

Cambridge University Press

978-0-521-15832-9 - Sir Philip Sidney: The Last Part of the Countesse of Pembrokes

Arcadia: The Lady of May

Edited by Albert Feuillerat

Excerpt

[More information](#)

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 himselfe againe in his solitary course and accustomed company, there passed not many dayes ere the now fully recomforted *Dorus* having waited a time of *Zelmanes* walking alone towards her little Arbor, tooke leave of his master *Damætas* 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 envied: 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

I

Cambridge University Press

978-0-521-15832-9 - Sir Philip Sidney: The Last Part of the Countesse of Pembrokes

Arcadia: The Lady of May

Edited by Albert Feuillerat

Excerpt

[More information](#)

THE COUNTESSE OF PEMBROKES

another made knowne to *Zelmane*, 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 stooode 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 sensible feelee the pangs of my last departure. But this enchantment of my restlesse desire hath such authoritie 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. Perchaunce 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 *Pyrocles*, 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,

Cambridge University Press

978-0-521-15832-9 - Sir Philip Sidney: The Last Part of the Countesse of Pembrokes

Arcadia: The Lady of May

Edited by Albert Feuillerat

Excerpt

[More information](#)

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 heart did finde him faultie to unbende any way the continuall use of theyr deare friendshippe. But *Zelmane*, 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 *Basilius*, 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 aunswere 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 now 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, worthye *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

Cambridge University Press

978-0-521-15832-9 - Sir Philip Sidney: The Last Part of the Countesse of Pembrokes

Arcadia: The Lady of May

Edited by Albert Feuillerat

Excerpt

[More information](#)

THE COUNTESSE OF PEMBROKES

have made a liberall confession that *Zelmane* had of her side the advantage of well performing friendshippe: but partelie his owne grieffe of parting from one he loved so dearely, partly the kinde care in what state hee should leave *Zelmane*, bredd such a conflictē 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 foorth the fruites of enmitie, which preferres his owne tendernes, before his friendes damage. For my parte my greatest grieffe 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 coūtenance 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 flood 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

Cambridge University Press

978-0-521-15832-9 - Sir Philip Sidney: The Last Part of the Countesse of Pembrokes

Arcadia: The Lady of May

Edited by Albert Feuillerat

Excerpt

[More information](#)

ARCADIA. LIB. 3.

gives me this our separating can never be prosperous. But if I live, attend me here shortly with an army. Thus both appalled with the grievous renting of their long Combination, (having first resolved with themselves that, whatsoever fell unto them, they should never upon no occasion utter their names for the cōserving the honour of their Royal parentage, but keep the names of *Daiphantus* & *Palladius*, as before had ben agreed between thē) they tooke diverse waies: *Dorus* to the lodg-ward, wher his heavy eyes might besomthing refreshed; *Zelmane* towards *Basilus*: saying to her selfe with a skornefull smiling: yet hath not my friendly fortune deprived me of a pleasant companion. But he having with much searche come to her presence, *Doubt* & *Desire* bred a great quarrel in his mind. For his former experience had taught him to doubt: & true feeling of Love made doubts daungerous, but the working of his desire had ere long wonne the field. And therefore with the most submissive maner his behaviour could yeeld: O Goddess, said hee towards whom I have the greatest feeling of Religion, be not displeased at some shew of devotion I have made to *Apollo*: since he (if he know any thing) knowes that my harte beares farre more awful reverēce to your self then to his, or any other the like *Deity*. You wil ever be deceived in me, answered *Zelmane*: I wil make my selfe no competitor with *Apollo*, neither can blasphemies to him be duties to me. With that *Basilus* tooke out of his bosome certaine verses he had written, and kneling downe, presented them to her. They contained this:

PHæbus farewell, a sweeter Saint I serve,
The high conceits thy heav'nly wisdomes breed
My thoughts forget: my thoughts, which never swerve
From her, in whome is sowne their freedoms seede,
And in whose eyes my daily doome I reede.

