HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY

From The Fourth Book of Virgil

Entreatings of the love between Aeneas and Dido, translated into English and drawen into a strange meter by Henry late Earl of Surrey, worthy to be embraced

[THE HUNT]

Then from the seas the dawning gan arise.
The sun once up, the chosen youth gan throng
Unto the gates; the hayes so rarely knit,
The hunting staves with their broad heads of steel,
And of Massile the horsemen, forth they brake;
Of scenting hounds a kennel huge likewise.
And at the threshold of her chamber door
The Carthage lords did there the queen await;
The trampling steed, with gold and purple decked,
Chawing the foamy bit, there fiercely stood.
Then issued she, backed with a great rout,
Clad in a cloak of Tyre embroidered rich.
Her quiver hung behind her back, her tresses
Wound up with gold, her purple vestures eke
Buttoned with gold. The Troyans of her train
Before her go, with gladsome Iulus,
Aeneas eke, the goodliest of the rout,
Makes one of them and joineth close the throngs;
Like when Apollo leaveth Lycia,
His wintering place, and Xanthus' floods likewise,
To visit Delos, his mother's mansion,
For to repair and furnish new her choir,
The Candians and folk of Driopis,
And painted Agathyrsies shout and cry,
Environing the altars round about,
When he walks upon Mount Cynthus' top,
His sparkled tresses he pressed with garlands soft
Of tender leaves, and trussed up in gold,
His quivering darts clattering behind his back—
So fresh and lusty did Aeneas seem,
Such lordly port in countenance present.
But to the hills and wild holts when they came,
From the rock's top then driven, savage roes

1. These are lines 129–68 in Virgil.
2. Nets.
3. Massilia (Marseilles).
5. Son of Aeneas.
6. Lycia is a country on the south coast of Asia Minor; Xanthus, the chief river of Lycia. Delos, an island, was Apollo's birthplace.
7. "Candians": Cretans. "Driopis" is Doris, in Greece; the "Agathyrsies" were tattooed people from Transylvania.
8. A mountain in Delos, where both Apollo and Artemis were born.
Avail\textsuperscript{1} the hill, above to the other side,
Through the wide lands, whereas their course,
The harts likewise, in troops taking their flight,
Raising the dust, the mountains fast forsake.
The child Iulus, blithe of his swift steed,
Amidst the plain now pricks by them, now these,
And to encounter wisheth oft in mind
The foaming boar, instead of timorous beasts,
Or lion brown might from the hill descend.
In the meanwhile the heavens gan rumble sore;
In tail thereof, a mingled shower with hail.
The Tyrian folk and eke the Trojan youth
And Venus’ nephew the cottages for fear
Sought round about; the floods fell from the hills.
Dido, a den, the Trojan prince likewise
Chanced upon. Our mother then, the Earth,
And Juno that hath charge of marriage,
First tokens gave with burning gledes\textsuperscript{2} of flame,
And, privy to the wedlock, lightning skies,
And the nymphs wailed from the mountain’s top.

\textit{From The Second Book of Virgil}

\textbf{[HECTOR WARNS AENEAS TO FLEE TROY]}\textsuperscript{1}

\textsuperscript{1} Gain.
\textsuperscript{2} Countenance, expression.
\textsuperscript{3} Stained, discolored.
\textsuperscript{4} Swollen.
\textsuperscript{5} Formerly.
\textsuperscript{6} Curled.
\textsuperscript{7} Hindrances.

It was the time when, granted from the gods,
The first sleep creeps most sweet in weary folk.
Lo, in my dream before mine eyes, methought,
With rueful cheer\textsuperscript{2} I saw where Hector stood:
Out of whose eyes there gushed streams of tears,
Drawn at a cart as he of late had be,
Distained\textsuperscript{3} with bloody dust, whose feet were bowln\textsuperscript{4}
With the straight cords wherewith they haled him.
Ay me, what one! that Hector how unlike,
Which erst\textsuperscript{5} returned clad with Achilles’ spoils,
Or when he threw into the Greekish ships
The Trojan flame! So was his beard defiled,
His crisped\textsuperscript{6} locks all clustered with his blood,
With all such wounds as many he received
About the walls of that his native town.
Whom frankly thus, methought, I spake unto,
With bitter tears and doleful deadly voice:
‘O Trojan light! O only hope of thine!
What lets\textsuperscript{7} so long thee staid? or from what coasts,
Our most desired Hector, dost thou come?
Whom, after slaughter of thy many friends,
And travail of thy people and thy town,
All-wearied, lord, how gladly we behold!
What sorry chance hath stained thy lively face?
Or why see I these wounds, alas so wide?

He answered nought, nor in my vain demands
Abode, but from the bottom of his breast
Sighing he said: 'Flee, flee, O goddess' son,
And save thee from the fury of this flame.
Our en'mies now are masters of the walls,
And Troye town now falleth from the top.
Sufficeth that is done for Priam's reign.
If force might serve to succor Troye town,
This right hand well mought have been her defense.
But Troye now commendeth to thy charge
Her holy reliques and her privy gods.
Them join to thee, as fellows of thy fate.
Large walls rear thou for them: for so thou shalt,
After time spent in th' overwandered flood.'
This said, he brought forth Vesta in his hands,
Her fillets eke, and everlasting flame.

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Set Me Whereas the Sun Doth Parch the Green

Set me whereas the sun doth parch the green,
Or where his beams may not dissolve the ice,
In temperate heat, where he is felt and seen;
With proud people, in presence sad and wise,
Set me in base, or yet in high degree;
In the long night, or in the shortest day;
In clear weather, or where mists thickest be;
In lusty youth, or when my hairs be gray;
Set me in earth, in heaven, or yet in hell;
In hill, in dale, or in the foaming flood;
Thrall, or at large—alive whereso I dwell;
Sick or in health, in ill fame or in good;
Yours I will be, and with that only thought
Comfort myself when that my hap is naught.

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8. Might.
9. Roman goddess of the hearth. Aeneas brought her “everlasting flame” from Troy to Rome.
1. Also. “Fillets”: headbands worn by her priestesses, the Vestal Virgins.
1. Where.
Give Place, Ye Lovers, Here Before

Give place, ye lovers, here before
That spent your boasts and brags in vain;
My lady's beauty passeth more
The best of yours, I dare well say.

Than doth the sun the candlelight,
Or brightest day the darkest night,
And thereto hath a troth as just
As had Penelope the fair,
For what she saith, ye may it trust.

As it by writing seal'd were,
And virtues hath she many moe
Than I with pen have skill to show.

I could rehearse, if that I wold,
The whole effect of Nature's plaint,
When she had lost the perfect mold
The like to whom she could not paint;
With wringing hands how she did cry
And what she said, I know it, I.

I know she swore, with raging mind,
Her kingdom only set apart,
There was no loss, by law of kind;
That could have gone so near her heart;
And this was chiefly all her pain:
She could not make the like again.

Sith' nature thus gave her the praise
To be the chiepest work she wrought,
In faith, methinks some better ways
On your behalf might well be sought
Than to compare, as ye have done,
To match the candle with the sun.

1. Say.
2. Constancy as firm.
5. Since.