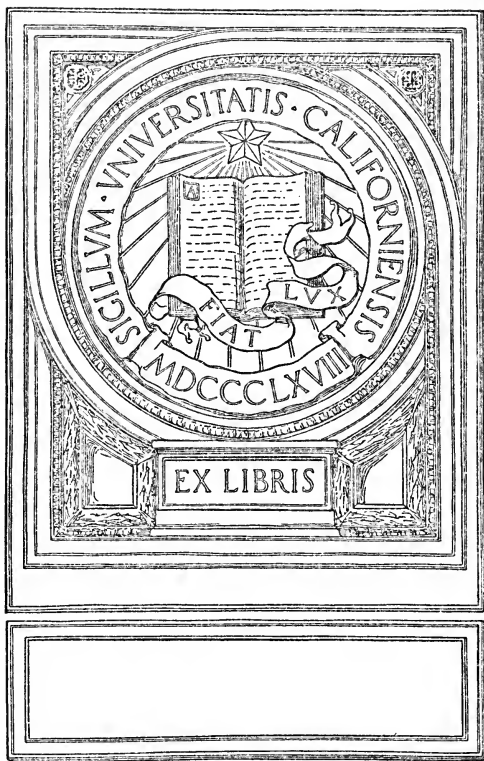


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# Parthenophil and Parthenophe.

Sonnets, Madrigals, Elegies, and  
Odes.

To the right noble and virtuous gentleman,  
M. WILLIAM PERCY, Esq., his dearest friend.



[The lower part of the Title-page is torn away in the only copy at present known; but there is the following entry in the Stationers' Registers in 1593.

10 Maij.

JOHN WOLF. Entred for his copies twoo bookes aucthorised by master HARTWELL vnder his hand. th[e]one . . . th[e]other intituled. *PARTHENOPHIL and PARTHENOPHE* &c. By B. BARNES . . . . . xijd S.

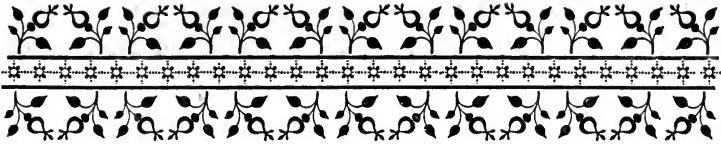
*Transcript &c.* 22. 631. Ed. 1875.]

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[For permission to reprint this text from the unique copy ; our grateful  
thanks are due to the Duke of DEVONSHIRE.]





To the Learned Gentlemen Readers,  
the Printer

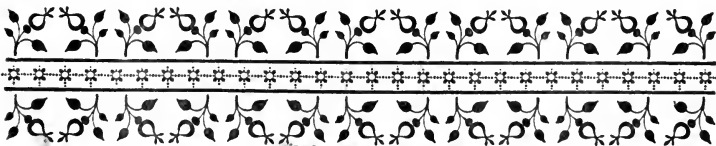
GENTLEMEN!



THESE labours following, being come of late into my hands barely, without title or subscription; partly moved by certain of my dear friends, but especially by the worth and excellency of the Work, I thought it well deserving my labour, to participate them to your judicial views: where, both for variety of conceits, and sweet Poesy, you shall doubtless find that which shall be most commendable, and worth your reading.

The Author, though at the first unknown (yet [has been] enforced to accord to certain of his friends' importunacy herein, to publish them, by their means, and for their sakes) [is] unwilling, as it seemeth, to acknowledge them, for their levity; till he have redeemed them, with some more excellent work hereafter. Till when, he requesteth your favourable and indifferent censures of these his over-youthful Poems; submitting them to your friendly patronages.

Farewell! this of May, 1593.





O, BASTARD Orphan ! Pack thee hence !  
 And seek some Stranger for defence !  
 Now 'gins thy baseness to be known !  
 Nor dare I take thee for mine own ;  
 Thy levity shall be descried !

But if that any have espied,  
 And questioned with thee, of thy Sire ;  
 Or Mistress of his vain Desire ;  
 Or ask the Place from whence thou came :  
 Deny thy Sire ! Love ! Place ! and Name !

And if I chance, un'wares to meet thee,  
 Neither acknowledge me, nor greet me !  
 Admit I blush (perchance, I shall),  
 Pass by ! regard me not at all !  
 Be secret, wise, and circumspect !  
 And modesty sometimes affect !

Some good man, that shall think thee witty,  
 Will be thy Patron ! and take pity ;  
 And when some men shall call thee base  
 He, for thy sake, shall them disgrace !  
 Then, with his countenance backed, thou shalt  
 Excuse the nature of thy fault.

Then, if some lads, when they go by,  
 Thee, " Bastard ! " call ; give them the lie !

So, get thee packing ! and take heed !  
 And, though thou go in beggar's weed,  
 Hereafter (when I better may)  
 I'll send relief, some other day !





# [SONNETS.]



## SONNET I.


*Addressed to*




MISTRESS! Behold, in this true speaking  
Glass,  
Thy Beauty's graces! of all women rarest!  
Where thou may'st find how largely they  
surpass  
And stain in glorious loveliness, the fairest.  
But read, sweet Mistress! and behold it  
nearer!

Pond'ring my sorrow's outrage with some pity.  
Then shalt thou find no worldly creature dearer,  
Than thou to me, thyself, in each Love Ditty!  
But, in this Mirror, equally compare  
Thy matchless beauty, with mine endless grief!  
There, like thyself none can be found so fair;  
Of chiefest pains, there, are my pains the chief.  
Betwixt these both, this one doubt shalt thou find!  
Whether are, here, extremest, in their kind?

## SONNET II.

HILES, with strong chains of hardy tempered steel,  
 I bound my thoughts, still gadding fast and faster;  
 When they, through time, the diff'rences did feel,  
 Betwixt a Mistress' service and a Master.  
 Keeping in bondage, jealously enthralled,  
 In prisons of neglect, his nature's mildness;  
 Him, I with solitary studies walled,  
 By thraldom, choking his outrageous wildness.  
 On whom, my careful thoughts I set to watch,  
 Guarding him closely, lest he should out issue  
 To seek thee, LAYA! who still wrought to catch  
 And train my tender boy, that could not miss you  
 (So you bewitched him once! when he did kiss you),  
 That, by such slights as never were found out,  
 To serve your turn, he daily went about.

## SONNET III.

E, WHEN continual vigil moved my Watch  
 Somedeal, by chance, with careful guard to slumber:  
 The prison's keys from them did slowly snatch;  
 Which of the five, were only three in number.  
 The first was Sight, by which he searched the wards;  
 The next was Hearing, quickly to perceive,  
 Lest that the Watchmen heard, which were his guards;  
 Third, Touch, which VULCAN's cunning could deceive.  
 These (though the springs, wards, bolts, or gimboles were  
 The miracles of VULCAN's forgery)  
 Laid open all, for his escape. Now, there,  
 The watchmen grinned for his impiety.  
 What crosses bred this contrariety,  
 That by these keys, my thoughts, in chains be left;  
 And by these keys, I, of mine heart bereft?

SONNET IV.

**L**AYA, soon sounding out his nature throughly,  
Found that he was a lovely virgin Boy.  
Causeless, why did thou then deal with him roughly?  
Not yet content with him, sometimes, to toy ;  
But jealously kept, lest he should run from thee !  
Whom if thou kindly meant to love, 'twas needless !  
Doubtless lest that he should run back to me !  
If of him, any deal thou didst stand heedless.

Thou coop'st him in thy closet's secret corners ;  
And then, thy heart's dear playfellow didst make him !  
Whom thou in person guardest ! (lest suborners  
Should work his freelege, or in secret take him)  
And to this instant, never would forsake him !  
Since for soft service, slavish bonds be changed !  
Why didst thou, from thy jealous master range ?

SONNET V.

**T**HANCED, after, that a youthful Squire,  
Such as, in courting, could the crafty guise,  
Beheld light LAYA. She, with fresh Desire,  
Hoping th'achievement of some richer prize,  
Drew to the Courtier ; who, with tender kiss,  
(As are their guileful fashions which dissemble)  
First him saluted ; then (with forged bliss  
Of doubtless hope) sweet words, by pause, did tremble.  
So whiles she slightly glosed with her new prey,  
My heart's eye (tending his false mistress' train)  
Unyoked himself, and closely 'scaped away ;  
And to PARTHENOPHE did post amain,  
For liberal pardon ; which she did obtain.  
“And judge ! PARTHENOPHE ! (for thou canst tell !)  
That his escape from LAYA pleased me well.”

## SONNET VI.

**H**IM when I caught, what chains had I provided !  
 What fetters had I framed ! What locks of Reason !  
 What Keys of Continance had I devised  
 (Impatient of the breach) 'gainst any treason !  
 But fair *PARTHENOPHE* did urge me still  
 To liberal pardon, for his former fault ;  
 Which, out alas ! prevailèd with my will.  
 Yet moved I bonds, lest he should make default :  
 Which willingly She seemed to undertake,  
 And said, " As I am virgin ! I will be  
 His bail for this offence ; and if he make  
 Another such vagary, take of me  
 A pawn, for more assurance unto thee !"  
 " Your love to me," quoth I, " your pawn shall make !  
 So that, for his default, I forfeit take."

## SONNET VII.

**H**ER love to me, She forthwith did impawn,  
 And was content to set at liberty  
 My trembling Heart ; which straight began to fawn  
 Upon his Mistress' kindly courtesy.  
 Not many days were past, when (like a wanton)  
 He secretly did practise to depart ;  
 And to *PARTHENOPHE* did send a *canton*,  
 Where, with sighs' accents, he did loves impart.  
 And for because She deigned him that great sign  
 Of gentle favours, in his kind release ;  
 He did conclude, all duty to resign  
 To fair *PARTHENOPHE* : which doth increase  
 These woes, nor shall my restless Muses cease !  
 For by her, of mine heart am I deprived ;  
 And by her, my first sorrows' heat revived.

SONNET VIII.

**T**HEN to PARTHENOPHE, with all post haste  
 (As full assurèd of the pawn fore-pledged),  
 I made; and, with these words disordered placed,  
 Smooth (though with fury's sharp outrages edged).  
 Quoth I, "Fair Mistress! did I set mine Heart  
 At liberty, and for that, made him free;  
 That you should arm him for another start,  
 Whose certain bail you promised to be!"  
 "Tush!" quoth PARTHENOPHE, "before he go,  
 I'll be his bail at last, and doubt it not!"  
 "Why then," said I, "that Mortgage must I show  
 Of your true love, which at your hands I got  
 Ay me! She was, and is his bail, I wot:  
 But when the Mortgage should have cured the sore  
 She passed it off, by Deed of Gift before.

SONNET IX.

**S**O did PARTHENOPHE release mine Heart!  
 So did She rob me of mine heart's rich treasure!  
 Thus shall She be his bail before they part!  
 Thus in her love She made me such hard measure!  
 Ay me! nor hope of mutual love by leisure,  
 Nor any type of my poor Heart's release  
 Remains to me. How shall I take the seizure  
 Of her love's forfeiture? which took such peace  
 Combined with a former love. Then cease  
 To vex with sorrows, and thy griefs increase  
 'Tis for PARTHENOPHE! thou suffer'st smart.  
 Wild Nature's wound 's not curable by Art.  
 Then cease, which choking sighs and heart-swoll'n throbs,  
 To draw thy breath, broke off with sorrow's sobs!

## SONNET X.



ET give me leave, since all my joys be perished,  
 Heart-less, to moan for my poor Heart's departure!  
 Nor should I mourn for him, if he were cherished.  
 Ah, no! She keeps him like a slavish martyr.  
 Ah, me! Since merciless, she made that charter,  
 Sealed with the wax of steadfast continence,  
 Signed with those hands which never can unwrite it,  
 Writ with that pen, which (by preeminence)  
 Too sure confirms what's ever was indigitit:  
 What skills to wear thy girdle, or thy garter;  
 When other arms shall thy small waist embrace?  
 How great a waste of mind and body's weal!  
 Now melts my soul! I, to thine eyes appeal!  
 If they, thy tyrant champions, owe me grace.

## SONNET XI.



HY didst thou, then, in such disfigured guise,  
 Figure the portrait of mine overthrow?  
 Why, man-like, didst thou mean to tyrannize?  
 No man, but woman would have sinnèd so!  
 Why, then, inhuman, and my secret foe!  
 Didst thou betray me? yet would be a woman!  
 From my chief wealth, outweaving me this woe,  
 Leaving thy love in pawn, till time did come on  
 When that thy trustless bonds were to be tried!  
 And when, through thy default, I thee did summon  
 Into the Court of Steadfast Love, then cried,  
 "As it was promised, here stands his Heart's bail!  
 And if in bonds to thee, my love be tied;  
 Then by those bonds, take Forfeit of the Sale!"



MADRIGAL 1.



POWERS Celestial! with what sophistry  
Took She delight, to blank my heart by sorrow!  
And in such riddles, act my tragedy:  
Making this day, for him; for me, to-morrow!

Where shall I Sonnets borrow?

Where shall I find breasts, sides, and tongue,  
Which my great wrongs might to the world dispense?  
Where my defence?

My physic, where? For how can I live long,  
That have foregone my Heart? I'll steal from hence,  
From restless souls, mine hymns! from seas, my tears!  
From winds, my sides! from concave rocks and steel  
My sides and voice's echo! reeds which feel  
Calm blasts still moving, which the shepherd bears  
For wailful plaints, my tongue shall be!  
The land unknown to rest and comfort me.

MADRIGAL 2.



RIGHT not this be for man's more certainty,  
By Nature's laws enactit,

That those which do true meaning falsify,  
Making such bargains as were precontractit,  
Should forfeit freelege of love's tenancy

To th' plaintiff grieved, if he exact it.

Think on my love, thy faith! yet hast thou cracked it.

Nor Nature, Reason, Love, nor Faith can make thee  
To pity me! My prisoned heart to pity,

Sighs, no fit incense, nor my plaints can wake thee!

Thy nose, from savour, and thine ears, from sound

Stopped and obdurate, nought could shake thee!

Think on, when thou such pleasure found

To read my lines! and reading, termed them witty!

Whiles lines, for love; and brains, for beauty witless;  
I for Thee, fever scorched; yet Thou still fitless!

## SONNET XII.

**V**EXT with th'assaults of thy conceivèd beauty,  
 I restless, on thy favours meditate!  
 And though despairful love, sometimes, my suit tie  
 Unto these faggots (figures of my state),  
 Which bound with endless line, by leisure wait  
 That happy moment of your heart's reply!  
 Yet by those lines I hope to find the gate;  
 Which, through love's labyrinth, shall guide me right.  
 Whiles (unacquainted exercise!) I try  
 Sweet solitude, I shun my life's chief light!  
 And all because I would forget thee quite.  
 And (working that) methinks, it's such a sin  
 (As I take pen and paper for to write)  
 Thee to forget; that leaving, I begin!

## SONNET XIII.

**W**HEN none of these, my sorrows would allege;  
 I sought to find the means, how I might hate thee!  
 Then hateful Curiousness I did in-wedge  
 Within my thoughts, which ever did await thee!  
 I framed mine Eyes for an unjust controlment;  
 And mine unbridled Thoughts (because I dare not  
 Seek to compel) did pray them, take enrolment  
 Of Nature's fault in her! and, equal, spare not!  
 They searched, and found "her eyes were sharp and fiery,  
 A mole upon her forehead coloured pale,  
 Her hair disordered, brown, and crispèd wiry,  
 Her cheeks thin speckled with a summer's male."  
 This told, men weened it was a pleasing tale  
 Her to disgrace, and make my follies fade.  
 And please, it did! but her, more gracious made.

MADRIGAL 3.



QUENCE in an arbour was my Mistress sleeping,  
 With rose and woodbine woven,  
 Whose person, thousand graces had in keeping,  
 Where for mine heart, her heart's hard flint was  
 cloven

To keep him safe. Behind, stood, pertly peeping,  
 Poor CUPID, softly creeping,

And drave small birds out of the myrtle bushes,  
 Scared with his arrows, who sate cheeping

On every sprig; whom CUPID calls and hushes  
 From branch to branch: whiles I, poor soul! sate weeping  
 To see her breathe (not knowing)

Incense into the clouds, and bless with breath  
 The winds and air; whiles CUPID, underneath,  
 With birds, with songs, nor any posies throwing,  
 Could her awake.

Each noise, sweet lullaby was, for her sake!

MADRIGAL 4.



HERE, had my ZEUXIS place and time, to draw  
 My Mistress' portrait; which, on platane table,  
 (With Nature, matching colours), as he saw  
 Her leaning on her elbow; though not able,  
 He 'gan with vermil, gold, white, and sable  
 To shadow forth; and with a skilful knuckle  
 Lively set out my fortunes' fable.  
 On lips, a rose; on hand, a honeysuckle.  
 For Nature framed that arbour, in such orders  
 That roses did with woodbines buckle;  
 Whose shadow trembling on her lovely face,  
 He left unshadowed. There Art lost his grace!  
 And that white lily leaf, with fringed borders  
 Of angels' gold, veiled the skies  
 Of mine heaven's hierarchy, which closed her eyes.

## SONNET XIV.

**A**WHEN him controlling, that he left undone,  
 Her eyes' bright circle thus did answer make;  
 "Rest's mist, with silver cloud, had closed her sun.  
 Nor could he draw them, till she were awake."  
 "Why then," quoth I, "were not these leaves' dark shade  
 Upon her cheeks, depainted, as you see them?"  
 "Shape of a shadow cannot well be made!"  
 Was answered "for shade's shadows, none can eye them!"  
 This reason proves sure argument for me,  
 That my grief's image, I can not set out;  
 Which might with lively colours blazèd be.  
 Wherefore since nought can bring the means about,  
 That thou, my sorrow's cause, should view throughout;  
 Thou wilt not pity me! But this was it!  
 ZEUXIS had neither skill, nor colours fit.

## SONNET XV.

**W**HERE, or to whom, then, shall I make complaint?  
 By guileful wiles, of mine heart's guide deprived!  
 With right's injustice, and unkind constraint:  
 Barred from her loves, which my deserts achieved!  
 This though thou sought to choke, far more revived  
 Within mine restless heart, left almost senseless.  
 O, make exchange! Surrender thine, for mine!  
 Lest that my body, void of guide, be fenceless.  
 So shalt thou pawn to me, sign for a sign  
 Of thy sweet conscience; when I shall resign  
 Thy love's large Charter, and thy Bonds again.  
 O, but I fear mine hopes be void, or menceless!  
 No course is left, which might thy loves attain,  
 Whether with sighs I sue, or tears complain!

SONNET XVI.

**Y**EA, that accursed Deed, before unsealed,  
Is argument of thy first constancy!  
Which if thou hadst to me before revealed;  
I had not pleaded in such fervency.

Yet this delights, and makes me triumph much,  
That mine Heart, in her body lies imprisoned!  
For, 'mongst all bay-crowned conquerors, no such  
Can make the slavish captive boast him conquered,

Except PARTHENOPHE; whose fiery gleams

∫. (Like JOVE's swift lightning raging, which rocks pierceth)  
Heating them inly with his sudden beams,  
And secret golden mines with melting searseth  
Eftsoons with cannon, his dread rage rehearseth;  
Yet nought seems scorched, in apparent sight.  
So first, She secret burnt; then, did affright!

SONNET XVII.

**H**OW then succeedeth that, amid this woe,  
(Where Reason's sense doth from my soul divide)  
By these vain lines, my fits be specified;  
Which from their endless ocean, daily flow?  
Where was it born? Whence, did this humour grow,  
Which, long obscured with melancholy's mist,  
Inspires my giddy brains unpurified  
So lively, with sound reasons, to persist  
In framing tuneful Elegies, and Hymns  
For her, whose names my Sonnets note so trims;  
That nought but her chaste name so could assist?  
And my Muse in first tricking out her limbs,  
Found in her lifeless Shadow such delight;  
That yet She shadows her, when as I write.

## SONNET XVIII.

**W**RITĒ! write! help! help, sweet Muse! and never  
 cease!  
 In endless labours, pens and paper tire!  
 Until I purchase my long wished Desire.  
 Brains, with my Reason, never rest in peace!  
 Waste breathless words! and breathful sighs increase!  
 Till of my woes, remorseful, you espy her;  
 Till she with me, be burnt in equal fire.  
 I never will, from labour, wits release!  
 My senses never shall in quiet rest;  
 Till thou be pitiful, and love alike!  
 And if thou never pity my distresses;  
 Thy cruelty, with endless force shall strike  
 Upon my wits, to ceaseless writs address!  
 My cares, in hope of some revenge, this lesses.

## SONNET XIX.

**I**MPERIOUS JOVE, with sweet lipped MERCURY;  
 Learned MINERVA; PHÆBUS, God of Light;  
 Vein-swelling BACCHUS; VENUS, Queen of Beauty;  
 With light-foot PHÆBE, Lamp of silent Night:  
 These have, with divers deities beside,  
 Borrowed the shapes of many a mortal creature;  
 But fair PARTHENOPHE, graced with the pride  
 Of each of these, sweet Queen of lovely feature!  
 As though she were, with pearl of all their skill,  
 By heaven's chief nature garnished. She knits  
 In wrath, JOVE's forehead; with sweet noting quill,  
 She matcheth MERCURY, MINERVA's wits;  
 In goldy locks, bright TITAN; BACCHUS sits  
 In her hands conduit pipes; sweet VENUS' face;  
 DIANA's leg, the Tyrian buskins grace.

SONNET XX.



