THE LIFE AND DEATH

Of

Mary Magdalene.

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1899.
THE LIFE AND DEATH
OF
Mary Magdalene,

A LEGENDARY POEM IN TWO PARTS,
ABOUT A.D. 1620,

BY
THOMAS ROBINSON.

EDITED FROM THE ONLY KNOWN MANUSCRIPTS IN THE
BRITISH MUSEUM AND BODLEIAN LIBRARIES,
WITH AN
Introduction, a Life of the Author, and Notes,
BY
H. OSKAR SOMMER.

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# CONTENTS

**Introduction:**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>I. THE MANUSCRIPTS AND THE AUTHOR</th>
<th>PAGE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>ix</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**II. Analysis of the Poem:**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>α. Its Two Parts</th>
<th>xiii</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>β. Analysis of the Poem</td>
<td>xv</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>γ. The Sources of the Poem</td>
<td>xx</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>δ. The Versification</td>
<td>xxii</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ε. The Style</td>
<td>xxii</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>III. The Text</th>
<th>xxiii</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

**The Legend of Mary Magdalene:**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Dedication (In the Harl. Ms. Only)</th>
<th>3</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Part I. Her Life in Sin, and Death to Sin</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Part II. Her Life in Righteousness</td>
<td>42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Epilogue in Latin Verse</td>
<td>69</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Notes**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Notes</th>
<th>71</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

**Index of Words and Subjects**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Index of Words and Subjects</th>
<th>77</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
INTRODUCTION.

I. THE MANUSCRIPTS AND THE AUTHOR.

The Life and Death of Mary Magdalene exists in two MSS. of the first quarter of the 17th century, Harleian 6211 (p. 56—94);\textsuperscript{1} and Rawlinson 41 in the Bodleian. The latter MS. contains the author's name, "Thomas Robinson," plainly at full length; the former his initials "T. R." and his full name blotted out, but still legible. The Rawlinson MS.\textsuperscript{2} contains another legend of another writer, entitled The Life of the Blessed Virgin Mary,\textsuperscript{3} and has the following dedication to its Mary Magdalene:

1 A small part of the poem, altered and modernised, appeared in 1869 (February and March), in a monthly periodical called The Westminster Abbey Magazine, or Reminiscences of Past Literature, which lived but three months. At the beginning is a foot-note: "This poem, which now for the first time sees light of day in print, was probably written by Sir Philip Sidney—it is thoroughly Spenserian in style, and will recommend itself in a very marked manner to the poetical mind."

2 The Curators of the Bodleian Library were good enough to send the Rawlinson Manuscript to London for me, after Mr. E. M. Thompson, the Keeper of the Manuscripts in the British Museum, had declared his readiness to take charge of it.

3 On the cover of the volume are written the following lines, by Edw. Umfreville, who has described several of the Bodleian Manuscripts: "Mr. Robinson's Life and Death of M. Magdalene, I have seen and read years since in MS. It is a very pretty little thing of about 100 years old, and, I believe, never printed—its age may be found by inquiring the time when W. Taylor was fellow of Trinity College." I did enquire, but without result. The Wood Manuscript (vol. 8490, f. 172), Ashmolean Library, Oxford, which contains a list of the fellows of Trinity College, does not mention the name of Taylor at all, nor could the College library give any other information from the archives on the subject, than that a man of this name entered the College in 1670 as a commoner. The words "To the Worshipful," etc., seem to imply that Taylor was then an old man, possibly one of the senior fellows. There is no certainty that Wood's list is complete, which would account for its omission of Taylor's name. Moreover, the dedicatory lines do not specify whether Trinity College, Oxford or Cambridge, was meant. But the list of the college of that name at Cambridge (Brit. Mus. Coll. of Cambr. and Miscell., Vol. xiv., Add. 5846, p. 250) does not mention the name of Taylor.
INTRODUCTION. I. THE MSS. AND THE AUTHOR.

"To the Worshippeful, his very kinde
   Friend, and quondam Tutor.
Mr. W. Taylour. Bachelor of Divinity,
   and fellowe of Trin. Coll.
   T. R.
   Wiseth health, and Happinesse.

When Socrates his sholars ev'ry yeare,
Brought gifts, and presents to their Master deare,
Among the rest 't was Æschines's device,
   To give himselfe, instead of greater price:
My selfe (Kinde S') I can not nowe present
To your acceptance, sith I rest ypent
In Northern climat : but my image true,
The offspring of my braine, I give in lieu.
Deign but to cherrish this yong birth of mine,
A Muse it may be, though no Muse divine.
And thus much I with Æschines will saye,
   In commendation of my ruder lay:
They that give much, more for themselves doe save,
But this is all I give, and all I have.

Yours in all duty to
   command
THOMAS ROBINSON."

The Harleian MS. has, before the Magdalene legend, a Prologue in heroic couplets in the same handwriting as the sidenotes to Mary Magdalene. Its last ten verses are addressed to a "great Lord," who is styled the poet's grace, and who is identified by the four lines prefixed to this poem, and scrawled over with ink, but reading as follows: "To the right honourable and truly noble gentleman and Lord, Henry Clifford, Lord-Lieutenant of the midle shires of Westmoreland, Cumberland and Northumberland, T. R. wisheth all happinesse and increase of honour."2

At the end of this poem are the words: "Your Honours in all duty and service to command," and underneath, instead of a name, is a long rectangular inkblot, from which some strokes of writing

1 It is of course printed below.

It begins with some reflections on the difficulties that poets have in finding a patron, and also in choosing the subjects of their compositions. The various subjects of poetry are then analysed, and some complaints made, that poetry is not so much liked and patronised as in former days, for people are rather ashamed to call themselves poets. Then follows an enumeration of many Greek, Latin, and English poets, and, finally, the profit that arises from poetry is commended.

2 Thus the author dedicated the two different copies of his poem to different persons, as Norden did two copies of his Description of Essex: compare the Camden Society's print of it with the MS. in the Grauville collection.
INTRODUCTION. I. THE MSS. AND THE AUTHOR

By using a powerful magnifying-glass, I was enabled to read, through the blot, the name "Thomas Robinson," and thus confirm the suggestion of the Harleian Catalogue.

To fix the date of the MS. it was natural to inquire the time when either of the two dedicatees was living. The inquiry after W. Taylour, which Umfreville suggests, proved entirely fruitless, as I have above stated; and the result which the inquiry after Lord Clifford afforded left the matter in so far undetermined, as the Clifford family had several members of the Christian name "Henry."

Mr. E. Maunde Thompson, the Keeper of the MSS. in the British Museum, was kind enough to decide the point for me, after I had myself gone wrong, by showing that the watermark of the paper on which the Legend is written is such as was used in the year 1621. Perhaps it was also used some few years earlier or later, but the difference is certainly not great, as Mr. Thompson says that the watermarks about this time change very rapidly. We may therefore reasonably date the poem "about A.D. 1621." This date falls within the lifetime of Lord Henry Clifford, the fifth and last Earl of Cumberland. Moreover, the poem contains (Part II. 1132) the line,

"There stood y* Monarche of this triple Isle," etc.,

which is internal evidence to its date, as referring to King James I., to whom this epithet was first given; for he was the first monarch who united under his sceptre the three islands of England, Ireland, and Scotland.

1 "The author's name at the end has been more carefully blotted out, but seems to have been 'Thomas Robinson.'"—p. 243, col. 2. The Harleian Catalogue, moreover, mentions the two poems separately, as if they had nothing to do with one another. This fact has misled the editor in the Westminster Magazine, so that he did not find Robinson's name, and supposed it to be written by Sir Philip Sidney.

2 (a.) Sir B. Burke's Extinct Peerage of England, etc. (b.) Dugdale English Baronage, vol. i. p. 346: Henry, Lord Clifford, Earl of Cumberland succeeded to his father's title in 1640. He was the last Earl of Cumberland, and at his death, in 1643, this peerage became extinct, as he only left one daughter.

3 Compare Shakspere's Macbeth, IV. i. 120, 121:

"And some I see

That two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry."

This is an allusion to the union of the two islands of Great Britain and Ireland, and the three kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Ireland, which took place at the accession of James I.
INTRODUCTION. I. THE MSS. AND THE AUTHOR.

Although the date was thus fixed, and the author's name attached to the poem in initials and at full length, there was little or no chance to settle the question who was this Thomas Robinson. In despite of the most careful searches through the State Papers, ecclesiastical Fasti, and literary records of the time I had access to, I was entirely unable to get a satisfactory result. The name, being a very common one, occurs, it is true, several times about this date, but unless he was either the Thomas Robinson mentioned (Hardy's Le Neve, vol. ii. p. 186) in 1615, one of the prebendaries of St. Martin's, Lincoln, or (vol. iii. p. 637) another Th. Robinson, one of the taxors of Jesus College, Cambridge,—I know not who wrote the poem. Except one line, Part I. 25,

"Poore, silly shepheard-swaines? ev'n such am I,"

which may be understood to mean that the poet was a minister, calling himself the shepherd of his congregation, the poem does not contain the slightest allusion to its writer. So far as we may draw a conjectural picture of an author from his work, we have to imagine a man highly educated for his time; not only well versed in Holy Scripture, but also thoroughly at home in classical literature, and a perfect master of versification. Even the name of Lord Clifford, which at the first sight promises to throw some light on the author's personality, does not do so. This nobleman's life is involved in great


2 The following few particulars about Lord Clifford I have gleaned from, a. Court and Time of James I., London, 1848; b. The Progresses, Processions, etc. of James I., by John Nichols (vol. ii.), 1828; c. Gardiner's History of England from the Accession of James I., etc., Lond., 1883; d. Th. D. Whitaker's Craven, ed. Morant, Lond., 1878. Lord Henry Clifford, the nephew of the celebrated Earl George, was made Knight of the Bath. After having married Francis, daughter of the Lord Treasurer, Earl of Salisbury, he accompanied Lord Wotton on his embassy to France. "Earl Henry," says the Countess of Pembroke (Lady Anne Clifford), "was endued with a good natural wit, was a tall and proper man, a good courtier, a brave horseman, an excellent huntsman, and had a good skill in architecture and mathematics. He was much favoured by King James and Charles I. He died of a burning fever at one of the Prebendaries' houses in York in 1643."
INTRODUCTION. I. THE MSS. AND THE AUTHOR.

obscurity, and he is but seldom mentioned in the historical records of his time. I was therefore unable to ascertain what his relations were to Thomas Robinson, or why the dedicatory inscription and the name were so carefully blotted out. Possibly the poet had changed his mind before carrying out his intention, or some unknown reasons compelled him to do so; at least his introductory lines to the *Legend of Mary Magdalene* in the Rawlinson manuscript:

"My selfe (kinde Sir) I cannot nowe present,  
To your acceptance, sith I rest ypent  
In Northern climat," etc.

give rise to the supposition that he did not go voluntarily to the North. Possibly the later scrawler, I. W., who in 1682 disfigured Robinson's MS.,\(^1\) smudged over Lord Clifford's name. I think it likely that Lord Henry Clifford never saw the poem. The lines:

"What should I speake of those of latter yeares?  
Of Harrington among our noble Peares?  
Or of thy selfe (great Earle) the Poets grace?"

are noteworthy, because the Earl was the author of 'Poeticall Translations of some Psalmes and the Song of Solomon, with other Divine Poems.'\(^2\) After all, the want of news about the life of the author is not so much to be lamented as one might think. If we could say this Thomas Robinson is the writer; he was born in such a year; these were the offices he held; he died when 60 years old: these few mere dates would probably make all we could hope to get about a man at this period, in which biography was not cultivated as it is now-a-days, as people were not anxious about registering all the little details of the private life of even great contemporaries.

II. THE POEM.

a. *Its two Parts."

This *Life and Death of Mary Magdalene* is, so far as we know, the latest English poetical version of the life of that Saint; and it is most probably one of the last legends of Saints written in England. The late date of this legend is only intelligible from its subject. It is from its character that legendary poetry, describing the lives of

\(^1\) See next page.

\(^2\) See Bliss's ed. of Wood's *Athen. Oxon.* iii. 82-3, where specimens are given from the MS.—W.
INTRODUCTION. II. THE POEM AND ITS 2 PARTS.

Saints, martyrs, and eminent divines, developed itself always hand in hand with the ecclesiastical hierarchy. It flourished in the 12th and 13th centuries, when the Church after the Crusades had come to full supremacy over the State. From this time forward it gradually decayed, and ceased to exist when the classical revival and religious reform had shaken for ever the pillars of Church rule. But Protestantism, rooting out the worship of Saints, still acknowledged Mary Magdalene, because the Saviour himself had declared her a Saint. The poem is in eight-line stanzas, and consists of two parts, each of which has its own title. The first part: "Her Life in sin and Death to sin," comprises 107 stanzas; the second part: "Her Life in Righteousnesse," 92 stanzas. The manuscript itself is finely and neatly written, and is very legible, except in a few corrupted lines. On the margin, throughout the poem, is a concise abstract of the text, and now and then passages are cited from Holy Scripture, or from some classical writer, to which some of the stanzas refer. All the marginal notes are of a different style of writing to the text itself. In the Harleian MS. the first forty stanzas of the First Part show numerous corrections and alterations by another hand, and these are, in some cases, difficult to decipher. Sometimes only single words (especially in the rime), sometimes whole lines, and thrice whole stanzas, are altered. From the nature of these corrections, one would think that the poet himself had made them (for it is scarcely credible that any person would take the liberty to alter so arbitrarily the work of another); but their being of a far later date than the poem, proves the contrary. The original passages are much disfigured and almost effaced by the corrector. Underneath the dedicatory verses, between the words "Service to commaund" and the inkblot covering the name Thomas Robinson, almost invisible to the unaided eye, and, as it appears, wilfully effaced, Mr. Thompson found the initials I. W., and by applying a chemical re-agent to the passage he restored the number 1682. Most probably these initials and the number refer to the unknown corrector. At the end, as a kind of epilogue, are added 24 verses in Latin, headed: "De Christo cum Simone pharisaeo prandente et Mariam Magdalenam comiter excipiente." The manuscript is signed "T. R."
INTRODUCTION. II. ANALYSIS OF THE POEM. XV

β. Analysis of the Poem.

Though the title of the poem leads us to expect a description of the facts of the life of Mary Magdalene, the work is purely allegorical, and touches but few events of real life.

After a short statement of his subject, followed by an invocation to the High Powers, that he may be kept refined and otherwise worthy of his subject, the poet plunges at once in medias res. The pleasurable surroundings of Mary Magdalene are described by means of a stately palace. This description (10/33) is entirely in Chaucer's style (Knight's Tale), and shows that the author possessed no considerable amount of imagination. In this palace dwells a stately dame, gorgeously apparelled, and surrounded everywhere with all the rich treasures and stores of the known world. "Pleasure", for this is her name (11/65), rules the loves of men, and can make happy or unhappy any of her numerous suitors whom she may deign to notice or to ignore. Her attendants are numberless. Two voluptuous ladies bear her train; "Flattery" supports her right hand; "Wantonness" her left (12/89); "Foolish Laughter" paints her eyelids, and "Idleness, Jealousy, Inconstancy, Despair, Presumption, Envy," and "a thousand other graceless graces" are ready to realize her slightest desire. She strikes her lute, and sings a sensuous song descriptive of the pleasures of the flesh, and inviting her wantons to partake of them while life lasts (13/104). Then the revels commence; and here the poet indulges in the most voluptuous and realistic descriptions (14/143). Particularly to be noticed is his fine simile, in which he compares the boundless Ocean, receiving all the rivers and casting them back again in different forms, to the ebb and flow of the various enjoyments of the hour (15/159). Among the throng of revellers is one more lovely than the rest: she is Mary Magdalene (16/191). The poet pictures her as a being supremely beautiful, and goes rather minutely into her charms, subjoining the inevitable moral regret that such a fair form should enshroud so guilty a soul, or to quote his own words, that:

"So white a wall immured such worthlesse stones" (18/245).

For the favour and love of this beautiful and angelic woman, many
rivals contend; but the simile the poet brings in here, cannot be said to be particularly refined or graceful (19/263). The suitors fight together, and the successful one claims the reward of his valour (19/270). The lovers then betake themselves to a garden, which is described as containing many fair flowers, “rich and rare” (20/303). The world of Flora has been ransacked to furnish a collection of beautiful plants, such as a garden of lovers should contain (21/311), and the result is magnificent; one almost feels the fine perfume, and can feast one’s eyes on the blaze of colour. Here again the poet’s description suggests Chaucer (House of Fame). The turn of his verse is often fairly happy, such as:

“The Damaske-roses heere were brought a bed,
Just opposite y* Lilie of y* Vale:
The Rose, to see y* Lilie white, wax’d red;
To see y* Rose so red, y* Lilie pale.”

There are numerous other conceits of a similar character, which the reader will doubtless duly appreciate.

In this garden an arbour stands, where the happiness of the lovers is consummated (22/345), to their own shame and to the righteous horror of the indignant poet, who, generally ready with his moralizings, nevertheless continues his elaborate descriptions of what he seemingly deprecates (23/359). Indulging all these pleasures, and enjoying whatever can increase her sensuous cupiditys, Mary Magdalene spends the best part of her life, only living for the brief hour (23/383). This opportunity the author does not let slip to “point again a moral” (24/399), although by doing so, he has not “adorned his tale.”

From this life of pleasure, the Magdalene is at last aroused by the visit of a personage, whom there can be no difficulty in recognizing; it is “Conscience” (25/419). The poet describes her as possessing “myriads of eyes,” having a knowledge of the future, and being the unmerciful Nemesis of every idle word and action. The advent of “Conscience” suggests to the poet an opportunity for a description of heaven with its spheres and different planets (26/439).

The workings of “Conscience” have their due effect on Mary, and she dimly begins to perceive the evil of her way (28/525). But “Pleasure” and “Custom” soon extinguish the glimmer of light, and
she returns to her former estate (29/528). "Conscience" now changes her tactics, and instead of a good angel, comes again in the form of "a dreary bag of Acheron," accompanied with a "viperous brood" of torments (29/547). Mary is filled with melancholy and despair, and is hurried, and deposited with more force than elegance, before the gates of hell (31/593). The description of hell, as seen from the open gate, is, to say the least of it, original (31/599). Evidently the poet endeavoured to make it as dreadful and terrible as he possibly could, and he certainly has not failed (31/599). If making the blood curdle is a proof of art, he possesses it in abundance. Close by, sits "Melancholy" described as a man, and having a figure calculated to strike despair into the heart of Mary Magdalene (32/631). He has one peculiarity, which we hitherto imagined to have belonged entirely to the upper world; he calls for paper, pen, and ink, and wishes to indite a letter to his love (33/651). Afterwards his actions resemble those of a mad man (33/653). Mary is placed close by the side of this detestable monster, becomes his ape, and imitates his every action (33/672). Mary is thus allegorically described as being possessed of Melancholy in its most dreadful forms (34/687).

The poet then strikes out a new path, a path down a steepy way:

"Wreapt all in uncouth silence of the night," (34/696).

This second abode of punishment is as dreadful as, if not more so than, the first. Here "raging winter" and "parching summer" co-exist, and the poor wretches "frying, freeze," and "freezing, sweat" (35/723). Nemesis appears, and dispatches some of her subjects to torture Mary Magdalene exquisitely, but to spare her life (36/750). They accomplish their task thoroughly: she is led, in imagination, through deserts, over snowy tops of hills, and through populous cities, finding no rest for her troubled soul (37/783). The violent possession of melancholy and despair work on her like madness, and she fancies that she undergoes, in succession, all the fabled torments that the classic learning of the poet can bring to bear on the subject (38/823).

The first Part then closes with the description of the earth, given up to the cruel inventions of hellish thought and deed (40/863).

The second, and undoubtedly the better, Part of the poem, opens MARY MAGDALENE.
with a description of the meeting between Mary Magdalene and the Saviour (42/908). Christ is walking in the fields, which are adorned with all the flowers of May; there he meets Mary, coming down from the hills (43/915). She casts herself before him, and the evil spirits with which she is possessed, cry aloud, begging that they may not be cast out, but saved along with all those for whom he had come to die (43/925). These evil spirits, remarks the poet, know the Saviour and his mission, and thus reveal their intelligence. The Saviour is beautifully described in a paraphrase of the Song of Solomon (43/935).

After that, the spirits for a second time entreat his mercy:

"And hopinge, prayd; but prayinge, prayd in vain" (44/970), but Jesus, with an awful voice, commands them to leave their habitation (45/974). His voice, says the poet, is like the thunder on Mount Sinai, which "the nations of Salem" once upon a time feared (45/977). Mary Magdalene, dispossessed of the hellish spirits, sinks down in speechless gratitude and amazement, but exhausted with the fightings of the spirits as they leave her (45/984). Christ takes her by the hand, cheers her in her tribulation, and tells her in well-known words, to go and sin no more (46/1006). Perhaps no passage of the poem shows better the poet's style of workmanship. He is nothing if not classical. In one stanza he is a Christian; in the following he has turned a thorough pagan, and Christ is styled "the winged Perseus of the Sky," and Mary Magdalene a "distressed Andromeda" (46/1007).

In a succession of figures,—such as the storm-tossed ship coming into a safe harbour, and the weary pilgrim coming to his journey's end,—Mary Magdalene is described as, at last, finding peace (46/1015). She is directed by a voice from an unseen source, to go to the courts of "Wisdom"; and there and then a dove guides her to the desired spot, much in the same way as the star did the wise men to Bethlehem (47/1033). The ways of "Wisdom"—to freely paraphrase the poet's gorgeous description of the forest through which Mary goes—are ways of pleasantness and paths of peace (47/1039). In the midst of this forest, the tower wherein "Wisdom" dwells, rears its head "to the cloudy skies" (48/1058). Certain peculiarities distinguish this tower from others; and, indeed, it is no common tower. It stands
INTRODUCTION. II. ANALYSIS OF THE POEM.

on a high hill; a rock is its foundation; thorns grow before it; seas lie beyond it; deserts with wild beasts lie on either side of it, and it is protected from the curious by a "thousand toilsome labyrinths" (48/1070). Like the castles of Chaucer, Spenser, John Bunyan, and other allegorical writers, each of these peculiarities has a hidden meaning. The castle's height represents Wisdom's glories, its rocky foundation her constancy; the thorns around it, the labours which must be overcome by the searcher after Truth (48/1065). The seas, the deserts, the wild beasts, and the labyrinths are its protections against unhallowed folly.

Humility, the door-keeper, admits Mary Magdalene, who stands amazed at the glories of Wisdom's dwelling-place. As she stands, lost in wonder, Wisdom reveals herself, and is described much in the words of Solomon, for whom the poet appears to have a great fondness (49/1087). Although the words of this description are almost exactly those used in the Holy Scriptures, Robinson has wonderfully adapted them to the necessities of his stanza, betraying no small skill in versification. In this tower, within the two rooms of Wisdom, sit Solomon and David, together with "the monarch of this triple isle" (i.e. Great Britain), on whom the poet implores the destinies always to shine (50/1133). Besides these, a numerous train of attendants await her pleasure. By these surroundings, personal and otherwise, Wisdom is allegorically conceived, not as a mere abstraction, but as a real person, leading Mary Magdalene to "Repentance" (51/1148).

