

# **Syr P.S. His Astrophel and Stella. Wherein the excellence of sweete Poesie is concluded. To the end of which are added sundry rare sonnets of diverse Noble men and Gentlemen.**

## **"Prefatory Epistles by Thomas Newman and Thomas Nashe"**

This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-ShareAlike 4.0 International License.

Printed by Thomas Newman, 1591. Transcription prepared from a digital surrogate of a microfilm available on the Early English Books Online Database. Copyright 2019, ProQuest STC 22537.

**Encoder: Andrew Jeromski**

**Primary editor: Andrew Jeromski**

**Guest editor: Kristen Abbott Bennett**

**Programmer: Joey Takeda**

**Programmer: Martin Holmes**

**Technical support: Scott Hamlin**

**The Kit Marlowe Project**

**August 2020**

LEMDO template prototype

[Fleuron]

To the worshopfull and his very  
good Freende, Ma. Frauncis Flower Ef-  
quire, increafe of all content.

**I**T was my fortune (right wor-  
shipfull) not many daies fince,  
to light vpon the famous de-  
uice of *Aftrophel* and *Stella*,  
which carrying the generall  
commendation of all men of iudgement, and  
being reported to be one of the rareft things  
that euer and Englishman fet abroad, I haue  
thought good to publish it vnder your name,  
both for I know the excellencie of your wor-  
ships concept, aboue all other to be fuch, as  
is onely fit to difcerne of all matters of wit, as  
alfo for the credite and countenance your  
patronage may giue to fuch a worke. Accept  
of it I befeech you, as the firft fruites of my  
affection, which defires to approue it felfe  
in all dutie vnto you: and though the Argu-  
ment perhaps may feeme too light for your

graue viewe, yet confidering the worthiness  
of the Author, I hope you will entertaine it  
accordingly. For my part, I haue beene very  
carefull in the Printing of it, and where as be-  
ing fpred abroad in written Coppies, it had  
gathered much corruption by ill Writers: I  
haue vfed their helpe and aduice in correc-  
ting & reftoring it to his firft dignitie, that I  
knowe were of skill and experience in thofe  
matters. And the rather was I moued to fette  
it forth, becaufe I thought it pittie aniething  
proceeding from fo rare a man, should bee  
obfcured, or that his fame should not ftill be  
nourisht in his works, whom the works with  
one vnited grieve bewailed. Thus crauing  
pardon for my bold attempt, & defiring the  
continuance of your worshippes fauour vnto  
mee, I ende.

Yours alwaies to be  
commaunded.

*Tho: Newman.*

**Somewhat to reade for them**

*that lift.*

**T***Empus adest plaufus aurea pompa venit*, fo endes the  
Sceane of Idiots, and enter Altrophel in pompe.  
Gentlemen that haue seene a thoufand lines of folly,  
drawn forth *ex puncto impudentiae*, & two famous

Mountains to goe to the conception of one Moufe, that  
haue had your eares deafned with the eccho of Fames bra-  
fen towres, when only they haue been toucht with a leaden  
pen, that haue seene *Pan* fitting in his bower of delights, &  
a number of *Midaffes* to admire his miserable hornpipes,  
let not your surfeted fight, new come fro fuch puppetplay,  
think fcorne to turn afide into this Theater of pleafure, for  
here you fhall find a paper ftage ftreud with pearle, an arti-  
ficial heau'n to ouerfhadow the faire frame, & chriftal wals  
to encounter your curious eyes, whiles the tragicommodity  
of loue is performed by ftarlight. The chiefe Actor here is  
*Melpomene*, whose dusky robes dipt in the ynke of teares, as  
yet feeme to drop when I view them neere. The argument  
cruell chaftitie, the Prologue hope, the Epilogue difpaire,  
*videte queso et linguis animisque fauete*. And here peraduen-  
ture, my witles youth may be taxt with a margent note of  
prefumption, for offering to put vp any motion of applaufe  
in the behalfe of fo excellent a Poet, (the leaft fillable of  
whose name founded in the eares of iudgement, is able to  
giue the meanest line he writes a dowry of immortality) yet  
thofe that obferue how iewels oftentimes com to their hands  
that know not their value, & that the cockfcombes of our  
daies, like *Efops* Cock, had rather haue a Barly kernell wrapt  
vp in a Ballet, then they wil dig for the welth of wit in any  
ground that they know not, I hope wil alfo hold me excu-  
fed, though I open the gate to his glory, & inuite idle eares

to the admiration of his melancholy.