Phæbus farewell, a sweeter Saint I serve.
Thou art farre off, thy kingdome is above:
She heav'n on earth with beauties doth preserve.
Thy beames I like, but her cleare rayes I love:
Thy force I feare, her force I still do prove.

Phæbus yeelde up thy title in my minde.
She doth possesse, thy Image is defaste,
But if thy rage some brave revenge will finde,

Cambridge University Press

978-0-521-15832-9 - Sir Philip Sidney: The Last Part of the Countesse of Pembrokes

Arcadia: The Lady of May

Edited by Albert Feuillerat

Excerpt

[More information](#)

THE COUNTESSE OF PEMBROKES

*On her, who hath in me thy temple raste,
Employ thy might, that she my fires may taste.
And how much more her worth surmounteth thee,
Make her as much more base by loving me.*

This is my Hymne to you, said he, not left me by my auncestors, but begone in my selfe. The temple wherin it is daylie songe, is my soule: and the sacrifice I offer to you withall is all whatsoever I am. *Zelmane*, who ever thought shee founde in his speeches the ill taste of a medecine, and the operation of a poyson, would have suffred a disdainful looke to have bene the onely witnesse of her good acceptation; but that *Basilus* began a fresh to lay before her many pittifull prayers, and in the ende to conclude that he was fully of opinion it was onely the unfortunatenes of that place that hindered the prosperous course of his desires. And therefore since the hatefull influence; which made him embrace this solitary life, was now past over him (as he doubted not the judgment of *Philanax* would agree with his) and his late mishapes had taught him how perillous it was to commit a Princes state to a place so weakely guarded: He was now enclined to returne to his pallace in *Mantineia*, and there he hoped he should be beter able to shew how much he desired to make al he had hers: with many other such honnie wordes which my penne growes almost weary to set downe: This indeede neerely pierced *Zelmane*. For the good beginning shee had there obtained of *Philoclea* made her desire to continue the same trade, till unto the more perfecting of her desires: and to come to any publike place shee did deadly feare, lest her maske by many eyes might the sooner be discovered, and so her hopes stopped, and the state of her joyes endangered. Therefore while shee rested, musing at the dayly chaunging labyrinth of her owne fortune, but in her selfe determined it was her onely best to keepe him there: and with favors to make him love the place, where the favors were received, as disgraces had made him apte to chaunge the *Soyle*.

Therefore casting a kinde of corner looke upon him, it is truely saide, (saide she) that age cooleth the bloud. Howe soone goodman you are terrified before you receave any hurte? Doe you not knowe that daintines is kindly unto us? And that hard obtayning, is the excuse of womans graunting? Yet speake I

Cambridge University Press

978-0-521-15832-9 - Sir Philip Sidney: The Last Part of the Countesse of Pembrokes

Arcadia: The Lady of May

Edited by Albert Feuillerat

Excerpt

[More information](#)

ARCADIA. LIB. 3.

