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# MEMOIR AND POEMS OF SIR ROBERT AYTOUN,

*Secretary to the Queens of James VI. and Charles I.*

BY THE REV. CHARLES ROGERS, LL.D., F.S.A., Scot.,

*Historiographer to the Historical Society.*



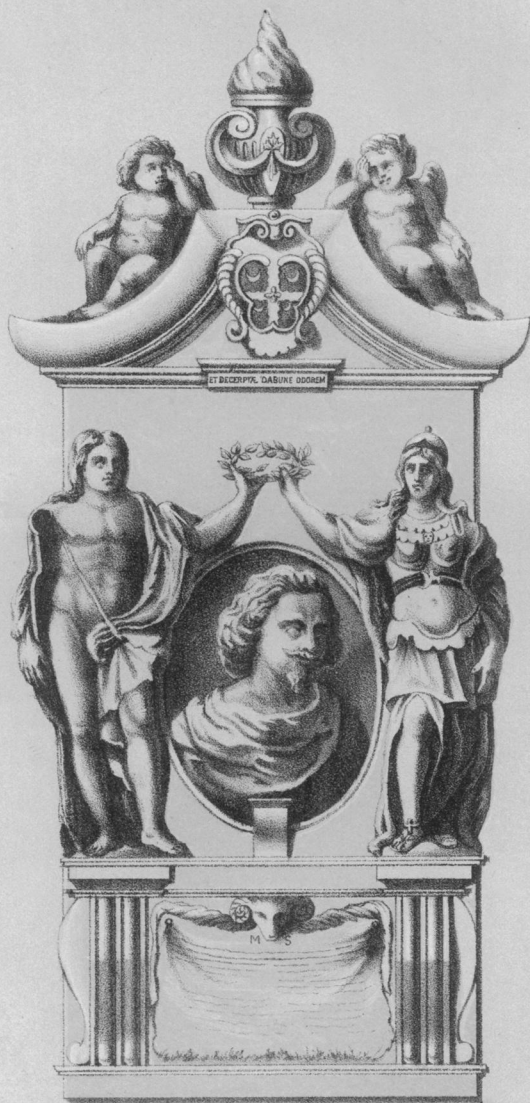
## PRELIMINARY OBSERVATIONS.

IN the seventh volume of his "History of Scotland," pp. 365-6, Dr. John Hill Burton, Historiographer Royal, writes thus :—

"In baronial architecture and dwelling-houses there was a great advance between the Reformation and the Restoration. The French style of tall round towers or turrets with conical tops prevailed. In some instances the old square tower was surmounted with turrets and other decorations, and many dwellings were wholly built in the style of Chantilly and other great French châteaux. Of these there are a few fine specimens in Winton, Pinkie, Glammis, Fyvie, Castle Fraser, Craigievar, and Crathes. Heriot's Hospital is a curious modification of this style. It was designed by Sir Robert Aytoun, the poet, who evidently appears to have sought to bring the rambling picturesque character of the French style into a rigid symmetry, like that which prevails in the classical styles. It may be said that the little corner turrets did not belong to his original plan. In this the towers were to be carried up into high abruptly shapen pavilion roofs, after the French fashion, as exemplified in the Tuileries. These petty turrets depart essentially from the rule that some useful end should be the object of all building—they are too small to serve as flanking works, or to be in any way of service to the main building."

To these remarks Dr. Burton appends the following note :—

"To Sir Robert Aytoun, who was thus an artist as well as a poet, there is a monument in Westminster Abbey. It is rich in decoration, and yet in simplicity and beauty it stands in favourable contrast to many of its neighbours. It is engraved in Smith's "Oeconographia Scotica."



MONUMENT OF SIR ROBERT AYTOUN  
IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

We have a little morsel of incidental evidence that his opinions were not inherited by his descendant, the author of the 'Lays of the Cavaliers.' He was master of an art in high esteem in its day,—that of caligraphy, or decorated penmanship; and he exercised this art in writing out illuminated copies of the Confession of Faith, some of which still exist."

Soon after the appearance of Dr. Burton's seventh volume I respectfully requested the learned author to produce his authority regarding the poet's connection with the hospital. To that request Dr. Burton replied in the *Scotsman* newspaper in these terms:—

"Who built Heriot's Hospital?"

"*Craighouse, Lothianburn, Edinburgh,*  
"September 3, 1870.

"SIR,—I have to trouble you on a very ridiculous matter. A question has been put to me, but I have lost the querist's letter and his address. I write this in the hope that it may catch his eye, and also for the purpose of putting myself for a moment on the stool of repentance—a position that used to be much coveted by our covenanting ancestors as a sort of absolution. The question asked is the authority for my assertion that Sir Robert Aytoun was the architect of Heriot's Hospital. Well, though I admit that I have printed this statement, I confess it is false. The architect of Heriot's Hospital was not Sir Robert Aytoun, but William Aytoun, of Inchdairny. The substitution of one for the other is just one of those delusions which overcome people for a moment about the identity of their best friends, or other things they are most familiar with. It is some twenty-four years ago that poor Joseph Robertson, who never was happy in a discovery till he had given his friends the advantage of it, showed me in a bundle of dreary accounts kept by the Laird of Innes, in Banffshire, an entry of a payment to Mr. William Aytoun, 'Master of Heriot his work.' The payment was 'for drawing the form of the house on paper,'—that is, for preparing the plan of Innes House. Being but a dwelling-house, the artist had too good a taste to make it like a great public building, but it is richly incrustured with ornamental details in the style very exactly of those in Heriot's Hospital. Corroborative evidence was found in abundance, and any one may see the portrait of Aytoun in the hospital, and the engraving of it in Constable's little book about George Heriot. There is a stupid tradition that Inigo Jones was the architect of Heriot's Hospital. This rests on the most perfect example of reasoning in a circle that I ever met. Heriot's Hospital is very like Fredericksborg Castle, in Denmark, which was built by Inigo Jones, therefore, &c. Fredericksborg Castle is very like Heriot's Hospital, and Heriot's Hospital was undoubtedly built by Inigo Jones, there-

H

fore, &c. For my own part, I would as soon believe that Pope wrote 'The Jolly Beggars,' as that Inigo Jones did a work so thoroughly saturated with Scotch feeling.

"This little affair brings up the recollection of a second departed friend and ornament of our poor broken-up Edinburgh circle. Aytoun was a zealous Covenanter, and employed his art in illuminating copies of the Confession of Faith. When I mentioned this to his descendant, the bard, he put on the look of waggish anger that was so pleasant in him, reproached me for hunting out blots in my friends' pedigrees, and requested me, 'like a good fellow,' to keep the family secret,—and I did so as long as there lived one to whom its revelation would be an annoyance—

"I am, &c.,

"J. H. BURTON."

This "very ridiculous matter" is not improved by the explanations offered. William Aytoun or Aiton, master mason in Edinburgh, was not related to the Inchdairnie family. He came from Haddingtonshire, and may, for aught which to the contrary can be shown, belong to the Berwickshire line of Aytoun, though perhaps by spurious descent. Whatever was the artificer's pedigree, he may not readily be associated with a court poet residing not in Edinburgh, but in London. It is by no means certain that he exercised his caligraphic skill in transcribing and illuminating the Scottish Confession of Faith. An elegantly transcribed copy of the "Confession," by William Aytoun, is preserved in the Advocates Library, but as there were two of the name, father and son, it remains to be shown which was the ornamental writer. Neither father nor son was the designer of Heriot's Hospital at Edinburgh. In a paper read to the Scottish Architectural Institute on the 27th November, 1851,\* Mr. David Laing, of Edinburgh, has shown by original documents that the modeller and original builder of the hospital was William Wallace, Master Mason to Charles I. Wallace, who planned the building with all its details, laid the foundation stone in July, 1628. He died in October, 1631, after superintending for three years the execution of his plans. As a burghess of Edinburgh, and architect of the new hospital, his widow received a pension from the city. He was succeeded as master

\* Transactions of Architectural Institute of Scotland. Vol. II. Edinburgh, 1852. 8vo.

mason of the hospital by William Aiton the younger, who also died before the building was completed.

Innes House, which Aiton designed by borrowing from the plans of his ingenious predecessor, is not, as Dr. Burton alleges, situated in Banffshire, but is one of Lord Fife's seats in the county of Moray. Dr. Burton describes the late Professor William Edmounstone Aytoun as a descendant of the court Poet. The slightest research might have shown him that Sir Robert Aytoun was a bachelor, and besides, that he belonged to the Aytouns of Kinaldie, which three centuries ago diverged from the Inchdairnie branch, of which the late Professor was a cadet.

These comments are not superfluous. When the latest historian of a kingdom falls into a succession of blunders in connection with the career of a national poet, it is well that authentic facts concerning that poet should be collected and made known. I have proceeded to the task of elucidating Sir Robert Aytoun's history not without some preparation. Twenty-seven years ago I edited his English poems from a contemporary MS. in my possession.\* That performance was a juvenile one, but I have ever since its appearance been in quest of additional materials.

The English poems of Sir Robert Aytoun in the present collection have been obtained from two different MSS., which have been carefully collated and compared.† The older of these MSS. is preserved among the "Additional MSS." in the British Museum, (No. 10,308.) To these it was added in February, 1836, having been purchased as "Lot 309" at the sale of Mr. Richard Heber. It is a thin folio of 43 pages; the writing is juvenile and careless, but a more experienced hand has corrected omissions and errors. From the initials appended to the "Address to the Reader," the corrector is shown to be Sir John Aytoun, the poet's nephew, Knight of the Black Rod, and successor to his estate and goods.‡ The MS. is entitled "Some fewe English and Scotts amorous Poems of Sir Robert Ayton, late Secretar ye to the most illustrious Anna and Henrietta Mary, Queenes of Greate Brittain, France, and Ireland. Vita verecunda, Musa jocosa mihi."

\* The Poems of Sir Robert Aytoun. Edited by Chas. Rogers. Edinb., 1844. 8vo.

† I have diligently compared the poems in these MSS. with those which appear in Watson's Collection. See Notes *postea*.

‡ See Sir Robert Aytoun's Will *postea*.

Then follows the Address, which proceeds thus :—

“COURTEOUS READER.

“THE Author of these ensuing Poems did not affect the name of a Poet, having neither publisht in print nor kept coppies of anything he writt, either in Lattin or English, which makes this small collection more difficult, and in many things imperfyte and uncorrect, especially in the old Scotts peeces which were don in his younger dayes. The Lattin ones were publisht by a lover of Poesie in the *Delitiæ Poetarum Scotorum*, in his owne tyme ; and because the style of all vulgar languages changes every age, and what may please in one, doth not in others, I would not, though much importuned, expose them to the press, which he thought not worthy thereof, and did only to please his owne fancy upon emergent occasions, yet kept this small collection by me to let freends in after times know that though he writ carelessly yet wittily and flowingly, without affectation or offence to any.—S. J. A.”

The other MS. is entitled “The Poems of that worthy Gentleman, Sir Robert Aytoune, Knight. Secretary to Anna and Mary, Queens of Great Brittain, &c. 1 volumne.” It is contained in a small duodecimo, in which the poems cover seventy-five pages. The handwriting is abundantly distinct, and seems to belong to the middle of the seventeenth century. On an interior board, of which the original covering has fallen off, are the letters I. S., with the date 1678. On the pages fronting both the boards are several Latin mottoes, in the handwriting of the transcriber. Half the volume after the insertion of the poems had remained blank ; these leaves were afterwards filled with domestic receipts and household inventories, bearing the dates 1704, 1705, and 1708. The household entries are in a female hand, and their authorship can be determined. I obtained the MS. at a sale of books in St. Andrews, Fifeshire, in 1842. These books had belonged to Miss Hadow, then lately deceased, daughter of Dr. George Hadow, Professor of Hebrew at St. Andrews, and granddaughter of the Rev. Dr. James Hadow, Principal of St. Mary’s College in the same city. Principal Hadow was incumbent of Cupar-Fife from 1692 to 1699, when he was appointed to the Professorship of Divinity at St. Andrews.\* During his pastorate at Cupar he married a near relative of Sibbald of Rankeil-

\* *Fasti Ecclesiæ Scoticanæ*. By Hen. Scott, D.D. Edinburgh, 1869. 4to., vol. i. pp. 462, 464.

lor, and this gentlewoman, Mrs. Margaret Hadow, uninfluenced by the antiquarian feelings of her race, proceeded to fill up the empty pages of Sir Robert Aytoun's MS. volume with her household recipes. In a list of blankets she records that "6 pears [pairs] came fra Rankillor." From thence the dame's household book had likewise come. With these explanations the initials I.S. point to a member of the house of Sibbald. Probably an earlier transcript had belonged to Sir Robert Sibbald, the indefatigable book collector, a younger son of the Rankeillor family. Sir Robert became possessed of a portion of the MSS. of Sir James Balfour of Denmylne, the greatest of all Scottish collectors, who might naturally possess a transcript of Aytoun's poems. Sir James married Anna, daughter of Sir John Ayton, of that ilk, 21st October, 1630; she survived till August, 1644. A volume, containing a portion of Sir Robert Aytoun's Latin poems was formerly in the Advocates Library, among the MSS. of Sir James Balfour there deposited, but it has disappeared. Sir Robert's Latin poems, included in this collection, have been reprinted from the *Delitiæ Poetarum Scotorum*, a work published in Amsterdam in 1637, by Sir John Scot, of Scotstarvet.

Several letters incorporated in the Poet's memoirs have been transcribed from a portion of the Balfour MSS. in the Advocates Library, entitled "State Business, 1621—1623." The transcriber, my valued and learned friend, Mr. Laing, of Edinburgh, contemplated an edition of Sir Robert Aytoun's English verses, but most generously handed his materials to myself when informed that I had the present edition in preparation. My chief sources of information, besides those already indicated, have been the Public Record Office, London, and the Will Office, Doctors' Commons.

SNOWDOUN VILLA, LEWISHAM, S.E.,

January, 1871.



## M E M O I R.

No sooner had King James VI. crossed the Tweed, on his accession to the English throne, "than the Muses," writes Alexander Campbell,\* "as if fascinated by the splendour of a southern court, fled from Scotland to encircle the throne of the pedantic monarch." The event may not be attributed to the sovereign's adoption of the language of his new kingdom, since his speech was in the broadest dialect of his native tongue; and his writings display the Scottish phraseology of the period. The sudden change in the language of metrical composition is easily explained. England having become the seat of the court, the literati of Scotland elected to write in a language in which they might be understood by their courtly contemporaries. "The vulgar languages of Scotland and England," observes Dr. Irving,† "probably remained at an ample distance from each other till about the time of the union of the two crowns." In his *History of Scotland* Dr. Robertson expresses his opinion that "at the end of the sixteenth century the languages of both kingdoms were in a state nearly similar, differing from one another somewhat in orthography, though not only the words, but the idioms were much the same."

Half a century before the English accession, the intercourse between Scotland and England was remarkably circumscribed. According to Dr. Robertson there were only fifty-eight Scotsmen in London and Westminster in 1567, when Queen Elizabeth commanded the Bishop of London to ascertain the number of strangers in these cities. Not long before that date flourished Sir David Lindsay, the greatest and last of Scottish poets who composed in the native vernacular. Two stanzas from his "Dreme" will sufficiently indicate his language and manner.

"So with my hude, my heid I happit warme,  
And in my cloke, I fauldit baith my feit;  
I thocht my corps with cauld, suld tak na harme,  
My mittanis held my handis weill in heit;

\* "An Introduction to the History of Poetry in Scotland," Edinburgh, 1798. 4to.

† "Lives of the Scottish Poets," by David Irving, LL.D. 2 vols., 8vo., Edinburgh, 1804.

The skowland craig, me coverit from the sleit ;  
 Thare, still I sat, my banes for to rest,  
 Till Morpheus, with sleip, my spreit opprest :

There was the cursit empriour Nero,  
 Of everilk vice, the horribill veschell ;  
 Thare was Pharao, with divers princes mo',  
 Oppressouris of the bairnis of Israell ;  
 Herode, and many mo' than I can tell,  
 Ponce Pylate was thare, hangit be the hals,  
 With unjust jugis, for their sentence fals."

At this standard, with only a shade of advance, remained the language of Scottish poetical writers till the happy event of James's accession to the English throne in 1603. Some time previously Sir Robert Aytoun published his *Diaphantus*\* in English verse, thereby attaining the distinction of being the first of his countrymen to adapt to the northern muse the language of the south. The honour has been claimed for two others, Sir William Alexander and William Drummond. But a reference to dates settles the question. Sir William Alexander produced his "Aurora" in 1604, while Drummond did not compose his "Tears on the Death of Moeliades" till 1613.

Of the personal history of Sir Robert Aytoun not much has been related hitherto. Though occupying a prominent position at court, and not indisposed to procure emoluments and honours, he refrained from seeking distinction as a poet. He was connected with an old family of landowners. The Aytoun family spring from the Norman house of De Vescy, lords of the great barony of Sprouston in Northumberland, of whom Sir William Dugdale in his "Baronage" supplies a lengthened pedigree. The De Vescies were of great antiquity, but the name is extinct. One of the barons who wrested Magna Charta from King John belonged to this house ; his name is appended to the instrument. Gilbert de Vescy, a younger son of the family, proceeded to Scotland in the reign of King Robert the Bruce, and received from that monarch the lands of Aytoun in Berwickshire. As was the custom of the period, he changed his

\* Aytoun alludes to his poem of *Diaphantus* in his Latin panegyric addressed to King James in 1603. It was published in a separate form, and sold for sixpence. Drummond of Hawthornden, in a catalogue of his English Books in 1611, mentions "Diaphantus." No copy of the original edition is now known to exist.

name to that of his estate. In Berwickshire the Aytouns continued as landowners until the reign of James III., when a brother of the house of Home married the heiress and carried the lands into that family. The uncle of the heiress, her father's younger brother, Andrew Aytoun, was Captain of Stirling Castle and Sheriff of Elgin and Forres during the reign of James IV. For faithful services the king gave him several charters confirming him in the lands of Nether Dunmure, Kilgour, and Glenduckie, in western Fifeshire. By a new charter from the Crown, these lands were constituted into a barony called Aytoun, the proprietor being designated of that ilk.\*

To Captain Aytoun of Stirling Castle were born three sons and seven daughters. John, the eldest son, succeeded his father in the estate of Aytoun. Robert, the second son, obtained the estate of Inchdairnie, and Andrew, the third son, succeeded a relative in the estate of Kinaldie.

The estate of Kinaldie came into the possession of the Aytoun family about 1539, when the charters of the property bear the name of a John Aytoun, who is conjectured to have been a younger brother of the Captain of Stirling Castle. He was in 1547 succeeded by his son Robert, who, being childless, would seem to have bequeathed his estate to his uncle's youngest son. Margaret Stewart, widow of Robert Aytoun of Kinaldie, married John Winram, the celebrated sub-prior of St. Andrews. After her death in March, 1573, a dispute arose between Andrew Aytoun of Kinaldie, with his two sons, John and Robert, and the sub-prior, for succession to several gold trinkets, which the Aytouns alleged that Mrs. Winram had alienated illegally from their family. There was likewise a controversy between the parties respecting some rents of her estate, the Manse or Manor of Kirkness in Kinross-shire.†

Andrew Aytoun, third son of Captain Andrew Aytoun, obtained the estate of Kinaldie about the year 1567. He entered as a student the University of St. Andrews in 1539.‡ Having espoused Mary Lundie, he became father of three sons and two daughters. The daughters, Margaret and Agnes, both married and had children. Of

\* A well-known expression in Scotland, though unfamiliar to English readers. "Of that ilk" signifies that the landowner so designated possessed an estate of the same name as his patronymic.

† Act Buik Commissariat of St. Andrews, vol. i., p. 130.

‡ Matriculation Register of St. Andrews University.

the three sons, John, the eldest, succeeded to the estate of Kinaldie on the death of his father in 1590, and Andrew, the third son, settled in Ireland. The second son, Robert, forms the subject of these memoirs.

Robert Aytoun was born in the castle of Kinaldie,\* in the parish of Cameron, near St. Andrews, Fifeshire, in 1570, a date at which we arrive from the inscription on his tombstone. He was incorporated a student of St. Leonard's College, St. Andrews, along with his eldest brother, John, in 1584; four years afterwards he received in the same college his Master's degree. Obtaining his patrimony on the death of his father in 1590, he engaged in continental travel, and studied civil law at the University of Paris. According to Thomas Dempster, "he long cherished useful learning in France, and left there distinguished proof and reputation of his worth."† During his residence abroad, Dempster relates that he composed verses in Latin, Greek, and French. Of these, his Latin verses only have been preserved. He returned from the Continent in 1603, when he addressed a Latin poem to James VI. on his succession to the English throne. The poem abounds in classical phraseology, and is abundantly panegyrical. It secured the poet's fortune. Aytoun was invited to court, which he never afterwards left.‡

His first office was subordinate, and the reverse of lucrative. He succeeded Mr. Laurence Marbury as one of the Grooms of his Majesty's Privy Chamber, with the yearly salary of twenty pounds (Warrant-Book of the Exchequer). According to the same authentic chronicle, a warrant was on the sixteenth day of May, 1608, delivered to the Master of the Great Wardrobe, authorizing him to deliver to "Robert Aton, such parcels of stuffs for his yearly livery as Laurence Marbury lately held." On the ladder of court favour the poet had gained only the first step, but with his elegant manners and acceptable verses he was sure to rise.

The "Apology for the Oath of Allegiance," at first published

\* The foundations of the castle were removed so lately as 1838.

† Dempster's "Historia Ecclesiastica Gentis Scotorum."

‡ Aytoun's panegyrical poem appeared at Paris in ten quarto leaves, with a prose dedication to King James. It bears the following title :—"De Foelici, et semper Augusto, Jacobi VI. Scotiæ, Insularumque adiacentium Regis Imperio, nunc recens florentissimis Angliæ et Hiberniæ Sceptris amplificato, Roberti Aytoni, Scoti Panegyris. Parisiis CIƆIƆC. III." The poem was reprinted in the *Delitiae Poetarum Scotorum*, from which it has been transferred to these pages.

anonymously, was in 1609 acknowledged by the King, who now issued an edition with a dedication "to Rudolph II., Emperor of Germany, Hungary, &c., and to all other right high and mighty Princes and States of Christendome." That his dedication might be properly acknowledged and his work obtain due celebrity, James despatched two ambassadors, Aytoun and another, to place his volume in the hands of those to whom it was inscribed. The Exchequer Warrant-Book contains the following entry :\*—

"James by the grace of God, King of England, Scotland, Fraunce, and Ireland, defender of the faith, &c. To the Treasurer and Under Treasurer of our Exchequer greeting. Whereas we do send unto divers forren Princes with our letters Clark Barkeley, our servant and Robert Aton, gent, one of the Groomes of our Privy Chamber, We will and command you out of our Treasure in the receipt of our Exchequer to devise and pay or cause to be devised and paid to the said Barkeley and Robert Aton for their charges and expenses in the said journeys the sum of Three hundred pounds to each of them without accompt imprest or other charge to bee set on them for the same or annie part thereof. And these our letters shalbe your sufficient warrant and discharge in this behalf. Given under our Privy Seall at our Pallace of Westminster the two and twentieth daie of May in the seventh year of our raigne of England, Fraunce, and Ireland, and of Scotland the two and fortieth."

Aytoun speedily rose in royal favour. He was knighted at Rycot, Oxfordshire, on the 30th August, 1612.† About the same period he was appointed Gentleman of the Bedchamber to James VI., and entrusted with the important office of Private Secretary to the Queen. On the 11th December, 1619, he received a grant of £500 per annum "out of the profits reserved to his Majesty upon a grant lately made by Henry Bell, Esq., for surveying of land."‡ This grant was to continue for thirty-one years; but in July following the King bestowed on the poet, in substitution, a life pension of the like value, on account of service rendered to himself and the late Queen Anne. The letters-patent conveying this last donative we present *in extensis*.

\* Vol. ii., fol. 96.

† To Colonel Joseph L. Chester, whose genealogical researches are nearly unrivalled, we are indebted for this information.

‡ Docquet Book of the Exchequer.

“JAMES R.

