

Endimion and Phœbe.

Michael Drayton.

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ENDIMION and Phœbe

IDEAS LATMVS.

*Phœbus erit nostri princeps, et
carminis Author.*

[ornament]

*AT LONDON, Printed by Iames Roberts, for
Iohn Busbie.*

TO THE EXCELLENT

and most accomplisht Ladie: *Lucie*
Countesse of Bedford.

Great Ladie, essence of my cheefest good,
Of the most pure and finest tempred spirit
Adornd with gifts, enobled by the blood,
Which by discent true vertue do'st inherit;
That vertue which no fortune can depriue,
Which most in honor shall excell the other;
Vnto thy fame my Muse her selfe shall taske,
Which rain'st vpon mee thy sweet golden shower
And but thy selfe, no subiect will I aske,
Vpon whose praise my soule shall spend her power.
Sweet Ladie then, grace this poore Muse of mine,
Whose faith, whose zeale, whose life, whose all is thine.

Your Honors humbly
diuoted
Michael Drayton

Rouland when first I red thy stately rymes

In Sheepheards weedes, when yet thou liu'dst vnknowne,
Not seene in publike in those former tymes,
But vnto Ankor tund'st thy Pype alone
I then beheld thy chaste Ideas fame
Put on the wings of thine immortall stile,
whose rarest vertues, and deserued name
Thy Muse renowns throughout this glorious Ile,
Thy lines, like to the Lawrells pleasant shade,
In after ages shall adorne her Herse,
Nor can her beauties glory fade
Deckt in the collours of thy happy verse.
Thy fiery spirit mounts vp to the skye,
And what thou writ'st liues to Eternitye.

E. P.

To *Idea*.

A *Midst those shades wherein the Muses sit,
Thus to Idea, my Idea sings,
Support of wisdom, better force of Wit:
Which by desert, desert to honour brings,
Borne to create good thoughts by thy rare worth,
Whom Nature with her bounteous store doth blesse,
More excellent then Art can set thee forth;
Happy in more, then praises can expresse:
Which by thy selfe shalt make thy selfe continue,
When all worlds glory shall be cleane forgot,
Thus I the least of skilfull Arts retinue:
Write in thy prayse which time shall neuer blot;
Heauen made thee what thou art, till worlds be done,
Thy fame shall flourish like the rising Sunne.*

S. G.

Endimion & Phœbe.

Ideas Latmus.

I*N I-onia* whence sprang old Poets fame,
From whom that Sea did first deriue her name,
The blessed bed whereon the Muses lay,
Beauty of *Greece*, the pride of *Asia*,
Whence *Archelaus* whom times historifie,
First vnto *Athens* brought Phylosophie.
In this faire Region on a goodly Plaine,
Stretching her bounds vnto the bordering Maine,
The Mountaine *Latmus* ouer-lookes the Sea,
Smiling to see the Ocean billowes play:
Latmus, where young *Endimion* vsd to keepe
His fairest flock of siluer-fleeced sheepe.
To whom *Siluanus* often would resort,
At barly-breake to see the Satyres sport;
And when rude *Pan* his Tabret list to sound,
To see the faire Nymphes foote it in a round,
Vnder the trees which on this Mountaine grew,

As yet the like *Arabia* neuer knew:
 For all the pleasures Nature could deuise,
 Within this plot she did imparadize;
 And great *Diana* of her speciall grace,
 With *Vestall* rytes had hallowed all the place:
 Vpon this Mount there stood a stately Groue,
 Whose reaching armes, to clip the Welkin stroue,
 Of tufted Cedars, and the branching Pine,
 Whose bushy tops themselues doe so intwine,
 As seem'd when Nature first this work begun,
 Shee then conspir'd against the piercing Sun;
 Vnder whose couert (thus diuinely made)
Phæbus greene Laurell florisht in the shade:
 Faire *Venus* Mirtile, *Mars* his warlike Fyrre,
Mineruas Oliue, and the weeping Myrhe,
 The patient Palme, which thriues in spite of hate,
 The Popler, to *Alcides* consecrate;
 Which Nature in such order had disposed,
 And there withall those goodly walkes inclosed,
 As seru'd for hangings and rich Tapestry,
 To beautifie this stately Gallery:
 Imbraudring these in dutious trailes along,
 The clustred Grapes, the golden Citrons hung,
 More glorious the[n] the precious fruite were these,
 Kept by the Dragon in *Hesperides*;
 Or gorgeous Arras in rich colours wrought,
 With silk from Affrick, or from Indie brought:
 Out of this soyle sweet bubbling Fountains crept,
 As though for ioy the sencelesse stones had wept;
 With straying channels dauncing sundry wayes,
 With often turnes, like to a curious Maze:
 Which breaking forth, the tender grasse bedewed
 Whose siluer sand with orient Pearle was strewed,
 Shadowed with Roses and sweet Eglantine,
 Dipping theyr sprayes into this christalline:
 From which the byrds the purple berries pruned,
 And to theyr loues their small recorders tuned.
 The Nightingale, woods Herauld of the Spring,
 The whistling Woosell, Maui's carroling,
 Tuning theyr trebbles to the waters fall,
 Which made the musicque more angelicall:
 Whilst gentle *Zephyre* murmuring among,
 Kept tyme, and bare the burthen to the song.
 About whose brims, refresht with dainty showers,

