

Sir Pelham, Sir Philip and the Battle of Somewhere



The toad beneath the harrow

Letting I dare not wait upon I would (like the cat in the adage)

He skipped like the high hills

With his hair in a braid

Stout Cortez upon a peak in Darien

The boy who stood on the burning deck

His need is greater than mine

Indiscretions of Archie

This is the biggest thing since jolly old Sir Philip What's-his-name gave the drink of water to the poor blighter whose need was greater than his, if you recall the incident. I had to sweat it up at school, I remember. Sir Philip, poor old bean, had a most ghastly thirst on, and he was just going to have one on the house, so to speak, when... but it's all in the history-books. This is the sort of thing Boy Scouts do!

Ring for Jeeves

Jill collapsed into a chair . . . Jeeves was a kindly man, and not only a kindly man but a man who could open a bottle of champagne as quick as a flash. It was in something of the spirit of the Sir Philip Sidney who gave the water to the stretcher case that he now whisked the cork from the bottle he was carrying. Jill's need was greater than Bill's.

Laughing Gas

The goldfish were looking expectantly, obviously hoping for their cut, but my need was greater than theirs.

Jill the Reckless

There he sat, surrounded by happy, laughing young men, each grasping a glass of the good old mixture-as-before, absolutely unable to connect. Some of them, casual acquaintances, had nodded to him, waved, and gone on lowering the juice,—a spectacle which made Freddie feel much as the wounded soldier would have felt if Sir Philip Sidney, instead of offering him the cup of water, had placed it to his own lips and drained it with a careless "Cheerio!"

The Mating Season

When I was a piefaced lad of some twelve summers, doing my stretch at Malvern House, Bramley-on-Sea, the private school conducted by the Rev. Aubrey Upjohn, I remember hearing the Rev. Aubrey give the late Sir Philip Sidney a big build-up because when wounded at the battle of somewhere and offered a quick one by a companion in arms, he told the chap who was setting them up to leave him out of that round and slip his spot to a nearby stretcher-case, whose need was greater than his. This spirit of selfless sacrifice, said the Rev. Aubrey, was what he would like to see in you boys — particularly you, Wooster, how many times have I told you not to gape at me in that half-witted way? Close your mouth, boy, and sit up.



