THESE Eyes (thy Beauty's Tenants!) pay due tears  
For occupation of mine Heart, thy Freehold,  
In Tenure of Love's service! If thou behold  
With what exaction, it is held through fears;  
And yet thy Rents, extorted daily, bears.  
Thou would not, thus, consume my quiet's gold!  
And yet, though covetous thou be, to make  
Thy beauty rich, with renting me so roughly,  
And at such sums: thou never thought dost take,  
But still consumes me! Then, thou dost misguide all!  
Spending in sport, for which I wrought so toughly!  
When I had felt all torture, and had tried all;  
And spent my Stock, through 'strain of thy extortion;  
On that, I had but good hopes, for my portion.

SONNET XXI.



YEA, but uncertain hopes are Anchors feeble,  
When such faint-hearted pilots guide my ships,  
Of all my fortune's Ballast with hard pebble,  
Whose doubtful voyage proves not worth two chips.  
If when but one dark cloud shall dim the sky,  
The Cables of hope's happiness be cut;  
When bark, with thoughts-drowned mariners shall lie,  
Prest for the whirlpool of grief's endless glut.  
If well thou mean, PARTHENOPHE! then ravish  
Mine heart, with doubtless hope of mutual love!  
If otherwise; then let thy tongue run lavish!  
For this, or that, am I resolved to prove!  
And both, or either ecstasy shall move  
Me! ravished, end with surfeit of relief;  
Or senseless, daunted, die with sudden grief.

## SONNET XXII.



FROM thine heart's ever burning Vestal fire,  
 The torchlight of two suns is nourished still ;  
 Which, in mild compass, still surmounting higher,  
 Their orbs, which circled harmony fulfil ;  
 Whose rolling wheels run on meridian's line,  
 And turning, they turn back the misty night.  
 Report of which clear wonder did incline  
 Mine eyes to gaze upon that uncouth light.  
 On it till I was sunburnt, did I gaze !  
 Which with a fervent agony possessed me ;  
 Then did I sweat, and swelt ; mine eyes daze  
 Till that a burning fever had oppressed me :  
 Which made me faint. No physic hath repressed me ;  
 For I try all ! yet, for to make me sound,  
 Ay, me ! no grass, nor physic may be found.

## SONNET XXIII.



WHEN, with the Dawning of my first delight,  
 The Daylight of love's Delicacy moved me ;  
 Then from heaven's disdainful starry light,  
 The Moonlight of her Chastity reprov'd me.  
 Her forehead's threatful clouds from hope removed me,  
 Till Midnight reared on the mid-noctial line ;  
 Her heart whiles Pity's slight had undershoved me,  
 Then did I force her downward to decline  
 Till Dawning daylight cheerfully did shine ;  
 And by such happy revolution drew  
 Her Morning's blush to joyful smiles incline.  
 And now Meridian heat dries up my dew ;  
 There rest, fair Planets ! Stay, bright orbs of day !  
 Still smiling at my dial, next eleven !



S O N N E T X X I V .



THESE, mine heart-eating Eyes do never gaze  
Upon thy sun's harmonious marble wheels,  
But from these eyes, through force of thy sun's  
blaze,

Rain tears continual, whiles my faith's true steels,  
Tempered on anvil of thine heart's cold Flint,  
Strike marrow-melting fire into mine eyes ;  
The Tinder, whence my Passions do not stint  
As Matches to those sparkles which arise.  
Which, when the Taper of mine heart is lighted,  
Like salamanders, nourish in the flame :  
And all the Loves, with my new Torch delighted,  
Awhile, like gnats, did flourish in the same ;  
But burnt their wings, nor any way could frame  
To fly from thence, since JOVE's proud bird (that bears  
His thunder) viewed my sun; but shed down tears.


S O N N E T X X V .




WHEN count it not disgrace ! if any view me,  
Sometime to shower down rivers of salt tears,  
From tempest of my sigh's despairful fears.  
Then scorn me not, alas, sweet friends ! but rue me !

Ah, pity ! pity me ! For if you knew me !  
How, with her looks, mine heart amends and wears ;  
Now calm, now ragious, as my Passion bears :  
You would lament with me ! and She which slew me,  
She which (Ay me !) She which did deadly wound me,  
And with her beauty's balm, though dead, keeps lively  
My lifeless body ; and, by charms, hath bound me,  
For thankless meed, to serve her : if she vively  
Could see my sorrow's maze, which none can tread ;  
She would be soft and light, though flint and lead !

## SONNET XXVI.


 HEN lovely wrath, my Mistress' heart assaileth,  
 LOVE's golden darts take aim from her bright eyes;  
 And PSYCHE, VENUS' rosy couch empaeth,  
 Placed in her cheeks, with lilies, where she lies!  
 And when She smiles, from her sweet looks and cheerful,  
 Like PHŒBUS, when through sudden clouds he starteth  
 (After stern tempests, showers, and thunder fearful);  
 So She, my world's delight, with her smiles hearteth!  
 AURORA, yellow looks, when my Love blushes,  
 Wearing her hair's bright colour in her face!  
 And from love's ruby portal lovely rushes,  
 For every word She speaks, an angel's grace!  
 If She be silent, every man in place  
 With silence, wonders her! and if She sleep,  
 Air doth, with her breath's murmur, music keep!

## SONNET XXVII.


 HY do I draw this cool relieving air,  
 And breathe it out in scalding sighs, as fast?  
 Since all my hopes die buried in despair;  
 In which hard soil, mine endless knots be cast.  
 Where, when I come to walk, be sundry Mazes  
 With Beauty's skilful finger lined out;  
 And knots, whose borders set with double daisies,  
 Doubles my dazed Muse with endless doubt.  
 How to find easy passage through the time,  
 With which my Mazes are so long beset,  
 That I can never pass, but fall and climb  
 According to my Passions (which forget  
 The place, where they with Love's Guide should have met):  
 But when, faint-wearied, all (methinks) is past;  
 The Maze returning, makes me turn as fast.

SONNET XXVIII.

**S**O BE my labours endless in their turns.  
 Turn! turn, PARTHENOPHE! Turn, and relent!  
 Hard is thine heart, and never will repent!  
 See how this heart within my body burns!  
 Thou see'st it not! and therefore thou rejournes  
 My pleasures! Ill my days been overspent.  
 When I beg grace, thou mine entreaty spurns;  
 Mine heart, with hope upheld, with fear returns.  
 Betwixt these Passions, endless is my fit.  
 Then if thou be but human, grant some pity!  
 Or if a Saint? sweet mercies are their meeds!  
 Fair, lovely, chaste, sweet spoken, learned, witty;  
 These make thee Saint-like! and these, Saints befit:  
 But thine hard heart makes all these graces, weeds!

SONNET XXIX.

**B**LESS still the myrrh tree, VENUS! for thy meed!  
 For to the weeping myrrh, my Tears be due.  
 Contentious winds, which did from TITAN breed!  
 The shaking Aspine tree belongs to you:  
 To th' Aspine, I bequeath my ceaseless Tongue!  
 And PHŒBUS, let thy laurels ever flourish!  
 To still-green laurel, my Loves do belong.  
 Let mighty JOVE, his oak's large branches nourish!  
 For to strong oak, mine Heart is consecrate.  
 Let dreadful PLUTO bless black heben\* tree! [\*Ebony.]  
 To th' Heben, my Despair is dedicate.  
 And Naiads, let your willows lovèd be!  
 To them, my Fortunes still removèd be.  
 So shall my tears, tongue, Passions never cease;  
 Nor heart decay, nor my despair decrease.

## SONNET XXX.

**S**O THIS continual fountain of my Tears,  
 From that hard rock of her sweet beauty trickling;  
 So shall my Tongue on her love's music tickling;  
 So shall my Passions, fed with hopes and fears;  
 So shall mine Heart, which wearing, never wears,  
 But soft, is hardened with her beauty's prickling;  
 On which, Despair, my vulture seized, stands pickling  
 Yet never thence his maw full gorged bears;  
 Right so, my Tears, Tongue, Passions, Heart, Despair;  
 With floods, complaints, sighs, throbs, and endless  
 sorrow;  
 In seas, in volumes, winds, earthquakes, and hell;  
 Shall float, chant, breathe, break, and dark mansion borrow!  
 And, in them, I be blessed for my Fair;  
 That in these torments, for her sake I dwell.

## SONNET XXXI.

**B**URN, yet am I cold! I am a cold, yet burn!  
 In pleasing, discontent! in discontentment, pleased!  
 Diseased, I am in health! and healthful, am  
 diseased!  
 In turning back, proceed! proceeding, I return!  
 In mourning, I rejoice! and in rejoicing, mourn!  
 In pressing, I step back! in stepping back, I pressed!  
 In gaining, still I lose! and in my losses, gain!  
 Grounded, I waver still! and wavering, still am grounded!  
 Unwounded, yet not sound! and being sound, am wounded!  
 Slain, yet am I alive! and yet alive, am slain!  
 Hounded, my heart rests still! still resting, is it hounded!  
 In pain, I feel no grief! yet void of grief, in pain!  
 Unmoved, I vex myself! unvexed, yet am I moved!  
 Beloved, She loves me not; yet is She my beloved!

7  
SONNET XXXII.

**S**ARCE twice seven times had PHÆBUS' waggon wheel  
Obliquely wandered through the Zodiac's line,  
Since Nature first to OPS did me resign,  
When in mine youthful vein, I well could feel  
A lustful rage, which, Reason's chains of steel  
(With headstrong force of Lust) did still untwine.  
To wanton Fancies I did then incline ;  
Whilst mine unbridled PHÆTON did reel  
With heedless rage, till that his chariot came  
To take, in fold, his resting with the Ram.  
But bootless, all ! For such was his unrest  
That, in no limits, he could be contained !  
To lawless sports and pleasures, ever prest ;  
And his swift wheels, with their sweet oil distained !

8  
SONNET XXXIII.

**N**EXT, when the boundless fury of my sun  
Began in higher climates, to take fire ;  
And with it, somewhat kindled my Desire.  
Then, lest I should have wholly been undone ;  
(For now mine age have thrice seven winters run)  
With studies, and with labours did I tire  
Mine itching Fancies ! which did still aspire.  
Then, from those objects (which their force begun,  
Through wandering fury, to possess mine heart),  
Mine eyes, their vain seducers, I did fix  
On PALLAS, and on MARS ! home, and in field !  
And armed strongly (lest my better part  
To milder objects should itself immix),  
I vowed, " I never would, to Beauty yield ! "

## II

## SONNET XXXIV.

**B**UT when, in May, my world's bright fiery sun  
 Had past in Zodiac, with his golden team,  
 To place his beams, which in the Twins begun :  
 The blazing twin stars of my world's bright beam,  
 My Mistress' Eyes! mine heaven's bright Sun and Moon!  
 The Stars by which, poor Shepherd I, am warned  
 To pin in late, and put my flocks out soon ;  
 My flocks of Fancies, as the signs me learned :  
 Then did my love's first Spring begin to sprout,  
 So long as my sun's heat in these signs reigned.  
 But wandering all the Zodiac throughout,  
 From her May's twins, my sun such heat constrained :  
 That where, at first, I little had complained ;  
 From Sign to Sign, in such course he now posteth !  
 Which, daily, me, with hotter flaming toasteth.

## III

## SONNET XXXV.

**N**EXT, when my sun, by progress, took his hold  
 In Cancer, of my Mistress' crafty mind ;  
 How retrograde seemed She! when as I told  
 That "in his claws, such torches I did find ;  
 Which if She did not to my tears lay plain  
 That they might quenched be from their outrage ;  
 My love's hot June should be consumed in pain,  
 Unless her pity make my grief assuage."  
 O, how She frowns! and like the Crab, back turns!  
 When I request her put her beams apart ;  
 Yet with her beams, my soul's delight, She burns !  
 She pities not to think upon my smart !  
 Nor from her Cancer's claws can I depart :  
 For there, the torch of my red-hot Desire  
 Grieves and relieves me, with continual fire.

Ω

SONNET XXXVI.


**A**ND thus continuing with outrageous fire,  
 My sun, proceeding forward (to my sorrow !),  
 Took up his Court ; but willing to retire  
 Within the Lion's den, his rage did borrow.  
 But whiles within that Mansion he remained,  
 How cruel was PARTHENOPHE to me !  
 And when of my great sorrows I complained,  
 She Lion-like, wished "they might tenfold be !"  
 Then did I rage ; and in unkindly Passions,  
 I rent mine hair, and razed my tender skin ;  
 And raving in such frantic fashions,  
 That with such cruelty she did begin  
 To feed the fire which I was burnèd in.  
 Can woman brook to deal so sore with men ?  
 She, man's woe ! learned it in the Lion's den !

η


SONNET XXXVII.

**B**UT Pity, which sometimes doth lions move,  
 Removed my sun from moody Lion's cave ;  
 And into Virgo's bower did next remove  
 His fiery wheels. But then She answer gave  
 That "She was all vowed to virginity !"  
 Yet said, "'Bove all men, She would most affect me !"  
 Fie, Delian goddess ! In thy company  
 She learned, with honest colour, to neglect me !  
 And underneath chaste veils of single life,  
 She shrouds her crafty claws, and lion's heart !  
 Which, with my senses, now, do mingle strife  
 'Twixt loves and virtues, which provoke my smart.  
 Yet from these Passions can I never part,  
 But still I make my suits importunate  
 To thee ! which makes my case unfortunate.

## SONNET XXXVIII.


**W**HEN thine heart-piercing answers could not hinder  
 Mine heart's hot hammer on thy steel to batter ;  
 Nor could excuses cold, quench out that cinder  
 Which in me kindled was : She weighed the matter,  
 And turning my sun's chariot, him did place  
 In Libra's equal Mansion, taking pause,  
 And casting, with deep judgement, to disgrace  
 My love, with cruel dealing in the cause.  
 She, busily, with earnest care devised  
 How She might make her beauty tyrannous,  
 And I, for ever, to her yoke surprised :  
 The means found out, with cunning perilous,  
 She turned the wheels, with force impetuous,  
 And armed with woman-like contagion  
 My sun She lodgèd in the Scorpion.

## SONNET XXXIX.


**T**HEN (from her Venus, and bright Mercury,  
 My heaven's clear planets), did She shoot such blazes  
 As did infuse, with heat's extremity,  
 Mine heart, which on despair's bare pasture grazes.  
 Then, like the Scorpion, did She deadly sting me ;  
 And with a pleasing poison pierced me !  
 Which, to these utmost sobs of death, did bring me,  
 And, through my soul's faint sinews, searched me.  
 Yet might She cure me with the *Scorpion's Oil* !  
 If that She were so kind as beautiful :  
 But, in my bale, She joys to see me boil ;  
 Though be my Passions dear and dutiful,  
 Yet She, remorseless and unmerciful.  
 But when my thought of her is such a thing  
 To strike me dead ; judge, if herself can sting !



†  
SONNET XL.

**B**UT, ah, my plague, through time's outrage, increased!  
For when my sun his task had finished  
Within the Scorpion's Mansion, he not ceased,  
Nor yet his heat's extremes diminished,  
Till that dead-aiming Archer 'dressed his quiver,  
In which he closely couchèd, at the last!  
That Archer, which does pierce both heart and liver,  
With hot gold-pointed shafts, which rankle fast!  
That proud, commanding, and swift-shooting Archer;  
Far-shooting PHÆBUS, which doth overshoot!  
And, more than PHÆBUS, is an inward parcher!  
That with thy notes harmonious and songs soot  
Allured my sun, to fire mine heart's soft root!  
And with thine ever-wounding golden arrow,  
First pricked my soul, then pierced my body's marrow!

∞  
SONNET XLI.

**W**HEN my sun, CUPID, took his next abiding  
'Mongst craggy rocks and mountains, with the Goat;  
Ah then, on beauty did my senses doat!  
Then, had each Fair regard, my fancies guiding!  
Then, more than blessed was I, if one tiding  
Of female favour set mine heart afloat!  
Then, to mine eyes each Maid was made a moat!  
My fickle thoughts, with divers fancies sliding,  
With wanton rage of lust, so me did tickle!  
Mine heart, each Beauty's captived vassal!  
Nor vanquished then (as now) but with love's prickle!  
Not deeply moved (till love's beams did discover  
That lovely Nymph, PARTHENOPHE!), no lover!  
Stop there, for fear! Love's privilege doth pass all!

≡

## SONNET XLII.

**P**Ass all! Ah, no! No jot will be omitted,  
 Now though my sun within the water rest;  
 Yet doth his scalding fury still infest  
 Into this sign. While that my PHŒBUS flitted,  
 Thou moved these streams; whose courses thou committed  
 To me, thy Water-man bound! and addrest  
 To pour out endless drops upon that soil  
 Which withers most, when it is watered best!  
 Cease, floods! and to your channels, make recoil!  
 Strange floods, which on my fire burn like oil!  
 Thus whiles mine endless furies higher ran,  
 Thou! thou, PARTHENOPHE! my rage begun;  
 Sending thy beams, to heat my fiery sun:  
 Thus am I Water-man, and Fire-man!

✕

## SONNET XLIII.

**N**ow in my Zodiac's last extremest sign,  
 My luckless sun, his hapless Mansion made;  
 And in the water, willing more to wade,  
 To Pisces did his chariot wheels incline:  
 For me (poor Fish!) he, with his golden line  
 Baited with beauties, all the river lade,  
 (For who, of such sweet baits would stand afraid?)  
 There nibbling for such food as made me pine,  
 LOVE's Golden Hook, on me took sudden hold;  
 And I down swallowed that impoisoned gold.  
 Since then, devise what any wisher can,  
 Of fiercest torments! since, all joys devise!  
 Worse griefs, more joys did my true heart comprise!  
 Such, were LOVE's baits! my crafty Fisherman.

MADRIGAL 5.



UCH strange effects wrought by thought-wounding  
CUPID,

In changing me to fish, his baits to swallow ;  
With poison choking me, unless that you bid  
Him to my stomach give some antidote !

Fly, little god, with wings of swallow !  
Or if thy feathers fast float,

That antidote from my heart's Empress bring !  
My feeble senses to revive :

Lest (if thou wave it with an eagle's wing)

Too late thou come, and find me not alive !



MADRIGAL 6.



WHY loved I? For love, to purchase hatred !  
Or wherefore hates She ? but that I should love her !  
Why were these cheeks with tears bewatered ?  
Because my tears might quench those sparks

Which with heat's pity move her !

Her cloudy frown, with mist her beauty darks,  
To make it seem obscurèd at my smiles.

In dark, true diamonds will shine !

Her hate, my love ; her heat, my tears beguiles !

Fear makes her doubtful ; yet her heart is mine !

## MADRIGAL 7.



YOUTH's wanton Spring, when in the raging Bull  
 My sun was lodged, gave store of flowers,  
 With leaves of pleasure, stalks of hours; [full  
 Which soon shook off the leaves, when they were  
 Of pleasures, beauty dewed, with April showers.  
 My Summer love, whose buds were beautiful,  
 Youthful desires, with heats unmerciful,  
 Parched; whose seeds, when harvest time was come,  
 Were cares, against my suits obdurate.  
 With sheaves of scorn bound up, which did benumb  
 Mine heart with grief; yet made her heart indurate.  
 O chaste desires, which held her heart immature  
 In walls of adamant unfoiled!  
 My Winter spent in showers of sorrow's tears!  
 Hailstones of hatred! frosts of fears!  
 My branches bared of pleasure, and despoiled!

## MADRIGAL 8.



W<sup>H</sup>Y am I thus in mind and body wounded?  
 O mind, and body mortal, and divine!  
 On what sure rock is your fort grounded?  
 On death? Ah, no! For at it, you repine!  
 Nay, both entombed in her beauty's shrine  
 Will live, though shadow-like; that men astounded  
 At their anatomies, when they shall view it,  
 May pitifully rue it.  
 Yea, but her murdering beauty doth so shine,  
 (O yet much merciless!)  
 That heart desires to live with her, that slew it!  
 And though She still rest pitiless,  
 Yet, at her beauty, will I wonder!  
 Though sweet graces (past repeat)  
 Never appear, but when they threat;  
 Firing my secret heart, with dart and thunder.

SONNET XLIV.



DART and thunder! whose fierce violence  
Surmounting Rhetoric's dart and thunder bolts,  
Can never be set out in eloquence!

Whose might all metals' mass asunder moults!

Where be the famous Prophets of old Greece?

Those ancient Roman poets of account?

MUSÆUS, who went for the Golden Fleece

With JASON, and did HERO's love recount!

And thou, sweet NASO, with thy golden verse;

Whose lovely spirit ravished CÆSAR's daughter!

And that sweet Tuscan, PETRARCH, which did pierce

His LAURA with Love Sonnets, when he sought her!

Where be all these? That all these might have taught he.

That Saints divine, are known Saints by their mercy!

And Saint-like beauty should not rage with pierce eye!

SONNET XLV.



SWEET Beauty's rose! in whose fair purple leaves,

LOVE's Queen, in richest ornament doth lie;

Whose graces, were they not too sweet and high,

Might here be seen, but since their sight bereaves

All senses; he (that endless bottom weaves,

Which did PENELOPE) who that shall try,

Then wonder, and in admiration die

At Nature-passing Nature's holy frame!

Her beauty, thee revives! Thy Muse upheaves

To draw celestial spirit from the skies!

To praise the Work and Worker whence it came!

This spirit, drawn from heaven of thy fair eyes!

Whose gilded cognizance, left in mine heart,

Shews me thy faithful servant, to my smart!

## SONNET XLVI.



H, PIERCE-EYE piercing eye, and blazing light !  
 Of thunder, thunder blazes burning up !  
 O sun, sun melting ! blind, and dazing sight !  
 Ah, heart ! down-driving heart, and turning up !  
 O matchless beauty, Beauty's beauty staining !  
 Sweet damask rosebud ! VENUS' rose of roses !  
 Ah, front imperious, duty's duty gaining !  
 Yet threatful clouds did still inclose and closes.  
 O lily leaves, when JUNO lily's leaves  
 In wond'ring at her colours' grain distained !  
 Voice, which rock's voice and mountain's hilly cleaves  
 In sunder, at my loves with pain complained !  
 Eye, lightning sun ! Heart, beauty's bane unfeigned !  
 O damask rose ! proud forehead ! lily ! voice !  
 Ah, partial fortune ! sore chance ! silly choice !