Grew Amaranthus, and sweet Gilliflowers,
 The Marigold, *Phæbus* beloued frend,
 The Moly, which from sorcery doth defend:
 Violet, Carnation, Balme, and Cassia,
Ideas Primrose, coronet of May.
 Above the Groue a gentle faire ascent,
 Which by degrees of Milk-white Marble went:
 Vpon the top, a Paradise was found,
 VVith which, Nature this miracle had crownd;
 Empald with Rocks of rarest precious stone,
 Which like the flames of *Aetna* brightly shone;
 And seru'd as Lanthornes furnished with light,
 To guide the wandring passengers by night:
 For which fayre *Phæbe* sliding from her Sphere,
 Vsed oft times to come and sport her there.
 And from the Azure starry-painted Sky,
 Embalmd the bancks with precious lunny:
 That now her *Menatus* she quite forsooke,
 And vnto *Latmus* wholly her betooke,
 And in this place her pleasure vs'd to take,
 And all was for her sweet *Endimions* sake:
Endimion, the louely Shepherds boy,
Endimion, great *Phæbes* onely ioy,
Endimion, in whose pure-shining eyes,
 The naked Faries daunst the heydegies.
 The shag-haired Satyrs Mountain-climing race,
 Haue been made tame by gazing in his face.
 For this boyes loue, the water Nymphs haue wept
 Stealing oft times to kisse him whilst he slept:
 And tasting once the Nectar of his breath,
 Surfet with sweet, and languish vnto death;
 And *Ioue* oft-times bent to lasciuious sport,
 And comming where *Endimion* did resort,
 Hath courted him, inflamed with desire,
 Thinking some Nymph was cloth'd in boyes attire.
 Beholding him in crossing or'e the Plaines,
 Imagined, *Apollo* from aboue
 Put on this shape, to win some Maidens loue.
 This Shepheard, *Phæbe* euer did behold,
 Whose loue already had her thoughts controld;
 From *Latmus* top (her stately throne) shee rose,
 And to *Endimion* downe beneath shee goes.
 Her Brothers beames now had shee layd aside,
 her horned cressent, and her full-fac'd pride:

For had shee come adorned with her light,
 No mortall eye could haue endur'd the sight;
 But like a Nymph, crown'd with a flowrie twine,
 And not like *Phæbe*, as herself diuine.
 An Azur'd Mantle purpled with a vaile,
 Which in the Ayre puft like a swelling saile,
 Embosted Rayne-bowes did appeare in silk,
 With wauie streames as white as mornings Milk:
 Which euer as the gentle Ayre did blow,
 Still with the motion seem'd to ebb and flow:
 About her neck a chayne wise twenty fold,
 Of Rubyes, set in lozenges of gold;
 Trust vp in trammels, and in curious pleats,
 With spheary circles falling on her teats.
 A dainty smock of Cipresse, fine and thin,
 Or'e cast with curls next to her Lilly skin:
 Throgh which the purenes of the same did show
 Like Damaske-roses strew'd with flakes of snow.
 Discouering all her stomack to the waste,
 With branches of sweet circling veynes enchaste.
 A Coronet she ware of Mirtle bowes,
 VVhich gaue a shadow to her Iuory browes.
 No smother beauty maske did beauty smother
 "Great lights dim lesse yet burn not one another,
 Nature abhorrs to borrow from the Mart,
 "Simples fit beauty, fie on drugs and Art.

Thus came shee where her loue *Endimion* lay,
 VVho with sweet Carrols sang the night away;
 And as it is the Shepherds vsuall trade,
 Oft on his pype a Roundelay he playd.
 As meeke he was as any Lambe might be,
 Nor neuer lyu'd a fayrer youth then he:
 His dainty hand, the snow it selfe dyd stayne,
 Or her to whom *Ioue* showr'd in golden rayne:
 From whose sweet palme the liquid Pearle dyd swell,
 Pure as the drops of *Aganippas* Well:
 Cleere as the liquor which fayre *Hebe* spylt;
 Hys sheephooke siluer, damask'd all with gilt.
 The staffe it selfe, of snowie Iuory,
 Studded with Currall, tipt with Ebony;
 His tresses, of the Rauens shyning black,
 Stragling in curles along his manly back.
 The balls which nature in his eyes had set,
 Lyke Diamonds inclosing Globes of Iet:

VVhich sparkled from their milky lids out-right,
Lyke fayre Orions heauen-adorning light.

The stars on which her heauenly eyes were bent,
And fixed still with louely blandishment,
For whom so oft disguised shee was seene,
As shee Celestiall *Phæbe*, had not beene:
Her dainty Buskins lac'd vnto the knee,
Her pleyted Frock, tuck'd vp accordingly:
A nymph-like huntresse, arm'd with bow & dart
About the woods she scoures the long-hu'd Hart.
Se climes the mou[n]tains with the light-foot Fauns
And with the Satyrs scuds it or'e the Launes.
In Musicks sweet delight shee shewes her skill,
Quauering the Cithrons nimbly with her quill,
Vpon each tree she carues *Endimions* name
In Gordian knots, with *Phæbe* to the same:
To kill him Venson now she pitch'd her toyles,
And to this louely Raunger brings the spoyles;
And thus whilst shee by chaste desire is led
Vnto the Downes where he his fayre Flocks fed,
Neere to a Groue she had *Endimion* spide,
Where he was fishing by a Riuer side
Vnder a Popler, shadowed from the Sun,
Where merrily to court him she begun:
Sweet boy (qd. she) take what thy hart can wish,
When thou doost angle would I were a fish,
When thou art sporting by the siluer Brooks,
Put in thy hand thou need'st no other hooks;
Hard harted boy *Endimion* looke on mee,
Nothing on earth I hold too deere for thee:
I am a Nymph and not of humaine blood,
Begot by *Pan* on *Isis* sacred flood:
When I was borne vpon that very day,
i>Phæbus was seene the Reueller to play:
In *Ioues* hye house the Gods assembled all,
And *Iuno* held her sumptuous Festiuall,
Oceanus that hower was dauncing spy'de,
And *Tython* seene to frolick with his Bride,
The *Halcions* that season sweetly sang,
And all the shores, with shouting Sea-Nymphes rang,
And on that day, my birth to memorize,
The Shepherds hold a solemne sacrifice:
The chast *Diana* nusrt mee in her lap,
And I suckt Nectar from her downe-soft pap.