"Repentance" sits in a "dark closet," clad in "sack-cloth," covered with ashes, and weeping bitterly. Unseen angels minister unto her, and catch her tears as they fall, in bottles (51/1162). The poet then finds a congenial task in opposing the results of tears and repentance. First, there is one stanza devoted to tears, their uses and effects; repentance is similarly treated in the next; while a third is given up to both in alternate lines (52/1175). A certain facility of imagination is shown in these three stanzas; and some of the lines are noticeable, such as:

"Repentance, health given in a bitter pill," &c.

The Magdalene entreats "Repentance" to let her in (53/1213); and a dialogue then ensues as to why Mary seeks admission. Various
reasons are given, and at last she is admitted (54/1230). By various outward signs she shows her sincere repentance, and finds to her bitter cost that

"One ounce of mirth procures a world of pains" (55/1258).

She acknowledges her former sin, and laments that she should have been made so beautiful as to cause her fall (55/1263). Some of the stanzas which record her lament are remarkably good, and worthy to be compared with the stanzas of Mary Magdalene's Lament, wrongly attributed to Chaucer.

With Repentance, Mary spends some time, walks forth with her, and has her for a constant companion (60/1403). Mary fancies that all nature is acquainted with her sin; and this makes her lamentations the more acute (56/1279). She grows contemplative, and sees with spiritual eyes hidden beauties in the natural objects that surround her; and this contemplation is preparative to a fuller conversion (58/1359). She gets to know that Christ is with Simon the Pharisee, and she overcomes her scruples so far as to determine to go and seek her Saviour (62/1444); but before doing so, she provides herself with the box of precious ointment (62/1448). Then the well-known biblical incident that took place in Simon's house is described (62/1451). The poet takes the opportunity given him by this incident, to indulge his taste for hidden meanings. The glory of Christ is apostrophized, and the former and latter loves of Magdalene compared (65/1530); the parable of the debtors told to Simon is brought in, and various lessons, more or less useful, are drawn from it by the poet, who particularly emphasizes the rebuke which the Pharisee received (66/1551). Mary then gets pardon for her sins, and is sent away rejoicing (66/1559); and the true nature of her repentance is shown in her subsequent good life, and her great sorrow for Christ's death (67/1583). The poem ends with the description of Mary Magdalene's meeting the risen Saviour in the garden, and her joy thereat (68/1607).

γ. The Sources of the Poem.

Robinson's poem proves to be entirely different from all the known earlier versions\(^1\) of the life of Mary Magdalene, not only

\(^1\) a. Version of the Laud Manuscript; β. Version of the Auchinleck MS,
with respect to the style (which would be quite intelligible from the different date), but also in the way of treating the subject itself. The earlier versions, without exception, treat of Mary Magdalene as the daughter of Cyrus, and sister to Lazarus and Martha. They describe her falling into certain evil ways in her youth; her chastisement by being possessed of seven devils; her salvation by Christ; her sincere repentance, and the service that she rendered to the Saviour in the house of Simon the Pharisee; and they finally speak more fully about that part of her life which she spent after her conversion in attending the Saviour. Robinson, on the contrary, describes elaborately the part of her life preceding the moment of her salvation, and only outlines the other part. He does not mention anything at all of her father Cyrus, her brother Lazarus, or her sister Martha. It is a well-known fact that the early Christian writers were much exercised in discovering whether Mary of Bethany,—according to John xi. 2, xii. 3; cf. Matthew xxvi. 6,—the sister of Lazarus, and Mary Magdalene, who followed Jesus from Galilee, were identical with each other and with the penitent ‘sinner’ of Luke vii. And this question, so often discussed, is not yet answered, and will most likely remain unanswered, as the Holy Scriptures do not afford sufficient evidence. Whether Robinson, as a learned divine, acted purposely,—being of the opinion that Mary, sister to Lazarus, and Mary Magdalene, were different persons,—or whether he thought it better not to mention these particulars on account of the allegorical treatment of his subject, cannot be decided. His poem gives the impression, that, by describing the illustrious penitent woman, whom Christ himself gave as an instance of true repentance, it was more his purpose to point a moral than to make an interesting and minute description of her life.

Some resemblance is to be noticed between the Digby-Mystery Mary Magdalene,¹ and Robinson’s legend. (The counsel of the


¹ New Shakspere Society: Digby Mysteries, ed. by F. J. Furnivall. 1881.
devils, how to make Mary sin, and to serve them; her seduction by
Lechery, and some of the allegorical personifications, are somewhat
similar.) Nevertheless, this resemblance is not sufficient to give rise
to the hypothesis that Robinson took the former as his source.
Perhaps Robinson saw or read this play, or else knew another source
of the life of Mary Magdalene which we do not possess. The
accounts of her life under July 22, in the *Legenda Aurea* and the
*Acta Sanctorum*, which were most likely to have been the sources,
agree with the above-mentioned earlier versions, and are therefore
out of the question. In my opinion, the style of treating the
subject is Robinson's own original idea; his principal source for the
Magdalene's life being the Gospels, and for his poetical descriptions
and adornments some parts of the Holy Scriptures (especially the Song
and Wisdom of Solomon), and the classical Greek and Latin writers.
The marginal notes, already mentioned, cite in many cases the
passages in question.

5. The Versification.

The whole Poem is in iambics, the Introduction in 5-measure
couplets, the Enchantress's Song (I. 105—142) in 4-measure couplets,
and the Life is in Chaucer's and other writers' customary 5-measure
stanza,\(^1\) *ab abb, cc*, but with an added 6-measure line, *c*, ryming with
the couplet *cc*. Robinson thus imitates Spenser in binding up his
stanza with a 6-measure line, though Spenser's stanza is 9-lined, and
rymes *ababb, cbec*, as against Robinson's 8-line *ababb, ccc*, a form
which Giles Fletcher the younger had earlier adopted in his
"Christ's victorie and triumph in Heaven and earth, over and after
1883, p. 668.\(^2\)

6. The Style.

In this, as in the form, Robinson has evidently made Spenser his
model, and can thus be called a Spenserian in the true sense of the

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1 It is often called "Rime Royal," because James I., following Chaucer,
used it in his *Quhair*. The stanza occurs in Old French before Chaucer's time.

2 On Sir Thos. More's occasional use of a final 6-measure line, see Guest,
p. 669, note.
word. One spirit pervaded all Elizabethan poetry, and although Classical Literature has been at all times more or less the model for English poets, and influenced their compositions, yet it never exerted that influence so powerfully as in the 16th and the beginning of the 17th centuries. A poem in which—as in Robinson's—the ideas of Christianity are blended with the mythological conceptions of the ancient Greeks and Romans, in which allegory so entirely prevails, and which is marked by such a profusion of classical names, could only originate in a time, when the classics, brought back to a new life, were so carefully studied, and had so powerful and constructive an influence upon every branch of literature, as in the days of the classical revival and the epoch that followed it. As to the language, the poem contains comparatively few archaisms, but is peculiarly marked by many words which one recognizes at the first sight as the author's own coinages; such as "ramillets, pillastrells, turrulet," etc. Particularly to be noticed are his numerous de formations; such as "deglorious, depurpured, debellished," etc.

III. THE TEXT.

As to the text, the Harleian and Rawlinson manuscripts differ very little from each other, but the Rawlinson does not contain any of those alterations which are found in the Harleian. I have, therefore, as those corrections were evidently not made by the author himself, restored the passages in question by help of the Rawlinson Manuscript, and mentioned the corrections in foot-notes, where I also quote the few variations between the two manuscripts. The orthography of the MS. has been strictly preserved. The side-notes of the MS. are set in Clarendon type; those in the ordinary Roman type are by Mr. Furnivall, who added them while reading the proofs and revises of the text with the MS. during my absence in Germany.

The Harleian MS. was pointed out to me by Dr. Carl Horstmann. Both he and the authorities believed it to be unique, and neither knew anything of its author beyond his initials, T. R. A search through the Bodleian Catalogues disclosed to me Robinson's Rawlinson
MS.; and that, when it reached London, proved to be the same as the Harleian copy, save as to its Introduction and corrections. Saving Robinson's legend of M. Magdalene from oblivion, the present edition enriches the treasure of English poetry by another monument, and the list of English poets by a new name, although no particulars can be added as to its bearer. May it be useful to the student of the poetical spirit of the time, and contribute in particular to increase the knowledge of the development of the English tongue!

It is with pleasure that I express my thanks to Dr. Horstmann, and the Authorities of the Bodleian and British Museum Libraries—especially Mr. E. Maunde Thompson—for their kindness and courtesy.

Oskar Sommer.

London, March 13, 1884.

ERRATA (1899).

Owing to an unfortunate oversight, the Notes (pp. 71-76) have not been revised, and contain a number of literal errors, especially in the spelling of proper names. Besides these, the reader is requested to note the following corrections:

P. 71, note on line 52. The writer intended is more probably Sir John Harrington (1561-1612), the translator of Ariosto.

P. 72, dele note on line 178. {iarre is simply = 'jar').

P. 73, note on lines 459-461. The passage quoted is irrelevant. The reference should be 'Part. 2, lib. 6' (which deals with the heavenly bodies, in two chapters).

P. 74, note on lines 759-66, for montis read mentis, and for Gehennali read Gehennali.

P. 76, dele note on line 1574.
The Legend of Mary Magdalene,

FROM THE

HARLEIAN MANUSCRIPT 6211,

AND THE RAWLINSON MS. 41 IN THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY.

(THEDEDICATIONISINTHEHARL.MSONLY.)
H = Harleian MS. 6211.
R = Rawlinson MS. 41.
To the right honourable and truly
Noble gentleman, Lord Hen:
Clifford, Lord Lieutenant
Of the middle shires
Of Westmorland,
Cumberland, and
Northumberland
T : R : wisheth all happinesse
and encrease of honour.

Where should a Poet nowe a Patron finde,
To please his own, and please his Patrons minde?
Some, Satyres; others, Epigrammes, desire;
Some, Cronicles and Warlike strains admire;
Others, a deepe conceited Pastorall,
Or Elegiacks at a funerall:
Some are halfe rausish'd with a Tragicke style,
Others affect the gentler Comicke smile:
Some one perhaps (and not without desart)
Likes Heros hand and yonge Leanders heart,
Sung by divine Museus in a story
Of loue-sicke passion, worthy of all glory:
Others, an Emblem or quaint Epitaphe,
Or merry mad conceipts, to make one laugh:
Some loue diuiner poems, and in this,
Deserve to be commend'd; but they misse
In makinge a judicious choyce: For why,
With painted flowers of Ethnicke Poetry,
Good matters (say they) must not be endited,
But rather in plaine easy termes recited:
Others, regardlesse of the Muses dity,¹
With Plato banish Poets from their city,

¹ Corrected by a much later hand to 'ditty.'
DEDICATION TO LORD HENRY CLIFFORD.

Because they are too vulgar, and no kinde 24
Of Poetry what's'c'r can please their minde :
In faire Encomiasticks to commend,
They count it flattery; to reprehend 28
In sharpe-fang'd Satyres, is to libellize,
To raise vile slaunders, and false infamies:
Base, the Comedian's witty mirth they deeme,
And Epigrammes, phantasticall doe seeme :
Thees are a sect, of which most men partake,
That little reckonning of the Muses make.

The brazen age is nowe return'd agen,
And hath defac'd the Poets siluer pen;
Whereas in former time, the greatest men 36
Were not asham'd to be call'd Poets then:
Witness Augustus, in whose Laureat time,
Learning and liberall arts were in their prime,
And Poets flourisht: Persius (though a Knight)
Was not ashamed, Satyres to recite;
Propertius, borne of enobled race,
T'indite Elegies, thought it no disgrace.
And sweet Amphion, sonne to princely Ioue,
With his shrill Musicke made the stones to moue. 44
Nor did this art moue onely in their sphære:
An Helicon hath not been wanting heere.
Then sent forth Cydney, glory of his time,
And Chaucer, auld, who for his auncient rythme.

29 and 30. The rime is altered thus by the corrector of H:
doth seeme—they deeme.
32. Altered by the Corrector of H. to 'little.'
41—42. nearly blotted out.
43—44. crossed through.
46. A. Corrector. ? MS. An, or One.
47-48. altered by H. Corrector as follows:
Witness great Sydney, glory of his time,
Chaucer and Spencer, who for his ancient rythme, etc.

In despite of this alteration, line 50 reads "his memory." This correction shows distinctly that he who revised the poems was quite ignorant about the date of their origin; Robertson is not likely to have seen any poetry of Spenser and Sydney. The name "Cydney", which occurs in the original passage, can only
Obtein'd a monument of lasting praise,
That kept his memory to thees our dayes.
What should I speake of those of latter yeares?
Of Harrington among our noble Peares?
Or of thy selfe (great Earle) the Poets grace?
Why then should Poets be esteem'd so base?—
Because their pouerty o'recloudes their witt,
And makes men rather scorne, then pity it?
Shall vertue, which in riche men we adore,
Be e'r the worse esteemed in the poore?
Or can not some mens honours credite lend,
To that, which others meannes doth offend?—
Beside, I might recount in ample wise,
The profites that from Poetry arise.
Where each thinge, truly acted, we may see,
As in a theatre: Aratus, he
Shewes vs the p[re]s[ences] of spangled starres;
And Lucan singes the bryoles of ciuill warres;
Of loue, and louers trickes, Catullus tells:
With warlike stratagems, grace Virgill swells,
And makes his verse each circumstance betoken,
That one would thinke the matter done, not spoken.
Ovid is various, and in nimble paces,
The love of Gods, the flight of nymphes, he traces,
And well he calls it transformation,
For he [reuiues] again the [antique] fashion,

refer to Sir Henry Sydney, the father of the known poet, or to some other nobleman, who can not be identified.
51. MS. latter. H. Corrector 'later'.
52. altered by H. Corrector to 'and other'.
54. profits. H. Corrector.
55. both spheeres and poles. H. Corrector. This alteration spoils the metre. If 'presences' is the right reading of the obliterated word, it is used for the figures of the constellations which Aratus described in his chief poem.
56. profitts. H. Corrector.
57. both spheeres and poles. H. Corrector. This alteration spoils the metre. If 'presences' is the right reading of the obliterated word, it is used for the figures of the constellations which Aratus described in his chief poem.
58. savet. H. Corrector.
59. 'reuiues' is only a guess at the reading; 'antique' is probably right.
Transforming truth into a witty fable,
So to delight the mindes of the vnstable:
His seas of sorrowe, holy dayes, and rites,
Letters of passion, arte of loues delights,
In eu'ry kinde may teach the rude some skill.

Hesiod gives instructions to till;
And Homers lofty style would make one doubt,
Whether he better sung, or Hector fought.

Martiall lends witt; Horace, in sharpe essayes,
Against the vices of his time inveighes.
Empedocles, in verses did attire
Secrets of Nature; and the Samian Sire,
Morall Philosophy could grauely teach.
But Chrysostome had a farre higher reach:
And wise Prudentius, with other Sages,
Haue writt diviney in thees latter ages.

What should I bringe Poets antiquity?
From Deborah, and Moses victory?
What should I tell of Simeon, and Mary?
Of Salomon, and Dauid, that could vary
Musicall notes upo'n his well-tun'd stringe:
When the Angellique troopes doe praises singe,

And harmony, that nowe is brought to ground,
Seemes to begin amid the sphoeres so round?
Much might I speake in praise of Poet's dity,
And make my gates farre larger then my city.
I may commend, not mend them with my pen,
For Patronage belongs to greatest men.
And more to saye were vaine: For Poetry
Lines of it selfe, though Poets helplesse be.
Yet some Mœcenases this age hath left vs,
(Though of Mœenas, time long since bereft vs,)
That fanour learning, and accept a lay,
Though ne'r so mean, though clad in simple grey.

80. altered to 'Hesiod instructions giues us how to till.'
Amonge the which, since chiefe I reckon thee,
Accept (great Peare) this ruder rapsodie.
And though no Muse I am of great desart,
Yet favour graunt; because I love the arte!
Thy better judgement happily may spie
The slender twist of my sleight Poetry:
Yet favourably take it in good part,
(If there want wordes, be sure there wants no heart,)
And shine vpon my Muse with gracious rayes,
So shall it muse to sonnet out thy prayse.

Your Honours in all duty, and
Seruice to Commaund,

Thomas Robinson.

110. Sir ... rhapsodie.—H. Corrector.
111. Poet I'm.—H. Corrector.
[PART I.]

The
Life and Death of Mary Magdalen.

Or,
Her Life in Sin, and Death to Sin.

1.
The death of her that was but newly borne:
The birth of her that longe agoe was dead:
The life of her, whome heauen and earth did scorne:
Her beawty, that wast erst\(^1\) debellished:
How\(^2\) snowy white inveild the crimson red,
And yet the lily sprange vnto the rose,
Vnder his\(^3\) spiny fortresse to repose;
How sorowwe, ioye, and ioye \textit{againe} did sorrowe close. 5

2.
How night disrobed of her sad attire,
Put on the glitteringe \textit{stole} of brightest day:
How \textit{dreary} Acheron did once retire,
And needs would goe vnto the milky way,
To quench his wild fire, and his heat allay:
How au'rous heau'n earth, earth heau'n did viewe:
How the ag'd Eagle did her life renewe,
And blakce not \textit{to be dy'd}, receiud an other hue. 8

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1 The words in italics are those altered by some later hand in the Harleian MS. For \textit{erst} the Corrector writes \textit{once}. The stanzas are numbered in the MS., and lines 6, 7 of each stanza are inset, to bring-out the fact of the 8th line having 6 measures instead of 5.

2 'How' altered from 'Her.' 3 his—MS. altered.

8. \textit{againe}—Corrector: original blotted out.
10. \text{leams (or beams).—H. Corrector.}
11. \text{pitchy.—H. Corrector.}
16. MS. altered, seemingly from 'bee dyed.'
PART I. THE PALACE OF PLEASURE DESCRIBED.

3.

This bee the dity of my oaten reed,
Too meane (alas !) such mysteries to tell:
Yet heauens mirrour daine mee this one meed!
In earthen vessels, heau'ny soules may dwell,
And sandy caskets oft invest the pearle:
Æthereall states, and high Angellique traines,
(Blest bee the time!) haue sometime tooke ye pains
to visit Abells sonnes, poore, silly sheepheard-swaines.

4.

I pray that I may be enabled to write of Mary.

Poore, silly sheepheard-swaines! eu'n such am I:
(Farre bee presumption from an humble minde!)
I will not, (oh, I dare not,) soare too highe,
Least hee, that all enlightens, strike mee blinde:
Sooth, this is all I craue, to be refind,
So to endite a laye with siluer pen,
Of Mary, and of Marys sonne: and then
Her life, his loue declare, her loue, and life agen.

5.

Under th' Appendix of a hillocke small,
A stately palace in a dale was plac't,
Fairely incircled with a marble wall,
And with a court of shinninge Amber grac't.
The Chrystall windowes too, were interchast
With Iacynths, Diamonds, and Sappheirs blew[e]:
Too happy treasure for so damn'd a crewe,
That newe sins hoary make, and ould sins aye renewe.

6.

The squared greeces were of beaten gould,
(Oh might it euer thus bee trod on ground!)

17. is.—H. Corrector. 19. heauens. ? MS.
28. least = least. 29. H. Corrector reads "truth."
41. H. Corrector, steps were all.
PART I. THE GODDESS OF PLEASURE DESCRIBED.

Pillars of Iu'ry did the frame vphould:
Ouer the brasen gates stood Venus, crownd
With Myrtle chaplets, in a charret round,
   Drawn by two silver doues, more innocent
   Then shee her selfe: in the same continent
Blind Cupid seem'd to shoote, and tender hearts vprenf.

7.
A turrulet tooke vp each angles shade:
Two in the middle stowed, just opposite:
The battelments of smoothest Iett were made:
A glorious out side, eu'ry where so bright,
The braine it dizieth, and dimmes the sight.
   Doubtles Alcides leaff his pillars there,
   Baccus his Elephants, and Sol his sphere;
While each was chear'd with ioye, and overioyd with cheare.

8.
The nimble shaddowes skippinge here a pace,
Seem'd in the Amber courts to sporte, and play,
Like wanton kidds vpon some steepy place,
Or tender lamkkins on a sommers day:
So doth Apollo's euer-sparkelinge raye
   Daunce through the heauens spangled firmament
   To solitary earth, so male-content,
And backe from heau'n to earth, in lue of loue is sent.

9.
Within this palace dwells a gentle spright
Soft, sweete, smooth, tender, Goddesse of all pleasure

43. Pillars. H. Corrector: the original word looks like Finiales.'
45. Myrtle: first 'Mirtle,'
48. H. Corrector 'to taint.' ? MS. 'vprenf'.
60. H. Corrector "lambs upon a summers".
65. H. Corrector "A queen of loue."
66. H. Corrector cuts out 'Soft', and puts 'fair' after 'smooth': 'sweete, smooth, faire.'
By her owne beauty, wealth, and suiters.

Amorous, yonge, faire slender Aphrodite,
To whom the Lydian wealth, the Indian treasure,
The Falern wine is brought in lanish measure;
The Thyme of Hybla, and the Libyan flowre,
The gemms of Tagus and the golden shore,
With swetest odours and Assyrian Spikenard store.

About her head a veile of lawne shee wore;
Her garments were of skarlet rosie red:
A goulden bowle in her right hand shee bore,
Wherein all pleasure and delight were bred:
The nations came to her deproustrate bed:
Happy was hee, that could obtaine a kisse;
Unhappy he, that of her loue did misse:
Yet, oh most happy misse, and most unhappy blisse!

Two Ladies did vsphold the Damsells traine,
Plumpe, pursuie Luxury, and quaintier Pride;
The one streight lac'd, and boulstred in amaine;
The other in a gowne, large, loose and wide.
Both, nearer then the rest, went by her side.
Easier it is to empty out the seas,
Then her with clothes, and her with dainties please:
In flittinge vanities (God wot) so litle ease!

Her right hand, guilded Flattery supported!
Her left, did fickle Wantonesse vpbeare;
Foolish dame Laughter thither too resorted,
To paint her eye lids, and her browe to cleare.

67. H. Correector 'beauteous soft, slender, as a doue.'
68. Lydian: first, 'Lidyian.'
70. ? first 'Thime,' 'Libian,' 'flowre': H. Corr. 'flower.'
77. H. Correector 'inviting.'
83. H. Correector, strait—twisted was amane.
91. H. Correector, And Foolish Laughter.
Idlenesse too, and Jealousy was there,
Inconstancie, Despaire, Presumption,
And Enuie, that would brooke no Paragon,
Put their worst garments of, and their best faces on. 96

A thousand graceless Graces more be-side,
Attended on her, ready at her call:
They nowe awaited, but for winde and tide.
They launch into the deep, hoist sayle and all.

"Come (saith th’ Enchauntresse) ’t is our nuptiall, 101
Let others sad and sullen line, while wee
Swimme in the sweets of lour and jollity!"

