älteren Stück gehört haben: damit hätte man eine Erklärung für die offenbare Nachahmung in *Wily Beguiled*, welche in Delius' Note leicht nachgesehen werden kann. Aber, so wie das Stück uns heute vorliegt, ist es erst um 1596 oder 1597 entstanden, daran haben wir nicht den geringsten Zweifel, und schliessen uns in dieser Beziehung dem Urtheile eines so bedeutenden Kenners wie A. Schmidt (in der Einleitung zur Uebersetzung der Deutschen Shakespeare - Gesellschaft) vollständig an; es liessen sich auch die eben angenommenen

<sup>1)</sup> Vergl. auch die Verse von Sir Walter Raleigh:

*Conceit, begotten by the eyes,  
Is quickly born, and quickly dies;  
For while it seeks our hearts to have,  
Meanwhile there reason makes his grave.*

Trench, A Household Book of English Poetry, p. 3.

Unterschiede in der Composition des *Merchant of Venice* noch in Einzelheiten nachweisen — doch gehört das jetzt nicht zu unserer Aufgabe.

Und nun, missis ambagibus, erlaube man uns die Alcilia selbst den Lesern des Jahrbuchs zur Kenntnissnahme und Begutachtung vorzustellen: wir zweifeln nicht, dass von Andern noch andere Bezüge des Gedichtes, die unserer Aufmerksamkeit entgangen sind, entdeckt werden können.<sup>1)</sup>

<sup>1)</sup> Noch mögen einige Bemerkungen zu dem gedruckten Texte hier eine Stelle finden. p. 22, im zweitletzten Verse von Son. XL muss es heissen: *'continual ease is pain, change's sometimes meeter'*; es ist nämlich 's (= is) vor dem Anfangs-s des folgenden Wortes ausgefallen. — p. 24. XLV, 2 wohl *hast* statt *had*. — p. 48, III, 2 darf man nicht *Repentance's shelf* ändern, was gegen den Gebrauch der Sprache wäre. — p. 50, X, 6 wäre *'but hope's a shadow'* gefälliger. — Es mag hier auch ausdrücklich bemerkt werden, dass selbst die vielfach fehlerhafte Interpunction der Originalausgabe in gegenwärtigem Abdrucke nicht geändert worden ist.

# ALCILIA

Philoparthens Louing

*Follie.*

*Non Deus (vt perhibent) amor est, sed amaror, et error.*

AT LONDON,

*Printed by R. R. for William Mattes,*  
dwelling in Fleetstreet at the signe of the hande and plough.  
1595.

*A Letter written by a Gentleman to the  
Author his friende.*

**F**riend *Philoparthen*, in perusing your louing folly, and your declining from it, I doe behold reason conquering passion. The infirmitie of Louing argueth you are a man, the firmenesse thereof discouereth a good witte, and the best nature, and the falling from it, true virtue. Beautie was alwaies of force to mislead the wisest, & men of greatest perfection haue had no power to resist loue. The best are accompanied with vices to exercise their virtues, whose glorie shineth brightest in resisting motiues of pleasure, & in subduing affections. And though I cannot altogether excuse your Louing Folly: yet I do the lesse blame you, in that you loued such a one, as was more to bee commended for hir virtue, then beauty, albeit euen for that too she was so well accomplished with the giftes of nature, as in mine owne conceit (which for good cause I must submit as inferior to yours) there was nothing wanting either in the one or the other, that might adde more to hir worth, except it were a more due, and better regard of your loue, which she requited not according to your desertes, nor anwearable to hir selfe in hir other partes of perfection. Yet heerein it appeareth you haue made good vse of reason, that being heeretofore lost in youthfull vanitie, haue now by timely discretion founde your selfe. Let me entreate you to suffer these your Passionate Sonnets to be published, which may peraduenture make others possessed with the like humor of Louing, to follow your example in leauing, and moue other *Alciliaes*, (if there bee anie) to embrace deseruing loue, while they may. Heereby also she shall know (and it may be) in-

wardly repent the losse of your loue, and see how much hir perfections are blemished by ingratitude, [p. 2] which will make your happineffe greater by adding to your reputation, then your contentment could haue beene in enioying her loue. At the leastwise the wiser sort, howfoeuer in censuring them they may dislike of your errors: yet they cannot but commend and allow of your reformation, and all others, that shall with indifferency read them, may reape thereby some benefit, or contentment. Thus much I haue written as a testimonie of the good wil I beare you, with whome I doe suffer or reioice according to the qualitie of your good happe, or misfortune, and so I take my leaue, resting, as alwaies.

Yours most assured,  
Philaretus.

*Author ipse φιλονεικτικος ad libellum suum.*

[p. 3]

**P**ARUE liber Domini vanos dicture labores,  
Infomnes noctes, sollicitosque dies,  
Errores varios, languentis tædia vitæ,  
Mœrores certos, gaudia certa minus,  
Pernigiles curas, suspiria, vota, querelas,  
Et quæcunque pati dura coegit amor.  
I precor intrepidus, duram comiterque salutans  
Hæc me eius causa sustinuisse refer.  
Te grato excipiet vultu rubicundula, nomen  
Cùm titulo inscriptum viderit esse suum.  
Forfitan et nostri miserebitur illa doloris,  
Dicet et, ah quantum deseruisse dolet:  
Sèque nimis sæuam, crudelemque ipsa vocabit,  
Cui non est fidei debita cura meæ;  
Quod siquidem eueniet, Domino solaminis illud,  
Et tibi supremi muneris instar erit.  
Si quis (vt est æquum) fatuos damnauerit ignes,  
Pigritiæ fructus ingenijque leuis:  
Tu Dominum cæcis tenebris errasse, sed ipsum  
Erroris tandem pœnituisse sui,  
Me quoque re vera nec tot, nec tanta tulisse,  
Sed ficta ad placitum multa fuisse refer.  
Ah quanto fatius (nisi mens mihi vana) fuisset  
Ista mea penitus delituiffe sinu:  
Quam leuia in lucem prodire, aut luce carentis  
Infanam Domini prodere stultitiam.  
Nil amor est aliud, quàm mentis morbus, et error.  
Nil sapienter agit, nil bene, quisquis amat.  
Sed non cuique datur sapere, aut melioribus vti,  
Forte erit alterius, qui meus error erat.  
Cautior incedit, qui nunquam labitur, atqui  
Iam proprio euadam cautior ipse malo.

[p. 4]



Si cui delicto grauior mea poena videtur,  
Illius in laudes officiosus eris.  
Te si quis simili qui carpitur igne videbit,  
Ille suam fortem flebit, et ille meam.  
*Alciliae* obsequium supplex praestare memento,  
Non minima officij pars erit illa tui.  
Te fortasse sua secura recondet in arca,  
Et Solis posthac luminis orbus eris.  
Nil referet, fateor me non prudenter amasse;  
• Ultima deceptae fors erit illa spei.  
Bis proprio *Phœbus* cursu lustrauerat orbem,  
Consciens erroris stultitæque meæ,  
A quo primus amor cœpit penetrare medullas,  
Et falla accensos nutriit arte focos.  
Defino iam nugas amplecti, serua posthac  
(Vt Ratio monet) ac vtiliora sequor.

*Amoris Præudium.*

[p. 5]

TO thee *Alcilia*, solace of my youth,  
These rude and scattred rimes I haue address'd  
The certaine witnessse of my loue, and trueth,  
That truly cannot be in wordes exprest;  
Which, if I shall perceiue thou tak'it in gree,  
I will from henceforth write of none but thee.

Here may you find the wounds your selfe haue made,  
The many sorrowes I haue long sustained,  
Heere may you see, that Loue must be obaide,  
How much I hop'd, how little I haue gained,  
That as for you the<sup>1)</sup> paines haue bin endured,  
Euen so by you they may at length be cured.

I will not call for aide to any muse,  
It is for learned Poets so to doo.  
Affection must my want of art excuse.  
My works must haue their patronage from you;  
Whose sweete assistance if obtaine I might,  
I should by able both to speake, and wright.