“James by the grace of God, King of England, Scotland, Fraunce, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c. To the Commissioners of the Treasury of us our heirs and successors now being, and that hereafter shalbe. To the Treasurer, Chancellor, under Treasurer, and Barons of the Exchequer of us our heirs and successors and all other the officers and Mynesters of the same court now being and that hereafter shalbe. To the farmer, and farmers, collector, and collectors of all or any of the customs, subsidies and impositions, due, payable, or answerable, or to be due, payable, or answerable to us our heirs and successors for or in respect of or upon seacoles, and to all others to whom that shall or may appertaine, Greeting. Know ye that We for and in consideration of the good, faithful, and acceptable service heretofore done as well unto Us as to our late dear consort by our welbeloved servant Sir Robert Ayton, knight, and for other good reasons and considerations Us hereunto moving of our especiall grace, certain knowledge and mere motion have given and granted, and by these presents for Us our heirs and successors do give and grant unto the said Sir Robert Ayton, knight, one annuitie or yearly pension of Five hundred pounds of lawfull money of England by the year. To have, hould, receive, perceive, and take the said annuitie or yearly pension of Five hundred pounds of lawfull money of England by the yeare to the said Sir Robert Ayton and his assignes from the Feast of the Annunciation of the Blessed virgine Marie last past before the date hereof for and during the natural life of him the said Sir Robert Ayton. To be from tyme to tyme perceived and taken att and by the hands of the Farmer or Farmers of the foresaid customs, subsidies or impositions or anie of them for the tyme being out of the yearly rent, some and somes of money to us our heirs or successors reserved or to be reserved, for or in respect of the same. And if the said customs, subsidies, or impositions be or shalbe out of lease or ferme then the said annuitie to be perceived, received, taken and had att and by the hands of the Collector or Collectors of the said customs, subsidies, or impositions of seacoles out of the said customs, subsidies, and duties themselves and profits thereof which from tyme to tyme shall remain and be in the hands of the said Collector and Collectors for the tyme being at the Feast of St. Michaell the Archangel and the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Marie by even and equall portions to be payed during the natural life of the said Sir Robert Ayton. The first payment thereof to begynne at the Feast St. Michaell the Archangel next ensuing the date hereof. Wherefore our will and pleasure is, and we doe by these presents for Us, our heirs and successors straightway charge and command and give power and authoritie unto the Farmer or Farmers, Collector or Collectors of the said customs, subsidies or impositions of seacoles now being and that

hereafter shalbe—that they or some of them upon sight of these our letters patent or the enrolment thereof doe from tyme to tyme during the life of the said Sir Robert Ayton, pay or cause to be payed and delivered unto him the said Sir Robert Ayton or his assignes the said annuitie or yearly pension of five hundred pounds to him before by these presents mentioned to be given and granted according to the tenor and true intent and meaning of these presents. Any order, direction, command or declaration of our pleasure signified and given by our letters patent under our great seal of England bearing date the fifteenth day of May which was in the sixteenth year of our raigne of England, for restraint of payment or allowance of pensions or annuities, or any other restraint, assignation, declaration, warrant, order, matter or thing whatsoever had or made or hereafter to be had or made to the contrary in any wise notwithstanding. And our will and pleasure is and We doe by these presents for Us our heirs and successors give full power and authoritie unto and doe require and command the Commissioners of the Treasury, Treasurer, Chancellor, under Treasurer and Barons of the Exchequer of Us our heirs and successors for the tyme being that they and every of them upon shewing forth any acquittance or acquittances of the said Sir Robert Ayton his executors, administrators or assignes, testifying the payment of any some or somes of money in receipt or in part or toward the payment of the said annuitie or pension before by these presents mentioned to be granted that they and every of them doe from tyme to tyme give full allowance deduction & defalcation under the said farmer & farmers, collector & collectors, and every of them their assigne or assignes of all such some or somes to be payed unto the said Sir Robert Ayton or his assignes according to the true intent & meaning of these presents and doe all other lawfull act or acts by striking of taillies or otherwise according to the course of the said courte whereby the said farmers & collectors their deputies and assignes for the tyme being may have full discharge for the same, and to make furth strike and deliver furth and for many warrants order, and taillies to the said Sir Robert Ayton and his assignes for the levying, having, or receyving of the said annuities or pension or anie part thereof as any of them shall from tyme to tyme require. And these our letters patent or the enrolment thereof shalbe as well unto the said Commissioners, Treasurers, Chancellor, Under-Treasurer and Barons and all others the officers and Mynisters of the said Court of Exchequer as unto the said Farmers and Collectors and every of them a sufficient warrant & discharge for the paying, performing doing and executing of all and singular the premises according to the true intent and meaning of these presents, the foresaid letters patent dated the said fifteenth day of May or anything therein containyd or any other matter or thing, whatsoever to the contrary notwithstanding. And of our more especial grace

certain knowledge and mere notion we doe hereby for us our heirs and successors grant unto the said Sir Robert Ayton and his assignes that these o' letters patent, or the enrolment thereof shall be in all things firme available & effectable in the same to be construed most favourably & beneficially for the said Sir Robert Ayton and his assignes without any further or other warrant, from us, our heirs, or successors in that behalf to be had procured or obtyned. Notwithstanding the misnaming or miswriting or not naming or not writing or not mentioning or not truly mentioning of any letters patent, commission or in anywise touching or concerning the premises or anie of the foresaid customs, subsidies, impositions, or any some or somes of money to us now due and payable or to us our heirs and successors hereafter to be due and payable for or in respect of the same, or of any other matter or things conteyned. And notwithstanding any defects in these presents. And although express mention &c. In witness, &c.

“THOMAS COVENTRY.”

“So may please your most excellent majestie

“This Bill conteyneth your Majestys grant unto Sr Robert Ayton knight during his life in consideration of his services done to your Majesty and to your late dear consort of an annuitie of five hundred pounds, out of the customs & impositions upon seacoales.

“Signified to be your Majesty's pleasure by Mr. Chancellor of the Exchequer.

“THOMAS COVENTRY.”

One of Aytoun's early friends was Thomas Murray, of the ancient family of the Barons of Tullibardine, Perthshire. Murray was preceptor to Prince Charles, and being a man of scholarly attainments, he won the favour of the king. In 1606 he was collated to the Mastership of Sherburn Hospital, and on the 22nd February, 1621, was promoted by his royal patron to the Provostship of Eton. This latter preferment he was not destined long to enjoy; he died on the 9th of April, 1623. For the Provostship a number of candidates came forward. Among the more conspicuous was Francis Bacon, Viscount St. Albans, lately Lord Chancellor.\* In an unpublished letter of Lord Keeper Williams, addressed to the Marquis of Buckingham, dated 11th April, 1623, the state of the candidateship is† set forth in these terms:—

\* Letters of Lord Bacon, by Robert Stephens. Lond., 1732.

† Quoted by Dr. Birch. See Ackerman's History of Eton, &c. London, 1816. 4to.



“ Mr. Murray Provost of Eton is now dead, & the place stayed by the Fellows and myself, until your Lordship’s pleasure be known. Whom soever your Lordship shall name, I shall like if even should it be Sir William Beecher\* though the provostship never descended so low. The king named unto me yesterday morning Sir Albertus Morton, Sir Dudley Carlton,† and Sir Robert Ayton, our late Queen’s Secretary ; but in my opinion though he named him last, his Majesty inclined to this Ayton most. It will rest wholly with your lordship to name the man. It is somewhat necessary to be a good scholar, but more that he be a good husband & a careful manager, and a stayed man which no man can be that so much indebted as my Lord St. Albans.”

Documents connected with the candidateship of Sir Dudley Carleton are preserved in the Record Office.‡ In a letter dated the 9th May, Mr. Dudley Carleton informs his uncle Sir Dudley, then ambassador in Holland, of a conversation which Sir Dudley’s wife lately held with “ the Lord Treasurer.” His lordship having expressed himself willing to be of service,—“ This,” writes the nephew, —“ gave my Ladie occasion of mentioning Eton to him, which place as every bodie well knowes must be disposed of by my Ld of Buckingham, and he desires to have it remain in suspence till his comming home. My Ld Treasurer sayd so much too ; and began to speak of Sir Robert Ayton’s offer to resign his pension of £500 per an : so he be Provost. This drew my Ladie to tell him that yr Ld<sup>p</sup> would propose a meanes of causing the King little lesse on the same consideration : namely by retrenching yr extraordinaryys, whereto he gave no promise of assistance, onely sayd he was engaged for no man except that once when he heard some speake of Sir Ro: Ayton’s offer, he affirmed it was a good course of saving £500.”

On the 17th May Mr. John Chamberlain writes to Sir Dudley as follows :—

“ My very goode Lord. My writing is to little purpose now that you have such and so many agents here that will let nothing escape. Yet Sir Robert Eaton’s verses may be worth yr reading, wherein he moves the king for Eaton ; as likewise Thomas Murray’s epitaph, and the complaint of his own fortune ; wherein he aymes at the great stire and pursuit after certain bad fellows that all the last year made an occupation of stealing the king’s deare out of Tiballs (Theobald’s) parke though yt be walled, which has much incensed the king and moved great indignation so that

\* See *postea*.

† Afterwards Lord Carleton and Viscount Dorchester.

‡ English State Papers (vols. 144, 145)

there have been divers privie searches and other diligence to discover the principall ; divers of the meaner sort being already in hold."

Sir Robert Aytoun informed his friends that he sought the Provostship with a view to the welfare of his predecessor's children. A letter from him supposed to be addressed to his friend Sir John Murray, then Viscount Annan, and in the following year created Earl of Annandale, fully enters into the circumstances of his candidanship.\*

"Right Honorable and my very good Lord,

"My last did but threaten your L<sup>p</sup> with ill newes, this strikes a right even downe blow. O<sup>r</sup> freind o<sup>r</sup> honest and deare freind even Mr Murray hath changed this life with a better ; Yesterday whiche was the ninth of the moneth, and the twelfth after his being out, about six o'clock in the morning he even slept away, his spirits being so farre spent what by age what by greef and paine of his desease, that they ware not able to contribute any thing towards the cure of his wound. No man could die more happilie, and which is the argument of an honest man in these dayes no man that hath lived in suche a qualitie as he did ever died so poor. All that he hath left amongst his seven children is that two thousand [pounds] whiche is not yet received but is to be payed at Michaelmas by the Custumes. His Wife hath nothing but the two hundred pound of pension whiche he had out of the Exchequer, and the keeping of Barhamstade during his life. The King also had promised him fyve hundred pound land and renewed his promeis to him a little before his deathe, doth now go back and say it was but a pension during life whiche he did promeis and no land. Every body speakes for her and pities her case but the times ar hard and the Prince is not heer whose intercession must do the turne. His place of Eaton hathe now many sutors and great ones suche as My Lord of St Albans, S<sup>r</sup> Robert Naunton S<sup>r</sup> Dudley Carlton S<sup>r</sup> Albertus Morton, but S<sup>r</sup> William Becher a Clerk of the Counsell pretends a promeis frome My Lord Buckinghame, if it had not been for him who had the good luck to anticipat my fate by two or three houres I had carried it without opposition, and yet the King stands well affected to me but the determination is differed till my Lord Buckinghame signifie his pleasure. I am as desirous of it for the good of Mr Murray's children that I have made ane offer to the King to surrender my pension of fyve hundred poundes in exchange of it ; I have writen to Spaine to make freinds their. What the succes will be I know not. These that I trusted most to have proved most unprofitable unto me. My Lord of Lenox was engaged to Becher ; My Lord Hamilton wold not meddle to crosse My

\* Sir James Balfour's Collections in the Advocates Library. Papers marked "State Business," &c. 1621—1623. No. 96.

Lord of Lenox—all the rest of the Bed chamber are mainlie for me. I have not so muche faith as to believe that I shall prevaile, but I thocht good to do the part of one that loved him that was gone and wold not by his owne negligence betray his owne fortune.

"I wrote to your Lordship in my last that I did see no good to be done in your bussines of Orknay, and I doubt not but before this time you have heard as muche of others. I have made myself an eyesore to the Man to whom your L<sup>p</sup> trusted and I pray to God I may never have any occasion to employ him. I dare say no more, anger for his negligence, and greif for M<sup>r</sup> Murray's death do so confound me that I can write no more. Only I cannot conceal from your L that our bussines in Spaine goes but slowly on, and little hope is thar of the Princes returne this prettie while. Wee heare they are to send back his Chaplaines againe, because they can be of no vse their the Prince being lodged within the Kings Palace. If the Prince will heare a Sermon he must steale out to the Ambassador's whiche as yet he hath not done since he came their. I pray God blisse the Prince. My Lord Carleil is well vsd their and lodged within the Kings Palace too; his bussines heer goes slowly on. I am,

*your L<sup>p</sup>s most humble  
and affectional  
servant  
D. B.*

"20 of April, 1623."

On the 8th May Aytoun addressed to the same Nobleman the following letter :—

\* "Right Honorable and my very good Lord,

"Before I had received your L<sup>p</sup>s information concerning the Lady Coldonknowes, your very trustie friend Archibald Hay had by your L<sup>p</sup>s directions done already in that mater as much as could be desired and I do not doubt that your L<sup>p</sup> hath received such satisfaction as may henceforth make your L<sup>p</sup> rest secure. Yet if I do heare anything of it, I shall be ready to do what becomes your L<sup>p</sup>s true servant in that behalf. It is true that those that have fairest faces ar most carefull of them that they should not be tainted w<sup>t</sup> the least spot (becaus in them the least blemish is soonest perceived) but otherwise I think your L<sup>p</sup> needed not to

\* Balfour's Collections. State Business. No. 97.

have taken it so to heart, for as Seneca said of Cato that whosoever wold reproche him with drunkennes wold sooner perswade the world that ebriete was a vertew than that Cato could be vicious, so I dare boldly say that all those that know your LP have suche ane assurance of your integritie that they will sooner think that unjust dealing may passe for a commendation than that your LP can be justly obnoxious to such an imputation.

"I doubt not but before this, your LP hath received the news of Mr. Murray's death, and that by a lettre of mine written a fortnight ago. I have heer sent you a copie of some lines,\* which may serve to let the world see that I care not to be thoght ane bad poet so being that I may make it appeare that I was his true freind. All that his freinds have been able to do for his wife and his children is a grant of a pension of 500 lb out of the Exchequer for her life and her eldest sones. And of all the freinds he had my Lord Brooke and James Maxwell have proved the most reall and most faithfull. The bussines of Eaton is yet vndetermined. I might have some hopes, if the sentence wer not to come from Spaine, yet their I have made freinds and do expect that the Prince will deale for me at My Lord of Buckinghames hand; if those to whome I did chiefly trust to heer had been true freinds indeed their had never been suche difficultie in it but let it go as it will I shall be still what I have been.

"There is ane come from Spaine of late, but for any thing I can heare as little hope of the celebration of the marriage as the first day the Prince came there, in the meane while wee hope even against hope. I pray God our joyes be but answerable to our confidence, then all will go well, and I shall not need to be still begging at my Lord Treasurers dore as now I am. Howsoever I am

"Your LP's most humble and most

"devoted Servant

"8 of May [1623].

"R. AITON."

"My Lord Treasurer hath refused to pas Mrs. Murray's pension till he heare from Spaine."

A third letter from our poet to the Earl of Annandale is preserved among the Balfour MSS.† Though unconnected with the affair of Eton, its introduction may be excused.

"Right Honorable and my very good Lord

"I no sooner received your LP letters but straightway I repaired to my Lord Duke of Richemont, by whom I found after his Grace had redd your LP's letter that he had written to you not long before, and was

\* The verses referred to by the poet, evidently a panegyric on his late friend the Provost of Eton, have not been preserved.

† Balfour's Collections, State Business, No. 98.

confident that he had given your L<sup>p</sup> full satisfaction, yet if it was no other than that whiche he seemed to touche in a word to me (that S<sup>r</sup> Robert Mansell was content to take your glass workes, and pay you as muche for them as any other wold do) I doubt me muche that it will neither be honourable for the countrey nor so beneficiall towards the refounding of your L<sup>p</sup>s charges as otherwyse it might be. From thence I went to Sir Williame Clavil committed to the Marshallseas till he bring back againe those men which he was charged to have seduced from S<sup>r</sup> Robert Mansell's service. I shewed him the copy of yo<sup>r</sup> L<sup>p</sup>s letter to My Lord Duke of Richemont. He seemed to be muche comforted with it, and so muche the more becaus I told him that My Lord Duke had told me that he was committed chiefly for going about to lay some aspersions vpon yow, frome whiche he did maintaine him self to be very cleare, as having said nothing but what it seemed your L<sup>p</sup> did take vpon yow in your owne letter. He did desire the copy of it, but your L<sup>p</sup> having commanded me to do otherwise I did retaine it by me. For anything that I see, if our Scots Counsalors heir do not embrace the cause of their countrie more cheerfully then they do, S<sup>r</sup> Williame is like to ly long by it, and your L<sup>p</sup> have little right done yow. I offerd to do him all the service I could for your L<sup>p</sup>s cause, yet because I may erre in overdoing, not knowing how your L<sup>p</sup> is bound to assist him, I desire to be more particularly instructed by your L<sup>p</sup> before I meddle in a thing that may reflect vpon your L<sup>p</sup> without your owne advise. When I had so performed your L<sup>p</sup> directions to him I went and delivered your L<sup>p</sup>s letter to Kilmeny. And this muche for that. I cannot enough marvell of that report concerning My Lord of Carliel. I did never heer the least muttering or suspicion of any such thing heer, nor was their any cause. True it is that when the Lords of the Reception (as they wer called) did go down to Southampton their did fall out ane unfortunat accident between my Lord Chamberlayn and My Lord of Carliel which begunne at the table with some words of distast, and ane houre after they had risen from tables, ended in mutuall blowes. But in all the cariage of the bussines My Lord of Carliel is much blamed even by his owne freinds, & the reports of it have generally gone to his disadvantage. And as commonly one misfortune does draw one another these reports (as My Lord Carliel did conceeve proceeding chiefly from My Lord Marquis of Hamilton) did beget a dangerous expostulation between them two, the end whereof as yet is no other but a coldnes and a forbearance of speaking one to another, to the great greif of all those that love them bothe. I doubt not but your L<sup>p</sup> heares this from others at more length. Unles it wer to your L<sup>p</sup> I wold not willingly remember it. For the Stiles your L<sup>p</sup> desires to know I know no other than the Duke of Buckinghame and the Duke of Richemond Lenox, as yo<sup>r</sup> L<sup>p</sup> will find by his owne subscriptions, may be. Wee have had heir

of late two messengers from Spaine but no more newes of the matche then the first day. I must end because I am pressed, other idle newes I hope to send yor LP with the next occasion

"Yor LPs most humble and most

"faithful servant,

"*ii of July,*

"RO. AITON.

"London, 1623."

Aytoun failed in his aspirations,—so did Sir William Beecher. The Provostship of Eton was bestowed on Sir Henry Wotton, a scholar and considerable poet, who had been employed as an ambassador. Isaac Walton in his *Life of Wotton* relates that the appointment was obtained "by an honest artifice."

On the death of King James in 1625, Sir Robert Aytoun, who had already ingratiated himself with the heir of the throne, obtained the same offices and honours under his successor. On the 26th December, 1626, we find him writing from Whitehall to Sir Francis Nethersole, who had congratulated him on becoming Private Secretary to Queen Henrietta. He informs his correspondent that the Queen of Bohemia may have confidence that he will embrace every opportunity of commending her to the Queen, his mistress. He adds that in his office of Secretary he is "to have a fellow joined with him, rather he hopes for his good, than for his disgrace."\*

In January, 1633-4, Sir Robert became involved in a quarrel between two traders in the City of London and two pages of the Prince's Bedchamber. The subject of dispute was the securing by patent of a recent invention for the chamleting or dressing of silk. The pages, Rice Griffith and Thomas Duckworth, maintained a prior claim to the invention, and produced a patent in their favour, dated 30th December. On the other hand Sir Robert alleged that Richard Westwood and Thomas Bourne having secured a right from the inventor, Robert Petley, draper in London, had applied for a patent anterior to the date of that procured by the pages. The poet evinced much ardour in favour of his clients. To overcome asperities the matter was referred to Lord Cottington and Mr. Secretary Windebank, who allowed it to rest.

The favour of Queen Henrietta procured the poet an office attended with a comfortable addition to his revenues. He was, in 1636, appointed Master of the Royal Hospital of St. Katherine.

\* English State Papers, Dec. 26, 1626.

This appointment was a sinecure worth £200 a year. St. Katherine's Hospital, \* with its collegiate church, was founded by Queen Matilda, wife of Stephen, in 1148, to secure repose to the souls of two of her children. The foundation consisted of a Master, Brethren, Sisters, and almspeople. The patronage of the various offices was vested in the Queen Consort; and so stringently has this rule been carried out, that on the death of Sir Herbert Taylor, who held the Mastership during the reign of William IV., and some time afterwards, her Majesty Queen Victoria was found as a reigning Sovereign disqualified from appointing a new Master. The right was declared to belong to the Queen Dowager, who accordingly exercised it. The hospital and church of St. Katherine stood on the east side of the Tower of London, and on the northern bank of the Thames. The buildings were removed in 1827, and the site is now occupied by St. Katherine's Docks.

Sir Robert obtained other honours. He became Master of Requests and Master of Ceremonies, and was nominated a Privy Councillor. In his various offices, writes Dempster, "he conducted himself with such moderation and prudence, that when he obtained high honours in the palace, all held that he deserved greater." Though averse to public displays, he cherished habits of friendship with many of his gifted contemporaries. According to Aubrey,† "he was acquainted with all the witts of his time in England." "He was," he adds, "a great acquaintance of Mr. Thomas Hobbes of Malmesbury, who told me he made use of him (together with Ben Jonson) for an Aristarchus, when he drew up his Epistle Dedicatory for his translation of Thucydides."‡ With Ben Jonson he enjoyed a cordial intimacy. While Jonson, in his celebrated conversation at Hawthornden with the poet Drummond, assailed his contemporaries with crushing satire, he rejoiced to say that "Sir Robert Aytoun loved him dearly." Sir James Balfour of Denmiln was a cherished friend. Balfour was himself a poet; he is as such celebrated by the Latin

\* Account of the Royal Hospital and Collegiate Church of St. Katherine, by J. B. Nichols. London, 1824. 4to.

† Aubrey's Letters, vol. ii., p. 200.

‡ "Eight bookes of the Pelopponesian Warre, &c., interpreted with faith and diligence." This translation, dedicated to Sir William Cavendish, Earl of Devonshire, was printed at London in 1634 in one folio volume. In his address to the reader Hobbes remarks that his translation "had passed the censure of some whose judgement I very much esteeme."

poet Leoch in his *Strenæ*, published in 1626, in which he dedicates his *Fanus* to Sir James. Some pasquinades, by Balfour, are included among his MSS. in the Advocates Library.

Several of Aytoun's early friends at court attained high titles and honours. Of these the most conspicuous was William Alexander of Menstrie, originally gentleman of the Privy Chamber to Prince Henry, afterwards a knight, and ultimately Earl of Stirling. Lord Stirling has been celebrated by Aytoun in some verses, and he will be remembered as a poet when his other distinctions are forgotten. Sir James Hay, gentleman of the Bedchamber to James VI., was a close friend of our poet, and has been celebrated by his Muse. Hay succeeded to large estates, and obtained the Earldom of Carlisle. John Murray, also a gentleman of the Bedchamber, was much cherished by Sir Robert, who witnessed his elevation first to knight-hood, and latterly to the Earldom of Annandale.

Sir Robert died in the Palace of Whitehall, in February, 1637-8; he was in his 69th year. On the 28th February\* his remains were solemnly interred in Westminster Abbey. There an elegant monument, which still exists, was erected to his memory by Sir John Aytoun, his nephew and executor. The monument includes the poet's bust, executed by Huber le Sieur; it stands in the southern aisle of the choir at the corner of Henry VII.'s chapel. It is represented in Smith's *Iconographia*, and in Dart's "History of the Abbey Church of Westminster." The inscription is as follows:—

M.S.

Clariss<sup>mi</sup>. omnigenaqve virtute et eruditione, præsertim Poesi ornatiss<sup>mi</sup>.  
Eqvitis Domini ROBERT AITONI, ex antiqua et illustri gente Aitona,  
ad Castr'um Kinnadinv' apud Scotos, orivndi, qvi a Sereniss<sup>mo</sup>. R. Iacobo  
cubicula interiora admissvs, in Germaniam ad Imperatorè, Imperiqve.  
Principes cum libello Regio, Regiæ avthoritatis vindice Legatvs, ac  
primvm Annæ demùm Mariæ Sereniss<sup>mis</sup>. Britaniarvm Reginis ab Epis-  
tolis, consiliis et libellis svpplicibvs, nec non Xenodochio Stæ. Catherinæ  
Præfectvs; anima Creatori reddita, hîc depositis, mortalibvs Exvviis,  
secvndvm redemptoris adventvm expectat.

Carolvm linqvens repetit Parentem,  
Et valedicens Mariæ, revisit  
Annam, et avlai decvs, alto Olympi,  
Mutat Honore.