The Well wherein this body bathed first,
 Who drinks thereof, shall neuer after thirst;
 The water hath the Lunacie appeased,
 And by the vertue, cureth all diseased;
 The place wherein my bare feete touch the mold,
 Made vp in balls, for Pomander is sold.
 See, see, these hands haue robd the Snow of white,
 These dainty fingers, organs of delight;
 Behold these lyps, the Load-stones of desire,
 Whose words inchant, like *Amphyous* well-tun'd lyre,
 Signing the earth wit heauens own manuel seale.
 Goe, play the wanton, I will tend thy flock,
 And wait the hours as duly as a clock;
 Ile deck thy Ram with bells, and wreathes of Bay,
 And gild his hornes vpon the sheering day.
 And with a garlond crown thee Shepherds king,
 And thou shalt lead the gay Gyrls in a ring;
 Birds with their wings shall fan thee in the Sun,
 And all the fountaynes with pure Wine shall run,
 I haue a Quier of dainty Turle-doues,
 And they shall sit and sweetly sing our loues:
 Ile lay thee on the Swans soft downy plume,
 And all the Winde shall gently breath perfume,
 Ile plat thy locks with many a curious pleate,
 And chase thy temples with a sacred heate;
 The Muses still shall keepe thee company,
 And lull thee with inchaunting harmony;
 If not all these, yet let my vertues moue thee,
 A chaster Nymph *Endimion* cannot loue thee.

But he imagin'd she some Nymph had been,
 Because shee was apparreled in greene:
 Or happily, some of fayre *Floras* trayne,
 Which oft did vse to sport vpon the Plaine:
 He tels her, he was *Phæbes* seruant sworne,
 And oft in hunting had her Quiver borne,
 And that to her verginity he vowed,
 Which in no hand by *Venus* was alowed;
 Then vnto her a Catalogue he cites
 Of *Phæbes* Statutes, and her hallowed Rites,
 And of the grieuous penalty inflicted,
 On such as her chast lawes had interdicted:
 Now, he requests, that see would stand aside,
 Because the fish her shadow had espide;
 Then he intreats her that she would be gone,

And at this time to let him be alone;
 Then turnes him from her in an angry sort,
 And frownes and chafes that shee had spoil'd his sport.
 And told her, great *Diana* came this way.
 But for all this, the Nymph would not forbear,
 But now she smoothes his crispy-curled haire,
 And when hee (rudely) will'd her to refrayne,
 Yet scarcely ended, she begins agayne:
 Thy Ewes (qd. she) with Milk shall daily spring,
 And to thy profit yeerely Twins shall bring,
 And thy fayre flock, (a wonder to behold)
 Shall haue their fleeces turn'd to burnisht gold;
 Thy batefull pasture to thy wanton Thewes,
 Shall be refresht with Nectar-dropping dewes,
 The Oakes smooth leaues, sirropt with hony fall,
 Trickle down drops to quench thy thirst withall:
 The cuell Tyger will I tame for thee,
 And gently lay his head vpon thy knee;
 And by my spells, the Wolues iawes will I lock,
 And (as good Shepherds) make them gard thy flock,
 Ile mount thee brauely on a Lyons back,
 To driue the fomy-tusked Bore to wrack:
 The brazen-hoofed yelling Bulls Ile yoke,
 And with my hearbs, the scaly Dragon choke.
 Thou in great *Phæbes* Iuery Coche shalt ride,
 Which drawne by Eagles, in the ayre shall glide:
 Ile stay the time, it shall not steale away,
 And twenty Moones as seeming but one day.
 Behold (fond boy) this Rozen-weeping Pine,
 This mournfull Larix, dropping Turpentine,
 This mounting Teda, thus with tempests torne,
 With incky teares continually to mourne;
 Looke on this tree, which blubbereth Amber gum
 which seemes to speak to thee, though it be dumb,
 Which being senceles blocks, as thou do'st see,
 Weepe at my woes, that thou might'st pittie mee:
 O thou art young, and fit for loues profession,
 Like wax which warmed quickly takes impression,
 Sorrow in time, with floods those eyes shall weare,
 Whence pittie now cannot extort a teare.
 Fond boy, with words thou might'st be ouercome,
 "But loue surpriz'd the hart, the tongue is dumbe,
 But as I can, Ile striue to conquer thee;
 Yet teares, & sighes, my weapons needs must bee.

My sighs moue trees, rocks melting with my tears,
 But thou art blind; and cruell stop'st thine eares:
 Looke in this Well, (if beautie men alow)
 Though thou be faire, yet I as faire as thou;
 I am a *Vestall*, and a spotless Mayd,
 Although by loue to thee I am betrayd:
 But sith (vnkinde) thou doost my loue disdayne,
 To rocks and hills my selfe I will complaine.

Thus with a sigh, her speeches of she broke,
 The whilst her eyes to him in silence spoke;
 And from the place this wanton Nymph arose,
 And vp to *Latmos* all in hast she goes;
 Like to a Nymph on shady *Citheron*,
 The swift *Ismænos*, or *Thirmodoon*
 Gliding like *Thetis*, on the fleet waues borne,
 Or she which trips vpon the eares of Corne;
 Like Swallowes when in open ayre they striue,
 Or like the Foule which towring Falcons driue.
 But whilst the wanton thus pursu'd his sport,
 Deceitfull Loue had vndermin'd the fort,
 And by a breach (in spight of all deniance,)
 Entred the Fort which lately made defiance:
 And with strong siedege had now begirt about
 The mayden Skonce which held the souldier out.
 "Loue wants his eyes, yet shoots he passing right,
 His shafts our thoughts, his bowe hee makes our sight.
 His deadly piles are tempred by such Art,
 As still directs the Arrowe to the hart:
 He cannot loue, and yet forsooth he will,
 He sees her not, and yet he sees her still,
 Hee goes vnto the place shee stood vpon,
 And asks the poore soyle whether she was gon;
 Fayne would he follow her, yet makes delay,
 Fayne would he goe, and yet fayne would he stay,
 Hee kist the flowers depressed with her feete,
 And swears fro[m] her they borrow'd all their sweet.
 Faine would he cast aside this troublous thought,
 But still like poyson, more and more it wrought,
 And to himselfe thus often would he say,
 Heere my Loue sat, in this place did she play,
 Heere in this Fountaine hath my Goddessse been,
 And with her presence hath she grac'd this green.

Now black-brow'd Night plac'd in her chaire of Iet,
 Sat wrapt in clouds within her Cabinet,

And with her dusky mantle ouer-spred,
 The path the Sunny Palfrayes vs'd to tred,
 And *Cynthia* sitting in her Christall chayre,
 In all her pompe now rid along her Spheare,
 The honnied dewe descended in soft showres,
 Drizled in Pearle vpon the tender flowers;
 And *Zephyre* husht, and with a whispering gale,
 Seemed to harken to the Nightingale,
 Which in the thorny brakes with her sweet song,
 Vnto the silent Night bewrayed her wrong.