## SONNET XLVII.



IVE me my Heart ! For no man liveth heartless !  
 And now deprived of heart, I am but dead,  
 (And since thou hast it ; in his tables read !  
 Whether he rest at ease, in joys and smartless ?  
 Whether beholding him, thine eyes were dartless ?  
 Or to what bondage, his enthrallment leads ?)  
 Return, dear Heart ! and me, to mine restore !  
 Ah, let me thee possess ! Return to me !  
 I find no means, devoid of skill and artless.  
 Thither return, where thou triumphed before !  
 Let me of him but repossessor be !  
 And when thou gives to me mine heart again ;  
 Thyself, thou dost bestow ! For thou art She,  
 Whom I call Heart ! and of whom, I complain.

SONNET XLVIII.



WISH no rich refined Arabian gold!  
 Nor orient Indian pearl, rare Nature's wonder!  
 No diamonds, th' Egyptian surges under!  
 No rubies of America, dear sold!  
 Nor sapphires, which rich Afric sands enfold!  
 (Treasures far distant, from this isle asunder)  
 Barbarian ivories, in contempt I hold!  
 But only this; this only, VENUS, grant!  
 That I, my sweet PARTHENOPHE may get!  
 Her hairs, no grace of golden wires want;  
 Pure pearls, with perfect rubines are inset;  
 True diamonds, in eyes; sapphires, in veins:  
 Nor can I, that soft ivory skin forget!  
 England, in one small subject, such contains!

SONNET XLIX.



COOL! cool in waves, thy beams intolerable,  
 O sun! No son, but most unkind stepfather!  
 By law, nor Nature, Sire; but rebel rather!  
 Fool! fool! these labours are inextricable;  
 A burden whose weight is importable;  
 A Siren which, within thy breast, doth bathe her;  
 A Fiend which doth, in Graces' garments grath her;  
 A fortress, whose force is impregnable;  
 From my love's 'lembic, still 'stilled tears. O tears!  
 Quench! quench mine heat! or, with your sovereignty  
 Like NIOBE, convert mine heart to marble!  
 Or with fast-flowing pine, my body dry,  
 And rid me from Despair's chilled fears! O fears,  
 Which on mine heben harp's heartstrings do warble!

## SONNET L.

**S**O WARBLE out your tragic notes of sorrow,  
 Black harp of liver-pining Melancholy !  
 Black Humour, patron of my Fancy's folly !  
 Mere follies, which from Fancy's fire, borrow  
 Hot fire ; which burns day, night, midnight, and morrow.  
 Long morning which prolongs my sorrows solely,  
 And ever overrules my Passions wholly :  
 So that my fortune, where it first made sorrow,  
 Shall there remain, and ever shall it plow  
 The bowels of mine heart ; mine heart's hot bowels !  
 And in their furrows, sow the Seeds of Love ;  
 Which thou didst sow, and newly spring up now  
 And make me write vain words : no words, but Vowels !  
 For nought to me, good Consonant would prove.

## SONNET LI.

**L**AME Consonants, of member-Vowels robbed !  
 What perfect sounding words can you compose,  
 Wherein you might my sorrow's flame disclose ?  
 Can you frame maimed words, as you had throbb'd ?  
 Can you with sighs, make signs of Passions sobb'd ?  
 Or can your Characters, make Sorrow's shows ?  
 Can Liquids make them ? I, with tears make those !  
 But for my tears, with taunts and frumps are bobbed.  
 Could Mutes procure good words, mute would I be !  
 But then who should my Sorrow's Image paint ?  
 No Consonants, or Mutes, or Liquids will  
 Set out my sorrows ; though, with grief I faint.  
 If with no letter, but one Vowel should be ;  
 An A, with H, my Sonnet would fulfil.



SONNET LII.



THOUGHT, CALLIOPE did from heaven descend  
To sing, fair Mistress! thy sweet beauty's praise.  
Thy sweet enchanting voice did ORPHEUS raise;  
Who, with his harp (which down the gods did send)  
Celestial concord to the voice did lend.  
His music, all wild beasts so did amaze  
That they, submissive to thy looks did bend.  
Hills, trees, towns, bridges, from their places wend,  
Hopping and dancing. All the winds be still  
And listen; whiles the nightingales fulfil,  
With larks and thrushes, all defects of pleasure.  
Springs sang thy praises, in a murmur shrill.  
Whiles I, enraged by music, out of trance,  
Like BACCHUS's priest, did, in thy presence dance.

MADRIGAL 9.



OR glory, pleasure, and fair flourishing;  
Sweet singing, courtly dancing, curious love,  
A rich remembrance; virtue's nourishing;  
For sacred care of heavenly things;  
For voice's sweetness, music's notes above,  
When she divinely speaks or sings:  
CLIO, dismount! EUTERPE, silent be!  
THALIA, for thy purple, put on sackcloth!  
Sing hoarse, MELPOMENE! with JOVE's Harpies three!  
TERPSICHORE, break off thy galliard dances!  
Leave, ERATO, thy daliance! court in black cloth!  
Thy praises, POLYHYMNIA! She enhances.  
For heavenly zeal, URANIA, She outreacheth.  
Plead not, CALLIOPE! Sing not to thy lute!  
JOVE and MNEMOSINE, both, be mute!  
While my PARTHENOPHE, your daughters teacheth.

## MADRIGAL 10.

[See Vol. I. pp. 74, 128, 460, 651.]



**A** Hou scaled my fort, blind Captain of Conceit !  
 But you, sweet Mistress ! entered at the breach !  
 There, you made havoc of my heart !  
 There, you to triumph, did my tyrant teach !  
 Beware ! He knows to win you by deceit !  
 Those ivory Walls cannot endure his dart !  
 That Turret, framed with heaven's rare art,  
 Immured with whitest porphyry, and inset  
 With roses, checking Nature's pride of ruby !  
 Those two true diamonds which their Windows fret,  
 Arched with pure gold, yet mourn in sable shade !  
 Warn not these, that in danger you be ?  
 Vanquish her, little tyrant ! I will true be !  
 And though She will not yield to me ;  
 Yet none could thrall my heart, but She !

## MADRIGAL 11.



**A** HINE Eyes, mine heaven ! (which harbour lovely rest,  
 And with their beams all creatures cheer)  
 Stole from mine eyes their clear ;  
 And made mine eyes dim mirrolds of unrest.  
 And from her lily Forehead, smooth and plain,  
 My front, his withered furrows took ;  
 And through her grace, his grace forsook.  
 From soft Cheeks, rosy red,  
 My cheeks their leanness, and this pallid stain.  
 The Golden Pen of Nature's book,  
 (For her Tongue, that task undertook !)  
 Which to the Graces' Secretary led,  
 And sweetest Muses, with sweet music fed,  
 Inforced my Muse, in tragic tunes to sing :  
 But from her heart's hard frozen string,  
 Mine heart his tenderness and heat possess.

MADRIGAL 12.



LIKE to the Mountains, are mine high desires ;  
Level to thy love's highest point :  
Grounded on faith, which thy sweet grace requires.  
For Springs, tears rise in endless source.  
For Summer's flowers, Love's fancies I appoint.  
The Trees, with storms tossed out of course,  
Figure my thoughts, still blasted with Despair.  
Thunder, lightning, and hail  
Make his trees mourn : thy frowns make me bewail !  
This only difference ! Here, fire ; there, snows are !



SONNET LIII.



WHY do I draw my breath, vain sighs to feed ;  
Since all my sighs be breathed out in vain ?  
Why be these eyes the conduits, whence proceed  
These ceaseless tears, which, for your sake ! do rain ?  
Why do I write my woes ! and writing, grieve  
To think upon them, and their sweet contriver ;  
Begging some comfort, which might me relieve,  
When the remembrance is my cares' reviver ?  
Why do I sue to kiss ; and kiss, to love ;  
And love, to be tormented ; not beloved ?  
Can neither sighs, nor tears, my sorrows move  
By lines, or words ? nor will they be removed ?  
Then tire not, Tyrant ! but on mine heart tire !  
That unconsumed, I burn, in my Desire.

## SONNET LIV.

**W**HEN I was young, indued with Nature's graces ;  
I stole blind LOVE's strong bow and golden arrows,  
To shoot at redbreasts, goldfinches, and sparrows ;  
At shrewd girls ; and at boys, in other places.

I shot, when I was vexèd with disgraces.

I pierced no skin, but melted up their marrows.

How many boys and girls wished mine embraces !

How many praised my favour, 'bove all faces !

But, once, PARTHENOPHE ! by thy sweet side sitting,

LOVE had espied me, in a place most fitting :

Betrayed by thine eyes' beams (which make blind see)

He shot at me ; and said, " for thine eyes' light ;

This daring boy (that durst usurp my right)

Take him ! a wounded slave to LOVE and Thee ! "

## SONNET LV.

**N**YMPHS, which in beauty mortal creatures stain,  
And Satyrs, which none but fair Nymphs behold ;  
They, to the Nymphs ; and Nymphs to them,  
complain :

And each, in spite, my Mistress' beauty told.

Till soundly sleeping in a myrtle grove,

A wanton Satyr had espied her there ;

Who deeming she was dead, in all haste strove

To fetch the Nymphs ; which in the forests were.

They flocking fast, in triumph of her death,

Lightly beheld : and, deeming she was dead,

Nymphs sang, and Satyrs dancèd out of breath.

Whilst Satyrs, with the Nymphs *La Voltas* led ;

My Mistress did awake ! Then, they which came

To scorn her beauty, ran away for shame !

SONNET LVI.



THE Dial! love, which shews how my days spend.  
The leaden Plummets sliding to the ground!  
My thoughts, which to dark melancholy bend.  
The rolling Wheels, which turn swift hours round!  
Thine eyes, PARTHENOPHE! my Fancy's guide.  
The Watch, continually which keeps his stroke!  
By whose oft turning, every hour doth slide;  
Figure the sighs, which from my liver smoke,  
Whose oft invasions finish my life's date.  
The Watchman, which, each quarter, strikes the bell!  
Thy love, which doth each part exanimate;  
And in each quarter, strikes his forces fell.  
That Hammer and great Bell, which end each hour!  
Death, my life's victor, sent by thy love's power.

SONNET LVII.



THY beauty is the Sun, which guides my day,  
And with his beams, to my world's life gives  
light;  
With whose sweet favour, all my fancies play,  
And as birds singing, still enchant my sight.  
But when I seek to get my love's chief pleasure,  
Her frowns are like the night led by the Lamp  
Of PHOEBE's chaste desires; whilst, without leisure,  
Graces like Stars, through all her face encamp.  
Then all my Fancy's birds lie whisht, for fear;  
Soon as her frowns procure their shady sorrow:  
Saving my heart, which secret shot doth bear,  
And nature from the nightingale doth borrow;  
Which from laments, because he will not rest,  
Hath love's thorn-prickle pointed at his breast.

## SONNET LVIII.

**F**AIR CLYTIE doth flourish with the Spring;  
 And, eftsoons, withered like thy golden Hair!  
 And Io's violets grow flourishing, [bear!  
 But soon defaced; which thine Eyes semblance  
 Anemone with hyacinth, Spring's pride,  
 (Like to thy Beauty!) lose their lovely gloss:  
 So will thy Cheeks, with graces beautified,  
 Return to wrinkles, and to Nature's dross!  
 Roses, as from thy lips, sweet odours send,  
 Which herbs (in them whilst juice and virtues rest)  
 From some diseases' rigour, life defend:  
 These (as Thyself!) once withered, men detest!  
 Then love betimes! These withered flowers of yore  
 Revive! Thy beauty lost, returns no more!

## SONNET LIX.

**A**H ME! sweet beauty lost, returns no more.  
 And how I fear mine heart fraught with disdain!  
 Despair of her disdain, casts doubt before;  
 And makes me thus of mine heart's hope  
 complain.  
 Ah, me! nor mine heart's hope, nor help. Despair!  
 Avoid my Fancy! Fancy's utter bane!  
 My woes' chief worker! Cause of all my care!  
 Avoid my thoughts! that Hope may me restore  
 To mine heart's heaven, and happiness again!  
 Ah, wilt thou not? but still depress my thought!  
 Ah, Mistress! if thy beauty, this hath wrought,  
 That proud disdainfulness shall in thee reign:  
 Yet, think! when in thy forehead wrinkles be;  
 Men will disdain thee, then, as thou dost me!

SONNET LX.



WHILST some, the Trojan wars in verse recount,  
And all the Grecian conquerors in fight ;  
Some, valiant Roman wars 'bove stars do mount,  
With all their warlike leaders, men of might :  
Whilst some, of British ARTHUR'S valour sing,  
And register the praise of CHARLEMAGNE ;  
And some, of doughty GODFREY tidings bring,  
And some, the German broils, and wars of Spain :  
In none of those, myself I wounded find,  
Neither with horseman, nor with man on foot ;  
But from a clear bright eye, one Captain blind  
(Whose puissance to resist, did nothing boot)  
With men in golden arms, and darts of gold,  
Wounded my heart, and all which did behold !

SONNET LXI.



TO NONE but to PROMETHEUS, me compare !  
From sacred heaven, he stole that holy fire.  
I, from thine eyes, stole fire ! My judgements are  
For to be bound, with chains of strong Desire,  
To that hard rock of thy thrice cruel heart !  
The ceaseless waves, which on the rocks do dash  
Yet never pierce, but forcèd, backward start ;  
Those be these endless tears, my cheeks which wash !  
The vulture, which is, by my goddess' doom,  
Assigned to feed upon mine endless liver ;  
Despair, by thee procured ! which leaves no room  
For JOculus to jest with CUPID'S quiver.  
This swallows worlds of livers, spending few ;  
But not content—O god ! shall this be true ?

## SONNET LXII.

“**F**IE! fie, fierce Tyrant! Quench this furious rage!  
 O quench this rageous fury, little god!  
 Nay, mighty god! my fury’s heat assuage!  
 Nor are thine, little darts, nor brittle rod!  
 Ah, that thou hadst a sweet recuring dart!  
 Or such a rod, as into health might whip me!  
 With this, to level at my troubled heart;  
 To warn with scourge, that no bright eye might trip me!”  
 Vain words, which vanish with the clouds, why speak I!  
 And bootless options, buildèd with void air!  
 How oft, enraged in hopeless Passions, break I!  
 How oft, in false vain hope, and blank despair!  
 How oft, left lifeless at thy cloudy frown!  
 How oft, in Passion mounted, and plucked down!

## MADRIGAL 13.

**S**OFT, lovely, rose-like lips, conjoined with mine!  
 Breathing out precious incense such!  
 (Such as, at Paphos, smoke to VENUS’ shrine)  
 Making my lips immortal, with their touch!  
 My cheeks, with touch of thy soft cheeks divine;  
 Thy soft warm cheeks, which VENUS favours much!  
 Those arms, such arms! which me embraced,  
 Me, with immortal cincture girding round  
 Of everlasting bliss! then bound  
 With her enfolded thighs in mine entangled;  
 And both in one self-soul placed,  
 Made a hermaphrodite, with pleasures ravished!  
 There, heat for heat’s, soul for soul’s empire wrangled!  
 Why died not I, with love so largely lavished?  
 For ’wake (not finding truth of dreams before)  
 It secret vexeth ten times more!



MADRIDGAL 14.



H, TEN times worse tormented than before !  
Ten times more pity shouldst thou take of me !  
I have endured ; then, Sweet ! restore  
That pleasure, which procured this pain !  
Thou scorn'st my lines ! (a Saint, which make of thee !)  
Where true desires of thine hard heart complain,  
There thou, 'bove STELLA placed ;  
'Bove LAURA ; with ten thousand more installed :  
And now, proud, thinks me graced,  
That am to thee (though merciless !) enthralled.



SONNET LXIII.



OVE for EUROPA'S love, took shape of Bull ;  
And for CALISTO, played DIANA'S part :  
And in a golden shower, he filled full  
The lap of DANAE, with celestial art.  
Would I were changed but to my Mistress' gloves,  
That those white lovely fingers I might hide !  
That I might kiss those hands, which mine heart loves !  
Or else that chain of pearl (her neck's vain pride)  
Made proud with her neck's veins, that I might fold  
About that lovely neck, and her paps tickle !  
Or her to compass, like a belt of gold !  
Or that sweet wine, which down her throat doth trickle,  
To kiss her lips, and lie next at her heart,  
Run through her veins, and pass by Pleasure's part !

## SONNET LXIV.

**I**F ALL the Loves were lost, and should be found ;  
 And all the Graces' glories were decayed :  
 In thee, the Graces' ornaments abound !  
 In me, the Loves, by thy sweet Graces laid !  
 And if the Muses had their voice foregone ;  
 And VENUS' husband's forge had lost his fire :  
 The Muses' voice should, by thy voice, be known !  
 And VULCAN's heat be found in my Desire !  
 I will accuse thee to the gods, of theft !  
 For PALLAS' eye, and VENUS' rosy cheek,  
 And PHŒBE's forehead ; which thou hast bereft !  
 Complain of me, to CUPID ! Let him seek  
 In vain, for me, each where, and in all parts  
 For, 'gainst my will, I stole one of his darts.

## SONNET LXV.

**Q**UAT I had no heart ! as I have none.  
 (For thou, mine heart's full spirit hast possessed !)  
 Then should mine Argument be not of moan !  
 Then under Love's yoke, should I not be pressed !  
 O that without mine eyes I had been born !  
 Then had I not my Mistress' beauty viewed !  
 Then had I never been so far forlorn !  
 Then had I never wept ! Then, never rued !  
 O that I never had been born at all !  
 Or being, had been born of shepherds' brood !  
 Then should I not in such mischances fall !  
 Quiet, my water ; and Content, my food !  
 But now disquieted, and still tormented ;  
 With adverse fate, preforce, must rest contented !

SONNET LXVI.



AH, SWEET Content! where is thy mild abode?  
Is it with Shepherds, and light-hearted Swains,  
Which sing upon the downs, and pipe abroad,  
Tending their flocks and cattle on the plains?  
Ah, sweet Content! where dost thou safely rest?  
In heaven, with angels? which the praises sing  
Of Him that made, and rules at His behest,  
The minds and hearts of every living thing.  
Ah, sweet Content! where doth thine harbour hold?  
Is it in churches, with Religious Men,  
Which please the gods with prayers manifold;  
And in their studies meditate it then?  
Whether thou dost in heaven, or earth appear;  
Be where thou wilt! Thou wilt not harbour here!

SONNET LXVII.



I F CUPID keep his quiver in thine eye,  
And shoot at over-daring gazers' hearts!  
Alas, why be not men afraid! and fly  
As from MEDUSA'S, doubting after smarts?  
Ah, when he draws his string, none sees his bow!  
Nor hears his golden-feathered arrows sing!  
Ay me! till it be shot, no man doth know;  
Until his heart be prickèd with the sting.  
Like semblance bears the musket in the field:  
It hits, and kills unscen! till unawares,  
To death, the wounded man his body yield.  
And thus a peasant, CÆSAR'S glory dares.  
This difference left 'twixt MARS his field, and LOVE'S;  
That CUPID'S soldier shot, more torture proves!

## SONNET LXVIII.



WOULD GOD (when I beheld thy beauteous face,  
 And golden tresses rich with pearl and stone) !  
 MEDUSA's visage had appeared in place,  
 With snaky locks, looking on me alone !  
 Then had her dreadful charming looks me changed  
 Into a senseless stone. O, were I senseless !  
 Then rage, through rash regard, had never ranged :  
 Whereas to Love, I stood disarmed and fenceless.  
 Yea, but that divers object of thy face  
 In me contrarious operations wrought.  
 A moving spirit pricked with Beauty's grace.  
 No pity's grace in thee ! which I have sought :  
 Which makes me deem, thou did'st MEDUSA see !  
 And should thyself, a moving marble be.

## SONNET LXIX.



HE leafless branches of the lifeless boughs,  
 Carve Winter's outrage in their withered barks :  
 The withered wrinkles in my careful brows,  
 Figure from whence they drew those crooked marks !  
 Down from the Thracian mountains, oaks of might  
 And lofty firs, into the valley fall :  
 Sure sign where BOREAS hath usurped his right ;  
 And that, long there, no Sylvans dally shall.  
 Fields, with prodigious inundations drowned ;  
 For NEPTUNE's rage, with AMPHITRITE weep.  
 My looks and Passions likewise shew my wound ;  
 And how some fair regard did strike it deep.  
 These branches, blasted trees, and fields so wat' red ;  
 For wrinkles, sighs, and tears, foreshew thine hatred !

SONNET LXX.



WHAT can these wrinkles and vain tears portend,  
But thine hard favour, and indurate heart?  
What shew these sighs, which from my soul I send,  
But endless smoke, raised from a fiery smart?  
Canst thou not pity my deep wounded breast?  
Canst thou not frame those eyes to cast a smile?  
Wilt thou, with no sweet sentence make me blest?  
To make amends, wilt thou not sport a while?  
Shall we not, once, with our opposed ey'n,  
In interchange, send golden darts rebated?  
With short reflexion, 'twixt thy brows and mine;  
Whilst love with thee, of my griefs hath debated?  
Those eyes of love were made for love to see!  
And cast regards on others, not on me!

SONNET LXXI.