So, tinkelinge on her lute, she made this harmony: 104

"Come, come, my louers! make no stay!
Let’s take our pleasure, while wee may:
See, how the canopies all ope’¹
To entertaine our louses do hope:
See howe the silken beds ’gin swell,
Daringe vs their pride to quell.
Gold and Amber in their places,
Bid vs come, and see our faces:
The pretty pearle lends many a smile,
The sparklinge gemms our sight beguile,
While the marble pillars weepe,
’Cause wee are not yet a-sleepe.
Hearke, howe the musike doth delight,
Of that yonge slender catamite!
See, the snowy virgins white,
Hands and lipps, and heart invite.

¹. A later side-note in H. says ‘See Proverbe Solom Har:’

99. H. Corrector, only waited for y’.
100. H. Corrector, Thei ... with.
101. H. Corrector, let vs merry be.
102. all scribbled over by the Corrector.
117, 118. scribbled over by H. Corr.
Thousand Hellens faire, I haue
And as many Troians braue;
Richly they attired bee,
Onely to attend on mee.
What so'er the sense doth rauish,
Heere it swimes in plenty lauish:
Ioue to mee hath brought his courte,
And the Naiadês heere sporte:
The Dryadês their groues have left,
And haue stol'n to me by theft;
While ye Cocheman of the Sphore
Loues to driue his horses heere:
Neptune too, and Thetis greene,
In my palace may bee scene.
Neuer saile out of the land!
I can giue yee Tagus sand:
Neuer goe to Colchos shore!
I haue Golden fleeces store.
Shades, yee wander all in vaine;
Th' Elysian foilds are in my plaine.
Then come, my louers, come away!
Let's take our pleasure, while wee may!"

This said, a thowsand prostitute delights,
Flew vp and downe ye courts as bright as day:
Gluttonie, to a feast her guests invites,
And Baccus, to the wine is gone his way:
Others more eager, ceaze vpon the prey:
The tables richly were adorn'd with store,
Of delicates, not known in times of yore.
Such, Cleopatra gaue, vnto her Paramour.

129. their: MS. y'
131. H. Corrector, Coacheman.
132. IT. Corrector.
138, 151, 152, 162. with. MS. w'.
The chambers were perfum'd with odours sweet, and strow'd with fragrant flowers eu'ry where. The Damsells naked stood (ah, too vnmeet!) The Flute, the Lute, the Timbrell sounded cleare: Flagons of wine were brought, to mend their cheare. 'T was hard to say, which had the most delight, The taste, ye touch, the hearinge, smell, or sight: So ioye triumph'd o'r greefe, and day dispelled night.

As, when ye boundlesse, brauinge Ocean, Imbezilinge ye riuers all in pride, Receiues their waters in his ample maine; Some backe againe retire with curled tide, Some through ye mountaines to ye valleys glide, Some struggle with ye brine, and foaminge flie Vp to the pavement of the vaulted skie, And downe againe, as lowe as hell, they fall, and die; So soone this crewe dispers'd: some to their sporte, Some in greene arbours spent the liue longe day; Some staulked round about ye amber court; Others to gaminge fell, and such like play, And heere and there a drunken louer lay, Who, by his giddy, braine-sicke concubine, Disgorg'd ye venoun baite of raginge wine: 'T is sugar in the mouth; but in the bowells, brine.

Fast by, ye Lapithoe and Centaures sate, Each largely swillinge in a full-crown'd bowle,
PART I. THE LOVELINESS OF MARY MAGDALENE.

Til their tongues tripp'd, and spake they knewe not what,
And speakinge made them iarre; and iarringe, scoule,
And scoulinge, tumults raise, and uproares foule:
Downe goe the tables and the goblets faire;
The ruddy wine, spilt on the Iu'ry ware,
Seemes like a fiery comet in the cleared aire.

What should I tell of all might there be seen?
Some were transform'd to swine, and some to Apes,
Such was the power of the enchantinge Queen:
With Circes virge shee could command all shapes,
Or glue rancke poysen in a bunch of grapes;
Or like Medusas snaky haire at will,
Transforme ye wisest Atlas to a hill.
Her Magicke knowledge good, but Magicke practise, ill.

Amonge ye wanton traines of Luxury,
That in her palaces themselues addrest,
One was more beautifull vnto ye eye,
More faire, more debonaire, then all the rest;
In colour and proportion so blest,
That, were shee but with softer sleepe alayd,
Of virgin waxe you would suppose her made.
O Damsell faire without, but inwardely decay'd!

Her louely tresses of embellish'd haire,
Kist her soft necke, and shoulders in'ry white:
The Apples of Hesperides weree there:
So Titan swifte displayes his blazinge light,
On toppe of Rhodope, with snow bedight

Her eyes, as blacke as Iett, doe finely blaze,

Til some quarrel;
Til their tongues tripp'd, and spake they knewe not what,
And speakinge made them iarre; and iarringe, scoule,
And scoulinge, tumults raise, and uproares foule:
Downe goe the tables and the goblets faire;
The ruddy wine, spilt on the Iu'ry ware,
Seemes like a fiery comet in the cleared aire.

What should I tell of all might there be seen?
Some were transform'd to swine, and some to Apes,
Such was the power of the enchantinge Queen:
With Circes virge shee could command all shapes,
Or glue rancke poysen in a bunch of grapes;
Or like Medusas snaky haire at will,
Transforme ye wisest Atlas to a hill.
Her Magicke knowledge good, but Magicke practise, ill.

Amonge ye wanton traines of Luxury,
That in her palaces themselues addrest,
One was more beautifull vnto ye eye,
More faire, more debonaire, then all the rest;
In colour and proportion so blest,
That, were shee but with softer sleepe alayd,
Of virgin waxe you would suppose her made.
O Damsell faire without, but inwardely decay'd!

Her louely tresses of embellish'd haire,
Kist her soft necke, and shoulders in'ry white:
The Apples of Hesperides weree there:
So Titan swifte displayes his blazinge light,
On toppe of Rhodope, with snow bedight

Her eyes, as blacke as Iett, doe finely blaze,

The beauty of
her body
described by the symmetry of
her limmes.

177. their. MS. y'.
181. H. Corrector, fair.
201. H. Corrector, of th'.

180. H. Corrector, rare.
189. H. Corrector, greatest Sages.
203. H. Corrector, so white.
Rowlinge about, and they that in them gaze,
Looke for thesmelves in her, halfe lost, as in a maze. 206

What should I of her arched browe relate,
Guided with smiles, and amorous aspects;
The port of quietnesse, loues chaire of state?
Aurora hither her bright teame directs,
And all the while her higher race neglects.
Her fluent tongue, with siluer is betipt;
And from the caskets of her corall lippe,
Ioue may diuine Ambrosia and Nectar sippe. 214

Her ruby cheeke laid o’r the snowy white,
(Why may not Antiques erre?) were the rare frame
That curious Apelles brought to light:
The litle birds yenchantage hither came,
To picke y* ruddy grapelets, was their aime.
Her nose, for Venus hill, I might commend;
But to the pearle, her teeth doe beauty lend,
While her eares pretty gemmes, with louely lookes contend. 222

Next her debared brests bewitch mine eyes,
And with a Lethargy my sight appall;
But by and by the selfe-wild heavie spies
Wnto y* centre of her nauell fall,
From whence they starte, awaked at the call 227
Of her depurpur’d things, heere at a stand,

MARY MAGDALENE.
PART I. MARY MAGDALENE DESCRIBED.

her white hand, Whither to viewe ye siluer of her hand, And armes as streight as pine, or subtill Circes wand, 230

Or rather cast a due-devoted glaunce Vpon the marble tressels vnder plac't:

her legs and feet. But then her douelike feete themselves aduance: On such, Dianas nymphes ye game haue chast, And the Nereides, with nimble hast, Trippe vp and downe, forward and backe again[e,] Amid ye gentle murm'ringe of the maine, Curlinge ye flaggy lockes of the Neptunian plaine. 238

Wonder it is, mee thinkes, without to see So faire a face, (aye mee, ye more her smart !) And that her soule should so deglorious bee: A brest so white, and yet so black a heart; Her worst the best, her best ye worse parte. Can such faire hines inclose such idle Drones? So white a wall inmu're such worthlesse stones? So beauteous a sepulchre, such rotten bones?

Yet she must be brought to God. A 'sepulchre,' that cause I rightly call, Wherein her soule so longe inu'd hath been, Bound with ye fetters of a willinge thrall: And yet that sepulchre must bury sin, And for Astroea make a shrine within:

It cannot bee, but such a heavenly grace, In heauens quire at length must have a place: But first the goodly corne must winnow'd bee a space. 254

PART I. MARY MAGDALENE WITH HER LOVERS.

28.

Amonge her riualls *iolly* nowe shee sate: Each sues for loue, and loue to her affordes; But hee, that strongest was, the conquest gate: No other arte prouailes, no sugred words, But force of armes, and dint of *steeled* swords. (Venus, the Sun still followes with her light; If Titan favor *thee*, her rayes shine bright; If hee but hide his head, Venus is out of sight.)

29.

So may you see alonge *y* meadowes green, Two sturdy bullockes, (hard it is to say, Whither with loue, or furies flames more keen,) Both this and that *infect* *y* purple waye, And make *y* sanguine riuels to play, Flie at each other swifter then the winde, And with *y* hornes *y* heads together binde: The victor, Io gains; *y* conquer'd comes behind[e.]

30.

Great valour, sure to goe into *y* feild, And battell bid for Lady Aphrodite, To whet *y* sworde, and beare the trusty sheild, To win *y* fauor of some fEMALE white: 'T were better for thy countries good to fight: There, if thou conquer, thou shalt conquered be; If conquer'd, death thou gainst, or infamy: Heere victorie is fame, and losse of victory.

31.

The bloody broyles thus ended and allay'd, Faire Magdalene (for so the Damsell hight)

266. H. Corr. rush ore. 269. *y* = *their.*
271—278 crossed out by the H. Corrector.

C 2
PART I. MARY MAGDALENE AND HER LOVER.

Her lover for his labour well appay'd,
And all aggladded with his newe delight,
Led by ye hand alonge ye valleys bright:
And, as they went, hee am'rous glaunces cast
Upon her rosy cheekes and slender wast;
And nowe a kisse hee begg'd, and nowe his loue embract.

They go into the garden of pleasure.
He thinks of her alone;
knows nothing save her love.

The glory of the pole did nothing please him,
Apollos haire could not one glaunce allure,
Nor did ye fragrant-smellinge meadowes ease him,
The melody of birds could worke no cure;
So fond is loue, so dotingely dimure:
The tender plants, and minerals unseen,
Conquer each sicknesse and disease vnclean;
But loue, by the same hand is kill'd and cur'd agen.

His sences nowe no frame but hers receive,
And in his fancy eu'ry member paint:
His minde, both sence and fancy doth bereaue,
And they againe his intellect attaint,
To thinke on nothinge but his seeminge saint:
Her loue is all hee sees, or heares, or knowes,
So the bewitchinge oracle yt throughes
About the maidens fancy, strange Deludinge showes.

Vnto ye garden by, at length they hy'd:
Atlas his orchard was not halfe so rare,
Nor Heloriz in midst of Sommer pride:
Nor kinge Alcinous his cheifest care:

303. H. Corr. The garden then at length by them being spy'd.
Part I. The Garden of Pleasure.

Here ye dead louers sprights reunied are:
Flora had empti'd here her precious horne,
With store ye beds of pleasure to adorne;
No thistle here was seen, ne prique-armed thorne; 310

35.
The Damaske-roses here were brought a bed,
Just opposite ye Lilie of ye Vale:
The Rose, to see ye Lilie white, wax'd red;
To see ye rose so red, ye Lilie pale;
While Zephyre fann'd then with a gentler gale.
The woody Primrose and the pretty Paunce,
The Pinke, ye Daffodill and Cheuisance,
All in Perfumed sets, ye fragrant heads aduance. 318

36.
Sweet Casia, and ye yealowe Marigould,
That when the Sun brings forth ye Orient daye,
Her armes, in signe of loue, loues to vnfould,
But closes when her Paramour's awaye:
The Cullumbine and Violets there play,
With Couslips of Hierusalem so nice,
Sweet Eglantine, and cloues of Paradise,
Rare shrubs, and rarer hearbs, and beds perfum'd with spice. 326

37.
Narcissus too, that heart enamouringe lad,
Grewe by a springe (a chryssiall springe was nighe),
Whose siluer streams ye gaudy flowers agglad,
Glidinge alonge, as if they faine would prie
Vnder the Veluet leaes, and by and by 331
Into ye watry cells againe they start,

318. ye = their: the contraction is not extended, as it usually is in the Society's Texts, italics being here wanted for Corrections in the MS.
328. 'chryssiall', alterd by the writer of the MS.?, to 'crystall'.
PART I. THE ARBOUR IN THE GARDEN OF PLEASURE.

But with a gentle pace, as loath to part,
Leauninge y^r teares behinde, in token of y^r hearte. 334

38.

The flower, mindefull of his former loue,
Declines his head toward y^e neighbour springe:
His sportefull shade, affection seems to mooue,
Ynder y^e fountaine water wantoninge;
Yet to y^e banckes his tender rootes y^elayinge,
The silken staukkes 'gan tremble sore affraid,
Least once againe Narcissus in his shade
Should loose himselfe for loue, and in sad silence fade.

39.

All thesee delights y^e louers' eyes aggrate,
But yet y^r appetite hath made no stay:
Into an arbour nowe at length they gate,—
This was the hopefull Period of y^r way;—
An arbour, pleasant, beautifull and gay,
Incompast with triumphant baye about,
And farther in, y^e laden vines y^sprout:
If Baccus bee within, Apollo stands without.

40.

The leauy pillastrells were neatly shorne;
The grassy seats, y^e eyes to slumber wed;
The vaulted rooife, on ample baulkes vpborne,
With Violets and Lilies was bespread,
Like th' Azure skie with starres besiluered;

The floore with many a flower was bedeck'd.
The Gilly-flower, and Carnation speek'd,
But Lady Rose, y^e other with her beauty check'd.

356. H. Corr. The fragrant seat with flowers was bedeect.
PART I. MARY AND HER LOVER IN THE ARBOUR.

41.

On flowry beds y° Louers heere repose;
And nowe sweet words must guild their bad intent:
With smiles, with lookes, with lippe and hand hee woes:
Such were y° Dartes, y° subtill Cupid lent,
Lustes wandringe harbinger, vaie complement:
Faire ramillets and posies hee prepares,
With sonnets smooth, and garlands for her haires;
And so with gentle pace, into her brest hee fares.

42.

What should I tell of those polluted acts
That followe wantonnesse and Luxury?
Let modesty not meddle with y° facts,
Sith tongue and hart, in mischeife still agree,
And as y° wordes, y° actions often bee:
Their descants nowe they tooke, and restles rest,
And thought they were with ioyes of heauen blest;
But night as blacke as hell, y° meltinge soules possesst.

43.

The Sun peep'd in with his declininge raye,
And dy'd his paler cheekes with fiery hue;
It seems, hee blush'd, and would recall y° day,
The wickednesse of Vestaes sonnes to viewe,
That rush to folly, but y° folly rue:
And thou, my Muse, packe hence with nimble flight!
The shame of sinners, 't is no great delight,
For modest eare to heare, or chaster pen to write.

44.

Thus Magdalene in Pleasures wanton courts,
Parte of her youthfull dayes did fondly waste,

360. their. MS y°.
366. H. Corr. And on her brest he slumbers, too too freed from cares.
369. y° facts = their deeds, doings.
Mary Magdalene spends her time in vanity and idle sportes,
To spend the time, ye soone (God wot) was past.
Procuenting all her pleasure with her haste:
Parte of her time in idle languishement,
Parte in attire, and gaudy ornament,
And parte in frolickse feasts and banquetinge, shee spent.

She walks; she lies in bed; she bathes.

So do our fondlings wanton in their youth,
And offer only their age to God.

Let none on Magdalens delaye presume,
Though (sooth to say) it was not very longe:
Life's but a fadinge flower, a subtile fume,
A shadowe vaine, a shorte, though pleasant songe.
Then oyle your lampes betimes! and in ye thronge
Of Saintlie Heroes, enter heau'n amaine;

387. her: first 'his.'
PART I. SYNEIDE OR CONSCIENCE DESCRIBED.

For what the Fates decree, is not in vain:
Joye heere, shall sorrowe there; teares heere, joy there obtaine.

48.
When heau'ns bright eye, farre brighter then the Sun,
Beheld th' asp[i]ringe tower of vaine delight,
And howe this harlot had her selfe vndon,
Hee sent Syneide, daughter of the light,
To tell the Caytiffe of her wretched plight:

   The Damsell brighter then ye' brightest glasse,
   The Isides in splendor did surpass,
   And in her siluer hand, a poyned goad there was;

49.
A tiffany shee wore about her head,
Hanginge submissely to her shoulders white;
From top to toe, she was immanteled
With purest Lawne; and, for her nimble sight,
Lynceus his eyes were neuer halfe so bright:

   The Eagles quickenesse in respect is blinde,
   And Argus with his hundred comes behinde,
   For myriads of eyes about her body shin'd.

50.
Things past were preseent to her searchinge viewe,
And future represented in her thought,
Where newe things n'er wax'd ould, but oulder newe.
Each idle word and action hither brought,
Receive ye' doome and censure (as they ought).

   Sometimes in Paradise shee likes to dwell,
   Sometimes shee diues into the deepes of Hell;
   Shee sees the heart, and pries into his closest cell.

428 is: first 'was'.
435. ye' = their.
PART I. THE HEAVEN AND ITS SPHERES DESCRIBED.

51.

*Faine* of her message, nowe shee tooke her flight 439

*Ezek: 1:*
Through the bright amber of ye flaminge Court,

*Reuel: 4:*
Passinge ye wheeles of purest Chrysolite,

*The heau'n of heauens.*
Drawn by ye fiery beasts ye there resort,

Where millions of Angells euer sporte, 443

And glorious martyrs, after all ye woes,

Singe praise to him ye overcame ye foes,

And all ye Saints, ye crownes, at Glories throne depose.

52.

Then by ye Chrystall waye shee nimbly past, 447

Vnto ye radiant spangled firmament,

Where heauens euer-wakinge sheapheard fast,

His starry flockes into ye fouldes had pent.

*The Crystall heaven.*
The Gnossian Crowne among ye rest was sent, 451

The Goblet, Helen, and the Brothers twaine,

Cassiope, ye Pleiads, and ye Swaine

That Arctos kept in warde, with all ye starry traine. 454

53.

*The Planets.*
*And* through ye wandring sphoeres shee wandringe went,

*Amo: 9: 6:*
Leaunding ye rasters of the starry light;

*Zanch: de operi: Dei:*
That 's whirld about ye hornes of Cynthia bright,

*Lib: 2: cap. 6:*
Both they and shee out-strippe ye feeble sight, 459

So rare and subill substances they been.

Natures so much depur'd, that (well I ween)

No mortall eye, sphoeres, fire, or conscience, c'r hath seen.

54.

*The ayre.*
So passinge through ye triple-region'd ayre, 463

*Arist: 1: meteor:*
Where diuere mixtures and aspects appeare:

The flyinge Dragon, ye resplendent Haire,

The Darte, the Candle and ye burninge Speare,
PART I. CONSCIENCE SPEAKS TO MARY MAGDALENE.

The Milke, the Kidds that skipped here and there, 467
The poynted Beame, th' infatuating Fire,
The Northern Comets and ye painted Ire,
With many more, whereof some fall, and some aspire.

55.
At length shee touch'd ye toppe of hillocakes highe, 471
That ouer-shaddowe Aphrodites towers,
And streight-way, in ye twinkling of an eye,
Shee windes her selfe into ye secret bowers
Of Mary Magdalenes depraned powers:
With gentle hand shee prickes her festerd hart;
The boylinge blood from eu'ry veine 'gan start,
And thus ye wanton mayde assaults with mickle smart:

56.
"Ah, fondling! whither, whither do'st thou flie 479
With guilded winges of selfe opinion vaine?
Can ought escape heauens all-seeinge eye?
Or shall thy pleasure breed no after-paine?
If so, a Paradise on earth were gaine!
But when ye resolution of yeares'
Shall bee at hand, then ioy must end in teares,
And pleasant spectacles bee chang'd to ghastely feares.

57.
"Sion was holy to the Lord of yore; 487
Salem's in-habitants his cheife delight;
Each to his altar, freewill of-fringes bore,
And payd ye Leuite aye the Leuites right;
So did ye temple shine with glory bright;
Religion ruld ye royall polite
With justice, temperance and aequitie:
Then let not Magdalene her natuie soile denie.

58.
"Wilt thou in riot swimme, while others fast? 495
Wilt thou bee sporting, when as others pray?

473. an : first 'a'.
PART I. CONSCIENCE PIERCES MARY'S GUILTY HEART.

Conscience appeals to Mary

Or canst thou still delight to bee imbrac't,
When others, drown'd in sorrowe all ye day,
With sacke-cloth gird ye loynes, and sad araye?
499

Or while the aged sire's besprinkeled
With dust and ashes on his siluer head,
Canst thou thy various Iunonian plumes disspread?
502

59.

"Doubtlesse those haires for lust were not intended;
Those eyes for Cupids darts were never meant;
That heaunly face, by art but little mended,
(Sith nature in it all her skill hath spent,)
Was not to bee a wanton's ornament;
Those eyes were made so bright, the heauns to see;
Those feet, to tread ye paths of æquitie:
Bee not so bad to him, ye is so good to the!"
510

60.

This sayd, shee brandishes her quieringe darte,
And makes a deeper wound in Mary's brest:
The silly soule amaz'd, beginnes to starte,
As one awaked from his nightly rest,
With slumber soft, and hopefull dreames possest.
515
For pleasure is a dreame of sweet delight,
That lastes no longer then ye shortest night,
But when the day appeares, awaye it takes his flight;

61.

[leaf 67, back]
Or as ye nimble doe in lawny parke,
Browsinge vpon ye palate-pleasinge brier,
Is on a suddaine made ye hunter's marke,
And wounded in her brest, perceiues a fire,
So Magdalene, in midst of her desire,
523
Crown'd with ye blisse of fool's, and pleasures vaine,
Feeles in her heart ye stinge of gripinge paine;
And then to feigne sad sighes, and sorrowe, shee is faine.
PART I. MARY MAGDALENE RETURNS TO HER LUST.

62.
But sorrowe soone in streames of pleasure's drownd, 527 Pleasure and
custome in sin custome in sin
choake a good choake a good
conscience. conscience.
And conscience away doth vanish quite;
So little truth in womens teares are found.
The Crocodile can sorrowe to y^® sight,
And vnder sighes embaite his venom'd spight. 531
Vaine woman! see! y^® hart hath quickly found
A saluing ditany, to heale his wound:
And shall thy heart vnsounded, still remaine vnsound?