Meane while vouchsafe to reade this, as assignd  
To no mans censure, but to yours alone;  
Pardon the faults, that you therein shall finde,  
And thinke the writers heart was not his owne:  
Experience of examples daily prooue,  
That no man can be well aduis'd,<sup>2)</sup> and loue.

[p. 6]

And though the worke it selfe deserue it not,  
Such is your worth with my great wantes compared:  
Yet may my loue vnfained, without spot

Nemini da-  
tur amare  
simul & fa-  
pere.

<sup>1)</sup> In dem Hamburger Exemplar ist der Artikel von einer sehr alten Hand in *these* umgeändert; eine ganz überflüssige Besserung.

<sup>2)</sup> So im Original irrtümlich statt *aduis'd*.

Challenge so much (if more cannot be spared).  
Then louely virgin take this in good part.  
The rest vnseene is feald vp in the heart.

Iudge not by this the depth of my affection,  
Which farre exceeds the measure of my skill,  
But rather note heerein your owne perfection,  
So shall appeare my want of art, not will,  
Whereof, this now as part, in lieu of greater  
I offer as an insufficient detter.

*Sic incipit stultorum Tragicomedia.*

[p. 7]

[T was my chaunce (vnhappie chaunce to me)  
As all alone I wandred on my waie,  
Void of diftrust, from doubt of dangers free,  
To passe a groue, where Loue in ambush lay,  
Who ayming at me with his fethered dart,  
Conuey'd it by mine eie vnto my hart.

Where retchleffe boy he let the arrow sticke,  
When I as one amased senceleffe stooode.  
The hurt was great, yet seemed but a pricke,  
The wound was deepe, & yet apperd no blood,  
But inwardly it bleeds. Prooffe teacheth this  
When wounds do so, the daunger greater is.

Pausing a while, and griued with my wound,  
I look'd about expecting some releefe;  
Small hope of helpe, no ease of paine I found,  
Like <sup>1)</sup> all at once to perish in my greefe,  
When haftilie I plucked forth the dart,  
But left the head fast fixed in my heart.

*Amoris Prælidium.*

[p. 8]

Fast fixed in my hart I left the head,  
From whence I doubt <sup>2)</sup> it will not be remoued,  
Ah what vnluckie chaunce that way me led,  
O *Loue*, thy force thou migh't <sup>3)</sup> elfewhere haue proued,  
And shewed thy power, where thou art not obaid.  
„The conquest small, where no resist is made.

But nought (alas) auailles it to complaine.  
I rest resolu'd with patience to endure,  
The fier being once disperst through euerie vaine  
It is too late to hope for present cure.  
Now *Philoparthen* must new follies proue,  
And learne a little, what it is to loue.

<sup>1)</sup> d. h. nach dem gewöhnlichen Sprachgebrauch der Zeit soviel wie *likely*.

<sup>2)</sup> = *I fear*.

<sup>3)</sup> Ein Fehler statt *might'st*.

*These Sonnets following, were written by the Author, [p. 9]*  
(who giueth himselfe this fained name of *Philoparthen* as his accidental  
attribute) at diuerse times, *and vpon diuers occasions, and*  
*therefore in the forme, and matter they differ, and*  
sometimes are quite contrarie one to another,  
which ought not to be misliked considering  
the verie nature. and qualitie of  
Loue, which is a passion full  
of varietie, and contra-  
rietie in it selfe.

I

VNhappie eies that first my hart betraid,  
Had you not seene, my grieffe had not bin such:  
And yet how may I iustlie you vpbraid,  
Since what I saw delighted me somuch: *Vt vidi, vt*  
But hence alas proceedeth all my smart. *perij, vt me*  
Vnhappie eies that first betraid my hart. *matas ab-*  
*tulit error.*

II

To seeke aduentures, as fate hath affind;  
My slender barke now flotes vpon the maine:  
Each troubled thought an Oare, each sigh a wind,  
Whose often puffes haue rent my sailes in twaine.  
*Loue* steeres the boate, which, for that sight he lacks? <sup>1)</sup>  
Is still in daunger of tenne thousand wracks.

III

[p. 10]

What sodain chance hath chang'd my wonted cheer  
Which makes me other then I seeme to be?  
My daies of ioy, that once were bright, and cleere  
Are turnd to nights. my mirth to misery.  
Ah well I weene that somewhat is amisse,  
But sooth to say, I know not, what it is.

IIII

What am I dead? then could I feele no smart.  
But still in me the sence of grieffe reuiueth.  
Am I aliue? ah no, I haue no heart,  
For she that hath it, me of life <sup>2)</sup> depriueth,  
Oh that she would restore my heart againe,  
Or giue me hers, to counteruaile my paine.

V

If it be Loue, to waite long howers in greefe,  
If it be Loue, to wish, and not obtaine,

<sup>1)</sup> Jedenfalls sollte hier kein Fragezeichen stehen; *for that* heisst 'weil', quoniam. Vgl. unten Sonn. LX p. 29.

<sup>2)</sup> Der Druckfehler der ersten Ausgabe, welche *of* nach *life* wiederholt, ist schon in dem Hamburger Exemplar von alter Hand berichtigt.

If it be Loue, to pine without releefe,  
If it be Loue, to hope, and neuer gaine:  
Then may you thinke, that he hath trulie loued  
Who for your sake al this, and more hath proued.

VI

[p. 11]

If that in ought mine eies haue done amiffe,  
Let them receiue deserued punishment,  
For so the perfect rule of Iustice is,  
Each for his owne deeds should, be prais'd, or shent.  
Then doubtlesse is it both gainst law, & sence  
My heart should suffer for mine eies offence.

VII

I am not sick, and yet I am not found;  
I eat, and sleepe, and yet me thinks I thriue not;  
I sport, and laugh, and yet my greefs abound;  
I am not dead, and yet methinks I liue not.  
What vncouth cause hath these strange passions bred, “  
To make at once sick, found, aliue, and dead? “

VIII

Some thing I want, but what I cannot say,  
O now I know, it is my selfe I want.  
My loue with hir hath tane my hart away  
Yea hart, and all; and left me very scant.  
Such power hath *Loue*, & nought but *Loue* alone, “  
To make diuided creatures liue in one. “

IX

[p. 12]

*Philoparth.* Come gentle Death, and strike me with thy dart.  
Life is but lothsome to a man opprest.  
*Death.* How can I kill thee when thou hast no hart.  
That which thou hadst, is in anothers breast.  
*Philoparth.* Then must I liue, and languish still in paine?  
*Death.* Yea, till thy *Loue* restore thy hart againe.

X

Were *Loue* a fier, my teares might quench it lightlie.  
Or were it water, my hot hart might drie it.  
If ayre, then might it passe awaie more flightlie,  
Or were it Earth, the world myght soone discerie it.  
If fier, nor water, aire, nor earth it be,  
What then is it, that thus tormenteth me?

XI

To paint hir outward shape, and giftes of mind,  
It doth exceed my witte, and cunning farre.  
She hath no fault, but that she is vnkind.  
All other partes in hir so complet are,

That who to view them throughly <sup>1)</sup> would deuiſe,  
Muſt haue his bodie nothing elſe but eies.

XII

[p. 13]

Faire is my *Loue*, whoſe partes are ſo well framed  
By Natures ſpeciall order, and direction,  
That ſhe hir ſelfe is more than halfe afhamed,  
In hauing made a worke of ſuch perfection,  
And well may Nature bluſh at ſuch a feature,  
Seeing hir ſelfe excelled in hir creature.

XIII

Hir bodie is ſtreight, ſlender, and vpright,  
Hir viſage comely, and hir lookes demure,  
Mixt with a cheerefull grace, that yeelds delight.  
Hir eies like ſtarres bright ſhining, cleere, and pure,  
Which I deſcribing, *Loue* bids ſtaie my pen.  
And ſaies it's not a worke for mortall men.

