
HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY

From The Fourth Book of Virgil¹

Entreating of the love between Aeneas and Dido, translated into English and drawn 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 throug
 Unto the gates; the hayes² so rarely knit,
 The hunting staves with their broad heads of steel,
 5 And of Massile³ 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,
 10 Chawing the foamy bit, there fiercely stood.
 Then issued she, backed with a great rout,⁴
 Clad in a cloak of Tyre embroidered rich.
 Her quiver hung behind her back, her tresses
 Wound up with gold, her purple vestures eke
 15 Buttoned with gold. The Troyans of her train
 Before her go, with gladsome Iulus.⁵
 Aeneas eke, the goodliest of the rout,
 Makes one of them and joineth close the throngs;
 Like when Apollo leaveth Lycia,
 20 His wintering place, and Xanthus' floods likewise,⁶
 To visit Delos, his mother's mansion,
 For to repair and furnish new her choir,
 The Candians and folk of Driopis,
 And painted Agathysies shout and cry,⁷
 25 Environing the altars round about,
 When he walks upon Mount Cynthus' top,⁸
 His sparkled tresses he pressed with garlands soft
 Of tender leaves, and trusséd up in gold,
 His quivering darts clattering behind his back—
 30 So fresh and lusty did Aeneas seem,
 Such lordly port in countenance present.
 But to the hills and wild holts⁹ 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).

4. Band, troop.

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 "Agathysies" were tattooed people from Transylvania.

8. A mountain in Delos, where both Apollo and Artemis were born.

9. Woods.

Avail! the hill, above to the other side,
 35 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,
 40 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.
 45 The Tyrian folk and eke the Troyan youth
 And Venus' nephew the cottages for fear
 Sought round about; the floods fell from the hills.
 Dido, a den, the Troyan prince likewise
 Chanced upon. Our mother then, the Earth,
 50 And Juno that hath charge of marriage,
 First tokens gave with burning gledes² of flame,
 And, privy to the wedlock, lightning skies,
 And the nymphs wailed from the mountain's top.

1554

From The Second Book of Virgil

[HECTOR WARNS AENEAS TO FLEE TROY]¹

120 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 cheer² I saw where Hector stood:
 Out of whose eyes there gushèd streams of tears,
 125 Drawn at a cart as he of late had be,
 Distained³ with bloody dust, whose feet were bowln⁴
 With the straight cords wherewith they haled him.
 Ay me, what one! that Hector how unlike,
 Which erst⁵ returnèd clad with Achilles' spoils,
 130 Or when he threw into the Greekish ships
 The Troyan flame! So was his beard defiled,
 His crisped⁶ locks all clustered with his blood,
 With all such wounds as many he received
 About the walls of that his native town.
 135 Whom frankly thus, methought, I spake unto,
 With bitter tears and doleful deadly voice:
 'O Troyan light! O only hope of thine!
 What lets⁷ so long thee staid? or from what coasts,

1. Gain.

2. Coals, embers.

3. Hector was the chief Trojan warrior, Aeneas was the founder of Rome. Achilles was the foremost Greek warrior and slayer of Hector.

4. Countenance, expression.

5. Stained, discolored.

6. Swollen.

7. Formerly.

8. Curled.

9. Hindrances.

Our most desired Hector, dost thou come?
 140 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?
 145 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,
 150 And Troyë town now falleth from the top.
 Sufficeth that is done for Priam's reign.
 If force might serve to succor Troyë town,
 This right hand well mought⁸ have been her defense.
 But Troyë now commendeth to thy charge
 155 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 Vesta⁹ in his hands,
 160 Her fillets eke,¹ and everlasting flame.

1557

Set Me Whereas the Sun Doth Parch the Green

Set me whereas¹ 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,
 5 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;
 10 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.

1557

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 sayn¹
 5 Than doth the sun the candlelight,
 Or brightest day the darkest night,

And thereto hath a troth as just²
 As had Penelope the fair,
 For what she saith, ye may it trust
 10 As it by writing sealéd were,
 And virtues hath she many moe
 Than I with pen have skill to show.

I could rehearse, if that I wold,³
 The whole effect of Nature's plaint,
 15 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,
 20 Her kingdom only set apart,
 There was no loss, by law of kind,⁴
 That could have gone so near her heart;
 And this was chiefly all her pain:
 She could not make the like again.

Sith⁵ nature thus gave her the praise
 To be the chiefest work she wrought,
 In faith, methinks some better ways
 On your behalf might well be sought
 25 Than to compare, as ye have done,
 30 To match the candle with the sun.

1. Say.
 2. Constancy as firm.
 3. Would.

4. Nature.
 5. Since.