\* "1637-8, February 28. Sir Robert Aeton, Secretary to his Majesty near  
y<sup>e</sup> steps ascending to King Henry 7<sup>th</sup> chapel."—*Westminster Abbey Register*.



Oblit cœlebs in Regia Albavla non sine maximo honore omnivm  
lvctv et mœrore ætat, svæ LXVIII. Salv. Hvmanæ MDCXXXVIII.

Hoc devoti gratiqve animi testimonivm optimo patrvo Io. Aitonvs,  
M. L. P.

Mvsarvm Decvs hic, Patriæqve, Avlæqve, Domiqve, Et foris  
exemplar, sed non imitabile, Honesti.

## TRANSLATION.

### SACRED TO THE MEMORY

Of a very illustrious Knight, SIR ROBERT AYTOUN, most adorned by every virtue and species of learning, especially poetry. He was descended from the ancient and eminent family of Aytoun, at the Castle of Kinaldie in Scotland. Being appointed Gentleman of the Bedchamber by his most gracious Majesty King James, he was sent to the Emperor and Princes of Germany, with a royal little work, defending royal authority ; and having been made Prefect of St. Catherine, he became Private Secretary, first to Anne, and then to Mary, the most excellent Queens of Great Britain. He was also a Privy Councillor, Master of Requests, and Master of Ceremonies. His soul being restored to its Creator, while his mortal remains are here deposited, awaits the second coming of the Redeemer.

Leaving King Charles, he returns to his Royal Sire ;  
and bidding adieu to Queen Mary, he revisits  
Queen Anne ; and exchanges the honour of the  
Palace for the exalted glory of heaven.

He died, unmarried, in the Palace of Whitehall, not without the greatest grief and lamentation of all good men, in 1638, aged sixty-eight years.

As a testimony of his devoted and grateful sentiments, John Aytoun has erected this mournful monument to the best of uncles.

Here lies entombed an unrivalled example of worth—the glory of the Muses—of the Court and Country—of Home and Abroad.

On the 25th January, 1637-8, a few weeks before his death, the poet executed his Will.\* That document proceeds thus :—

“In the name of God Amen, I, SIR ROBERT AYTON, Knight, Secretary to her Majesty, being sick and weak of bodie but in perfect memory make my last Will and Testament as followeth : First I comitt my soul to Almighty God my Maker and Redeemer and my body to the earth to be interred at the discrecon of my executor hereafter named. I give and bequeath unto my nephew John Aiton, gentleman usher to the Prince his highnes, all my estate and right to the lands in Lincolneshire graunted

\* From the Will Registry at Doctors' Commons.

unto me by her Majesty. And all and singular my money, plate, household stuffs, and goodes which I have, provided that he pay these legacies hereafter bequeathed. Item I give unto my elder brother Mr. John Aiton the some of one thousand poundes towards the porcons in marriage of his daughters. Item I give to my second brother Mr. Andrew Aiton dwelling in Ireland, the some of five hundred poundes. Item I give unto my eldest sister Margaret towards porcons for her daughters the some of two hundred and fifty poundes. Item I give to my second sister Agnes the some of two hundred and fifty poundes for the use aforesaid. Item my Will is to allott one hundred poundes for my funerall. Item for my servants, viz. I give to Alexander Hill thirty poundes. Item I give to Benjamin Boteler twenty poundes. Item I give to my coachman Thomas Day tenn poundes. Item I give unto Margaret Achison the some of fifty poundes. Item my will is that my French bedd with the appurtenances be given unto Mrs. Whorewood. Item I give unto my best friend William Murray Esq., one of the groomes of his Majesty's bedchamber my hatband sett with diamonds. Item I give unto Andrew Pitcairn esquire, one of the groomes of his Majesty's Bedchamber, one hundred poundes worth of silver plate. Item I give unto Mrs. Jane Murray one of my best rings or one ring of the value of fiftie poundes. Item, My will is that all the legacies before named be paid within one year after my decease and that my servants be paid presently after my death. And I doe make my said nephew sole executor of this my last Will and Testament, which I hope he will faithfully pform. In witness whereof I have hereunto sett my hand and seal this five and twentieth day of January one thousand six hundred & thirty seaven. ROBERT AYTON. In the presence of Thomas Major; B<sup>n</sup> Boteler; Alexander Hill."

The poet's executor and residuary legatee, "John Aiton, gentleman usher to the Prince;" claims more than a passing notice. He was second son of John Aytoun, of Kinaldie, the poet's elder brother, and was born in the Castle of Kinaldie, in 1595. Under the auspices of his uncle, he proceeded to London, and obtained an appointment about the Court. In November, 1637, "John Aiton, usher to the prince," appears in the Warrant-Book as receiving a yearly pension of £140, upon a surrender of a life pension granted to Sir Robert Aytoun. He soon attained higher honours. He was appointed Knight of the Black Rod, with the personal dignity of knighthood. By the will of his uncle, the poet, he received his lands in Lincolnshire, together with all his moveable estate, after paying certain legacies. Sir John Aytoun died unmarried.

John Aytoun of Kinaldie, the poet's elder brother, married

Katherine Carnegie. He died in 1645, and was succeeded in his estates by his eldest son, David. This gentleman was a zealous elder of the Scottish Church, and as such distinguished himself by joining in the prosecution of Archdean Gladstones of St. Andrews, which led to the deposition of that ecclesiastic by the General Assembly of 1638. He was *retoured*\* heir to his uncle, the poet, in the estate of Over Durdie, Perthshire, in 1649.† This estate, having been secured by entail to the nearest heir male, is not named in the poet's will; it extends to 370 acres of rich and fertile land in the *Carse* of Gowrie. David Aytoun died in 1692, and was interred in the parish church of Dunino, Fifeshire, where an elegant monument of black marble was erected to his memory. His eldest son, John Aytoun, was on the 28th November, 1700,‡ *retoured* as heir to "Sir John Aytoun of Kippo, gentleman of the Bedchamber and Knight of the Black Rod." The estate of Kinaldie remained in the Aytoun family till 1750, when it was alienated by the will of Captain Alexander Aytoun. Mr. Roger Aytoun of Inchdairnie, M.P. for Kirkcaldy, is the present head of the Aytoun family.

Sir Robert Aytoun in his Will names a "second brother, Mr. Andrew Aiton, dwelling in Ireland." This gentleman probably settled in Ulster during its plantation by King James. On the 18th March, 1635, the Earl of Antrim acknowledged military service to the king for twenty acres of land at Maynish, and twenty acres "in the liberties of the same," which in November preceding he had in perpetual tenure granted to Andrew Aiton.§ In the Hearth Tax Rolls of the county of Londonderry in 1663, "Lieutenant John Aiton" is named as residing in the Townland of Ballishean. In 1664 the same person is entered in the Barony of Lower Fewes in the county of Armagh. Administration of the estate of "John Aiton, Doctor in Theology," who died intestate, was in the Prerogative Court at Dublin on the 3rd May, 1683, granted to his son, John,

\* A Scottish process of serving an heir to an estate.

† David Aytoune de Kinnaldie, *heres tallie et conquestus* Domini Roberti Aytoune Secretarii S D N Regis Moderni, *patrui*, in terris de Over-Durdie. Decimus garbalibus dictarum in parochia de Kilspindie, et dominio de Scone. *Inquis. Special.* Perth, Oct. 27, 1649.

‡ Special Inquisitions, Fife.

§ Inq. Canc. Hib. Rep., vol. ii., *tem.* Car. I.

for the use of James, Henry, Ann, and Mary, his brothers and sisters.\* "James Ayton" was matriculated as a student of Trinity College, Dublin, on the 19th May, 1682, in his sixteenth year. There was a Robert Aytoun at Ardclinis near Larne in the county of Antrim in 1663.† A supposed grandson of this person, Robert Aytoun, son of Andrew, was matriculated in Trinity College on the 28th February, 1683. "The Rev. Andrew Aitton," father of Robert last named, dates his will at Connor in the country of Antrim on the 24th November, 1703. He bequeaths to his son, Robert, £500 with "his closet of books," and expresses a desire to be interred in the churchyard of Connor near the grave of his father. In the Probate Court, Belfast, is preserved a bond, dated 1820, for administering the effects of the late Archibald Ayton, clerk, by his widow. The deceased is styled late of Clach, in the county of Antrim. The Irish family seem to have become extinct.

Mr. William Murray, designated by the poet his "best friend," and to whom he bequeaths his "hatband sett with diamonds," is curiously connected with the political history of the period. The son of Mr. William Murray, minister of Dysart in Fifeshire, he originally studied for the Church, but being introduced at court by his uncle, Mr. Thomas Murray, tutor and afterwards secretary to Charles I., he sought political honours. Having been educated along with the young prince, he came to enjoy the intimate friendship of his future sovereign. Soon after his accession, Charles appointed him gentleman of his Bedchamber. To Murray the King gave his entire confidence, and employed him in several important negotiations connected with the troubles of his reign. According to several historians the royal *protégé* did not prove faithful. From the Parliament he accepted forty thousand marks for supporting their interest,‡ and it has been alleged that he and others holding appointments in the royal bedchamber, searched the King's pockets at night, and discovering letters from persons in Scotland favourable to the royal views, supplied copies of them to the Presbyterian leaders.§

\* Dublin Prerogative Court Records. † Subsidy Rolls. ‡ Guthrie's Memoirs.

§ History of Scots Affairs, by James Gordon of Rothinnay, 1841, 3 vols. 4to. Vol. I., p. 50; Vol. II., p. 198. According to Clarendon, Murray gave warning of the King's intention to seize the five members in the House of Commons.

Whether true or false, Murray continued to retain the royal confidence. In 1646, Charles raised him to the peerage by the titles of Earl of Dysart and Lord Huntingtower. He was one of the commissioners sent to Breda in 1650 to treat with Charles II., a duty in which he acquitted himself well. He died in 1660. Being without male issue, his titles were conferred by Charles II. on his eldest daughter.

These imperfect memorials of a court poet may be closed not inappropriately by a few remarks on the general character of his writings. The conceits which disfigure the poetical compositions of Sir William Alexander and other contemporaries, Aytoun has eschewed; and his classical allusions, though abundant, never embarrass or distress the reader. His manner is eminently lyrical, and his versification smooth and graceful. Compliment and love are his prevailing topics; but he can indulge in opposite themes, and when he smites, his sarcasm is crushing. In his sonnets he is terse and epigrammatic. For his fame he might have done better than expend his energies on love madrigals and courtly epilogues; but he might not, on the other hand, have been an owner of lands in Lincolnshire, or in the Carse of Gowrie. No doubt he wrote with a purpose, and accomplished his ends. Nor has he lost the poetic wreath. According to Aubrey, Dryden, who had incidentally seen some of his verses, characterized them as among the best of that age. Every writer on Scottish poetry and song has commended his compositions, and several have expressed regret that one who could compose so well should have exercised his gifts so sparingly. His Latin verses have been commended by Borrichius\* and John Dunbar the Latin poet has celebrated him in these lines:†—

*Eton, inexhaustis Phœbi satiate fluentis,  
Palladis et Suadæ viva medulla deæ:  
Mars aliis equitum solos largitur honores;  
Hos tibi sed præbent Mars et Apollo simul.  
Una manus calamus teneat, manus altera ferrum,  
Sic sis nominibus dignus utrinque tuis.*

\* Borrichii Dissertationes academicæ de Poetis, p. 149, Francof 1683, 4to.

“ Roberto Aytoun Scoto famulantur Pieredes quacunquē incedit.”

† Epigramatia Joan. Dunbar, Cent. iii. xlv. London, 1616, p. 73.

## ENGLISH POEMS.

## DIOPHANTUS AND CHARIDORA.\*

WHEN Diophantus knew  
The Destinies' decreet—  
How he was forced to forgoe  
His dear and only sweet,

O'er vaulted with the vail  
Of beam-rebeating trees,  
And ghastly gazing on the ground  
Ev'n death-stroke in his eyes,

Oft pressed he to speak,  
But while he did essay,  
The agonizing dread of death  
His wrestling voice did stay.

At last, as one that strives  
Against both woe and shame,—  
“Dear Charidora, oh!” he cries,  
“My high adored dame.

\* This poem was printed by Aytoun during his lifetime (see *Memoir*, p. 111). It is contained in Cott. MSS., and appeared in Watson's Collection, Part III., p. 33. The editor has by a careful comparison of the three copies endeavoured to restore the original text.

“First I attest thy name,  
And then the gods above ;  
But chief of these, the Boy that bears  
The stately style of Love.

“Let those record with me  
What was my constant part ;  
And if I did not honour thee  
With a well-hallow’d heart.

“I sacrific’d to thee ;  
My secret chaste desires  
Upon thy beauty’s altar burnt  
With never-quenching fires.

“Thou wast that idol still,  
Whose image I ador’d—  
The saint to whom I made my vows,  
Whose pity I implor’d ;

“The star that sav’d my ship  
From tempest of despair,  
When the horizon of my hope  
O’er-clouded was with care.

“Thou wast the sovereign balm,  
The sweet catholicon—  
Which cur’d me of all my cares  
When I did grieve and groan.

“Tho’ now such strange events  
Are interveen’d since syne—  
As I dare not avow to say,  
Nor think that thou art mine.

“Which makes me thus insert,  
In this my sorrowing song—  
The history of my mishap,  
My misery and wrong.

“Not that I can accuse  
My Charidora ; No !  
I only execrate the Fates,  
Chief workers of my woe.

“Should she whom I have lov’d  
So many blithesome years—  
For whom my dew-distilling eyes  
Have shed such streams of tears,—

“Should she I say be made  
A prey to such a one  
Who for her sake yet never gave  
Ev’n one untimely groan.

“No surely, surely no ;  
The Fates may do me wrong,  
And make her by their bad decreet  
To whom they please belong ;

“Yet I dare boldly say,  
And peradventure vaunt,  
That she is mine by lot of love  
Tho’ luck in love I want.

“And tho’ my horoscope  
Envy my worldly things,  
Yet unto love it gave me leave  
For to compare with kings.

“And if I knew there were  
Under the starry sky,  
That durst avow to love my dame  
More faithfully than I—

“I should tear out this heart  
Which entertains my breath,  
And cast it down before her feet  
To die a shameful death.

“But since both time and she  
Have tried me to be true—  
And found such faithfulness in me  
As shall be found in few,

“I rest secure in this,  
And care not who pretend ;  
The more presumes—the more my part  
Proves perfect to the end.



“And others’ faithless faiths,  
In balance weigh’d with mine,  
Shall make my truth for to triumph,  
And as the sun to shine.

“There shall no change of things,  
Of time—of soil—of air,  
Enforce me to forgoe the vows  
Made to my fairest fair ;

“Which here I do renew  
In solemn form again,  
To witness as I did begin  
So shall I still remain.

“I swear by those two eyes,  
My only dearest dear,  
And by the Stygian stanks of hell,  
Whereby the gods did swear ;

“That thou art only she  
Whose countenance I crave,  
And shall be both in life and death  
Thy best affected slave ;

“That there shall no deceits  
Of lovely laughing een,  
No sugar’d sound of Syren songs  
With far-fetched sighs between—

“Deface out of my mind,  
What love did so engrave,  
Thy words, thy looks, and such things else  
As none but angels have.

“And this which here I swear,  
And solemnly protest—  
These trees which only present are  
Shall witness and attest.

“But chief above them all  
This holly sad and green  
On which the ciphers of our names  
Character’d, shall be seen.

- “O happy, happy tree,  
Unto whose tender rind  
The trophies of our love shall live  
Eternally enshrin'd ;
- “ Which shall have force to make  
Thy memory remain,  
Sequester'd from the bastard sort  
Of trees, which are profane.
- “ For when with careless looks,  
The rest o'erpass'd shall be,  
Then thou shalt be ador'd and kiss'd,  
For Charidora's tree.
- “ And peradventure too  
For Diophantus' sake  
Some civil person that comes by  
Shall homage to thee make.
- “ Thus bless'd shalt thou remain,  
While I unhappy prove,  
And doubtful where I shall be blest  
When I shall leave my love.
- “ Indeed all is in doubt,  
But this—I must depart ;  
The body must a pilgrim be,  
And she retain the heart.
- “ The thoughts of which exile  
And dolorous divorce  
Works sorrow—sorrow doth from me  
Those sad complaints enforce.
- “ For while I was resolved  
To smother up my grief,  
Because it might but move in men  
More marvel than belief—
- “ The never-ceasing frowns  
Of mal-encountrous fates  
Extorted those abortive births  
Of importune regrets,

“To witness to the world,  
That my mishaps are such,  
Although I mourn like one half mad,  
I cannot mourn too much.

“For if of all mishaps,  
This be the first of all  
To have been highly happy once,  
And from that height to fall ;

“I’m sure I may well say,  
That Diophantus’ name  
Is the synonyme of mishaps,  
Or else exceeds the same.

“Or if there be no Hell  
But out of Heaven to be,  
Consider what her want should work,  
Whose sight was such to me.

“I think all those that speak  
Of sorrow, should think shame,  
When Diophantus shall be heard,  
Or Charidora’s name.

“Her worth was without spot—  
His truth was unprov’d ;  
The one deserv’d at least to live,  
The other to be lov’d.

“Yet hath the dev’lish doom  
Of destinies, ordained—  
That he should lose both life and love,  
And she a faithful friend.

“Wherefore all you that hear  
Those amorous tragic plays—  
Bestow on him a world of plaints,  
On her a world of praise.”

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## OLD LONG-SYNE.\*

## PART I.

SHOULD old acquaintance be forgot,  
 And never thought upon,  
 The flames of love extinguished,  
 And freely past and gone?  
 Is thy kind heart now grown so cold  
 In that loving breast of thine,  
 That thou canst never once reflect  
 On old long-syne?  
 Where are thy protestations,  
 Thy vows and oaths, my dear,  
 Thou made to me, and I to thee,  
 In register yet clear?  
 Is faith and truth so violate  
 To th' immortal gods divine,  
 That thou canst never once reflect  
 On old long-syne?  
 Is't Cupid's fears, or frosty cares,  
 That make thy sp'rits decay?  
 Or is't some object of more worth,  
 That's sto'en thy heart away?  
 Or some desert makes thee neglect  
 Him, so much once was thine,  
 That thou canst never once reflect  
 On old long-syne?  
 Is worldly care so desperate,  
 That makes thee to despair?  
 Is't that makes thee exasperate,  
 And makes thee to forbear?  
 If thou of that were free as I,  
 Thou surely should be mine;  
 If this were true, we should renew  
 Kind old long-syne.

\* Parts I. and II. of this song have been ascribed to Aytoun, chiefly on the ground of the sentiments and manner bearing such marked resemblance to his own. Neither "Parts" are included in our MSS. We have subjoined two other versions, the latter of which is so abundantly familiar as the composition of Robert Burns.

But since that nothing can prevail,  
And all hope is in vain,  
From these rejected eyes of mine,  
Still showers of tears shall rain.  
And tho' thou hast me now forgot,  
Yet I'll continue thine,  
And ne'er forget for to reflect  
On old long-syne.

If e'er I have a house, my dear,  
That truly is called mine ;  
And can afford but country cheer,  
Or ought that's good therein ;  
Tho' thou were rebel to the king,  
And beat with wind and rain,  
Assure thyself of welcome, love,  
For old long-syne.

## PART II.

My soul is ravish'd with delight,  
When thee I think upon ;  
All griefs and sorrows take the flight,  
And hastily are gone ;  
The fair resemblance of thy face  
So fills this breast of mine,  
No fate or force can it displace,  
For old long-syne.  
Since thoughts of thee do banish grief,  
When I'm from thee remov'd ;  
And if in them I find relief,  
When with sad cares I'm moved,  
How doth thy presence me affect,  
With ecstasies divine,  
Especially when I reflect  
On old long-syne.

Since thou hast robbed me of my heart,  
By those resistless pow'rs,  
Which Madam Nature doth impart  
To those fair eyes of yours ;

With honour it doth not consist  
 To hold a slave in pyne ;  
 Pray let your rigour then desist,  
 For old long-syne.

'Tis not my freedom I do crave,  
 By deprecating pains,  
 True liberty he would not have,  
 Who glories in his chains ;  
 But this, I wish the gods would move,  
 That noble soul of thine  
 To pity, since thou canst not love,  
 For old long-syne.

#### AULD LANG SYNE.\*

Shou'd auld acquaintance be forgot,  
 Tho' they return with scars ?  
 These are the noble hero's lot,  
 Obtain'd in glorious wars.  
 Welcome, my Varo, to my breast,  
 Thy arms about me twine,  
 And mak me ance again as blest,  
 As I was lang-syne.

Methinks around us on each bough  
 A thousand Cupids play,  
 Whilst through the groves I wauk with you,  
 Each object maks me gay ;  
 Since your return, the sun and moon  
 With brighter beams do shine,  
 Streams murmur soft notes while they run  
 As they did lang-syne.

Despise the court and din o' state ;  
 Let that to their share fa',  
 Who can esteem such slav'ry great,  
 While bounded like a ba' ;

\* This second version is transcribed from Herd's Collection, vol. i., p. 177.  
 It has been ascribed to Francis Semple.

But sunk in luvè, upo' my arms  
Let your brave head recline ;  
We'll please oursel's wi' mutual charms,  
As we did lang-syne.

O'er moor and dale wi' your gay friend  
You may pursue the chace,  
And after a blyth bottle, end  
A' cares in my embrace ;  
And in a vacant rainy day,  
You shall be wholly mine ;  
We'll mak' the hours run smooth away,  
And laugh at lang-syne.

The hero, pleas'd wi' the sweet air,  
The signs of gen'rous love,  
Which had been utter'd by the fair,  
Bow'd to the pow'rs above ;  
Next day, wi' glad consent and haste,  
Th' approach'd the sacred shrine ;  
Where the good priest the couple blest,  
And put them out o' pine.

#### AULD LANG SYNE.\*

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And never brought to mind ?  
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And days o' lang syne ?

For auld lang syne, my dear,  
For auld lang syne,  
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,  
For auld lang syne !

We twa hae run about the braes,  
And pu'd the gowans fine ;  
But we've wandered mony a weary foot,  
Sin' auld lang syne.

\* The well-known version of Burns.

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn,  
Frae mornin sun till dine ;  
But seas between us broad hae roared,  
Sin auld lang syne.

And here's a hand my trusty fiere,  
And gie's a hand o' thine ;  
And we'll tak' a right guid willie-waught,  
For auld lang syne.

And surely you'll be your pint-stoup,  
And surely I'll be mine ;  
And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,  
For auld lang syne.

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#### THE POET TO HIS HEART AND MISTRESS.

MY heart exhale in grief,  
With a perpetual groan—  
And never cease to sigh and sob  
Till life or love be gone.  
Thy life is crost with love,  
Thy love with loathed breath,  
Thou hat'st thyself to live,  
A life ev'n such as death.

Resolve then one of two  
And patiently agree,  
Either to live a loveless life,  
Or else to love and die.  
But this thou canst not do,  
And that doth thee aggrieve,  
Thou can'st not live unless thou love,  
Nor love unless thou live.  
So thou must live and love—  
Live wretched—love-disgrac'd,  
Disgrac'd by her in whom thy life,  
In whom thy love was plac'd.



O thrice unhappy heart !  
Of life and love forlorn—  
In what strange postures were the stars  
The hour that thou wert born ?

Since then their bad aspects,  
Did all conspire in one,  
To make a man, whose luck should be  
To be belov'd of none.  
And when they fram'd thy saint  
They did decree above,  
That e'en her shadow should infect  
A world of hearts with love.

Of these—ah ! thou wast one—  
O that thou had not been—  
But either had been void of sense,  
Or else depriv'd of een.  
And yet I would not so :  
No, no, I wish that thou  
Had lov'd her many years ago,  
Had seen her long ere now.

For this I must confess,  
Although I live in strife—  
I count the first day of my love  
The first day of my life.  
If I had made a choice,  
Of some unworthy dame,  
I might perchance have curst the Sun,  
That shin'd to see the same.

But since in thee, my dear,  
Such rare perfections lie,  
As might make Cupid die for love,  
If he had eyes as I,  
I must confess the truth,  
Thy love brings life to me,  
And I esteem him as stark dead  
That lives not loving thee.

I never was mine own,  
But since I thought me thine—  
And I would think I had no heart,  
If that my heart were mine.  
I sacrificed it once  
Unto thy sacred eyes—  
And aye since then I think it lives,  
Because for thee it dies.

Now this too by perchance  
A paradox doth prove,  
Yet none mistrusts such mysteries  
But heretics in love.  
Lov'd thou as well as I,  
Thou would confess the same,  
But thou art not well purified  
With Love's refining flame.