63.
But custome is a tyrant, and his slaues 535 Mary returns to
custome is a tyrant, and his slaues
Are forc'd within his limits to abide.
Tis easier to still y^® swellinge Wanes,
And turne y^® torrent of y^® strongest tide,
Then to resist his course, or quell his pride:
So Mary to her lust againe returns,
And at Ambrosian mercy, offerd, spurnes,
Till Heauens awefull power in zealous anger burnes. 542

64.
Withat a dreary hagge of Acheron, 543 [leaf 68] The state of a
Arm'd with a gastely torch, new dipt in blood,
A sable weed, as blacke as night, put on,
And in the palaces of Pleasure stood,
Shakinge y^® frie of her vipereous brood:
Fury attends her, and the want of sence,
Sorrow, Despight, with y^® sad Influence,
Famine, and bloody Warre, and meagre Pestilence. 550

65.
The pillars trembled at this ghastely sight; 551 Mary is
The dores were tainted with a pallid hue;
The Sun, amaz'd, deny'd his wonted light,
While y^® poore mayd, disquieted anewe,
Striues to go forth of dores; but there a crewe 555
Of hideous glowinge snakes y^® entraunce keepe,
543. withat = 'With that'.

Famine, and bloody Warre, and meagre Pestilence. 550

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The pillars trembled at this ghastely sight; 551 Mary is
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While y^® poore mayd, disquieted anewe,
Striues to go forth of dores; but there a crewe 555
Of hideous glowinge snakes y^® entraunce keepe,
That all about ye direfull fury creepe,
And in whole troopes from out her shaggy cauerne peepe.

The snakes of Conscience twine round Mary.

Some wandred vp and downe her dismall brest;
Some to her pitchy armes and shoulders clunge,
With fiery eyes and hissinge tongues possest;
And one vpon ye wretched mayd shee slunge,

Virgil: Æneis: 7: That twimuge here and there, about her sprunge,
And glided on her brest with gentle hast,
And there vipereous cogitations plac't,
With pininge greife and sorrowes, ye ye spirites wast.

The crinkled snake about her Crystall necke,
Seem'd like a wreathed chaine of brightest gould,
And for a fillet seru'd, her haire to decke,
For through each parte ye slippery pilgrim rould,
And fire within ye marrowe did infould,
Taintinge ye sences with his poysond gall,
That soone ye Damsells riot could appall,
And Sorrowe much aggladd at Pleasures funerall.

She cannot smile. Nowe all yee flittinge daughters of the light,
Packe hence with speed, and see, yee bee not seene!
Let neuer smile or laughter come in sight!
For ioye and ioylity too longe haue been
Within these courtes: but Sorrowe now is queen.
Mary hath cast her louers out of minde,
And solace in her brest no place can finde,
For carking care doth all delights together binde.

The Fury nowe (it seemes) has stood her freind,
And counsell'd her to bidd vaiine sports adieu.
But ther's much difference 't-wixt freind and fiend,
And hee, y\textsuperscript{e} monster-headed Gorgon slewe,
Did but y\textsuperscript{e} ould one in younge snakes renewe: 587
The blood, y\textsuperscript{e} Perseus heere and there did spill,
Begate another brood of serpents still.
If Hell be cause of good, that good is nought but ill. 590

70.
Into y\textsuperscript{e} hollowe of a darke-some cell,
The Messenger of Night conueigh'd her streight:
Shee thought, shee had been wafted quicke to hell,
So swift shee flewe, y\textsuperscript{e} now shee felt no weight,
Till downe shee squats before a balefull gate
That euer open stood, both daye and night,
To entreate each sad, disastrous spright,
With horrid shapes, and apparitions for his sight. 598

71.
So gape the gloomy courts of Pluto fell,
Exhalinge cloudy mistes of sulphur blewe,
With horrid damps, and many a noysom smell,
Ready to swallowe vp y\textsuperscript{e} damned crewe,
That thither hast, and yet y\textsuperscript{e} hast they rue;
When death a punishment for life they see,
And life for death a punishment to bee,
And death with life, and life with death ioyne amity;

72.
Or as y\textsuperscript{e} iawes of Seyllas barkinge hounds,
That aye for greediness of booties raue,
And swallowe all that come within y\textsuperscript{e} bounds:
Such was y\textsuperscript{e} gap of Melancholies caue,
Where many loose, but fewe y\textsuperscript{e} lives can saue;
Onely for barkinge hounds, y\textsuperscript{e} grimme-fac'd cat,
The slowe pac'd asse was there, y\textsuperscript{e} flutteringe bat,
The croakinge rauen on a slaughtred carcasse sate. 614

593. R. whafted. 595. R. quats. 603. y\textsuperscript{r} = their.
The ground, no whole-some hearbe, no flower breeds, 615
No fruitfull tree aray'd with sommers hue,
But cockell, darnell, thornes, and stinkinge weeds,
And wither'd trunkes, deuoy'd of leaues, in liewe
Of better plants, with ye fauereous yewe,
Beside ye fatal tree, where Phyllis faire
Hunge by ye tresses of her goulden haire,
For loue of him, ye of her loue tooke little care.

The murdered lie there.
Heere Pyramus and Thysbe murdred lie;
Heere Antony and Cleopatra been;
Heere Aiax, with his bloody speare fast by;
Heere Cato, and ye Carthagienian Queen:
Sad spectacles! no sadder euer seen!
Ægeus was heere, deluded once by fame;
Empedocles leapt hither through ye flame
Of Ætna; and ye Stagirite by water came.

But loe, within, dull Melancholy sits,
Proppinge with weary hand his heavy head,
And lowringe on ye ground in franticke fits,
With pallid hue hee look'd, as hee were dead,
Or Death himselfe: for many hee had sped
And sent vnto ye graue: rough was his haire,
His hollowe eyes, Hyæna-like did staire,
Sparkelinge like fishes scales amid ye cloudy aire.

Longe eares, blacke lippes, teeth yeallowe, meagre face,
Sharpe nose, thin cheekes, chin pendant, vaulted cragge,
Lean ribbes, bare loynes, lanke belly, snake-like pace,
Lame feet, dead hands, and all his garments sagged:
Heere hanges a patch, and ther a tatter'd ragge:
Such Melancholy hight; and seated so,
PART I. THE KINDS OF MELANCHOLY.

A thousand Gorgons doe his fancy woe, 646
And horrid apparitions about him throughe.

77.
Sometimes with loue his cogitation swells, 647
And then 'gainst churlish rivalry hee braules,
And of his Ladies cruelty hee tells,
And makes sad plaint vnloto ye ruthlessse walles:
In hast, for paper, pen, and inke, hee calles,
A letter to his loue hee will endite,
And with a thorne on ground hee 'gins to wright;
Then vp hee takes ye dust, and blowes it out of sight.

78.
Sometimes about ye starres his minde doth roue, 655
And light Ambition in his brest beares swaye;
And then hee will contend with mighty Ioue,
And haue commaund o'rvassal Titan's raye:
But, by and by, hee softly stealeu swaye,
And slinkes from out his den, supposinge ther[e]
Some furious hagge would him in pieces teare.
So closely couch'd hee lies, all quiueringe for feare. 662

79.
Nowe out hee hollowes, and full louedly yells, 663 [leaf 70, back]
As if hee chas'd before him some wilde beast:
But that devise another thought expells;
And till hee finde his goulden interest,
Hid vnder ground, with feare hee is possest:
Nowe hee supposes, hee's a man of glasse;
And nowe straunge colours seeme before him passe;
And nowe hee thinkes, hee is not, what but nowe hee was.

80.
Hard by his side, sad Magdalene was plac't, 671 Mary is with
Within ye vgly caue of this dull spright.
Kindely each other at ye first embrac't,
But soone shee felt ye rancor of his spight,
MARY MAGDALENE.
PART I. MARY'S MELANCHOLY. HELL DESCRIBED.

For all her daye was turned into night:
And shee, ye was with pleasure lately crown'd,
Now hanges ye head, and viewes ye cursed ground,
Bearinge about her still an euer-smarting wound.

As in the splendor of a glassy sphere,
What yeuer hee ye sees it, doth assaye,
Bee sure to see it represented there,
The mimicke orbe each action will bewraye,

The motion of ye foot, ye hand, ye eye,
The lippes, ye tongue, and tell what is awry,—
Whither hee sad his browe, or looke more cheerfully,—

So Magdalene is Melancholies Ape,
And, what soe'r hee does, assayes to doe:
His fancy brings him each fantastick shape,
And so fantastick is her fancy too:
Hee stayes, shee stands; hee stirres, and shee doth goe:
Hee trembles at ye trembling of the winde;
Shee feares each blast: hee beares a guilty mind;
A guilty conscience shee within her brest can finde.

There is a path adown a steepy waye,
Wapt all in vncoth silence of the night,
Where wandringe (cursed hap!) poore pilgrims stray[e,]
A path, ye leads vnto ye lake Cocyte,

Where hellish torments wretched soules affright,
Where deadly scratch-owles direfull dities sing[e,]
The grisly gostes ye sorrowe echoinge,
And all about ye aire ye poysong'd vapours clinge.

A thousand gates and entraunces there bee,
To Lethes burninge waues and scaldinge fire,
But backe againe, wee no returne can see;
The Lions den lets fewe or none retire:
And though ye intricate Dedalean gyre
Haue many portalls, easy to attaine,
Yet hee ye knowes how to returne againe.
May count ye countles sands, and make ye mountains plaine.

As Amphitrite in her larger wombe Receives all other floods and Chrystall brookes,
So doth this lake all hopelesse soules in-tombe,
And still it hath more roome, for more it lookes:
So many windinges there, and wandrings nookes,
That, though all nations of ye world should cease,
And fall together in a close-throng'd prease,
Yet boundlesse hell could ne'r perceiue his owne encrease.

There rraginge winter euer doth abide,
And yet no showre, ye burninge tongues to wet:
They allwayes haue ye parchinge sommer tide,
And yet no sun, ye frozen limmes to heat:
So doe they fryinge freeze, and freezeinge sweat:
And (ye which to ye gripinge paine and greife
Still addes a newe supplie without releife)
Æternity amonge ye torments is ye cheefe.

Hither came Nemesis, and left ye skie;
(In iust reuenge shee tooke so much delight:)
Soone as shee entred with her maeesty;
The ghostes inuegled with perpetuall night,
Stood all amaz'd, and trembled at the sight:
Their eyes were dazled with her bright attire,
But, o, they quaked at her awfull ire,
Freezinge with fearefull could amid the flames of fire.
Among ye blacker sonnes of Tartary,
Soeu'n hideous fiery sprights shee euocates:
They came with speed; yet durst not come too nigh,
Least, happily adiudged by ye Fates,
They should augment ye chaines and heavy weights:
For Justice could not Stygian vassals brooke;
But terrified them with her angry looke,
And heau'nly maiesty in hell vpon her tooke.

In thunder then shee spake, great silence made,
(At eu'ry worde shee shak'd ye gates of hell)
"Goe to ye earth, and secke ye wanton maide
That erst in idle Pleasures courts did dwell,
But nowe remains in. Melancholies cell!
Torment and vexe her! take away her rest!
Enter her thoughts! fully posesse her brest!
But spare her life! in ye yee haue no interest."

So hauinge giu'n her charge, awaye shee flinges
From out ye cauernes of aye-lastinge woe,
And postes vnto ye skie with nimble winges,
Where Iris by ye waye salutes her lowe,
And on her weeds sweete water shee would throughe:
But ye immortall power gane no consent:
For though vnto ye poysong'd lake shee went,
Une capable shee was of ye sulphurean sent.

The Hierarchies and Dominations bright,
Burned in fiery zeale and zealous fire,
Soone as thees tidings shee had tould arright,
And all with her in just revenge conspire:
The hellish fiends were glad at Heauens ire;
And though about them they ye to[r]ments bore.
Yet nowe more joyfull then they were before,
The damned spirits scund’d alonge y° Stygian shore.

92. Through sad Cimmerian \(^1\) mistes as blacke as night, 767
At length to fresher aire they did aspire;
Though dazled with y° glimmeringe of the light,
They easily found out this aged Sire:
Swift was y° speed, but swifter y° desire,
Had not they been with iron chaines confin’d,
By him y° great Leviathan can binde.
Then let not silly Saints bee troubled in y° minde. 774

93. Soone as into his cell they entraunce made,
(And soone they entraunce made into his cell,)
Leauinge y° borders of the airy glade,
Within y° Damsells brest they come to dwell,
And thither bringe they mischeefes store from hell:
    Scorpions, and flames of Ætna, to affright;
    Madnesse and feare, with many a ghastely sight, 781
And malice (what more deadly?) like a womans spight. Íunonis odium.

94. But then y° haplesse maide (vnhappy tide !)
    Incited by y° monsters huge\(^2\) within,
    Runs maddinge vp and downe y° citie wide,
    Like to y° top, y° in his gyre doth spin,
When game-some lads with limber strokes begin 787
    To scourg it round about some larger court,
    That fecches compasse, while y° simple sorte
Stand wondringe at y° swiftenesse of y° boxen sport. 790

95. The strokes adde heart, and drive it forward well : 791
    No slower pace y° maide is forced to hie,
    Through th’ midst of cities, and of people fell;
Beside, [i]nto y° woods shee seemes to flie,

\(^1\) MS. Cimmerian
\(^2\) MS. ‘monsters hunge’, with (?) n of hunge crossed out.
Like to ye Menades y' Euhoe' crie, 795
And in the honour of ye God of wine,
Nourish ye sacred hair, and doe entwine
Their tender Iuy iauelins with ye braunchinge vine, 798
96.

That girl about with ye faire spoyle of hindes, 799
Their merry orgialls and iollities
Aye celebrate, with mad outrageous mindes,
And fill ye great circumference of ye skies
With hideous shouts, and vaste redoubled cries. 803

So doth ye Damsell wander here and there,
Trailinge along her lowe disheueld hair,
With fearefull fire enflam'd, and could with fiery feare.
97.

Nowe through ye aire with nimble pace shee braues, 807
And on ye top of snowy hills is plac't;
And nowe vnto ye dales beneath shee waues,
And yet shee knowes no reason of her hast:
Sometimes shee makes her nest in deserts waste, 811
And groaues become her den, with trees around;
But little it anailes to hide a wound:
A guilty conscience maye in darkest night bee found. 814
98.

Nowe shee is catchinge Cynthia by ye horne, 815
(For so ye troubled fancy will suppose,)
And nowe ye wandringe planetes shee doth scorne;
Vnto ye higher Cynosure shee goes;
But by and by a newe delusion throughes 819
Her pride as lowe as Phlegetonticke maine.
So little blisse en' union in our dreams wee gaine;
And for such momentary joye, such endless paine. 822
99.

Heere a longe time musing in mind shee stayes, 823
Conceitinge shee in Pluto's court remaines:
Heere flames shee sees: 'greater, my flames!' shee sayes; 827
There ice congeald; but coulder are her veins;
And all ye fictions of infernall paynes,
Shee to her selfe ascribes: dire vulturs rent
Her bowells, Tityus-like; and shee is spent
With longing for ye fount and tree neare-imminent. 830

100.
And Sisyphus his stone, shee makes account, 831 [leaf 74]
Comes rouling, troulinge downe ye hill againe,
That erst shee labour'd vp ye steepy mount:
And nowe shee must endure Ixions paine
On ye tormentinge wheele: then all in vaine
With Danaus his daughters shee helps fill
The siue-like vessells, ye ye water spill
Out at a thousand holes, ye task renewinge still. 838

101.
Thus (ah poore soule!) shee 's tossed too and fro: 839
The deadly feinds, ye furious will obtaine:
And nowe her body headlonge downe they throughge,
Into ye brinish waters of ye maine;
And nowe in fiery flames shee 's allmost slaine:
Sometimes shee liues in dens and hollowe caues,
Sometimes shee has her dwellinge in ye graues,
And sometimes on ye top of ragged rockes shee raues.

102.
No freinds can now persuade her to abide; 847
No bolts of iron can her feet detaine:
The spirits driue her on with winde and tide:
(Where reason's failinge freindshippe is but vaine)
Fetters, like limber strawes, shee breaks in twaine, 851
And then vnto ye monuments shee flies,
Where, groavelinge on the ground, shee breathlesse lies:
When (poore distressed soule!) oh when, wilt thou arise? 854
PART I. THE CRUELITIES THAT COME FROM HELL.

103.

Unhappy servants to such Fairy nymphes!  
Unhappy younglings, that haue such a sire!  
Unhappy handmaidens to such cursed imps,  
That, for a little sweete of vaine desire,  
Adde paine to paine, and fuell to ye fire!  

Unhappy Magadalene! unhappy I!  
Unhappy all vnder ye azure skie,  
Had not heau'n pity'd earth, and life been pleas'd  
to die.  

104.

No cruelty is as bad as Hell's.  
No cruelty with Hellish, maye compare,  
For, from this fount, all cruelty proceeds:  
While bloody Sylla no mans blood will spare,  
(The walles lament, and swellinge Tyber bleeds);  
The Furies fury, fury slaughter breeds:  
Eight thousand Romans, Mithridates sped  
With one sad letter: and on bodies dead,  
Through Vergell, did ye Punick wight his army lead.

105.

From Hell, Perillus fetcht his bull of brasse,  
Wherin him-selfe first learnt to lowe and roare;  
Th' Italian Turk from hence derived was;  
And army-murdringe peeces from this shore,  
Were, by ye Spanish frier, brought in store:  
There Cain first learnt his brothers blood to spill;  
Herod, his endlessse fury to fullfill,  
Had a decree from thence, ye tender babes to kill.

106.

Fond worldlinges then, that make a league with Hell,  
As if thees quicke sands did not all beguile;  
If so it were, ye Scythians sure did well  
T' adore ye Fiend for feare, and those of Nile
To worshippe Ibis and ye Crocodile:
But pride and tyrany together rise:
Since Lucifer's debarred from ye skies,
Hee in ye ayre his stratagemns doth exercise.

107.

Witness distressed Maries sad estate,
Who erst with worldly happinness was blest,
And liu'd in Pleasures affluence of late:
But gnawinge Conscience, denoy'd of rest,
Her shorte-liu'd pleasure quickely dispossesst,
Her former iollity, tormenting thought,
Terrour of conscience, melancholy wrought
That misery,¹ and misery to Mercy brought.

¹ 'Misery' from R. It is torn out of H.
Mary Magdalens death to sinne
or
Her life in righteousnesse.

[PART II.]

108. (II. 1)
Soe night with sable weedes gan disappeare, So melancholy vanishd quite away;
So joy her cheerfull countenance did reare, So did the orient day-springe bringe the day,
And all the trees were clad with bloominge May: The gladsome wren sate carolinge yr while,
And faine the Titmouse would the day beguile, But vnderneath, the meadowes at yr musicke smile.

109. (II. 2)
Why did the flowers blaze in wanton pride, And pearke yr heads abowe the tender stalkes?
Why was the Mary-gold distended wide? Why sange the birds amonge2 their leavy walkes?
Why skipp’d the lambs upon their steepy balkes? Certes, the welbeloued went that waye,
The heire of heauen, from whose glorious ray The Sun deriues his light, and Phosphorus yr daye.

110. (II. 3)
And as that way he went (thrice happy houre!) He spy’d a mayde come tumblinge downe apace,

1 The numbering of the Stanzas begins again with 1 in the MS, but it is carried on from Part I in this print, for convenience of reference, as M. M. st. 108, &c.
2 Corrected to ‘amid’.
From toppe of hills, y't to the heauen towre:
A hollowe voice he heard, y't would aghast
A wandringe stranger, and the Spirits cast
   Her beauteous frame before his whiter feet,
   And boweinge to ye' ground, (as it was meete,)
His majesty with feigned salutations greete.

111. (II. 4)
Then with their vncouth hollow soundinge voice, (Such language Hell had taught them longe agoe,)
They roare and crye aloude with hydeous noyse,
"Wee knowe thy name; and whence thou art, we knowe:
O doe not vse vs licke a cruell foe!
   Thou art the Sonne of God, for euer blest!
   Thou cam'st to saue; then saue vs with ye's rest,
And dispossesse vs not from out this balefull brest!"

112. (II. 5)
"Wee bee ye' harbingers of heauens ire,
Wee Mercuries vnto Astraea bright,
Wee punish sinners in ye' lake of fire,
And dutifully tremble at thy sight;
   While man doth mocke at heauens ofspringe still,
   Wee yeeld obedience to thy sacred will:
Thou art a springe of good; oh, worke not vs this ill!" Source of Good.

113. (II. 6)
Wonder it is, y't this accursed cru
Should knowe ye'Sauior, whom but few could knowe;
Sure, they obseru'd his white and ruddy hue,
That made him cheefest of 10 thousand showe,
His lockes as blacke as rauen, and ye'snowe
   Of his faire Doue-like eyes. His cheekes beneath
Bedight with flowers, like beds of Spices breath;
His lily lippes, pure myrrhe vnto his spouse bequeath.
PART II. CHRIST BIDS THE SPIRITS LEAVE MARY.

114. (II. 7)

Cantic: 5: 13: His hands, gould ringes beset with Chrysolite; 943
His mouth, with sweetnesse fraught, and odours newe;
His belly vnder, like y° In'ry white,
All interchast with veins of Sappheirs blewe:
His pleasant countenance like Hermons dewe,
His leggs and feete, like marble pillers rare
On goulden sockets, yet by farre more faire:
His vestures, with y° Casia perfum'd y° aire.

115. (II. 8)

Christ's robe.
A robe hee wore, like to his essence, pure;
That vndivided; vndeuided hee:
No wonder then (though 't seems a wonder, sure)
That gloomy hell withouten eyes can see,
Iesus alone y° holy one to bee,
And y° Messias, y° should sin deface:
Such was his countenance and lonely grace,
That they bewrayd his country, and his heau'nly race.

116. (II. 9)

Though thought be free, nor can y° Stygian frie
Enter y° chambers of our better parte,
(For y° belongs to heau'n's all-seeinge eye,
To search y° reines, and vnderstand y° hearte,
Nor will he this vnto his foes imparte)
Whither they through y° Sences windowes pry'd,
Or this by revelation espy'd:
They knewe our Sauiours thought, and what would them betyde.

117. (II. 10)

But thus y° subtil serpent his bespake,
Hopinge, of Mercy, mercy to obtaine:
Yet simple elues, y° marke they did mistake,
And hopinge prayd, and prayinge prayd in vaine:
PART II. THE SPIRITS QUIT MARY. CHRIST COMFORTS HER.

For hee, poore Adam's sonnes will rather gaine; 971
"You knowe me, (said hee) but I knowe not you;
And yet I knowe yee for a cursed crewe:
Then leave your habitation, and seeke a newe! 974

118. (II. 11)
Like as ye thunder on mount Sinai hearde,
With flashinge lightninges and shrill trumpets sounde,
The future nations of Salem feard,
And made them flie, or fall flat on the ground,
Soe doth ye thunder of his voice confounde
The powers of hell, who from his glorious sight,
Swellinge with rancor, blasphemies and spight,
Vnto ye dungeon againe they take ye flight.

119. (II. 12)
Soone as they tooke ye leaue, ye causd her thrall,
Downe sunke ye Damsell in amazement deep,
(After an earth-quake, soe the ground doth fall,)
And soundinge, yeelded to a senselesse sleepe,
Ne could shee speake a worde, ne could shee weepe: 987
But he ye conquered all the powers beneath,
The Hell of sin, and sin of Hell, and Death,
Soone brought againe ye maydens pantinge, faintinge breath.