Now fast by *Latmus* neere vnto a Groue,
 Which by the mount was shadowed from aboue,
 Vpon a banck *Endimion* sat by night,
 To whom fayre *Phæbe* lent her friendly light:
 And sith his flocks were layd them down to rest,
 Thus giues his sorrowes passage from his brest;
 Sweet leaues (qd. he) which with the ayre do tremble,
 Oh how your motions do my thoughts resemble,
 With that milde breath, by which [you] onely moue,
 Whisper my words in silence to my Loue:
 Conuay my sighes sweet Ciuet-breathing ayre,
 In dolefull accents to my heauenly fayre;
 You murmuring Springs, like doleful Instruments
 Vpon your grauell sound my sad laments,
 And in your silent bubling as you goe,
 Consort your selues like Musick to my woe.
 And lifting now his sad and heauy eyes
 Vp, towards the beauty of the burnisht skies,
 Bright Lamps (qd. he) the glorious Welkin bears,
 Which clip about the Plannets wandring Sphears,
 And in your circled Maze doe euer role,
 Dauncing about the neuer moouing Pole:
 Sweet Nymph, which in fayre *Elice* doost shine,
 Whom thy surpassing beauty made diuine,
 Now in the Artick constellation,
 Smyle sweet *Calisto* on *Endimion*:
 And thou braue *Perseus* in the Northern ayre,

Holding *Medusa* by the snaky hayre,
Ioues showre-begotten Son, whose valure tryed,
 In seunteene glorious lights art stellified;
 Which won'tst thy loue, left as a Monster pray,
 And thou the louely fayre *Andromida*,

Borne of the famous Etheopian lyne,
 Darting those rayes from thy transpiercing eyne,
 To thee the bright *Cassiopey*, with these,
 Whose beauty stroue with the *Neriedes*,
 With all the troupe of the celestiall band,
 Which on *Olimpus* in your glory stand;
 And you great wandring lights, if fro[m] your Sphears
 You haue regard vnto a Sheepeheards teares,
 Or as men say, if ouer earthly things
 You onely rule as Potentates and Kings,
 Vnto my loues euent sweet Stars direct,
 Your kindest reuolution and aspect,
 And bend your cleere eyes from your Thrones aboue
 Vpon *Endimion* pyning thus in loue.

The con-
 stellations
 neere the
 Pole
 Artick

Now, ere the purple dauning yet did spring,
 The ioyfull Lark began to stretch her wing,
 And now the Cock the mornings Trumpeter,
 Playd hunts-vp for the day starre to appeare,
 Downe slydeth *Phæbe* from her Christall chayre,
 Sdayning to lend her light vnto the ayre,
 But vnto *Latmus* all in haste is gon,
 Longing to see her sweet *Endimion*;
 At whose departure all the Plannets gazed,
 As at some seld-seene accident amazed,
 Till reasoning of the same, they fell at ods,
 So that a question grew amongst the Gods,
 Whether without a generall consent
 She might depart their sacred Parliament?
 But what they could doe was but all in vaine,
 Of liberty they could her not restraine:
 For of the heauen sith she the lowest was,
 Vnto the earth she might the easiest passe;
 Sith onely by her moysty influence,
 Of earthly things she hath preheminnence,
 And vnder her, mans mutable estate,
 As with her changes doth participate;
 And from the working of her waning source,
 Th'vncertaine waters held a certaine course,
 Throughout her kingdo[m]e she might walk at large
 Wherof as Empresse she had care and charge,
 And as the Sunne vnto the Day giues light,
 So is she onely Mistris of the Night;
 Which whilst shee in her oblique course dooth guide,

The glittering stars appeare in all their pride,
 Which to her light their friendly Lamps do lend,
 And on her trayne as Hand-maydes doe atend,
 And thirteene times she through her Sphere doth run,
 Ere *Phæbus* fall his yearly course haue don:
 And vnto her of wanton is assign'd,
 Predominance of body and of mind,
 That as of Plannets shee most variable,
 So of all creatures they most mutable;
 But her sweet *Latmus* which she lou'd so much,
 No sooner once her dainty foote doth touch,
 But that the Mountaine with her brightnes shone
 And gaue a light to all the Horizon:
 Euen as the Sun which darknes long did shroud,
 Breakes suddainly from vnderneath a clowd,
 So that the Nimphs which on her still attended,
 Knew certainly great *Phæbe* was discended;
 And all aproched to this sacred hill,
 There to awayt their soueraigne Goddesses will,
 And now the little Birds whom Nature taught,
 To honour great *Diana* as they ought,
 Because she is the Goddesses of the woods,
 And sole preseruer of their hallowed floods,
 Set to their consort in their lower springs,
 That with the Musicke all the mountaine rings;
 So that it seemd the Birds of euery Groue
 Which should excell and passe each other stroue,
 That in the higher woods and hollow grounds,
 The murmuring Eccho euery where resounds,
 The trembling brooks their slyding courses stayd,
 The whilst the waues one with another playd,
 And all the flocks in this reioycing mood,
 As though inchaunted do forbear their food:
 The heards of Deare downe from the mountains flew,
 As loth to come within *Dianas* view,
 Whose piercing arrowes from her Iuory bowe,
 Had often taught her powerfull hand to knowe;
 And now from *Latmus* looking towards the plains
 Casting her eyes vpon the Sheepheards swaines,
 Perceiu'd her deare *Endimions* flock were stray'd
 And he himselfe vpon the ground was layd;
 Who late recald from melancholy deepe,
 The chaunting Birds had lulled now asleepe:
 For why the Musick in this humble kinde,

As it first found, so doth it leaue the minde;
 And melancholy from the Spleene begun,
 By passion moou'd, into the veynes doth run;
 Which when this humor as a swelling Flood
 By vigor is infused in the blood;
 The vitall spirits doth mightely apall;
 And weakeneth so the parts organicall,
 And when the sences are disturbd and tierd,
 With what the hart incessantly desierd,
 Like Trauellers with labor long opprest,
 Finding release, eft-soones they fall to rest.

