

Wyatt resteth here, that quick could never rest

Wyatt resteth here, that quick^o could never rest, *alive*
 Whose heavenly gifts, increasèd by disdain¹
 And virtue, sank the deeper in his breast:
 Such profit he by envy could obtain.

5 A head where wisdom mysteries^o did frame, *subtle meanings*
 Whose hammers beat still in that lively brain
 As on a stith,^o where that some work of fame *anvil*
 Was daily wrought to turn to Britain's gain.

A visage stern and mild, where both did grow
 10 Vice to contemn, in virtue to rejoice;
 Amid great storms whom grace assurèd so
 To live upright and smile at fortune's choice.

A hand that taught what might be said in rhyme,
 That reft^o Chaucer the glory of his wit— *bereft, robbed*
 15 A mark the which, unperfited^o for time, *unperfected*
 Some may approach but never none shall hit.

A tongue that served in foreign realms his king;
 Whose courteous talk to virtue did inflame
 20 Each noble heart: a worthy guide to bring
 Our English youth by travail unto fame.

An eye whose judgment none affect^o could blind, *passion, prejudice*
 Friends to allure and foes to reconcile,
 Whose piercing look did represent a mind
 With virtue fraught, reposèd, void of guile.

25 A heart where dread yet never so impressed
 To hide the thought that might the truth advance;
 In neither fortune loft^o nor yet repressed *elevated*
 To swell in wealth or yield unto mischance.

A valiant corpse² where force and beauty met,
 30 Happy—alas, too happy, but for foes;
 Lived and ran the race that Nature set,
 Of manhood's shape, where she the mold did lose.³

But to the heavens that simple^o soul is fled, *innocent*
 Which left with such as covet Christ to know
 35 Witness of faith⁴ that never shall be dead,
 Sent for our health, but not received so.

1. Hostility (equivalent to "envy" in line 4). I.e., he could turn hostility toward him to his advantage.

2. Body (not, as now, a dead one).

3. A conventional praise—that Nature, in creating

someone, made a masterpiece and lost the pattern.

4. I.e., which left with Christians ("such as covet Christ to know") a testimony.

Thus for our guilt, this jewel have we lost;
 The earth his bones, the heavens possess his ghost.^o *spirit*

1542

O happy dames, that may embrace¹

O happy dames, that may embrace
 The fruit of your delight,
 Help to bewail the woeful case
 And eke^o the heavy plight *also*
 5 Of me, that wanted^o to rejoice *was accustomed*
 The fortune of my pleasant choice:
 Good ladies, help to fill my mourning voice.

In ship, freight^o with remembrance *loaded*
 Of thoughts and pleasures past,
 10 He sails, that hath in governance
 My life, while it will last;
 With scalding sighs, for lack of gale,
 Furling^o his hope, that is his sail, *pushing forward*
 Toward me, the sweet port of his avail.^o *destination*

15 Alas, how oft in dreams I see
 Those eyes, that were my food,
 Which sometime so delighted me,
 That yet they do me good;
 Wherewith I wake with his return,
 20 Whose absent flame did make me burn:
 But when I find the lack, Lord how I mourn!

When other lovers in arms across^o *embracing*
 Rejoice their chief delight,
 Drowned in tears to mourn my loss
 25 I stand the bitter night
 In my window, where I may see
 Before the winds how the clouds flee.
 Lo, what a mariner love hath made me!

And in green waves when the salt flood
 30 Doth rise by rage of wind,
 A thousand fancies in that mood
 Assail my restless mind.
 Alas, now drencheth^o my sweet foe,² *drowns*
 That with the spoil of my heart did go
 35 And left me; but, alas, why did he so?

And when the seas wax calm again,
 To chase from me annoy,

1. The speaker is a woman. The poem was probably written for Surrey's wife, from whom he was separated while on military duty in France in the

1540s.

2. A conventional expression for a loved one, going back as far as Chaucer.

HYMN 13

Of Her Mind

ASTRAEA (Astraia), a daughter of Zeus and Themis, or according to others, of Astraeus by Eos. During the golden age, this star-bright maiden lived on earth and among men, whom she blessed; but when that age had passed away, Astraea, who tarried longest among men, withdrew, and was placed among the stars. (Hygin. *Poet. Astr.* ii. 25; Eratost. *Catast.* 9; Ov. *Met.* i. 149.)

Source: Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography and Mythology.

HYMN 2

To Astraea

E ternal virgin, goddess true,
L et me presume to sing to you.
I ove,⁴ even great Jove, hath leisure
S ometimes to hear the vulgar crew⁵
A nd hears them oft with pleasure.
B lessed Astraea, I in part
E njoy the blessings you impart,
T he peace, the milk and honey,⁵
H umanity, and civil art,
A richer dower⁶ than money.

ordinary mortals

dowry

R ight glad am I that now I live,
E v'n in these days whereto you give
G reat happiness and glory.
I f after you I should be born,
N o doubt I should my birthday scorn,
A dmiring your sweet story.