120. (II. 13)
With milke-white hand, hee by ye hand her tooke,
And stayd her faintinge head, and bad her cheare:
The burninge feuer then her heart forsooke,
Instead of which there came a suddaine feare:
So, when ye night begins to disappeare,
The dawinge of ye day with glimmeringe light,
That seemeth vncouth to ye weaker sight,
One newly layd a sleepe, and new awakd doth fright.
PART II. MARY IS BIDDEN TO REPENT. SHE DOES SO.

121. (II. 14)
But feare soone vanishd, when ye heauenly swan, 

and comforts her.
With Musick of his voice did comforte giue;
And then to sue for fauour shee began,
And humbly craue ye shee with him might liue,
That did her soule from Hell and death repreiue. 

As yet he granted not her suite: but said,
"Thy trespasses are pardoned (O maide)! 

[First, 'them'] Repent: thee; and to sin heere after, bee affrayd!"

122. (II. 15)
Thus did ye winged Perseus of ye skie

Mary is rescued.
Delier our distress'd Andromede,
That nowe with greefe prepar'd herselffe to dye
By ye waue-tossinge monster of ye sea,
The sea of Acheron: nowe Panopee,

With all her nimphes, scuddes on ye marble plaine;
The storme is ouerblowne, and once againe
Daye triumphes ouer night, and pleasure ouer paine.

123. (II. 16)
The ship, that erst was toss'd with winde and tyde;
Hath nowe ye port of quietnesse attaund;
The pilgrime wandringer through ye deserts wide,
Hath nowe at length a ioyeful full harbour gaid;
And shee, that erst was pitied and plaind,

The returne of a good conscience.
Noewe weepes for ioy, and ioyes in sorrow true;
And faire Syneide is return'd to viewe
Her chambers, and to build ye palaces a newe.

124. (II. 17)
No sooner had she entred, but ye mayde

Mary is told to seek Repentance.
Felt a warme motion within her brest,
And hard a tongue (though none shee sawe) ye sayd:
"Goe to ye courts of Wisedome, gentle guest;
There seeke Repentance, and with her, find rest :"
PART II. SHE GOES TO THE PALACE OF WISDOM.

Repentance hath a flood, doth euer flowe,
A flood of brinish teares and bitter woe,
That, bee thou n'er soe blacke, will make thee white as snowe."

1030

125. (II. 18)
Mary, aggladded at this joyfull newes,
Seekes for ye palaces of Sapience;
A silver dote, ye way vnto her shewes,
And with his bill giues her intelligence,
Soe that shee needs no conduct of ye sense,
And yet shee can not bee without it well.
Such pleasure, by ye way shee goes, doth dwell,
'Tis hard to bee conceiud, but harder farre to tell.

1031 [leaf 79]

Mary is guided to the Palace of Wisdom.

126. (II. 19)
The forrests were like fragrant Lebanon:
Pome-granates sweete, and saffron there contend;
Spiknarde and Camphire with browne Cinnamon;
Calamus, Myrrhe and Aloes befreind
Th' enamourd ayre, and all about they send
Perfumes, exhaled from ye spicy beds.
And heere and there a springe of milke dispread,
And hony-dewe ye sweeter shrubs of spices weds.

1039 Cantic: 4: 11:
Wisedome described by her forrest.

1043

127. (II. 20)
The riuers shind with oyle, and on ye shore
Faire Margarites and costly iewartells laye;
The land emboweled great mines of Ore,
And all a-longe ye tinne-decayinge way,
The goodly Cedars seem'd to bidde her stay:
These did her captiuated eyes delight;
The flowry beds detaine her feete so white,
And middle-sized shrubs her tender hands invite.

1047 On the shore are pearls and jewells.

1 MS. 'brimish,' as below too, p. 54, l. 1232.
By the situation of her tower.

But then a rarer spectacle shee spies,
The tower of Wisedome, ye did seeme to threat,
With highe-aspiringe topppe ye cloudy skies:
The ground-worke on a massy rocke was set,
That neither windes could hurt, nor waters great.
Sharpe prickinge thornes and thistles were before;
On each side, desarts waste, and wilde beasts roare;
Beyond, a furious sea doth wrestle with ye shore.

Why standes it on a hill?—her glorie's highe;
Why on a rocke?—shee constant doth perseuer;
Why thornes before it?—hard aduersity
And spiny labour goe before her euer;
Why seas beyond it?—head-longe folly never
Is farre from daunger; why on eyther side
Desarts and beasts?—if either way you slide,
Into a thousand toylesome Labyrinths you glide.

What should I of this palace more relate,
That in it-selfe all beauties doth enfould?
All there was pretious, and of highest rate,
And though all glist'red not, yet all was gould,
Or mould as pure, or farre the purer mould.
Watchfull Humility still kept ye dore,
And none had entrance to ye courte, before
They crau'd her helpinge hand, and did her ayde implore.

Humility, instructions harbinger,
Sorrowes glad ofspringe, mother of our peace,
Charities nurse, Religions fosterer,
Path-way to heauen, troubled soules release;
Prides great abater, vertues great encrease, 1083
Others by risinge, raize ye high desires;
But when shee lowest falls, shee most aspires;
Shee dulls ye sharpest swordes, and quenches flaminge fiers. 1086

132. (II. 25)
Magdalene entred with this happy guide; 1087
And all amazed at ye rasters1 bright,
Stone-still shee stood, till Wisedome shee espy’d,
With her owne worke of needle-worke bedight:
Then while shee wonders, giue mee leave to write 1091 By her own personage.
Of her, with whome ye Sun may not compare:
Doue-like her eyes; her lockes of curled haire,
A flocke of kids, ye on mount Gilead feedinge are 1094 Cantic: 4:

133. (II. 26)
Her temples, peices of Pomegranates seeme; 1095 The person of Wisdom described.
Her feet, like newe-wash’d sheepe, ordred arright;
Her lippes, a thred of scarlet, you would deeme;
Her necke, like Dauids tower, where men of might
Hange vp ye Targets, all in open sight; 1099
Her brests like two yonge roes of equall age,
Amid ye lilies that haue pasturage:
Her talke is euer comely, sweet her carriage. 1102

134. (II. 27)
Doth any, honours diadem admire? 1103 [leaf 80, back]
With her, immortall honours euer dwell.
Doth any, great possessions desire?
Her riches, fadinge treasures farre excell.
Is any thirsty? shee ’s a liuinge well; 1107 Her riches excel all other treasures.
Shee makes ye weake man stronge, ye foolish wise;
Shee lends ye lame man feete, ye blinde man eyes;
Shee feedes ye hungry soule, and clothes ye naked thighes.
MARY MAGDALENE.
PART II. THE COMPANIONS OF WISDOM.

135. (II. 28)

By her properties.

Wisedome 's y best of thinges, th' immortal treasure,
The double booke of Nature and of grace,
Honour deuoyd of shame, and painellesse pleasure,
Pilot of life, and life of eu'ry place,
Nobles reicter, raiser of y base,
Falsehoods discouery, light of humaine sence,
The great Allmighties subtil influence,
Mirrour of maienty, heauens purest Quintessence. 1115

136. (II. 29)

[1 y^ = that]

Oh that I might for euer heere abide,
Within y^ palaces, that^1 age out-last,
And stay with Mary hard by Wisedomes side ;
How nimbly would y^ goulden numbers hast,
When of her Nectar I should sippe a tast.
    Hence did y^ waters of Castalian plaine
    First issue forth, though in a purer vaine :
And shee, y^ Pallas is, of great Iehouahs braine. 1126

137. (II. 30)

But nowe, behoudl, a goodly company
Of Wisedomes children stand about her round :
Two roomes shee hath, this lowe, the other highe :
Heere sate Prince Salomon, and David crownd,
With thousands of his Saints in pleasure drownd. 1131

There stood y^ Monarche of this triipple Isle :
The Destinies for euer on him smile.
Others there were, but fewe, or none appear'd y^ while,

138. (II. 31)

Beside all those that fauour her essayes,
Whom in her palaces shee highly grac't,

1122, 1123. In II., 'last,' 'tast' have a final e put on by a later hand.
And crown'd with garlands of immortall bayes,  
That soe ye names might neuer be defact,  
Nor by ye tyranny of time enact,  
That they ye Muses with ye favour rayse,  
And, by ye trumpet of ye Muses prayse,  
Out-weare all-wearinge time, and lieue immortall dayes.

139. (II. 32)  
But whither doe my wandringe numbers straye?  
Returne (ye Muses) to the path againe!  
And yet, with Wisedome, well they wander may,  
Better then walke right on with folly vaine.  
Here all ye while stoode Magdalene, soe faine  
To meete Repentance: Wisedome at ye last  
With hand in hand (shee knew ye Damselles hast)  
Conductes her thither, where ye weeping grace was plac't.

140. (II. 33)  
Strightely immured in a closet small,  
Repentance sate, with eyes still fixt on ground;  
A-downe her cheeke ye tricklinge teares fall;  
Her slender hands, her tender brest ye wound;  
And, (woe is me!) shee cries with sighinge sound:  
Her carelesse-hanginge hair shee teares, her head  
Was crownd with thornes, with dust besprinkeled;  
Her loynes with sacke-cloth girt, her feete vncouered.

141. (II. 34)  
Angells stood round about her, as her gard,  
(Though to ye outwarde eye, they were not scene)  
And what on earth was sayd, in heauin was hard,  
And all her teares were kept in bottels cleane;  
(Teares, though a signe, yet ease of sorrowes keene:)  
Her head was stayd by ye Angelique crewe,  
Who all besprinkled her with holy dewe,  
That shee might neuer faint, but aye her plaints re-newe.
PART II. THE BENEFITS OF TEARS AND REPENTANCE.

142. (II. 35)

By her riu er of tears.

A Crystall\(^1\) riu er swift e before her fled,

(Noe o ther lookinge-glas shee had, poore soule,)

Instead of wau es, the tears lift vp y\(^e\) head,

And to y\(^e\) muddy shore of sin they row le,

Beatinge against y\(^e\) rocke of scandalls fowl e:

The water of it was exceedinge tarte,

Sore to y\(^e\) eyes, but salu inge to y\(^e\) heart:

Thees streames, abundant tears to all sicke soules impart e.

143. (II. 36)

[leaf 82]

Tears are Heaven's showers.

Teares, y\(^e\) Soules bath, y\(^e\) weepinge o l iue tree;

Teares, cause of conforte, though effect of greefe;

Teares, heauens showers, y\(^e\) dewe of Iris bee,

Teares, amonge Paradises riu ers cheefe,

Teares, Poenitences badge, and hearts releife;

Teares bee y\(^e\) sinner's solitary sporte;

Teares, hopefull sorrowe's longe-desired port;

Teares, handmaides to Repentance in Astræas courte.

144. (II. 37)

Repentance is the way to Life.

Repentance is y\(^e\) way to life by death;

Repentance, health giu'n in a bitter pill;

Repentance, hearbe of grace, diuiner breath;

Repentance, rectifier of the will;

Repentance, loue of good, and hate of ill;

   Repentance, mirth at last, though first annoy;

   Repentance, Ibis, y\(^t\) doth snakes destroye;

Repentance, earth's debate, heau'ns darlinge Ang els joye.

145. (II. 38)

Tears quench y\(^e\) thunder-bolts of zeale diuine,

Repentance makes y\(^e\) cruellest foe repent:

Tears keepe from putrefaction with y\(^r\) brine,

Repentance sharpe, but sweetend by content:

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\(^{1}\) MS. first 'Christall.'
Teares earthly, yet vnto ye heauen sent; and lead to heaven.  
Repentance euer doth ye worke begin:  
[1 MS. first 'heuans']
Teares follow her, and cleanse ye sinke of sin:  
Come, come, ye Saints, a pace! and with Repentance inne.  

146. (II. 39)  
Desire's ye cause of Sin; Sin, cause of greefe;  
Greife bids repent, Repentance brings forth teares;  
Teares, pitie moone, and pitty graunts releife,  
That conforte, conforte hope, which nothinge feares;  
Hope leades to faith, faith to ye Savioyr reares:  
Jesus, to blisse, his militants doth raize;  
Blisse causes glory, glory ends in prayse;  
Prayse ends in him, ye no begininge knew, nor end of dayes.  

147. (II. 40)  
This made ye Damsell in distressed state,  
Hopinge in teares to drench her misery,  
Stand waitinge still at Penitence's gate:  
Where, when shee knockt, Repentance by and by  
Demaunded, whoe was there; shee made replie:  
A sinfull soule.—(Rep.) Then must you not come heere.  
(Magdal.) Oh, let me in (sweet Grace!) you need not feare.  
(Rep.) Thou wilt defile my bridall chamber.—(Mag.)  
I am cleare.  

148. (II. 41)  
(Rep.) Cleare? Whoe hath cleard thee, or with gracious light  
Illumined thy minde?—(Magd.) The holy one.  
(Rep.) Where bee ye Spirits of Infernall night,  
That whilome thee possest?—(Mag.) Oh; they are gone.
Mary promises to be firm in her repentance.

(Repent.) Where bee thy loners?—(Mag.) I am heere alone.

(Rep.) If I admit thee, wilt thou not repent?

(Magd.) Repent I neuer will.—(Rep.) To what intent Should I then let thee in, if thou wilt n'er repent?

149. (II. 42)

(Magd.) Oh yes, I will repent me of my sin;
But of Repentance I will n'er repent.
(Rep.) What wilt thou doe, if y' I let thee in?
(Mag.) With sorrowes due, I'll paye thee yearly rent.
(Rep.) What diet wilt thou haue?—(Mag.) Sighes to relent.
(Rep.) They 're too stronge-breath'd.—(M.) Fitter for my weake plaint.—
(Rep.) What more?—(M.) Fewe teares. (Rep.) y' heat will make thee faint.
(M.) I freeze. (Rep.) They coulde ar. (M.) I burne.
(Rep.) Come in, poore Saint!

150. (II. 43)

Mary Magdalen repentance.

[1 MS. brimish]

In teares.

Soe in shee came, directed by her guide,
And dipt her finger in y' brinsh well,
And with her eyes y' sharpness of it try'd,
From whence y' teares, as thicke as showers, fell,
And raisd y' bubles of y' watry cell,
As when a doubtfull cloud dissolus his raine,
Into y' ample bosome of y' maine:
His showers, her teares, y' fell, seeme all to fall in vaine.

151. (II. 44)

In gesture.

Her head hunge downe, (heauy it was with greefe,)
Nor durst shee euuer looke vp to y' skie:
Of sinners shee esteem'd herselffe y' cheefe,
And knewe y' wrath of heauens maiesty.
Fast on y* moystened floore, she cast her eye, 1243
And eu'ry where shee findes some cause to plaine,
But still Syneide comforts her againe,
And tells her, y° y° lambe, for sinners must bee slaine.

152. (II. 45)
At length a rufull voice her silence brake, 1247
Like swellowinge waters, troubled with y° winde,
And thus with greefe of heart y° Damsell spake,
"Ah, foolish woman, to thy selfe vnkinde!
When others see, howe longe hast thou been blinde? 1251
Witness y° flash of pleasure for a while,
That, with y° falshehood of a guilded smile,
Did thee, poore wretch, allure; alluringe, did beguile.

153. (II. 46)
"Vaine pleasure, cause of endlesse paine, adieu! 1255
Sweete is thy baite, but deadly is thy baine,
When for an howres delight, an age wee rue,
An ounce of mirth procures a world of paine,
And pleasure in his infancy is slaine:
The swellinge bubble, sweet flower, springinge grasse,
Falls, fadeth, is not, what but now it was:
But shorter pleasure, all in shortnesse doth surpass." 1259

154. (II. 47)
Thus shee laments, and while shee casts her eyes 1263
Vpon y° water, y° was vnder placd,
Her gentle shadowe, mourninge shee espies,
And all y° beauty of her face defacd:
"Oh, hadst thou ever, (sayes shee) thus been grac'd,
Beauty, thou rocke of Soules, faire Sirens smile,
Nights glitteringe glowe-worme, wepinge Crocodile.
Beauty more lou'd then purest gould, then drosse more vile.

1268. Rawl. reads "Hellen's."
"And yet ye pourtracht of this outward frame, The rarest gifte, ye ever from aboue Heau'n did on earth bestowe, had not ye shame Of wretched man with-drawne his makers loue: For, saue his soule infused by ye Doue, What else in man worth note?—vnhappy fall. Since when (but whoe can date expir'd recall?) That which is best in vs, wee make it worst of all.

In acknowledging her former misdemeanors.

"Thees haires, ye modestly should haue beene ty'd (For modesty 's a maydes best ornament) Layd out in tresses, haue declar'd my pride; Thees eyes were made to viewe ye firmament, And giue Him glory, ye such glory lent. But (woe is mee !) they haue ye glasses beene, Where folly lookd, and wantonnesse was seene, Soe ioyfull to attend vpon ye Cyprian Queene.

Mary's eyes have been wanton.

"Thees cheekes should blush at sin with crimson die, But they to lewdnesse cheefely doe inuite, With smiles deceiuinge ye behoulders eye: Thees lippes were made to prayse, and pray arright, Not to delude ye soone-deluded sight: This tongue should singe out Halleluiahs, Not accent vaine lasciuious essayes: Hands, feet, heart, all were made, to speake ye makers prayse.

Her smiles have tempted the onlooker.

"But I (poore wretch ! such wretches, sinners bee), Led captive by ye powers of Hell beneath, Each member haue defilid, noe parcell free, And liuing ye, entred in ye snares of death,
PART II. MARY CONFESSES HER OLD EVIL WAYS.

Vnworthy then to drawe this vitall breath.  1299

She wishes she could recall her ill-spent days.

Oh that I might those yeares againe recall,
That made me free to Sin in Pleasures thrall.”
Yet better late repent, then not repent at all:  1302

159. (II. 52)

No siluer haires her goulden twist had chang’d,  1303
No pallid hue assaile her rosy-red,
No wrinkles had her browe from loue estraung’d,
No rotenesse her Lu’ry teeth be-spread:
Youth in his freshest colours flourished.  1307

And yet shee thought, in humblenesse of minde,
The dayes to longe, y^ had her thus confin’d,
Repentance, with y^ least offence, some falt can finde.

160. (II. 53)

Thus in her selfe, her selfe shee wellnigh lost,  1311
And on her selfe her sighes and sorrowes spent;
Till y^ next roome her cogitations crost,
With pearly teares and Crystall\(^1\) due besprent,
And gaue her store of matter to lament:

Then shee begins a-fresh, (for to her thought
Thees spectacles y^ courts of Pleasure brought,
Where ill was counted good, and good was counted
naught.)  1315

161. (II. 54)

"Faire courtes without, but foulest sinkes within,  1319
Vnder your roofes, would I had neuer beene!
Sweet sportes, but leauend with a lumpe of Sin!
Would God, I neuer had your madnesse scene!
And thou, vaine Pleasure, youths adored queene,  1323

Oh, maist thou euer bound in hell remaine,
And suffer torments of oeternall paine!
For thou hast ship-wrackt all, and many a Soule hast slaine.

1326
162. (II. 55)

"Better it is with-in this narrowe roome
To spend our flittinge dayes, and closely keepe,
Then, while wee line, soe fairely to intombe
Our soules in Marble pleasures, y^ will weep
Dayes without end, when wee haue tooke our sleepe.
Better, this well of teares, then clearest founts,
For sad Repentance, in true ioye surmounts
Vaine Pleasures shady bowers, sweet gardens, rich accounts.

163. (II. 56)

" Better thy thorne-bush then a crowne of Myrtle, 1335
Thy ashes, better then y^ bread of strife;
Better thy sacke-cloth, then a silken kirtle;
Thy bitter, better then y^ sweetest life;
Better thy selfe, then is y^ rarest wife:
Repentance, hearts content, y^ sinners stay,
The salt of all our actions, y^ key
That opens heau'n, and leads into y^ courts of day. 1342

164. (II. 57)

"The hate of sinfull life, and sorrowes deepe,
Surpasse y^ loue of life, and life of loue:
For what is y^ which wantons 'loue' yclepe,
But hot desires y^ doe each passion mooue,
And through y^ veines with lust-full poysn roaue;
A foolish fancy and a pleasinge paine,
That dimmes y^ eyes, and dulls y^ purest braine. 1349
But loue, from heauen came, and thither goes againe."

165. (II. 58)

So nowe, me thinkes, her waylinge should be done, 1351
The closets shutt, y^ liquid fountaine drie;
Herselfe, loue, pleasure, shee hath ouer-run,
Yet downe her cheeke y^ Isicles doe hie,
PART II. NATURE REMINDS MARY OF HER SINS.

Though sad laments and wayling accents die:
Sighes server for voice, teares for a tongue, to showe
The meaninge of her minde, and inward woe:
And when all 's done, abroad shee and Repentance goe.

166. (II. 59)
And as they walke abroad in open aire,
Each thinge shee spies, is matter of her teares:
The creatures with her-selfe shee doth compare;
And when ye Sun in bright array appeares,
He blushes at her shame; and when shee heares
The chirpinge birds, she thinkes they doe reioyce
To see her weepe, and heare her broken voice;
And vpon her alone, ye beasts to gaze make choyse.

167. (II. 60)
As by she passes, each tree shakes his head,
Notinge her shame, and infamy of life:
The flowers turne, and seeme refuse her tread;
The buzzinge flies about are very rife;
The winde, against her, blowes with mickle strife:
But to herselffe most sharpe, she rents her haire,
Showringe forth teares, with sighes and humble prayer,
So to content ye earth with teares, with sighes ye aire.

168. (II. 61)
Then a newe contemplation shee invents,
(But all her contemplations holy were,)
And thus with piteous mone shee sore laments,
Holdinge her hands vp to ye spangled sphære:
"Oh thou ye guidst thy burninge horses there,
Thy state I envie, sith thy race is run
From East to West, and mine scarce yet begun;
My darknesse, others blindes; to others, shines ye Sun."
She contrasts its sweet scents with her foul sin.

"Sweete is ye smell, ye fragrant flowers bringe, Wouinge ye winde to kisse them once againe; Sweet are ye notes, ye birds sit carolinge To him ye made them; but ye filthy staine Of sin hath mee disodour'd, and my straine Tunes nought but vanity and fond delight: The grasse with freshest colours is bedight; The trees bringe fruit: but fruitlesse I, as darke as night.

Nature has obeyed God. Mary has wrought only ill.

"The fire hath heat, but I was dead in sin: The aire is moist, my vertue withered: Solid ye earth: but I haue euer been Unstable: water coole; I, tortured With burninge lust: All haue persevered In true obedience, performinge still, What was inioyn'd them first by heavens will, While I, vnhappy soule, haue wrought no worke but [ill.]

In her wishes.

"Oh that mine eyes a fountaine weare of teares, That I might cleanse my sin-polluted soule, Or ye my dayes were like ye Eagles yeares, That with my age I might renewe my smarte, So should Repentance neuer from mee parte!" But oh, enough (faire Damsell), though ye skies Nor ye vast sea with water can suffice To purge our sin, yet faith from heavens biddes thee rise."

Mary hears that Jesus is at the Pharisee's house.