HOSE hairs of angels' gold, thy nature's treasure.  
(For thou, by Nature, angel-like art framed!)  
Those lovely brows, broad bridges of sweet pleasure,  
Arch two clear springs of Graces gracious named;  
There Graces infinite do bathe and sport!  
Under, on both sides, those two precious hills,  
Where PHŒBE and VENUS have a several fort.  
Her couch, with snowy lilies, PHŒBE fills,  
But VENUS, with red roses, hers adorneth;  
There, they, with silent tokens, do dispute  
Whilst PHŒBE, VENUS; VENUS, PHŒBE scorneth!  
And all the Graces, judgers there sit mute  
To give their verdict; till great JOVE said this,  
"DIANA'S arrows wound not, like thy kiss!"

## SONNET LXXII.

**M**Y MISTRESS' beauty matched with the Graces'  
 'Twixt PHŒB' and JUNO should be judgèd there :  
 Where She, with mask, had veiled the lovely places ;  
 And Graces, in like sort, i-maskèd were.  
 But when their lovely beauties were disclosed ;  
 " This Nymph," quoth JUNO, " all the Graces passeth !  
 For beauteous favours, in her face disposed,  
 Love's goddess, in love's graces she surpasseth !"  
 " She doth not pass the Graces !" PHŒBE said,  
 " Though in her cheeks the Graces richly sit ;  
 For they be subjects to her beauty made.  
 The glory for this fair Nymph is most fit !  
 There, in her cheeks, the Graces blush for shame !  
 That in her cheeks to strive, the subjects came."

## SONNET LXXIII.

**W**HY did rich Nature, Graces grant to thee ?  
 Since Thou art such a niggard of thy grace !  
 Or how can Graces in thy body be ?  
 Where neither they, nor pity find a place !  
 Ah, they be Handmaids to thy Beauty's Fury !  
 Making thy face to tyrannize on men.  
 Condemned before thy Beauty, by Love's Jury ;  
 And by thy frowns, adjudged to Sorrow's Den :  
 Grant me some grace ! for Thou, with grace art wealthy ;  
 And kindly may'st afford some gracious thing.  
 Mine hopes all, as my mind, weak and unhealthy ;  
 All her looks gracious, yet no grace do bring  
 To me, poor wretch ! Yet be the Graces there !  
 But I, the Furies in my breast do bear !

SONNET LXXIV.



EASE, over-tired Muses! to complain!  
In vain, thou pours out words! in vain, thy tears!  
In vain, thou writes thy verses! all in vain!  
For to the rocks and wall, which never hears,  
Thou speakes! and sendes complaints, which find no grace!  
But why compare I thee to rocks, and walls?  
Yes, thou descendes from stones and rocks, by race!  
But rocks will answer to the latter calls.  
Yea, rocks will speak each sentence's last word,  
And in each syllable of that word agree;  
But thou, nor last, nor first, wilt me afford!  
Hath Pride, or Nature, bred this fault in thee?  
Nature and Pride have wrought in thee these evils:  
For women are, by Nature, proud as devils!

SONNET LXXV.



LOVE is a name too lovely for the god!  
He naked goes, red coloured in his skin,  
And bare, all as a boy fit for a rod.  
Hence into Afric! There, seek out thy kin  
Amongst the Moors! and swarthy men of Ind!  
Me, thou, of joys and sweet content hast hindered!  
Hast thou consumed me! and art of my kind?  
Hast thou enraged me! yet art of my kindred?  
Nay, Ismarus, or Rhodope thy father!  
Or craggy Caucasus, thy crabbed sire!  
Vesuvius, else? or was it Etna rather?  
For thou, how many dost consume with fire!  
Fierce tigers, wolves, and panthers gave thee suck!  
For lovely VENUS had not such evil luck!

## SONNET LXXVI.

**B**E BLIND, mine Eyes! which saw that stormy frown.  
 Wither, long-watering Lips! which may not kiss.  
 Pine, Arms! which wished-for sweet embraces miss.  
 — And upright parts of pleasure! fall you down.  
 Waste, wanton tender Thighs! Consume for this;  
 To her thigh-elms, that you were not made vines!  
 And my long pleasure in her body grafted.  
 But, at my pleasure, her sweet thought repines.  
 My heart, with her fair colours, should be wafted  
 Throughout this ocean of my deep despair:  
 Why do I longer live? but me prepare  
 My life, together with my joys, to finish!  
 And, long ere this, had I died, with my care;  
 But hope of joys to come, did all diminish.

## SONNET LXXVII.

**H**ow can I live in mind's or body's health,  
 When all four Elements, my griefs conspire?  
 Of all heart's joys depriving me, by stealth,  
 All yielding poisons to my long Desire.  
 The Fire, with heat's extremes mine heart enraging.  
 Water, in tears, from Despair's fountain flowing.  
 My soul in sighs, Air to Love's soul engaging.  
 My Fancy's coals, Earth's melancholy blowing.  
 Thus these, by Nature, made for my relief;  
 Through that bold charge of thine imperious eye!  
 Turn all their graces into bitter grief.  
 As I were dead, should any of them die!  
 And they, my body's substance, all be sick;  
 It follows, then, I cannot long be quick!



SONNET LXXVIII.



HE proudest Planet in his highest sphere,  
 Saturn, enthronist in thy frowning brows!  
 Next awful Jove, thy majesty doth bear!  
 And unto dreadful Mars, thy courage bows!  
 Drawn from thy noble grandfathers of might.  
 Amongst the laurel-crowned Poets sweet,  
 And sweet Musicians, take the place by right!  
 For Phœbus, with thy graces thought it meet.  
 Venus doth sit upon thy lips, and chin!  
 And Hermes hath enriched thy wits divine!  
 Phœbe with chaste desires, thine heart did win!  
 The Planets thus to thee, their powers resign!  
 Whom Planets honour thus, is any such?  
 My Muse, then, cannot honour her too much!

SONNET LXXIX.



COVERTOUS Eyes! What did you late behold?  
 My Rival gracèd with a sun-bright smile!  
 Where he, with secret signs, was sweetly told  
 Her thoughts; with winks, which all men might  
 beguile!  
 Audacious, did I see him kiss that hand  
 Which holds the reins of my unbridled heart!  
 And, softly wringing it, did closely stand  
 Courting with love terms, and in lover's art!  
 Next (with his fingers kissed) he touched her middle!  
 Then saucy; (with presumption uncontrolled)  
 To hers, from his eyes, sent regards by riddle!  
 At length, he kissed her cheek! Ah me! so bold!  
 To bandy with bel-guards in interchange.  
 Blind mine eyes, Envy! that they may not range!

## SONNET LXXX.

**L**ONG-wished for Death! sent by my Mistress' doom;  
 Hold! Take thy prisner, full resolved to die!  
 But first as chief, and in the highest room,  
 My Soul, to heaven I do bequeath on high;  
 Now ready to be severed from Thy love!  
 My Sighs, to air! to crystal springs, my Tears!  
 My sad Complaints (which Thee could never move!  
 To mountains desolate and deaf! My Fears,  
 To lambs beset with lions! My Despair,  
 To night, and irksome dungeons full of dread!  
 Then shalt Thou find (when I am past this care)  
 My torments, which thy cruelties have bred,  
 In heavens, clouds, springs, hard mountains, lambs, and  
 night:  
 Here, once united; then, dissevered quite.

## SONNET LXXXI.

**Q**UINELY Jealousy! which canst admit  
 No thought of compeers in thine high Desire!  
 Love's bastard daughter, for true-loves unfit,  
 Scalding men's hearts with force of secret fire!  
 Thou poisoned Canker of much beauteous Love!  
 Fostered with Envy's paps, with wrathful rage!  
 Thou (which dost still thine own destruction move)  
 With eagle's eyes, which secret watch doth wage!  
 With peacock's feet, to steal in unawares!  
 With PROGNE's wings, to false suspect which flies!  
 Which virtues hold in durance, rashly dares!  
 Provoker and maintainer of vain lies!  
 Who, with rich virtues and fair love possessed,  
 Causeless! hast All, to thine heart's hell addressed!

SONNET LXXXII.



THE Chariot, with the Steed is drawn along.  
Ships, winged with Winds, swift hover on the waves.  
The stubborn Ploughs are hauled with Oxen strong.  
Hard Adamant, the strongest Iron craves.  
But I am with thy beauty strongly forced ;  
Which, full of courage, draws me like the Steed.  
Those Winds, thy spirit ; whence cannot be divorced.  
My heart the Ship, from danger never freed.  
That strong conceit on thy sweet beauty lade ;  
The strong-necked Ox which draws my Fancy's Plow,  
Thine heart that Adamant, whose force hath made  
My strong desires stand subject unto you !  
Would I were Horse, Ox, Adamant, or Wind !  
Then had I never cared for Womankind.

SONNET LXXXIII.



DAWK Night ! Black Image of my foul Despair !  
With grievous fancies, cease to vex my soul !  
With pain, sore smart, hot fires, cold fears, long  
care !  
(Too much, alas, this ceaseless stone to roll).  
My days be spent in penning thy sweet praises !  
In pleading to thy beauty, never matched !  
In looking on thy face ! whose sight amazes  
My Sense ; and thus my long days be despatched.  
But Night (forth from the misty region rising),  
Fancies, with Fear, and sad Despair, doth send !  
Mine heart, with horror, and vain thoughts agrising.  
And thus the fearful tedious nights I spend !  
Wishing the noon, to me were silent night ;  
And shades nocturnal, turned to daylight.

## SONNET LXXXIV.

**M**Y SWEET PARTHENOPHE! within thy face,  
 My Passions' Calendar may plain be read!  
 The Golden Number told upon thine head!  
 The Sun days (which in card, I holy place,  
 And which divinely bless me with their grace)  
 Thy cheerful Smiles, which can recall the dead!  
 My Working days, thy Frowns, from favours fled!  
 Which set a work the furies in my breast.  
 These days are six to one more than the rest.  
 My Leap Year is (O when is that Leap Year?)  
 When all my cares I overleap, and feast  
 With her, fruition! whom I hold most dear.  
 And if some Calendars, the truth tell me;  
 Once in few years, that happy Leap shall be!

## SONNET LXXXV.

**F**ROM East's bed rosy, whence AURORA riseth;  
 Be thy cheeks figured, which their beams display  
 In smiles! whose sight mine heart with joy surpriseth;  
 And which my Fancy's flowers do fair array,  
 Cleared with the gracious dews of her regard.  
 The West, whence evening comes; her frowning brow,  
 Where Discontentment ploughs his furrows hard!  
 (There doth She bury her affections now!)  
 The North, whence storms with mists and frosts proceed;  
 My black Despair! long Sorrows! and cold Fear!  
 The South, whence showers, in great abundance breed,  
 And where hot sun doth to meridian rear;  
 My Eyes, whose object nought but tears require!  
 And my soft Heart, consumed with rage of fire!

SONNET LXXXVI.



FIERY Rage! when wilt thou be consumed?  
Thou, that hast me consumed, in such sort  
As never was, poor wretch! (which so presumed)  
But for surveying of that beauteous Fort!  
Kept in continual durance, and enchained  
With hot desires, which have my body pined;  
My mind, from pleasures and content restrained;  
My thoughts, to Care, and Sorrow's Ward assigned:  
There, with continual melancholy placed,  
In dismal horror, and continual fear,  
I pass these irksome hours! scorned and disgraced  
Of her; whose cruelty no breast can bear!  
No thought endure! no tortures can outmatch!  
Then burn on, Rage of Fire! but me despatch!

SONNET LXXXVII.



URN on, sweet Fire! For I live by that fuel,  
Whose smoke is as an incense to my soul!  
Each sigh prolongs my smart. Be fierce and cruel,  
My fair PARTHENOPHE! Frown and control!  
Vex! torture! scald! disgrace me! Do thy will!  
Stop up thine ears! With flint, immure thine heart!  
And kill me with thy looks, if they would kill!  
Thine eyes (those crystal phials which impart  
The perfect balm to my dead-wounded breast!)  
Thine eyes, the quivers, whence those darts were drawn,  
Which me, to thy love's bondage have addressd.  
Thy smile, and frown! night star, and daylight's dawn!  
Burn on! Frown on! Vex! Stop thine ears! Torment me!  
More, for thy beauty borne! would not repent me.

## SONNET LXXXVIII.

**W**ITHIN thine eyes, mine heart takes all his rest !  
 In which, still sleeping, all my sense is drowned.  
 The dreams, with which my senses are opprest,  
 Be thousand lovely fancies turning round  
 The restless wheel of my much busy brain.  
 The morning ; which from resting doth awake me,  
 Thy beauty ! banished from my sight again,  
 When I to long melancholy betake me.  
 Then full of errors, all my dreams I find !  
 And in their kinds contrarious, till the day  
 (Which is her beauty) set on work my mind ;  
 Which never will cease labour ! never stay !  
 And thus my pleasures are but dreams with me ;  
 Whilst mine hot fevers, pains quotidian be.

## SONNET LXXXIX.

**W**HAT be those hairs dyed like the marigold ?  
 ECHO, Gold !  
 What is that brow, whose frown make any moan ?  
 ECHO, Anemone !  
 What were her eyes, when the great lords controlled ?  
 ECHO, Rolled !  
 What be they, when from them, be loves thrown ?  
 ECHO, LOVE's throne !  
 What were her cheeks (when blushes rose) like ?  
 ECHO, Rose-like !  
 What are those lips, which 'bove pearls' rew be ?  
 ECHO, Ruby !  
 Her ivory shoulders, what be those like ?  
 ECHO, Those like !

What saints are like her? speak, if you be!  
ECHO, Few be!  
Thou dwell'st in rocks, hart-like! somewhat then?  
ECHO, What then?  
And rocks dwell in her heart! is 'tis true?  
ECHO, Tis true!  
Whom she loves best? know this, cannot men!  
ECHO, Not men!  
Pass him, she loathes! Then I dismiss you!  
ECHO, Miss you!  
What sex to whom, men sue so vain much?  
ECHO, Vain much!  
Furies there fires, and I complain such?  
ECHO, Plain such!

SONNET XC.



MY MISTRESS' Arms, are these; fair, clear, and bright.  
Argent in midst, where is an Ogress set,  
Within an azure ann'let, placèd right.  
The Crest, two golden bows, almost near met:  
And by this Crest, her power abroad is known.  
These Arms, She beareth in the Field of Love,  
By bloody colours, where LOVE's wrath is shown:  
But in kind Passion, milder than the dove,  
Her goodly silver ensign, She displays,  
*Semi de roses*: at whose lovely sight,  
All lovers are subdued; and vanquished, praise  
Those glorious colours, under which they fight.  
I, by these Arms, her captive thrall was made!  
And to those Colours, in that Field, betrayed!

## SONNET XC I .

**T**Hese bitter gusts, which vex my troubled seas,  
And move with force, my sorrow's floods to flow ;  
My Fancy's ship tost here and there by these,  
Still floats in danger, ranging to and fro.

How fears my 'Thoughts' swift pinnace, thine hard rock !  
Thine heart's hard rock, least thou mine Heart (his pilot)  
Together with himself, should rashly knock  
And being quite dead-stricken, then should cry late,  
" Ah me ! " too late to thy remorseless self.  
Now when thy mercies all been banished,  
And blown upon thine hard rock's ruthless shelf ;  
My soul in sighs is spent and vanished.  
Be pitiful, alas ! and take remorse !  
Thy beauty too much practiseth his force !

## SONNET XC II .

**W**ILT thou know wonders, by thy beauty wrought ?  
Behold (not seen) an endless burning fire  
Of Fancy's fuel ! kindled with a thought !  
Without a flame, yet still inflamèd higher !  
No flames' appearance, yet continual smoke !  
Drawn cool, to kindle ; breathed out hot again !  
Two diamonds, which this secret fire provoke ;  
Making two crystals, with their heat, to rain !  
A skin, where beauteous Graces rest at ease !  
A tongue, whose sweetness mazes all the Muses !  
And yet, a heart of marble matched with these !  
A tongue, besides, which sweet replies refuses !  
These wonders, by thy beauty wrought alone,  
Through thy proud eye, which made thine heart a stone.



SONNET XCIII.

**B**EGS LOVE!, which whilom was a deity?  
I list no such proud beggars at my gate!  
For alms, he, 'mongst cold Arctic folk doth wait;  
And sunburnt Moors, in contrariety:  
Yet sweats, nor freezes more! Then is it piety  
To be remorseful at his bare estate!  
His reach, he racketh at a higher rate.  
He joins with proudest in society!  
His eyes are blind, forsooth! and men must pity  
A naked poor boy, which doth no man harm!  
He is not blind! Such beggar boys be witty!  
For he marks, hits, and wounds hearts with his arm;  
Nor coldest North can stop his naked race;  
For where he comes, he warmeth every place!

SONNET XCIV.

**N**ORTH from mine eyes, with full tide, flows a river;  
And in thine eyes, two sparkling chrysolites.  
Mine eye, still covet to behold those lights.  
Thine eye, still filled with arrows, is LOVE's Quiver!  
Through mine eye, thine eyes' fire inflames my liver.  
Mine eyes, in heart, thine eyes' clear fancies write;  
Thus is thine eye to me, my fancies giver!  
Which from thine eyes, to mine eyes take their flight.  
Then pierce the secret centre of my heart;  
And feed my fancies with inflamèd fuel!  
This only grieves! Mine eyes had not that art  
Thine to transpierce: thy nature was so cruel!  
But eyes and fancies, in this, triumph make;  
That they were blind and raging, for her sake!

## SONNET XC V.

**T**HOU bright beam-spreading LOVE's thrice happy  
 Star!  
 Th' Arcadian Shepherd's ASTROPHEL's clear guide!  
 Thou that, on swift-winged Pegasus, dost ride,  
 AURORA's harbinger! Surpassing, far!  
 AURORA carried in her rosy car.  
 Bright Planet! Teller of clear evening-tide!  
 Star of all stars! Fair favoured night's chief pride!  
 Which day, from night; and night, from day dost bar!  
 Thou that hast worlds of hearts, with thine eye's glance,  
 To thy love's pleasing bondage, taken thrall!  
 Behold (where Graces, in love's circles dance!)  
 Of two clear stars, outsparkling Planets all!  
 For stars, her beauty's arrow-bearers be!  
 Then be the subjects; and superior, She!

## SONNET XC VI.

**T**HE Sun in Pisces; VENUS did intend  
 To seek sick FLORA; whose soil (since by Kind  
 TITAN to th'Antipodes, his beams resigned)  
 No pleasant flowers, to welcome her did send.  
 To whom, for need, PARTHENOPHE did lend  
 At Nature's suit, rich Heliochrise, which shined  
 In her fair hair; white lilies which combined  
 With her high-smoothed brows, which bent, love bend.  
 Violets from eyes, sweet blushing eglantine  
 From her clear cheeks, and from her lips, sweet roses.  
 Thus VENUS' Paradise was made divine  
 Which such, as Nature in my Lady closes.  
 Then, since with her, LOVE's Queen was glorified!  
 Why was not my sweet Lady deified?

SONNET XC VII.



WHY should Envy, with sweet Love consort?  
But that, with Love's excess, Seven Sins unite!  
Pride, that, in high respect of my delight,  
I scorn all others! Lust, that with disport  
In thought of her, I sometimes take comfort!  
Wrath, that, with those, in secret heart I fight,  
Which smile on her! and Envy, that, I spite  
Such meats and wines, as to her lips resort  
And touch that tongue, which I can never kiss!  
Sloth, that, secure in too much love, I sleep;  
And nuzzled so, am to be freed remiss!  
And Covetous, I never mean can keep  
In craving, wishing, and in working this;  
Though still I kiss and touch, still touch and kiss!

SONNET XC VIII.



THE Sun, my Lady's Beauty represents!  
Whose fiery-pointed beams each creature heats:  
Such force her grace, on whom it counterbeats,  
Doth practice; which the patient still torments.  
And to her virtues, the bright Moon assents;  
With whose pure Chastity, my love she threats!  
Whose thought itself in her cool circle seats.  
And as the Moon, her bright habiliments,  
Of her bright brother PHŒBUS, borroweth;  
So from her beauty, doth her chaste desire,  
Her brightness draw. For which, none dare aspire  
To tempt so rare a beauty. Yet forgive!  
He that, for thy sake! so long sorroweth,  
Cannot but longer love, if longer live!

## SONNET XCIX.

**H**IS careful head, with divers thoughts distressed,  
 My Fancy's Chronicler! my Sorrow's Muse!  
 These watchful eyes, whose heedless aim I curse,  
 Love's Sentinels! and Fountains of Unrest!  
 This tongue still trembling, Herald fit addressed,  
 To my Love's grief! (than any torment worse!)  
 This heart, true Fortress of my spotless love,  
 And rageous Furnace of my long desire!  
 Of these, by Nature, am I not possessed  
 (Though Nature, their first means in me did move)  
 But thou, dear Sweet! with thy love's holy fire,  
 My head, Grief's Anvil made! with cares oppressed;  
 Mine eyes, a Spring! my tongue, a Leaf wind-shaken!  
 My heart, a wasteful Wilderness forsaken!

## SONNET C.

**P**LEADING for pity to my Mistress' eyes;  
 Urging on duty favours as deserts;  
 Complaining mine hid flames, and secret smarts:  
 She, with disdainful grace, in jest, replies,  
 "Her eyes were never made man's enemies!"  
 Then me with my conceit she overthwarts,  
 Urging my Fancy (which vain thoughts imparts)  
 To be the causer of mine injuries,  
 Saying, "I am not vexed, as I complained!  
 How Melancholy bred this light conceit!"  
 Hard-hearted Mistress! Canst thou think I feigned?  
 That I, with fancies vain, vain woe repeat?  
 Ah, no! For though thine eyes none else offend;  
 Yet by thine Eyes and "Noes!" my woes want end!

SONNET CI.

