
**The last part of the Countesse of
Pembrokes Arcadia**

Philip Sidney

Title: The last part of the Countesse of Pembrokes Arcadia

Author: Philip Sidney

This is an exact replica of a book published in 1922. The book reprint was manually improved by a team of professionals, as opposed to automatic/OCR processes used by some companies. However, the book may still have imperfections such as missing pages, poor pictures, errant marks, etc. that were a part of the original text. We appreciate your understanding of the imperfections which can not be improved, and hope you will enjoy reading this book.



Book Renaissance

www.ren-books.com

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

THE LAST PART OF
THE COUNTESSE OF PEMBROKES ARCADIA
ASTROPHEL & STELLA AND OTHER POEMS
THE LADY OF MAY

EDITED BY

ALBERT FEUILLERAT

Professor of English Literature in the University of Rennes



Cambridge :
at the University Press

1922

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS

C. F. CLAY, MANAGER

LONDON : FETTER LANE, E.C. 4



NEW YORK : THE MACMILLAN CO.

BOMBAY

CALCUTTA } MACMILLAN AND CO., LTD.

MADRAS }

TORONTO : THE MACMILLAN CO. OF
CANADA, LTD.

TOKYO : MARUZEN-KABUSHIKI-KAISHA

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

PREFATORY NOTE

THE present volume—the second of Sir Philip Sidney's Complete Works—contains the last part of *Arcadia*, a collection of all the poems that are known to exist, either printed or in manuscript, and the Masque of the *Lady of May*.

In accordance with the method adopted in the first volume, the text given is that of the earliest edition. Thus, the last part of *Arcadia* and the *Poems* (from page 208 to page 238) are printed from the folio of 1593; the *Sonets* (from page 301 to page 322) and the *Lady of May*, from the folio of 1598; the *Dialogue betweene two Shepherds*, from the folio of 1613; *Astrophel and Stella*, from the first Newman quarto of 1591. The only exception is that of the *Two Pastorels* (page 325), which are printed from the 1611 edition of Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody*.

The text is reproduced without any deviations from the originals in the matter of spelling or punctuation. I have, however, corrected a few evident misprints, a list of which will be found on page 389. As regards *Astrophel and Stella*, I have also thought it expedient to number the sonnets, and in this I have followed the edition of 1598, even though the omission of the "Rich Sonnet" in Q1 involved a little anomaly on page 257, where readers will notice the absence of number xxxvii. But I thought that this irregularity was amply compensated by the advantage of leaving their customary numbering to the following sonnets.

I have reserved for the Appendix a certain number of poems, most of them circulated or published after the death of the Countess of Pembroke, whose intrinsic value

PREFATORY NOTE

did not seem sufficient to warrant their attribution to Sidney. These doubtful poems are printed from the originals, with the exception of *To Queen Elizabeth* (page 340), the *Answer to the Earl of Oxford* (page 341), *Sir Philip Sydneis Song* (page 342), the manuscripts of which were not accessible to me at the time when I was collecting the material of this volume.

My thanks are due to the authorities of Emmanuel College (Cambridge), of the Bodleian Library, of Queen's College (Oxford), for permission to examine some of their treasures; to Mr A. W. Pollard and to Mr R. F. Sharp, of the British Museum, for valuable help; lastly to Mr A. R. Waller who, as the volume was passing through the press, assisted me in many ways.

A. FEUILLERAT

October, 1921

CONTENTS

	PAGE
The last part of Sir Philip Sidney's <i>Arcadia</i>	I
Poems first printed in the folio of 1593	208
Poems from the old <i>Arcadia</i>	238
<i>Astrophel and Stella</i>	241
<i>Certaine Sonets</i>	301
<i>A Dialogue betweene Two Shepherds</i>	323
<i>Two Pastorels</i>	325
<i>The Lady of May</i>	329
Appendix: Poems attributed to Sidney	339
Notes	350
List of Misprints, etc., which have been corrected	389
List of Misprints, etc., which should have been corrected	390
Index of First Lines of Poems	391
Corrigenda	x

CORRIGENDA

196. 24. For "*Diaphantus*" read "*Daiphantus*"
209. 5. Add full stop after *Zelmane*
239. 20. For *fynde* read *fyinde*.

