

A6 Go Eccho of the minde

Notes. This is another poem written in answer to Raleigh's "Goe soule the bodies guest". Like "Courts scorne, states disgracinge", it has occasionally been attributed to Robert Devereux, 2nd Earl of Essex. Although May has noted that this verse has a sing-song metre which is similar to a poem written by Essex (DeVere 106-08), the case for this attribution is weak, and its authorship remains uncertain. Nonetheless, the poem's target is clearly Raleigh—a point made by the pun in the third line ("so rawe a lye"). Some copies even read this line as "that rude Rawly" (Raleigh, Poems 153).

"Another answer made by an unknowne author"

Go Eccho of the minde

A careles truth protest

Make answer that so rawe a lye

Noe stomacke can disgest

for why the lies discente

Is ever base to tell

To us it came from Italye¹

To them it came from hell

what reasons prove, confesse

what slaunder sayth, denye

Lett not untruth with triumphe passe

yett never give the lye.

Confesse in glitteringe courte

All is not gold doth shine

yet say that pure and much fine gold

Growes in that golden clime

Confesse that many tares²

May overspread the grownde

5

10

15

Yet saye within the fielde of golde
Pure corne is to bee founde 20

Confesse some unjust judge
The widdowes right delaye
Yet say there ar some Samuells³
That will not say her naye

Admitte some man of state 25
Doe pitch his thoughts too high
Is that a rule to all the rest
Their loyalty to trye

Your witt is in the wayne
your Autumne in the budd 30
you argue from particulars
your reason is not good.

And still that men may see
Lesse reason to commend you
I marvaile much amonge the rest 35
How schools & arts offend you.

But why pursue I thus
The waightles woords of winde
The more the Crabb doth seeke to creepe⁴
The more shee is behinde 40

In courte & commonwealth
In church & countrey both
what? nothinge good, but all so badd
That every man may loath.

The farther that you raunge 45

your error is the wider
The Bee sometime doth honey sucke
But sure you are the spider.

And this my counsell is
for that you want a name 50
To seeke some corner in the darke
To hide your selfe from shame.

There wrappe the silly⁵ flye
within your spitefull webbe
But courte and church may coante⁶ you well 55
They ar at no such ebbe.

As quarrells once begunne
Ar not so quickly ended
So many faults ar founde
But none so soone amended. 60

But when you come againe
To give the worlde the lye
I pray you teach them how to live
And tell them how to dye.

Source. Bodleian MS Rawl. Poet. 212, fols. 90r-91r

Other known sources. DeVere 60; *Dr Farmer Chetham Manuscript* 118; Bodleian MS Rawl. Poet. 172, fol. 13r ; Doctor Williams's Library MS Jones B.60, p. 261 ; Folger MS V.a.103, fol. 67v

A6

¹ *from Italye*: allusion to the works of Machiavelli, whose association with political dissimulation and irreligion made the term "Machiavel" an Elizabethan synonym for a scheming villain.

² *tares*: a species of vetch, which occurred in corn-fields as a weed.

³ *Samuells*: reference to Samuel, the Old Testament prophet and law-giver.

⁴ *Crabb doth seeke to creepe*: like a crab's sidewise movement, the pen in the writer's hand moves across the page.

⁵ *silly*: weak, helpless; deserving of pity.

⁶ *coante*: a textual problem. This may be "coame", a verb meaning to split into fissures or gape open; however, some manuscripts read this word as "want" (i.e. court and Church can easily do without him (Raleigh, *Poems* 153)).