XIII

The auncient Poets write of Graces three,  
Which meeting all together in one creature,  
In all pointes perfect make the ſame to be,  
For inward vertues, and for outward feature.  
But ſmile *Alcilia*, and the world ſhal ſee,  
That in thine eies a hundred Graces bee.

XV

[p. 14]

As *Loue* had drawne his bow, readie to ſhoot,  
Ayming at me with reſolute intent,  
Straight bow, and ſhaft he caſt downe at his foot,  
And ſaid, why needleſſe ſhould one ſhaft be ſpent?  
He ſpare it then, and now it ſhall ſuffiſe  
Inſteed of ſhafts to vie *Alcilia*s eies.

XVI

Bluſh not my *Loue* for feare leaſt *Phæbus* ſpy,  
Which if he do, then doubtleſſe he will ſay,  
Thou ſeek'ſt to dim his cleernes with thine eie,  
That cleerneſſe, which from Eaſt brings gladſom day,  
But moſt of all, leaſt *Ioue* ſhould ſee, I dreed,  
And take thee vp to heauen like *Ganymede*.

XVII

*Philoparthen.* What is the cauſe *Alcilia* is diſpleaſed?

*Loue.* Becauſe ſhe wants <sup>2)</sup> that which ſhould moſt content hir.

*Philoparth.* O did I know it, ſoone ſhould ſhe be eaſed.

*Loue.* Perhaps thou doſt, & that doth moſt torment hir,

<sup>1</sup> So ſagt man noch das ganze 17. Jahrhundert ſtatt des jetzt ausschliesslich gebräuchlichen *thoroughly*; andererseits aber findet ſich auch noch *thorough* an mehr als einer Stelle als volle, alte Form der Präposition.

<sup>2</sup>) d. h. ſo viel wie *lacks*, 'ſie muſs entbehren'.

*Philoparth.* Yet let hir aske what she desires to haue:  
*Loue.* Gelfe by thy selfe: for maidens must not craue.

XVIII

[p. 15]

My *Loue* by chaunce hir tender finger pricked,  
As in the darke I strived for a kisse,  
Whose bloud I feeling, offered to haue licked,  
But halfe in anger she refused this.  
O that she knew the difference of the smart.  
Twixt hir prickd finger, and my pierced hart.

XIX

I praie thee tel, what makes my hart to <sup>1)</sup> tremble, *Philoparth*  
When on a sodaine I *Alcilia* spie?  
Bicause thy hart cannot thy ioie difsemble. *Loue.*  
Thy life, and death are both lodg'd in hir eie.  
Doeft thou not hir with selfefame passion strike? *Philoparth.*  
O no, hir hart, and thine are not alike. *Loue.*

XX

Such are thy partes of bodie, and of mind,  
That if I should not loue thee, as I doo,  
I should too much degenerate from kind,  
And thinke the world would blame my weakenes too.  
For hee, whom such perfections cannot moue,  
Is either fencelesse, or not borne to loue.

XXI

[p. 16]

*Alciliaes* eies haue set my hart on fire  
The pleasing obiect, that my paine doth feed:  
Yet still to see those eies I doe desire,  
As if my helpe should from my hurt proceed,  
Happie were I, might there in hir be found,  
A will to heale, as there was power to wound.

XXII

Vnwife was he, that painted *Loue* a boy,  
Who for his strength a Giant should haue beene,  
It's straunge a child should worke so great annoy,  
Yet howsoeuer straunge too truely seene.  
„ But what is he that dares at *Loue* repine,  
„ Whose workes are wonders, and himselfe deuine?

XXIII

My faire *Alcilia* gladly would I know it,  
If euer louing passion peirc'd thy hart.  
Oh no. For then thy kindnes soone would show it,  
And of my paines thy selfe would't beare some part

---

<sup>1)</sup> to wäre falsch nach modernem Gebrauch; aber die elisabethische Sprache lässt to nach make noch in vereinzeltten Fällen zu.

Full little knoweth hee, that hath not proued,  
What hell it is to loue, and not be loued.

XXIIII

[p. 17]

*Loue* art thou blind? nay thou canst see too well,  
And they are blind, that fo report of thee  
That thou dost see, my selfe by prooffe can tell,  
A haplesse prooffe thereof is made by me,  
For sure I am, had't thou not had thy fight,  
Thou neuer could't haue hit my hart so right.

XXV

Long haue I languish'd, and endur'd much smart,  
Since haplesse I the cruel faire did loue,  
And lodg'd hir in the center of my hart,  
Who there abiding, reason should hir moue,  
Though of my paines she no compassion take,  
Yet to respect me<sup>1)</sup> for hir owne sweet sake.

XXVI

In midft of winter season, as the snow,  
Whose milke-white mantell ouerpreeds the ground:  
In part the colour of my loue is so,  
Yet their effects I haue contrarie found.  
For when the Sun appeares, snow melts anone,  
But I melt alwaies, when my sun is gone.

XXVII

[p. 18]

The sweet content at first I seem'd to proue,  
While yet Desire vnstedg'd could fearfully flie,  
Did make me thinke, there was no life to *Loue*,  
Till all too late *Time* taught the contrarie:  
For like a flie I sported with the flame,  
Till like a foole I perisht in the same.

XXVIII

After darke night the cheereful daie appeareth.  
After an ebbe, the riuer flowes againe,  
After a storme, the cloudie heauen cleareth,  
All labors haue their end, or ease of paine.  
Each creature hath releefe, and rest, saue I,  
Who onely dying liue, and liuing die.

XXIX

Sometimes I seeke for companie to sport,  
Whereby I might my pensiue thoughts beguile.  
Sometimes againe I hide me from resort,  
And muse alone; but yet alas the while  
In chaunging place I cannot chaunge my mind,  
For wherefoere I flie, my selfe I finde.

<sup>1)</sup> *ut me respiciat* = to conceive some regard for me.

XXX

[p. 19]

Faine would I speake, but strait my hart doth tremble,  
And checks my tong, that should my griefes reueale.  
And so I striue my passions to difsemble,  
Which all the art I haue cannot conceale.  
Thus standing mute, my hart with longing sterueth. *Meritum pete*  
It grieues a man to aske, what he deferueth. *re graue.*

XXXI

Since you desire of me the cause to know,  
For which these diuerse passions I haue proued,  
Looke in your glasse, which will not faile to show,  
The shadowed pourtraict of my best beloued.  
If that suffice not, looke into my hart,  
Where it's engrauen by a new found art.

XXXII

The painefull Ploughman hath his harts delight,  
Who, though his dailie toile his bodi: tireth:  
Yet merrelie comes whistling home at night,  
And sweetlie takes the ease his paine requireth.  
But neither daies nor nightes can yeeld me rest  
Borne to be wretched, and to liue opprest.

XXXIII

[p. 20]

O well were it, if *Nature* would deuise,  
That men with men together might engender,  
As graites of trees one from another rise.  
Then nought of due to women should we render<sup>1)</sup>  
But vaine conceit, that *Nature* should do this,  
Since well we know, hir selfe a woman is.

XXXIIII

Vpon the Altar, where *Loues* fier burned,  
My fighes, and teares for sacrifice I offred,  
When *Loue* in rage from me his countenance turned,  
And did reiect, what I so humbly proffred.  
If he my hart expect, alas it's gone  
„How can a man giue that is not his owne?

XXXV

*Alcilia* said she did not know my mind,  
Bicause my wordes did not declare my loue;  
Thus where I merit most, least helpe I find,  
And hir vnkindnes all too late I proue.  
Grant *Loue*, that she, of whom thou art neglected  
May one day loue, and little be respected.

<sup>1)</sup> Hier sollte ein Punct gesetzt werden.



XXXVI

The \* *Cynicke* being ask'd, when he would loue,  
Made anfwere, when he nothing had to doo.  
For *Loue* was floth: but he did neuer proue  
By his experience, what belong'd thertoo.  
For had he tafted, but fo much as I,  
He would haue foone reform'd his herefie.