**H**AD I been banished from the native soil,  
Where, with my life, I first received light!  
For my first cradles, had my tomb been dight!  
Or changed my pleasure for a ceaseless toil!  
Had I for nurse, been left to lion's spoil!  
Had I for freedom, dwelt in shady night,  
Cooped up in loathsome dungeons from men's sight!  
These first desires, which in my breast did boil,  
From which, thy loves (Unkind!) thou banished!  
Had not been such an exile to my bliss.  
If life, with my love's infancy, were vanished;  
It had not been so sore a death as this,  
If lionesses were, instead of nurses;  
Or night, for day! Thine hate deserves more curses!

SONNET CII.

**V**AIN gallants! whose much longing spirits tickle;  
Whose brains swell with abundance of much wit,  
And would be touched fain with an amorous fit:  
O lend your eyes, and bend your fancies fickle!  
You, whom Affection's dart did never prickle!  
You, which hold lovers, fools; and argue it!  
Gaze on my Sun! and if tears do not trickle  
From your much mastered eyes (where Fancies sit):  
Then, Eagles! will I term you, for your eyes;  
But Bears! or Tigers! for your savage hearts!  
But, if it chance, such fountains should arise,  
And you made like partakers of my smarts;  
Her, for her piercing eyes, an Eagle, name!  
But, for her heart, a Tiger, never tame!

## MADRIGAL 15.

**N**ATURE'S pride, Love's pearl, Virtue's perfection,  
 In sweetness, beauty, grace,  
 Of body, face, affection  
 Hath glory, brightness, place  
 In rosy cheeks, clear eyes, and heavenly mind ;  
 All which, with wonder, honour, praise, take race  
 To charm, to shine, to fly, with Fame's protection.  
 Mine heart the first, mine eyes next, third my thought  
 Did wound, did blind, did bind ;  
 Which grieved, obscured, and wrought  
 Heart, eyes, and senses with such imperfection,  
 That in their former comfort, sight, and kind  
 They moved, gazed, and sought,  
 Yet found not, in what order, sort, and case  
 Of tears, plaints, sighs, with seas, with murmur, wind  
 To find, to get, t' embrace  
 Nature's pride, Love's pearl, Virtue's perfection.

## MADRIGAL 16.

**S**LEEP PHŒBUS still, in glaucy THETIS' lap !  
 JOVE's eagle's piercing eyes, be blind.  
 Soft things whose touch is tickle to the mind,  
 Give no like touch, all joys in one to wrap.  
 All instruments, all birds and voices  
 Make no such heavenly music in their kind.  
 No fruits have such sweet sap,  
 No root such juices,  
 No balm so much rejoices.  
 O breath, exceeding every rich perfume !

For love, all pleasures in a Kiss did lap.  
Her eyes did give bright glances.  
Sight is no sight, all light with that consume.  
She touched my cheek! at which touch, mine heart dances.  
Mine eyes, in privy combat, did presume,  
Charging my hands, to charge her middle ;  
Whilst they threw wounding darts, and healing lances.  
She kissed and spoke, at once, a riddle,  
But such sweet meaning in dark sense,  
As shewed the drift of her dear sweet pretence,  
More pleasing than the chord of harp or lute.  
On heavenly cherries then I feed,  
Whose sap deliciouser than angels' food,  
Whose breath more sweet than gum, herb, flower, or bood.  
O kiss! that did all sense exceed!  
No man can speak those joys! Then, Muse, be mute!  
But say! for sight, smell, hearing, taste, and touch ;  
In any one thing, was there ever such ?

MADRIGAL 17.



ENVIOUS air, all Nature's public nurse,  
Lend to my life, no spirit!  
Not that I prosper worse  
Than erst of yore; for I, the state inherit,  
Which gods in Paradise, 'bove man demerit :  
But for I highly scorn  
Thy common vapour should  
With her sweet breath immix! I cannot bear it!  
Cold air's infusion cannot be foreborn ;  
O kiss! O soul, which could

All wailings have outworn !  
Angel of Bliss ! which cheers me night and morn !  
Sweet Cloud ! which now, with my soul dost enfold !  
Salve to my Soul ! once sick.  
Let men in Inde iborn  
Cease boasting of rich drugs, and sweet perfume !  
Egyptian gums, and odours Arabic,  
I loath ! and wood, dear sold,  
From myrrh and cypress torn !  
Tarry, sweet kiss ! Do not in clouds consume !  
Yet can I feel thy spirit moving quick.  
O why should air presume  
To be her spirit's rival ?  
What do I speak ? Nor am I lunatic !  
I cannot live ; else would I not assume  
Cold air, to contrive all  
My sorrows, with immixion.  
Then die ! whilst this sweet spirit thee doth prick !  
Whilst thy sweet comfort's kisses are alive all !  
And love's sweet jurisdiction  
Will make thee die possessed  
Of all heaven's joys ; which, for most comfort, strive all !  
Lest Death, to Pleasure should give interdiction,  
Ah let my lips be pressed !  
And, with continual kisses,  
Pour everlasting spirit to my life .  
So, shall I always live ! so, still be blessed !  
Kiss still ! and make no misses !  
Double ! redouble kisses !  
Murmur affections ! War in pleasing strife !  
Press lips ! Lips, rest oppressed !  
This Passion is no fiction.



MADRIGAL 18.



FTER AURORA's blush, the sun arose  
And spread his beams !  
With whose clear gleams  
My prickless rosebud veils his purple leaves !  
In whose sweet folds, Morning did pearls enclose,  
Where sun his beams, in orb-like circle weaves,  
And then t'enrich, stole those  
Nature's beauty, PHÆBUS' virtue, Love's incense ;  
Whose favour, sap, and savour, my sense 'reaves.  
My Muse had these for themes :  
They, to my Muse ; my Muse, to them, defence.  
PHÆBUS, sometimes, LOVE's Oracles sends thence.  
Thus by my sun, a rose,  
(Though a sweet rose prickless !)  
Prickles arose ; dear prickle !  
Which me diseaseth much, though I be sickless.  
Nought me of joy bereaves ;  
Save favour, sap, and favour, all be fickle.  
Blush not for shame that thy sun spread his wings !  
My soul in sunder cleaves !  
After AURORA's blush, the sun arose !

MADRIGAL 19.



HY love's conceits are wound about mine heart !  
Thy love itself within mine heart, a wound !  
Thy torches all a row stick,  
Which thy sweet grace about mine heart hath bound !  
There, gleaming arrows stick in every part,  
Which unto my marrow prick.  
Thy beauty's fancy to mine heart is thrall ;  
Mine heart, thy beauty's thrall is found !

And thou mine heart a Bulwark art !  
 Conquered by Beauty ! battered to the ground !  
 And yet though conquered will not yield at all.  
 For in that conflict, though I fall,  
 Yet I myself a conqueror repute  
 In fight continual, like victorious mart  
 Yet ever yield, as ever overthrown.  
 To be, still, prisoner ! is my suit.  
 I will be, still, thy captive known !  
 Such pleasing Servitude  
 Victorious Conquest is, and Fortitude !



## MADRIGAL 20.

**M**Y LOVE, alas, is sick ! Fie, envious Sickness !  
 That, at her breast (where rest all joys and ease),  
 Thou shouldst take such despite, her to displease,  
 In whom, all virtue's health hath quickness !  
 Thou durst not come in living likeness !  
 For hadst thou come, thou couldst not her disease !  
 Her beauty would not let thee press !  
 Sweet graces, which continually attend her,  
 At her short breath, breathe short ! and sigh so deep !  
 Which Sickness's sharp furies might appease :  
 Both Loves and Graces strive to mend her.  
 O never let me rest ; but sigh and weep !  
 Never but weep and sigh ! " Sick is my Love ;  
 And I love-sick ! Yet physic may befriend her !  
 But what shall my disease remove ? "

SONNET CIII.



SLEPT, when (underneath a laurel shade,  
My face upreared aloft unto the heaven)  
Methought I heard this spoken in a sweaven,  
“ Nature, on earth, Love’s miracle hath made! ”

With this, methought, upon a bank was laid  
An earthly body which was framed in heaven,  
To whom, such graces (by the Graces given)  
Sweet music in their several organs played.  
In chief, the silent music of her eye  
Softly recorded, with heaven’s harmony,  
Drew down URANIA from celestial sphere;  
Who mazed, at mazy turning of her ey’n,  
(To make Divine perfection) glazed there  
Those eyes, with clearest substance crystalline.

MADRIGAL 21.



WHEN this celestial goddess had indued  
Her eyes with spheric revolution,  
VESTA, with the next gift ensued,  
And lent to Nature that twice sacred fire,  
To which, once, JAPHET’s offspring did aspire.  
Which made a dissolution  
Of a strange ore, engendered by the sun,  
In grace, and worth more pure than gold,  
Which (’gainst the Cyprian triumphs should be done)  
Gilded those wheels, which CUPID’s chariot rolled.

MADRIGAL 22.



IN CENTRE of these Stars of Love,  
(’Bove all conceits in man’s capacity,)  
An orient jet which did not move,  
To CUPID’s chariot wheel, made for the naffe,

Was fixed ; which could, with mild rapacity,  
Of lighter lovers, draw the lighter chaff.

    This, shadow gives to clearer light,  
In which, as in a mirrold, there was framed  
For those (which love's conditions treat upon)  
    A glass which should give semblance right  
Of all their physiognomies impassionate.  
Those hearts, which tyrant Love doth beat upon,  
    May here behold, what CUPID works !  
Yielding in it, that figure fashionate  
    Which in the jetty mirror lurks.

## MADRIGAL 23.



**P**HÆBUS, rich father of eternal light !  
And in his hand, a wreath of Heliocrise  
    He brought, to beautify those tresses,  
Whose train, whose softness, and whose gloss  
    more bright,  
APOLLO's locks did overprize.  
Thus, with this garland, whiles her brows he blesses  
    The golden shadow, with his tincture,  
Coloured her locks, I gilded with the cincture.

## MADRIGAL 24.



**T**HUS, as She was, 'bove human glory graced,  
    The Saint, methought, departed ;  
And suddenly upon her feet, she started.  
    JUNO beheld, and fain would have defaced  
That female miracle ! proud Nature's wonder !  
Least JOVE, through heaven's clear windows, should espy her ;  
    And (for her beauty) JUNO's love neglect !  
Down she descends ; and as she walkèd by her,  
A branch of Lilies, JUNO tears in sunder.

Then, from her sphere, did VENUS down reflect,  
Lest MARS, by chance, her beauty should affect.  
And with a branch of Roses  
She beat upon her face! Then JUNO closes!  
And with white lilies, did her beauty chasten.  
But lovely Graces, in memorial,  
Let both the Rose and Lily's colour fall  
Within her cheeks, which, to be foremost hasten.

MADRIGAL 25.



WILES these two wrathful goddesses did rage,  
The little god of might  
(Such as might fitter seem with cranes to fight,  
Than, with his bow, to vanquish gods and kings)  
In a cherry tree sat smiling;  
And lightly waving, with his motley wings,  
(Fair wings, in beauty! boys and girls beguiling!)  
And cherry garlands, with his hands compiling:  
Laughing, he leaped light  
Unto the Nymph, to try which way best might  
Her cheer; and, with a cherry branch, he bobbed!  
But her soft lovely lips,  
The cherries, of their ruddy ruby robbed!  
Eftsoons, he, to his quiver skips  
And brings those bottles, whence his mother sips  
Her Nectar of Delight;  
Which in her bosom, claimed place by right.

MADRIGAL 26.



DARE not speak of that thrice holy hill,  
Which, spread with silver lilies, lies;  
Nor of those violets which void veins full fill,  
Nor of that maze on love's hill-top:

These secrets must not be surveyed with eyes !  
 No creature may those flowers crop !  
 Nor bathe in that clear fountain,  
 Where none but PHŒBE with chaste virgins wash !  
 In bottom of that sacred mountain—  
 But, whither, now ? Thy verses overlash !

## S E S T I N E 1 .



WHEN I waked out of dreaming,  
 Looking all about the garden,  
 Sweet PARTHENOPHE was walking :  
 O what fortune brought her hither !  
 She much fairer than that Nymph,  
 Which was beat with rose and lilies.

Her cheeks exceed the rose and lilies.  
 I was fortunate in dreaming  
 Of so beautiful a Nymph.  
 To this happy blessèd garden,  
 Come, you Nymphs ! come, Fairies ! hither.  
 Wonder Nature's Wonder walking !

So She seemèd, in her walking,  
 As she would make rose and lilies  
 Ever flourish. O, but hither  
 Hark ! (for I beheld it dreaming)  
 Lilies blushed within the garden,  
 Stained with beauties of that Nymph.

The Rose for anger at that Nymph  
 Was pale ! and, as She went on walking,  
 When She gathered in the garden,  
 Tears came from the Rose and Lilies !  
 As they sighed, their breath, in dreaming  
 I could well perceive hither.

When PARTHENOPHE came hither,  
At the presence of that Nymph,  
(That hill was heaven! where I lay dreaming)  
But when I had espied her walking,  
And in hand her Rose and Lilies  
As sacrifice given by that garden;

(To Love, stood sacred that fair garden!)  
I dared the Nymphs to hasten hither.  
Make homage to the Rose and Lilies!  
Which are sacred to my Nymph.  
Wonder, when you see her walking!  
(Might I see her, but in dreaming!)

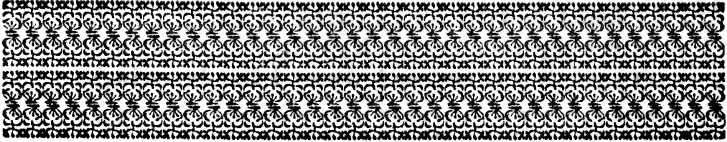
Even the fancy of that Nymph  
Would make me, night and day, come hither,  
To sleep in this thrice happy garden.

SONNET CIV.



OLD! matchless Mirror of all Womankind!  
These Pens and Sonnets, servants of thy praise!  
Placed in a world of graces, which amaze  
All young beholders, through Desire blind.  
Thou, to whom conquered CUPID hath resigned  
His bow and darts, during thy sunny days!  
Through thine eyes' force enfeebled by the rays  
Which wonderers, to their cost, in thine eyes find!  
That there, with beauty's excellence unable,  
To write, or bear, my pens, and books refuse;  
Thine endless graces are so amiable!  
Passing the spirit of mine humble Muse.  
So that the more I write, more graces rise!  
Which mine astonished Muse cannot comprise.

FINIS.



# ELEGIES.

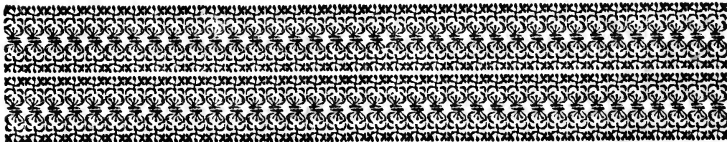


## ELEGY I.




HY did the milk, which first **ALCIDES**  
 nourished,  
 Ingend'ring with **CYBELE**, breed the lily?  
 Th' Assyrian hunter's blood, why hath it  
 flourished  
 The rose with red? Why did the daf-  
 fadilly

Spring from **NARCISSUS**' self-conceited love?  
 Why did great **JOVE**, for the Pœneian cow,  
 Devise the marble coloured violet?  
 Or what for **PHÆBUS**' love, from mountains hilly  
 Did hyacinth to rosy blushes move?  
 Since my sweet Mistress, under **PHÆBUS**' brow,  
**JUNO**'s and fair **ADONIS**' flowers hath set,  
 Adown her neck, **NARCISSUS**'s gold doth bow,  
 Io's grey violets in her crystal lights  
 Th'Æbalian boy's complexion still alights  
 Upon her hyacinthine lips, like ruby.  
 And with love's purest sanguine, **CUPID** writes








The praise of beauty, through her veins which blue be  
Conducted through love's sluice, to thy face rosy,  
Where doves and redbreasts sit for VENUS' rights.  
In sign that I to Thee, will ever true be ;  
The rose and lilies shall adorn my posy !  
The violets and hyacinths shall knit  
With daffodil, which shall embellish it !  
Such heavenly flowers, in earthly posies few be !

ELEGY II.



THAT, some time, thou saw mine endless fits;  
When I have somewhat of thy beauty pondered !  
Thou could not be persuaded that my wits  
Could once retire so far from Sense asundered !  
Furies, themselves, have at my Passions wondered !  
Yet thou, PARTHENOPHE ! well pleasèd, sits,  
Whilst in me, so thy moisture's heat hath thundered,  
And thine eyes' darts, at every Colon, hits  
My soul with double pricks, which mine heart splits :  
Whose fainting breath, with sighing Commas broken,  
Draws on the sentence of my death, by pauses ;  
Ever prolonging out mine endless clauses  
With " Ifs " Parenthesis, yet find no token  
When with my grief, I should stand even or odd.  
My life still making preparations,  
Through thy love's darts, to bear the Period ;  
Yet stumbleth on Interrogations !



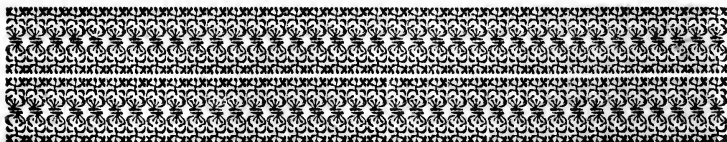



These are those scholar-like vexations  
Which grieve me, when those studies I apply.  
I miss my lesson still! but, with love's rod,  
For each small accent sounded but awry,  
Am I tormented! Yet, I cannot die!

## ELEGY III.

**S**WEET thraldom, by LOVE's sweet impression wrought.  
LOVE! in that bondage ever let me live!  
For LOVE hath brought me bondslave, with a  
thought!

And to my thoughts, LOVE did me bondman give!  
Ah me, my thoughts' poor prisoner, shall I rest?  
And shall my thoughts make triumph over me?  
First, to fierce famished lions stand address!  
Or let huge rocks and mountains cover thee!  
Behold one, to his fancies made a prey!  
A poor ACTÆON, with his hounds devoured!  
An oak, with his green ivy worn away!  
A wretch consumed with plenties great down poured!  
A garment with his moth despoiled, and rotten!  
A thorn, with his bred caterpillar cankered!  
A buried CÆSAR, with his fame forgotten!  
A friend betrayed by those on whom he anchored!  
Behold a fire consumed with his own heat!  
An iron worn away with his own rust!






But were mine heart of oak, this rage would eat,  
Still fresh as ivy, mine hard oak to dust!  
And were my pleasures durable as steel,  
Despair would force they should Time's canker feel!

E L E G Y I V .

**T**HIS day, sweet Mistress! you to me, did write  
(When for so many lines, I begged replyal),  
That "From all hope, you would not bar me quite!  
Nor grant plain *Placet!* nor give dead denial!"

But in my chamber window, while I read it,  
A waspish bee flew round about me buzzing  
With full-filled flanks, when my Time's flower had fed it,  
(Which there lay strewed); and in my neck, with huzzing,  
She fixed her sting! Then did I take her out;  
And in my window left her, where she died.  
My neck still smarts, and swelleth round about;  
By which her wrath's dear ransom may be tried.  
A mirror to thee, Lady! which I send  
In this small schoede, with commendations tied;  
Who, though the sting and anguish stay with me,  
Yet for revenge, saw his unlucky end.  
Then note th' example of this hapless bee!  
And when to me, thou dost thy sting intend;  
Fear some such punishment should chance to thee!



## ELEGY V.

*TO PARTHENOPHIL.*

ARE you so waspish that, from time to time,  
You nourish bees! and to so good an end,  
That having sucked your honey, they must climb  
Into your bosom, to bethank their friend!  
And for a sign, that they come to defend,  
Reward you with such weapons as they have!  
Nor was it more than your deserts did crave!  
Not much unlike unto the viper's youngling,  
Who (nourished with the breeder's dearest blood)  
Snarls with his teeth, nor can endure the bongling  
Within the viper's belly, but makes food  
Of her! Thus Nature worketh in her brood.  
So you, forsooth! (nor was it much amiss!)  
Feed snakes, which thankfully both sting and hiss!  
But if that any of our sex did sting you,  
Know this, moreover! Though you bear the prick;  
And though their frowns, to Melancholy bring you:  
Yet are we, seldom, or else never, sick!  
Nor do we die, like bees! but still be quick!  
And soon recovering what we lost before,  
We sting apace! yet still keep stings in store!

ELEGY VI.

**B**EHOLD these tears, my love's true tribute payment!  
These plaintive Elegies, my griefs' bewrayers;  
Accoutered, as is meet, in mournful raiment!  
My red-swollen eye, which were mine heart's  
betrayers!

And yet, my rebel eye, excuse prepares,  
That he was never worker of my wayment,  
Plaining my thoughts, that my confusion they meant.  
Which thoughts, with sighs (for incense), make dumb  
prayers

T'appease the furies of my martyred breast;  
Which witness my true loves, in long lament.  
And with what agonies I am possesst!  
Ah me, poor man! where shall I find some rest?  
Not in thine eyes, which promise fearful hope!  
Thine heart hath vowed, I shall be still distresst!  
To rest within thine heart, there is no scope!


All other places made for body's ease,  
As bed, field, forest, and a quiet chamber;  
There, ever am I, with sad cares oppresst!  
Each pleasant spectacle doth me displease!  
Grief and Despair so sore on me did seize,  
That day, with tediousness, doth me molest!  
And PHŒBE, carried in her couch of amber,  
Cannot close up the fountains of my woe!

Thus days from nights, my chargèd heart doth not know ;  
Nor nights, from days ! All hours, to sorrows go !  
Then punish Fancy ! cause of thy disease !