Thou tak'st a great delight,  
To murder with disdain,  
As others take delight to save,  
An innocent unslain.  
Tho' thou disdain me still,  
My soul shall still abide,  
Content to sail the seas of love,  
Against both wind and tide.

And ever will thy grace,  
Some kind of succour send,  
My sorrow shall be like my love  
Were it begun its end.  
So shall I thee oblige,  
That thou shalt either be,  
The most ingrate that ever lived,  
Or thou shalt pity me.

For so resolv'd a love,  
And so despis'd a pain  
May oblige stocks, may oblige stones,  
To pity me again.

Behold, when I did weep,  
The clouds did melt in tears,  
The whisp'ring winds to hear me mourn,  
Did change their mouths to ears.

Yea, even Apollo's self  
O'er-vailed his face for woe,  
And thought it horror to behold  
A man tormented so.  
Whilst thou aye like thyself,  
Still cruel and unkind,  
Did'st think it was thy beauty's praise  
To see thy patient pin'd.

But pity, pity now,  
Not mine, but thy disgrace,  
And suffer not a tiger's heart,  
To wrong an angel's face.  
Behold, thou'rt fair, thou'rt wise,  
Thou'rt good, thou'rt all, what then?  
If cruelty convert those gifts  
In tigers unto men?

Were thy perfections more,  
As more they cannot be,  
Since their infinities disdain  
Both number and degree.  
But if they were not all  
At clemency's command,  
They were but like a naked sword,  
Put in a madman's hand.

For this is out of doubt,  
That whoe'er should you see,  
Would straightway love, and loving straight,  
Would thy poor martyr be.  
I wish not to be one,  
That those adventures prove,  
I wish not to be canonized,  
In kalendars of love.

Though my affection's wings,  
Might so ambitious be,  
Yet I believe there is no blank  
Left in that book for me.  
I rather wish to live  
To testify my truth,  
And by good service to deserve  
The recompence of Ruth.

Yet if there be no way,  
To reconcile this strife,  
But either th' ruin of my love,  
Or shipwreck of my life,  
Content I am, sweet Nymph,  
E'en with my dearest blood  
To seal th' indenture of my death  
If that can do thee good.

Meanwhile I live like one,  
That waits for death's decree,  
And think that I shall gain my life  
When I shall lose 't for thee.  
For I attest the orbs  
That run about above,  
I'd rather die for love of thee—  
Than live for others' love.

Though my mishap in love  
Might cause me to despair,  
Yet hope assures me thou art meek—  
As well as thou art fair.  
Methought that in thine eyes,  
There shone some beams of grace ;  
And may not love lodge in thy heart,  
As well as in thy face ?

I will believe the best,  
And think that thou art mine,  
As well as thou may'st safely say  
That I am only thine.

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## A LOVE DIRGE.

My temperate style at first  
With comic groans did greet,  
And tho' the entry seemed sour,  
The latest act was sweet.  
Now tragic trumpets blow,  
And sorrowing sounds unsought ;  
Unto my Muse's mourning mouth,  
A wail again is wrought.

Before—alternate joys  
Did promise some relief,  
Now—care and love conspir'd in one  
Have swol'n my endless grief.  
So that I see no sole  
Companion of my pains,  
Unless it be those wretched ones  
Which Pluto's reign retains.

And yet they must confess  
My grief their grief exceeds ;  
I suffer sacklessly, alas !  
But they for their misdeeds.  
And this much more I add—  
The Rodopean sounds  
Spent at Eurydice's fare-well  
Did mitigate their wounds,

And when Alcmena's son  
The siege to hell did lay,  
The prisoners of Pluto's pit,  
Got leave to take the play.  
But I, since first I did  
This luckless love embrace,  
Have never felt, no, not by dream  
The smallest glance of grace.

But cross came upon cross,  
And care conjoin'd with care,  
Sighs were companions to my tears  
And danger to despair.

I died and liv'd again,  
I liv'd again to die ;  
I died, I knew not what a death,  
A life it could not be.

It could not be a life,  
Since that I had no heart,  
And well I knew it was no death  
Since that I felt my smart.  
It was then such a mixt  
As takes part of the two,  
Or rather such, as both extremes  
Do utterly misknow !

No ! it was none of these,  
No, neither this, nor that,  
For anything that I can see,  
It was—I know not what.  
I knew not what it was ;  
But this I knew and griev'd,  
I knew I was th' unhappiest being,  
That ever lov'd or liv'd.

And thus remaining yet—  
I glisten and I glance,  
A pattern of unhappiness,  
A mirror of mischance.  
A trophy which the Fates  
Erected have on high,  
To testify the true triumphs  
That they have gain'd o'er me.

Yet blame I not the Fates,  
For aught I do sustain,  
My grief is grounded upon this,  
That I dare not complain.  
I neither dare, nor will,  
I neither will nor may,  
I might if that I would,  
If that I durst essay.

But to disclose my grief,  
Unto my fatal foe  
Methinks it were the ready way,  
For to augment my woe.  
So thus concealed close  
My grief is always great ;  
The closer that the furnace is  
The sharper is the heat.

And floods are deepest there  
Where highest is the dam,  
And camomile doth prosper best  
When men tread down the same.  
But yet I fear, alas,  
Or rather have no doubt,  
My fiery rage is so extreme  
Of force, it must burst out.

And so I shall remain  
A gazing-stock to be  
To such as will not credit tales,  
When poets seem to lie—  
Like to Typhœus' rage,  
Or girning Gorgon's ire,  
Those furious and incensed sp'rits  
Which thunder flaughts of fire.

Yet if I could endure  
Eternally as they,  
My state were more miraculous,  
I dare both swear and say.  
But things too violent  
Cannot too long endure,  
My passions are so exquisite  
Their own end they'll procure.

O happy thrice were I  
If so could me befall,  
As chanced to Mausolus ashe,  
Whose wife did drink them all.

But wishes are but vain,  
Things run so to the worst  
In all my life, that after death  
I should be more at rest.

For who should promise me  
A burial at her heart  
When I am dead, who in my life  
Doth play me Nero's part?  
That cruel tyrant set  
The seven hill'd town on fire,  
And neither eyes nor flinty heart  
At such a sight did tire.

But from his palace high,  
He looked down along,  
And thinking on the siege of Troy,  
He burst out in a song.  
So she—fair cruel she,  
Whose looks set me on fire,  
Perceiving that my modesty  
To speak dare not aspire.

As it is jubilation  
Unto that sex and sort;  
So seeing makes her not to see,  
She laughs at it as sport.  
And since I dare not press  
Her ears for to acquaint  
With tragedies of my distress,  
And words of my complaint,

I shall not cease to show  
The beale wherein I bide,  
Unto my wonted secretaries  
In whom I do confide.  
The hills and craigs I mean,  
The high and stately trees,  
The valleys low, and mountains high,  
Whose tops escape our eyes.



And while I shew to them,  
The nearest air shall hear't ;  
The air shall carry to the fire,  
The fire to heav'ns bear't.  
The heav'ns shall lay'd abroad,  
Before the gods above,  
And if they will not find relief,  
Farewell both life and love.

---

### INVOCATION OF HIS MISTRESS.\*

WRONG not, sweet empress of my heart  
The merit of true passion,  
Pretending that he feels no smart,  
That sues for no compassion.

Sure if my plaint come not to prove  
The conquest of thy beauty,  
It comes not from defect of love,  
But from excess of duty.

For knowing that I sue to serve  
A saint of such perfection,  
As all desire, but none deserve  
A place in her affection.

I'd rather choose to want relief  
Than venture the revealing :  
Where glory recommends the grief,  
Despair distrusts the healing.

Thus those desires, which aim too high  
For any mortal lover—  
When reason cannot make them die,  
Discretion doth them cover.

\* This composition appears in various collections. It has been attributed to Sir Walter Raleigh.

Yet when discretion bids them leave  
The plaints which they should utter ;  
Then thy discretion may perceive  
That silence is a suitor.

Silence in love bewrays more woe,  
Than words, tho' ne'er so witty,  
A beggar that is dumb, you know,  
Doth merit double pity.

Then wrong not, dear heart of my heart,  
My true, tho' secret passion,  
He merits most that hides his smart,  
And sues for no compassion.

---

AN ADIEU.

WILT thou, remorseless fair,  
Still laugh while I lament,  
Or shall thy chief contentment be,  
To see me malcontent ?

Shall I, Narcissus-like,  
A flying shadow chase,  
Or like Pygmalion hug a stone,  
That hath no sense of grace ?

No, no, my blind love now  
Must borrow Reason's eyes,  
And as thy fairness made me fond,  
My wrongs must make me wise.

My loyalty disdains  
To love a loveless dame :  
The life of Cupid's fire consists  
Into a mutual flame.

Had'st thou but given one look,  
Had'st thou but gi'en one smile,  
Or had'st thou sent but one sweet sigh  
My sorrows to beguile,—

My captive thoughts perchance  
Had been redeem'd from pain,  
And these my mutinous discontents  
Made friends with hope again.

But thou, I know not how,  
Art careless of my good,  
And would ambitiously imbrue  
Thy beauty in my blood.

A great disgrace to thee,  
To me a monstrous wrong,  
Which time would teach thee to repent  
Before that it were long.

Then to prevent thy shame,  
And to abridge my woe—  
Because thou can'st not love thy friend,  
I'll cease to love my foe.

---

### THE SCORNFUL REPROVED.

THERE is none, no none but I,  
None but I so full of woe,  
That I cannot choose but die,  
Or beg physic from my foe.

Now what hopes she shall be moved  
To revive my hopes forlorn ?  
She that loves for to be loved,  
Yet pays her lover's hopes with scorn.

Whose deserts inflame desire,  
Whose disdain strikes comfort dead,  
In whose eyes lives love's fire,—  
From whose heart all love is fled.

Lovely eyes, and loveless heart,  
Why do you disagree?  
How can sweetness cause such smart,  
Or smarting so delightful be?  
No fair eyes,—no, no more so,  
Cruel eyes, and full of guile,  
You are only sweet in show—  
And never kill but when you smile.  
Yet fair eyes this I must say,  
Tho' you should be unkind,  
He, whose heart is not your prey,  
Must either be a fool or blind.

---

## THE LOVER'S REMONSTRANCE.

DEAR, why do you say you love,  
When indeed you careless prove,  
Reason better can digest  
Earnest hate, than love in rest.  
Wherefore do your smiling eyes  
Help your tongue to make sweet lies?  
Leave to statesmen tricks of state,  
Love doth politicians hate.  
You perchance presume to find  
Love of some chameleon kind;  
But be not deceiv'd my fair,  
Love will not be fed on air.  
Love's a glutton of his food,  
Surfeits make its stomach good,  
Love whose diet grows precise,  
Sick from some consumption dies.  
Then, dear love, let me obtain  
That which may true love maintain—  
Or, if kind you cannot prove,  
Prove true—say you cannot love.

L

## INCONSTANCY UPBRAIDED.

WHEN thou did'st think I did not love,  
Then thou did'st doat on me:—  
Now when thou find'st that I do prove  
As kind as kind can be,  
Love dies in thee.

What way to fire the mercury  
Of thy inconstant mind,  
Methinks it were good policy  
For me to turn unkind,  
To make thee kind.

Yet I will not good nature strain,  
To buy at so great cost,  
That which before I did obtain,  
I make account almost,  
That it is lost.

And tho' I might myself excuse,  
By imitating thee,  
Yet will I not examples use,  
That may bewray in me  
Lightness to be.

But since I once gave thee my heart,  
My constancy shall show,  
That tho' thou play the woman's part,  
And from a friend turn foe,  
Men do not so.

---

THE EXERCISE OF AFFECTION.\*

THERE is no worldly pleasure here below  
Which by experience doth not folly prove,  
But among all the follies that I know,  
The sweetest folly in the world is Love.

\* This appears in Watson's Collection, Part III., p. 39.

But not that passion, which by fools' consent,  
Above the reason bears imperious sway,  
Making their lifetime a perpetual Lent,  
As if a man were born to fast and pray.

No! that is not the humour I approve,  
As either yielding pleasure or promotion ;  
I like a mild and lukewarm zeal in love,  
Altho' I do not like it in devotion.

For it hath no coherence with my creed,  
To think that lovers die as they pretend ;  
If all that say they die, had died indeed,  
Sure long ere now the world had had an end.

Besides, we need not love but if we please,  
No destiny can force man's disposition,  
And how can any die of that disease,  
Whereof himself may be his own physician?

But some seem so distracted of their wits,  
That I would think it but a venial sin,  
To take some of these innocents that sit  
In Bedlam out, and put some lovers in.

Yet some men, rather than incur the slander  
Of true apostates, will false martyrs prove ;  
But I am neither Iphis nor Leander,  
I'll neither drown nor hang myself for love.

Methinks a wise man's actions should be such  
As always yield to reason's best advice,  
Now for to love too little, or too much,  
Are both extremes, and all extremes are vice.

Yet have I been a lover by report,  
Yea, I have died for love as others do,  
But praised be God, it was in such a sort,  
That I revived within an hour or two.

Thus have I liv'd, thus have I lov'd till now,  
And found no reason to repent me yet,  
And whosoever otherwise will do,  
His courage is as little as his wit.

## DISDAIN CENSURED.

SHALL fear to seem untrue  
To vows of constant duty,  
Make me digest disdain's undo,  
From an inconstant beauty ?

No ! I do not affect,  
In vows to seem so holy,  
That I would have the world to check  
My constancy with folly.

Let her call breach of vow  
What I call just repentance,  
I count him base and brain-sick too,  
That doats on coy acquaintance.

Thus if out of her snare,  
At last I do unfold me,  
Accuse her not that caught me there,  
And knew not how to hold me.

And if I rebel prove,  
Against my will I do it—  
Yet can I hate as well as love,  
When reason binds me to it.

---

ON THE DEPARTURE OF HIS MISTRESS.

THEN wilt thou go, and leave me here ?  
Ah, do not so, my dearest dear :  
The sun's departure clouds the sky,  
But thy departure makes me die.

Thou can'st not go, but with my heart,  
E'en that which is my chiefest part ;  
Then with two hearts thou shalt be gone,  
And I shall rest behind with none.

Prevent the danger of this ill,  
Go not away, stay with me still,  
I'll bathe thy lips with kisses then,  
Expecting increase back again.

And if thou need'st must go away,  
Ah, leave one heart with me to stay,  
Take mine, let thine in pawn remain,  
That thou wilt quickly come again.

Meantime my part shall be to mourn,  
To tell the hours till thou return,  
My eyes shall be but eyes to weep,  
And neither eyes to see nor sleep.

And if perchance their lids I close,  
To ease them with some false repose—  
Yet still my longing dreams shall be,  
Of nothing in the world but thee.

---

SONG.\*

WHAT means this strangeness now of late?  
Since time doth truth approve,  
This distance may consist with state,  
It cannot stand with love.

'Tis either cunning or distrust,  
That doth such ways allow,  
The first is base, the last's unjust;  
Let neither blemish you.

If you intend to draw me on,  
You overact your part,  
And if you mind to send me gone,  
You need not half this art.

\* These verses are printed in Pinkerton's Tragic Ballads, but most incorrectly.



Speak but the word, or do but cast  
A look which seems to frown,  
I'll give you all the love that's past,  
The rest shall be my own.

And such a fair and equal way  
On both sides, none can blame,  
Since every one is bound to play  
The fairest of his game.

---

### TO A VARIABLE MISTRESS.

WHY did I wrong my judgment so,  
As to affect, where I did know  
There was no hold for to be taken,  
That which her heart thirsts after most ?  
If once of it her hope can boast,  
Straight by her folly is forsaken.

Thus while I still pursue in vain,  
Methinks I turn a child again ;  
And of my shadow am a-chasing,  
For all her favours are to me,  
Like apparitions which I see—  
Yet ne'er come near th' embracing.

Oft have I wish'd that there had been  
Some Almanac whereby to 've seen,  
When love with her had been in season ;  
But I perceive there is no art  
Can find the epact of the heart  
That loves by chance, and not by reason.

Yet will I not for this despair,  
For time her humour may prepare,  
To love him now who is neglected,  
For what unto my constancy  
Is now denied, one day may be,  
From her inconstancy expected.

## TO AN INCONSTANT MISTRESS.\*

I LOV'D thee once, I'll love no more,  
Thine be the grief, as is the blame,  
Thou art not what thou wast before,  
What reason should I be the same?  
He that can love unlov'd again,  
Hath better store of love than brain;  
God send me love my debts to pay,  
While unthrifts fool their love away.

Nothing could have my love o'erthrown,  
If thou had'st still continued mine,  
Nay, if thou had'st remain'd thine own,  
I might perchance have yet been thine.  
But thou thy freedom did recall,  
That it thou might elsewhere enthrall,  
And, then, how could I but disdain  
A captive's captive to remain?

When new desires had conquer'd thee,  
And chang'd the object of thy will,  
It had been lethargy in me,  
Not constancy, to love thee still;  
Yea, it had been a sin to go  
And prostitute affection so,  
Since we are taught no prayers to say,  
To such as must to others pray.

Yet do thou glory in thy choice,—  
Thy choice of his good fortune boast,  
I'll neither grieve, nor yet rejoice,  
To see him gain what I have lost.  
The height of my disdain shall be,  
To laugh at him, to blush for thee;  
To love thee still, but go no more  
A begging at a beggar's door.

\* Printed in Watson's Collections, Part III, p. 41, and in various collections of old English poetry.

## THE AUTHOR'S ANSWER.

WRITTEN AT THE KING'S COMMAND.

THOU that lov'd once, now lov'st no more,  
For fear to show more love than brain,  
With heresy unhatched before,  
Apostacy thou dost maintain.  
Can he have either brain or love,  
That doth inconstancy approve?  
A choice well made, no change admits,  
And changes argue after-wits.

Say that she had not been the same,  
Should thou therefore another be?  
What thou in her as vice did blame,  
Can that take virtue's name in thee?  
No, thou in this her captive was,  
And made thee ready by her glass;  
Example led revenge astray,  
When true love should have kept the way.

True love hath no reflecting end,  
The object good sets all at rest,  
And noble breasts will freely lend,  
Without expecting interest.  
'Tis merchant love, 'tis trade for gain,  
To barter love for love again,  
'Tis usury, nay worse than this,  
For self-idolatry it is.

Then let her choice be what it will,  
Let constancy be thy revenge;  
If thou retribute good for ill,  
Both grief and shame shall check her change.  
Thus may'st thou laugh, when thou shalt see  
Remorse reclaim her home to thee,  
And where thou begg'st of her before,  
She now sits begging at thy door.

## THE POET FORSAKEN.

If high excess of unrelenting smart  
     Enforce not words to fail and thoughts to faint ;  
 My love would now convince both tongue and heart  
     To say farewell unto my sweetest saint.  
 But while affection would my woes reveal,  
 And say unto my dearest heart farewell,  
 My senses are so suffocate with care,  
 They sigh, they groan, then say nothing but "fair."  
  
 Then fairest fair, read in my sighs and tears  
     The secret anguish of thy dying slave,  
 Who, for the love unto thy worth he bears,  
     Hath consecrate his soul unto the grave ;  
 And now is forc'd from thy disdain to go  
 Where death may end his never ending woe,  
 Yet swearing still by all the lights above,  
 Ten thousand deaths shall never end his love.  
  
 And thus resolv'd, I only beg of thee,  
     Amid my sad exile, this poor relief,  
 That if thou cannot think with love on me,  
     Thou would with pity pause upon my grief.  
 Or if, perhaps, this little seem too much,  
 As oh, I fear thy rigour shall be such,  
 That when some friend my name to mind shall call,  
 Thou'lt only sigh and wish me well, that's all.

---

## THE FORSAKEN MISTRESS.\*

I do confess thou'rt smooth and fair,  
     And I might have gone near to love thee ;  
 Had I not found the slightest pray'r  
     That lips could speak, had pow'r to move thee ;  
     But I can let thee now alone  
     As worthy to be lov'd by none.

\* This composition is reprinted from Watson's Collection, Part III., p. 91, where it appears anonymously. By the editors of several collections it has been ascribed to Sir Robert Aytoun, we think correctly. It first appeared in Play-

I do confess thou'rt sweet, yet find  
 Thee such an unthrift of thy sweets,  
 Thy favours are but like the wind  
 Which kisseth everything it meets !  
 And since thou canst love more than one  
 Thou'rt worthy to be lov'd by none.

The morning rose that untouched stands,  
 Arm'd with her briars, how sweet she smells !  
 But pluck'd, and strained through ruder hands,  
 Her sweet no longer with her dwells ;  
 But scent and beauty both are gone,  
 And leaves fall from her one by one.

---

ford's "Select Ayres and Dialogues," printed in 1659 Burns found it in an old poetical collection, and made an attempt "to improve the simplicity of the sentiments by giving them a Scottish dress." In this instance the Bard of Coila has unquestionably failed. His version is as follows :—

"I do confess thou art sae fair,  
 I wad been ower the lugs in love,  
 Had I na found the slightest prayer  
 That lips could speak, thy heart could move.  
 I do confess thee sweet—but find  
 Thou art sae thriftless o' thy sweets—  
 Thy favours are the silly wind,  
 That kisses ilka thing it meets.

"See yonder rose-bud rich in dew,  
 Among its native briars sae coy ;  
 How sune it tines its scent and hue  
 When pu'd and worn a common toy.  
 Sic fate, ere lang, shall thee betide,  
 Tho' thou may gaily bloom awhile ;  
 Yet sune thou shalt be thrown aside,  
 Like any common weed and vile."

Allan Cunningham thus commends Aytoun's composition :—"His song to a Forsaken Mistress is one of the sweetest and happiest of our early compositions. It has the singular merit of uniting natural elegance of language with originality of thought, and wholesome counsel with felicity of diction. We have the story of woman's levity and man's sympathy, related in a way which has been rarely equalled, and which must be felt by all who can feel for the modest dignity of offended love." He adds, "I may mention, that the Forsaken Mistress seems to unite the two characteristics of Scottish and English song; there is story mingled with sentiment—the former with prolixity, and the latter with conceit."

Such fate, ere long, will thee betide,  
When thou hast handled been awhile,  
Like fair flow'rs to be thrown aside.  
And thou shalt sigh when I shall smile,  
To see thy love to every one  
Hath brought thee to be loved by none.

---

## A LOVER'S LAMENTATION.

O THAT my tongue had been as dumb,  
As now I find  
My eyes were blind,  
When they did make my heart become  
A votary unto a saint,  
That hath no ears to my complaint.

Had I but made my eyes my tongue,  
My very looks  
Had serv'd for books  
Wherein she might have read her wrong ;  
But now my words as charms she fears,  
And serpent-like doth shut her ears.

Yet who would not have cried for aid,  
Burnt to the quick,  
A senseless stick  
To Vulcan's tyranny betray'd—  
Wilt waste itself in moist expense,  
And keep a noise as if 't had sense.

Speak then must I, tho' to no end,  
For love doth say  
That silence may  
Much more than friendly speech offend—  
Love once profess'd, and then forborne,  
Turns deaf neglect to spiteful scorn.

## PLATONIC LOVE.\*

O THAT I was all soul, that I might prove  
For you as fit a love  
As you for angel's, for I vow  
None but pure spirits ere are fit for you.

You're all ethereal—there's in you no dross,  
Nor any part that's gross ;  
Your coarsest part is like the curious lawn,  
With cords for vestal relics drawn.

Your finer part, part of the purest fire  
That ere Heaven did inspire ;  
Makes every thought that is refined by it,  
A quintessence of goodness and of wit.

Thus hath your rapture reach'd to that degree  
In love's highest philosophy,  
That you can figure to yourself a fire  
Void of all heat, a love without desire.

Nor in divinity do you do less,—  
You teach and you profess  
That souls may have a plenitude of joy  
And in seraphic thoughts their powers employ.

But I must needs confess I do not find  
The motions of my grosser mind  
So purified as yet, but at the best  
My body claims some interest.

I hold a perfect joy makes all our parts  
As joyful as our hearts ;  
My senses tell me if you please not them  
My love is but a dotage or a dream.

Here shall we then agree ? your plea defend,—  
But will not my sense end ;  
I fain would tune my fancy to your key  
But cannot reach to such an abstract way.

\* These verses appear in Sir John Aytoun's MS. only. Many of the lines are evidently imperfect.

There rests but this that while we sojourn here  
Our bodies may draw near ;  
And when our joys they can no more extend,  
Our souls begin where they did end.

---

UPON A DIAMOND CUT IN THE FORM OF A HEART,  
SET WITH A CROWN ABOVE  
AND A BLOODY DART PIERCING IT, SENT  
TO THE POET AS A NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

THOU sent to me a heart—'twas crown'd ;  
I thought it had been thine,  
But when I saw it had a wound,  
I knew the heart was mine.