[p. 21]

\* *Diogenes.*

*Amor est  
otioforum  
negotium.*

XXXVII

O iudge me not fweet *Loue* by outward fhow,  
Though fometimes ftraunge I feem, & to neglect thee:  
Yet didft thou but my inward paffions know,  
Thou fhould'ft perceiue, how highly I refpect thee.  
When lookes are fix'd, the hart oftimes doth tremble.  
Little loues he, that cannot much difsemble.

XXXVIII

Parting from thee, euen from my felfe I part,  
Thou art the ftarre by which my life is guided,  
I haue the bodie but thou haft the hart.  
The better part is from it felfe deuided.  
Thus doe I liue, and this do I fuftaine,  
Till gracious Fortune make vs meete againe.

XXXVIII 1)

[p. 22]

Open the fluces of my feeble eies,  
And let my teares haue paffage from their fountaine.  
Fill all the earth with plaints, the aire with cries,  
Which maie pierce rocks, & reach the higheft mountain  
That fo Loues wrath by thefe extremes appeafed,  
My griefes maie ceafe, and my poore hart be eafed.

XLI

„ After long ficknes health brings more delight,  
„ Seas feeme more calme by ftormes once ouerblowne  
„ The daie more cheerful by the paffed night.  
„ Each thing is by his contrarie beft knowne.  
„ Continuall eafe is paine. Chaunge fometimes meeter  
„ Difcords in Muficke, make the Muficke fweeter.

XLI

Feare to offend, forbids my tongue to fpeake,  
And fignes, and fighes muft tell my inward woe.  
But (ay the while) my hart with greefe doth breake,  
And fhe by fignes myorrowes will not know,  
The ftilleft ftreames wee fee in deepeft fords,  
And *Loue* is greateft, when it wanteth wordes.

1) Da dieses Gedicht in dem Originaldruck irrthümlich wieder XXXVIII numerirt ist, sind alle folgenden Zahlen dort ebenfalls um 1 verkehrt. Ich habe mich für berechtigt gehalten, diesem Irrthum abzuheffen.

XLII

[p. 23]

No paine so great, but may be eas'd by art,  
Though much we suffer, yet despaire we should not. "  
In middt of greefes, hope alwaies hath some part, "  
And Time may heale, what Art, and Reason could not."  
Oh what is then this passion I endure,  
Which neither Reason, Art, nor Time can cure?

XLIII

Pale Ielousie, feend of eternall night, "  
Mishapen creature, borne before thy time, "  
The Impe of horror, foe to sweet delight. "  
Making each error seeme a haynous crime. "  
Ah too great pittie, (were there remedie,) "  
That euer *Loue* should keepe thee company. "

XLIII

The daies are now come to their shortest date, *Solstit:\*) bru-*  
And must in time by course encrease againe: *mal.*  
But onely I continue at one state, *This Sonnet*  
Voide of all hope of helpe, or ease of paine, *was deuifed*  
For daies of ioy must still be shorth with mee, *upon the short-*  
And nights of forrow must prolonged bee. *est day of*  
*the yeare.*

XLV

[p. 24]

Sleepe now my Muse, and henceforth take thy rest,  
Which all too long thy selfe in vaine had wasted,  
Let it suffice I still must liue opprest,  
And of my paines the frute must neere be tasted.  
„ Then sleepe my Muse. Fate cannot be withstood.  
„ It's better sleepe, then wake, and do no good.

XLVI

Why should I loue, since she doth proue vngratefull,  
Since for reward I reape nought but disdain,  
*Loue* thus to be requited it is hatefull,  
And Reason would I should not loue in vaine,  
Yet all in vaine, when all is out of season,  
„ For *Loue* hath no societie with reason.

XLVII

Harts ease, and I haue bin at ods too long,  
I follow fast, but still he flies from me.  
I sue for grace, and yet sustaine the wrong,  
So gladly would I reconciled be  
*Loue* make vs one. So shalt thou worke a wonder,  
Vniting them, that were so farre afunder.

<sup>1)</sup> Der Originaldruck hat den Druckfehler *Solstit*, den der alte Corrector des Hamburger Exemplars berichtigt hat.

XLVIII

Vncouth vnkift our auncient\* Poet said,  
And he that hides his wants, when he hath need,  
May after haue his want of wit bewraid,  
And faile of his defire, when others fpeed  
Then boldly fpeake: the worlt is at firft entring.  
Much good fuceffe men miffe for lack of ventring.

| p. 25 |

Chaucer.

“

XLVIII

Declare the greefes wherewith thou art oppreff  
And let the world be witneffe of thy woes.  
Let not thy thoughts lie buried in thy breaft,  
But let thy tounge thy difcontents difclofe,  
For who conceals his paine when he is greeued,  
May well be pittied, but no way releued.

“

“

L

Wretched is he, that louing lets his hart  
On hir, whose loue from pure affection fwerueth  
Who doth permit each one to haue a part,  
Of that which none but he alone deferueth  
Giue all, or none. For once of this be fure  
Lordshippe and *Loue* no partners may endure.

*Ne amor ne  
ignoria vuole  
compagnia.*

LI

Who fpende the weary day in penfue thought,  
And night in dreames of horror, and affright,  
Whose wealth is want, whose hope is come to nought  
Himfelfe the marke for *Loue* and *Fortunes* fpirit,  
Let him appeere, if any fuch there bee.  
His cafe, and mine more fitly will agree.

| p. 26 |

LII

Faire tree but fruitleffe fometimes full of fap,  
Which now yeelds nought at all, that may delight me  
Some cruell froft, or fome vntimely hap  
Hath made thee barren onely to despite me.  
Such trees in vaine with hope do feede defire,  
And ferue for fuell to encrease *Loues* fier.

LIII

In companie, whils fad, and mute I fit,  
My thoughts elle where, then there I feeme to be,  
Poffefs'd, with fome deepe melancholy fittes,<sup>1)</sup>  
One of my friendes obserues the fame in me,  
And faies in iest, (which I in earnest proue)  
Hee lookes like one, that had loft his firft loue.

<sup>1)</sup> Der Reim zeigt, dass wir den Sing. *fit* herstellen müssen.

LIIII

[p. 27]

Twixt Hope, and Feare in doubtfull ballance pezed,  
My Fate, my Fortune, and my Loue depends.  
Sometime my Hope is rais'd, when Loue is pleafed,  
Which feare weighs down, when ought his wil offends.  
The heauens are sometimes cleer, & sometimes lowre,  
And he that loues muft taft both sweet, and fowre.

LV

Retyre my wandring thoughts vnto your rest,  
Do not henceforth confume your felues in vaine.  
No mortall man in all points can be bleft,  
What now is mine may be anothers paine.  
The watrie cloudes are cleere, when stormes are paft,  
And things in their extreemes long cannot laft. “

LVI

The fier of *Loue* is first bred in the eie,  
And thence conuaies his heat vnto the hart,  
Where it lies hid. till Time his force difery.  
The Young thereto addes fuell for his<sup>1)</sup> part.  
The touch of lips, which doth fucceed the fame  
Kindles the rest, and fo it proues a flame.

*Vifus.*  
*Sermo.*  
*Tactus.*

LVII

[p. 28]

The tender fprigges,<sup>2)</sup> that fprowted in the field,  
And promis'd hope of fruit to him that planted:  
Infteed of fruit doth nought but bloffoms yeeld  
Though care, & paine to prune it neuer wanted:  
Euen fo my hopes do nought but bloffoms proue  
And yeeld no fruites to recompence my loue.

LVIII

Though little figne of loue in fhow appeare:  
Yet thinke true loue of colors hath no need:  
It's not the glorious garments, which men weare  
That makes them other then they are indeed  
„ In meanest fhow the moft affection dwels,  
„ And richeft pearles are found in simpleft fhells.

LVIII

Let not thy tounge thy inward thoughts difclofe  
Or tell the forrowes that thy hart endures.