THE LAST PART OF
SIR PHILIP SIDNEY'S
ARCADIA

FROM THE FOLIO OF 1593

AFTER that *Basilus* (according to the oracles promise) had received home his daughters, and settled himself againe in his solitary course and accustomed company, there passed not many dayes ere the now fully recomforted *Dorus* having waited a time of *Zelmaes* walking alone towards her little Arbor, tooke leave of his master *Dametas* husbandry to follow her. Neere whereunto overtaking her, and sitting downe together among the sweet flowers whereof that place was very plentifull, under the pleasant shade of a broad leaved Sycamor, they recounted one to another their strange pilgrimage of passions, omitting nothing which the open harted frendship is wont to lay forth, where there is cause to cōmunicate both joyes & sorows, for indeed ther is no sweeter tast of frendship, then the coupling of soules in this mutualitie either of condoling or comforting: where the oppressed minde findes itself not altogether miserable, since it is sure of one which is feelingly sorry for his misery: and the joyfull spends not his joy, either alone, or there where it may be envyed: but may freely send it to such a well grounded object, from whence he shall be sure to receive a sweete reflection of the same joye, and, as in a cleere mirror of sincere good will, see a lively picture of his owne gladnes. But after much discourse on eyther parte, *Dorus* (his hearte scarce serving him to come to the pointe, whereunto his then comming had bene wholie directed, as loth in the kindest sorte to discover to his friend his owne unkindnes) at length, one word emboldening

THE COUNTESSE OF PEMBROKES

another made knowne to *Zelmae*, how *Pamela* upon his vehement othe to offer no force unto her, till hee had invested her in the Duchie of *Thessalia*, had condescended to his stealing her awaie to the next sea porte. That besides the straunge humors she sawe her father more and more falling into, and unreasonable restraint of her libertie, whereof she knewe no cause but light grounded jealousies, added to the hate of that manner of life, and confidence she had in his vertue, the chiefest reason had wonne her to this, was the late daunger she stode in of loosing him, the like whereof (not unlike to fall if this course were continued) she chose rather to dye then againe to undergoe. That now they wayted for nothing else, but some fit time for their escape, by the absence of their three lothsome companions, in whome follie ingendred suspicion. And therefore now, sayd *Dorus*, my deere *Cozen*, to whome nature began my friendship, education confirmed it, and vertue hath made it eternall, heere have I discovered the very foundation whereupon my life is built: bee you the Judge betwixt mee and my fortune. The violence of love is not unknowne to you: And I knowe my case shall never want pittie in your consideration. How all the joyes of my hearte doo leave mee, in thinking I must for a time be absent from you, the eternall truth is witness unto mee, I knowe I should not so sensiblie feele the pangs of my last departure. But this enchantment of my restlesse desire hath such authoritye in my selfe above my selfe, that I am become a slave unto it, I have no more freedome in mine owne determinacions. My thoughtes are now all bent how to carrie awaie my burdenous blisse. Yet, most beloved *Cozen*, rather then I should thinke I doo heerein violate that holie bande of true friendship, wherein I unworthie am knit unto you, commaund mee stay. Perchance the force of your commaundement may worke such impression into my hearte, that no reason of mine owne can imprint into it. For the Gods forbid, the foule word of abandoning *Pyraeles*, might ever be objected to the faithfull *Musidorus*. But if you can spare my presence, whose presence no way serves you, and by the division of these two Lodges is not oft with you: nay if you can thinke my absence may, as it shall, stand you in stead, by bringing such an armye hither, as shall make *Basilus*, willing or unwilling, to knowe his owne happe in graunting you *Philoclea*: then I will cheerefullie goe about this my most desired enterprise,

ARCADIA. LIB. 3.