A bounty of a strange conceit,  
To give mine own to me,  
And give it in a worse estate  
Than it was giv'n to thee.

The heart I sent, it had no pain,  
It was entire and sound,  
But thou did'st send it back again  
Sick of a deadly wound.

O heav'ns, how would you use a heart  
That should rebellious be,  
When you undo it with a dart,  
That yields itself to thee.

Yet wish I it had no more pain  
Than from the wound proceeds ;  
More for the sending back again,  
Than for the wound, it bleeds.

Envy will say some mis-desert  
Hath caused thee turn 't away,  
And where it was thy fault, thy art,  
The blame on it will lay.



Yet thou dost know that no defect  
In it thou could'st reprove,  
Thou only fear'd it should infect  
Thy loveless heart with love.

A crime which if it could commit,  
Would so indear't to thee,  
That thou would rather harbour it  
Than send it back to me.

Yet keep it still, or if poor heart  
It hath been thine too long,  
Send me it back as free from smart  
As it was free from wrong.

---

### CHLORIS AND AMYNTAS.

CHLORIS, since thou art fled away,  
Amyntas' sheep are gone astray,  
And all the joys he us'd to see,  
These pretty lambs run after thee.  
She's gone, she's gone, and halladay,  
Cries nothing else but walladay, walladay.

The embroider'd scrip he used to wear  
Neglected hangs, so doth his hair,  
His crook is broke, dog whining lies,  
And he himself nothing but cries—  
Chloris, O Chloris, come away,  
And heal Amyntas' walladay, walladay.

His pipe, whereon he used to play  
So oft to her a roundelay,  
Is cast aside, and not a swain  
Dares pipe or play upon the plain.  
It's death for any one to say  
One word to him but walladay, walladay.

Yon May pole, where her pretty feet  
 In their due measure oft did meet,  
 Is broken down, and no content  
 Comes near Amyntas since she went,  
     But all that e'er I've heard him say  
     Was, Chloris, Chloris, come away, come away.

The ground whereon she used to tread,  
 He ever since hath laid his head,  
 And suffer'd there such pining woe,  
 That not a blade of grass doth grow.  
     O Chloris, Chloris, come away,  
     And heal Amyntas' walladay, walladay.

TO THE MOST WORSHIPFUL AND WORTHY KNIGHT,

SIR JAMES HAY,\*

GENTLEMAN OF HIS MAJESTY'S BEDCHAMBER.

WHEN Janus' keys unlock the gates above,  
 And throw more age on our sublunar lands,  
 I sacrifice with flowers of fervent love  
     These hecatombs of kisses to thy hands ;  
 Their worth is small, but thy deserts are such,  
 They'll pass in worth if once thy shrine they touch.

Laugh but on them, and then they will compare  
     With all the harvest of th' Arabian field,  
 With all the pride of that perfumed air  
     Which winged troops of musked zephyrs yield,  
 When with their breath th' embalm th' Elysian plain,  
 And make the flowers reflect those scents again.

\* These stanzas to Sir James Hay serve as a dedication to Aytoun's Latin poem, "Basia, sive Strena Cal. Jan. ad Jacobum Hayum, Equitem illustrissimum, Londini, 1605." 4to. The Latin poem will be found in another part of this volume. Sir James Hay was a favourite of King James, and was afterwards raised to the peerage by the title of Earl of Carlisle and Viscount Doncaster.

Yea they will be more sweet in their conceit  
Than Venus' kisses spent on Adon's wounds ;  
Than those wherewith pale Cynthia did entreat  
The lovely shepherd of the Latian bounds ;  
And than those which Jove's ambrosian mouth  
Prodigaliz'd upon the Trojan youth.

I know they cannot such acceptance find,  
If rigor censure their uncourtly frame,  
But thou art courteous, and wilt call to mind  
Th' excuse which shields both me and them from blame ;  
My muse was but a novice unto this,  
And, being virgin, scarce well taught to kiss.

---

### PHILLIS AND AMYNTAS.

AMYNTAS on a summer day  
To shun Apollo's beams  
Was driving all his flocks away  
To taste some cooling streams ;  
And through a forest as he went  
Near to a river side,  
A voice which from a grove was sent,  
Invited him to bide.

The voice well seem'd for to bewray  
Some malcontented mind,  
For oftentimes did he hear it say  
Ten thousand times "unkind ;"  
The remnant of that rugged moan  
Did all escape his care,  
For every word brought forth a groan,  
And every groan a tear.

But nearer when he did repair,  
Both voice and face he knew,  
And saw that Phillis was come there  
The complaints for to renew.

So leaving her to her complaint,  
And murmuring rugged moans,  
He heard her fully, discontent  
Thus all burst forth at once.

“Amyntas, is my love to thee  
Of such a small account?  
That thou disdain'st to look on me,  
Or love me as thou wont?  
Were those the oaths that thou didst make,  
The vows thou did conceive,  
When I for thy contentment's sake  
My heart's delight did leave.

“How oft did thou protest to me  
The Heav'ns should turn to nought,  
The sun should first obscurèd be  
Ere thou should change thy thought?  
Then heav'ns dissolve without delay,  
Sun show thy face no more,  
Amyntas' love is lost for aye,  
And woe is me therefore.

“Well might I, if I had been wise,  
Foreseen what now I find,  
But too much love did seal mine eyes,  
And made my judgment blind.  
All thy behaviour was, God knows,  
Too smooth and too discreet,  
Like sugar which impoison'd grows  
Unspiced, because it's sweet.

“Thy oaths and vows did promise more  
Than well thou could'st perform,  
Like to a calm which comes before  
An unexpected storm.  
God knows it would not grieve me much  
For to be kill'd for thee;  
But oh, how near it doth me touch,  
That thou should'st murder me.

M

“God knows I care not, for no pain  
Can come with loss of breath ;  
’Tis thy unkindness, cruel swain,  
That grieves me to the death.  
Amyntas, tell me, if thou may,  
If any fault of mine  
Hath gi’en thee cause thus to betray  
My heart’s delight and thine ?

“No, no, alas, it could not be,  
My love to thee was such,  
Unless if that thou loathèd me  
For loving thee too much ;  
But oh, alas ! what do I gain  
By these my fond complaints ?  
My dolour doubles his disdain,  
My grief his pride augments.

“Although it yield no greater good,  
It oft doth ease my mind,  
For to reproach th’ ingratitude  
Of him who is unkind.”

“With that her hand, cold, wan, and pale,  
Upon her breast she laid,  
And finding that her breath did fail,  
She sigh’d and then she said,

“Amyntas,—” and with that, poor maid,  
She sighed again so sore,  
That after that she never said,  
Nor sigh’d, nor breath’d no more.

---

### SONNET.

#### LOVE AND WEALTH.

CAN Eagles’ birds fly lower than their kind ?  
Or can ambition stoop to servile gain ?  
Can free-born breasts be forc’d against their mind,  
To put the mask of love upon disdain ?

Can Love be bought? Can avarice constrain  
 Great Cupid to do homage unto gold?  
 Can he his wings, can he his flames restrain,  
 Or be induc'd to wish as worldlings would?  
 No, no, my fate is in the heavens enroll'd,  
 Men's laws may force my life, but not my love,  
 Men may my eyes, but not my heart, behold,  
 My eyes may their's, my heart my own, shall prove.  
 And ere I change, by heav'n I vow to leave  
 A joyless bed, and take a joyful grave.

---

SONNET.

UNRECOMPENSED DEVOTION.

My Fair's unkind, and I have spent my pains,  
 And purchas'd nothing but undue disdains.  
 Oh had she been as kind as I was true,  
 What praise to her, what joy to me'd been due?  
 But to my grief and her disgrace, I find  
 That fair ones too much lov'd, prove seldom kind,  
 What then, shall loving less be my revenge?  
 O no, I wrong my judgment if I change—  
 The dice are cast, and let her loathe or love,  
 I may unhappy, not inconstant prove,  
 For it is quite impossible for me,  
 To love her less, as more in love to be.

---

SONNET.

TO HIS EARS AND EYES.

UNHAPPY eyes, why did you gaze again,  
 Upon these fatal love-inspiring spheres?  
 Knew you not how her fire-flaughts would constrain,  
 Your crystal circles to dissolve in tears?

And you again, ev'n as unhappy ears,  
Why did her painted phrase your fort surprise?  
Knew you not well, that on her lips she bears  
A charming host of persuasive replies?  
Oh, eyes and ears, that ye had been more wise,  
And had not waken'd up a sleeping flame,  
Yet since the fault is done, my comfort lies  
Upon the merits of a matchless dame—  
For whoso loves her not that hears and sees,  
Is neither worthy to have ears nor e'es.

---

## SONNET.

ON THE LOSS OF HIS MISTRESS.

Lo! how the sailor in a stormy night  
Wails and complains till he the star perceive  
Whose situation and assured height,  
Should guide him thro' the strong and wat'ry wave.  
As many motives, wretched soul, I have  
For to regret, as few as to rejoice,  
In seeing all things, once this sight I crave,  
Since I the load-star of my life did lose,—  
And what is worse, amidst those many woes,  
Amidst my pain, which passes all compare,  
No help, no hope, no comfort, no repose,  
No sun appears to clear these clouds of care,  
Save this, that fortune neither may nor dare  
Make my mishaps more hapless than they are.

---

## SONNET.

TO SYLVIA.

FAIR cruel Sylvia, since thou scorn'st my tears,  
And overlook'st my cares with careless eyes,  
Since my request in love offends thine ears,  
Henceforth I vow to hold my earnest cries.

But if I should, e'en lifeless things shall cry,  
 The brooks shall murmur, and the winds complain,  
 The hills, the vales, the deserts where I lie,  
 With echoes of my sighs shall preach my pain.  
 Yea, put the case,—I silent should remain,—  
 Imagine brooks and winds should hold their peace.—  
 Say that woods, vales and deserts, would disdain  
 To acquaint thy deaf disdain with my disgrace;  
 Yet were they deaf,—thou dumb to me should prove,  
 My death shall speak, and let thee know my love.

---

### SONNET.

ON THE EYES OF HIS MISTRESS.

WERE those thine eyes, or lightnings from above  
 Whose glorious glances dazzled so my sight?  
 I took them to be lightnings sent from Jove  
 To threaten that his thunder-bolt would light.  
 Yet lightning could not be so long, so bright,—  
 They rather seem'd to be some suns, whose rays  
 Promov'd to the meridian of their height,  
 Yet e'en in that their number them betrays:  
 Suns were they not, the world endures but one;  
 Their force, their figure, and their colour says  
 That they were heav'ns—yet heav'ns on earth are none—  
 Whate'er they were, my sight no odds espies  
 'Twixt heavens, 'twixt suns, 'twixt lightnings and thine eyes.

---

### THE GAME OF TABLES.\*

Love's like a game at Tables, where the die  
 Of maids' affection doth by fortune fly;  
 Which, when you think you're surest of the same,  
 Proves but at best a doubtful after-game;

\* This appears in Watson's Collection, Part ii., p. 115.



For if they find your fancy in a blot,  
It's two to one if then they take you not,  
But, being gam'sters, you must boldly venture,  
And when you see the point lie open, enter.  
Believe me one thing,—nothing brings about  
A game half lost so soon as holding out ;  
And next to holding out, this you shall find,  
There's nothing worse than entering still behind.  
Yet doth not all in happy entrance lie  
When you are in, you must throw strong and high.  
If you throw low and weak, believe me then,  
Do what you can, they will be bearing men ;  
And if you look not all the better on,  
They will play foul,—bear two instead of one.

---

### SONNET.

#### LEFT IN A LADY'S MIRROR.

To view thy beauty well, if thou be wise,  
Come not to gaze upon this glass of thine ;  
But come and look upon these eyes of mine,  
Where thou shalt see thy true resemblance twice ;  
Or if thou think'st that thou profan'st thine eyes,  
When on my wretched eyes they deign to shine,  
Look on my heart, wherein, as in a shrine,  
The lovely picture of thy beauty lies ;  
Or if thy harmless modesty think shame  
To gaze upon the horrors of my heart,  
Come read these lines, and reading see in them  
The trophies of thy beauty and my smart ;  
Or if to none of these thou'lt deign to come,  
Weep eyes, break heart, and then my verse be dumb.

---

## SONNET.\*

ON A LADY THAT WAS PAINTED.

PAMPHILIA hath a number of good arts,  
 Which commendation to her worth imparts;  
 But, above all, in one she doth excel,  
 That she can paint incomparably well;  
 And yet so modest, that if prais'd for this,  
 She'll swear she does not know what painting is,  
 But straight will blush with such a portrait grace,  
 That one would think vermilion dyed her face.  
 One of her pictures I have ofttimes seen,  
 And would have sworn that it herself had been;  
 And when I bade her it on me bestow,  
 I swear I heard the picture's self say—No!  
 What! think you this a prodigy? 'tis none—  
 The Painter and the Picture both were one!

## SONNET.

A LOVER'S REMONSTRANCE.

I BID farewell unto the world and thee,  
 To thee, because thou art extreme unkind;  
 Unto the world, because the world to me  
 Is nothing since I cannot move thy mind.  
 Were any mercy in thy soul inshrin'd  
 Could sighs or tears make soft thy flinty heart?  
 More easy I perhaps might be inclin'd  
 To spend my days with thee, then to depart.  
 But since thou knows't not Cupid's golden dart  
 But hath been wounded with a shaft of lead;  
 It is but folly to pretend an art  
 To sue for favour where all love has fled  
 So farewell Nymph, farewell for aye as now,  
 And welcome death more merciful than thou.

\* Printed in Watson's Collection, Part ii., p. 114.

## SONNET.

## ON TOBACCO.

FORSAKEN of all comforts but these two,  
My faggot and my pipe, I sit and muse  
On all my crosses, and almost accuse  
The Heav'ns for dealing with me as they do.  
Then Hope steps in, and with a smiling brow  
Such cheerful expectations doth infuse  
As make me think ere long I cannot choose  
But be some grandee, whatsoe'er I'm now.  
But having spent my pipe, I then perceive  
That hopes and dreams are cousins—both deceive.  
Then make I this conclusion in my mind,  
'Tis all one thing—both tend into one scope—  
To live upon Tobacco and on Hope,  
The one's but smoke, the other is but wind.

---

## SONNET.

## ON THE GUNPOWDER TREASON.

THE mighty Mavors, zealous to behold  
A Mars more mighty than himself below,  
Did once resolve his rival to o'erthrow  
By Assassins, whom open force made bold ;  
But finding then that open force did fold  
Under the princely valour of his foe,  
He then determin'd to assail him so  
As no defence should his offence withhold.  
Then came he down to Pluto's dire abode,  
And there for fire and brimstone straight did call—  
Wherewith he thought to play the thund'ring god,  
And make the world admire his rival's fall ;  
But cease fond Mars to make the world to wonder,  
Ten thousand Laurels save our Mars from thunder.

## SONNET.

## ON FALSE HOPES.

FALSE hopes are bankrupts both of time and youth—  
 The shadows which king Cepheus sons did chase—  
 The pools which fled from Tantalus' thirsty mouth,—  
 Go hence from me, and take your dwelling place  
 With such cameleons as can live on air—  
 With such as bow unto their own disgrace.  
 Thurinus sought for good and solid ware,  
 For me, I'd rather cherish true despair,  
 Than entertain such hopes as do betray me ;  
 Yea, I would rather stoop to such a care  
 As cuts me short, than such as do waylay me.  
 A hopeless life is arm'd against all pain ;  
 It doubleth grief, to hope and not t' obtain.

---

## SONNET.

## TO THE RIVER TWEED.

FAIR famous flood, which some time did divide,  
 But now conjoins two diadems in one,  
 Suspend thy pace, and some more softly slide,  
 Since we have made thee mistress of our moan.  
 And since none's left but thy report alone,  
 To tell the world our captain's last farewell,—  
 That courtesy, I know, when we are gone,  
 Neptune thy lord may it perchance reveal,  
 And you, again, the same will not conceal ;  
 But straight proclaim it thro' his brinish bounds,  
 Till his high tides these flowing tidings tell,  
 And straightway send them, with his murm'ring sounds,  
 To that religious place,\* whose stately walls,  
 Do keep the heart, which all our hearts enthral.

\* Melrose Abbey, in which was deposited the heart of King Robert the Bruce.

## SONNET.

TO MRS. MARGARET LESLY, AFTERWARDS LADY MADERTY.\*

Religious relics of that ruinous place,  
 Which some time gloried in the glore of saints,  
 Now hath no glore but one, whereof it vaunts,  
 That one saint's beauty makes it heav'n of grace—  
 In balmy fields, which fards her flow'ry face  
 With sweet perfumes of corns, of trees, of plants,  
 While Neptune swells with pride, when there he haunts,  
 And laughs for joy such beauty to embrace ;  
 Bear me record, that while I passèd by,  
 I did my duteous homage to your dame ;  
 How thrice I sigh'd, thrice on her name did cry,  
 Thrice kiss'd the ground for honour of the same ;  
 Then left those lines to tell her, on a tree,  
 That she made them to live, and me to die.

## SONNET.†

ON SIR WILLIAM ALEXANDER'S MONARCHICK TRAGEDIES.

WELL may the programme of thy tragic stage  
 Invite the curious pomp-expecting eyes  
 To gaze on present shows of passèd age,  
 Which just desert Monarchic dare baptise.  
 Crowns thrown from thrones to tombs, detomb'd arise,  
 To match thy muse with a Monarchic theme,  
 That whilst her sacred soaring cleaves the skies,  
 A vulgar subject may not wrong the same.  
 And what gives most of lustre to thy fame—  
 The worthiest Monarch that the sun can see,  
 Doth grace thy labours with His glorious name,  
 And deigns protector of thy birth to be.  
 Thus all Monarchic ; patron, subject, style,  
 Make thee the Monarch-Tragic of this isle.

\* Margaret Lesly was daughter of Patrick Lesly, first Lord Lindores, second son of Andrew, fifth Earl of Rothes. She became the wife of John, second Lord Maderty, to whom she bore eight children. In this sonnet the poet refers to Lindores Abbey, which in 1606 was erected into a temporal lordship in favour of the father of his heroine. It is situated on the river Tay, near Newburgh, "where Neptune swells with pride." The trees which adorned the Abbey orchard in the poet's time still yield a rich crop of fruit.

† This commendatory sonnet is prefixed to the "Monarchick Tragedies" of Sir William Alexander of Menstrie, printed in 1607, and dedicated to King James. Sir William Alexander was afterwards created Earl of Stirling.

## SONNET. \*

ON KING JAMES.

THE old records of annalizèd fame  
 Confirms this wonder with the world's assent,  
 That once that Isle which Delos hight by name,  
 In Neptune's bosom like a pilgrim went ;  
 After, when great Apollo was content,  
 To grace it with the bliss of his birth-day,  
 Then, those inconstant motions did relent,  
 And it began to rest, to stand and stay.  
 Delos, while I admire thee, I must say,  
 Our Albion may in that with thee compare ;  
 Before our Phœbus' birth we were a prey  
 To civil motions, tossèd here and there ;  
 But since his Birth-star did o'ershine our state,  
 We stand secure, redeem'd from all debate.

## SONNET.

TO KING JAMES.

WHERE Thebes' great towers did threat the sky,  
 And overlook'd the fertile Pharian land,  
 There Memnon's statue all of stone did stand,  
 And challeng'd wonder from each gazing eye ;  
 For of itself no sense in it was found,  
 No breath, no motion, nor no life at all ;  
 But when Apollo's beams on it did fall,  
 Then it sent out a vital vocal sound.  
 I am that statue, great and mighty king ;  
 Thou art that Phœbus, who with rays of love  
 Did make me both to breathe, to live and move.  
 When of myself I was a senseless thing.  
 Then gracious sun still shine, and with those rays,  
 Still give him life, who still shall give thee praise.

\* Published in Watson's Collection, Part iii., p. 44.

## ON ALEXANDER CRAIG'S POETICAL ESSAYS.\*

WHY thought fond Greece to build a solid fame  
 On flying shades of fables passing vain ?  
 Why did her self-deceiving fancy dream  
 That none but she the Muses did maintain ?  
 She said those sacred sisters did remain  
 Confined within a *craig* that there did lie ;  
 That great Apollo's self did not disdain,  
 For that rough palace, to renounce the sky ;  
 That there a well, still drawn, but never dry,  
 Made laymen poets ere they left the place.  
 But all were tales which fame doth now belie,  
 And builds up Albion's gloire to their disgrace.  
 Lo ! here the Craig whence flows that sacred well,  
 Where Phoebus reigns—where all the Muses dwell.

---

ALEXANDER CRAIG

TO HIS DEAR FRIEND AND FELLOW-STUDENT,  
 MR. ROBERT AYTOUN.

SING swift hoof'd Æthon to thy matchless self,  
 And be not silent in this pleasant spring ;  
 I am thy echo, and thy airy elf,  
 The latter strains of thy sweet tunes I'll sing.

\* This sonnet is prefixed to "Poeticall Essayes of Alexander Craige, Scotobritane," London, 1604, quarto. It is acknowledged by Craig in the sonnet which follows it, to which our poet responds in another addressed to his early friend. The last is printed in Craig's "Poetical Recreations, Edinburgh, 1609, 4to." Craig mentions Aytoun as "his dear friend and fellow-student." His history is imperfectly known. Besides his "Poetical Essays" and "Recreations," he published a volume under the title "The amorous Songs, Sonnets, and Elegies of M<sup>r</sup> Alexander Craig, Scoto-Britan," London, 1606, 12mo. He likewise appears as a contributor to the "Muses' Welcome." He received a pension of £400 in 1605, and two years afterwards the grant was ratified by an Act of the Scottish Parliament ("Acts of the Parliaments of Scotland," Vol. iv., p. 389). A person of his name was Member of Parliament for Banff in 1621. On the 20th December, 1627, James Craig was *retoured* heir to his father, Alexander Craig of Rosecraig. (Inquisitionum Abbreviatio, vol. ii., inq. gen., 1372.)

Ah, shall thy Muse no further fruits forth bring,  
 But "Basia" \* bare? and wilt thou write no more  
 To higher notes? I pray thee tune thy string!  
 Be still admired as thou hast been of yore.  
 Write Æthon, write, let not thy vein decay,  
 Least we become Cymmerians dark, or worse;  
 If Æthon fail, the sun his course must stay,  
 For Phœbus' chariot takes the chiefest horse—  
 Though fortune frown, ah, why should virtue die?  
 Sing, Æthon, sing, and I shall echo thee.

---

ÆTHON CRAIGO SUO.

Fain would I sing, if songs my thoughts could ease,  
 Or calm the tempest of my troubled brain,  
 Fain would I force my silent Muse to please  
 The gallant humour of thy wanton vein.  
 But O, a miser mancipate to pain,  
 Sold slave to sorrow, wedded to mischief,  
 By mirth of songs, perhaps more grief might gain;  
 In vain of them I should expect relief;  
 Then sacred Craig, if thou would'st ease my grief,  
 Invite me not to wantonize with thee,  
 But tune thy notes unto my mourning key,  
 And when I weep, weep thou to echo me.  
 Perhaps the tears that from a Craig shall flow,  
 May prove a sovereign balm to cure my woe.

---

MR. THOMAS MURRAY'S FALL.†

THE other night from Court returning late,  
 Tir'd with attendance, out of love with state,  
 I met a boy who ask'd if he should go  
 Along to light me home? I answered, No!

\* Craig alludes to Aytoun's Latin Poem *Basia sive Strena ad Jacobum Hayum Equitem Illustrissimum*. See his Latin Poems.

† Mr. Thomas Murray was tutor and afterwards Secretary to Charles I. He was uncle of Mr. William Murray, gentleman of the Bedchamber to Charles I., afterwards Earl of Dysart (see Memoir). These verses are contained in a volume of the Wodrow MSS., preserved in the Advocates Library, and are also printed in Watson's Collection, Part ii., p. 116.



Yet he did urge the darkness of the night,  
 The foulness of the way requir'd a light.  
 "'Tis true, good boy," quoth I ; "yet thou may'st be  
 More useful to some other than to me ;  
 I cannot miss my way ; but they that take  
 The way from whence I came, have need to make  
 A light their guide ; for I dare boldly say,  
 'Tis ten to one but they shall lose their way."