*Martial.* Let no mans eares be witneffe of thy woes,  
*Ille dolet* Since pitie neither helpe, nor eafe procures,  
*verè qui* And onely he, is truely laid to mone,  
*sine teſte* Whose greefs none knoweth but himſelf alone.  
*dolet.*

<sup>1)</sup> Der Corrector ändert *hir*.

<sup>2)</sup> Trotz des im dritten und vierten Verse folgenden Singulars fehlt es uns an Berechtigung, mit dem alten Corrector des Hamburger Exemplars den Plural *fprigges* durch Auslassung des Schluss-s in den Singular zu verwandeln. Belege für solche Unregelmässigkeiten finden sich in genügender Anzahl bei den Dichtern der Zeit.

LX

[p. 29]

A thousand times I curse these idle rimes,  
Which do their makers follies vaine set forth,  
Yet bleffe I them againe as many times,  
For that in them I blaze *Alcibiaes* worth.  
Meane while I fare, as doth the torch by night,  
Which waits it selfe in giuing others light.

*Alteri infer  
uiens meip-  
sum conficio*

LXI

Enough of this. For all is nought regarded,  
And she not once with my complaints is moued  
Die haples *Loue*, since thou art not rewarded;  
Yet ere thou die, to witnesse that I loued,  
Report my trueth, and tell the faire vnkind,  
That she hath lost, what none but she shal find.

LXII

Louers lament, you that haue truely loued,  
For *Philoparthen* now hath lost his loue,  
The greatestt losse that euer Louer proued.  
O let his hard hap some compaffion moue:  
Who had not rued the losse of hir so much:  
But that he knowes the world yeelds no more such.

LXIII

[p. 30]

Vpon the Ocean of conceited error,  
My wearie spirits many stormes haue past,  
Which now in harbor free from wonted terror  
Ioy the possession of their rest at last.  
And henceforth safely may they lie at roade.  
And neuer roue for had I wift abroad.

*Loues accusation at the iudgement sent of Reason.* [p. 31]  
wherein the Authors whole successe in his

*Loue is couertlie described.*

IN *Reasons* Court, my selfe being *Plantiffe*<sup>1)</sup> there,  
I *Loue* was by procelle summon'd to appeare,  
That so the wrongs, which he had done to mee  
Might be made knowne, and al the world might see  
And seeing rue what to my cost I proued,  
While faithfull, but vnfortunate I loued.  
After I had obtained audience,  
I thus began to giue in euidence.

Most sacred Queene and Soueraigne of mans hart,  
Which of the mind doest rule the better part,  
First bred in heauen, and from thence hither sent,  
To guide mens actions by thy regiment.  
Vouchsafe a while to heare the sad complaint,  
Of him that *Loue* hath long kept in restraint,

<sup>1)</sup> Ein Irrthum statt *Plaintiffe*.

And, as to you it properly belongs,  
Graunt iustice of my vnderferued wrongs.  
It's now two yeares (as I remember well)  
Since first this wretch sent from the nether hell  
To plague the world with new found cruelties  
Vnder the shadow of two Christall eies [p. 32]  
Betrayd my sence, and as I flumbring lay,  
Felonioufly conuaid my hart away,  
Which most vniustly he detain'd from mee,  
And exercis'd thereon straunge tyrannie.  
Sometime his manner was in sport, and game  
With bryars, and thornes to rafe and pricke the same  
Sometime with nettles of desire to sting it.  
Sometime with pincons<sup>1)</sup> of despaire to wring it,  
Sometime againe he would annoint the fore,  
And heale the place, that he had hurt before.  
But hurtfull helpes, and ministred in vaine,  
Which serued onely to renew my paine.  
For after that, more wounds he added still,  
Which perced deepe, but had no power to kill.  
Vnhappie medicine, which instead of cure  
Giues strength to make the patient more endure.  
But that which was most straunge of al the rest  
My selfe being thus twixt life and death distrest,  
Oftimes when as my paine exceeded measure,  
He would perswade me that the same was pleasure,  
My solemne sadnes, but contentment meete,  
My trauaile rest, and all my sower sweet,  
My woundes but gentle strokes, whereat he smiled, [p. 33]  
And by these flights my carelesse youth beguiled.  
Thus did I fare as one that liuing died,  
(For greater paines I thinke hath no man tried.)  
Disquiet thoughts, like furies in my breast  
Nourish'd the poyson, that my spirits posselt.  
Now greefe, then ioy, now warre, then peace vnstable.  
Nought sure I had but to be miserable.  
I cannot vtter all (I muſt confesse)  
Men may conceiue more then they can expresse.  
But to be short (which cannot be excused)  
With vaine illusions *Loue* my hope abused,  
Perswading me I stood vpon firme ground,  
When vnawares my selfe on sands I found.  
This is the point, which most I doe enforcee,  
That *Loue* without all pittie or remorse  
Did suffer me to languish still in greefe,  
Void of contentment, succour or reliefe,  
And when I look'd my paines should be rewarded

<sup>1)</sup> Es ist gewiss *pincons* zu schreiben; *pincon* ist mir gänzlich unbekannt.

I did perceiue that they were nought regarded.  
For why (alas) these haplesse eies did see,  
*Alcilia* lou'd another more then mee,  
So in the end when I expected most  
My hope, my loue, and fortune thus were croft. [p. 34]  
Proceeding further, Reason bad me stay.  
For the Defendant had some thing to say,  
Then to the iudge for iustice lowd I cried  
And so I paued, and *Loue* thus replied.

Since *Reason* ought to lend indifferent eares,  
Vnto both partes, and iudge, as truth appears:  
Most gracious Ladie giue me leaue to speake  
And anwere his complaint, that seeks to wreak  
His spight, and malice on me without cause  
In charging me to haue transgres'd thy lawes  
Of all his follies he imputes the blame  
To me poore Loue, that nought deserues the fame.  
Himselfe it is, that hath abufed mee  
As by mine anwere shall wel proued be.  
Fond youth thou knowest what I for thee effected  
(Though now I find it little be respected)  
I purg'd thy wits,<sup>1)</sup> which was before but grosse:  
The mettell pure I feuered from the drosse,  
And did inspire thee with my sweetest fier,  
That kindled in thee courage, and desire  
Not like vnto those seruile passions,  
Which cumber mens imaginations [p. 35]  
With Auarice, ambition, and vaine glorie,  
Desire of things fleeting, and transitorie,  
No base conceit, but such, as powers aboue  
Haue knowne, & felt, I mean th'instinct of loue  
Which making men all earthly things despise  
Transports them to a heauenly paradise.  
Where thou complain'ft of sorrows in thy hart,  
Who liues on earth, but therein hath his part?  
Are these thy fruits? are these thy best rewards  
For all the pleasing glaunces, flie regards,  
The sweet stolne kisses, amorous conceits,  
So manie smiles, so manie faire entreats,  
Such kindnesse, as *Alcilia* did bestow  
All for my sake, as well thy selfe doest know?  
That *Loue* should thus be vsed, it is hatefull:  
But all is lost that's done for one vngratefull.  
Where he alledgeth, that he was abufed  
In that he true lie louing, was refused:

<sup>1)</sup> Der alte Corrector ändert hier (unnöthiger Weise) den Plur. *wits* in den Sing. um. Vergl. namentlich unten p. 42: *oft wits proves best, that's dearest bought.*

That's most vntrue, and plainly may be tried.  
Who neuer ask'd, could neuer be denied.  
But he affected rather fingle life  
Then yoke of mariage matching with a wife.  
And most men now make loue to none but heires, [p. 36]  
Poore loue (God wote) that pouerty empires.  
Worldly respectes *Loue* little doth regard,  
Who loues hath onely loue for his reward.