## ELEGY VII.





YOUTH, full of error ! whither dost thou hail me ?  
Down to the dungeon of mine own conceit !  
Let me, before, take some divine receipt ;  
For well I know, my Gaoler will not bail me !  
Then, if thou favour not, all helps will fail me !  
That fearful dungeon, poisoned with Despair,  
Affords no casement to receive sweet air ;  
There, ugly visions ever will appall me,  
Vain Youth misguideth soon, with Love's deceit !  
Deeming false paintèd looks most firmly fair.  
Now to remorseless judges must I sue  
For gracious pardon ; whiles they do repeat  
Your bold presumption ! threatening me, with you !  
Yet am I innocent, though none bewail me !  
Ah, pardon ! pardon ! Childish Youth did view  
Those two forbidden apples, which they wished for !  
And children long for that, which once they rue.  
Suffice, he found Repentance ! which he fished for,  
With great expense of baits and golden hooks.  
Those living apples do the suit pursue !  
And are you Judges ? See their angry looks !



Where, underneath that wrathful canopy,  
They use to open their condemning books!  
Expect now, nothing but extremity!  
Since they be Judges, and in their own cause  
Their sights are fixed on nought but cruelty:  
Ruling with rigour, as they list! their laws.  
O grant some pity! (placed in Pity's Hall!)  
Since our Forefather (for the like offence)  
With us, received sufficient recompense  
For two fair apples, which secured his fall.

ELEGY VIII.

“ EASE, Sorrow! Cease, O cease thy rage a little!  
Ah, Little Ease! O, grant some little ease!  
O Fortune, ever constant, never brittle!  
For as thou 'gan, so dost thou still displease.  
Ah, ceaseless Sorrow! take a truce with me!  
Remorseless tyrants, sometimes, will take peace  
Upon conditions; and I'll take of thee  
Conditions; so thou wilt, thy fury cease!  
And dear conditions! for to forfeit life,  
So thou wilt end thy plagues, and vex no more!”  
But, out alas! he will not cease his strife!  
Lest he should lose his privilege before!  
For were I dead, my Sorrow's rule were nought,



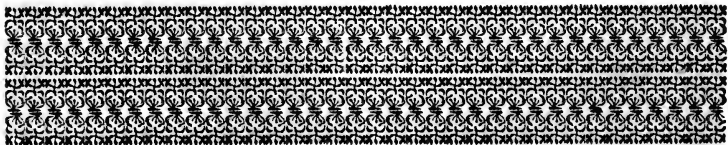


And, whiles I live, he, like a tyrant rageth !  
 “ Ah, rage, fierce Tyrant ! for this grief is wrought  
 By Love, thy counsel ; which my mind engageth  
 To thy fierce thraldom, while he spoils mine heart ! ”  
 So be my mind and heart imprisoned fast  
 To two fierce Tyrants, which this empire part.  
 “ O milder Goddess ! Shall this, for ever, last ?  
 If that I have these bitter plagues deserved ;  
 Yet let Repentance (which my soul doth melt)  
 Obtain some favour, if you be not swerved  
 From laws of mercy ! ” Know what plagues I felt !  
 Yea, but I doubt enchantment in my breast !  
 For never man, so much aggrieved as I,  
 Could live with ceaseless Sorrow’s weight opprest,  
 But twenty thousand times, perforce, should die !  
 And with eyes, She did bewitch mine heart ;  
 Which lets it live, but feel an endless smart.

## ELEGY IX.



WITH humble suit, upon my bended knee,  
 (Though absent far from hence, not to be seen ;  
 Yet, in thy power, still present, as gods be)  
 I speak these words (whose bleeding wounds be  
 green)






To thee, dread CUPID! and thy mother Queen!  
“If it, at any time, hath lawful been  
Men mortal to speak with a deity;  
O you great guiders of young Springing Age;  
Whose power immortal ever was, I ween,  
As mighty as your spacious monarchy!  
O spare me! spare my tedious pilgrimage!  
Take hence the least brand of your extreme fires!  
Do not, 'gainst those which yield, fierce battle wage!  
I know by this, you will allay your rage!  
That you give life unto my long desires:  
Which still persuades me, you will pity take.  
Life is far more than my vexed soul desires.  
O take my life! and, after death, torment me!  
Then, though in absence of my chief delight,  
I shall lament alone! My soul requires  
And longs to visit the Elizian fields!  
Then, that I loved, it never shall repent me!  
There (till those days of Jubilee shall come),  
Would I walk pensive, pleased, alone, and dumb!  
Grant this petition, sweet love's Queen! (which yields  
The heart of forelorn lovers evermore!)  
Or else Zancleæan CHARBID' me devour!  
And through his waters, sent to Stygian power!  
Or patient, let me burn in Etna's flame!  
Or fling myself, in fury, from the shore,  
Into the deep waves of the Leucadian god!

Rather than bear this tumult and uproar ;  
 And, through your means, be scourged with mine own rod !  
 O let me die, and not endure the same !  
 The suit I make, is to be punished still ;  
 Nor would I wish not to be wretched there,  
 But that I might remain in hope and fear !  
 Sweet lovely Saints ! Let my suit like your will ! ”

## ELEGY X.

**I**N QUIET silence of the shady night,  
 All places free from noise of men and dogs,  
 When PHŒBE, carried in her chariot bright,  
 Had cleared the misty vapours, and night fogs :  
 Then (when no care the quiet shepherd clogs,  
 Having his flock safe foddered in the fold)  
 A lively Vision, to my Fancy's sight  
 Appeared ; which, methought, wake I did behold.  
 A fiery boy, outmatching the moonlight,  
 Who, softly whispering in mine ear, had told  
 “ There, thou, thy fair PARTHENOPHE may see ! ”  
 I quickly turning, in a hebene bed  
 With sable covering, and black curtains spread  
 With many little LOVES in black, by thee !  
 Thee ! thee, PARTHENOPHE ! left almost dead !  
 Pale cold with fear I did behold. Ay me !

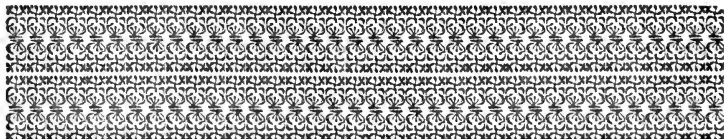



Ah me! left almost senseless in my bed,  
My groans perceived by those which near me lay;  
By them, with much ado recovered.  
Which fearful vision so did me affray  
That, in a fury set beside my wit,  
Sick as before, methought, I saw thee yet  
VENUS, thy face, there covered with a veil;  
(Mine heart with horror chills, to think on it!)  
The Graces kissed thy lips, and went away.  
Then I, with furious raging, did assail  
To kiss thee! lest thou should depart before!  
And then (in sight of those, which there did stand),  
Thinking that I should never see thee more,  
Mistaking thee, I kissed a firebrand!  
Burnt with the fire, my senses (which did fail)  
Freshly recalled into their wits again;  
I found it was a dream! But, Sweet! expound it!  
For that strange dream, with tears renews my pain;  
And I shall never rest, till I have found it.

E L E G Y X I.



As it decreed by Fate's too certain doom  
That under Cancer's Tropic (where the Sun  
Still doth his race, in hottest circuit run)  
My mind should dwell (and in none other room),






Where comforts all be burnt before the bloom ?  
 Was it concluded by remorseless Fate  
 That underneath th' Erymanthian Bear,  
 Beneath the Lycaonian axletree  
 (Where ceaseless snows, and frost's extremity  
 Hold jurisdiction) should remain my Fear ;  
 Where all mine hopes be nipt before the Bear ?  
 Was it thus ordered that, till my death's date,  
 When PHŒBUS runs on our meridian line,  
 When mists fall down beneath our hemisphere,  
 And CYNTHIA, with dark antipodes doth shine,  
 That my Despair should hold his Mansion there ?  
 Where did the fatal Sisters this assign ?  
 Even when this judgement to them was awarded ;  
 The silent Sentence issued from her eyne,  
 Which neither pity, nor my cares regarded.

## ELEGY XII.



NEVER can I see that sunny light !  
 That bright contriver of my fiery rage !  
 Those precious Golden Apples shining bright :  
 But, out alas ! methinks, some fearful sight  
 Should battle, with the dear beholders wage.



I fear such precious things should have some force  
Them to preserve, lest some beholders might  
Procure those precious apples by their slight.  
Then cruel ATLAS, banished from remorse,  
Enters my thoughts, and how he feared away  
The poor inhabitants which dwelt about ;  
Lest some, of his rich fruit should make a prey :  
Although the Orchard, circummured throughout  
With walls of steel was ; and a vigil stout  
Of watchful dragons guarded everywhere,  
Which bold attempters vexed with hot pursuit,  
So that none durst approach his fruit for fear.  
Thus, ATLAS like, thine heart hath dragons set  
Tyrannous Hatred, and a Proud Disdain,  
Which in that Orchard cruelly did reign,  
And with much rigour rule thy lovely eyes !  
Immured in steely walls of chaste Desire,  
Which entrance to poor passengers denies,  
And death's high danger to them that require,  
And even as ATLAS (through fierce cruelty,  
And breach to laws of hospitality ;  
When lodging to a stranger he denied)  
Was turnèd to a stony mountain straight ;  
Which on his shoulders, now, supports heaven's weight :  
(A just revenge for cruelty and pride !)  
Even so, thine heart (for inhumanity,  
And wrath to those, that thine eyes' apples love !

And that it will not lodge a lovely guest)  
Is turned to rock, and doth the burden bear  
Of thousand zealous lovers' dear complaints ;  
Whom thou, with thy fierce cruelty, didst tear !  
A huge hard rock, which none can ever move ;  
And of whose fruit, no man can be possesst.  
Thy golden smiles make none attempts too dear :  
But when attempted once those apples be,  
The vain Attempter, after, feels the smart ;  
Who, by thy dragons, Hatred and Disdain,  
Are torn in sunder with extremity !  
For having entered, no man can get forth  
(So those enchanting apples hinder thee),  
Of such dear prize be things of such rare worth ;  
But even as PERSEUS, JOVE's thrice valiant son,  
(Begot of DANÆ in a golden shower)  
Huge ATLAS conquered, when he first begun ;  
Then killed the dragons with his matchless power :  
At length, the beauteous Golden Apples won.  
So right is he born in a golden hour  
(And for his fortune, may from JOVE descend),  
Who first thine heart (an ATLAS !) hath subdued ;  
Next, Hatred and Disdain brought to their end ;  
Fierce dragons, which Attempters all pursued,  
And which, before, none ever have eschewed.  
At length, who shall these golden apples gain,  
He shall, alone, be PERSEUS, for his pain !

ELEGY XIII.



WIFT ATALANTA (when she lost the prize  
 By gathering golden apples in her race)  
 Shews how, by th'apples of thine heavenly eyes,  
 (Which Fortune did, before my passage place,  
 When for mine heart's contentment, I did run)  
 How, I was hindered, and my wager lost!  
 When others did the wager's worth surprise;  
 I viewed thine eyes! Thus eyes viewed to my cost!  
 Nor could I them enjoy, when all was done!  
 But seeming (as they did) bright as the sun,  
 My course I stayed to view their fiery grace;  
 Whose sweet possession I could not comprise.  
 Th'Idæan Shepherd, when the strife begun  
 Amongst three goddesses, as Judge decreed,  
 The golden apple to VENUS did award  
 (Cause of the waste and downfall of proud Troy).  
 But when the Graces had a sweet regard,  
 How fair PARTHENOPHE did her exceed;  
 And VENUS, now, was from the world debarred:  
 One so much fairer far, as too much coy,  
 PARTHENOPHE, they chose in VENUS stead.  
 And since her beauty VENUS' did outgo,  
 Two golden apples were to her assigned!  
 Which apples, the outrageous tumults breed  
 That are heaped up in my distressed mind:  
 Whose figure, in inflamed Troy I find;  
 The chief occasion of mine endless woe.

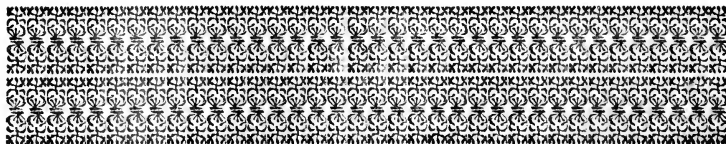


## ELEGY XIV.




WHEN I remember that accursèd night,  
 When my dear Beauty said "She must depart!  
 And the next morning, leave the City's sight,"  
 Ah, then! Even then, black Sorrow shewed his  
 might!

And placed his empire in my vanquished heart:  
 Mine heart still vanquished, yet assaulted still,  
 Burnt with Love's outrage; from whose clear torchlight,  
 Fierce Sorrow finds a way to spoil and kill.  
 Ah, Sorrow! Sorrow! never satisfied!  
 And if not satisfied, work on thy will!  
 O dear departure of mine only bliss!  
 When willing, from the City thou did ride;  
 And I made offer (though then wounded wide)  
 To go with thee; thou, rashly, didst refuse  
 With me distressed, to be accompanied!  
 And binding words (imperious) didst use!  
 Commanding me another way to choose.  
 Ah then! even then, in spirit crucified,  
 Mine eyes, with tears; mine heart, with sighs and throbs;  
 Those, almost blind! that, hard swollen, almost burst!  
 My brains abjuring harbour to my Muse  
 Did leave me choked almost, with strait sobs.  
 Ah! be that hour and day, for ever curst;  
 Which me, of my life's liberty did rob!  
 For, since that time, I never saw my Love!





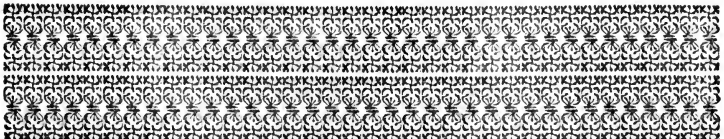


Long can we not be severed! I will follow  
Through woods, through mountains, waves, and caves  
made hollow!  
O Grief! of grief's extremity the worst!  
Still, will I follow! till I find thee out!  
And, if my wish, with travel, shall not prove;  
Yet shall my sorrows travel round about  
In wailful Elegies, and mournful Verse,  
Until they find! and Thee, with pity pierce!  
Meanwhile, to see Thee more, standing in doubt;  
I'll sing my Plain Song with the turtle dove;  
And Prick Song, with the nightingale rehearse!

E L E G Y X V.



DEAR remembrance of my Lady's eyes,  
In mind whose revolutions I revolve!  
To you, mine heart's bright guide stars! my Soul cries  
Upon some happy Sentence to resolve.  
A Sentence either of my life or death!  
So bail me from the dungeon of Despair!  
On you! I cry, with interrupted breath,  
On you! and none but you! to cross my care.  
My care to cross, least I be crucified,  
Above the patience of a human soul!  
Do this! ah this! and still be glorified!  
Do this! and let eternities enrol






Thy fame and name! Let them enrol for ever  
 In lasting records of still lasting steel!  
 Do this! ah this! and famous still persèver!  
 Which in another Age, thy ghost shall feel.  
 Yet, howsoever, thou, with me shall deal;  
 Thy beauty shall persèver in my Verse!  
 And thine eyes' wound, which thine heart would not heal!  
 And my complaints, which could not thine heart pierce!  
 And thine hard heart, thy beauty's shameful stain!  
 And that foul stain, thine endless infamy!  
 So, though Thou still in record do remain,  
 The records reckon but thine obloquy!  
 When on the paper, which my Passion bears,  
 Relenting readers, for my sake! shed tears.

## ELEGY XVI.



H, WERE my tears, as many writers' be,  
 Mere drops of ink proceeding from my pen!  
 Then in these sable weeds, you should not see  
 Me severed from society of men!  
 Ah me! all colours do mine eyes displease,  
 Save those two colours of pure white, and red!  
 And yet I dare not flourish it in these,  
 Because I cannot! For my colour's dead.  
 Those colours flourish round about each where,  
 But chiefly with my Mistress, in their kind:

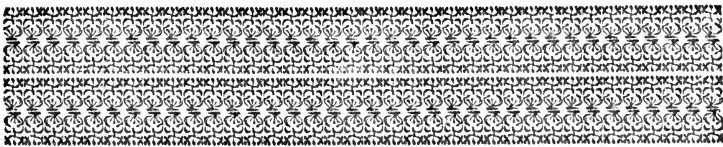




And fain I would her lovely colours wear ;  
So that it might be pleasing to her mind !  
But nought will please her over-cruel eye,  
But black and pale, on body, and in face ;  
Then She triumphs in beauty's tyranny,  
When she sees Beauty, Beauty can disgrace !  
When her sweet smiling eyes dry VESTA'S throne !  
Can blubbered blear-eyes, drown in seas of tears !  
And laughs to hear poor lovers, how they moan !  
Joys in the paper, which her praises bears !  
And, for his sake than sent, that schedule tears !  
What but pale Envy doth her heart assail ?  
When She would be still fair, and laugh alone ;  
And, for her sake, all others mourn and pale !

E L E G Y X V I I .

**D**EAR Mistress ! than my soul, to me much dearer !  
Wonder not that another writes my letter ;  
For Sorrow, still, mine heart oppresseth nearer,  
And extreme sickness doth my sinews fetter.  
Of my dear life, to thy love am I debtor !  
Thine is my soul ! Than soul, what can be meerer ?  
Thine, my chief best ! Than that, what can be better ?  
Absented far and (that which is far worse)  
Unable either for to go or ride ;  
Here am I, in perpetual bondage tied !






Than if with savage Sauromates, far worse !  
 This air is loathsome ; and this air, I curse ;  
 Because, with thy sweet breath it is not blest !  
 Though hot ; cool waters I cannot abide,  
 Since the which thy clear eyes as all the rest.  
 Be not, as they sometimes were, purified !  
 The ground I tread, my footing doth infest ;  
 Because it is not hallowed with thy feet !  
 I loathe all meat ; for all meat is unmeet,  
 Which is not eaten, where thy sweet self feedest !  
 Nothing is pleasant, lovely, rich, or sweet ;  
 Which doth not with his grace, thy beauty meet !  
 Ah, too dear absence ! which this sickness bredest  
 Of thy dear Sweet, which cannot be too dear !  
 Yet, if thou will vouchsafe my life to save,  
 Write but one line ! One line, my life will cheer !  
 The ransom of my life, thy name will pay !  
 And I be freed from my much doubtful fear.

## ELEGY XVIII.



NEITHER Love, nor Pity can procure  
 Thy ruthless heart subscribe to my content ;  
 But if thou vow that I shall still endure  
 This doubtful fear, which ever doth torment !  
 If to thine eyes, thine heart can lend a fire,

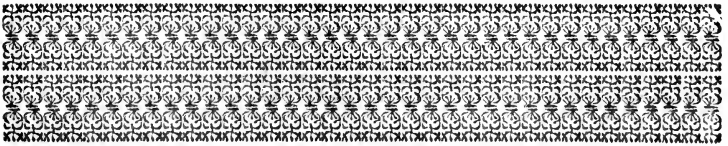




Whiles cold disdain, upon them sets a lock  
To bar forth Pity, which kind hearts desire,  
Whiles the distressed make prayers to a rock !  
If that thine eyes send out a sunny smile  
From underneath a cloudy frown of hate !  
Plain love with counterfeisance, to beguile ;  
Which, at thy windows, for some grace await !  
If thou, thine ears can open to thy praise,  
And them, with that report delighted, cherish.  
And shut them, when the Passionate assays  
To plead for pity, then about to perish !  
If thou canst cherish graces in thy cheek,  
For men to wonder at, which thee behold !  
And they find furies, when thine heart they seek,  
And yet prove such as are extremely cold !  
Now as I find no thought to man's conceit ;  
Then must I swear, to woman's, no deceit !

E L E G Y X I X.

**D**EAR Sorrow ! Give me leave to breathe a while !  
A little leave, to take a longer breath !  
Whose easy passage, still, thou dost beguile,  
Choked up with sighs, proclaimers of my death.  
O let the tears of ever-thirsty eyes  
Return back to the channels of mine heart !



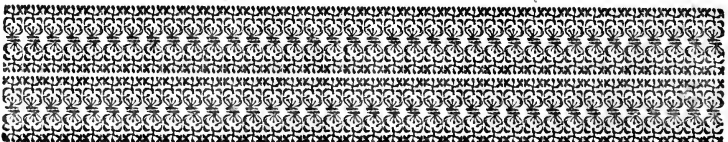


They, to my sight be vowèd enemies  
And made a traitorous league not to depart ;  
Under the colour of tormenting those  
Which were first causers of mine heart's distress.  
And closely with mine heart, by guile, did close  
Through blinding them, to make my torment less ;  
O let those fearful thoughts, which still oppress me,  
Turn to the dungeon of my troubled brain !  
Despair t' accompany ! which doth possess me,  
And with his venom poisoneth every vein.  
Ugly Despair ! who, with black force, assaults  
Me vanquished with conceit, and makes me dwell  
With Horror, matched in Melancholy's vaults !  
Where I lie burning in my Fancies' Hell.  
O thou, dread Ruler of my sorrows' rage !  
Of thee ! and none but thee, I beg remorse !  
With thy sweet breath, thou may my sighs assuage !  
And make my sorrows' fountains stay their course,  
And banish black Despair ! Then help me, now !  
Or know, Death can do this, as well as thou !

## E L E G Y X X.



DEAR vexation of my troubled soul !  
My life, with grief, when wilt thou consumate ?  
The dear remembrance of my passing soul ;  
Mine heart, with some rests, hope doth animate.



How many have those conquering eyes subdued !  
How many vanquished captives to thine heart !  
Head iron-hearted Captains (when they viewed)  
Were drawn, till they were wounded with thy dart !  
O when, I, their haired bodies have beheld,  
Their martial stomachs, and oft-wounded face ;  
Which bitter tumults and garboils foretelled ;  
In which, it seemed they found no coward's place :  
Then, I recalled how far Love's power exceeds,  
Above the bloody menace of rough war !  
Where every wounded heart close inward bleeds ;  
And sudden pierced, with the twinkling of a star !  
Then (when such iron-hearted Captains be,  
To thine heart's Bulwark, forcèd for to try  
Which way to win that Fort by battery ;  
And how all Conquerors, there conquered lie !)  
Methinks, thine heart, or else thine eyes be made  
(Because they can such iron objects force)  
Of hardest adamant ! that men (which laid  
Continual siege) be thrallèd, without remorse.  
Thine heart, of adamant ! because it takes  
The hardest hearts, drawn prisoners unto thine.  
Thine eye ! because it, wounded many makes.  
Yet no transpiercing beams can pierce those eyne !  
Thine heart of adamant, which none can wound !  
Thine eye of adamant, unpiercèd found !



