









Source: William Byrd, Psalmes, Sonets, \& songs of sadnes and pietie (London, 1588), no.23.

Constant Penelope, sends to thee carelesse Ulisses, write not againe, but come sweet mate thy selfe to revive mee. Troy wee doe much envie, wee desolate lost Ladies of Greece: Not Priamus, nor yet all Troy can us recompence make. Oh, that hee had when hee first tooke shipping to Lacedemon, that adulter I meane, had beene o'rewhelmed with waters: Then had I not lien now all alone, thus quivering for cold, nor used this complaint, nor have thought the day to bee so long.

Ovid, Heroides I, tr. ?Thomas Watson (c.1557-1592)
Haec tua Penelope lento tibi mittit, Ulixe nil mihi rescribas attinet: ipse veni! Troia iacet certe, Danais invisa puellis; vix Priamus tanti totaque Troia fuit. o utinam tum, cum Lacedaemona classe petebat, obrutus insanis esset adulter aquis! non ego deserto iacuissem frigida lecto, nec quererer tardos ire relicta dies.