*The description  
of a  
foolehardie  
Louer.* He meriteth a Louers name indeed  
That casts no doubts, which vaine suspicion breed,  
But disperately at hazard throwes the Dife  
Neglecting due regard of friendes aduise;  
That wrestles with his fortune and his fate,  
Which had ordain'd to better his estate;  
That hath no care of wealth, no feare of lacke,  
But ventures forward, though he see his wracke.  
That with *Hopes* winges like *Icarus* doth flie,  
Though for his rashnesse he like fortune trie,  
That to his fame the world of him may tell,  
How, while he foard aloft, adowne he fell.  
And so true *Loue* awarded him this doome  
In scaling heauen to haue the sea his toome.  
That making shipwracke of his dearest fame  
Betraines himselfe to pouertie and flame.  
That hath no sence of sorrowe, or repent,  
No dread of perils farre, or imminent,  
But doth preferre before, all pompe, or pelfe  
The sweet of loue as dearer then himselfe. [p. 37]  
Who were his passage stop'd by sword & fier,  
Would make way through to compasse his desire.  
For which he would (though heauen & earth forbad it)  
Hazard to loose a kingdome, if he had it.  
These be the things, wherein I glorie most,  
Whereof this my accuser cannot boft.  
Who was indifferent to his losse or gaine,  
And better pleas'd to faile then to obtaine.  
All qualified affections<sup>1)</sup> *Loue* doth hate  
And likes him best that's most intemperate.  
But hence proceeds his malice, and dispight  
While he himselfe barres of his owne delight.  
For when as he *Alcilia* first affected  
Like one in show that loue little respected,  
He masqu'd disguis'd, and intertaind his thought,  
With hope of that which he in secret sought;  
And still forbare to vtter his desire  
Till his delay recein'd hir worthy hier,

<sup>1)</sup> d. h. jede Zuneigung, die mit einer Einschränkung (qualification) stattfindet.



And well we know, what maides themfelues would haue  
 Men must sue for, and by petitions <sup>1)</sup> craue.  
 But he regarding more his wealth, then will  
 Had little care his fancie to fulfill.  
 Yet when he sawe *Alcibia* lou'd another, [p. 38]  
 The secret fier, which in his breft did smother,  
 Began to fmoake, and foonc had prou'd a flame,  
 If *Temperance* had not allaiied the fame,  
 Which afterward fo quench'd he did not find,  
 But that fome sparks remained ftill behind.  
 Thus when time furu'd, he did refufe to craue it  
 And yet enuied <sup>2)</sup> another man fhould haue it.  
 As though, faire maids fhould wait at yoong mens pleafure  
 While they twixt fport, an' earneft loue at leafure:  
 Nay at the firft, when it is kindlie proffred,  
 Maides muft accept, leaft twife it be not offred.  
 Elfe though their beauty feeme their good t'importune,  
 Yet may they loofe the better of their fortune.  
 Thus as this fonding <sup>3)</sup> coldlie went about it;  
 So in the end he cleereleie went without it.  
 For while he doubtfull feem'd to make a ftay,  
 A Mungrell stole the maidens hart away,  
 For which though he lamented much in fhow:  
 Yet was he inward glad it fell out fo.  
 Now *Reason* you may plainely iudge by this  
 Not I, but he the falfe difsembler is,  
 Who while fond hope his luke warme loue did feed,  
 Made figne of more then hee fustain'd indeed, [p. 39]  
 And fill'd his rimes with fables & with lies  
 Which without paffion he did oft deuife,  
 So to delude the ignorance of fuch,  
 That pittied him, thinking he lou'd too much,  
 And with conceit rather to fhew his wit  
 Then manifest his faithfull loue by it.  
 Much more then this could I lay to his charge  
 But time would faile to open all at large,  
 Let this fuffice to fhew his bad intent,  
 And proue that *Loue* is cleare, and innocent.  
 Thus at the length though late he made an end,  
 And both of vs did earneftly attend  
 To <sup>4)</sup> finall iudgement *Reason* fhould award,

<sup>1)</sup> Der alte Corrector ändert *petitions* in den Singular.

<sup>2)</sup> *envied* ist die gewöhnliche Aussprache der *Zeit*, nicht *envied*. Vergl. meine Anmerkung zu Marlowe's *Edward II.* I, 1, 162 (p. 12).

<sup>3)</sup> Aller Wahrscheinlichkeit nach ist *fonding* Druckfehler für *fondling* 'Narr', ein u. a. von Spenser gebrauchtes Wort.

<sup>4)</sup> Der alte Corrector ändert *To* in *Tho'*. Es ist aber die La. des Originaldrucks so zu verstehen, dass man die Auslassung von *which* nach *judgement* anzunehmen hat.

When thus she gan to speake. With due regard  
The matter hath bin heard on either side.  
For iudgement you must longer time abide  
The cause is waightie and of great import,  
And so she smiling did adorne the Court:  
Little auail'd it then to argue more,  
So I return'd in worse case then before.

*Loue Desciphered.*<sup>1)</sup>

[p. 40]

**L**oue, and I are now deided:  
Conceit by error was misgided.  
*Alcilia* hath my loue despised.  
„ No man loues, that is aduised.  
„ Time at length hath trueth detected.  
*Loue* hath mis'd, what he expected.  
Yet missing that, which long he sought,  
I haue found, that, I little thought.  
Errors in time may be redrest,  
„ The shortest follies are the best  
*Loue* and *Youth* are nowe afunder,  
*Reasons* glorie, *Natures* wonder.  
My thoughts long bound are now enlarg'd,  
My follies pennance is dicharg'd,<sup>2)</sup>  
Thus *Time* hath altered my estate.  
„ *Repentance* neuer comes too late.  
Ah well I finde that *Loue* is nought,  
But follie, and an idle thought.  
The difference is twixt *Loue* and mee,  
That he is blind, and I can see.  
*Loue* is hunnie mixt with gall. [p. 41]  
A thraldome free, a freedom thrall.  
A bitter sweet, a pleafant lower.  
Got in an yeare, loft in an hower.  
A Peacefull warr, a warlike peace,  
Whose wealth brings want, whose want, encrease.  
Full long purfuit, and litle gaine.  
Vncertaine pleafure, certaine paine.  
Regard of neither right nor wrong.  
For short delights *Repentance* long.  
*Loue* is a sickenes of the thought.  
Conceit of pleafure dearely bought.  
A restleffe paffion of the minde.  
A Laborinth of errors blinde.  
A sugred poyfon, faire deceit,

<sup>1)</sup> Das *f* in *Desciphered* ist von dem alten Corrector durchstrichen.

<sup>2)</sup> Es muss dahingestellt bleiben, ob dies für ein immerhin ungewöhnliches *decharged* oder für ein verdrucktes *discharged* zu nehmen ist.

A baite for fooles, a furious heat,  
A chilling cold, a wondrous passion,  
Exceeding mans imagination,  
Which none can tell in whole, nor part,  
But onely he, that feelles the smart.  
*Loue* is sorrow mixt with gladnesse,  
[p. 42]  
Feare with hope, and hope with madnesse.  
Long did I loue, but all in vaine.  
I louing was not loued againe,  
For which my hart sustain'd much woe,  
It fittes not maides to vse men so.  
Iust desertes are not regarded,  
Neuer loue so ill rewarded,  
But all is lost, that is not fought.  
„ Oft witts proues best, that's dearest bought.  
Wemen were made for mens reliefe,  
To comfort, not to cause their greefe.  
Where most I merite, least I finde,  
No meruaile, since that loue is blinde.  
Had she bin kind, as she was faire,  
My case had bin more straunge, and rare.  
But wemen loue not by desert,<sup>1)</sup>  
*Reason* in them hath weakest part.  
Then hencefoorth let them loue that list.  
I will beware of Had I wift.  
These faultes had better bin concealed,  
[p. 43]  
Then to my shame abroad reuealed:  
Yet though my youth did thus miscarrie  
My harmes may make others more warie.  
*Loue* is but a youthfull fitte,  
And some men say it's signe of witte;  
But he that loues as I haue done,  
To passe the day and see no funne:  
Must change his note, and sing *Erravi*,  
Or else may chauce to crie *Peccavi*.  
The longest day must haue his night,  
*Reason* triumphs in *Loues* delpight.  
I follow now *Discretions* lore,  
Henceforth to like, but loue no more.  
Then gently pardon what is past,  
For *Loue* drawes onward to his last.  
He walkes (they say) with warie eie,  
“  
Whose footsteps neuer tread awrie.  
“  
My muse a better worke intends,  
And heere my louing folly ends.  
After long stormes, and tempestes past  
[p. 44]  
I see the hauen at the last,

<sup>1)</sup> Der Corrector ändert *desart*.