Elizabeth

E arth, now adieu; my ravished thought,
L ifted to heav'n, sets thee at naught.⁵
I nfinite is my longing
S ecrets of angels to be taught
5 A nd things to heav'n belonging.
B rought down from heav'n of angels' kind,
E ven now do I admire her mind.
T his is my contemplation:
H er clear sweet spirit, which is refined
10 A bove humane⁶ creation.

hu

R ich sunbeam of th' eternal light,
E xcellent soul, how shall I write?
G ood angels, make me able;
I cannot see but by your eye,
15 N or, but by your tongue, signify
A thing so admirable.

Jolly

4. When I, lacking a better explanation, inferred.

5. Regards thee as of little value.

6. In Ptolemaic astronomy, the sun, moon, planets, and stars were thought to be embedded in re

from

Cælica

by Fulke Greville

SONNET XVII.

CYNTHIA, whose glories are at full forever,
Whose beauties draw forth tears, and kindle fires,
Fires, which kindled once are quenched never :
So beyond hope your worth bears up desires.
Why cast you clouds on your sweet-looking eyes?
Are you afraid, they show me too much pleasure?
Strong Nature decks the grave wherein it lies,
Excellence can never be expressed in measure.
Are you afraid because my heart adores you,
The world will think I hold Endymion's place?
Hippolytus, sweet Cynthia, kneeled before you ;
Yet did you not come down to kiss his face.
Angels enjoy the Heaven's inward choirs :
Star-gazers only multiply desires.

SIR WALTER RALEGH

LOVE POEMS TO THE QUEEN (ca. 1582–89)

[Our Passions Are Most Like to Floods and Streams][†]

Our passions are most like to floods and streams;
The shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb.
So when affections yield discourse, it seems
The bottom is but shallow whence they come.

5 They that are rich in words must needs discover
That they are poor in that which makes¹ a lover.

Wrong not, dear Empress of my heart,
The merit of true passion
With thinking that he feels no smart
10 That sues for no compassion,
Since if my plaints^o serve not to prove
The conquest of your beauty,
They come not from defect of love
But from excess of duty.

15 For knowing that I sue to serve
A saint of such perfection
As all desire, but none deserve,
A place in her affection,
I rather choose to want^o relief
20 Than venture the revealing,
When glory recommends the grief,
Despair distrusts the healing.

Thus those desires that aim too high
For any mortal lover,
25 When reason cannot make them die,
Discretion will them cover.
Yet when discretion doth bereave^o
The plaints that they should utter,
Then your discretion may perceive
30 That silence is a suitor.

Silence in love bewrays^o more woe,
Than words, though n'er so witty.
A beggar that is dumb, ye know,
Deserveth double pity.
35 Then misconceive not, dearest heart,
My true, though secret, passion;

[†] Copy text: *The Poems of Sir Walter Raleigh: A Historical Edition*, ed. Michael Rudick (Tempe, Ariz: Arizona Center for Medieval and Renaissance Studies, Renaissance English Texts Society, 1999), 106–108. Copyright Arizona Board of Regents for Arizona State University. Reprinted with permission.

1. Copy text: make.

complaints

lack

take away

reveals

He smarteth most that hides his smart
And sues for no compassion.

[Sweet Are the Thoughts][†]

Sweet are the thoughts where hope persuadeth hap;¹
Great are the joys where heart obtains request;
Dainty the life nursed still^o in Fortune's lap. *continually*
Much is the ease where troubled minds find rest.
These are the fruits that valor doth advance,²
And cuts off dread by hope of happy chance.

Thus hope brings hap but^o to the worthy wight;^o *only / person*
Thus pleasure comes but after hard assay;^o *trial*
Thus Fortune yields in maugre of^o her spite; *despite*
Thus happy state is none^o without delay. *not happy*
Then must I needs advance myself by skill
And live and serve in hope of your goodwill.

[Calling to Mind Mine Eye Long Went About][‡]

Calling to mind mine eye long went about
T'entice my heart to seek to leave my breast,
All in a rage, I thought to pull it out,¹
By whose device I lived in such unrest. *after that*
What could it say to purchase so^o my grace?
Forsooth, that it had seen my mistress' face.

Another time, I likewise call to mind,
My heart was he that all my woe had wrought,
For he my breast, the fort of Love, resigned,
When of such wars my fancy never thought.
What could it say, when I would him have slain?
But^o he was yours and had forgone me clean.² *Only*

At length, when I perceived both eye and heart
Excused themselves as guiltless of mine ill,
I found my self was cause of all my smart
And told my self, "My self now slay I will."
But when I found my self to you was true,
I loved my self, because my self loved you.

[†] Copy text: *The Poems of Sir Walter Raleigh: A Historical Edition*, ed. Michael Rudick (Tempe, Ariz: Arizona Center for Medieval and Renaissance Studies, Renaissance English Texts Society, 1999), 7. Copyright Arizona Board of Regents for Arizona State University. Reprinted with permission.