## E L E G Y X X I .



HAPPY! depart with speed! Than me, more fortunate  
ever!

Poor Letter, go thy ways! unto my sweet Lady's  
hands!

She shall look on thee! and then, with her beautiful eyes  
bless!

Smiling eyes (perhaps, thee to delight with a glance)  
She shall cast on a line; if a line, there, pleaseth her  
humour!

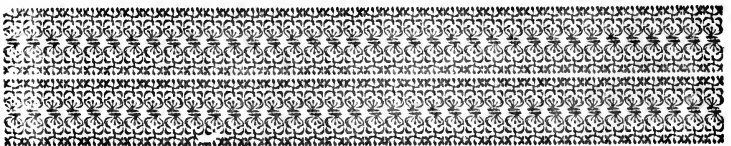
But if a line displease; then shall appear a frown!  
How much she dislikes thy loves, and saucy salutings!

O my life's sweet Light! know that a frown of thine eye  
Can transpierce to my soul, more swift than a Parthian  
arrow;

And more deeply wound than any lance, or a spear!  
But thy sweet Smiles can procure such contrary motions;  
Which can, alone, that heal, wound afore by thine eyes!  
Like to the lance's rust, which healed whilom warlike

ACHILLES

With right hand valliant, doughtily wounded afore.  
Not unlike to the men, whose grief the scorpion helpeth  
(Whom he, before, did sting), ready to die through pain:  
Thou, that Beauty procures to be thy Chastity's handmaid,  
With Virtue's regiment glorious, ordered alone!  
Thou, that those smooth brows, like plates of ivory planèd,







(When any look on them) canst make appear like a cloud !  
Thou, that those clear eyes, whose light surpasseth a star's  
light,

Canst make Love's flames shoot, with cruel anger, abroad !  
Thou, that those fair cheeks, when a man thy beauty  
beholdeth,

(Deeply to wound), canst make sweetly to blush like a rose !  
Make thy brows (to delight mine heart !) smooth ! Shadow  
thy clear eyes !

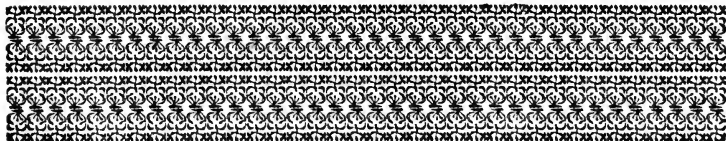
(Whose, smile is to my soul, like to the sun from a cloud,  
When he shines to the world in most pride, after a tempest ;

And with his heat provokes all the delights of the ground)  
Grant me, sweet Lady! this! This, grant! kind Pity  
requesteth !

Tears and sighs make a suit ! Pity me ! pity my suit !  
Thus to thy sweet graces, will I leave my dreary bewailings !

And to thy gracious heart, I recommend my laments !  
Thrice blessed ! go thy way, to my Dear ! Go, thrice speedy  
Letter !

And for me, kiss them ! since I may not kiss her hands.





## C A N Z O N I .



ALL beauty's far perfections rest in thee !  
 And sweetest grace of graces  
 Decks thy face, 'bove faces !  
 All virtue takes her glory from thy mind !  
 The Muses in thy wits have their places !  
 And in thy thoughts all mercies be !  
 Thine heart from all hardness free !

An holy place in thy thoughts, holiness doth find !

In favourable speech, kind !

A sacred tongue and eloquent !

Action sweet and excellent !

Music itself, in joints of her fair fingers is !

She, Chantress of singers is !

Her plighted faith is firm and permanent !

O now ! now, help ! Wilt thou take some compassion ?

She thinks I flatter, writing on this fashion !

Thy beauty past, with disorder stained is !

In the, no graces find rest !

In thee, who sought it, saw least !

And all thy thoughts be vain and vicious !

Thy brains with dulness are opprest !

Of thee, no mercy gainèd is !

Thine heart, hard and feignèd is !  
A mind profane, and of the worst suspicious !  
In speech not delicious !  
A tongue tied, which cannot utter !  
Gesture lame, like words which stutter !  
Thy hands and mind, unapt in music to rejoice !  
For songs unfit, an hoarse voice !  
Thy faith unconstant, whatsoe'er thou mutter !  
Be gracious ! No ! She thinks my words be bitter !  
Through my misfortunes, they for myself be fitter !

O how long ! how long shall I be distress !  
How long in vain shall I moan !  
How long in pain shall I groan !  
How long shall I bathe in continual tears !  
How long shall I sit sad, and sigh alone !  
How long shall fear discomfort give !  
How long shall hopes let me live !  
How long shall I lie bound in despairs and fears !  
With sorrow still my heart wears !  
My sundry fancies subdue me !  
Thine eyes kill me, when they view me !  
When thou speaks with my soul ; thy voice music maketh,  
And souls from silence waketh !  
Thy brow's smiles quicken me ; whose frowns slew me !  
Then fair Sweet ! behold ! See me, poor wretch ! in torment !  
Thou perceivest well ! but thine heart will not relent.

Mine Eyes and Sleep be fierce professèd foes !  
Much care and tears did make it :  
Nor yet will they forsake it ;  
But they will vex my brains, and troubled eyes !  
If any sorrow sleep, they will wake it !

Still, sighing mine heart overthrows !  
 Yet art Thou cause of these woes !  
 But what avails ! if I make to the deaf, such horrible out-  
 cries ?

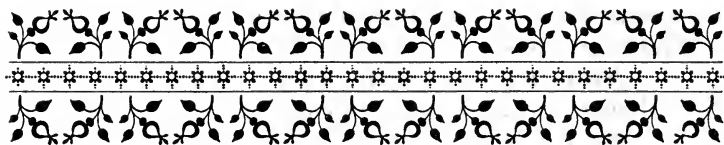
She hears not my miseries !  
 O Sorrow ! Sorrow, cease a while !  
 Let her but look on me and smile !  
 And from me, for a time, thou shalt be banished !  
 My comforts are vanished !  
 Nor hope, nor time, my sorrows can beguile !  
 Yet cease I not to cry for mercy ! vexèd thus ;  
 But thou wilt not relieve us, which perplexèd us !

Ah, would Thou set some limits to my woes !  
 That, after such a time set  
 (As penance to some crime set),  
 Forbearance, through sweet hope, I might endure !  
 But as bird (caught in the fowler's lime set)  
 No means for his liberty knows ;  
 Me such despair overgoes,  
 That I can find no comfortable hope of cure !  
 Then since nothing can procure  
 My sweet comfort, by thy kindness ;  
 (Armed in peace, to bear this blindness)  
 I voluntarily submit to this sorrow,  
 As erst, each even and morrow.  
 Can women's hearts harbour such unkindness ?  
 O, relent ! Relent, and change thy behaviour !  
 Foul is the name of Tyrant ; sweet, of Saviour !

Long to the rocks, have I made my complaints !  
 And to the woods desolate,  
 My plaints went early and late !  
 To the forsaken mountains and rivers !

Yet comfortless, and still disconsolate ;  
    Mine heart, as it was wonted, faints !  
        Such small help comes from such Saints !  
Why should men which in such pain live, be called, Livers ?  
    Such arrows bear love's quivers.  
    Now, since rocks and woods will not hear ;  
    Nor hills and floods, my sorrows bear :  
In sounding echoes and swift waves, the world about,  
    These papers report it out !  
Whose lasting Chronicles shall Time outwear !  
Then, take remorse, dear Love ! and to these, united  
Shall be thy mercies ! with matchless prayers recited.

You hapless winds ! with my sighs infected  
    Whose fumes, you never let rise  
    To please her with sacrifice !  
But evermore, in gross clouds them choked ;  
So that my Dear could never them comprise !  
    O you (that never detected  
    My plaints, but them neglected !  
Which in your murmurs brought, might have her provoked !  
    When them in clouds you cloaked !)  
    Know that a prouder spirit flies,  
    Bearing them to posterities !  
And lays them open wide, that the world may view them ;  
    That all which read, may rue them ;  
When they shall pierce thine ears, though not thine eyes !  
Then, sweet Fair ! pity my long service and duty !  
Lest thine hard heart be more famous than thy beauty !  
    Then do no longer despise,  
    But, with kind pity, relent thee !  
    Cease to vex and torment me !  
If Shame's fear move not (which all discovers),  
    Fear plague of remorseless lovers !



## The First Eidillion of M O S C H U S describing Love.

[Compare with Vol. II. p. 107.]



VENUS aloud, for her son CUPID cried,  
 "If any spy LOVE gadding in the street,  
 It is my rogue! He that shall him  
 betray,  
 For hire, of VENUS shall have kisses  
 sweet!  
 But thou that brings him, shall have more  
 beside,

Thou shalt not only kiss, but as guest stay!

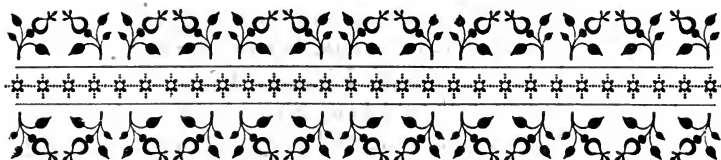
By many marks, the Boy thou mayst bewray!  
 'Mongst twenty such beside, thou shalt perceive him!  
 Not of a pale complexion, but like fire!  
 Quick rolling eyes, and flaming in their gyre!  
 False heart! Sweet words, which quickly will deceive him,  
 To whom he speaks! Sweet speech, at your desire;  
 But vex him! then, as any wasp he stingeth!  
 Lying, and false! if you receive him;  
 A crafty lad! and cruel pastimes bringeth!

A fair curled head, and a right waggish face!  
 His hands are small; yet he shoots far away!  
 For even so far as Acheron, he shooteth!  
 And to the Infernal Monarch, his darts stray.  
 Clothesless, he, naked goes in every place!  
 And yet to know his thoughts, it no man booteth!

Swift, as a bird, he flies ! and quickly footeth,  
Now to these men ! and women, now to those !  
But yet he fits within their very marrow  
A little bow, and in that bow, an arrow !  
A small flight-shaft, but still to heavenward goes !  
About his neck, a golden dart-barrow !  
In which, he placeth every bitter dart ;  
Which, often, even at me ! he throws !  
All full of cruelty ! all full of smart !  
And yet this thing more wondrous ! A small brand  
That even the very sun itself doth burn !

If him thou take ; pitiless, lead him, bound !  
And, if thou chance to see him weep, return !  
Then (lest he thee deceive), his tears withstand !  
And if he laugh, draw him along the ground !  
If he would kiss, refuse ! His lips confound !  
For those alone be poisoned evermore !  
But if he say, ' Take ! these I give to thee !'  
All those my weapons which belong to me !'  
Touch them not, when he lays them, thee before !  
Those gifts of his, all false and fiery be ! "

F I N I S .





# ODES PASTORAL.



## SESTINE 2.



IN SWEETEST pride of youthful May,  
 Where my poor flocks were wont to stay  
 About the valleys and high hills,  
 Which FLORA with her glory fills;  
 PARTHENOPHIL, the gentle Swain,  
 Perplexèd with a pleasing pain,

Despairing how to slack his pain;  
 To woods and floods, these words did say,  
 "PARTHENOPHE, mine heart's Soverain!  
 Why dost thou, my delights delay?  
 And with thy cross unkindness kills,  
 Mine heart, bound martyr to thy wills!"

But women will have their own wills,  
 Alas, why then should I complain?  
 Since what She lists, her heart fulfils.  
 I sigh! I weep! I kneel! I pray!  
 When I should kiss, She runs away!  
 Sighs! knees! tears! prayers! spent in vain!



My verses do not please her vain,  
Mine heart wears with continual thrills  
His Epilogue about to play !  
My Sense, unsound ; my Wits, in wane ;  
I still expect a happy day !  
Whilst harvest grows, my winter spills !

PARTHENOPHE mine harvest spills !  
She robs my storehouse of his grain !  
Alas, sweet Wench ! thy rage allay !  
Behold, what fountain still distils ;  
Whiles thine heat's rage in me doth rain !  
Yet moisture will not his flame stay.

PARTHENOPHE ! thy fury stay !  
Take hence ! the occasion of these ills  
Thou art the cause ! but come again !  
Return ! and FLORA'S pride disdain !  
Her lilies, rose, and daffodils !  
Thy cheeks and forehead disarray

The roses and lilies of their grain ;  
What swans can yield so many quills  
As all her glories can display ?

O D E I .



WHEN I walk forth into the Woods,  
With heavy Passion to complain  
I view the trees with blushing buds  
Ashamed, or grieved at my pain !  
There amaranthe, with rosy stain  
(Me pitying) doth his leaves ingrain !

When I pass pensive to the Shore,  
The water birds about me fly,  
As if they mourned ! when rivers roar,  
Chiding thy wrathful cruelty ;  
Halcion watcheth warily  
To chide thee, when thou comest by !

If to the City, I repair  
Mine eyes thy cruelty betray !  
And those which view me, find my care :  
Swoll'n eyes and sorrows it betray !  
Whose figures in my forehead are,  
These curse the cause of mine ill fare !

When I go forth to feed my Flocks  
As I, so they hang down their heads !  
If I complain to ruthless Rocks,  
(For that it seems, hard rocks her bred)  
Rocks' ruth, in rivers may be read !  
Which from those rocks down trickled.

When shepherds would know how I fare,  
And ask, " How doth *PARTHENOPHIL* ? "   
" Ill," *ECHO* answers, in void air ;  
And with these news, each place doth fill !  
Poor herdgrooms, from each cottage, will  
Sing my complaints, on every hill !

## O D E 2 .



**S**PEAK, *ECHO* ! tell

With lilies, columbines, and roses,  
What their *PARTHENOPHIL* composes ? *ECHO*, Posies !

O sacred smell !

For those, which in her lap she closes,  
The gods like well !


Speak, ECHO! tell  
With daffodillies, what she doth plet  
Which in such order, she doth set  
For LOVE to dwell?  
As She should FLORA's chapel let? ECHO, Chaplet!  
This LOVE likes well!

Speak, ECHO! tell  
Why lilies and red roses like her? ECHO, Like her!  
No pity with remorse will strike her!  
Did Nature well,  
Which did, from fairest Graces, pike her  
To be mine hell?

Speak, ECHO! tell  
Why columbines she entertains?  
Because the proverb "Watchet" feigns,  
"True loves like well!"  
And do these therefore like her veins? ECHO Her veins!  
There CUPIDS dwell!

Speak, ECHO, tell  
Wherefore her chaplets yellow were like,  
When others here, were more her like? ECHO, Hair-like!  
Yet, I know well!  
Her heart is tiger-like, or bear-like,  
To rocks itsell.

CANZON 2.

ING! sing, PARTHENOPHIL! sing! pipe! and play!  
This feast is kept upon this plain,  
Amongst th' Arcadian shepherds everywhere,  
For ASTROPHEL's birthday! Sweet ASTROPHEL!  
Arcadia's honour! mighty PAN's chief pride!  
Where be the Nymphs? The Nymphs all gathered be  
To sing sweet ASTROPHEL's sweet praise!

ECHO! record what feasts be kept to-day  
 Amongst th'Arcadian shepherd swains!  
 What keep they, whiles they do the Muses cheer?  
 ECHO, Cheer!

He cheered the Muses with celestial skill!  
 All Shepherds' praise died with him, when he died!  
 He left no peer! Then, what deservèd he,  
 At whose pipe's sound, the lambkin bays?  
 ECHO, Bays!

The bullocks leap! the fawns dance in array!  
 Kids skip! the Satyrs friskins fain!  
 Here stand a herd of Swains! Fair Nymphs stand there!  
 Swains dance! while Nymphs with flowers their baskets fill!  
 What was he to those Nymphs with garlands tied?  
 ECHO, Tied!

What tied him? Hath he to tell there bound t'ee?  
 ECHO, Bounty!

How! To report his martial days?  
 ECHO, All days!

Thrice happy man! that found this happy way!  
 His praise all Shepherds' glory stains!  
 What doth PARTHENOPHE, my purchase dear?  
 ECHO, Chase dear!

What saith She, to her PARTHENOPHIL?  
 ECHO, O fill!

Shepherds! I fill sweet wines repurified,  
 And to his blessed Soul, this health have we!  
 Singing sweet Odes and Roundelays!

Let every man drink round besides this bay!  
Where are the Nymphs and Fairy train?  
STELLA, three garlands in her hand doth bear;  
And those, for his sweet sake! she proffer will,  
Unto th'Elizian souls! And I have spied  
PARTHENOPHE, with spoil returns to me,  
Of three great hearts. Sing Virelays!

Those golden darts fly never void of prey,  
And STELLA sits (as if some Chain  
Of Fancies bound her!) by that motley bier!  
Where, with sweet eglantine and daffodil,  
She, chaplets makes, with gold and scarlet dyed.  
Here, COLIN sits, beneath that oaken tree!  
ELIZA singing in his Lays!

Blest is Arcadia's Queen! Kneel Swains, and say  
That "She (which here chief Nymph doth reign)  
May blessed live! to see th'extremest year!"  
For sacrifice, then, lambs and kidlings kill!  
And be, by them, ELIZA glorified!  
The Flower of Loves, and pure Virginity!  
This Delian Nymph doth amaze!

The fairest deers, which in the forests stay!  
Those harts (which proudest herds disdain;  
And range the forests as without compeer!)  
Submissive, yield themselves! that if She will,  
She, them may wound! or on their swift backs ride!  
Lions and bears, with beauty tameth She!  
Shepherds! for Her! your voices raise!

ECHO! this favour, if I purchase may!

Do not herdgrooms there feign?

ECHO, They're fain!

What want they? Speak! now, they be blest, if e'er!

ECHO, Fear!

What be the confines? Rebels they be still!

ECHO, They be still!

What is She, that so many Swains doth there guide?

ECHO, Their guide!

None but herself hath that ability

To rule so many ways!

Her thoughts, sure grounded on Divinity;

For this sweet Nymph, each Shepherd prays!

### O D E 3.



UPON a holy Saintès Eve

As I took my pilgrimage,

Wand'ring through the forest wary,

Blest be that holy Saint!

I met the lovely Virgin, MARY!

And kneelèd, with long travel faint,

Performing my due homage.

My tears foretold my heart did grieve,

Yet MARY would not me relieve!

Her I did promise, every year,

The firstling female of my flock;

That in my love she would me further.

(I curst the days of my first love,

My comfort's spoils, my pleasures' murder.)

She, She, alas, did me reprove!

My suits, as to a stony rock,

Were made; for she would not give ear:

Ah love! dear love! love bought too dear!

MARY, my Saint chaste and mild !  
Pity, ah, pity my suit !  
Thou art a virgin, pity me !  
Shine eyes, though pity wanting ;  
That she, by them, my grief may see !  
And look on mine heart panting !  
But her deaf ears, and tongue mute,  
Shews her hard heart unreconciled !  
Hard heart, from all remorse exiled !

O D E 4.



ACCHUS ! Father of all sport !  
Worker of Love's comfort !  
VENUS' best beloved brother !  
(Like beloved is none other !)  
Greater Father of Felicity !  
Fill full, with thy divinity,  
These thirsty and these empty veins !  
Thence, fuming up into my brains,  
Exceed APOLLO, through thy might !  
And make me, by thy motion light,  
That, with alacrity, I may  
Write pleasing Odes ! and still display  
PARTHENOPHE, with such high praises,  
(Whose beauty, Shepherds all amazes)  
And, by those means, her loves obtain !  
Then, having filled up every vein,  
I shall be set in perfect state  
The rights of love to celebrate !  
Then, each year, fat from my sheepcot,  
Thy sacrifice, a tydie goat !  
And 'Ιώ έβοί shall be  
Loud chanted, everywhere, to thee !

## O D E 5.



PARTHENOPHE ! See what is sent !

By me (fair Nymph !) these Saints salute thee !  
 Whose presents in this basket here,  
 Faithful PARTHENOPHIL doth bear !  
 Nor will I prove ingrate ! nor mute be !  
 If my power were,  
 Such gifts as these  
 (If they would please)  
 Here willingly I would present !

And these, those presents present be !  
 First, JUNO sent to thee, these lilies !  
 In whose stead chaste Affection moves.  
 VENUS hath sent two turtle doves !  
 NARCISSUS gives thee daffodillies !  
 For doves, true loves !  
 For daffodillies  
 My golden wills !  
 Which countervails what here is sent thee !

FLORA doth greet thee, with sweet roses !  
 THETIS, with rich pearls orient !  
 LEUCOTHOE, with frankincense !  
 For roses, my love's chaste pretence !  
 For pearls, those tears which I have spent !  
 My sighs' incense,  
 For sweet perfume !  
 Thus I presume,  
 Poor Shepherd ! to present these posies !



Though I be rude, as shepherds are,  
Lilies, I know, do stand for whiteness!  
And daffodillies, thy golden hair!  
And doves, thy meekness! figures bear.  
Red roses, for a blushing brightness!  
Thy teeth, pearls were!  
That incense showed  
Thy breath that blowed,  
A sacrifice! for which gods care.

Blest is that Shepherd, nine times nine!  
Which shall, in bosom, these flowers keep  
Bound in one posy; whose sweet smell,  
In Paradise may make him dwell!  
And sleep a ten times happy sleep!  
I dare not mell!  
Else with good will  
P A R T H E N O P H I L  
Would to thy lips, one kiss assign!