So shee arose, and by ye way heard tell, That Iesus with ye Pharisee nowe sate: Thrice happy messenger, ye came so well, Such vnegative tidings to relate,
And helpe a sinner in distress'd estate! Yet shee was daunted at ye Pharise, (For Pharises and sinners n'er agree, Though Pharises themselues, of s[j]uners cheefest bee).

173. (II. 66)
A while shee pauzinge stood, and 'gan to doubt, Whither shee to ye Pharises should goe, Or rather for her Saviour staye without; (Such men bee of austere regarde, wee knowe, And to ye vulgar make a goodly showe.) But other thoughts, to quell this care begin, "The Pharise's a man, and men haue sin; Then, bee hee n'er so good, a better is within.

174. (II. 67)
"A better is within, and hee so good, That howe maye I, polluted soule, come neare? Women defiled with a fluxe of blood, Maye not amonge ye hallowed appeare: I am vnclean, and leprous eu'ry where, How shall I then approach before his eye, More bright then is [ye] Eagle's, ye' doth prie Into ye cabinets of deepest secrecy?—

175. (II. 68)
"But yet in mercy is his cheefe delight: Hee came to heale ye sick, to saue ye lost; Hee cur'd 10 Lepres, gaue ye' blinde ye' sight, Feet to ye' lame, life to ye' nummed ghost, Speech to ye' dumbe, and conforte to ye' moste: And, which with prayse must euer bee confest, (Blest be ye time! his name for euer blest!) Seu'n sprights, with thunder hee ycharm'd from out my brest.
176. (II. 69)

"Certes his loue will couer all my shame,
And with his robe my errors I may hide:
For I am sicke, lost, leprous, blinde, and lame,
Dumbe, comforteles, and dead: nor is it pride,
To seeke for helpe: then, what so'er betide,
Thither I'll goe! if Christ once bidde me stay,
The Pharise e can neuer say mee nay:
Oh, happy place, where heau'n hath placd another day!"

177. (II. 70)

A boxe of costely odours shee prepar'd,
Odours t' anoynt th' anoynted from aboue,
And with it streight to Simons house shee far'd,
With true repentance to declare her loue:
Shee brake it, and ye roomes could soone approoue
The fragrant smell: such is a contrite heart,
That to ye heau'n sweet sauours doth impart,
The oyntment of good workes, and penitence, ne'r parte.

178. (II. 71)

Prepared thus, behinde his feet shee stood,
Dissolu'd in teares of sweet (though bitter) brine,
And with ye torrent of a Chrystall flood,
Shee wash'd his feet, his in'ry feet diuine,
And then shee wip'd them with ye goulden twine
Of her dissheuel'd haires: full many a kisse
Shee gaue, and tooke; and, conscious of ye blisse,
Her lippes waxt pale, for feare they had done ought amisse.

179. (II. 72)

That falt, ye willinge maide will soon amend,
For lauishely shee powres her oyntement sweet,
(Though lauishely enough shee n'er could spend
That which shee spent vpon his heau'nly feet:)
So did her misery his mercy greet:  
Sweet was thyunction (Mary), sweet thy kisse,  
But sweetest of all sweetes, thy teares (I-wis):  
The onely waye to heauen, by salt water is.  

180. (II. 73)

Happy wert thou to touch ye tressells bare  
Of thy beloued, heau'ly paramour,  
With eye, with hand, with temples, lippe and haire:  
Yet thrice more happy, sith thy Sauior,  
With eye, heart, hand of faith thou didst adore:  
So doth a loue-sicke soule of best desarte,  
Desire to touch her londer in each part,  
And closely steale his body, ye hath stole her heart.

181. (II. 74)

Oyntement shee mingles aye with bitter teares;  
Teares with sweet oyntement aye shee doth confound:  
No better balme in Gilead appeares,  
No sweeter smell in Lebanon's rich ground:  
This saints ye sinner, makes ye sickest sound:  
Oyntement and teares (if true) to get her inne,  
First ope ye sluice, and shed teares for thy sin,  
Then to anoynt Christe's feet, with Magdalen begin.

182. (II. 75)

Humility, lowe at his feet biddes stand;  
Behind him, rosie-blushinge Modesty:  
Teares for his feet, Repentance doth commaund;  
And Selfe-Hate, with her haire biddes make them drie:  
Loue biddes her kisse, and Liberality  
Wills her to breake ye boxe, and oyntement powre.  
Hardenes of heart, pride, shamelesnesse before,  
Lust, luxury, selfe-loue, possess'd her thoughts of yore.
183. (II. 76)

[leaf 89, back]

Mee thinkes, I see ye Damsell at her worke,
While shee embalmes his feet with odours rare;
With modest blush, howe shee hath learnt to lurke,
And kisse his feet, his marble feet, so faire,
And then to wipe them with her carelesse haire: 1499

Often her hands, often her lippes, came near[c];
Oft wipes shee of ye oytentement, yt I feare,
The oytentement wanted sweet, his feet perfumed weare.

184. (II. 77)

Yet sweet ye oytentement was, though sweeter farre 1503
The Nectar of his feet, with dewe besprent:
So weake perfumes (though sweet) soone drowned are,
If they bee mingled with a deper sent:

Simons good cheare giues no such good content: 1507

His ghuests are frolickie with ye dainty meat;
But shee delights ye brinish teares to eat,
And ioyeth more in hers, then they in highest seat. 1510

185. (II. 78)

Some at feast haue crau'd thy company; 1511
But fewe or none, sweet oytentement for thee kept;
Some haue anoynted, but fewe wip'd the[e] drie:
Some wip'd thee drie; but wipinge, fewe haue wept;

Beyond them all, kinde Magdalene hath stept: 1515

Some on thy head bestow'd ye charity,
(Such was ye vse in auncient times,) but shee,
Oyntinge thy feet, from toppe to toe anoynted thee. 1518

186. (II. 79)

O, that I might, with waneringe Thomas, dippe 1519
The finger of my faith within his side,
Or heere with Magdalene obtaine a sippe,
(Farre from my humble thought bee greater pride!)
From out his feet, with pleasures beautified; 1523
What would hee give for weeping Marie's place,
Whose hermitinge humility could grace
The Linnen cloutes, y^t did our Saviour's wound embrace.

187. (II. 80)
Faine would I leaue of Marie's love to writ[e], 1527 I must write still
But still her love y^t will not let me leaue:
In love shee liu'd, and now with loves delight,
Her former love, y^t did her eyes deceiue,
In stead of love, of life shee doth bereave:
Faire mayde, redeemed from y^t iawes of Hell,
Howe hardly can I bidde thy love fare-well!
That which thou lou'st to doe, so doe I love to tell. 1534

188. (II. 81)
The Pharise y^t thought hee sawe, was blinde; 1535 [leaf 90, back]
The abiect sinner had the clearer eye;
For thus hee reasoned within his minde;
'Were this a Prophet, hee would soone descrie
The wickednesse of her y^t standes so nighe:'
Thus hee coniectur'd, yet hee utter'd nought:
But his hypocrisie to light was brought;
For well hee knewe her former life, y^t knewe his thought. 1542

189. (II. 82)
Then hee begins her action to commend 1543
To Simon in a parable of debt,
And sayes vnto him: 'Seest thou her, my freind?
Great is her love, because her Sin is great:
To washe my feet, no water hast thou set;
But shee with teares hath washt them: on my head
Thou hast not powred oyle: but shee, in stead,
With costly oynment hath my feet be-sprinkeled. 1550
MARY MAGDALENE.
190. (II. 83)

"No kisse thou gau'st mee for a kinde salute;  
But shee vnto my feet doth kisses gie:
So her affection with her smiles doe sute:
Thy sinns (sayth hee) are cleansd, and thou shalt liue:
Goe hence in peace, sweete mayde! for euer thrive!"

Wonder it is, y^ hee, whose sacred might
May, call all prayeuly and glory, his by right,
Should giue such heaunly prayeuy vnto a mortall wight.

191. (II. 84)

Away shee went, aggladded at the heart,
(Packe hence all sorrowe, let y^ Damsell cheare!)
Yet so, y^ neuer from him shee would parte:
And nowe her browe and cheekes began to cleare,
And ioye displayd his banners eu'ry where;
Now with a shole of Maries so deuout,
Shee ministers, and deales her goods about,
And followes her Leige-Lorde y^ villages throughout.

192. (II. 85)

Nowe on his rarest miracles shee gazeth,
And with attention shee likes to heare,
While hee y^ lustre of his light eblazeth,
And charmes with sacred eloquence each care.
So shee awaited still, both farre and neare,
Till death approach'd, and hee innaded Hell:
But of his death, what should I further tell?
Better maye hee that sange his birth, ringe out his knell.

193. (II. 86)

Many a teare in Golgotha shee spent,
To waile his torment and her owne distresse;
And after, hied her to his monument,
With odours sweet his wounded corps to dresse:

1566. throughout : Rawl. about.
In life shee lou'd him, and in death no lesse. 1579

The earth was clad with sable weeds of night
When Magdalene, so full of rufull plight,
Proeents y^ daye, and in y^ darke seekes for her light.  Joh: 20. 1:

194. (II. 87)
O blessed woman, without Paragon, 1583 [leaf 91, back]
That couldst outrun (such is y^ force of loue)
The faithfull Peter and beloved Iohn,
And bee y^ first y^ sawe y^ stones remoue!
This boone was graunted thee from heau'n aboue:

But when shee could not finde his body there,
Shee runs to them, and cries with piteous feare,
"Aye mee! my lord is gon! and layd, wee knowe not where." 1590

195. (II. 88)
Iohn faster ran, but Peter farther went:
Hee came vnto y^ sepulchre, and stayd;
The other entred in y^ monument;
But both out-stripped by y^ weepinge mayde:
They sawe y^ linnen clothes and kercheife layd
A-part: but shee, y^ Angells first did viewe,
As downe shee bow'd, in weeds of whitest hue.
Poore Mary knewe not them, although they Mary knewe. 1598

196. (II. 89)
Shee drownes her-selfe in teares of saltest brine;
They aske her, why shee weepes, and makes such mone:
Shee sayes, "my Lorde is taken from this shrine;"
And hauing sayd, shee spies her Lord alone;
And yet to her, though seen, hee is not knowne:
"Woman! (sayes hee) why makst thou such laments?"
Shee aunswerd, "Sir! if thou hast borne him hence,
Tell mee but where hee lies, and I will fetch him thence."

1580. H. and R. read "might," which I suppose is a mistake of the copyist.
MARY SEES CHRIST RISEN.  ALL REJOICE.

197. (II. 90)

Shee thought her Lorde, ye gardiner had been: 1607
And keeper of a garden, sure, was hee:
Yet no such garden, where dead sculls are seen,
But Paradise, where pleasures euer bee,
And blisse deriu'd from lifes aye-luiinge tree: 1611
Thither ye theife and he together went,
And thither Mary must at length bee sent;
But first ye dimme light of her life must needs bee spent.

198. (II. 91)

Shee, to anoynth his breathlesse body came; 1615
With oyle of gladnesse hee, to oynth her head:
To keepe him from corruption, was her ayme;
His purpose was to raise her from ye dead.
By name hee call'd her (happily shee sped!) 1619
To bee the messenger of heau'ny newes,
That gladdes the heart, and fadinge age renewes,
And to ye Saints, thinges longe time vnreueiled shewes.

199. (II. 92)

Awaye shee postes, all raunish'd with desire, 1623
And to ye Saints together met, shee hies:
Her tidings make ye trobled soules admire;
And yet her solace, and sweet obloquies,
Make constant hope, and better thoughts arise. 1627
Their prayses loud vp to ye heau'ns they send:
Ioye closes all, (such ioye no style hath pens'd)
So end I with ye ioye; ner may ye ioye haue end! 1630

Δοξα τῷ Ἁρμ.
DE CRISTO CUM SIMONE PHARISEO PRANDENTE, ET MARIAM MAGDALENAM COMITER EXCIPIENTE.

Quid petit angustas epulas Simonis Iesus,
Qui sua Nectareis proluit ora cadis?
Non opus est illi mortalibus: ille tuetur,
Quicquid habet tellus, aequora quicquid habent:
Forsitan haud cupiit ditis conviuia mensæ,
Sed cupiit lacrymas præciosus (alma) tuas:
Credo, insulsa forent tua nam conviuia Simon,
Magdala in tepidum funderet vsque salem.

FLET: RIDET.

AD MARIAM MAGDALENAM.

Cum video risum porrecta fronte serenum,
Cum video lacrymas (alma puella) tuas,
Sic repto: certè omen habet, seu riserit amens
Magdala, sine etiam Magdala fleuit amans:
Sunt avi violenta breuis: nam gaudia luctum
Tanta ferunt, tantus gaudia luctus habet:
Vt fleat alternum, mihi sic risisse videtur,
Sic flere, vt tandem rideat illa magis.

AD EANDEM.

Magdala, quid miserè lacrymarum flumina fundis?
Perfundis liquido quid tibi rore genas?
Abluis anne pedes Domini? sed sorde carebant;
Abluis an culpam (non caret illa) tuam?
An sic Angelicos vtres implere requiris?
An sic cælestes pura videbis aquas?
O sale macte tuo: tibi Spiritus, aura fecunda est,
Anchora, spes audax, carbas, laeta fides.

T. R.

Laus Deo.
NOTES.

40. Persius, Flaccus Aulus, a Latin poet of Volaterrae, was of an equestrian family, and made himself known by his intimacy with the most illustrious Romans of the age. He distinguished himself by satirical humour, and made the faults of the orators and poets of his time the subject of his poems. He died A.D. 62.

52. Harrington, James, an eminent political writer, was born in 1611, being the eldest son of Sir Lapcote Harrington. When he made progress in classical learning, he was admitted, in 1629, a gentleman-commoner of Trinity College, Oxford, etc. He made some attempts in the poetical way. In 1638 he published an English translation of two eclogues of Virgil, and two books of the Aeneis, and in 1659 was printed his translation of the four following books of the Aeneis; but his poetry gained him no reputation as his political writings did. See Biographica Britannica; Athen. Oxon, vol. ii., and Chalmers's Biograph. Dictionary.

64. Aratus, a Greek poet of Cilicia; about 277 B.C. He was greatly esteemed by Antigonus Gonatus, king of Macedonia, at whose court he passed much of his time, and at whose request he wrote a poem on astronomy, comprehended in 1154 verses, in which he gives an account of the situations, rising, setting, number, and motion of the stars. Cicero represents him as unacquainted with astrology, yet capable of writing upon it in elegant and highly-finished verses, which, however, from the subject, admit of little variety. Aratus wrote also hymns and epigrams, etc.

St. Paul, when addressing the philosophers of Athens in the Areopagus, quotes the exordium of Aratus's Phenomena (Acts xvii. 28. For in him we live, and move, and have our being: as certain also of your own poets have said, For we are also his offspring). “Although the sacred historian only gives four words as a reference to the passage, it is likely that St. Paul quoted some more, to prove to his learned audience that the doctrine of the eternity, unity, and omnipotence of the Godhead was no new invention, or confined to the Jewish nation, but the creed of the wisest of their own philosophers and poets.”

66. Lucan, Roman poet of the Augustan age, died A.D. 65.

88. Chrysostom[e], a bishop of Constantinople, who died A.D. 407, in his 53rd year. He was a great disciplinarian, and by severely lashing the vices of his age, he procured himself many enemies. He was banished for opposing the raising a statue to the Empress Eudoxia, the wife of Arcadius, after having displayed his abilities as an elegant preacher, a sound theologian, and a faithful interpreter of Scripture. His works appeared in 1718 in 13 vols. fol., Paris, ed. Benedict. Mountfaucon.

89. Prudentius, Aurelius Clemens, a Latin poet, who flourished A.D. 392, and was successively a soldier, an advocate, and a judge. His poems are numerous, and all theological, devoid of the elegance and purity of the Augustan age, and yet greatly valued for the zeal which he manifests in the cause of Christianity, and for the learning and good sense which he everywhere displays. He lived a great age, and his piety was rewarded by the highest offices in the Church. His works appeared at Paris, 1687, ed. The Delphin.

β. NOTES TO "THE LIFE AND DEATH OF MARY MAGDALENE."

4. debelliush = embellish (Fletcher).
7. spiny = thorny.
12. needs is here the old adverb necessarily
41. greeces : obs. term for steps.
54. Alcides: a name of Heracles, either from his strength (ἀλκή) or from his grandfather Alcaeus.
64. in lieu of, in lewe of = an lieu de.
69. Falern : on the south-west coast of Italy, famous for its wine.
70. Thyme of Hybla: Hybla (major) near the south of Αέτνα, on a hill of the same name as the city; near it ran the Limæthus; famous for honey and bees.

Libyan flowers. Libya is the name given by the Greek and Roman poets to what is otherwise called Africa; in a more restricted sense applied to the two countries of Cyrenica and Marmarica.
71. Tagus: Tajo river in Portugal.
83. streight or strait = narrowly. amaine = violently.
175. Lapithoe: Lapithus, son of Apollo by Stilbe, brother of Centaurus.
203. Ithodope, a high mountain in Thrace.
251. Astroca, a daughter of Astræus, king of Arradia, or according to others of Titan, Saturn's brother, by Aurora; some make her daughter of Jupiter and Themis. She was called Justice as a goddess of virtue, and lived on the earth during the golden age; the impiety of mankind drove her to heaven in the brazen and iron ages, and she was placed as Virgo among the constellations of the zodiac.
NOTES TO pp. 20—32, ll. 304—623.  73

304. Atlas, a Titan, son of Japetus and Clymene, one of the Oceanides, brother of Prometheus.

305. Heloriz: Helorus (Abiso), a river of Sicily near the southern extremity of the island; mentioned by several ancient poets for the remarkably fertile country through which it flows. Virgil, Æneid, iii. 659; Ovid, Fast., iv. 487.

306. Alcinous, a son of Nausithous, king of Phaeacia, praised for his love of agriculture; he is the same that entertained Ulysses. Homer beautifully describes his gardens on the island of Sheria (Corfu or Coreya).

351. pillastrells, from the Ital. pillastrello.


Posy. 1. Motto inscribed on a ring. (Addison.) 2. A bunch of flowers. (Spenser.)

427. Lynceus, a son of Alphareus, among the hunters of the Caledonian boar, one of the Argonauts. He was so sharp-sighted, that it is reported he could see through the earth and distinguish objects at nine miles. Palaeph., 57; Pliny, ii. xvii.

451. Gnossian Crowne: Gnossis, Gnossia, an epithet given to Ariadne, because she lived or was born at Gnossus; the crown which she received from Bacchus, and which was made a constellation: Gnossia stella. Virgil, G. i. 222.

459—461. Hieronymus Zanchius: De operibus Dei intra spatium sex dierum creatis; Hanovice 1597, lib. 2, cap. 6. Thesis: Nemo Angelorum creatus fuit a Deo malus, sed omnes ex æquo boni; verum, sicut omnes intellectum ad cognoscendum præditi, sic etiam omnes voluntate ad eligendum, vel repudiandum liberi. Quare quod quidam illorum mali sint, hoc a se ipsis, non autem ex Deo habere.


620. Phyllis, a daughter of Sitho, or according to others of Lycurgus, king of Thrace, hospitably received Demophro, son of Theseus, who at his return from the Trojan war had stopped on her coasts; became enamoured of him, and he was not insensible of her passion. After some months of mutual tenderness and affection, Demophro set sail for Athens, where his domestic affairs recalled him; promised faithfully to return as soon as a month was expired. His dislike for Phyllis, or the irreparable situation of his affairs, obliged him to violate his engagement, and Phyllis, desperate from his absence, hanged herself. Ovid, Her., ii. 353; Trist., ii. 437; Virgil, Eclogue III.

623. Pyramus, a youth of Babylon, became enamoured of Thisbe, a beautiful virgin who dwelt in the vicinity; the flame was mutual, and the two lovers, whom their parents forbade to marry, regularly received each other’s addresses through the chink of a wall which separated their houses. After the most solemn vows of sincerity, they both agreed to
clude the vigilance of their friends, and meet one another on the tomb of Ninus, under a white mulberry-tree, without the walls of Babylon. Thisbe came first to the appointed place, but the sudden arrival of a lioness frightened her away; and as she fled into a neighbouring cave, dropped her veil, which the lioness found and besmeared with blood. Pyramus soon found Thisbe's veil all bloody, and concluding that she had been torn to pieces by the wild beasts of the place, stabbed himself with his sword. Thisbe, when her fears were vanished, returned from the cave, and at the sight of dying Pyramus, fell on the sword reeking with his blood. This happened under a mulberry-tree, which, as the poets mention, was stained with the blood of the lovers, and ever after bore fruit of the colour of blood. Ovid, *Met.*, iv. 55.

629. Empedocles, a philosopher, poet, and historian of Agrigentum, in Sicily, flourished in 444; he was the disciple of Telanges the Pythagorean, and warmly adopted the doctrine of transmigration. His curiosity to inspect the crater of Etna proved fatal to him; some maintain that he wished to pass for a god, and, that his death might be unknown, threw himself into the crater; his expectations were frustrated, the volcano threw up one of his sandals, and discovered to the world that he perished by fire.

630. Stagirite, surname of Aristotle, from the city of Stagira in Macedonia, on the western shore of the Sinus Strymonicus (Gulf of Contessa), founded 665, and native place of Aristotle.


698. *Cocyte* (Cocytus), a river of Epirus, blends its nauseous waters with those of the Achero; *Paus.*, i. 17. Its etymology, the unwholesomeness of its waters, and its vicinity to the Achero, have made the poets call it a river of hell; hence Cocytia virgo, applied to Alecto, one of the Furies. *Virg.*, G. III. 38; IV. 479. *Æneis*, VI. 297, 323; VII. 479.

700. *scritch* = to shrick (Devonshire).

711. Amphitrite, daughter of Oceanus and Thetis, married Neptune, though he had made a vow of perpetual celibacy; she had a statue at Corinth in the temple of Neptune, sometimes called Salaria, often taken for the sea itself. Ovid, *Met.*, i. 14.

720, 722. It looks, at first, as if these lines needed transposing; but the point is, that the folk in Hell suffer at the same moment both intense heat and intense cold, and yet neither of these affords any relief to its opposite.

759—66. II. Zanchius, De operibus, etc., lib. 4, cap. 19. Thesis: *Daemones sive præditi sint corporibus, sive non præditi: Tamen praeter spiritualen montis et voluntatis multiplicem afflictionem, tormentum etiam ac dolorem, et nunc a multis rebus corporis pati, idque mirabilibus modis possibile est atque probable: Et postmodum a fine seculi usque in sempiternum passuros esse ab igne Gebennali necesse est.*

767. *Cimmerii, a people near the Palus Maeotis; invaded Asia*
Minor, and seized on the kingdom of Cyaxares; masters of the country for 28 years; driven back by Algaethes, king of Lydia (Herod., I. vi. 4). They seem to have been a northern nation driven from their abodes by the Scythians, and compelled to seek for new habitations; Posidonius makes them of Cimbric or German origin. Their first appellation is not known; that of Cimmerii they are said to have obtained after inhabiting the town of Cimmerium and its vicinity on the Cimmerian Bosporus. This seems improbable, as it is more natural to suppose that they gave name to the town and strait. The country bordering on the Palus Maeotis and Bosporus, inhabited by the Cimmerii, is represented by the ancients as inhospitable and black, covered with forests and fogs, impenetrable for the sun; hence, according to some, arose the expression Cimmerian darkness. Homer places his Cimmerium beyond the Oceanus, in a land of continual gloom, and immediately after them the empire of the shades.