1. Where hope persuades us that good fortune is coming.

2. Raleigh's boldness in fighting in Ireland first recommended him to the Queen.

[‡] Copy text: *The phoenix nest Built vp with the most rare and refined workes of noble men, woorthy knights, gallant gentlemen, masters of arts, and braue schollers*, ed. R.S. (London: Iohn Iackson, 1593; STC 21516), K4v.

1. An echo of Matthew 5.29: "If thy right eye cause thee to offend, pluck it out."

2. Altogether forsaken me.

of advisors. It was not long before they became constant companions and their relationship took on amorous overtones.

There is a gradual evolution in feeling in the poems that he wrote to her in the 1580s. From silent love at a distance in "Our Passions Are Most Like to Floods and Streams" and easy delight in her initial favor in "Sweet Are the Thoughts," he progresses to lover's banter in "Calling to Mind Mine Eye Long Went About," which claims that he did everything in his power to keep from falling in love with her. There was, of course, nothing reluctant on either side. Elizabeth advanced Raleigh in every way she could, granting him licenses to tax English trade in wine and wool in ways that soon made him a wealthy man. After gaining a seat in Parliament, he was knighted and given civil and military offices that established him as the unrivaled authority over government affairs in most of southwest England. He also played a major role in England's campaign to counter Spanish dominance in the New World.

In 1587, however, just as he was putting in motion grand schemes to design more potent English warships and to colonize North America, Elizabeth began to cultivate a new companion, the young and headstrong Robert Devereux, second Earl of Essex and the stepson of Robert Dudley. Devoting to him many of the private hours once reserved for Raleigh, she divided her attention in ways that inevitably provoked dissension and rivalry. When Raleigh protested, sending Elizabeth the cautiously worded complaint "Fortune Hath Taken Away My Love," her reply was charming, reassuring—and infuriating. In dismissing his concerns, she began "Ah, silly pug, wert thou so sore afraid?" treating the great naval planner as if he were her bargeman, jealous of a new oarsman in the boat, or (if one prefers the other meaning of "pug" in the period) a small dog sulking at the arrival of a new pet in the household. By 1589, when Raleigh asked permission to retire for a time to his Irish estates, he was despondent and unsure of his future, as we can see in the poem "Like Truthless Dreams."

Many later poets followed Raleigh's lead, addressing Elizabeth as if they were her lovers. These expressions of passion and despondency were, of course, part of an elaborate ritual of artful play and royal praise that had developed in the progress entertainments and pastorals of the 1570s. It would be a mistake to take most works in this vein as confessions of the heart. With Raleigh, however, the well-worn tropes of courtly and Petrarchan love have the vividness of lived experience.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

REFLECTIONS ON LOVE AND GROWING OLDER (ca. 1580s)

[When I Was Fair and Young]†

When I was fair and young, then favor gracéd me;
Of many was I sought, their mistress for to be.
But I did scorn them all and answered them therefore,
"Go, go, go, seek some otherwhere;° importune me no more." *elsewhere*

- 5 How many weeping eyes I made to pine in woe,
How many sighing hearts I have not skill to show.
But I the prouder grew and still this spake therefore:
"Go, go, go, seek some otherwhere; importune me no more."

† Copy text: British Library, Harleian MS 7392 (2) fol. 21v.

Then spake fair Venus' son,° that brave, victorious boy,
Saying, "You dainty dame, for that you be so coy,
I will so pull your plumes as you shall say no more,
'Go, go, go, seek some otherwhere; importune me no more.'"

Cupid

As soon as he had said, such change grew in my breast
That neither night nor day I could take any rest.
Wherefore I did repent that I had said before,
"Go, go, go, seek some otherwhere; importune me no more."

FINIS.

[Now Leave and Let Me Rest]†

1. Now leave and let me rest. Dame Pleasure, be content.
Go choose among the best; my doting° days be spent.
By sundry signs I see thy proffers° are but vain,
And wisdom warneth me that pleasure asketh pain;
And Nature, that doth know how Time her steps doth try,°
Gives place to painful woe and bids me learn to die.

*foolish
offers*

test

2. Since all fair earthly things, soon ripe, will soon be rot,
And all that pleasant springs, soon withered, soon forgot,
And youth that yields men joys that wanton lust desires,
In age repents the toys° that reckless youth requires,
All which delights I leave to such as folly trains
By pleasures to deceive, till they do feel the pains.

amorous play

3. And from vain pleasures past I fly, and fain would know
The happy life at last whereto I hope to go.
For words or wise reports, ne° yet examples gone,
'Gan° bridle youthful sports, till age came stealing on.
The pleasant courtly games that I do pleasure in,
My elder years now shames such folly to begin.

nor

Began to

4. And all the fancies strange that fond° delight brought forth
I do intend to change and count them nothing worth.
For I by proffers vain am taught to know the skill
What might have been forborne° in my young reckless will;
By which good proof I fleet° from will to wit again,
In hope to set my feet in surety to remain.

foolish

*avoided
waver*

† Copy text: *Elizabeth I: Collected Works*, ed. Leah S. Marcus, Janel Mueller, and Mary Beth Rose (Chicago and London: University of Chicago Press, 2000), 305-306.