

Classic Poetry Series

Gabriel Harvey

- poems -

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An heroic address to [Oxford], concerning the combined utility and dignity of military affairs and o

This is my welcome; this is how I have decided to bid All Hail!
to thee and to the other Nobles.

Thy splendid fame, great Earl, demands even more than in the case of others
the services of a poet possessing lofty eloquence.

Thy merit doth not creep along the ground,
nor can it be confined within the limits of a song.

It is a wonder which reaches as far as the heavenly orbs.

O great-hearted one, strong in thy mind and thy fiery will,

thou wilt conquer thyself, thou wilt conquer others;

thy glory will spread out in all directions beyond the Arctic Ocean;

and England will put thee to the test and prove thee to be native-born Achilles.

Do thou but go forward boldly and without hesitation.

Mars will obey thee, Hermes will be thy messenger,

Pallas striking her shield with her spear shaft will attend thee,

thine own breast and courageous heart will instruct thee.

For long time past Phoebus Apollo has cultivated thy mind in the arts.

English poetical measures have been sung by thee long enough.

Let that Courtly Epistle —

more polished even than the writings of Castiglione himself —

witness how greatly thou dost excel in letters.

I have seen many Latin verses of thine, yea,

even more English verses are extant;

thou hast drunk deep draughts not only of the Muses of France and Italy,

but hast learned the manners of many men, and the arts of foreign countries.

It was not for nothing that Sturmius, himself was visited by thee;

neither in France, Italy, nor Germany are any such cultivated and polished men.

O thou hero worthy of renown, throw away the insignificant pen, throw away bloodless
books,

and writings that serve no useful purpose; now must the sword be brought into play,

now is the time for thee to sharpen the spear and to handle great engines of war.

On all sides men are talking of camps and of deadly weapons; war and the Furies are
everywhere,

and Bellona reigns supreme.

Now may all martial influences support thy eager mind, driving out the cares of Peace.
Pull Hannibal up short at the gates of Britain. Defended though he be by a mighty host,

let Don John of Austria come on only to be driven home again. Fate is unknown to
man,

nor are the counsels of the Thunderer fully determined.

And what if suddenly a most powerful enemy should invade our borders?

If the Turk should be arming his savage hosts against us?

What though the terrible war trumpet is even now sounding its blast?

Thou wilt see it all; even at this very moment thou art fiercely longing for the fray.

I feel it. Our whole country knows it.

In thy breast is noble blood, Courage animates thy brow, Mars lives in thy tongue,
Minerva strengthen thy right hand, Bellona reigns in thy body, within thee burns the
fire of Mars.

Thine eyes flash fire, thy countenance shakes a spear;

who would not swear that Achilles had come to life again?

Gabriel Harvey

Frendly Caueat to the Second Shakerley of Powles

SLumbring I lay in melancholy bed,
Before the dawning of the sanguin light:
When Eccho Shrill, or some Familiar Spright
Buzzed an Epitaph into my hed.
Magnifique Mindes, bred of Gargantuas race,
In grisly weedes His Obsequies waiment,
Whose Corps on Powles, whose mind triumph'd on Kent,
Scorning to bate Sir Rodomont an ace.
I mus'd awhile: and hauing mus'd awhile,
Iesu, (quoth I) is that Gargantua minde
Conquerd, and left no Scanderbeg behinde ?
Vowed he not to Powles A Second bile?
What bile, or kibe? (quoth that same early Spright)
Haue you forgot the Scanderbegging wight?
Glosse.
Is it a Dreame? or is the Highest minde,
That euer haunted Powles, or hunted winde,
Bereaft of that same sky-surmounting breath,
That breath, that taught the Timpany to swell?
He, and the Plague contended for the game:
The hawty man extolles his hideous thoughtes,
And gloriously insultes vpon poore soules,
That plague themselues: for faint harts plague themselues.
The tyrant Sicknesse of base-minded slaues
Oh how it dominer's in Coward Lane?
So Surquidry rang-out his larum bell,
When he had girn'd at many a dolefull knell.
The graund Dissease disdain'd his toade Conceit,
And smiling at his tamberlaine contempt,
Sternely struck-home the peremptory stroke.
He that nor feared God, nor dreaded Diu'll,
Nor ought admired, but his wondrous selfe:
Like Iunos gawdy Bird, that prowdly stares
On glittering fan of his triumphant taile:
Or like the ugly Bugg, that scorn'd to dy,
And mountes of Glory rear'd in towring witt:
Alas: but Babell Pride must kisse the pitt.
L'enuoy .
Powles steeple, and a hugyer thing is downe:
Beware the next Bull-beggar of the towne.

Gabriel Harvey

Gorgon or the Wonderful Year

|S+t+| Fame dispos'd to cunnycatch the world,
Vproar'd a wonderment of Eighty Eight:
The Earth addreading to be ouerwhurld,
What now auailles, quoth She, my ballance weight ?
The Circle smyl'd to see the Center feare :
The wonder was, no wonder fell that yeare.

Wonders enhaunse their powre in numbers odd:
The fatall yeare of yeares is Ninety Three :
Parma hath kist; De-maine entreates the rodd:
Warre wondreth, Peace and Spaine in Fraunce to see.
Braue Eckenberg, the dowty Bassa shames :
The Christian Neptune, Turkish Vulcane tames.

Nauarre woos Roome: Charlmaine giues Guise the Phy:
Weepe Powles, thy Tamberlaine voutsafes to dye.

L'enuoy.
The hugest miracle remaines behinde ,
The second Shakerley Rash-Swash to binde.

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Speculum Tuscanismi

Since Galatea came in, and Tuscanism gan usurp,
Vanity above all: villainy next her, stateliness Empress
No man but minion, stout, lout, plain, swain, quoth a Lording:
No words but valorous, no works but womanish only.
For life Magnificoes, not a beck but glorious in show,
In deed most frivolous, not a look but Tuscanish always.
His cringing side neck, eyes glancing, fisnamy smirking,
With forefinger kiss, and brave embrace to the footward.
Large bellied Cod-pieced doublet, uncod-pieced half hose,
Straight to the dock like a shirt, and close to the britch like a diving.
A little Apish flat couched fast to the pate like an oyster,
French camarick ruffs, deep with a whiteness starched to the purpose.
Every one A per se A, his terms and braveries in print,
Delicate in speech, quaint in array: conceited in all points,
In Courtly guiles a passing singular odd man,
For Gallants a brave Mirror, a Primrose of Honour,
A Diamond for nonce, a fellow peerless in England.
Not the like discourser for Tongue, and head to be found out,
Not the like resolute man for great and serious affairs,
Not the like Lynx to spy out secrets and privities of States,
Eyed like to Argus, eared like to Midas, nos'd like to Naso,
Wing'd like to Mercury, fittst of a thousand for to be employ'd,
This, nay more than this, doth practice of Italy in one year.
None do I name, but some do I know, that a piece of a twelve month
Hath so perfited outly and inly both body, both soul,
That none for sense and senses half matchable with them.
A vulture's smelling, Ape's tasting, sight of an eagle,
A spider's touching, Hart's hearing, might of a Lion.
Compounds of wisdom, wit, prowess, bounty, behavior,
All gallant virtues, all qualities of body and soul.
O thrice ten hundred thousand times blessed and happy,
Blessed and happy travail, Travailer most blessed and happy.
"Tell me in good sooth, doth it not too evidently appear
that this English poet wanted but a good pattern before his eyes,
as it might be some delicate and choice elegant Poesy
of good Master Sidney's or Master Dyer's
(our very Castor and Pollux for such and many greater matters)
when this trim gear was in the matching?"

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