---

### THESEUS AND HIS SHEPHERDESS.

THE Shepherd Theseus long'd to die  
 Gazing on the gracious eye  
 Of her whom he adored and lov'd,  
 When she whom no less passion mov'd,  
 Thus said, "O die not yet I pray,  
 I'll die with thee, if thou wilt stay."  
 The Shepherd then awhile delays,  
 No heart he had to end his days ;  
 And while thus languishing he lies  
 Sucking sweet nectar from her eyes.  
 The loving Shepherdess who found  
 The harvest of her love at hand  
 With trembling eyes, straight fell a crying  
 Die, die sweet heart, for I am dying.  
 The Shepherd then did straight reply  
 Behold sweet heart with thee I die.  
 Thus did those lovers spend their breath,  
 In such a sweet and deathless death,  
 That they to life reviv'd again,  
 Again to try death's pleasant pain.

---

### LINES TO QUEEN ANNE UPON NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1604.\*

MADAM,

Who knows your greatness cannot but with fear  
 Draw near your altar to make off'rings there,  
 But whoso knows your goodness may make bold,  
 And with a mite as with a mine of gold,

\* These lines appear in Watson's Collection, Part iii., p. 44.

As confidently sacrifice to you ;  
And this is it that must plead pardon now,  
Both for the poorness of my gifts and lines.  
Princes are gods ; gods laugh to see their shrines  
Adorned with any gift, but of that kind  
That Irus may as well as Croesus find.  
They know how worldlings personate their parts,  
And mask gold presents within leaden hearts.  
They know how gifts at Court are but a train,  
To steal from great ones twice as good again.  
Now I have no such end ; my poor oblation  
At this auspicious time of salutation,  
Had it a tongue, this only would it say,  
Heav'ns heap upon you many a New Year's Day.

---

## ON PRINCE HENRY'S DEATH TO PRINCE CHARLES.

ADMIR'D Phoenix springing up apace  
From the ashes of another Phoenix' bones,  
Which too too courteous yielded thee his place,  
Lest earth were burden'd with two birds at once  
Of that rare kind which love to live alone,  
Whose only offence is to be but one.

---

## PHILO AND SOPHIA.

## AN EPIGRAM.

PHILO lov'd Sophia, and she again  
Did pay him with her coy disdain,  
Yet when he died, he left her all he had,  
What do you think ? the man was mad.

---

## ROBERTI AYTONI POEMATA.

## AD JACOBUM VI.

BRITANNIARUM REGEM, ANGLIAM PETENTEM,  
ROBERTI AYTONI PANEGYRIS.

FATA per æthereos jam maturata recursus,  
Implêrant justum decreti temporis orbem ;  
Quo vatum firmanda fides, quorum entheus ardor,  
Auspiciis, Jacobe, tuis, et sospite ductu,  
Sæcla Caledoniæ desponderat aurea genti.

Ergo illi, ut soles lucerent purius auro ;  
Ergo illi, ut quercus sudarent roscida mella,  
Sponte suâ tellus gravidam demitteret alvum,  
Omnigenis fœcunda bonis, et pacis in umbra  
Lætius exurgens fronderet termes olivæ ;  
Ecce velâ primis teneri lallatibus oris,  
Ad jam septeni sinuata volumina lustrî,  
Imperiis famulata tuis sunt omnia cæli  
Numina : nec quisquam nostro fœlicius orbe  
Sceptra manu tenuit, repetas licet ordine longo  
Et quos Ferguso deductos Scotia jactat,  
Et quos famosis memorat vicinia fastis :  
Junge etiam externas alio sub sidere gentes,  
Quæ Rhenum Rhodanumq; bibût, quas alluit Ister,  
Quas Tagus exuviis pretiosæ ditat arenæ,  
Denique luciferis lustrat quascunque quadrigis  
Phœbus, et Eoâ surgens illustrior undâ,  
Et jam defessum tingens devexior axem :  
Non illæ laudare queant è stemmate Regum,  
Atque coronigeræ numerosa stirpe cohortis  
Unum aliquem, qui te meritis et sorte secundâ  
Æquiparet, tecumque ausit certare regendo.  
Sic votis fortuna tuis servire per omnes

Edidicit casus, postquam tibi purpura cessit,  
Et commissa tuis suprema potentia curis.  
Scilicet ut primum Genius te lucis in auras  
Edidit, occultæ virtutis signa dedisti,  
Quæ te per totum vitæ est comitata tenorem,  
Et cui se comitem socia compagine junxit  
Prodiga successu semper fortuna secundo.

Dilaniare tuos cives feralis Enyo  
Cœperat, et diros pallens miscere tumultus  
Tisiphone, socias acies cognataque signa  
Committens : jam bella placent, jam lusus in armis  
Quæritur, ut quam non valuerunt perdere Cimbri,  
Non Picti, non Saxo ferox, non belliger Anglus,  
Viribus ipsa suis iret gens Scotica pessum.  
Sed tua prosperitas inter cunabula victrix  
Emicuit, patriæque vicem miserata gementis  
Jam conclamatis potuit succurrere rebus :  
Auspiciis effecta tuis victoria velox,  
Quæque tuum cœptis prætendit factio nomen  
Hostibus edomitis victricia signa reduxit  
Ocyus, et subitâ cinxit sua tempora lauro  
Tantæ molis opus lactens infantia, mirum !  
Duxit ad optatum facili molimine finem.

Prisca quidem Herculeis elisos viribus angues,  
Fama refert, tener in cunis dum luderet infans,  
Roboris indicio spem confirmante futuri :  
Sed facinus quod tu pappanti crudior ævo  
Ausus es, exsuperat tanti miracula facti.  
Tu solo nutu, semoto robore dextræ,  
Monstrum horrendum, ingens, gemino crudelius angue  
Vicisti, cursu tam præcipitante, putasses  
Posse tuum cum velle pari procedere passu.

Qualiter Eois rutilus cum surgit ab undis  
Phœbus, et aurato fulget præsignis amictu,  
Illico disparent nubes, quas humida noctis  
Temperies patulis cœli suspenderat oris.  
Aut velut in magnâ cùm tempestate laborat  
Navita, nec quicquam prodest prudentia cani  
Rectoris contra rabiem coelique, marisque

Pinum impellentis quò dirigit ira procellæ,  
Ledæi geminus si favit fideris ardor,  
Continuò ponunt venti, mare sternitur, æther  
Ridet, et obductum clarat ferrugine frontem:  
Haud aliter virtute tuâ disparuit ista  
Seditiosa lues et tetri bellua belli:  
Nec contenta tuos fines liquisse, recessit  
In tam lōginquas procul hinc trans æquora terras,  
Ut nunquam revocare gradum te sceptrā tenente  
Ausa sit, imperiive tui turbare quietem.

Mox tibi maturis ut crevit robur ab annis,  
Tam facili crevit velox prudentia cursu,  
Ut populum indigenam placidis in pace teneres  
Imperiis, gentes alias ad fœdera regni  
Virtutis solo ductos splendore vocares.  
Hinc tibi Gallorum vinclo propiore ligata  
Candida corda tenes, et belli nobile fulmen  
Henricum socio jungis tibi fœderis ictu.

Hinc fastosus Iber, quem nulli parcere regno  
Regni sacra fames patitur, tibi gestit, et unum  
Nititur officiis alternis vincere Regem.

Quinetiam infestis discerpta Britannia bellis  
Flagrat amore tui, et Scotis debere fatetur  
Facta truci præsens quod non sit præda tyranno.

Jam vero antiquis gens nobilitata trophæis  
Cimbrica, virtutis tantæ miracula cernens  
Riphæos montes et Balthica littora famâ  
Transiliisse suâ, voluit te fœdere certo  
Devincire sibi, fraternum ut surgeret inde  
Nomen amicitiae nullo debile sæclo,  
Fœlix illa dies, niveoque notanda lapillo,  
Qua thalamis conjunx, qua sceptris addita consors  
Dana fuit, quæ si non esset filia Regis,  
Regia non esset conjunx, non Regia mater,  
Forma tamen dignam faceret, quæ regia corda  
Imperiis premeret, sceptrumque teneret amoris.

Una tibi, ex omne fieres ut parte beatus,  
Gloria restabat, Scotos ut jungeret Anglis  
Non simulata fides, rixasque oblita priores

Gratia divisas gentes solidaret in unam,  
Et Tamesin Forthæ socio vinciret amore :  
Hoc vatum responsa dabant sperare, sed olim  
Hoc tantum sperare dabant, cum bina sub uno  
Principe regna forent, et jus daret unus utrique.

Ergo unum hoc populus votis suspirat uterque,  
Ergo satis geminis faciant ut sidera votis,  
Ecce placet Superis Arctoo lumen Olympo,  
Atque Ariadneæ sidus laterale Coronæ  
Addere, regali quondam quæ sidus in aulâ  
Fulserat, Angligenis venerabile nomen Elizam.

O nimium dilecte Deo, cui sidera parent,  
Et conjuratæ veniunt ad vota coronæ,  
Adspice quam facili nutu tibi serviat æther,  
Dum tibi securo, punctis hominumque Deûmque  
Defertur, quod cæde alii, quod sanguine quærunt.  
Angla etenim, cum jam sciret cœlestia signa  
Adventu gestire suo, cum conscius Atlas  
Pondere venturo quateret nutantia membra,  
Distulit illa tamen, cupido si reddere cœlo,  
Dum tibi pacatos hæredi traderet Anglos.  
Sic proceres affata : Mihi jam fata supremum  
Indixere diem, nec fas convexa tueri  
Serius, en abeo gravis annis, atque trophæis,  
Non immaturo moriens aut præcoce fato :  
Nil vitæ me cura coquit, nil territat horror  
Mortis, et adveniens lassus sopor altus ocellis,  
Præteritæ tam grata animo virtutis imago  
Occursat, tam dulce mihi meminisse, tot annos  
Alitibus faustis populi diadema potentis  
Fœmineas decorasse comas, ut non nisi læta  
Elisias mediter sedes, ubi justa laborum  
Præmia, ubi merces non fraudat fortiter acta.  
Unum hoc sollicitam supremâ vellicat horâ,  
Qua vobis ratione queam regnique saluti  
Consulere, et tantis custodem adsciscere sceptris.  
Ergo animus sese partes dum versat in omnes,  
Et satagit laudare ducem, cui pareat ultrò,  
Quem colat, et cujus ductu ditata trophæis

Anglia captivas suspendat in arbore cristas,  
Herculeas juxta metas hostilis Iberi,  
Unum hoc occurrit : melius non posse caveri  
Rebus et imperii rationibus, Anglica quam si  
Sceptra manu teneat, qui Scotica torquet, eâdem.  
Si pietas, si cana fides, si candida morum  
Temperies, si virtutum collecta caterva,  
Si magnos semper volvens mens ardua motus,  
Lactea lingua fluens Hyblæo prodiga succo,  
Denique forma decens, et totos sparsa per artus  
Gratia membrorumque modus, blandita priorum  
Qualem semideis non fingunt carmina vatum,  
Imperium meruisse queant, hic solus ab isto  
Dignus erit solio vobis qui jura ministret.  
Sed nihil hæ valeant, et sint sine pondere dotes,  
At leges et jura volunt, et sanguinis ordo  
Poscit, ut Anglorum regali in sede locetur,  
Regibus Anglorum qui sacros imputat ortus.  
Ecquid erit validum vestram turbare quietem?  
Quæ regio in terris vestris non cesserit armis,  
Quum geminas jungat generosa Britannia vires?  
Anglica si quantis attollet gloria rebus;  
Cum Rosa pubescens foliis bicoloribus Anglo,  
Et quæ purpureo splendet Lancastria fuco,  
Quæque Eboracensis niveo velatur amictu,  
Fulva Caledonii distinguet colla Leonis?  
Ergo uni parete omnes, hic flectat habenas  
Imperii, nutuque suo suprema gubernet :  
Atque istud monuisse satis, me plura parantem  
Dicere Lethææ prohibet vicinia ripæ.  
His dictis dedit ore animam, cæloque locata  
Inter sidereas fulsit fax aurea tædas,  
Propitio spargens cælum fulgore Britannum.  
Nec mora, quos fidos vivens experta probârat,  
Invenit obsequiis plenos post funera cives.  
Ex omni procerum turba florente leguntur,  
Qui suprema tibi referant mandata puellæ  
Sceptrigeræ, qui te populo sine fine potenti,  
Atque tibi populum per mutua vincla maritent.

Quales lætitiæ festos ad sydera plausus  
 Congeminasse putes Scotæ gratantia gentis  
 Agmina, tam grati cunctis cum nuntia casus  
 Fama Caledonias tepefecit motibus auras ?  
 Non tantum in longos solvit se natio lusus  
 Non tantum paterâ noctes et carmine duxit  
 Mista senum et juvenum confuso turba tumultu ;  
 Nec satis accensis sævi flammantis acervis  
 Justa fuit gratæ testari gaudia mentis :  
 Quinetiam quæ stare solent exsensa, putasses  
 Fortunæ risisse tuæ genioque litasse.  
 Abjiciens tellus hybernæ tegmina panni  
 Versicolore tulit distinctam emblemata pallam :  
 Suspirans blandos Zephyrus de nare susurros  
 Aëra cinnamæis dissectum infecerat alis.  
 Ipse etiam Nereus, cujus stat gurgite vasto  
 Insula, pacatis adlambens littora lymphis,  
 Subridente leveis blandum dedit ore cachinnos.

Interea quo fata vocant, quo te tua virtus  
 Invitat, moliris iter, Scotisque relictis  
 Tendis ad affines Anglorum sedulus oras.  
 Illa dies quæ te certum discedere vidit  
 Accinctumque viæ, docuit quam charus abires  
 Dilectusque tuis : subito se gaudia motu  
 In luctus vertere graves, dum pondus amoris  
 Accendit vigilem trepidio sub pectore curam,  
 Ne perdat commune bonum, commune salutis  
 Præsidium, patriæ patrem populique parentem.

Eheu solliciti res est quam plena timoris  
 Magnus amor ! metuit semper qui diligit, et quod  
 Mente capit, cupit ante oculos ut semper oberret.  
 Ergo tui nequit avelli conspectibus oris  
 Scotia, te sequitur gressum quocunque moveres.  
 Ordo omnis, sequiturque omnis te sexus ætas,  
 Patriciæ, procerum turmæ, plebeiaque turba,  
 Longævi cum plebe senes, cum virgine matres  
 Adglomerant, comitesque tuis se passibus addunt :  
 Tu prohibes, et quemque jubes ad priva reverti,  
 Contentus tali studio ceu pignore amoris.



Turba sequax, quamvis sit letho durius omni  
 Extremum proferre vale, vultusque serenos  
 Principis, heu nunquam vultus fortasse videndos  
 Linquere, versa tamen retro vestigia flectit,  
 Dum studet exactum gessisse per omnia morem.  
 Et jam terga dabat, cum rursus flectere vultum  
 Sollicitavit amor, talesque effundere voces  
 Singultu medias interrompente querelas :

Tune potes, Rex magne, tuam sic linquere gentē ?  
 Sic tibi sordescit, regna ad vicina vocato,  
 Scotia, nulla tui super ut sit cura popelli ?  
 Quod si certa nimis sedet hæc sententia menti  
 Inceptum pertexere iter, fixumque tenendas  
 Regis et hæredis titulo stat cernere terras,  
 I fælix quo fata vocant, perge alite faustâ,  
 Dummodo prima tuis reducem te Cynthia sistat :  
 Sed si perpetuum regno meditaris in Anglo  
 Hospitium, et Scotæ jamdudum pœnitet oræ,  
 Da veniam, justi si vis extrema doloris  
 Imputet, in nostris primum quod sedibus æther  
 Haustus, et infirmis pulsus vagitibus aër,  
 Quod nondum primævus adhuc, imbellis, inermis  
 Defensus nostris clypeis, hostilia tela  
 Spreveris et regno fueris submotus avito.  
 Anglia quid ? verum præstat non dicere, nos te  
 Per Genium, patriam, per pignora chara rogamus,  
 Per si quid tibi dulce magis, ne desere gentem,  
 Quæ nunquā obsequio cecidit nec decidet unquā,  
 Rupta licet rerum solvantur fœdera, brutum  
 Inque chaos redeat luxati machina mundi.  
 Dictabat graviora dolor, sed jam ungula pernix  
 Quadrupedante tuas saltu subduxerat aures :  
 Tu pergis, populoque tuo post terga relicto,  
 Metiris tractus quos lati fluminis alveo  
 Tueda rigat, mox succedis lætantibus arvis,  
 Quæ vicina suis Northumbria continet ulnis.

At tunc quos habitus, quantæ miracula pompæ  
 Cernere erat ? cum tu magnâ stipante catervâ  
 Saxonidûm, fallax rumor quos sæpius ante

Luserat, adveniens omni dum crederis horâ,  
 Rura per et medias, solito conspectior, urbes  
 Spumanti vehereris equo : creberque feriret  
 Aures iste sonus, Vivat, multosque per annos  
 Temperet augusto junctas moderamine gentes,  
 Ordine qui Sextus, primus virtutibus audit.

Certe ego crediderim, simili lustrasse paratu  
 Nascentis quæ regna vident cunabula Phœbi  
 Thyrsigeri currus et patris ovariantia signa,  
 Cum grex hirsutus Satyrorum, atque ebria Mænas  
 Euion ingeminaret, Io clamaret Iacche.  
 Aut simili pompâ stipatam credere fas est  
 Solis avem, cum jam reparavit morte juventam,  
 Et rediviva suo struxit cunabula busto.  
 Hanc volucrum numerosa cohors, te millia vulgi  
 Mirantur, populus Dominum submissus adorat,  
 Et lassata quidem, sed non satiata videndo  
 Lumina deponunt in te juvenesque senesque :  
 Præcipuè juvenes, qui te ductore perennes  
 Mente agitant lauros, quorum mens nescia claudi  
 Finibus angustis quies insula clauditur, alis  
 Transvolat Oceani reboantia septa, tuumque  
 Imperium terris, famam metitur Olympo.  
 En (ajunt) olim auspiciis muliebribus usi  
 E Gaditanis lauros decerpimus arvis,  
 Saxonidumque rosas Hispano insevimus orbi,  
 Et quisquam nostris fines præscripserit armis,  
 Imperiove modum Sexto duce et auspice SEXTO ?

Quid loquar, ut queruli patres, et garrula mater,  
 Ut puer, ut virgo, te viso, gaudia vultu  
 Pinxerit, et festos clamores plausibus aptans,  
 Non ingrata tuas in laudes solverit ora ?  
 Non mihi ferrato streperet si pectore Phœbus,  
 Et centum gemino manarent verba palato ;  
 Gratantis turbæ varios habitusque modosque  
 Dinumerare queam : satis est voluisse notare  
 Lætitiæ monumenta suæ, tenuique Minervâ  
 Delibasse tibi quos consecravit honores  
 Jugitur, à primo calcati limite regni

Ad medium penetrare : caput qua tollit in auras  
 Urbs antiqua, potens armis, et splendida luxu,  
 Quæque alias tanto supereminet intervallo,  
 Quantum humiles superat pinus procera myricas,  
 LONDINUM indigenæ vocitant. Hic ultima pompæ  
 Pars fuit, hoc centro ceu consummatus obhæsit  
 Lætitiæ tractus : quid enim sors addere votis  
 Ulterius potuit? post pulvinaria divum  
 Tot precibus lassata venis, et numen amicum  
 Ut Tutelaræ sacrans pomœria Divus.

Ergo tibi hic summū quod restat solvitur, omnis  
 Unanimi populus regem te voce salutat,  
 Sceptra manu sistit, cingit diademate crinem,  
 Membra superfuso trabæ miratur in auro,  
 Se tibi submittit, sua devovet, in tua verba  
 Conceptis properat verbis jurare, tuisque  
 Mancipat imperiis summam vitæque necisque :

Felices, quæ sors melior dedit ista tueri  
 Comminus ! ac oculo propius lustrare fidei !  
 Hos justas animare fideis in cuncta monebat  
 Officii pietas totius conscia pompæ,  
 Ad nos tam longo tractu cælique solique  
 Distractos, famæ tenuis vix labitur aura.  
 Quid mirum si rauca strepat, si murmure balbo  
 Sibilet ægra chelys, si vix millesima rerum  
 Pars nervis aptata tuos enervet honores?  
 Culpa quidem ingenii permultum deterit, at nos  
 Non adeo agresti carmen tenuamus avenâ,  
 Ut tibi non olim patrio vernacula versu  
 Riserit, occultos dum suspiraret amores,  
 Et CHARIDOREO DIOPHANTUS ferveret æstu  
 Forsit et hæc, quamvis grandi fastosa boatu  
 Non fremat, at tenui tantum spiramine musset,  
 Oceani transvecta domos et cærulea regna,  
 Augustas grata novitate morabitur aures.

Interea, Rex, macte tuis virtutibus, istis  
 Versibus, et tanti parto diademate regni :  
 Crede mihi, quidquid mundi per furta Tonantis  
 Cepit Agenoreæ nomen de nomine natæ,

Attonitum stupet omne tui miracula fati.  
 Pluribus invaluit tam vasta potentia sceptris,  
 Quisque sibi ut timeat. Non tu de pulvere tressis  
 Rēgulus, aut vilis populi sine nomine princeps.  
 Quidquid ab Ausoniis est alter creditus orbis,  
 Hoc nutu tremit omne tuo, quæ sistere cursum  
 Romani imperii potuit, tibi Scotia servit :  
 Quæ toties Gallos, toties tremefecit Iberos,  
 Anglia, colla tuis ultrò submittit habenis.  
 Dignata jugum multos muliebre Decembres,  
 Deposita feritate tibi famulatur Ierne.  
 Orcades, et maculæ plures in fronte Britannæ  
 Doridos, extremæ spectantes littora Thules  
 Adscribi titulis tanti rectoris anhelant.

Quodque tibi ingentes animos et mascula corda  
 Excitet, et magnos justâ spe nutriet ausus,  
 Non ullos natura tuo præscribere fines  
 Ausa est imperio, nisi quos circumsona Nerei  
 Pertica spumanti metatur cuspidis ictu :  
 Omne monstrosæ sortis, quandoque futurum,  
 Quicquid ut Oceanus restuis complectitur ulnis,  
 Te colat, et toto distantes orbe Britanni  
 Subjiciant totum lege et legionibus orbem.

Nec minus aucta novo regni custode, superbum  
 Exere læta caput, contemptis Anglia telis  
 Invidiæ ; non jam rabies livoris iniqui  
 Objiciet muliebre jugum, dum jussa capessis  
 Herois Fergusiadæ, dum Martia corda,  
 Rege sub invicto patiens ratione domari.  
 Respicias Augustum ? tuus est fælicior. Optas  
 Trajanum ? tuus est melior. Juvat addere Titum ?  
 Et primas Jacobus habet, tam comis, ut unus  
 Deliciæ humani generis mereatur haberi.

Scotia testis erit, quæ sic amplexa regentem est,  
 Sic colit, insano nec adhuc non deperit æstu,  
 Ut nisi te sociam junxissent mille catenæ,  
 Proximitas cæli atque soli, par cultus ad aras,  
 Par sonitus linguæ, species non discolor oris,  
 Quæque animos mollire solent iterata vicissim

Fœdera regalis commissa per oscula lecti ;  
 Vix raptos impunè suos pateretur amores.  
 Sed tibi rivali tantum liveret honorem.

Nunc vero, læta atque libens hoc Sole fruisi  
 Te patitur, precibusque suis invitat, ut illi  
 Obsequiosa geras morem, cultusque rependas,  
 Quos monet officium tanto persolvere Regi.  
 Dilige ceu patrem, ut Dominum reverere, loquantur  
 Marmora muta, suos statuæ fateantur honores :  
 Ficta viri vivant auratis ora figuris :  
 Non incus vacet ulla, pio quæ pondere vultus  
 Regalis non pressa gemat, vix tota Corinthus  
 Sit satis, ut calidis fornacibus æra ministret,  
 Effigies ductura suas, quas omnis ubique  
 Angulus, extremo quantumvis devius Anglo  
 Non minus observet sacro veneramine, prisci  
 Quam Troes delapsa polo simulacra Minervæ.

Illa dies, illi qua rerum summa potestas,  
 Qua regni commissus apex, qua publica moles  
 Incubuit tantis primum inclinata lacertis :  
 Murice Gætulo fastis inscripta notetur :  
 Annuaque instauret festa solennia pompa.  
 Quæ decus et famam tam chari principis, atris  
 Unguibus eripiant Libitinæ, et sceptræ Stuartæ  
 Gentis ab hoc puncto transmittant perpetis ævi,  
 Ad natos natorum et qui nascentur ab illis.

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#### EPICEDIUM IN OBITUM THOMÆ RHÆDI.

SCILICET hoc fatum est validæ virtutis, et acris  
 Ingenii hæc genesis, dum Famæ extendere metas  
 Ultra busta parat, vitæ pomœria in arctum  
 Contrahit, accersit funus dum funeris expers  
 Emolitur opus, sitet umbra ut colligat auras.

