

## Dédicace de Cleopatra

Auteur : Daniel, Samuel

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To the Right Honourable, the  
Lady *Mary*, Countesse of  
PEMBROOKE.

LOE heere the worke the which she did impose,  
Who only doth predominate my Muse:  
The starre of wonder, which my labors chose  
To guide their way in all the course I vse.  
She, whose cleere brightnesse doth alone infuse  
Strength to my thoughts, and makes me what I am;  
Call'd vp my spirits from out their low repose,  
To sing of state, and tragick notes to frame.

I, who (contented with an humble song,)  
Made musique to my selfe that pleas'd me best,  
And onely told of *DELIA*, and her wrong,  
And prais'd her cies, and plained mine own vnrest:  
(A text from whence my Muse had not degrest)  
Madam, had not thy well grac'd *Anthony*,  
(who all alone, hauing remained long,)  
Requir'd his *Cleopatras* company.

A 2

Who

*To the Countesse*

Who if she heere doe so appeare in act,  
That for his Queen and Loue he scarce will know her,  
Finding how much she of her selfe hath lackt,  
And mist that glory wherein I should shew her,  
In maiestie debas'd, in courage lower;  
Yet lightning thou by thy sweet fauoring eies  
My darke defects, which from her spirit detract,  
He yet may gesse it's she; which will suffice.

And I hereafter in another kinde,  
More fitting to the nature of my vaine,  
May (peraduenture) better please thy minde,  
And higher notes in sweeter musique straine:  
Seeing that thou so graciously doost daine,  
To countenance my song and cherish mee,  
I must so worke posterity may finde  
How much I did contend to honor thee.

Now when so many pens (like Speares) are charg'd,  
To chase away this tyrant of the North:  
*Grosse Barbarism*, whose powre grown far inlarg'd,  
Was lately by thy valiant brothers worth  
First found, encountred, and prouoked forth:  
Whose onset made the rest audacious,  
Whereby they likewise haue so well discharg'd  
Vpon that hideous beast incroching thus.

And

*of Pembroke.*

And now must I with that poore strength I haue,  
Resist so foule a foe in what I may :  
And arme against obliuion and the graue,  
That else in darknesse carries all away,  
And makes of all our honours but a pray.  
So that if by my pen procure I shall  
But to defend me, and my name to saue,  
Then though I die, I cannot yet die all;

But still the better part of me will liue,  
Deckt and adorned with thy sacred name,  
Although thy selfe dost farre more glorie giue  
Vnto thy selfe, then I can by the same:  
Who dost with thine own hand a Bulwark frame  
Against these monsters, (enemies of honour),  
Which euer-more shall so defend thy Fame,  
That Time nor they, shall neuer pray vpon her.

Those *Hymnes* that thou dost consecrate to heauen,  
Which *Israels* Singer to his God did frame :  
Vnto thy voyce eternitie hath giuen,  
And makes thee deere to him from whence they came.  
In them must rest thy euer reuerent name,  
So long as *Syons* God remaineth honoured;  
And till confusion hath all zeale be-reauen,  
And murdered Faith, and Temples ruined.

To the Countesse

By this (great Ladie,) thou must then be knowne,  
When *Wilton* lies low leuell'd with the ground :  
And this is that which thou maist call thine owne,  
Which sacrilegious time can not confound;  
Heere thou suruiu'st thy selfe, here thou art found  
Of late succeeding ages, fresh in fame:  
This monument cannot be ouer-throwne,  
Where, in eternall Brasse remains thy Name.

O that the Ocean did not bound our stile  
VVithin these strict and narrow limits so:  
But that the melodie of our sweete Ile,  
Might now be heard to *Tyber*, *Arne*, and *Po*:  
That they might know how far *Thames* doth out-go  
The Musique of declined *Italie*:  
And listning to our songs another while,  
Might learne of thee their notes to purifie.

O why may not some after-comming hand,  
Vnlocke these limits, open our confines:  
And breake asunder this imprisoning band,  
T' inlarge our spirits, and publish our descignes;  
Planting our roses on the *Apenines*?  
And teach to *Rhene*, to *Loyre*, and *Rhodanus*,  
Our accents, and the wonders of our Land,  
That they might all admire and honour vs.

Whereby

of *Pembrooke*.

Whereby great *Sydney* and our *Spencer* might,  
With those *Po*-fingers being equalled,  
Enchaunt the world with such a sweet delight,  
That their eternall songs (for euer read,)  
May shew what great *Eliz<sup>as</sup>* raigne hath bred.  
VVhat Musique in the kingdome of her peace  
Hath now beene made to her, and by her might,  
VVhereby her glorious fame shall neuer cease.

But if that fortune doth denie vs this,  
Then *Neptune*, locke vp with thy Ocean key  
This treasure to our selues, and let them misse  
Of so sweet ritches: as vnworthie they  
To taste the great delights that we inioy.  
And let our harmonie so pleasing growne,  
Content our selues, whose error euer is,  
Strange notes to like, and disesteeme our owne.

But, whither do my vowes transport me now,  
VVithout the compasse of my course inioind?  
Alas, what honour can a voyce so low  
As this of mine, expect hereby to find?  
But, (Madam,) this doth animate my mind,  
That fauoured by the worthies of our Land,  
My lines are lik'd; the which may make me grow,  
In time to take a greater taske in hand.