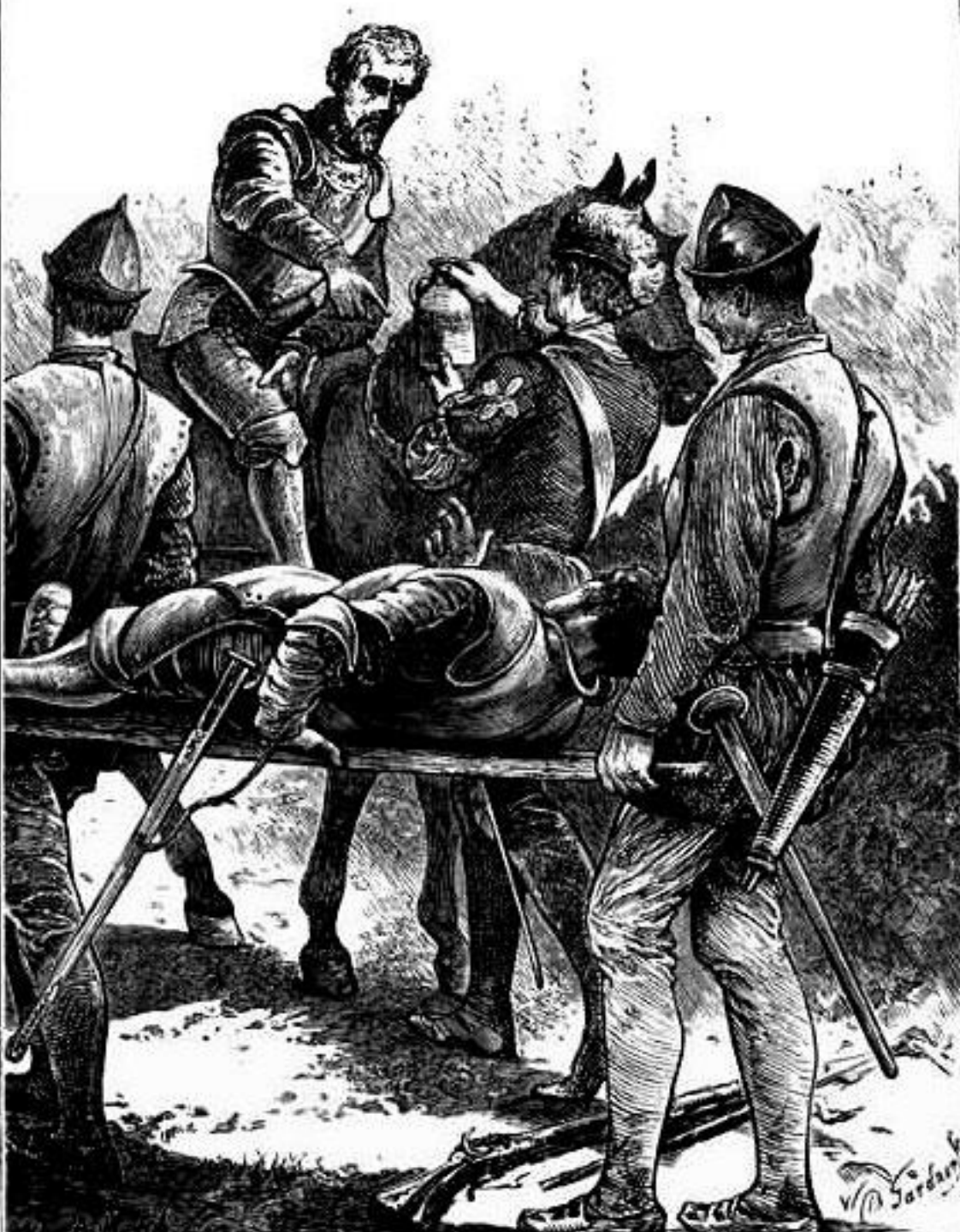




AANKOMST VAN DEN GRAAF VAN LEYCESTER TE VLISSINGEN.













To the Memory of

Sir Philip Sidney (1554-1586)

whose act of unselfish sacrifice
when wounded during the siege of Zutphen
became a substantial inspiration for
his fellow-author and compatriot

Sir Pelham G. Wodehouse (1881-1975)

20th century's foremost humorous author,
who has adorned several of his novels
with a farcical and rollicking
paraphrase of the incident.



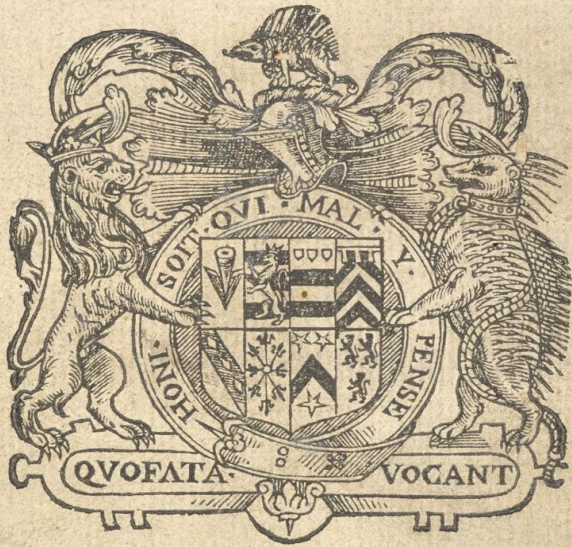
1. *The Lady of May*
Een maskerspel
voor Koningin Elisabeth I
2. *Astrophel and Stella*
Een sonnettenkrans
(108 sonnetten en 11 liederen)
3. *The Defence of Poesie*
Een essay over het wezen en
het nut van literatuur
4. *The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia*
Een omvangrijke pastorale prozaroman
5. *The Sidney Psalms*
Een vertaling van de Psalmen

The first Booke or Acte of the Countess of PEMBROOKES ARCADIA.

ARCADIA amonge all the Provinces of Greece was
ever had in singulare reputation, partly for the profectus of y^e eld^r
and other naturall benefite: But, principally, for the moderate & well tempered
minds of the people, who by th^eir happy fortune had a contemplation y^e gotten by follow-
ing the course of Nature. And howe the shyning Title of glory somewhat suffe-
red by other Nations, yet in due helpe lieth to the happiness of hys^e were the
one people, w^{ch} as by th^eir Justice and providence gave neither cause nor
hope to th^eir Neighboures to annoy them, so were they not stirred with false
prayer to trouble others quietly. Th^e meeting y^e a smalle distance for y^e waston
of th^eir own lybes in reaving, that th^eir posterity shoulde longe after see,
they had done so: Eeven the Muses seemed to approve th^eir good deter-
mination, by th^eir song that went as th^eir choicest repairing place, and by
bestowing th^eir exp^ressions so largely there, that the very Sheperdes them-
selves had th^eir fancies opened to so hygh conceits (as the most learned
of other nations have bene longe tyme since content) both to borrow th^eir names
and imitate th^eir Homing. In this place some tyme there dwelt a myghty
Duke named Basilus, a prince of sufficient stud, to y^eborne so quiet a
dwelling, where the good mynets of the former prince had set downe good
lawes, wh^{ch} the well bringing up of the people did serve as a most sure b^{an}de
to keepe them: And married Gynetta, the daughter of the King of
Cyprus, a Lady worthy enough to have had her name in continuall re-
membrance, yf her latter tyme had not blotted her well governed youth:
Although she would see more to her own content, then to the knowledge
of the world, for shee some thing supplying her want of vertue. Of her
the Duke had two faire daughters, the eldest Pamela, the younger
Philoshea, both so excellent in all those y^e gifts w^{ch} are allotted to reasonable
Creatures, as they seemed to be borne for a sufficient proof that Nature y^e
stoppeth not that Sex: Forasmuch as the Duke dyed, leaving the charge of

Gai & Sid
THE
COVNTESSE
OF PEMBROKES
ARCADIA,

WRITTEN BY SIR PHILIPPE
SIDNEI. *y K.*



LONDON
Printed for William Ponsonbie.
Anno Domini, 1590.