Sic querimur te Rhæde rapi : dum totus anhelas  
 Mnemosynes clarum fastis inscribere nomen,  
 Et vel privatis juvat impallescere chartis,  
 Ut possis prodesse orbi, vel jussa capessis

Regia, et Ausonio donatur epistola cultu  
 Ad reges mittenda alios : sub pondere tanto  
 Ilia paulatim ducis : vis ignea mentis  
 Imperia in famulos tam dura exercuit artus,  
 Ut non sufficerent vires conatibus altæ  
 Indolis, et magnæ captantis præmia famæ.  
 Sed macie exsanguì pallentem lurida tabes  
 Occupat, et lentâ carpit præcordia flamma :  
 Consumptam sic sæpè facem conspeximus, omnem  
 Dum lucem impendens alienis usibus, altè  
 Liquitur, et proprias depascitur igne medullas.

Si qua tamen spes est victuri nominis ulli,  
 Si qua Novensilibus vis est concessa Deabus,  
 Cultores sacrare suos, Tua posthuma Rhæde  
 Innumerabilibus canescet gloria seclis.

Nempe tibi infanti, qua Scotia vergit ad Arctos,  
 Ipsa fuit Pallas nutrix, dedit ubera, cunas  
 Impulit, adduxit somnos modulamine cantus  
 Ausonii Grajique : dein cum prima tenellus  
 Tentamenta pedum faceres, per devia Pindi  
 Tesqua, per Aonios lucos et amœna vireta  
 Fortunatorum nemorum, quæ laurus inumbrat,  
 Ipse tibi rexit Phæbus vestigia, toto  
 Pieridum plaudente choro : tunc firmior annis  
 Fælici auspicio Sophiæ per cuncta vagaris  
 Naturæ secreta, vides quæcunque profundis  
 Democritus putei finxit demersa latebris :  
 Mente etiam petis alta poli, velumque reducente  
 Uranie, humanis impervia visibus audes  
 Rimari, et toto latè discurrere cælo.

Subsidiis fretum tantis, talique saburrâ  
 Libratum juvat à patrio secedere fumo,  
 Externasque videre plagas. Sic matre relicta  
 Deserit angusti genitiva cubilia nidi  
 Alarum tyrocinium factura volucris :  
 Sic tractus alio quærit sub sole jacentes  
 Mercator, patriæ fructus et munera terræ  
 Permutaturus peregrini mercibus orbis.

Gallia visa tibi primùm, sed Gallia tantum

Visa tibi per transennam (ceu flumina Nili  
Delibat canis) attraxit Germania philtro  
Et precis et pretii, geminâque hac arte morandi  
Consilium extorsit. Geminas sic inter amicas  
Eligitur, non quæ roseo formosior ore est,  
Sed quæ pervigili studio magis instat, et urget  
Fortius affectum, Paphiæque incendia flammæ.

Palladis in castris multâ hic cum laude merentem,  
Et victa de Barbarie sciolisque sophistis  
Ducentem insignes fama victrice triumphos  
Lipsia detinuit longum. Quis credidit illic  
Se ritè admissum in Phœbi sacraria, Rhædo  
Non pandente fores? Quis per dumeta Lycæi  
Ausus ita tentare, nisi duce et auspice Rhædo?

Nec tibi fama minor quâ Balthica littora spectat  
Rostochium, paucis istic tibi plurimus annis  
Crevit honos, nullo non admirante profundæ  
Doctrinæ aggestos tot in uno pectore acervos,  
Fælicemque viam fandi, quocunque liberet  
Ore loqui, quocunque habitu producere partus  
Mentis, et examines scriptis animare papyros.

Æqua tamen tantæ virtuti præmia nondum  
Contigerant, non scena satis contermina luci.  
Hanc tibi debebat florentibus inclyta rebus  
Anglia, florenti fueras flos debitus aulæ,  
Et decuit tali talem clarere theatro.

Namque Minervæi quamvis nutritus in umbrâ,  
Non tamen in curis fueras civilibus hospes,  
Sed te dexteritas genii versatilis aptum  
Finxerat ex æquo studiis, aulæve, scholæve.  
Unde capessenti graviorum pondera rerum,  
Tradenti et Latiis mandata Augusta tabellis,  
Incorrupta fides, solers industria, coctum  
Judicium, et priscæ certans facundia Romæ  
Hic magnum peperere decus, quodque omnia vincit  
Elogia, hic magno Regi potuisse placere  
Contigit, et talem meritis adiscere testem,  
Quo nihil in terris sapientius adspicit æther.  
Ille tuum eloquium tanto est dignatus honore,

Ut tibi, non alii, propriæ monumenta lucernæ  
Crediderit vertenda illo sermone, per orbem  
Quo peregrinari possent, et Regibus esse  
Pro speculo, non qua sceptris stat meta Britannis,  
Sed quacunque patent Latiae commercia linguæ.

Jamque hic ad summum voti venisse cacumen  
Rhæde videbaris, nihil amplius addere laudi  
Fama tuæ poterat, nihil illi aut livor avarus  
Detrahere, aut Nemesis rebus non æqua secundis :  
Verum ô perfidium fati ! quod demere laudi  
Haud potuit, luci et vitalibus abstulit auris.  
Et tu Rhæde jaces opera inter manca, minasque  
Scriptorum ingentes, queis si suprema fuisset  
Cum limâ porrecta manus, non ulla fuisset  
Calliopes toto Sophiæve illustrior albo,  
Quam quæ Rhædeum præferret pagina nomen.

Nunc ceu rapta tuis superant tantummodo bustis  
Paucula furtivas schediasmata fusa per horas.  
Qualiacumque tamen sunt hæc, hæc ipsa revincent  
Esse Caledoniis etiamnum lumen alumnis,  
Et Genium, quo vel Scoti Subtilis acumen,  
Vel poterunt dulces Buchanani æquare Camœnas.

Jamque vale, mi Rhæde, (mei ah pars maxima quondam,  
Nunc cæli pars magna) tuo mihi funere tantum  
Cordolium infixit fati importuna tyrannis,  
Cogat ut inceptas lachrymis abrumpere laudes.

Heu quoties dixi, descendam lætus ad umbras  
Elysias, moriarque libens, modo carmina nostro  
Inscribat tumulo Rhædus, nunc ordine verso  
Naturæ votique mei, (proh fata) sub umbras  
Is prior, et nobis demandas pensa supremi  
Officii, quæ dum multis firmatis ab annis  
Nodus amicitiae satagit persolvere, charis  
Manibus obstrepimus, non justaque justa ferentes  
Indoctâ heu doctam pietate lacessimus umbram.

Tu tamen affectu placido libamina nostri  
Affectus capias, poterit meruisse videri,  
Qui propriæ famæ impensis tua nomina famæ  
Tradere, et ad seros voluit transferre nepotes.



## BASIA SIVE STRENA AD JACOBUM HAYUM,

## EQUITEM ILLUSTRISSIMUM.

ECCE per obliqui duodena habitacula circi  
 Luciferis qui fertur equis, reducique rotatu  
 Inducit senium mundo Phœbeius axis,  
 Jam subit hospitium Jani, qui clave recludens  
 Sæcula, principium tribuit nascentibus annis.

Instauranda pio veniunt solennia ritu,  
 Muneribusque datis anni bona scæva futuri  
 Captanda est : etenim cedit fœlicius annus,  
 Si primum fausta transmittas alite solem.  
 Mene igitur festas deceat tempssisse Calendas,  
 Cum passim genus omne virum delubra Patulci  
 Ingreditur, supplexque pias operator ad aras?  
 Mene igitur (prælustris Eques) tua tecta subire  
 Immunem et vacuum xenio ; cum plurima passim  
 Strena datur, Charitesq; terunt vaga limina, densis  
 Stipantes calathis venturi pignora lucri?  
 Dii melius, tu jure tuo vel dona neganti  
 Extorquere potes ; nam blandi gratia vultus,  
 Accessus facilis, conditæ melle loquelæ,  
 Insignisque ardor bene de virtute merendi,  
 Me tibi devotum desponsavere clientem.

Nec mirum si forte meos prædatus amores,  
 Hæc spolia è nostro non grandia corde tulisti :  
 Tu potis es Regum tacitas adlambere fibras,  
 Virtutis magnete tuæ, philtroque potenti  
 Indolis ingenuæ augustos inflectere sensus.  
 Tu rectæ invidiam menti plerumque novercam  
 Conciliare vales : tu numina fædere raro  
 Juncta simul socias, cogis committere dextras  
 Virtutem et meritum : sub quorum sospite ductu  
 Aulai tumidum spumosis fluctibus æquor  
 Fortiter invectus, non ut pars maxima, in ipso  
 Ludibrium portu ventis undæque dedisti :  
 Verum evitatis brevibus, scopulisque vadisque

Omnibus, in quæ vela solent impingere passim  
Aulica, spes omnes tuta statione locasti :  
Unde alios, jam securus, post reddita vota  
Neptuno, partim fluitantes cernis in alto  
Spemque metumque inter, partim inclementibus auris  
Disjectos ; sic ut nec rasi vertice crines,  
Nec digitis ungues præsecti flectere divos  
Evaleant, luges vicina ab littoris acta.

Quando igitur sic cuncta tuo famulantur honori,  
Quando igitur sic cuncta tuos venantur amores ;  
Relligio mihi sit non ebservare perenni  
Obsequio Geniumque tuum, dotesque stupendas,  
Quarum ope regalis, jubar exorabile, vultus  
Perpetuo usurpas, terras cum lampade Phœbus  
Illustrat, lateri comes indivisus adhærens,  
Et cum nox piceis mundum complectitur alis,  
Contiguus recubans stratis, sanctoque cubili.

Præsertim cum prima dies revolvibilis anni  
Cultibus officiisque vacat, cum munere signet  
Obsequium quicumque tuis succedere tectis  
Molitur ; peream potius de millibus unus,  
Millibus è multis quam solus asymbolus adsim.  
Sed quid agam heu demens ? aut quo te munere mactem  
Infælix ? mittamne Tagus quas volvit arenas ?  
Aut ab Erythræo collectas littore conchas ?  
Vasave queis pretium fecit jactura Corinthi ?  
Non equidem tali vel censu nostra supellex  
Luxuriat ; nec si flueret jam divite gaza,  
Hæc animo sunt apta tuo. Quam vilia semper  
Duxeris aurivoro quæ plebs affectat hiatu,  
Scit Tamesis quacunque fluit ; scit Sequana ; novit  
Ipse Tagus ; flavaque fluit pallentior unda,  
Despectas dum sentit opes, quas devehit alveo.  
Ergo alio juvat ire, tuo quo strena paretur  
Par animo ; sortisque meæ non indecor : et jam  
Occurrit satis esse mihi, si more clientum  
Non ullo gravis ære tuo me limine sistam ;  
Et tantum teneræ delibam basia dextræ.

Dic verum, num ingrata jacent, num vilia sordent

Quæ tibi strigosi tenuis dat trama peculi?  
Non credo: est nostris etiam sua gratia donis,  
Et proprium quoque pondus habent, quo freta ruborem  
Deponant. sperentque sinus implere faventes.

Non ego plebei condita liquoribus oris  
Basia promitto, non cuilibet obvia linguæ;  
Sed non invitæ forsân surrepta Minervæ;  
Sed non invitis forsân Charitumque Dianæque,  
Atque Novensilium labris decerpta Sororum.  
Quæ magis ut constet quam sint pretiosa, parumper  
Si vacat, Aonios mecum spatia per hortos;  
Et quo sint censenda loco mea basia, disces  
Ex ipso, cujus sunt hæc oracula, Phœbo.

Fama est intonso dilecti basia Branchi  
Tam placuisse Deo, caput ut puerile corona  
Ornarit, virgaque manum decoraverit aurea:  
Nec satis esse ratus decorasse insignibus artis,  
Quæ populo responsa daret præsaga futuri,  
Creditur et puero sacras statuuisse columnas,  
Creditur et puero certamina sacra dicasse,  
In quibus, ex omni cirrata gente vocaret  
Victorem præco, qui sublabrare valeret  
Doctius; et tenera melius dare basia lingua.

O lepidum ingenium sacri certaminis, et quod  
Spectassem potius, quam vel quos Elis agones  
Alpei exhibuit vitreas propè fluminis undas;  
Vel quæ Romanus dederat spectacula Prætor;  
Et nisi decipior, quod tu lascive Poeta  
Cui non mille satis, non altera mille fuerunt  
Basia, non toties rursus superaddita mille,  
Non modo spectasses oculo saliente, relictis  
Et circo et scena; sed si licuisset inire  
Certamen, toto fieri te corpore linguam  
Optasses, olim ut Nasum tuus ille Fabullus.

Nec tantum Phœbo placuerunt basia, si quid  
Credimus antiquis, totum cælestis Olympi  
Consilium tali veneramine delinitum  
Ilico mitescit. Nam cum Gentilia passim  
Dogmata suspensos sacro terrore tenerent

Mortales, si quis superûm fortasse catervæ  
 Extorquere aliquid voluit; non mascula thura  
 Accendit, non farre pio salienteque mica,  
 Aut extis fecit potius, quam basia fixit  
 Postibus; et calidæ redimitis cornibus aræ.

Adde quod hoc etiam sæclo pars maxima mundi  
 Sic Divos veneratur; amant namque ire per omnes  
 Sanctorum exuvias, et hianti gutturi haustu  
 Lambere prostantem cineres quæ continet urnam,  
 Qui cœtus Tiberine tuos, et sacra frequentant  
 Romulidum, varias terræ jam sparsa per oras.

Jam vero humano generi tam grata feruntur  
 Basia, deliciis istis ut cassa subinde  
 Languet, et cœtus imitetur vita ferarum.  
 Verte oculos quocunq; lubet, seu te ista morantur  
 Tempora, seu sæcli repetes exempla prioris,  
 Invenies celebrem celebrati muneris usum.

Ille Parens Sophiæ, cujus nascentis in ore  
 Hyblæas perhibent sedem posuisse volucres,  
 Dum cœtum instrueret civilem legibus æquis,  
 Cavit, ut adversos qui se gessisset in hostes  
 Fortiter, invictoque tulisset pectore Martem,  
 Nil aliud tantæ pretium virtutis haberet,  
 Quam bene dilectæ paucissima basia formæ.

Romanos inter veteres, gentemque togatam,  
 Non fora, non circus, non limina priva potentum,  
 Non quæ prætextos capiebat Curia Patres,  
 Tempserat illecebras doctæ dare basia linguæ;  
 Turba salutantum tumidi quæ limina Regis  
 Observare togâ pluviam stillante solebat.  
 Non alium magno cultum præstabat amico:  
 Cretata ambitio fascēs, sellamque curulem  
 Dum peteret, per vana levis suffragia vulgi,  
 Non aliter tanti redimebat culmen honoris,  
 Quam totas prensando tribus, quam basia dando:  
 Quin etiam quocunque loco, quocunque recessu,  
 Sive palam in triviis, seu clam sub tegmine tigni,  
 Moris erat notos sic exceptare sodales:  
 Usque adeo, ut quondam per tam promiscua passim

Basia, se totam turpis mentagra per urbem  
Sparselit, et vili fœdarit furfure vultus.  
Induperatores ipsi (si credere fas est)  
Reddere sic soliti sic acceptare salutem :  
Testis erit magno diductum nomen Iūlo,  
Julius, ingratam qui tinxit sanguine Romam :  
Cæsus ab his, queis colla, manus, queis crura pedesque  
Obtulit, expectans soliti veneramina basī.  
Par etiam (si parva licet componere magnis)  
Par etiam casus te nobis abstulit, alma  
Alma Dei soboles, magnum Patris incrementum,  
Qui falso obtentu amplexum simulantis Iūdæ  
Traditus hostili turbæ, crudelibus umbris  
Occumbis clavisque cruci suffixus adhæres.  
Infidum et crudele genus, mansueta sed atrox  
Bellua, quæ falso cultu sic prodīs amicos,  
Dispeream nisi te justis mea pagina diris  
Hic peteret, patrioque volens dēmitteret Orco ;  
Basia si justo sinerent servire dolori.  
Verum apage hinc quo tu meruisti, accedite rursus  
Basia, plena mei vestro sint nectare versus.  
Vos sapitis cuneos redolet quod fusa per omnes  
Corycii pressura croci, quod veris honore  
Dives humus, molli quod sparsa opobalsama collo,  
Divitibusque comis lapsæ inter vina coronæ.  
Sed nihi nescio quis secretam gannit in aurem,  
Et Beguinarum moroso more susurrat,  
Basia turpe nefas, labris non digna pudicis,  
Incauto damnosa homini, male grata Tonanti,  
Ducere lethalis secum contagia culpæ ;  
Atque animæ æternam peccati adspergere labem.  
Vana superstitio, pietas præpostera, quæ sic  
Deludis trepidas falsa formidine mentes,  
Quære alium cui tu fugitivæ gaudia vitæ  
Legitima eripias ; cæcoque horrore fatiges :  
Non ego victuris studeo committere chartis  
Basia de lustris et olentis fæce suburræ  
Lecta, columbantis poppismata lubrica linguæ ;  
Tota sui quinto quæ tinxit nectaris haustu

Diva potens Cypri ; sed quæ sine crimine nato  
 Det genitor, mater natæ, nova nupta marito :  
 Qualia Christiadum primævi ab origine cœtus  
 Dividere inter se soliti, cum cinctus ad aras  
 Staret, et offerret cœlo pia vota Sacerdos :  
 Qualia, mortales olim qui morte redemit,  
 Infantem amplexus balbo superaddidit ori :  
 Qualia constringunt certo sponsalia vincolo,  
 Et prohibent spe conjugii data munera reddi,  
 Qualia dat prolytæ doctor, dum præmia confert  
 Detriti masuri, et vigilatæ in Codice noctis :  
 His ego si coner justas addicere laudes,  
 Esse queat fraudi, sunt omnia criminis umbra  
 Tam procul, ac sacris fidei vicina sigillis.

Scilicet ut primâ spectabis basia fronte,  
 Res nihili naucique putes, et nomina vana ,  
 Sed simul in tacitas vires descenderis acri  
 Judicio, effectusque quibus sunt fœta notaris,  
 Egregium invenies vili sub cortice fructum :  
 Ut roseum Phœbi fusca sub nube nitorem.  
 Nonne hoc amplexu linguarum alterna meantum  
 Ora per et fauces, nodo constricta tenaci  
 Fœdera pangit amor ; legemque hanc dicit amor,  
 Ut quoties geminas libuit committere linguas,  
 Oscula transfundant animas per aperta sequaces,  
 Et pariter curent ut amati in corpore totus  
 Vivat amans, arque hic versa vice vivat in illo ?

Desine mirari, quisquis legis horrida tabo  
 Corpora, et infames lepræ livoribus artus  
 Indeptos priscum per basia sola vigorem :  
 Nec magis obstupeas, quisquis monumenta revolvens  
 Hebraidum, legis æthereas ad luminis oras  
 Sedibus a Stygiis revocatam corporis umbram,  
 Admotis tantum labris ad mortua labra.  
 Mystica vis teretis comitatur verbera linguæ ;  
 Non minus infundens animas, quam inspirat amores,  
 Æternæque jugum fidei, et pia fœdera pacis.

O fœlix nimium fœlix, cui fata dederunt,  
 Pallenti livore procul rivalis avari,

Securos agitare dies, ac ore ab amato  
 Fercula prædari (dictum sit pace Deorum)  
 Non minus æternæ convivis prodiga vitæ;  
 Quam quæ cælestes onerant convivia mensas.  
 Sed quorsum tam multa (Equitum flos auree) quorsum  
 Tam plebeia tibi, qui tantum grandia curas?  
 Sit modus adveniet tempus, modo cæpta secundet  
 Æquus amor, cum tu Dominæ de fronte legendo  
 Lilia, vellendo è labris violasque rosasque,  
 Experire meæ quam sint veracia Musæ  
 Dogmata, cum dices, (nisi me mens credula fallit)  
 Dispeream meus ille olim nisi vera canebat  
 Aytonus; justas habeant sua basia laudes.  
 Interea dextræ ista tuæ ceu supplicis arrham  
 Obsequii Aytonum primis fixisse Calendis  
 Sit satis, et totum vitæ cum sanguine fundum  
 Addixisse tibi parvæ sub imagine glebæ.  
 Et quandoque tibi croceo velatus amictu  
 Arridebit Hymen, cum pronuba Juno favebit,  
 Non sine honore tuas patiar sordescere tædas;  
 Sed liber, laxisque ruens in carmen habenis,  
 Arcessam summo Phœbum de vertice Pindi;  
 Inque tuas laudes, et charæ encomia nuptæ,  
 Expromam totas Permessi prodigus undas.

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**LESSUS IN FUNERE RAPHAELIS THOREI MEDICI  
 ET POETÆ PRÆSTANTISSIMI, LONDINI  
 PESTE EXTINGUITI.**

**TENE** Thori obscuris clarum caput abdidit umbris  
 Pestiferi vis sæva mali? non absque querelæ  
 Et tanto invidæ cumulo sævire profanam  
 In plebem, et solo magnos abdomine Patres  
 Cæca lues poterat? Cur tu pars maxima cladis?  
 Cur de te tantum licuit? te mixime vatum  
 Te medici Coriphæe gregis? Certe illa nocentem  
 Plus fecit se morte tuâ quam mille potentum  
 Funeribus, quam si totam grassante veneni

Profluvio ignavis vacuasset civibus urbem.  
 Amusæ levis est turbæ jactura, resurgit  
 Absque labore filix, loliumque renascitur agris  
 Semine non jacto ; sed si Narcissus ab imâ  
 Evulsus radice fuit, si frigore adusta  
 Vel rosa, vel violæ, vel mollis amaracus, ægre  
 Nec nisi post multum veniunt exculta laborem.

Quæ nobis nunc gleba dabit, quæ cura secundum  
 Substituēt Thorium ? potis est natura beare  
 Ingenio, Genium ingenio superaddere curtas  
 Naturæ transcendit opes, Heroica virtus  
 Raro habet hæredem, doctos dat quælibet ætas,  
 Non quævis Thorios, concurrant sydera oportet  
 Omnia, conjunctis pariant ut viribus unum  
 Vel Medicum insignem, vel plenum Numine vatem.  
 At Thorius fuerat tam fœlix, unus utrâque  
 Ut pariter foret arte potens, promittere vitam.  
 Pæonia, Aonia poterat promittere famam.

Rarus honos paucisque datus producere vitæ  
 Fila vel invitis (si fas est dicere) Parcis :  
 Et mage rarus honos, Parcæ exammare secantem  
 Cum medicina nequit, pereuntis stamina vitæ  
 Supplere æterno famæ subtemine, et istam  
 Quæ pars est melior, vivendi et causa, perennem  
 Transferre in telam, quam nec livoris iniqui  
 Stigmata, nec possunt senii corrodere dentes.

Hoc aliis, hoc ipse sibi præstare valebat  
 Versipotens Thorius : quod erat mortale sub umbras  
 Ante diem si permisit descendere, fati  
 Crimen erat, non artis iners vel culpa, vel error  
 Artificis, quem Naturæ non ulla latebant  
 Arcana ; herbarum cunctas cum nomine vires  
 Noverat, omnigenum rixas et fœdera rerum,  
 Quicquid et ad Medicos Chymicus calor excedit usus :  
 Quin etiam ætheriis quicquid descripta manipulis  
 Lumina mortales influxu operantur in artus.

Vos animæ, vos ô animæ, quas ille minaci  
 Eripuit monstro cum grassaretur Erynnis,  
 Spargeret et totam virus ferale per urbem,



Vos testor, meministis enim et memorare potestis,  
Quam bene de vobis meruit, quam fortiter ægris  
Adfuit, et quoties Libitinam elusit hiantem.

Non Cous plus ipse senex devinxit Athena  
Afflictas contage gravi, et lethalibus auris,  
Unde gravem tulit ex auro radiante coronam,  
Quam Thorius Luddi dictos de nomine cives :  
Et cunctatur adhuc tanto defuncta periclo  
Reddere protractæ statuam pro numere vitæ  
Plumbea gens? certè talem si prisca tulissent  
Sæcla virum, non effigies, satis una fuisset,  
Non umbris satis ullus honos, mortalibus addi  
Consuetus, certe Thorius superaddita bustis  
Templa et fumantes habuisset odoribus aras.

Sed sæcli vitio nec sint sua præmia vivis  
Nec morte ereptis, jaceat sine vindice virtus :  
Non ingrata tamen penitus nostra audiet ætas  
Chare Thori, non hæc omnes infamia tanget :  
Nos tibi, queis tecum communia sacra fuerunt,  
Symmystæ Aonii, tibi nos æterna laborum  
Præmia, mansuras et consecrabimus aras,  
Non structas mortali opera, sed Numinis arte,  
Quo plenum tibi pectus erat, dum ingente cothurno  
Aut Magnum infami trajectum pectora ferro,  
Ereptum aut nobis crudeli funere Daphnin,  
Aut caneres læti ludens miracula fumi.