Where I must rest my wearie barke,  
And there vnlade my care, and carke,  
My paines and trauales long endured,  
And all my wounds must there be cured.  
Ioyes out of date shall be renewed.  
To thinke of perils past eschued.  
When I shall sit full blith, and iollie,  
And talke of louers, and their folly.  
Then *Loue* and *Folly* both adieu.  
Long haue I bin misled by you,  
Folly may new aduentures try,  
But *Reason* saies, that *Loue* must die,  
Yea die indeed, although it greeue him,  
For my cold hart cannot releue him,  
Yet for hir sake, whom once I loued,  
(Though al in vain, as *Time* hath proued)  
He take the paine, (if she consent)  
To write his will and Testament.

*Loues last Will, and Testament.*

[p. 45]

**M**Y spirit I bequeath vnto the ayre.  
My bodie shall vnto the earth repaire.  
My burning brond vnto the Prince of hell,  
T'increase mens paines, that there in darknes dwell.  
For well I weene aboue, nor vnder ground  
A greater paine, then that may not be found.  
My sweet conceites of pleasure and delight  
To *Erebus*, and to eternall night.  
My sighes, my teares, my passions, and laments  
Distrust, despaire, all these my howrely rents,  
With other plagues, that Louers minds enthrall  
Vnto *Oblivion* I bequeath them all.  
My broken bow, and shaftes I giue to *Reason*,  
My cruelties, my flights and forged treason  
To wemenkind, and to their seed for aye,  
To wreake their spight, and worke poore mens decay,  
Referuing onely for *Alciliaes* part  
Small kindnesse, and lesse care of louers smart,  
For she is from the vulgar sort excepted,<sup>1)</sup>  
And had she *Philoparthenes* loue respected,  
Requiting it with like affection,  
She might haue had the praise of all perfection. [p. 46]  
This done, If I haue any faith, and troth  
To *Philoparthen* I assigne them both;  
For vnto him of right they do belong,

<sup>1)</sup> Der Originaldruck hat *excepted*, schon von dem alten Corrector verbessert.

Who truly louing suffered too much wrong.  
*Time* shall be sole executor of my will,  
Who may these things in order due fulfill.  
To warrant this my Testament for good,  
I haue subscribed it with my dying blood.

And so he died, that all this bale had bred,  
And yet my hart mildoubts he is not dead.  
For sure I feare should I *Alcilia* see,  
She might eftsoones reuiue him with hir eie,  
Such power deuine remaineth in hir sight,  
To make him liue againe in deaths dispight.

*These Sonnets following were written by the Author* [p. 47]  
after he began to decline from his passionate  
*affection & in them hee seemeth to please*  
himselfe with describing the vanitie  
of loue, the frailtie of beautie,  
and the sower fruites  
of Repentance.

I

Now haue I spun the web of my owne woes  
And labour'd long to purchase my owne losse.  
Too late I see I was beguild with shewes.  
And that, which once seem'd gold, now proues but droffe.  
Thus am I both of helpe & hope bereaued; *Chi non si fida non*  
He neuer tried that neuer was deceiued. *riene ingannato.*

II

Once did I loue, but more then once repent,  
When vintage came, my grapes were sower, or rotten  
Long time in greefe, and pensiue thoughts I spent,  
And all for that, which *Time* hath made forgotten  
O straunge effects of *Time*. which once being lost,  
Makes men secure of that they loued most.

III

[p. 48]

Thus haue I long in th' aire of error houer'd,  
And runne my ship vpon Repentance shelve.  
Trueth hath the vaile of Ignorance vncouer'd  
And made me see, and seeing know my selfe.  
Of former follies now I must repent,  
And count this work part of my time ill spent.

IIII

„ What thing is *Loue*? a Tyrant of the mind  
„ Begot by heat of youth, brought forth by sloth,  
„ Nur'd with vaine thoughts, and changing as the wind

„ A deepe dissembler, void of faith, and troth,  
„ Fraught with fond errors, doubts, despite, disdain  
„ And all the plagues, that earth and hell containe.

V

Like to a man, that wanders all the day,  
Through waies vnknownen to seek a thing of worth  
And at the night sees he hath gone astray,  
As neere his end, as when he first set forth:  
Such is my case, whose hope vntimely croft  
After long errors proues my labor lost.

VI

[p. 49]

Fail'd of that hap, whereto my hope aspired  
Depriu'd of that which might haue bin mine owne.  
Another now must haue that I desired,  
And things too late by their euent are knowne.  
Thus do wee wish for that cannot be got,  
And when it may then wee regard it not.

VII

Ingratefull *Loue*. since thou hast plaid thy part,  
Enthralling him, whom *Time* hath since made free,  
It rests for me to vse both wit, and art,  
That of my wrongs I may reuenged bee;  
And in those eies, where first thou took'st thy fier,  
Thy selfe shalt perish through my cold desire.

VIII

Greeue not thy selfe for that cannot be had,  
And things once carelesse let them carelesse rest,  
Blame not thy fortune, though thou deeme it bad.  
What's past, and gone, will neuer be redrest.  
The onely helpe for that cannot be gained “  
Is to forget it might haue bin obtained. “

VIII

[p. 50]

How happy once did I my selfe esteeme,  
While *Loue* with hope my fond desire did cherish  
My state as blissefull as a Kings did seeme,  
Had I bin sure my ioyes should neuer perish.  
The thoughtes of men are fed with expectation  
„ Pleasures themselues are but imagination.

X

Why should we hope for that which is to come  
Where the euent is doubtfull, and vnknowne  
Such fond presumptions soone receiue their doome,  
When thinges expected wee count as our owne,  
Whose issue oftimes in the end proues nought,  
But hope a shadow, and an idle thought.

XI

In vaine do wee complaine our life is fhort,  
Which wel dispos'd great matters might effect,  
While wee our felues in toyes, and idle sport  
Confume the better part without respect,  
And careles, as though time should neuer end it  
Twixt sleepe, and waking prodigally spend it.

XII

[p. 51]

Youthfull desire is like the sommer season,  
That lastes not long, for winter must succeed:  
And so our passions must giue place to reason,  
And riper yeares more ripe effectes must breed  
Of all the seede Youth sowed in vaine desires.  
I reaped nought, but thiftles, thornes, & bryers.

XIII

To erre, and do amiffe, is giuen to men by kind.  
Who walkes so sure, but sometime treads awry?  
But to continue still in errors blind  
A bad, and bestial nature doth descry.  
Who proues not, failes not, & brings nought to end.  
Who proues and failes, may afterward amend.

*Chi non fa  
non folla,  
chi falla  
l'amendn.*

XIIII

There was but one, and doubtlesse she the best,  
Whom I did more, then all the world esteeme.  
She hauing faild I disauowe the rest,  
For now I finde thinges are not, as they seeme,  
Default of that, wherein our will is croft,  
Oftimes vnto our good auaieth most

XV

[p. 52]

*Chi va, &  
ritorna,  
fa buon  
viaggio.* I fare like him, who now his land-hope spent  
By vnknowne seas failes to the Indian shore,  
Returning thence no richer then he went,  
Yet cannot much his fortune blame therefore,  
Since who so ventures forth vpon the Mayne  
Makes a good mart, if he returne againe.

XVI

Louers conceites are like a flatring Glasse,  
That makes the lookers<sup>1)</sup> fairer then they are,  
Who pleas'd in their deceit contented passe:

<sup>1)</sup> *lookers* ist die Verbesserung des alten Correctors statt *lookes*, des Druckfehlers in der Originalausgabe.

Such once was mine, who thought there was none fair,  
None wittie, modest, vertuous but shee,  
Yet now I finde the glasse abused mee.