773. Leviathan (Hebrew): water animal mentioned in the book of Job, by some imagined to be the crocodile, but in poetry generally taken for the whale. No known animal answers to it exactly. Shakspere mentions it in *Henry V.*, III. iii. Compare Job xii.

789. *fecce* = to fetch.

815. Cynthus (Monte Cintio), a mountain of Delos. Apollo was surnamed Cynthius; Diana, Cynthia; as born on the mountain sacred to them. Virgil, G. iii. 36; Ovid, *Met.*, vi. 304.

818. Cynosure (Cape Cavala), a promontory of Attica, formed by the range of Pentelicus.


829. Tityus, a giant, son of Terra, according to others of Jupiter by Elara, daughter of Orchomenos, was of such a prodigious size, that his mother died in travail after Jupiter had drawn her from the bowels of the earth, where she had been concealed during her pregnancy, to avoid the anger of Juno. Ovid, *Met.*, iv. 457.

834. Ixion, king of Thessaly, was tortured in hell by being tied to a wheel which was continually whirling round. Virgil, *Aeneid*, vi. 601; Ovid, *Met.*, xii. 210, 338.

870. Vergellus, a small river near Canea, falling into the Aufidus, over which Hannibal (the Punicki) made a bridge with the slaughtered bodies of the Romans. Flor., ii. 6.

871. Perillus, an artist of Athens, made a brazen bull for Phalaris, tyrant of Agrigentum. This machine was fabricated to put criminals to death by burning them alive, and it was said that their cries were like the roaring of a bull. When Perillus gave it to Phalaris, the tyrant made the first experiment on him, and cruelly put him to death by lighting a slow fire under the belly of the bull. Pliny, xxxiv. 8; Ovid, *A. A.*, i. 439, 653.

vel affecta, vel signa sese utcumque prodant, vel a Deo revelentur:
cognosci ab Angelis minime possunt. lib. 4, cap. 9. (The manuscript
gives wrongly lib. 9, for the book contains but five chapters.) Thesis:
Demones nullas hominis cogitationes certo et per se cognoscere possunt;
sed multas per externa signa et probabiliter percipere valent.

1011. Panopæa, one of the Nereides, whom sailors generally invoked

1124. Castalus fons in Syria, near Daphne; the waters believed to
give a knowledge of futurity to those who drank them. The oracle at the
fountain promised Hadrian supreme power when he was yet in a
private station; he had the fountain shut up with stones when he
ascended the throne.

1574. "Better maye bee that songe his birth, ringe out his knell." The
Singer of Christ's birth, referred to in this line, is doubtless Thomas
Becon (or Beacon), born about 1512 in Norfolk or Suffolk, and died in
1567 or 1570. He is a contemporary of, and most likely a man well
known to, Robinson. I have mentioned in the introduction that Robinson
belonged to the divines who were ordered to assist Bishop Cranmer
in the compilation of the Book of Common Prayer. Becon was Cranmer's
chaplain, and Prebendary of Canterbury; he was a learned divine, and
published a great number of writings of a religious character, which
appeared in three folio volumes in 1560—4. News about his life may
be gained from—1. Lupton's History of the Modern Protestant Divines. 
Lond. 1637. 2. The Biographies prefixed to the late selections of his
writings published by the Religious Tract Society (British Reformers.
Lond. 1828—31), and by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge
(Selections from the Works of Thomas Becon. Lond. 1839). 3. Several
particulars may also be gleaned from Fox and Strype. A complete list
of his numerous writings is to be found in Tanner's Bibliotheca Bri-
tannica. The Rev. John Ayre, M.A., republished most of Becon's works
in 1844 (Cambridge) for the Parker Society, and prefixed to his edition
the little that is known about Becon's life. The poem in question is
entitled: "A newe Dialoge betwene thangel of god and the Shepherds
of ye felde concerning the nativite & byrth of Iesus Christ our Lord
and savior, no lesse Godly than sweete and pleasantte to reade, lately
compyled by Thomas Becon." It is the only known poetical work
of the author, and not yet republished; it appears that it is very little
known, and even Allibone does not mention it under Becon. The first
stanza runs:

A swete message
To every age
From God so sage
Is gyuen to me:
Whiche to declare
Both nere and fare
To exclude care
Glad wolde I be, etc.
INDEX OF NAMES, WORDS, AND SUBJECTS.

The numbers refer to the pages (and lines, when like 10/33) in the text. Words marked by an asterisk (*) are to be found in the notes.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Pages/Line</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Acheron</td>
<td>9, 29, 46.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Αἰγεας</td>
<td>32.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Είμαι</td>
<td>32, 37.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Agglad</td>
<td>20, 21, 30, 47, 66/1559.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aggrate, vb. delight</td>
<td>22/343.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ajax</td>
<td>32.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alcides</td>
<td>11.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>*Alcinous</td>
<td>20.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Allmightie</td>
<td>50.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aloe</td>
<td>47.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Amber</td>
<td>10, 11, 13, 15.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ambition</td>
<td>33.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ambrosia</td>
<td>17.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ambrosian mercy</td>
<td>29/341.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Amos</td>
<td>26.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Amphion</td>
<td>4.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>*Amphitrite</td>
<td>35.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Andromede</td>
<td>46.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Antiques (Ancients)</td>
<td>17/216.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Antony</td>
<td>32.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aphrodite</td>
<td>11, 12, 19, 56.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Apollo</td>
<td>11, 22.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Apostrophe (to Christ)</td>
<td>64.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Appendix</td>
<td>10/33.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>*Aράτος</td>
<td>5.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arctos</td>
<td>26.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aristoteles</td>
<td>26, 32.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aspiring</td>
<td>a. 25/416.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Assyrian (Spikenard)</td>
<td>12.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>*Astroca</td>
<td>18, 43, 52.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Atlas</td>
<td>16.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ayre</td>
<td>26.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Baccus</td>
<td>11, 14, 22.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Besiluered</td>
<td>22/355.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bespread</td>
<td>57/1306.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>*Birth, Christ’s</td>
<td>66.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>— Marie’s</td>
<td>9.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Braine-sicko</td>
<td>15/172.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brothers twaine</td>
<td>26.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cabinets</td>
<td>61/1430.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cain</td>
<td>40.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Calamus</td>
<td>47.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Camphire</td>
<td>47.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Candle</td>
<td>26.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cannon</td>
<td>40/873.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Canticles</td>
<td>43, 44, 47, 49.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Captuated eyes</td>
<td>47/1052.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carking care</td>
<td>30/582.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carnation</td>
<td>22.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carthagelian Queen</td>
<td>32.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Casia</td>
<td>21, 44.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cassiope</td>
<td>26.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>*Castalian plaine</td>
<td>50.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Catamite</td>
<td>13/118.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cato</td>
<td>32.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Catullus</td>
<td>5.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cedars</td>
<td>47.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Centaures</td>
<td>15.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Charret</td>
<td>11/45.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chaucer</td>
<td>4.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chevisance, a flower</td>
<td>21/317.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Christ</td>
<td>42, 43, 44, 46, 53, 61, 63, 64, 66, 67.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chrysolite</td>
<td>26, 44.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>*Chrysostome</td>
<td>6.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chrystall (Christall)</td>
<td>10, 21, 35, 52, 57.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>*Cimmerian (mistes)</td>
<td>37.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cinnamon</td>
<td>47.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Circe</td>
<td>16, 18.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cleared, a.</td>
<td>16/182.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cleopatra</td>
<td>14, 32.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Close-throng’d prease</td>
<td>35/717.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cloves (of Paradise)</td>
<td>21.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cockell</td>
<td>32.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>*Cocyte</td>
<td>34.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cogitations</td>
<td>57/1313.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Colchos</td>
<td>14/137.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Columbine</td>
<td>21.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
INDEX OF NAMES, WORDS, AND SUBJECTS.

Comets, 27.
Comparison, 15.
Compass, fecches, 37/789.
Conceitoue, fancying, 38/824.
Conseal, 39/826.
Conscience, 25, 41, 46, 55.
Conspicuous of Hierusalem, 21/324.
Crinkled snake, 30/567.
Crocodile, 29, 41, 55.
Cronicles, 3.
*Crowne (Gnossian), 26.
Cupid, 23, 28.
Custom, 29, st. 63.
Cydney (Sidney), 4.
*Empedocles, 6.
*Empedocles, 6.
Enamouringe, 21/327.
Enchantedress, 13/101.
Encomiasticks, 4/23.
Entic, 13.
Epigrams, 3.
Epitaph, 3.
Ethnicke Poetry, 3/18.
Euhoe, 38.
Ezekiel, 26.

FALERN WINE, 12.
Famine, 29.
Fantasticko, 34/689.
Fate, 25, 36.
Fauereous yewe, 32/619.
*Fecche, 37.
Festerd, a. 27/476.
Flaggy, a. 18/328.
Flashinge lightinges, 45/976.
Flattery, 15.
Fleece (the golden), 14.
Flitting, 12/88.
Flittinge dayes, 58/1328.
Fluent, 17/212.
Flute, 15.
Flutteringe bat, 31/613.
Fondling, n. 27/479.
Foolish Laughter, 12.
Fosterer, 48/1081.
Franticke, 32.

GARDEN (of Pleasure), 20.
Gilead, 49, 63.
Gilly-flower, 22/357.
Glimmeringe, 12/88.
Glimmeringe, 12/88.
Glories = God's, 26/446.
Glow-worm, 55.
Gluttonie, 14.
Goblet, 26.
Gods, 5.
Golgotha, 66.
Gorgon, 16, 31, 33.
*Gnossian Crowne, 26/451.
Graces, 13.
INDEX OF NAMES, WORDS, AND SUBJECTS.

Grapelets, 17/219.
Greeces, steps, 10/41.
Grimme-fac’d cat, 31/612.
Gripping, a. 28/525.
Ground-worke, foundation, 48/1058.
Gyre, n. 35/707.

Haire, 26.
Halleluiah, 56.
Haltinge sacrifice, 24/406.
Hannibal, 40.
*Harrington, 5.
Heaven, 26.
Hector, 6.
Helicon, 4.
Hell, 25, 34, 35, 46, 56, 66.
Hellen, 14, 26.
*Heloriz, 20.
Helpinge hand, 48/1078.
Hermitinge humility, 65/1525.
Hermon, 44.
Hero, 3.
Hesiod, 6.
Hesperides, 16.
Hierarchies, 36/759.
Hight, 19.
Homer, 6, 37.
Horace, 6.
Humility, 48.
Hyæna-like, 32/637.
*Hybla (Thyme of), 13.
Hypothesis, 9.

Iris, 41, 52.
Idlenesse, 13.
Illumined, 53/1216.
Imbezzlinge, 15/160.
Immanteled, 25/425.
Imu’d, 18/248.
Inconstancie, 13.
Indian treasure, 12.
Interchast, 10/37.
Inuegled, 35/730.
Inveild, 9/5.
Invocation (the poet’s), 10.
Ire, 27, 36.
Isicles, tears, 58/1354.
Ivory, 16/200, 44/945; white feet, 62/1458.
*Ixion, 39.

*Jarke, vb, 16/178.
Iazynths, 10.

Jealousy, 13.
Jehova, 24, 50.
Jerusalem, 27.
Jesus. See Christ.
Jett, 11, 16, 19.
John, 67.
Jollity, 30/578; jollities, 38/800.
Jolly, 19/255.
Jove, 4, 33.
Junonian plumes, 28/502.

Labyrinthos, 48.
Laeander, 3.
Lambkins, 11/60.
Languishment, 24/388.
*Lapithoe, 15.
Lascious, 56/1293.
Laughter (foolish), 12.
Laureat, a. 4/37.
Lawny, 28/519.
Leauy, 42/906.
Lebanon, 47, 63.
Leige-Lord, 66.
Lethargy, 17.
*Leviathan, 57.
Levite, 27.
Libellize, 4/27.
Liberality, 63.
Lilie, 22.
Limber strokes, 37/787; strawes, 39/851.
*Lucan, 5.
Lucifer, 41.
Luke, 43.
Lute, 13, 15.
Luxury, 12, 16, 23.
*Lybian flore, 12.
Lydian wealth, 12.
*Lynceus, 25/427.

MARY MAGDALENE:
— her beauty, 16, 56.
— her tongue, lips, brows, cheeks, nose, bare breasts, 17.
— her hands, legs and feet, heart, 18.
— her lover, 20.
— her arbour, 22.
— her sorrows, 28.
— in Melancholy’s cave, 33.
— tormented by seven Spirits, 36, 37.
— her fancy disordered, 38.
INDEX OF NAMES, WORDS, AND SUBJECTS.

Mary Magdalene:
— rescued by Christ, 46.
— guided to the Palace of Wisdom, 47.
— her repentance in tears, in gesture, in sorrowful ejaculations and in lamentations... 54.
— acknowledging her former misdemeanour... 56.
— in humbleness and detesting her former sinful life, 57.
— in contemplation, 59.
— in her wishes, 60.
— in her behaviour and her charity, 62.
— reflections on her acts, 63.
— in her religious duties, 66.
— in her sorrow for Jesus’ death, 67.
— tells the Saints the resurrection of Christ, 68.

Margarites, 47.
Marigold, 21, 42.
Massy, 48/1058.
Medusa, 16, 31.
Melancholy, his cave, 31.
— his gesture, 32.
— the parts of his body, 32.
— his apparell, 32.
— diverse kinds of, 33.

Meltinge soules, 23/374.
Menades, 38.
Messias, 44.
Mickle, 59/1370.
Militants, 53/1294.
Milke-white, 45/991.
Mithridates, 40.
Moecenas, 6/106.
Moecenasos, pl. patrons, 6/105.
Monarch (of England), 50.
Moses, 6.
Musaeus, 3.
Muse, 7, 23, 51.
Myrrhe, 43, 47.
Myrtle, 11, 68.

Naiades, 14.
Narcissus, 21, 22.
Nectar, 12, 17, 64.
Nemesis, 35, 36.
Neptune, 14.
Neptunian, 18/238.

Nereides, 18.
Nile, 40.
Nummed ghost, 61/1434.

OCEAN, 15.
Ore (Gold), 13, 47.
Outrun, 67/1584.
Outstrip, 26/459; 67/1594.
Ovid, 5, 29, 34.
Oyntinge, anointing, 61/1518.

PAENTENCE. See Repentance.
Palace of Pleasure, 10, 11, 29.
— of Wisdom, 48.
Palate-pleasing, 28/520.
*Panopee, 46.
Parable of debt, 63.
Paradise, 21, 25, 27, 52, 68.
Paragon, 13/95; 67.
Paramour, 14, 21.
Pastorial, 3.
Paunce, pansy?, 21/316.
Perfumed, a, 21/318.
Perfumes, 47.
*Perillus, 40.
Perseus, 31, 46.
*Persius, 4.
Peter, 67.
Pharise, 60, 61, 62, 65.
*Phlegetonticko maine, 38/820.
Phosphorus, 42.
*Phyllis, 32.
*Pillastrell, 40/351.
Pinke, 21.
Pitchy, 30/560.
Plato, 3.
Pleasure, 10, 11, 23, 29, 57.
Pleiaides, 26.
Pliny, 32.
Plume, 24.
Plump, 12/82.
Pluto, 31, 38.
Poetry, Ethnicke, 3.
Polluted, a, 23/367.
Pome-granates, 13, 47, 49.
*Posies, 23.
Postes, vb. hastes, 68/1623.
Pride, 12.
Primrose, 21.
Proecessumption, 13.
Proenents; goes before, 67/1582.
Propertius, 4.
Prophct, 65.
Prostitute, a, 14/143.
INDEX OF NAMES, WORDS, AND SUBJECTS.

*Prudentius, 6.
Punick (Hannibal), 40.
Pursive, 12/82.
Putrefaction, 52/1193.
*Pyramus, 32.

QUIETNESSE, 46/1016.
Quintessence, 50.
Quivering, a. 28/511.

*Ramillets, 23/364.
Rapsodie, 7/110.
Rasters (rafters), 26/456; 49/1088.
Refind, 10/29.
Rejecter, 50/1115.
Reponent, 46/147.

— closet, actions, attire, attendants, 51.
— her river of tears, 52.
— the only way to life, 52.

Resplendent, 26/465.
Revelation, 26.
*Rhodope, 16.
Rualdry, 33/648.
Rivelets, 19/267.
Roses, 21, 22.

Saffron, 47.
Sagge, vb. 32/642.
Salomon, 6, 50.
— Wisdom, 49, 50.
Salted brine, 67/1599.
Sappheires, 10, 44.
Satyres, 3, 4.
Saviour, 53, 61, 63, 64.
Scaldinge fire, 34/704.
Scorpions, 37.
*Scrith, 34.
Scum'd, 37/766.
Scylla, 31, 40.
Scythian, 40.
Self-hate, 63.
Sences, 44.
Seneca, 27.
*Shaggy, 30.
Shined, perf. t. 25/430.
Sidney, the poet, 4.
Sieve-like, 39/837.
Simeon, 6, 62, 65.
Sirens, 55.
Sisyphus, 39.
Slowe-pac'd asse, 31/613.
Snale-like pace, 32/641.
Snowy, 13/119.

MARY MAGDALENE.

Sol (Sun), 11, 14, 19, 23, 29.
Song (of the Goddess of Pleasure), 13.
*Song of Christ's birth, 66.
Soundinge, swooning, 45/986.
Spanish friar, 40.
Speare, 26.
Sphoere, 26.
Spikenard, 12/72.
Spiny, 3/7.
Sportefull, 22/337.
Squared, 10/41.
*Stagirite (Aristoteles), 32.
Steeled, a. 19/259.
Steeple, 11/59.
Steeple, 34/695; 39/833; 42/907.
Stole, n. robe, 9/10.
Submissely, 25/424.
Sulphurean sent, 36/758.
Stygian vassals, 36.
Swealtred, a. 24/392.
Syneide, Conscience, 35, 41, 46, 55.

Tagus (gemms of), 12.
— (sand of), 14.
Tartary, 36.
Teares, 52, st. 143.
— river of, 52.
Thetis, 14.
Throughtes, throws, 20/301.
*Thyme of Hybla, 12.
Thysbe, 32.
Tiffany, 25/423.
Timbrell, 15.
Time-decayinge, 47/1050.
Titan, 16, 19, 33.
*Tityus, 39.
Tressels, legs, 18/232; 63/1471.
Tricklinge teares, 51/1153.
Tripple Isle, Monarch of, 50/1132.
Troian, 14.
Turrulet, 11/49.
Twinkling of an eye, 27/473.
Tyber, 40.

Unction, 63/1468.
Undivided, 44/902.
Unexpected, 60/1410.
Unsounded, 29/534.

Vale (lily of the), 22.
Valted, a. 15/165.
Velvet leaues, 21/331.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Pages and References</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Venus</td>
<td>11, 12, 17, 19, 56.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>*Vergell</td>
<td>40.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vestaes soones</td>
<td>23/378.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Violetts</td>
<td>21, 22.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vipereous</td>
<td>29/547; 30/565.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Virgil</td>
<td>5, 30, 37.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Virgin waxe</td>
<td>16/197.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wantonesse</td>
<td>12, 23.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wantonize</td>
<td>24/404.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ware</td>
<td>n. 16/181.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Waueringe Thomas</td>
<td>64/1519.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wine</td>
<td>15/173-4.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wisdom</td>
<td>46.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wisdoms forest</td>
<td>47.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>— palace and tower</td>
<td>48.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>— riches</td>
<td>49.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>— properties and chambers</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wreathed chaine</td>
<td>30/568.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ycharm'd</td>
<td>61/1438.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Yelinge</td>
<td>vb. 22/339.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Younglinges</td>
<td>40/856.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ysprout</td>
<td>vb. 22/349.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>*Zanchius</td>
<td>26, 36, 44.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Zephyre</td>
<td>21.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
The Society intends to complete forthwith the Reprints of its out-of-print Texts of the year 1866. Prof. Skeat has sent Partenay to press; Dr. McKnight of Cornell is re-editing King Horn and Floris and Blanchefleur; a German editor will undertake Seinte Marherede; and Dr. Furnivall will revise Hali Meidenhead and his Political, Religious and Love Poems later in 1899, so that the Society may begin 1901 with all its Texts in print.

February 1899. For this year the Original-Series Texts were issued in 1897. Those for 1900 are now ready. The texts of several other works are now printed.

For 1897, the Original-Series Texts are, No. 108, Child-Marriages and -Divorces, Trotplights, Adulteries, Afflictions, Labels, Wills, Miscellanies, Clandestine Marriages, Depositions in Trials in the Bishop's Court, Chester, A.D. 1561-6, with Entries from the Chester Mayors' Books, 1558-1600, ed. Dr. F. J. Furnivall,—a most curious volume, full of the social life of its time;—and Part II of the Prymer or Lay-Folks’ Prayer-book, edited by Mr. Henry Littlehales, with a Paper by Mr. Bishop on the Origin and Growth of the Prymer.

For 1898, the Extra-Series Texts are LXXI, The Towneley Plays, re-edited from the unique MS. by Mr. George England, with sidenotes and Introduction by Alfred W. Pollard, M.A.; LXXII, Hoccleve’s Regement of Princes, A.D. 1411-12, with 14 Minor Poems, now first assigned to Hoccleve, from the DeGuilleville MS. Egerton 615, re-edited from the MSS. by Dr. Furnivall: the latter forms Part III of Hoccleve’s Works; LXXIII, Part II of Hoccleve’s Works is Hoccleve’s Minor Poems II, from the Yates Thompson (late Ashburnham) MS., edited by Mr. Israel Gollancz, M.A. This last, the Editor promises forthwith.

The Original-Series Texts for 1898 are Nos. 110, 111,—Part II, Sections 1 and 2, of Dr. T. Miller’s Collections of Four Mss. of the Old-English Version of Bede’s Ecclesiastical History. Another Part will complete the work.

The Extra-Series Texts for 1898 are No. LXXIV, Secreta Secretorum, 3 prose Engishings, one by Jas. Yonge with interesting passages about Ireland, edited by Robert Steele, B.A., Part I; and No. LXXV, Miss Morrill’s edition of the Speculum Guidonis in the Society’s Guy-of-Warwick Series. (This latter book was priced only 10s. before its size was known.)

The Original-Series Texts for 1899 are No. 112, Merlin, Part IV, Prof. W. E. Mead’s Outlines of the Legend of Merlin, with Glossary, &c., and No. 113, Queen Elizabeth’s Engishings of Boethius de Consolatione, Plutarch’s De Curiositate, and part of Horace, De Arte Poetica, edited from the unique MS. (a portion in the Queen’s own hand) in the Public Record Office, London, by the late Miss C. Pemberton, with a Facsimile, and a note on the Queen’s use of i for long e.