Ipse ego de tanto minimus grege carmen ad aras  
Appendam, leget appensum sic forte viator :  
Nil opus est hospes bijuges exquirere clivos,  
Ut Phœbi afflatum captes per somnia ; Divus  
Hic colitur Thorius, totum qui pectore toto  
Et Phœbum et Phœbi natum congesserat, istas  
Tantum aras ornare velis violisque rosisque,  
Et Maneis placare pios : his functus abibis  
Et medicus fælix, et anhelus Apolline vates

## CARINA CARO.

HÆC Caro Carina suo mandata salutem  
 Mittere quam possit, non habet ipsa sibi :  
 Nec scribit mandata, acri custodia cura  
 Excubat, et calamo verba notata vetat.  
 Quæ custos prohibere nequit, suspiria, planctus,  
 Et lachrymæ, his curas exonerare juvat.  
 Quis scit an hæc Tamesis querulæ qua suspicit ædes  
 Audiet, et pronis dum petit æquor acquis,  
 Deferat ad turrin? Tu quanvis carcere clausus  
 Aure reor patula murmura nota bibes.  
 Sed vereor ne non agnoscas ; scilicet ad te  
 A nobis isthæc prima querela venit.  
 Hactenus exortes curarum viximus una,  
 Vitaque lætitiæ nil nisi scena fuit,  
 Nunc qualis tragicum solet infamare theatrum,  
 Gaudia præcipiti turbine versa ruunt.  
 Fortunæ tam fluxa fides ; tu raptus ab aulæ  
 Luce, tenebrosi carceris antra subis,  
 Ipsa ferens utero, custodi tradita, culpæ  
 Conscia, consiliis sola relictæ meis  
 Mille modis pereor. Jam jam Lucina minatur,  
 Tormina mox iudex asperiora parat.  
 Functa puerperii fuero si forte periclo,  
 Carnificis vix est effugienda manus.  
 Fac etiam effugiam, poterone avertere labem,  
 Quæ famæ et genti vivet iniusta meæ?  
 O possem vel morte ; mihi quodcunque minatur  
 Exitio Nemesis non satianda meo ;  
 Despicerem penitus, lucrique in parte locarem,  
 Mors tua morte meâ si redimenda foret :  
 Nec sola Alcestis fuerit cantata poetis,  
 Quod potuit chari fata subire viri ;  
 Sed mala quæ miseros nunquam præsentia fallunt,  
 Nescio quæ de te dira timere jubent.  
 Vide ego cum multa stipata satellite cymba  
 Ad turrin spoliis iret onusta meis.

Et nimis, heu ! memini cymbam, quæ forte tegebat  
Stragula, sanguineo tincta colore fuit.  
Pulla sequebatur comitum per inane volantum  
Turba, cadaveribus qualis adesse solet.  
Dum crocitat, dum raucisono secat aëra planctu,  
Remigibus visum est triste celeusma dari.  
Adde quod in somnis hæc omnia firmat imago,  
Quæ capite orbatum te mihi sæpe refert.  
Vana precor fuerint, et Thusca scientia fallax,  
Nec sit in omnibus auguriisve fides :  
Tu nihilo secius nostris divelleris ulnis,  
Cogeris et letho deteriora pati.  
Scilicet est gravius letho, Pæana canente  
Invidia, instabiles sortis obire vices.  
Utque semel dicam, famosis sontibus addi  
Crimina, quos justo carcere nota tenent,  
Dedecus est omni letho crudelius, et quod  
Vix unquam è fastis deleat ulla dies.  
Tene per augustam solitum dominarier aulam,  
Dividere et famulis atria tota tuis,  
Nunc crypta squalente premi ! nec sole nec aura  
Nunc nisi per rimas semimicante frui !  
Ah durus quicumque premit te finibus arctis,  
Qui neget hospitio libera tecta tuo.  
Sæviat immitis rapido moderamine custos  
In quos est pietas quam minime esse pium.  
Tu neque regalem voluisti excindere stirpem,  
Nec dare sulphureo sceptræ cremanda rogo.  
Objicitur fidei violatæ crimen amico,  
Et cæde insontis fax hymeneia calens.  
Nescio quam verax fuerit qui detulit index,  
Nescio qua peraget te ratione reum.  
Hoc scio quod perperi scelus obstricante Locusta,  
Illa dedit faciles ad mea vota vias.  
Jussit ut argento condirem crustula vivo,  
Arsenicum docuit dissimulare sale.  
Omnia perfeci miseræ dictata magistræ,  
Ivit et invisum Ditis ad antra caput.

Quid facerem, nostro remoras nectebat amor  
 Ausus et immeritam lædere mille modis.  
 Si dedit ultrices atrox injuria pœnas,  
 Non mea sed justi culpa doloris erit.  
 Toxica si data sunt, excuset fœmina factum,  
 Toxica pro tellis sexus inermis habet.  
 Denique quicquid erat, magni fuit error amoris,  
 Et facile absolvit crimine quisquis amat.  
 Dant veniam cæco populorum jura furori,  
 Heu nimis est species nota furoris amor.  
 Sed nihil excuso, crimen non deprecor, immo  
 Nec pœnam, fas sit morte piare scelus.  
 Fas mihi sit quæcunque parat tibi vulnera livor,  
 (Qui sequitur claros corpus ut umbra viros)  
 Invidia remove me, te sospite possem  
 Nec cultum ut decuit propitiare Jovem.  
 Sic mihi sive dabit finem Lucina malorum,  
 Seu mage quod timeo, judicis urna, fero.  
 Læta tamen furvas descendam victima ad umbras  
 Et Caro emoriar fida Carina viro.

---

DE PRODITIONE PULVEREA, QUÆ INCIDIT IN  
 DIEM MARTIS.

HEU Marti sacrata dies, quam pene fuisti  
 Sacra Jovi inferno et cæcis devota tenebris!  
 Sanguineo torrente suis te inscribere fastis  
 Cerberus et Stygiæ properabat cura catervæ,  
 Sed Superi vetuere nefas. Tu primus Apollo  
 Infandas scelerum fraudes, deposta latebris  
 Sulphura, et ardenti glomeranda incendia ligno  
 Sensisti, et roseos potius tenebrescere vultus  
 Passus es insoliti marcentes tabe laboris,  
 Quam si magna suo viduata Britannia Phœbo  
 In tenebras totum traxisset funditus orbem.  
 Nec tibi cura minor nocturna Diana Dianæ  
 Saxonidis fuerat, te cæca silentia noctis,

Quæ sceleri indictam præcessit proxima lucem,  
Destituisse ferunt flamma ductrice, et opaci  
Pensa ministerii facibus mandasse cruentis,  
Quæ totum per inane vagæ flammante ruboris  
Prodigio eriperent Arctoam protenus Annam  
Cæde, cruore, rogis. Sed quo portenta Deorum  
Consiliis inscripta polo, si cæca futuri  
Mens hominum nescit superos audire vocantes,  
Si visis tam parca fides? Scelerata nocentum  
Perfidia admissas fraudi laxabat habenas,  
Et coeptum peragebat opus, cum Martis ab alto  
Cura vigil propius, terras despexit inerteis,  
Henricique memor, cujus victricibus armis  
Deberi Imperium mundi fatale sciebat,  
Non tulit ulterius, sed dedignatus amores  
Deliciasque suas in aperta pericula ferri,  
Luce sibi sacra roseis ubi vecta quadrigis  
Venit agens Aurora diem, molimina cuncta  
Criminis infandi dedit innotescere mundo.  
I nunc et superos infami fraude lacesse  
Cerbere, et his meritis inde sperare salutem.

---

#### GRATIARUM ACTIO, CUM IN PRIVATUM CUBICULUM ADMITTERETUR.

Post malè civili servatum more pudorem,  
Legitimosque dies et tempora lapsa loquendi  
Sera quidem penito sed prompta è pectoris antro  
Gratia Regalem gestit pensare favorem.

Mirum equidem infami quisquam sua labra reatu  
Damnet, et æterno traducat crimine nomen  
Heu nimis ingrati. Decimum jam Phœbus ab undis  
Advexit temone diem, totiesque sub undas  
Demersit roseo flexos temone jugaleis,  
Ex quo voce tua Rex augustissime Regum  
Copia facta mihi primum calcare cubile,  
Obtutus captare sacros, bibere aure loquelas,  
Doctaque flexanimæ gustare oracula linguæ,

Et tamen haud ullo grati se pectoris ardor  
 Prodidit indicio, non officiosa rependit  
 Pro tantis vel verba bonis : tantum abfuit eheu,  
 Ut quo par fuerat gestu, quo more decebat  
 Adrepens genibus sacris vestigia vultu  
 Verreret et tactæ libaret basia dextræ.  
 Siccine semper erit ? sic me sic semper habebit  
 Torpor, et exsensi tabes ignava veterni ?  
 Sic semper teneræ pudibunda modestia frontis  
 Legibus officii linguam parere vetabit ?  
 Absit, ab expertis damnum torporis Amyclis  
 Non colere obnixè nocturna silentia discat  
 Muta Charis, pietas linguæ jam vincula solvat,  
 Ne si fortè sacro grates quas debet honori  
 Subtrahat, exurgat culpæ Lex Julia vindex,  
 Principis et læsa de majestate queratur.

Ergo tibi quod me famulum tam prona voluntas  
 Ascivit, musasque meas erroribus actas  
 Innumeris tandem optato requiescere portu  
 Jusserit Augustæ blanda indulgentia curæ,  
 En tibi quas animo grateis, quæ vota repono.

Di te majorem faciant ter maxime Princeps,  
 Nam melior non esse potes, respondeat aura  
 Fortunæ meritisque tuis votisque tuorum,  
 Ut tu respondes precibus, votisque tuorum,  
 Justitiæ pacisque pater, tibi serviat orbis  
 Non aliter quàm tu Superis : nisi serus Olympum  
 Non adeas, et cum repetent te sæcula cæli  
 Templâ fatiscentem sub pondere honoris et ævi,  
 Tunc fama factisque tuis super æthera vectus  
 Innumera innumero transmittas sceptrâ nepoti.

---

#### AULÆ VALEDICIT.

AULA vale, quid me ludis fallacibus umbris,  
 Quid mentem amenti credulitate necas ?  
 Jam bis frigoribus gelidis astricta quievit  
 Terra per hibernas desidiosa moras :

Bis Zephyro tepefacta novo pia viscera partu  
Solvit, et in vernas luxuriavit opes :  
Ex quo grande moræ pretium sperare jubebas,  
Fataque non meritis inferiora meis.  
At nunc nil misero restat nisi turba dolorum,  
Post infælicis tædia longa moræ.  
Fugerunt anni celeres, occasio velox  
Terga dedit versis non revocanda comis.  
Quodque magis doleo, tristes fugere Camœnæ,  
Et desolatis rebus adesse negant.  
Quas ego sum toties faciles expertus et æquas,  
Nunc mihi difficiles sors minus æqua facit.  
Usque adeo ut cum jam redeant solennia Jani,  
Tempus et assueto munera more petat :  
Vix post discerptos centenis morsibus unguis  
Unus ab exhausto pectore versus eat.  
Adde, quod et justæ geminat momenta querelæ,  
Teque facit certi criminis aula ream.  
Qui fueram plausu veniens exceptus amico,  
Sibila nunc in me naris adunca jactit.  
Scilicet ut nunc sunt mores, sordescere virtus  
Incipit, et vili vilior esse luto,  
Ni comes assistens vultu fortuna faventi,  
Sublimem in celsa conditione locet.  
Scilicet ut nunc sunt mores, famuletur oportet  
Et simulet virtus dissimuletque simul,  
Aut lacera in triviis discurrat, et obsita pannis  
Emendicatos ingerat ore cibos.  
Si qua est conditio melior virtutis, opimas  
Magnatum ad mensas macra analecta legit.  
Me tamen haud unquam recto de tramite flectet  
Aut lucri, aut nimii cæcus honoris amor.  
Sed licet obscurus mediaque inhonoris in aula,  
Virtutem ut colui, quâ licet usque colam.  
Et quandoque mihi proprio componere vitam  
Arbitrio forsán fata benigna dabunt ;  
Privatus vivam potius non cognitus aulæ,  
Surget ubi obscuro pergula parva loco.  
Et Phœbo Phœbique vacans ardoribus, omni

Transmittam ævacuos ambitione dies :  
 Quam scelerum auspicio mistus primoribus aulæ  
 Inque auro inque ostro conspiciendus eam.  
 Interea tu testis eris, tu cujus in ore  
 Suada, manu Mavors, corde Minerva sedet,  
 Me quoscunque dies fluxi et quantumlibet ævi  
 Subduxit studiis hactenus aula meis,  
 Ægro ferre animo, non quod lactarit inanem  
 Spe sterili ingrataë messis acerba moræ :  
 Sed quia non licuit de te bene posse mereri,  
 In me qui tanti plenus amoris eras.  
 Sed quia non licuit per iniquæ incommoda sortis  
 Grati animi firmam conciliare fidem :  
 Erga illum qui flos equitum, sol aureus aulæ  
 Regis amor, Patriæ delitiumque suæ,  
 Tam placido semper me aspexit lumine, et unus  
 Musarum in vernas officiosus erat.

---

#### COMPARATIO CONDITIONIS SUÆ CUM VERE.

CUNCTA virent viresque novas à vere resumunt,  
 Deciduis languet spes mea sola comis.  
 Ne tamen omnino discors à vere recedam ;  
 Cura mea æterno germine fœta viret.  
 En unquam transcribit hyems sua tempora veri.  
 En unquam brumæ ver sua regna dabit.  
 Spes mea, jam tepidi redeunt cum tempora veris,  
 Aut exspectata fertilitate viret :  
 Aut dolor æternum fundens per membra rigorem  
 Ocyus hoc ævi ver breve claude mei.

---

#### PRO NUPTIIS CARI ET CARINÆ.

LEGITIMAS quicunque audes traducere tædas,  
 Disce verecundo parcius ore loqui.  
 Ullane jura vetant nuptam bis quatuor annos,  
 Quæ gelido jacuit sicca silensque toro,  
 Deserere imbelles thalamos, mollemque maritum,  
 Et dare semiviri regna tenenda viro ?  
 Crede mihi, jus est Naturæ abdicere fundum  
 Agricolaë, qui nil quo fodiatur habet.



## IN RUMOREM DE CÆDE REGIS JACOBI.

UNDE pavescentem crebrescit fama pur urbem  
 Regale insidiis succubuisse caput ?  
 Hancne fecit livor, qui somnia fingit ut optat,  
 Præcipiens animo gaudia falsa suo ?  
 An potius populi pius et laudabilis error,  
 Qui, si absit quod amat, jam periisse putat ?  
 Si livor, princeps isthinc tibi disce cavere,  
 Si favor, hinc populo disce cavere tuo.

---

## DE REBUS BOHEMICIS.

DUM gener infaustis tentat temerarius ausis  
 Eripere Austriaco colla Bohema jugo ;  
 Consilium damnas Jacobæ Britannicæ, et Orbis  
 Ne te consilii participem esse putet ;  
 Permittis generum fati, causæque labanti  
 Suppetias solâ vel prece ferre negas.  
 Quin etiam laribus pulsos natamque nepotesque,  
 Aspicias immotis et sine rore genis.  
 Justitiæ ô mirum specimen ! de te tamen orbis  
 Quid musset, liceat dicere pace tua.  
 Hac ratione potes justus Rex fortè videri,  
 Sed non crudelis non potes esse pater.

---

AD JACOBUM ÆGROTANTEM CUM COMETA  
 APPARUIT ANTE MORTEM REGINÆ.

VIDIT ut in cælo metuendum Regibus astrum  
 Anna, repentino corruiet ægra metu.  
 Non tamen ægra sui formidine corruiet, omnis  
 Pro charo fuerat cura metusque viro.  
 Tene inquit vir chare suo petit igne Cometes,  
 Nec fax placari vilis ista potest ?  
 An nihil offensi satiabit Numinis iram,  
 Publica nî pereat te pereunte salus ?  
 Dî melius, liceat potius tua fata subire,  
 Proque viro conjunx victima læta litet.

Alcestis potuit morituri fata mariti  
 Morte sua ad longos continuare dies.  
 Hanc laudem non sola feret. Vix dixerat, ecce  
 Lurida tabisicus corripit ossa dolor,  
 Et moritur. Quid nunc metuas Rex maxime, plenum  
 Nonne piamentum sideris Anna fuit?

---

## EXPOSTULATIO CUM JACOBO REGE.

ERGO etiam immeritos ditant ubi præmia largâ  
 Sparsa manu, solus præmia nulla feram?  
 Ergo etiam incautis veniunt ubi munera sortis.  
 Lapsa sinu; vacuus munere solus ero?  
 Heu quâ labe reo, quo sonti crimine sors est  
 Blanda parens aliis, dura noverca mihi!  
 Certe ego nil feci quod nunc atrocius audit,  
 Aut Majestatis crimen olere solet.  
 Non damam aut cervum nocturnâ fraude peremi,  
 Sed colui sacrum ceu tibi Phœbe pecus.  
 Non hausi infames fumos quos India mittit,  
 Gutturæque attractos reddere nare docet.  
 Non mihi de Catharo melior sententia, quam de  
 Papicola, ob maculas sordet uterque suas.  
 Sed si Pierias coluisse impensius artes,  
 Crimen apud sciolos degeneresque fuit:  
 Si personato nescire obducere fuco  
 Verba, sed ingenuo quidlibet ore loqui:  
 Si nolle obsequio servili fingere frontem,  
 Sed simulare nihil, dissimulare nihil:  
 Hæc si crimen habent, fateor pejora merenti  
 Sors mihi blanda parens nulla noverca fuit.

---

## DE DUPLICI BUCKINGAMII PRÆFECTURA.

BUCKINGAMUS Io maris est præfectus, et idem  
 Qui dominatur equis, jam dominatur aquis.  
 Sic inter Superos tumidas qui temperat undas  
 Neptunus, celeres et moderatur equos.  
 Et cuiquam nunc displiceat geminata potestas,  
 Exemplum Superis cum placuisse videt.

## AD REGEM JACOBUM.

CARMINA quæ scripsi, laudasti maxime Princeps ;  
Et fuerant genio non malè grata tuo.  
Sed laus eripuit mercedem maxime Princeps,  
Heu mihi sunt genio quàm malè grata meo !

---

## EPITAPHIUM JOANNIS MORAVI.

Huc quicumque venis, disce hoc ex marmore quam sit  
Invida virtuti sors et iniqua bonis.  
Moravius nulli Musis aut Marte secundus,  
Post varios casus hâc requiescit humo.  
Primum aulæ malefida fides, mox carceris horror,  
Tandem hydrops misero fata suprema tulit.  
Hydrops crudelis, carcer crudelior, aula  
Sæva hydrope magis, carcere sæva magis ;  
Unica mors clemens, quæ hydropis, carceris, aulæ,  
Tot simul et tantas finiit una cruces.

---

## EPITAPHIUM ROBERTI JUNII.

JUNIUS hic situs est, nullo plus funere Musæ,  
Aut charites madidis condoluere genis.  
Jam docti periere sales, jam Musa, lepores  
Hellados et Latii fundere sueta, filet.  
Nec quicquam aut Solymas lustrasse aut marmora Romæ,  
Profuit, aut si quæ rudera Memphis habet.  
Scilicet immensum cum per lustraveris orbem,  
In patriam reditus non nisi morte patet.

---

CUJUSDAM GALLI IN LAUDEM PUELLÆ  
AURELIANÆ.

RUSTICA sum, sed plena Deo, sed pectore forti,  
Sed micat eximio regius ore decor.

Castra virum sed casta sequor, duce Virgine fatum  
 Vertitur, et cantant virginis arma viri.  
 Redditus hoc sceptris testabere Galle paternis,  
 Tuque nec id pulsus sæve Britanne neges.  
 Quod vici, pereor, flammæ cur objicis Anglæ?  
 Et nos Herculeæ scandimus astra via.

---

## RESPONSIO AYTONI.

FEMINEOS quid Galle juvat jactare triumphos?  
 Vix est fœminea digna Joanna fide.  
 Hæccine plena Deo, magicis quæ freta susurris  
 Visa fuit stultis nomen habere Dei?  
 Quam perminxerunt calones atque bubulci,  
 Hæccine casta virum castra sequuta fuit?  
 Hinc viri, quos fœminei præpostera virtus  
 Exempli, et solus traxit ad arma pudor?  
 Mutavit fatum Nemesis, non fœmina vindex,  
 Nec nisi semiviri fœminea arma canunt.  
 Lauda ergo ad libitum flammæ, non invidet Anglus  
 Herculeam Gallo qua petat astra viam.

---

## ALIA RESPONSIO EJUSDEM.

Si quæ de Jana jactantur, falsa fuerunt;  
 Quis pudor est falsis velle parare fidem?  
 Si quæ de Jana jactantur, vera fuerunt;  
 Quis furor alterius laude nocere sibi?  
 Semper in opprobrium Galli Lotharinga canetur,  
 Et gemino infamis crimine Gallus erit.  
 Ignavus, qui sceptræ colo debere fatetur:  
 Ingratus, non dans debita sceptræ colo.

---

ANAGRAMMA, RICHARDUS WESTONUS, VIR DURUS  
AC HONESTUS.

DURUS es ac (nomen nisi decipit) es vir honestus,  
 Hic pretio flecti non volet, ille prece.  
 Duritiem emollit generosi dulcis honesti  
 Temperies, ulli nec sinit esse gravem.

P

Durities ut spina rosam sic armat honestum,  
 Utque saburra ratem, sic stabilire solet.  
 Poscit honestatem fisci tibi credita cura,  
 Duritiem regni cætera cura petit.  
 Aut his subsidiis, aut nullis dyscola vinctes  
 Tempora, durus eas ac vir honestus eas.

---

IN OBITUM DUCIS BUCKINGAMII A FILTONO  
 CULTRO EXINCTI, 1628.

DUM classe amissos reparatum is classe triumphos,  
 Magnaque stat flatu vela datura tuo ;  
 Fit tibi pro lauro merces, Dux magne, cupressus,  
 Classis et officium cymba Charontis obit.  
 Scilicet humanam vultu mentita figuram  
 Invidia eximiis semper iniqua viris,  
 In te audet cultro infami, quod nulla tacere,  
 Et quod nulla velint sæcla probare scelus.  
 Dumque Dei obtendit nutum, patriæque salutem.  
 Vindictæ mactat sacra cruenta suæ.  
 Sed sceleri semper Deus est sua dira cupido,  
 Publicaque obtendit, dum sua damna gemit.  
 Nam nihil est commune Deo cum sanguine, nullum  
 Placari numen cædis odore velit.  
 Afflavit parricidam furialis Erynnis,  
 Armavitque trucem sæva Megæra manum.  
 Quicquid eras, quicquid querula de plebe fuisti  
 Promeritus, non sic percutiendus eras.  
 Non tua cujusquam rubuit vel dextera letho,  
 Linguave, apud Reges grata, potens duos.  
 Officiis multos obstrinxisti, injuria paucos  
 Attigit, aut si quos, absque cruore fuit.  
 Si tua credulitas non succubisset ineptis  
 Consiliis, Regni dum grave pondus obis,  
 Si tibi quanta fides, constantia tanta fuisset,  
 Si sors fortunæ fida ministra tuæ ;  
 Par animo et factis summis Heroibus isses,  
 Nec possit de te terra Britanna queri.  
 Nunc quia pauca domi non sunt benè gesta, forisque ;

Paucula successus non habuere suos :  
Creditor esse dolus, fuerat quæ culpa : putatur  
Esse scelus, lapsus qui juvenilis erat.  
Rumpatur livor, dicam quod sentio, certe  
Imprudens potius quàm sceleratus eras.  
Ætonum si Ætona ambit, si Ætonus et illam,  
Quis malè disjungat quos benè jungit amor?  
Nominibus si fata latent, affinia amantum  
Nomina, quis nutum Numinis esse neget?  
Maxima Rex fatis accede, beabis amantes,  
Ætono Ætonæ si paranympheus eris.

Per Musas te Ætona rogat, Rex optime, ut illas  
Splendori antiquo restituisse velis.  
Per Musas quoque te supplex Ætonus adorat,  
Ut Musis illum restituisse velis.  
Utrumque efficies, unum si feceris, hoc est,  
Ætonum Ætonæ si sociare velis.