*Quid petitur facris nisi tantum fama poetis.*

Which although it be oftentimes imprisoned in Ladyes casks, & the president bookes of such as cannot see without another mans spectacles, yet at length it breaks forth in spite of his keepers, and vseth some priuate penne (in steed of a picklock) to procure his violent enlargement.

A.3.

The

### Somewhat to reade

The Sunne for a time, may maske his golden head in a cloud: yet in the end, the thicke vaile doth vanish, and his embellished blandishment appeares. Long hath *Astro-phel* (Englands Sunne) withheld the beames of his spirit, from the common view [sic] of our darke fence, and night hath howered over the gardens of the nine Sisters, while *Ignis fatuus*, and grosse fatty flames (such as commonly arise out of Dunghilles) haue tooke occasion in the middest eclipse of his shining perfections, to wander abroad with a wiffe of paper at their tails like Hobgoblins, and leade men vp and downe in a circle of absurditie a whole weeke, and neuer know where they are. But nowe that cloude of sorrow is dissolved, which fierie Loue, exhaled from his dewie haire, and affection hath vnburthened the labouring streames of her wombe, in the lowe cesterne of his graue: the night hath resigned her iettie throne vnto *Lucifer*, and cleere daylight possesseth the skie that was dimmed; wherefore breake of your daunce you Fayries and Elues, and from the fieldes with the torne carcases of your Timbrils,

for your kingdome is expired. Put out your rufh candles,  
you Poets and Rimers, and bequeath your crazed quater-  
zayns to the Chaundlers, for loe, here he cōmeth that hath  
broek [sic] your legs. *Apollo* hath resigned his Iuory Harp vnto  
*Astrophel*, & he like *Mercury*, muft lull you a fleep with his  
muficke. Sleepe *Argus*, fleep Ignorance, fleep Impudence,  
for *Mercury* hath *Io*, & onely *Io Paeon* belongeth to *Astro-*  
*phel*. Deare *Astrophel*, that in the alhes of thy Loue, liueft  
againē like the *Phoenix*; ô might thy bodie (as thy name)  
liue againē likewife, here amongft vs: but the earth, the  
mother of mortalitie, hath fnacht thee too foone into her  
chilled colde armes, and will not let thee by any meanes, be  
drawne from her deadly imbrace; and thy diuine Soule,  
carried on an Angels wings to heauen, is installed in *Her-*  
*mes* place, ſole *prolocutor* to the Gods. Therefore mayeft  
thou neuer returne from the *Elifian* fieldes like *Orpheus*,  
therefore muft we euer mourne for our *Orpheus*.

Fayne would a ſeconde ſpring of paſſion heere ſpende  
it ſelfe on his ſweet remembrance: but Religion that rebu-

keth

for them that liſt.

keth prophane lamentation, drinkes in the riuers of thoſe dif-  
paireful teares, which languorous ruth hath outwelled, & bids  
me looke back to the houſe of honor, where frō one & the ſelfe  
ſame roote of renowne, I ſhal find many goodly branches deri-  
ued, & ſuch as with the ſpredding increaſe of their vertues, may  
ſomewhat ouerſhadow the grieſe of his los. Amongſt the which  
fayre ſiſter of *Phoebus*, & eloquent ſecretary to the Muſes, moſt  
rare Counteſſe of *Pembroke* thou art not to be omitted: whom

Artes doe adore as a second *Minerua*, and our Poets extoll as the Patronesse of their inuention; for in thee, the *Lesbian Sappho* with her lirick Harpe is disgraced, & the Laurel Garlande which thy Brother so brauely aduauisht on his Launce, is still kept greene in the Temple of *Pallas*. Thou only sacrificest thy soule to contemplation, thou only entertainest emptie handed *Homer*, & keepest the springs of *Castalia* from being dried vp. Learning, wifedom, beautie, and all other ornaments of Nobilitie whatsoeuer, seeke to approue themselves in thy sight, and get a further seale of felicity, from the smiles of thy fauour.