Drie sonnetten van Sir Philip Sidney

vert. LB

Loving in truth, and fain in verse my love to show,
That the dear She might take same pleasure of my pain:
Pleasure might cause her read, reading might make her know,
Knowledge might pity win, and pity grace obtain.

I sought fit words to paint the blackest face of woe,
Studying inventions fine, her wits to entertain:
Oft turning others' leaves, to see if thence would flow
Some fresh and fruitful showers upon my sun-burn'd brain.

But words came halting forth, wanting Invention's stay,
Intention, Nature's child, fled step-dame Study's blows,
And others' feet still seem'd but strangers in my way.
Thus great with child to speak, and helpless in my throes,

Biting my truand pen, beating myself for spite,
"Fool," said my Muse to me, "look in thy heart and write".

(Astrophil and Stella, sonnet 1)

My true love hath my heart, and I have his,
By just exchange, one for the other giv'n.
I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss:
There never was a better bargain driv'n.

His heart in me, keeps me and him in one,
My heart in him, his thoughts and senses guides:
He loves my heart, for once it was his own:
I cherish his, because in me it bides.

His heart his wound received from my sight:
My heart was wounded, with his wounded heart,
For as from me, on him his hurt did light,
So still me thought in me his hurt did smart:
Both equal hurt, in this change sought our bliss:
My true love hath my heart and I have his.

(Miscellaneous Poems no 3)

Having this day my horse, my hand, my lance
Guided so well, that I obtain'd the prize,
Both by the judgement of the English eyes,
And of some sent from that sweet enemy France;
Horsemen rny skill in horsemanship advance,
Town-folks my strength; a daintier judge applies
His praise to sleight, which from good use doth rise;
Some lucky wits impute it but to chance;
Others, because of both sides I do take
My blood from them, who did excel in this,
Think Nature me a man of arms did make.
How far they shoot awry! the true cause is,
Stella looked on, and from her heavenly face
Sent forth the beams, which made so fair my race.

(Astrophil and Stella, sonnet 41)

Ik ben verliefd! Dat wil ik zeggen in gezang,
zodat misschien ook Zij het hoort, ervan geniet,
de tekst wil lezen, en begrijpt hoe ik verlang.
Misschien stemt dat haar gunstig. Maar het lukt niet.

Ik zoek de woorden die het beste laten zien
hoeveel ik van haar hou, en ook nog muzikaal.
'k Spit door het werk van anderen, 'k vind daar misschien
wat voor mijn duffe hoofd te veel wordt allemaal.

Ik struikel verder, maar ik vind geen goed geluid
elk echt gedicht gaat voor die boeken op de vlucht,
een vreemde versvoet haakt de mijne onderuit,
soms lijkt het net een lied, blijkt toch weer valse lucht.

Terwijl ik op mijn pen bijt en maar aarzelen blijf
lacht mij de muze uit: Kijk in je hart, en schrijf!

Mijn liefste heeft mijn hart, ik dat van hem,
eerlijk geruild, het is gelijk gegaan:
hij grijpt het mijne, terwijl ik 't zijne omklem.
Een betere ruil is werkelijk nooit gedaan.

Zijn hart in mij maakt van ons beiden één,
mijn hart bepaalt wat híj nu denkt en voelt.
Hij mint mijn hart (hij kent het ook als geen),
ik dat van hem, dat in mij klopt en woelt.

Zijn hart ontving een wond toen hij mij zag
het mijne scheurde open bij dat bloed,
en nu zijn hart in mij weer kloppen mag
voel ik die scherpe wonde nog heel goed.

Gelijk gewond, eenzelfde geluk, één stem:
mijn liefste heeft mijn hart, ik dat van hem.

Ik heb vandaag mijn paard, mijn hand, mijn lans
juist naar het doel geleid; ik won de prijs.

Engelse ogen zagen dit bewijs
van ridderschap, een paar zelfs waren Frans.

Als ruiter draag ik niet alleen een krans
als krijger ook; en aan de hogere eis
van goed gedrag voldoe ik, wereldwijs.

't Was puur geluk, je kreeg een goede kans,
zei mij een slimmerik; de familie zegt:
het is ons nobel bloed, dat in jou stroomt,
dat maakt je een held, dat leidt je in het gevecht.
Ze hebben het mis, ik zeg het onbeschroomd:

Stella keek toe; haar hemelse gezicht
straalde naar mij - dat maakt mijn strijd zo licht.

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Mr Philip Sidney