not as though you were like to obtaine, or I to graūt. But because I would not have you imagin, I am to be wonne by courtely vanities, or esteeme a man the more, because he hath handsome men to waite of him, when he is affraid to live without them. You might have scene *Basilius* humbly swell, and with a lowly looke stand upon his tiptoes; such diversitie her words delivered unto him. O *Hercules* aunswered he; *Basilius* afraide? Or his bloud cold, that boyles in such a fournace? Care I who is with mee, while I enjoy your presence? Or is any place good or bad to me, but as it pleaseth you to blesse or curse it? O let me be but armed in your good grace, and I defie whatsoever there is or can be against mee. No, no, your love is forcible, and my age is not without vigoure. *Zelmane* thought it not good for his stomacke, to receave a surfet of too much favoure, and therefore thinking he had enough for the time, to keepe him from any sodaine removing, with a certaine gracious bowing downe of her heade towarde him, she turned away, saying, she would leave him at this time to see how temperately hee could use so bountifull a measure, of her kindenes. *Basilius* that thought every dropp a flood that bred any refreshment, durst not further presse her, but with an ancient modestie left her to the sweete repast of her owne fancies. *Zelmane* assoone as he was departed went towarde *Pamelas* lodge in hope to have scene her friende *Dorus*, to have pleased her selfe with another paynefull farrewell, and further to have taken some advise with him touching her owne estate, whereof before sorowe had not suffered her to thinke. But being come even neere the lodge, she saw the mouth of a cave, made as it should seeme by nature in despite of Arte: so fitly did the riche growing marble serve to beautifie the vawt of the first entrie. underfoot, the ground semed mynerall, yeelding such a glistering shewe of golde in it, as they say the ryver *Tagus* caries in his sandie bed. The cave framed out into many goodly spacious Roomes such as the selfe-like men, have with long and learned delicacie founde out the most easefull. There rann through it a little sweete River, which had lefte the face of the earth to drowne her selfe for a smale waye in this darke but pleasant mansion. The very first shewe of the place entised the melancholy minde of *Zelmane* to yeelede her selfe over there to the flood of her owne thoughtes. And therefore sitting downe in the first entrie, of the Caves mouth,

Cambridge University Press

978-0-521-15832-9 - Sir Philip Sidney: The Last Part of the Countesse of Pembrokes

Arcadia: The Lady of May

Edited by Albert Feuillerat

Excerpt

[More information](#)

THE COUNTESSE OF PEMBROKES

with a song shee had lately made, shee gave a dolefull waye to her bitter Affeetes, shee sunge to this effecte:

*S*ince that the stormy rage of passions darcke
(Of passions darke, made darke of beauties light)
Whith rebell force, hath closde in dungeon darke
My minde ere now led foorth by reasons light:

Since all the thinges which give mine eyes their light
Do foster still, the fruites of fancies darke:
So that the windowes of my inward light
Do serve, to make my inward powers darke:

Since, as I say, both minde and sences darke
Are hurt, not helpt, with piercing of the light:
While that the light may shewe the horrors darke
But cannot make resolved darkenes lighte:

*I like this place, whereat the least the darke
May keepe my thoughtes, from thought of wonted light.*

In steede of an instrument, her song was accompanied with the wringing of her hands, the closing of her weary eyes, and even sometime cut off with the swellinge of hir sighes, which did not suffer the voice to have his free and native passage. But as she was a while musing upon her songe, raising up her spirites, which were something false into the weakenes of lamentation, considering solitary complaints do no good to him whose helpe stands with out himselfe, shee might a far off, first heare a whispering sounde which seemed to come from the inmost parte of the Cave, and being kept together with the close hollownes of the place, had as in a Truncke the more liberall accesse to her eares, and by and by she might perceave the same voice, deliver it selfe into musically tunes, and with a base Lyra give forth this songe:

*H*Arke plaintfull ghostes, infernall furies barke
Unto my woes the hatefull heavens do sende,
The heavens conspir'd, to make my vitall sparke
A wretched wracke, a glasse of Ruines ende.

Seeing, Alas; so mightie powers bende
Their ireful shotte against so weake a marke,
Come cave, become my grave, come death, and lende
Recepte to me, within thy bosome darke.

Cambridge University Press

978-0-521-15832-9 - Sir Philip Sidney: The Last Part of the Countesse of Pembrokes

Arcadia: The Lady of May

Edited by Albert Feuillerat

Excerpt

[More information](#)

ARCADIA. LIB. 3.