And comming now to her *Endimion*,
 Whom heauy sleepe had lately ceas'd vpon,
 Kneeling her downe, him in her armes she clips,
 And with sweet kisses sealeth vp his lips,
 Whilst from his eyes, teares streaming downe in showrs
 Fell on his cheekes like dew vpon the flowrs,
 In globy circles like pure drops of Milk,
 Sprinckled on Roses, or fine crimson silk:
 Touching his brow, this is the seate (quoth she)
 Where Beauty sits in all her Maiestie,
 She calls his eye-lids those pure Christall couers
 VVhich rare perfume and precious incense holds,
 Shee calls his soft smooth Allablaster skin,
 The Lawne which Angels are attyred in,
 Sweet face (qd. she) but wanting words I spare thee
 Except to heauen alone I should compare thee:
 And whilst her words she wasteth thus in vayne,
 Sporting herselfe the tyme to entertayne,
 The frolick Nymphes with Musicks sacred sound,
 Entred the Meddowes dauncing in a round:
 And vnto *Phæbe* straight their course direct,
 Which now their ioyfull comming did expect,
 Before whose svveet Balme body doth imbay.
 And on the Laurels grovving there along,
 Their wreathed garlonds all about they hung:
 And all the ground within the compasse load,
 With sweetest flowers, wheron they lightly troad.
 And kneeling softly, kisse him all arew;
 Then in braue galiards they them selues aduaunce,
 And in the Tryas *Bacchus* stately daunce;
 Then following on fayre *Floras* gilded trayne,
 Into the Griues they thus depart agayne,
 And now to shew her powerfull deitie,

Her sweet *Endimion* more to beautifie,
 Into his soule the Goddess doth infuse,
 The fiery nature of a heauenly Muse,
 Which in the spirit labouring by the mind
 Pertaketh of celestiall things by kind:
 For why the soule and grosse corruption,
 Of heauenly secrets incomprehensible,
 Of which the dull flesh is not sensible.
 And by one onely powerfull faculty,
 Yet gouerneth a multiplicity,
 Being essentiall, vniforme in all,
 Not to be seuer'd nor diuiduall,
 But in her function holdeth her estate,
 By powers diuine in her ingenerate,
 And holy inspiration conceaueth
 What heauen to her by diuination breatheth;
 But they no sooner to the shades were gone,
 Leauing their Goddess by *Endimion*;
 But by the hand the louely boy shee takes,
 And from his sweet sleepe softly him awakes,
 Who being struck into a sodayne feare,
 Beholding thus his glorious Goddess there,
 His hart transpirced with this sodayne glance,
 became as one late come into a trance:
 Wiping his eyes not yet of perfect sight,
 Scarcely awak'd amazed at the light,
 His cheekes now pale then louely blushing red,
 Which oft increasd, and quickly vanished,
 And, as on him her fixed eyes were bent,
 So to and fro his colour came and went;
 Like to a Christall neere the fire set,
 Against the brightnes rightly opposet,

Now doth reteyne the colour of the fame,
 And lightly moued againe, reflects the same;
 For our affection quickned by her heate,
 Allayd and strengthened by a strong conceit,
 The minde disturbed foorth-with doth conuart,
 To an internall passion of the hart,
 By motion of that sodaine ioy or feare,
 Which we receiue either by the aye or eare,
 For by retraction of the spirit and blood,
 From those exterior parts where first they stood,
 Into the center of the body sent,

The
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Returns againe more strong and vehement:
 And in the like extremitie made cold,
 About the same, themselues doe closely hold,
 And though the cause be like in this respect,
 Works by this meanes a contrary effect.

Thus whilst this passion hotely held his course,
 Ebbing and flowing from his springing source,
 With the strong fit of this sweet Feuer moued,
 At sight of her which he intirely loued,
 Not knowing yet great *Phæbe* this should be,
 His soueraigne Goddess, Queene of Chastitie,
 Now like a man whom Loue had learned Art,
 Resolu'd at once his secrets to impart:
 But first repeats the torments he had past,
 The woes indur'd since tyme he saw her last,
 Now he reports he noted whilst she spake,
 The bustling windes their murmure often brake,
 And being silent, seemd to pause and stay,
 To listen to her what she ment to say:
 Be kind (quoth he) sweet Nymph unto thy louer,
 My soules sole essence, and my sences mouer,
 Life of my life, pure Image of my hart,
 Impresse of Conceit, Inuention, Art,
 My vitall spirit, receues his spirit from thee,
 Thou art all which ruleth all in me,
 Thou art the sap, and life whereby I liue,
 Which powerfull vigor doost receiue and giue;
 Thou nourishest the flame wherein I burne,
 The North wherto my harts true tuch doth turne.
 Pitty my poore flock, see their wofull plight,
 Theyr Maister perisht liuing from thy sight,
 Theyr fleeces rent, my tresses all forlorne,
 I pyne, whilst they their pasture haue forborne;
 Behold (quoth he) this little flower belowe,
 Which heere within this Fountayne brim dooth grow;
 With that, a solemne tale begins to tell
 Of this fayre flower, and of this holy Well,
 A goodly legend, many Winters old,
 Learn'd by the Sheepheards sitting by their folde,
 How once this Fountayne was a youthfull swaine,
 A frolick boy and kept vpon the playne,
 Vnfortunate it hapt to him (quoth he)
 To loue a fayre Nymph as I nowe loue thee,
 To her his loue and sorrow he imparts,

Which might dissolue a rock of flinty harts;
 To her he sues, to her he makes his mone,
 But she more deafe and hard then steele or stone;
 And thus one day with grieffe of mind opprest,
 As in this place he layd him downe to rest,
 The Gods at length vppon his sorrowes looke,
 Transforming him into this pirrling Brooke,
 Whose murmuring bubbles softly as they creepe,
 Falling in drops, the Channell seems to weepe,
 But shee thus careles of his misery,
 Still spends her dayes in mirth and iollity;
 And comming one day to the Riuer side,
 Laughing for ioy when she the same espyde,
 This wanton Nymph in that vnhappy hower,
 Was heere transformd into this purple flower,
 Which towards the water turnes it selfe agayne,
 To pitty him by her vnkindnes slayne.