XVII

Adieu fond *Loue*. the mother of all error,  
Repleat with hope, and feare, with ioy,<sup>1)</sup> and paine.  
Falso fier of fancy, full of care and terror,  
Shadow of pleasures fleeting short, and vaine.  
Die lothed *Loue*. receiue thy latest doome  
Night be thy graue, *Obluion* be thy Toome.

XVIII

[p. 53]

Who would be rapt vp into the third heauen  
To see a world of straunge imaginations:  
Who carelesse would leaue all at fix, and seuen  
To wander in a Laborinth of paffions:  
Who would at once all kindes of folly proue:  
When he hath nought to do, then let him loue.

*Nihil agen  
do malè age  
re discimus.*

XIX

What thing is *Beautie*? *Natures* deereft minion “  
The snare of youth, like the inconstant moone “  
Waxing, and waning, error of opinion “  
A mornings flower, that withereth ere noone “  
A swelling fruit, no sooner ripe then rotten, “  
Which sicknes makes forlorne and Time forgotten. “

XX

The spring of youth which now is in his prime,  
Winter of Age with hoary frostes shall nippe,  
*Beautie* shal then be made the pray of *Time*.  
And lower remorse deceitful pleasures whippe.  
Then henceforth let Discretion rule Desire,  
And *Reason* quench the flame of *Cupids* fier.

XXI

[p. 54]

O what a life was that sometime I led,  
When *Loue* with paffions did my peace incumber,  
While like a man neither aliue nor dead  
I was rapt from my selfe. as one in flumber.  
Whose idle senses charm'd with fond illusion  
Did nourish that, which bred their owne confusion.

XXII

The child for euer after dreads the fier,  
That once therewith by chance his finger burned  
Water of *Time* distild doth coole desire,

<sup>1)</sup> Die beiden Commata nach *feare* und *ioy* hat der Corrector zugesetzt.



And farre he ran (they say) that neuer turned.  
After long stormes I see the port at last  
Folly farewell for now my loue is past.

XXIII

Bafe seruile thoughtes of men too much delected,  
That seeke, and crouch, and kneele for wemens grace,  
Of whom your paine, and seruice is neglected.  
Your selues dispis'd. Riuals before your face.  
The more you sue, the lesse you shall obtaine.  
The lesse you win. the more shall be your gaine.

XXIII

[p. 55]

In looking backe vnto my follies past,  
While I the present with times past compare,  
And thinke how many howers I then did wast,  
Painting on cloudes, and building in the ayre,  
I sigh within my selfe, and say, in sadnes  
This thing, which fooles call *Loue* is nought but madnes.

XXV

The things wee haue, we most of all neglect, “  
And that we haue not, greedily we craue, “  
The things wee may haue, litle we respect, “  
And still we couet, that we can not haue. “  
Yet howfoe're in our conceit we prife them, “  
No sooner gotten, but we straight despise them. “

XXVI

Who seates his loue vpon a womans will,  
And thinkes thereon to build a happie state,  
Shall be deceiu'd, when leaft he thinkes of ill,  
And rue his folly, when it is too late.  
He ploughs on sand, and sowes vpon the wind,  
That hopes for constant loue in wemenkinde.

XXVII

[p. 56]

I will no longer spend my time in toyes,  
Seeing *Loue* is error, folly, and offence,  
An idle fitte for fond, and retchlesse boyes,  
Or else for men depriu'd of common sense.  
Twixt *Lunacy*, and *Loue* these ods appeare,  
Th'one makes fooles monthly, th' other all the yeare.

XXVIII

While season seru'd to sow, my plough lay still,  
My graftes vnset, when others trees did bloome  
I spent the spring in sloth, and slept my fill,

But neuer thought of winters cold to come,  
Till spring was past, the sommer wel nigh gone,  
When I awak'd, and law my haruest none.

XXIX

Now *Loue* sits all alone in blacke attyre,  
His broken bow, and arrowes lying by him.  
His fier extinct, that whilom fed desire.  
Himselfe the scorne of louers, that passe by him,  
Who this day freely may disport and play,  
For it is *Philoparthenis* holie day.

XXX

[p. 57]

Nay thinke not *Loue* with all thy cunning flight  
To catch me once againe. Thou com'ft too late,  
Sterne Industrie puts Idlenesse to flight,  
And *Time* hath chaunged both my name and state.  
Then seek elsewhere for mates, that may befrend thee  
For I am busie, and cannot attend thee.

*Otia /i tollas  
periere Cupi  
dinis arcus.*

XXXI

Loose Idlenesse, the nurse of fond desire,  
Roote of all ils, that do our youth betide  
That whilom didst through loue my wracke conspire,  
I banish thee, and rather wish t' abide  
All austere hardnesse, and continuall paine,  
Then to reuoke thee, or to loue againe.

XXXII

The time will come, when looking in a glasse,  
Thy riueted face with sorrow thou shalt see,  
And sighing say, it is not as it was  
These cheekes were wont more fresh, & faire to see.  
But now what once made me so much admired,  
Is least regarded, and of none desired.

XXXIII

[p. 58]

Though thou be faire, thinke *Beauty* but a blast,  
A mornings dewe, a shadow quickly gon,  
A painted flower, whose colour will not last.  
Time steales away, when least we thinke thereon  
Most pretious time, too wastfully expended,  
Of which alone the sparing is commended.

*Temporis  
folius  
honestus  
est auaritia.*

XXXIII

How vaine is Youth, that cros'd in his desire  
Doth frette and fume, and inwardly repine,

As though<sup>1)</sup> 'gainst heauen it self he would conspire  
And with his frailtie 'gainst his fate combine.  
Who of it selfe continues constant still,  
And doth vs good oftymes against our wil.

XXXV

In prime of Youth when years, & Wit was ripe,  
Vnhappie Will to ruine led the way.  
Wit daunc'd about, when Folly gan to pipe,  
And Will, and he together went astray.  
Nought then but pleasure was the good they fought,  
Which now *Repentance* proues too deerely bought.

XXXVI

[p. 59]

He that in matters of delight, and pleasure,  
Can bridle his outrageous affection,  
And temper it in some indifferent measure  
Doth proue himselfe a man of good direction.  
In conquering Will true courage most is showne,  
And sweet temptations make mens vertues knowne.

*Est virtus  
placitis ab-  
stinuisse  
bonis.*

XXXVII

Each naturall thing by course of kind we see,  
In his perfection long continueth not.  
Fruites once full ripe, will then fall from the tree,  
Or in due time not gathered soone will rot.  
It is decreed by doome of powers deuine,  
Things at their height must thence againe decline.

*Inuida fa-  
torum /eries  
summi/que  
negatum Stare  
diu.*

XXXVIII

Thy large smooth forehead wrinkled shal appeare,  
Vermilion hue to pale, and wan shal turne.  
Time shal deface, what Youth hath held most deere.  
Yea these cleere eies which once my hart did burne  
Shall in their hollow circles lodge the night,  
And yeeld more cause of terror, then delight.

XXXVIII

[p. 60]

Loe heere the record of my follies past,  
The fruities of wit vnstaid, and howers mispent.  
Full wise is he, that perils can forecast,  
And so by others harmes his owne preuent.  
All worldly pleasure, that delites the sence,  
Is but a short sleepe, and times vaine expence.

*Quanto  
piace al  
mondo e  
breue  
fegno.*

<sup>1)</sup> Der Originaldruck hat *thogh*, offenbar ein blosser Druckfehler.

XL

The Sunne hath twife his annuall course perform'd,  
Since first vnhappy I began to loue,  
Whose errors now by Reasons rule reform'd  
Conceites of loue but smoake, and shadowes proue.  
Who of his folly, seekes more praife to win,  
Where I haue made an end let him begin.

*J. C.*<sup>1)</sup>

*FINIS.*

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<sup>1)</sup> Dieses C ist dann von derselben Hand, welche die übrigen Verbesserungen in dem Hamburger Exemplar vorgenommen hat. in ein G verwandelt worden. S. die Einleitung.

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