The Extra-Series Texts for 1899 ought to be the Second Part of the prose Romance of Melusine—Introduction, with ten facsimiles of the best woodblocks of the old foreign black-letter editions, Glossary, &c., by A. K. Donald, B.A., if he can be found; and a new edition of the famous Early-English Dictionary (English and Latin), Promptorium Parvulorum, from the Winchester MS., ab. 1440 A.D.; in this, the Editor, the Rev. A. L. Mayhew, M.A., will follow and print his MS. not only in its arrangement of nouns first, and verbs second, under every letter of the Alphabet, but also in its giving of the flexions of the words. The Society’s edition will thus be the first modern one that really represents its original, a point on which Mr. Mayhew’s assistance will meet with the sympathy of all our Members. But as these Texts are not forthcoming in 1899, their substitutes will be the first Part of Lydgate’s English Pilgrimage of the Life of Man, edited by Dr. F. J. Furnivall, Miss Mary Bateson’s edition of George Ashby’s Active Policy of a Prince, and English Dida Philosphorum, A.D. 1463, and The Life and Death of Mary Magdalene by Dean Robinson (or Robertson), edited by Dr. O. Sommer.

The Original-Series Texts for 1900 will be No. 114, Part IV (the last) of Prof. Skeat’s edition of Aelfric’s Metrical Lives of Saints; and No. 115, Jacob’s Well, a quaint allegorical treatise on the cleansing and building-up of Man’s Conscience, edited from the unique MS. in Salisbury Cathedral, by Dr. J. W. Brandes, Part I.

The Extra-Series Texts for 1901 will be chosen from Mr. I. Gollancz’s re-edition of two Alliterative Poems, Winner and Waster, &c., ab. 1360, just issued for the Roxburgh Club; Dr. Norman Moor’s re-edition of The Book of the Foundation of St. Bartholomew’s Hospital, London, from the unique MS. ab. 1425, which gives an account of the Founder, Rahere, and the miraculous cures wrought at the Hospital; or The Craft of Nombrunge, with other of the earliest English Treatises on Arithmetic, edited by R. Steele, B.A., or Alexander Scott’s Poems, 1568, from the unique Edinburgh MS., ed. A. K. Donald, B.A.; or The Sege of Jerusalem, the alliterative version, edited by Prof. Dr. E. Köbbing.

An urgent appeal is hereby made to Members to increase the list of Subscribers to the E. E. Text Society. It is nothing less than a scandal that the Hellenic Society should have nearly 1000 members, while the Early English Text Society has only about 300!
The Original-Series Texts for 1901 and 1902 will be chosen from books already at press: Part II of the Minor Poems of the Vernon MS., edited by Dr. F. J. Furnivall; Mr. Gollancz's re-edited Exeter-Book—Anglo-Saxon Poems from the unique MS. in Exeter Cathedral—Part II; Dr. Bruce's Introduction to The English Conquest of Ireland, Part II; Dr. Furnivall's edition of the Lichfield Gilds, which is all printed, and waits only for the Introduction, that Prof. E. C. K. Gonner has kindly undertaken to write for the book. Dr. G. Herzfeld's re-edition of the Anglo-Saxon Martyrology is all in type. Part II of Dr. Holt-hausen's Vices and Virtues needs only its Glossary.

The Texts for the Extra Series in 1902 and 1903 will be chosen from The Three Kings' Sons, Part II, the Introduction &c. by Prof. Dr. Leon Kellner; Part II of The Chester Plays, re-edited from the MSS., with a full collation of the formerly missing Devonshire MS., by Mr. G. England and Dr. Matthews; the Parallel-Text of the only two MSS. of the Owl and Nightingale, edited by Mr. G. F. H. Sykes (at press); Robert of Brunne's Handlyng Synne, edited by Dr. Furnivall; Deguilleville's Pilgrimage of the Life of Man, in English verse by Lydgate, Part II. (For the three prose versions—two English, one French—an Editor is wanted.) Members are asked to realise the fact that the Society has now 50 years' work on its Lists,—at its present rate of production,—and that there is from 100 to 200 more years' work to come after that. The year 2000 will not see finish all the Texts that the Society ought to print. The need of more Members and money is urgent.

Before his death in 1895, Mr. G. N. Currie was preparing an edition of the 15th and 16th century Prose Versions of Guillaume de Deugilleville's Pilgrimage of the Life of Man, with the French prose version by Jean Gallopes, from Lord Aldenham's MS., he having generously promised to pay the extra cost of printing the French text, and engraving one or two of the illuminations in his MS. But Mr. Currie, when on his deathbed, charged a friend to burn all his MSS., which in a corner of his room, and unluckily all the E. T. S.'s copies of the Deugilleville prose versions were with them, and were burnt with them, so that the Society will be put to the cost of fresh copies, Mr. Currie having died in debt.

Guillaume de Deugilleville, monk of the Cistercian abbey of Chaillis, in the diocese of Sensis, wrote his first verse Pelerinaige de l'Homme in 1330-1 when he was 36.1 Twenty-five (or six) years after, in 1555, he revised his poem, and issued a second version of it, and this is the only one that has been printed. Of the prose representative of the first version, 1330-1, a prose Englishing, about 1430 a.d., was edited by Mr. Aldis Wright for the Roxburgh Club in 1899, from MS. Ff. 5. 30 in the Cambridge University Library. Other copies of this prose English are in the Hunterian Museum, Glasgow, Q. 2. 25; Univ. Coll. and Corpus Christi, Oxford; and the Laud Collection in the Bodleian, no. 740. A copy in the Northern dialect is MS. G. 21, in St. John's Coll., Cambridge, and this is the MS., which will be edited for the E. E. Text Society. The Laud MS. 740 was somewhat condensé and modernised, in the 17th century, into MS. Ff. 6. 30, in the Cambridge University Library: 3 “The Pilgrimage or the Pilgrimage of Man in this World,” copied by William Baspoole, whose copy “was verbatim written by Walter Parker, 1645, and from thence transcribed by G. G. 1649; and from thence by W. A. 1655.” This last copy may have been read by, or its story reported to, Bunnan, and must have been the groundwork of his Pilgrim's Progress. It will be edited for the E. E. Text Soc., its text running through the earlier English, as in Mr. Heritage's edition of the Gesta Romanorum for the Society. In February 1646,4 Jean Gallopes—a clerk of Angers, afterwards chaplain to John, Duke of Bedford, Regent of France—turned Deugilleville's first verse Pelerinaige into a prose Pelerinage de la vie humaine.5 By the kindness of Lord Aldenham, as above mentioned, Gallopes's French text will be printed opposite the early prose northern Englishing in the Society's edition.

The Second Version of Deugilleville's Pelerinaige de l'Homme, a.d. 1355 or 6, was Englished in verse by Lydgate in 1426. Of Lydgate's poem, the larger part is in the Cotton MS. Vitellius C. xiii (leaves 2-308). This MS. leaves out Chaucer's Englishing of Deugilleville's A B C or Prayer to the Virgin, of which the successive stanzas start with A, B, C, and run all thro' the alphabet; and it has 2 main gaps, besides many small ones from the tops of leaves being burnt in the Cotton fire. All these gaps (save the A B C) will be fill'd up from the Somer MS. 952 (which old John Stowe completed) and from the end of the other imperfect MS. Cotton, Tiberius A vii. Thanks to the diligence of the old Elizabethan tailor and manuscript-lover, a complete text of Lydgate's poem can be given. The British Museum French MSS. (Harleian 4399,6 and Additional 22,9377 and 25,5948) are all of the First Version.

1 He was born about 1295. See Abbé Goujet's Bibliothèque françoise, Vol. 1, p. 734. — P. M.
2 These 3 MSS. have not yet been collated, but are believed to be all of the same version.
3 According to Lord Aldenham's MS.
4 These were printed in France, late in the 15th or early in the 16th century.
5 15th cent., containing only the Vie humaine.
6 15th cent., containing all the 3 Pilgrimages, the 3rd being Jesus Christ's.
7 14th cent., containing the Vie humaine and the 2nd Pilgrimage, de l'Ame: both incomplete.
Besides his first *Pelerinaige de l'homme* in its two versions, Duguëville wrote a second, "de l'ame separée du corps," and a third, "de nostre seigneur Jesus." Of the second, a prose Englishing of 1413, *The Pilgrimage of the Soule* (with poems by Hoccleve, already printed for the Society with that author's *Regement of Princes*), exists in the Egerton MS. 616, at Hatfield, Cambridge (Univ. Kk. 1. 7, and Caius), Oxford (Univ. Coll. and Corpus), and in Caxton’s edition of 1488. This version has "somewhat of addicions" as Caxton says, and some shortenings too, as the maker of both, the first translator, tells us in the MSS. Caxton leaves out the earlier englisheer’s interesting *Epilog* in the Egerton MS. This prose Englishing of the *Soule* will be edited for the Society by Prof. Dr. Leon Keilner after that of the *Man* is finished, and will have Gallopase's French opposite it, from Lord Aldenham's MS., as his gift to the Society. Of the *Pilgrimage of Jesus*, no englishing is known.

As to the MS. Anglo-Saxon Psalters, Dr. Hy. Sweet has edited the oldest MS., the Vespasian, in his *Oldest English Texts* for the Society, and Mr. Harsley has edited the latest, c. 1150, Eadwine’s Canterbury Psalter. The other MSS., except the Paris one, being interlinear versions,—some of the Roman-Latin redaction, and some of the Gallican,—Prof. Logeman has prepared for press, a Parallel-Text edition of the first twelve Psalms, to start the complete work. He will do his best to get the Paris Psalter—tho' it is not an interlinear one—into this collective edition ; but the additional matter, especially in the Verse-Psalms, is very difficult to manage. If the Paris text cannot be parallelised, it will form a separate volume. The Early English Psalters are all independent versions, and will follow separately in due course.

Through the good offices of the Examiners, some of the books for the Early-English Examinations of the University of London will be chosen from the Society’s publications, the Committee having undertaken to supply such books to students at a large reduction in price. The profits from these sales, after the payment of costs arising out of the issuing of such Texts to Students, will be applied to the Society’s Reprints. Five of its 1866 Texts, and one of its 1867 (now at press), still need reproducing. Donations for this purpose will be welcome. They should be paid to the Hon. Sec., Mr. W. A. Dalziel, 67 Victoria Rd., Finsbury Park, London, N.

Members are reminded that *fresh Subscribers are always wanted*, and that the Committee can at any time, on short notice, send to press an additional Thousand Pounds’ worth of work.

The Subscribers to the Original Series must be prepared for the issue of the whole of the Early English *Lives of Saints*, sooner or later. The Society cannot leave out any of them, even though some are dull. The Sinners would doubtless be much more interesting. But in many Saints’ Lives will be found valuable incidental details of our forefathers’ social state, and all are worthful for the history of our language. The Lives may be lookt on as the religious romances or story-books of their period.

The Standard Collection of Saints’ Lives in the Corpus and Ashmole MSS., the Harleian MS. 2277, &c. will repeat the Laud set, our No. 87, with additions, and in right order. (The foundation MS. (Laud 108) had to be printed first, to prevent quite unwieldy collations.) The Supplementary Lives from the Vernon and other MSS. will form one or two separate volumes.

Besides the Saints’ Lives, Trevisa’s englisheering of *Bartholomeaus de Proprietatibus Rerum*, the medieval *Cyclopedia of Science*, &c., will be the Society’s next big undertaking. Dr. R. von Fleischhacker will edit it. Prof. Napier of Oxford, wishing to have the whole of our Anglo-Saxon in type, and accessible to students, will edit for the Society all the unprinted and other Anglo-Saxon Homilies which are not included in Thorpe’s edition of *Ælfric’s prose,* Dr. Morris’s of the Bielecking Homilies, and Prof. Skeat’s of *Ælfric’s Metrical Homilies.* Prof. Kölling has also undertaken for the Society’s Extra Series a Parallel-Text of all the six MSS. of the *Ancren Rivole*, one of the most important foundation-documents of Early English. Mr. Harvey, too, means to prepare an edition of the three MSS. of the *Earliest English Metrical Psalter*, one of which was edited by the late Mr. Stevenson for the Surtees Society.

In case more Texts are ready at any time than can be paid for by the current year’s income, they will be dated the next year, and issued in advance to such Members as will pay advance subscriptions. The 1886-7 delay in getting out Texts must not occur again, if it can possibly be avoided. The Director has in hand for future volunteer Editors, copies of 2 or 3 MSS.

Members of the Society will learn with pleasure that its example has been followed, not only by the Old French Text Society which has done such admirable work under its founders Profs. Paul Meyer and Gaston Paris, but also by the Early Russian Text Society, which was set on foot in 1877, and has since issued many excellent editions of old MS. *Chronicles &c.*

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1 Ab. 1430, 106 leaves (leaf 1 of text wanting), with illuminations of nice little devils—red, green, tawny &c.—and damned souls, fires, angels &c.

2 Of these, Mr. Harsley is preparing a new edition, with collations of all the MSS. Many copies of Thorpe’s book, not issued by the *Ælfric Society*, are still in stock.

Of the Vercell Homilies, the Society has bought the copy made by Prof. G. Lattanzi.
The Original Series of the "Early English Text Society."

Members will also note with pleasure the annexation of large tracts of our Early English territory by the important German contingent under General Zupitza, Colonel Kübling, volunteers Hausknecht, Einenkel, Haensich, Kaluza, Hupe, Adam, Holthausen, Schick, Herzfeld, Brandes, &c. Scandinavia has also sent us Prof. Erdmann; Holland, Prof. H. Logeman, who is now working in Belgium; France, Prof. Paul Meyer— with Gaston Paris as adviser;— Italy, Prof. Lattanzi; Hungary, Dr. von Fleischhacker; while America is represented by the late Prof. Child, by Dr. Mary Noyes Colvin, Profs. Mead, Perrin, McClintook, Triggs, &c. The sympathy, the ready help, which the Society's work has called forth from the Continent and the United States, have been among the pleasantest experiences of the Society's life, a real aid and cheer amid all troubles and discouragements. All our Members are grateful for it, and recognise that the bond their work has woven between them and the lovers of language and antiquity across the seas is one of the most welcome results of the Society's efforts.

ORIGINAL SERIES.

Half the Publications for 1866 (13, 14, 15, 18, 22) are out of print, but will be gradually reprinted. Subscribers who desire the issue for 1866 should send their guineas at once to the Hon. Secretary, in order that other Texts for 1866 may be sent to press.

The Publications for 1854-1857 (one guinea each year, save those for 1866 now half out of print, two guineas) are:—

1. Early English Alliterative Poems, ab. 1360 A.D., ed. Rev. Dr. R. Morris. 16s. 1864
3. Lauver on the Dewtie of Kyngis, &c., 1506, ed. F. Hall, D.C.L. 4s. 
4. Sir Gawayne and the Green Knight, ab. 1380, ed. Rev. Dr. R. Morris. 10s. 
5. Hume's Orthographic and Congruity of the Britan Tongue, ab 1617, ed. H. B. Wheatley. 4s. 1865
7. Genesis & Exodus, ab. 1250, ed. Rev. Dr. R. Morris. 8s.
8. Morte Artheure, ab. 1440, ed. E. Brock. 7s.
9. Thynne on Spight's ed. Chaucer, ab. 1599, ed. Dr. G. Kingsley and Dr. F. J. Furnivall. 10s.
10. Merlin, ab. 1440, Part I., ed. H. B. Wheatley. 2s. 6d.
12. Wright's Chaste Wife, ab. 1462, ed. F. J. Furnivall, M.A. 1s.
13. Scinte Marherete, 1200-1330, ed. Rev. O. Cockayne: to be re-edited by Dr. H. Spies, Ph.D. 1866
16. The Book of Quest Essence, ab. 1460-70, ed. F. J. Furnivall. 1s. [In print.]
17. Parallel Extracts from 45 MSS. of Fiers the Plowman, ed. Rev. W. W. Skeat. 1s. [In print.]
19. Lyndesay's Monarche, &c., Part II., ed. J. Small, M.A. 3s. 6d. [In print.]
21. Merlin, Part II., ed. H. B. Wheatley. 4s. [In print.]
23. Dan Michel's Ayenbite of Inwy, 1340, ed. Rev. Dr. R. Morris. 10s. 6d. [In print.]
25. The Stadions of Rome, the Pilgrims' Sea-voyage, with Clene Maydenhod, ed. F. J. Furnivall. 1s.
29. Old English Homilies (ab. 1220-30 A.D.), Part I. Edited by Rev. Dr. R. Morris. 7s.
31. Myro's Duties of a Parish Priest, in Verse, ab. 1420 A.D., ed. E. Peacecock. 4s.
32. Early English Meals and Manners: the Boke of Norton of John Russell, the Bokes of Keruyeigne, Gutzayze, and Deemeazor, the Babbes Book, Urbanitatis, &c., ed. F. J. Furnivall. 12s.
33. The Knight de la Tour Landry, ab. 1440 A.D. A Book for Daughters, ed. T. Wright, M.A. 8s.
40. English Gilds, their Statutes and Customs, 1389 A.D. Ed. Tomlin Smith and Lucy T. Smith, with an Essay on Gilds and Trade-Unions, by Dr. L. Brentano. 21s.
46. Legends of the Holy Reed, Symbols of the Passion and Cross Poems, ed. Rev. Dr. R. Morris. 10s.
47. Sir David Lyndsey's Works, Part V., ed. Dr. J. A. H. Murray. 3s.
48. The Times' Whistle, and other Poems, by R. C., 1616; ed. by J. M. Cowper, Esq. 6s.
51. The Life of St Juliana, 2 versions, a.d. 1290, with translations; ed. T. O. Cockayne & E. Brock. 2s.
53. Old-English Holmiæ, Series II., and three Hymns to the Virgin and God, 13th-century, with the music to two of them, in old and modern notation; ed. Rev. R. Morris, LL.D. 8s.
54. The Vision of Piers PLOWMAN, Text C: Richard the Redeles (by William, the author of the Vision) and The Crowned King; Part III., ed. W. W. Skeat, M.A. 18s.
56. The Gest Hystorial of the Destruction of Troy, in alliterative verse; ed. by D. Donaldson, Esq., and the late Rev. G. A. Pantin. Part II. 10s. 6d.
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74. English Works of Wyclif, hitherto unprinted, ed. F. D. Matthew, Esq. 20s.
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78. The Fifty Earliest English Wills, in the Court of Probate, 1387-1439, ed. by F. J. Furnivall, M.A. 7s.
80. The Early-English Life of St. Katherine and its Latin Original, ed. Dr. Einenkel. 12s.
83. The Oldest English Texts, Charters, &c., ed. H. Sweet, M.A. 20s.
84. Additional Analogies to 'The Wright's Chaste Wife,' No. 12, by W. A. Clouston. 1s.
85. The Three Kings of Cologne. 2 English Texts, and 1 Latin, ed. Dr. C. Horstmann. 17s.
86. Prose Lives of Women Saints, ab. 1610 a.d., ed from the unique MS. by Dr. C. Horstmann. 12s.
87. Early English Verse Lives of Saints (earliest version), Land MS. 10s, ed. Dr. C. Horstmann. 20s.
88. Hy. Bradhaw's Life of St. Werburgh (Pynson, 1521), ed. Dr. C. Horstmann. 10s.
89. Vices and Virtues, from the unique MS., ab. 1200 a.d., ed. Dr. F. Holthausen, Part I. 8s.
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LXXIX. Melusine, the prose Romance, ab. 1500, Part II., Introduction by A. K. Donald. 10s. 1899
LXXX. Promptorium Parvulorum, c. 1440, from the Winchester MS., ed. Rev. A. L. Mayhew, M.A. Part I. 20s. 1899

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Besides the Texts named as at press on p. 12 of the Cover of the Early English Text Society’s last book, the following Texts are also slowly preparing for the Society:—

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The Earliest English Prose Psalter, ed. Dr. K. D. Buckland. Part II.
The Earliest English Verse Psalter, 3 texts, ed. Rev. R. Harvey, M.A.
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Anglo-Saxon Glosses to Latin Prayers and Hymns, edited by Dr. F. Holthausen.
All the Anglo-Saxon Hymnals and Lives of Saints not accessible in English editions, including those of the Vercelli MS. &c., edited by Prof. Napier, M.A., Ph.D.
The Anglo-Saxon Psalms; all the MSS. in Parallel Texts, ed. Dr. H. Logeman and F. Harsley, B.A.
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The Master of the Game, a Book of Huntynge for Hen. V. when Prince of Wales. (Editor wanted.)
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Early English Verse Lives of Saints, Standard Collection, from the Harl. MS.
Early English Confessioans, edited by Dr. R. von Fleischhacker.

A Lapidary, from Lord Tollemache’s MS., &c., edited by Dr. R. von Fleischhacker.
Early English Deeds and Documents, from unique MSS., ed. Dr. Lorenz Morsbach.
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Early Lincoln Wills and Documents from the Bishop’s Registers, &c., edited by Dr. P. J. Furnivall.
Early Norwich Wills, edited by Walter Rye, and F. J. Furnivall.
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Miscellaneous Alliterative Poems, edited from the MSS. by Dr. L. Morsbach.
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Nicholas Trivet’s French Chronicles, from Sir A. Acland-Hood’s unique MS., ed. by Miss Mary Bateson.
Stories for Sermons, edited from the Addit. MS. 25,719 by Dr. W. Weck of Coblenz.
Extracts from the Registers of Boughton, ed. Hy. Littlehales, Esq.
The Pore Caiifit, edited from its MSS., by Mr. Peake.

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A Compilation of Surgerie, from H. de Mandeville and Lanfrank, a.d. 1392, ed. Dr. J. F. Payne.
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Liber Fundacions Ecclesie Sancti Bartholomei Londoniariam : englisht ab. 1425, ed. Norman Moore, M.D.
Awdayle’s Poems, re-edited from the unique MS. Douce 302, by Dr. E. Wulff.
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Lydgate’s Lyfe ofoure Lady, ed. by Prof. Georg Fiedler, Ph.D.
Lydgate’s Reason and SensanAllay, englisht from the French, edited by Dr. Sieper.
Lydgate’s Life of St. Edmund, edited from the MSS. by Dr. Axel Erdmann.
Richard Coer de Lion, re-edited from Harl. MS. 4696, by Prof. Hansknecht, Ph.D.
The Romance of Athelstan, re-edited by a pupil of the late Prof. J. Zupitza, Ph.D.
The Romance of Sir Degare, re-edited by Dr. Breul.
Mucklester’s Positions 1581, and Elementaric 1582, ed. Dr. Th. Klaebr, Dresden.
Walton’s verse Boethius de Consolatione, edited by Mark H. Liddell, U. S. A.
The Gospel of Nichodemus, edited by Ernest Riedel.

The Society is anxious to hear of more early Dialect MSS. John Lacy’s copy, in the Newcastle-on-Tyne dialect, 1434, of some theological tracts in MS. 94 of St. John’s College, Oxford, is to be edited by Prof. McLintock. More Hampoles in the Yorkshire dialect will probably follow. The Lincoln and Norfolk Wills, already copied by or for Dr. Furnivall, unluckily show but little traces of dialect.

More members (to bring money) and Editors (to bring brains) are wanted by the Society.
ROBINSON, THOMAS
Mary Magdalene.

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