She, as it seemd, who all this time attended,
 Longing to heare that once his tale were ended,
 Now like a iealous woman she repeats,
 Mens subilties, and naturall deceyts;
 And by example striues to verifie,
 Their ficklenes and vaine inconstancie:
 Their hard obdurate harts, and wilfull blindnes,
 Telling a storie wholly of vnkindnes;
 But he, who well perceiued her intent,
 And to remoue her from this argument,
 Now by the sacred Fount he vowes and sweares,
 By Louers sighes, and by her halowed teares,
 By holy *Latmus* now he takes his oath,
 That all he spake was in good fayth and troth;
 And for no frayle vncertayne doubt should moue her,
 Vowes secrecie, the crown of a true Louer.

She hearing this, thought time that she reueald,
 That kind affection which she long conceald,
 Determineth to make her true Loue known,
 Which shee had borne vnto *Endimion*;
 I am no Huntresse, nor no Nymph (quoth she)
 As thou perhaps imagin'st me to be,
 I am great *Phæbe*, *Latmus* sacred Queene,
 Who from the skies haue hether past vnseene,
 And by thy chast loue hether was I led,
 Where full three yeares thy fayre flock haue I fed,
 Vpon these Mountaines and these firtile plaines,

And crownd thee King of all the Shepheards swaines:
 nor neuer lust my chast thoughts once could moue
 But sith thou thus hast offerd at my Shrine,
 And of the Gods hast held me most diuine,
 Mine Altars thou with sacrifice hast stord,
 And in my Temples hast my name ador'd,
 And of all other, most hast honor'd mee,
 Great *Phæbes* glory thou alone shalt see.

Thys spake, she putteth on her braue attire,
 As being burnisht in her Brothers fire,
 Purer then that Celestiall shining flame
 Wherein great *Ioue* vnto his Lemmon came,
 Which quickly had his pale cheekes ouer-spred,
 And tinted with a louely blushing red.
 Which whilst her Brother *Titan* for a space,
 Withdrew himselfe, to giue his sister place,
 Shee now is darkned to all creatures eyes,
 Whilst in the shadow of the earth she lyes,
 For that the earth of nature cold and dry,
 A very Chaos of obscurity,
 Whose Globe exceeds her compasse by degrees,
 Fixd vpon her Superficies;
 When in his shadow she doth hap to fall,
 Dooth cause her darknes to be generall.

Thus whilst he layd his head vpon her lap,
 She in a fiery Mantle doth him wrap,
 And carries him vp from this lumpish mould,
 Into the skyes, whereas he might behold,
 The earth in perfect roundnes of a ball
 Exceeding globes most artificiall:
 Which in a fixed poynt Nature disposed,
 And with the sundry Elements inclosed,
 Which as the Center permanent dooth stay,
 When as the skies in their diurnal sway,
 Strongly maintaine the euer-turning course,
 Forced alone by their first moouer sourse,
 Where he beholds the ayery Regions,
 VVhereas the clouds and strange impressions,
 Maintaynd by coldnes often doe appeare,
 And by the highest Region of the ayre,
 Vnto the cleerest Element of fire,
 Which to her siluer foot-stoole doth aspire,
 Then dooth she mount him vp into her Sphere,
 Imparting heauenly secrets to him there,

Where lightned by her shining beames hee sees,
 The powerfull Plannets, all in their degrees,
 Their sundry reuolutions in the skies,
 And by their working how they simpathize;
 All in theyr circles seuerally prefixt,
 And in due distance each with other mixt:
 The mantions which they hold in their estate,
 Of which by nature they participate;
 And how those signes their seuerall places take,
 Within the compasse of the Zodiacke:

And in their seuerall triplicities consent,
 Vnto the nature of an Element,
 To which the Plannets do themselues disperce,
 Hauing the guidance of this vniuers,
 And do from thence extend their seuerall powers,
 Vnto this little fleshy world of ours:
 Wherin her Makers workmanship is found,
 As in contriuing of this mighty round,
 In such strange maner and such fashion wrought,
 As doth exceede mans dull and feeble thought,
 Guiding vs still by their directions;
 And that our fleshly frayle complections,
 Of elementall natures grounded bee,
 With which our dispositions most agree,
 Some of the fire and ayre participate,
 And some of watry and of earthy state,
 As hote and moyst, with chilly cold and dry,
 And vnto these the other contrary;
 And by their influence powerfull on the earth,
 Predominant in mans fraile mortall bearth,
 And that our liues effects and fortunes are,
 As is that happy or vnlucky Starre,
 Which reigning in our frayle natuitie,
 Seales vp the secrets of our destinie,
 With frendly Plannets in coniunction set,
 Or els with other merely opposet:
 And now to him her greatest power she lent,
 To lift him to the starry Firmament,
 Where he beheld that milk stayned place,
 By which the Twynns & heauenly Archers trace,
 The dogge which doth the furious Lyon beate,
 Whose flaming breath increaseth *Titans* heate,
 The teare-distilling mournfull *Pliades*,

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Which on the earth the stormes & tempests raise,
 And all the course the constellations run,
 When in coniunction with the Moone or Sun,
 When towards the fixed Articke they arise,
 When towards the Antar[t]icke, falling fro[m] our eyes;
 And hauing impt the wings of his desire,
 And kindled him, with this cœlestiall fire,
 She sets him downe, and vanishing his sight,
 Leaues him inwrapped in this true delight:
 Now wheresoeuer he his fayre flock fed,
 The Muses still *Endimion* followed;
 His sheepe as white as Swans or driuen snow,
 Which beautified the soyle with such a show,
 As where hee folded in the darkest Night,
 There neuer needed any other light;
 If that he hungred and desired meate,
 The Bees would bring him Honny for to eate,
 Yet from his lyps would not depart away,
 Tyll they were loden with Ambrosia;
 And if he thirsted, often there was seene
 A bubling Fountaine spring out of the greene,
 VVith Christall liquor fild vnto the brim,
 VVhich did present her liquid store to him.
 If hee would hunt, the fayre Nymphs at his will,
 VVith Bowes & Quiuers, would attend him still:
 And what-soeuer he desierd to haue,
 That he obtain'd if hee the same would craue.