*For what is life to dayly dieng minde,
Where drawing breath, I sucke the aire of woe:
Where too much sight, makes all the bodie blinde,
And highest thoughts, downward most headlong throw?
Thus then my forme, and thus my state I finde,
Death wrapt in flesh, to living grave assign'd.*

And pawsing but a little, with monefull melodie it continued this octave :

*Like those sicke folkes, in whome strange humors flowe,
Can taste no sweetes, the sower onely please:
So to my minde, while passions daylie growe,
Whose fyrie chaines, uppon his freedome seaze,
Joies strangers seeme, I cannot bide their showe,
Nor brooke oughte els but well acquainted woe.
Bitter griefe tastes me best paine is my ease,
Sicke to the death, still loving my disease.*

O *Venus*, saide *Zelmane*, who is this so well acquainted with mee, that can make so lively a portraicture of my miseries? It is surely the spirit appointed to have care of me, which doth now in this darke place beare parte with the complaints of his unhappie charge. For if it be so, that the heavens have at all times a measure of their wraathfull harmes, surely so many have come to my blistesse lot, that the rest of the world hath too small a portion, to make with cause so wailefull a lamentation. But saide she; whatsoever thou be, I will seeke thee out, for thy musique well assures me wee are at least-hand fellowe prentises to one ungracious master. So raise shee and went guiding her selfe, by the still playning voice, till she sawe uppon a stone a little waxe light set, and under it a piece of paper with these verses verie lately (as it should seeme) written in it :

HOwe is my Sunn, whose beames are shining bright
Become the cause of my darke ouglie night?
Or howe do I captiv'd in this darke plight,
Bewaile the case, and in the cause delight?
My mangled mind huge horrors still doe fright,
With sense possest, and claim'd by reasons right:
Betwixt which two in me I have this fight,
Wher who so wynns, I put my selfe to flight.

Cambridge University Press

978-0-521-15832-9 - Sir Philip Sidney: The Last Part of the Countesse of Pembrokes

Arcadia: The Lady of May

Edited by Albert Feuillerat

Excerpt

[More information](#)

THE COUNTESSE OF PEMBROKES

*Come clowdie feares close up my daseled sight,
 Sorrowes suck up the marowe of my might,
 Due sighes blowe out all sparkes of joyfull light,
 Tyre on despaier uppon my tyred sprite.
 An ende, an ende, my dulce penn cannot write,
 Nor mas'de head thinke, nor faltring tonge recite.*

And hard underneath the sonnet, were these wordes written:

*This cave is darke, but it had never light.
 This waxe doth waste it selfe, yet painelesse dyes.
 These wordes are full of woes, yet feele they none.*

*I darkned am, who once had clearest sight.
 I waste my harte, which still newe torment tries.
 I plaine with cause, my woes are all myne owne,
 No cave, no wasting waxe, no wordes of griefe,
 Can holde, shew, tell, my paines without reliefe.*

She did not long stay to reade the wordes, for not farre off from the stone shee might discerne in a darke corner, a Ladie liéng with her face so prostrate upon the ground, as she could neither know, nor be knownen. But (as the generall nature of man is desirous of knowledge, and sorrow especially glad to find fellowes,) she went as softly as she could convey her foot, neere unto her, where she heard these words come with vehement sobbings from her. O darkenes(saide shee) which doest light somly (me thinks) make me see the picture of my inward darknes: since I have chosen thee, to be the secret witnesse of my sorows, let me receive a safe receipte in thee; and esteeme them not tedious, but if it be possible, let the uttering them be some discharge to my overladen breast. Alas sorrowe, nowe thou hast the full sack of my conquered spirits, rest thy selfe a while, and set not stil new fire to thy owne spoiles: O accursed reason, how many eyes thou hast to see thy evils, and thou dimme, nay blinde thou arte in preventing them? Forlorne creature that I am! I would I might be freely wicked, since wickednesse doth prevaile, but the foote steppes of my overtroden vertue, lie still as bitter accusations unto me: I am devided in my selfe, howe can I stande? I am overthrowne in my selfe, who shall raise mee? Vice is but a nurse of new agonies, and the vertue I am divorced from, makes the hatefull comparison the more