and shall thinke the better halfe of it alreadie atchieved, beeing begunne in the fortunate houre of my friendes contentment. These wordes, as they were not knitte together with such a constant course of flowing eloquence, as *Dorus* was woont to use : so was his voice interrupted with sighes, and his countenance with enterchanging coulour dismayed. So much his owne hearte did finde him faultie to unbende any way the continuall use of theyr deare friendshippe. But *Zelmana*, who had all this while gladlie hearkened to the other tydings of her friends happye successe, when this last determination of *Dorus* strake her attentive eares, she stayed a great while oppressed with a dead amazement. Ther came streight before her mind, made tender with woes, the images of her own fortune. Her tedious longings, her causes to despaire, the combersome follie of *Basilus*, the enraged Jealousie of *Gynecia*, her selfe a Prince without retinewe ; a man annoyed with the troubles of woman-kinde ; lothsomely loved, and daungerouslie loving ; And now for the perfecting of all, her friend to be taken away by himself, to make the losse the greater by the unkindnes. But within a while she resolutely passed over all inwarde objections, and preferring her friends proffitt to her owne desire, with a quiet but hartie looke, she thus aunswared him. If I bare thee this Love vertuous *Musidorus*, for mine owne sake, and that our friendshipp grew because I for my parte, might rejoyce to enjoye such a friend : I shoulde nowe so thorowly feele mine owne losse, that I should call the heavens and earth to witnesse, howe cruelly yee robbe mee, of my greatest comforte, measuring the breach of friendshippe by myne owne passion. But because indeede I love thee for thy selfe, and in my judgement judge of thy worthines to be loved, I am content to builde my pleasure uppon thy comforte : And then will I deeme my happe in friendshippe great, when I shall see thee, whome I love happie. Let me be onely sure, thou lovest me still, the onely price of trew affection goe therefore on, worthy *Musidorus*, with the guide of vertue, and service of fortune. Let thy love be loved, thy desires prosperous, thy escape safe, and thy jorneye easie. Let every thing yeeld his helpe to thy deserte, for my part absence shall not take thee from mine eyes, nor afflictions shall barre mee from gladding in thy good, nor a possessed harte shall keepe thee from the place it hath for ever allotted unto thee. *Dorus* would faine have replied againe, to

THE COUNTESSE OF PEMBROKES

have made a liberall confession that *Zelmane* had of her side the advantage of well performing friendship: but partie his owne griefe of parting from one he loved so dearely, partly the kinde care in what state hee should leave *Zelmane*, bredd such a conflict in his minde, that many times he wished, he had either never attempted, or never revealed this secreat enterprise. But *Zelmane*, who had now looked to the uttermoste of it, and established her minde upon an assured determination, my onely friend said shee since to so good towardnes, your courteous destinies have conducted you, let not a ceremoniall consideration of our mutuall love, be a barre unto it. I joye in your presence, but I joye more in your good, that friendship brings forth the fruites of enmitie, which preferres his owne tendernes, before his friendes damage. For my parte my greatest griefe herein shalbe, I can bee no further serviceable unto you O *Zelmane* saide *Dorus* with his eyes even covered with water, I did not think so soone to have displayed my determination unto you, but to have made my way first in your loving judgement. But alas as your sweet disposition drew me so farre: so doth it now strengthen me in it. To you therefore be the due commendation given, who can conquere me in Love, and Love in wisdom. As for mee, then shall goodnes turne to evill, and ungratefulnes bee the token of a true harte when *Pyrocles* shall not possesse a principall seate in my soule, when the name of *Pyrocles* shall not be helde of me in devout reverence.

They would never have come to the cruell instant of parting, nor to the il-faring word of farewell, had not *Zelmane* sene a farre off the olde *Basilus*, who having perfourmed a sacrifice to *Apollo*, for his daughters, but principally for his mistresse happy returne, had since bene every where to seeke her. And now being come within compasse of discerning her, he beganne to frame the loveliest coütenance he could, stroking up his legges, setting his bearde in due order, and standing bolte upright. Alas said *Zelmane*, behold an evill fore-token of your sorrowfull departure. Yonder see I one of my furies, which doth daylie vex me, farewell fare wel my *Musidorus*, the Gods make fortune to waite on thy vertues, and make mee wade through this lake of wretchednes. *Dorus* burst out into a floud of teares wringing her fast by the hande. No, no, said he, I go blindfold, whither the course of my ill happe caries me: for now too late my harte