*O Joue digna viro ni Joue nata fores.*

I feare I shall be counted a mercenary flatterer, for mixing my thoughts with such figuratiue admiration, but generall report that surpasseth my praise, condemneth my rethoricke of dulnesse for so colde a commendation. Indeede to say the truth, my stile is somewhat heauie gated, and cannot daunce trip and goe so liuely, with oh my loue, ah my loue, all my loues gone, as other Shepheards that haue been fooles in the Morris time out of minde: nor hath my prose any skill to imitate the Almond leape verse, or fit tabring fiew yeres together nothing but to bee, to hee: on a paper drum. Onely I can keepe pace with Grauesend barge, and care not if I have water enough, to lande my ship of fooles with the Tearme, (the tyde, I shoulde say.) Now euery man is not of that minde, for some to goe the lighter away, will take in their fraught of spangled feathers, golden Peebles, Straw, Reedes, Bulrushes, or any thing, and then they beare out their fayles as proudly, as if they were balisted with Bulbief. Others are so hardly bested for loading, that they are faine to retaille the cinders of *Troy*, and the shiuers of broken

## Somewhat to reade

trunchions, to fill vp their boate that else should goe empty:  
and if they haue but a pound weight of good Merchandise, it  
shall be placed at the poope, or pluckt in a thoufande peeces to  
credit their carriage. For my part euery man as he likes, *Mens  
cuinſque is eſt quiſque*. Tis as good to goe in cut fingerd Pumps  
as corke ſhooes, if one were Corniſh diamonds on his toes. To  
explain it by a more familiar example, an Affe is no great ſtate-  
man in the beaſtes common-wealth, though he weare his eares  
*vpſenant [sic] muffle*, after the Muſcouy faſhion, & hange the lip like a  
Capcafe halfe open, or looke as demurely as a fixpenny browne  
loafe, for he hath ſome imperfections that do keepe him frō the  
cōmon Councel: yet of many, he is deemed a very vertuous mē  
ber, and one of the honeſteſt fort of men that are; So that our o-  
pinion (as *Sextus Empedocus* affirmeth) giues the name of good  
or ill to euery thing. Out of whoſe works (late he tranſlated into  
Engliſh, for the benefit of vnlearned writers) a man might col-  
lect a whole booke of this argument, which no doubt woulde  
proue a worthy commonwealth matter, and far better than wits  
waxe karnell: much good vvorſhip haue the Author.

Such is this golden age vvherein vve liue, and ſo replenisht  
vvith golden Affes of all ſortes, that if learning had loſt it ſelfe  
in a groue of Genealogies, vvee neede doe no more but ſette an  
olde goofe ouer halfe a dozen pottle pots, (vvhich are as it vvere  
the egges of inuention) and vvee ſhall haue ſuch a breede of  
bookes within a little vvhile after, as will fill all the vvorld vvith  
the vvilde fovvle of good vvits; I can tell you this is a harder  
thing then making golde of quickſiluer, and vvill trouble you



more than the Morrall of *Aefops* Glovv-vvorme, hath troubled  
our English Apes, vvho struuing to vvarme themfelues, vvith  
the flame of the Philosophers stone, haue spent all their vvealth  
in buying bellovves to blovve the false fyre. Gentlemen, I feare  
I haue too much presumed on your idle leysure, and beene too  
bold, to stand talking all this vvhile in another mans doore: but  
novv I vvill leaue you to suruey the pleasures of *Paphos*, and of  
fer your smiles on the Aulters of *Venus*.

*Yours in all desire to please,*

Tho: Nashe.