And now at length, the ioyful tyme drew on,
 She meant to honor her *Endimion*,
 And glorifie him on that stately Mount
 VVhereof the Goddess made so great account.
 Shee sends *Ioues* winged Herauld to the woods,
 The neighbour Fountains, & the bordering floods,
 Charging the Nymphes which did inhabit there,
 vpon a day appoynted to appeare,
 And to attend her sacred Maiestie
 In all theyr pompe and great solemnity.
 Hauing obtaynd great *Phæbus* free consent,
 To further her diuine and chast intent,
 Which thus imposed as a thing of waight,
 In stately troupes appeare before her straight,
 The Faunes and Satyres from the tufted Brakes,
 Theyr brisly armes wreath'd al about with snakes;
 Their sturdy loynes with ropes of Iuie bound,

Their horned heads with Woodbine Chaplets crown'd,
 With Cipresse Iauelens, and about their thyes,
 The flaggy hayre disorder'd loosely flies:
 Th'*Oriades* like to the *Spartan* Mayd,
 In Murrie-scyndall gorgeously arrayde:
 With gallant greene hayre with silken fillets lac'd,
 Woue with flowers in sweet lasciuious wreathes,
 Moouing like feather as the light ayre breathes,
 VVith crownes of Mirtle, glorious to behold,
 whose leaues are painted with pure drops of gold:
 With traines of fine Bisse checker'd all with frets
 Of dainty Pincks and precious Violets,
 In branched Buskins of fine Cordiwin,
 With spangled garters cowne vnto the shin,
 Fring'd with fine silke, of many a sundry kind,
 VVhich lyke to pennons waued with the wind.
 The *Hamadriads* from their shady Bowers,
 Deckt vp in Garlonds of the rarest flowers,
 Vpon the backs of milke-white Bulls were set,
 With horne and hoofe as black as any Iet,
 Whose collers were great massy golden rings,
 Led by their swaynes in twisted silken strings;
 Then did the louely *Driades* appeare,
 On dapled Staggs, which brauely mounted were,
 Whose veluet palmes with noseгаies rarely dight,
 To all the rest bred wonderfull delight;
 And in this sort accompaned with these,
 In tryumph rid the warty *Niades*,
 Vpon Sea-horses, trapt with shining finns,
 Arm'd with their male impenetrable skinns,
 Whose scaly crests like Raine-bowes bended hye;
 Seeme to controule proud *Iris* in the sky;
 Vpon a Charriot was *Endimion* layd,
 In snowy Tissue gorgeously arayd,
 Of presious Iuory couered or'e with Lawne,
 Which by foure stately Vnicornes was drawne,
 Of ropes of Orient pearle their traces were,
 Pure as the path which dooth in heauen appeare,
 With rarest flowers inchaste and ouer-spred,
 Which seru'd as Curtaynes to this glorious bed,
 Whose seate of Christal in the Sun-beames shone,
 Like thunder-breathing *Ioues* celestially Throne,
 Vpon his head a Coronet instald,
 Of one intire and mighty Emerald,

With richest Bracelets on his lilly wrists,
 Of Helliopium, linckt with golden twists;
 A beuy of fayre Swans, which flying ouer,
 With their large wings him fro[m] the Sun do couer,
 And easily wafting as he went along,
 Doe lull him still with their inchaunting song,
 Whilst all the Nimphes on solemne Instruments,
 Sound daintie Musick to their sweet laments.

And now great *Phæbe* in her tryumph came,
 With all the titles of her glorious name,
Diana, Delia, Lana, Cynthia,
Virago, Hecate, and Elythia,
Prothiria, Dictinna, Proserpine,
Latona, and Lucina, most diuine;
 And in her pompe began now to approach,
 Mounted aloft vpon her Christall Coach,
 Drawn or'e the playnes by foure pure milk-white Hinds,
 Whose nimble feete seem'd winged with the winds,
 Her rarest beauty being now begun,
 But newly borrowed from the golden Sun,
 Her louely cressant with a decent space,
 By due proportion beautified her face,
 Till hauing fully fild her circled side,
 Her glorious fulnes now appeard in pride;
 vvhich long her changing brow could not retaine,
 But fully waxt, began againe to wane;
 Vpon her brow (like meteors in the ayre)
 Twenty & eyght great gorgious lamps shee bare;
 Some, as the VVelkin, shining passing bright,
 Some not so sumptuous, others lesser light,
 Some burne; some other, let theyr faire lights fall,
 Composd in order Geometricall;
 And to adorne her with a greater grace,
 And ad more beauty to her louely face,
 Her richest Globe shee gloriously displayes,
 Now that the Sun had hid his golden rayes:
 Least that his radie[n]cie should her suppresses,
 And so might make her beauty seeme the lesse:
 Her stately trayne layd out in azur'd bars,
 Poudred all thick with troupes of siluer stars:
 Her ayrie vesture yet so rare and strange,
 As euey howre the colour seem'd to change,
 Yet still the former beauty doth retaine,
 And euer came vnto the same againe.

Then fayre *Astrea*, of the *Titans* line,
 VVhom equity and iustice made diuine,
 VVas seated heer vpon the siluer beame,
 And with the raines guides on thos goodly teame,
 To whom the *Charites* led on the way,
Aglaia, *Thalia*, and *Euphrozine*,
 vvith princely crownes they in the triumph came,
 Imbellished with *Phæbes* glorious name:
 These forth before the mighty Goddesse went,
 As Princes Heraulds in a Parliament.
 And in their true consorted symphony,
 Record sweet songs of *Phæbes* chastity;
 Then followed on the Muses, sacred nyne,
 With the first number equally diuine,
 In Virgins white, whose louely mayden browes,
 Were crowned with tryumphant Lawrell bowes;
 And on their garments paynted out in glory,
 Their offices and functions in a story,
 Imblazoning the furie and conceite
 Which on their sacred company awaite;
 For none but these were suffered to aproch,
 Or once come neere to this celestiaall Coach,
 But these two of the numbers, nine and three,
 Which being od include an vnity,
 Into which number all things fitly fall,
 And therefore named Theologicall:
 And first composing of this number nine,
 Which of all numbers is the most diuine,
 From orders of the Angels dooth arise,
 Which be contayned in three Hirarchies,
 And each of these three Hirarchies in three,
 The perfect forme of true triplicity;
 And of the Hirarchies I spake of erst,
 The glorious *Epiphania* is the first,
 In which the hie celestiaall orders been,
 Of Thrones, Cirrup, and the Ciraphin;
 The second holds the mighty Principates,
 The Dominations and the Potestates,
 The *Ephionia*, the third Irarchie,
 Which Vertues Angels and Archangels be;
 And thus by threes we aptly do define,
 And do compose this sacred number nyne,
 Yet each of these nyne orders grounded be,
 Vpon some one particularity,

Then as a Poet I might so infer,
 An other order when I spake of her.
 From these the Muses onely are deriued,
 Which of the Angels were in nyne contriued;
 These heauen-inspired Babes of memorie,
 Which by a like attracting Sympathy,
Apollo's Prophets in theyr furies wrought,
 And in theyr spirit inchaunting numbers taught,
 To teach such as at Poesie repine,
 That it is onely heauenly and diuine,
 And manifest her intellectuall parts,
 Sucking the purest of the purest Arts;
 And vnto these as by a sweet consent,
 The Sphery circles are equiualent,
 From the first Moouer, and the starry heauen,
 To glorious *Phæbe* lowest of the seauen,
 Which *Ioue* in tunefull Diapazons fram'd,
 Of heauenly Musick of the Muses nam'd,
 To which the soule in her diuinitie,
 By her Creator made of harmony,
 Whilst she in frayle and mortall flesh dooth liue,
 To her nyne sundry offices doe giue,
 Which like the orders of the Angels be,
 Prefiguring this by the number nyne,
 The soule, like to the Angels is diuine:
 And fro[m] these nines those Conquerers renowned,
 Which with the wreaths of triumph oft were crowned.
 Which by their vertues gain'd the worthies name
 First had this number added to their fame,
 Not that the worthiest men were onely nine,
 But that the number of it selfe diuine,
 And as a perfect patterne of the rest,
 Which by this holy number are exprest;
 Nor Chiualrie this title onely gaynd;
 But might as well by wisdom be obtaynd,
 Nor in this number men alone included,
 But vnto women well might be aluded,
 Could wit, could worlds, coulde times, could ages find,
 This number of *Elizas* heauenly kind;
 And those rare men which learning highly prized
 By whom the Constellations were deuised,
 And by their faouours learning highly graced,
 For *Orpheus* harpe nine starres in heauen placed:
 This sacred number to declare thereby,

Her sweet consent and solid harmony,
 And mans heroique voyce, which doth impart,
 The thought conceued in the inward hart,
 Her sweetnes on nine Instruments doth ground,
 Else doth she fayle in true and perfect sound.
 Now of this three in order to dispose,
 Whose trynarie doth iustly nyne compose.
 First in the forme of this triplicite
 Is shadowed that mighty Trinitie,
 Which still in stedfast vnity remayne,
 And yet of three one Godhead doe containe;
 From this eternall liuing deitie,
 As by a heauen-inspired prophecy,
 Diuine Poets first deriued these,
 The fayrest Graces *Ioue-borne Charites*;
 And in this number Musick first began,
 The *Lydian, Dorian, and the Phrygian*,
 Which rauishing in their soule-pleasing vaine,
 They made vp seauen in a higher strayne;
 And all those signes which *Phæbus* doth ascend,
 Before he bring his yearely course to end,
 Their seuerall natures mutually agree,
 And doe concur in thys triplicite;
 And those interior sences with the rest,
 Which properly pertaine to man and Beast,
 Nature herselfe in working so deuised,
 That in the number they should be comprized.

But to my tale I must returne againe,
Phæbe to *Latmus* thus conuayde her swayne,
 Vnder a bushie Lawrels pleasing shade,
 Amongst whose boughs the Birds sweet Musick made,
 Whose fragrant branch-imbosted Cannapy,
 Was neuer pierst with *Phæbus* burning eye;
 Yet neuer could thys Paradise want light,
 Elumin'd still with *Phæbes* glorious sight:
 She layd *Endimion* on a grassy bed,
 With sommers Arras richly ouer-sprede,
 Where from her sacred Mantion next aboue,
 She might descend and sport her with her loue,
 Which thirty yeeres the Sheepheards safely kept,
 Who in her bosom soft and soundly slept;
 Yet as a dreame he thought the tyme not long,
 Remaying euer beautifull and yong,
 And what in vision there to him be fell,

My weary Muse some other time shall tell.

DEARE *Collin*, let my Muse excused be,
Which rudely thus presumes to sing by thee,
Although her straines be harsh vntun'd & ill,
Nor can attayne to thy diuine skill.

And thou the sweet *Museus* of these times,
Pardon my rugged and vnfiled rymes,
Whose scarce inuention is too meane and base,
When *Delias* glorious Muse dooth come in place.

And thou my *Goldey* which in Sommer dayes,
Hast feasted vs with merry roundelayes,
And when my Muse scarce able was to flye,
Didst imp her wings with thy sweete Poesie.

And you the heyres of euer-liuing fame,
The worthy titles of a Poets name,
Whose skill and rarest excellence is such,
As spitefull Enuy neuer yet durst tuch,
To your protection I this Poem send,
Which from proud *Momus* may my lines defend,

And if sweet mayd thou deign'st to read this story,
Wherein thine eyes may view thy vertues glory,
Thou purest spark of *Vesta's* kindled fire,
Sweet Nymph of *Ankor*, crowne of my desire,
The plot which for their pleasure heauen deuis'd,
Where all the Muses be imparadis'd,
Where thou doost liue, there let all graces be,
Which want theyr grace if onely wanting thee,
Let stormy winter neuer touch the Clyme,
But let it florish as in Aprils prime,
Let sullen night, that soyle nere ouer-cloud,
But in thy presence let the earth be proud,
If euer Nature of her worke might boast,
Of thy perfection she may glory most,
To whom fayre *Phæbe* hath her bow resign'd,
Whose excellence doth lyue in thee refin'd,
And that thy praise Time neuer should impayre,
Hath made my hart thy neuer mouing Spheare.
Then if my Muse giue life vnto thy fame,
Thy vertues be the causers of the same.
And from thy Toombe some Oracle shall rise,
To whom all pens shall yearely sacrifice.

FINIS.