O D E 6 .



FAIR sweet glove!  
Divine token  
Of her sweet love,  
Sweetly broken!  
By words, sweet loves She durst not move!  
These gifts, her love to me do prove!  
Though never spoken.

On her fair hand,  
This glove once was!  
None in this land  
Did ever 'pass

Her hands' fair white! Come Loves! here stand!  
 Let Graces' with yours, match her hand!  
 Hide! hide, alas!

Graces would smile  
 If you should match!  
 Hers, yours beguile!  
 Hers, garlands catch  
 From all the Nymphs! which blush the while  
 To see their white outmatched a mile!  
 Which praise did watch.

This glove, I kiss!  
 And, for thy sake,  
 I will not miss,  
 But ballads make!  
 And every sneypher shall know this;  
 P<sup>A</sup>R<sup>T</sup>H<sup>E</sup>N<sup>O</sup>P<sup>H</sup>I<sup>L</sup> in such grace is!  
 Muses, awake!

For I will sing  
 Thy matchless praises!  
 And my pipes bring,  
 Which floods amazes!  
 Wild Satyrs, friskins shall outfling!  
 The rocks shall this day's glory ring!  
 Whiles Nymphs bring daisies.

Some, woodbines bear!  
 Some, damask roses!  
 The Muses were  
 A-binding posies.  
 My goddess' glove to herrye here  
 Great P<sup>A</sup>N comes in, with flowers sear,  
 And crowns composes!

I note this day  
Once every year!  
An holiday  
For Her kept dear!  
A hundred Swains, on pipes shall play!  
And for the Glove, masque in array  
With jolly cheer!

A Glove of Gold,  
I will bring in!  
For which Swains bold,  
Shall strife begin!  
And he, which loves can best unfold;  
And hath in Songs, his mind best told;  
The Glove shall win!

Nymphs shall resort!  
And they, with flowers,  
Shall deck a Fort  
For paramours,  
Which for this Glove, shall there contend!  
Impartial Nymphs shall judgement end!  
And in those bowers,

Pronounce who best  
Deserved, of all!  
Then by the rest  
A Coronat  
Of Roses, freshly shall be drest!  
And he, with that rich Glove possesst,  
As Principal!

## O D E 7.



WHEN I did think to write of war,  
 And martial chiefdens of the field,  
 DIANA did enforce to yield  
 My Muse to praise the Western Star!  
 But PALLAS did my purpose bar,  
 My Muse as too weak, it to wield!

ELIZA's praises were too high!  
 Divinest Wits have done their best!  
 And yet the most have provèd least;  
 Such was her Sacred Majesty!  
 Love's Pride! Grace to Virginity!  
 O could my Muse, in her praise rest!

VENUS directed me to write  
 The praise of peerless Beauty's Wonder!  
 A theme more fit for voice of thunder!  
 PARTHENOPHE, from whose eyes bright,  
 Ten thousand Graces dared my might,  
 And willed me, five degrees write under!

But yet her Fancy wrought so much,  
 That my Muse did, her praise adventure!  
 Wherein, of yore, it durst not enter.  
 And now her beauty gives that touch  
 Unto my Muse, in number such;  
 Which makes me more and more repent her!

ODE 8.

**I**N A shady grove of myrtle,  
Where birds musical resorted,  
With FLORA'S painted flowers fert'le,  
Which men with sight and scent comforted,  
Whilst turtles equally disported,  
Where each Nymph looses  
Bunches of posies,  
Which into chaplets sweet they sorted!

There, seated in that lovely shade,  
With LAYA beautiful, there sate  
A gentle Shepherd, which had made,  
'Gainst evening twilight, somewhat late,  
An arbour built in sylvan state,  
Where, in exchange,  
Their eyes did range,  
Giving each other, the checkmate.

He said, "Sweet comfort of my Life!  
Come and embrace PARTHENOPHIL!"  
"Met we," said She, "to fall at strife!  
I will be gone! Ay, that I will!"  
"I loved you long!" "Why, do so still!"  
"I cannot choose,  
If you refuse!  
But shall myself, with sorrow kill."

With that, he sighed, and would have kissed!  
And viewed her with a fearful smile:  
She turned, and said, "Your aim missed!"  
With sighs redoubled, the meanwhile,

The Shepherd sate, but did compile  
 Green-knotted rushings ;  
 Then roundelays sings !  
 And pleasant doth twilight beguile !

At length, he somewhat nearer presst,  
 And, with a glance, the Nymph deceiving,  
 He kissed her ! She said, " Be at rest !"  
 Willing displeas'd, in the receiving !  
 Thence, from his purpose, never leaving,  
 He pressed her further !  
 She would cry " Murder !"  
 But somewhat was, her breath bereaving !

At length, he doth possess her whole !  
 Her lips ! and all he would desire !  
 And would have breathed in her, his soul !  
 If that his soul he could inspire :  
 Eft that chanced, which he did require,  
 A live soul possesst  
 Her matron breast—  
 Then waking, I found Sleep a liar !

## O D E 9.



BEHOLD, out walking in these valleys,  
 When fair PARTHENOPHE doth tread,  
 How joysome FLORA, with her dallies !  
 And, at her steps, sweet flowers bred !  
 Narcissus yellow,  
 And Amaranthus ever red,  
 Which all her footsteps overspread ;  
 With Hyacinth that finds no fellow.

Behold, within that shady thick,  
Where my PARTHENOPHE doth walk,  
Her beauty makes trees moving quick,  
Which, of her grace, in murmur talk!  
The Poplar trees shed tears ;  
The blossomed Hawthorn, white as chalk ;  
And Aspen trembling on his stalk ;  
The tree which sweet frankincense bears ;

The barren Hebene coaly black ;  
Green Ivy, with his strange embraces ;  
Daphne, which scorns Jove's thundercrack ;  
Sweet Cypress, set in sundry places ;  
And singing Atis tells  
Unto the rest, my Mistress's graces !  
From them, the wind, her glory chases  
Throughout the West ; where it excels.

O D E 10.



Why doth heaven bear a sun  
To give the world a heat ?  
Why, there, have stars a seat ?  
On earth, when all is done !  
PARTHENOPHE's bright sun  
Doth give a greater heat !

And in her heaven there be  
Such fair bright blazing stars ;  
Which still make open wars  
With those in heaven's degree.  
These stars far brighter be  
Than brightest of heaven's stars !

Why doth earth bring forth roses,  
 Violets, or lilies,  
 Or bright daffodillies?  
 In her clear cheeks, she closes  
 Sweet damask roses!  
 In her neck, white lilies!

Violets in her veins!  
 Why do men sacrifice  
 Incense to deities?  
 Her breath more favour gives,  
 And pleaseth heavenly veins  
 More than rich sacrifice!

## O D E I I .



LOVELY MAYA! HERMES' mother,  
 Of fair FLORA much befriended,  
 To whom this sweet month is commended,  
 This month more sweet than any other,  
 By thy sweet sovereignty defended.

Daisies, cowslips, and primroses,  
 Fragrant violets, and sweet mynthe,  
 Matched with purple hyacinth:  
 Of these, each where, Nymphs make trim posies,  
 Praising their mother BERYCINTH.

Behold, a herd of jolly Swains  
 Go flocking up and down the mead!  
 A troupe of lovely Nymphs do tread!  
 And dearnly dancing on yon plains:  
 Each doth, in course, her hornpipe lead!



Before the grooms, plays PEERS the Piper,  
They bring in hawthorn and sweet briar :  
And damask roses, they would bear ;  
But them, they leave till they be riper.  
The rest, round Morris dance there !

With frisking gambols, and such glee,  
Unto the lovely Nymphs they haste !  
Who, there, in decent order placed,  
Expect who shall Queen FLORA be ;  
And with the May Crown, chiefly graced ?

The Shepherds poopen in their pipe,  
One leads his wench a Country Round ;  
Another sits upon the ground ;  
And doth his beard from drivel wipe,  
Because he would be handsome found.

To see the frisking, and the scouping !  
To hear the herdgrooms wooing speeches !  
Whiles one to dance, his girl beseeches.  
The lead-heeled lazy luskins louping,  
Fling out, in their new motley breeches !

This done, with jolly cheer and game,  
The batch'lor Swains, and young Nymphs met ;  
Where in an arbour, they were set.  
Thither, to choose a Queen, they came,  
And soon concluded her to fet.

There, with a garland, they did crown  
PARTHENOPHE, my true sweet Love !  
Whose beauty all the Nymphs above,  
Did put the lovely Graces down.  
The Swains, with shouts, rocks' echoes move !

To see the Rounds, the Morris Dances,  
 The leaden galliards, for her sake !  
 To hear those songs, the Shepherds make !  
 One with his hobby horse still prances !  
 Whiles some, with flowers, an highway make !

There in a mantle of light green,  
 (Reserved, by custom, for that day)  
 PARTHENOPHE, they did array !  
 And did create her, Summer's Queen !  
 And Ruler of their merry May !

## S E S T I N E 3 .



YOU loathed fields and forests,  
 Infected with my vain sighs !  
 You stony rocks, and deaf hills,  
 With my complaints, to speak taught !  
 You sandy shores, with my tears,  
 Which learn to wash your dry face !

Behold, and learn in my face,  
 The state of blasted forests !  
 If you would learn to shed tears,  
 Or melt away with oft sighs ;  
 You shall, of me, be this taught,  
 As I sit under these hills,

Beating mine arms on these hills,  
 Laid grovelling on my lean face !  
 My sheep, of me to bleat taught ;  
 And to wander through the forests !  
 The sudden winds learn my sighs !  
 AURORA's flowers, my tears !

But She that should see my tears,  
Swift scuddeth by the high hills,  
And sees me spent with long sighs,  
And views my blubbered lean face ;  
Yet leaves me to the forests,  
Whose solitary paths taught

My woes, all comforts untaught.  
These sorrows, sighs, and salt tears  
Fit solitary forests !  
These outcries meet for deaf hills !  
These tears, best fitting this face !  
This air, most meet for these sighs !

Consume ! consume, with these sighs !  
Such sorrows, they to die taught !  
Which printed are in thy face,  
Whose furrows made with much tears !  
You stony rocks ! and high hills !  
You sandy shores ! and forests !

Report my seas of salt tears !  
You ! whom I nothing else taught,  
But groanings ! tears ! and sad sighs !

O D E I 2 .



NE night, I did attend my sheep,  
Which I, with watchful ward, did keep  
For fear of wolves assaulting :  
For, many times, they broke my sleep,  
And would into the cottage creep,  
Till I sent them out halting !

At length, methought, about midnight,  
(What time clear CYNTHIA shineth bright)  
    Beneath, I heard a rumbling !  
At first, the noise did me affright ;  
But nought appearèd in my sight,  
    Yet still heard something tumbling.

At length, good heart I took to rise,  
And then myself crossed three times thrice ;  
    Hence, a sharp sheephook raught  
I feared the wolf had got a prize ;  
Yet how he might, could not devise !  
    I, for his entrance sought.

At length, by moonlight, could I espy  
A little boy did naked lie  
    Frettished, amongst the flock :  
I, him approachèd somewhat nigh.  
He groaned, as he were like to die ;  
    But falsely did me mock !

For pity, he cried, " Well a day !  
Good master, help me, if you may !  
    For I am almost starved ! "  
I pitied him, when he did pray ;  
And brought him to my couch of hay.  
    But guess as I was served !

He bare about him a long dart,  
Well gilded with fine painter's art ;  
    And had a pile of steel.  
On it I lookèd every part :  
Said I, " Will this pile wound a heart ? "  
    " Touch it ! " quoth he, " and feel ! "

With that, I touched the javelin's point !  
Eftsoons it piercèd to the joint !  
And rageth now so fierce,  
That all the balms which it anoint  
Cannot prevail with it, a point ;  
But it mine heart will pierce.

O D E 13.



**Q**U *THE* plains,  
Fairy trains  
Were a treading measures,  
Satyrs played,  
Fairies stayed  
At the stops' set leisure.

Nymphs begin  
To come in  
Quickly, thick, and threefold !  
Now the dance !  
Now the prance,  
Present there to behold !

On her breast  
That did best  
A jewel rich was placed !  
*FLORA* chose  
Which of those  
Best the measures graced.

When he had  
Measures lad  
*PARTHENOPHE* did get it !  
Nymphs did chide  
When they tried,  
Where the judgement set it.

Thus they said  
 " This fair Maid,  
 Whom you gave the jewel,  
 Takes no pleasure  
 To keep measure ;  
 But it is too too cruel ! "

## O D E 14.



ARK ! all you lovely Nymphs forlorn !  
 With VENUS, chaste DIANA meets !  
 And one another friendly greets !  
 Did you not hear her wind a horn ?  
 Then cease, fair Ladies ! Do not mourn !

Virgins, whom VENUS made offend,  
 Resort into the wood at even ;  
 And every one shall be forgiven !  
 There shall all controversies end !  
 DIANA shall be VENUS' friend !

Hark, Nymphs forlorn ! what is decreed !  
 Spotless DIANA must not fail,  
 But be addressed with VENUS' veil ;  
 VENUS must wear DIANA's weed.  
 This veil will shadow, when you need !

If any think a virgin light ;  
 DIAN' in VENUS veil excuseth,  
 And her Nymph PHŒBE's habit useth.  
 These quaint attires befit you right,  
 For each a diverse garment chooseth.

ODE 15.



ULCAN, in Lemnos Isle,  
Did golden shafts compile  
For CUPID's bow.  
Then VENUS did, with honey sweet,  
To make it please, anoint the pile.

CUPID below  
Dipped it in gall, and made it meet  
Poor wounded creatures to beguile.

When MARS returned from war,  
Shaking his spear afar ;  
CUPID beheld !

At him, in jest, MARS shook his spear !  
Which CUPID, with his dart did bar  
(Which millions quelled).

Then, MARS desired his dart to bear :  
But soon the weight, his force did mar !

Then MARS subdued, desired  
(Since he was with it tired)

CUPID to take it.  
" Nay, you shall keep it ! " CUPID said ;  
" For first to feel it you required.

Wound I will make it  
As deep as yours ! You me did fear ;  
And for that, you shall be fired ! "

CANZON 3.



WEET is the golden Cowslip bright and fair !  
Ten times more sweet, more golden, fair, and bright,  
Thy Tresses ! in rich trammelled knots, resembling.  
VENUS' swan's back is lovely, smooth, and white !  
More lovely, smooth, and white his feathers are,  
The silver lustre of thy Brows dissembling !

Bright are the Sunbeams, on the water trembling!  
 Much brighter, shining like love's holy fire,  
 On well watered diamonds of those eyes,  
 Whose heat's reflection, Love's Affection tries!  
 Sweet is the Censer, whose fume doth aspire  
 Appeasing LOVE, when for revenge he flies!  
 More sweet the Censer, like thy seemly Nose!  
 Whose beauty (than Invention's wonder higher!)  
 Nine times nine Muses never could disclose.

Sweet Eglantine, I cannot but commend  
 Thy modest rosy blush! pure, white, and red!  
 Yet I thy white and red praise more and more  
 In my sweet Lady's Cheeks since they be shed.  
 When Grapes to full maturity do tend,  
 So round, so red, so sweet, all joy before  
 Continually I long for them therefore  
 To suck their sweet, and with my lips to touch!  
 Not so much for the Muses' nectar sake,  
 But that they from thy Lips their purpose take.  
 Sweet! pardon, though I thee compare to such.  
 Proud Nature, which so white LOVE's doves did make,  
 And framed their lovely heads, so white and round.  
 How white and round! It doth exceed so much,  
 That nature nothing like thy Chin hath found!

Fair Pearls, which garnish my sweet Lady's neck:  
 Fair orient pearls! O, how much I admire you!  
 Not for your orient gloss, or virtue's rareness,  
 But that you touch her Neck, I much desire you!  
 Whose whiteness so much doth your lustre check,  
 As whitest lilies the Primrose in fairness;  
 A neck most gorgeous, even in Nature's bareness.  
 Divine Rosebuds, which, when Spring doth surrender  
 His crown to Summer, he last trophy reareth;  
 By which he, from all seasons, the palm beareth!  
 Fair purple crispèd folds sweet-dewed and tender;



Whose sweetness never wears, though moisture weareth,  
Sweet ripe red Strawberries, whose heavenly sap  
I would desire to suck; but Loves ingender  
A nectar more divine in thy sweet Pap!

O lovely tender paps! but who shall press them?  
Whose heavenly nectar, and ambrosial juice  
Proceed from Violets sweet, and asier-like,  
And from the matchless purple *Fleur de luce*.  
Round rising hills, white hills (sweet VENUS bless them!)  
Nature's rich trophies, not those hills unlike,  
Which that great monarch, CHARLES, whose power did  
From th' Arctic to the Antarctic, dignified [strike  
With proud *Plus ultra*: which *Cerography*  
In unknown Characters of Victory,  
Nature hath set; by which she signified  
Her conquests' miracle reared up on high!  
Soft ivory balls! with which, whom she lets play,  
Above all mortal men is magnified,  
And wagers 'bove all price shall bear away!

O Love's soft hills! how much I wonder you!  
Between whose lovely valleys, smooth and straight,  
That glassy moisture lies, that slippery dew!  
Whose courage touched, could dead men animate!  
Old NESTOR (if between, or under you!  
He should but touch) his young years might renew!  
And with all youthful joys himself indue!  
O smooth white satin, matchless, soft, and bright!  
More smooth than oil! more white than lily is!  
As hard to match, as Love's Mount hilly is!  
As soft as down! clear, as on glass sunlight!  
To praise your white, my tongue too much silly is!  
How much, at your smooth soft, my sense amazed is!  
Which charms the feeling, and enchants the sight: [is!  
But yet her bright, smooth, white, soft Skin more praised

How oft have I, the silver Swan commended  
 For that even chesse of feather in her wing!  
 So white! and in such decent order placed!  
 When she, the doly Dirge of Death did sing,  
 With her young mournful cygnets' train attended!  
 Yet, not because the milk-white wings her graced,  
 But when I think on my Lady's Waist,  
 Whose ivory sides, a snowy shadow gives  
 Of her well-ordered ribs, which rise in falling!  
 How oft, the swan I pitied, her death calling,  
 With dreary notes! Not that she so short lives,  
 And 'mongst the Muses sings for her installing;  
 But that so clear a white should be disdained  
 With one that for Love's sugared torment lives!  
 And makes that white a plague to lovers pained.

O, how oft! how oft did I chide and curse  
 The brethren Winds, in their power disagreeing!  
 East, for unwholesome vapour! South, for rain!  
 North, for, by snows and whirlwinds, bitter being!  
 I loved the West, because it was the Nurse  
 Of FLORA's gardens, and to CERES' grain!  
 Yet, ten times more than these, I did curse again!  
 Because they are inconstant and unstable  
 In drought! in moisture! frosty cold! and heat!  
 Here, with a sunny smile! there, stormy threat!  
 Much like my Lady's fancies variable!  
 How oft with feet, did I the marble beat;  
 Harming my feet, yet never hurt the stone!  
 Because, like her, it was impenetrable,  
 And her heart's nature with it, was all one?

O that my ceaseless sighs and tears were able  
 To counter charm her heart! to stone converted.  
 I might work miracles to change again  
 The hard to soft! that it might rue my pain.

But of herself she is so straitly skirted  
(Falsely reputed True Love, Honour's Stain)  
That I shall never move, and never die,  
So many ways her mind I have experted !  
Yet shall I live, through virtue of her eye !

O D E I 6 .



BEFORE bright TITAN raised his team  
Or lovely Morn with rosy cheek,  
With scarlet dyed the Eastern stream,  
On PHÆBUS' day, first of the week ;  
Early, my goddess did arise,  
With breath to bless the morning air.  
O heavens, which made divine mine eyes !  
Glancing on such a Nymph ! so fair !  
Whose Hair, downspread in curled tresses,  
PHÆBUS his glitter and beams withstood :  
Much like him, when, through cypresses,  
He danceth on the silver flood ;  
Or like the golden purlèd down,  
Broached upon the palmed-flowered willows,  
Which downward scattered from her crown,  
Loosely dishevelled on love's pillows.  
Covering her swan-like back below  
Like ivory matched with purest gold ;  
Like PHÆBE when on whitest snow  
Her gilded shadow taketh hold.  
Her Forehead was like to the rose  
Before ADONIS pricked his feet !  
Or like the path to heaven which goes,  
Where all the lovely Graces meet !  
CUPID's rich Chariot stood under !  
Moist pearl about the wheels was set !  
Grey agate spokes, not much asunder !

The axletree of purest jet !  
Her seemly Nose, the rest which graced,  
For CUPID's Trophy was upreared !  
Th' imperial Thrones, where LOVE was placed  
When, of the world, he would be feared.  
Where CUPID, with sweet VENUS sate  
Her cheeks with rose and lilies decked,  
Nature upon the coach did wait,  
And all in order did direct.  
Her Cheeks to damask roses sweet,  
In scent and colour were so like ;  
That honey bees in swarms would meet  
To suck ; and, sometimes, She would strike  
With dainty plume, the bees to fear !  
And being beaten, they would sting !  
They found such heavenly honey there ;  
CUPID, which there sate triumphing,  
When he perceived the bee did sting her  
Would swell for grief, and curse that bee,  
More than the bee that stinged his finger !  
Yet still about her they would flee !  
Then LOVE to VENUS would complain  
Of Nature, which his chariot drest !  
Nature would it excuse again,  
Saying, " She then shewed her skill best !"  
When she drank wine, upon her face,  
BACCHUS would dance! and spring to kiss !  
And shadow, with a blushing grace,  
Her cheeks, where lovers build their bliss :  
Who, when she drank, would blush for shame  
That wanton BACCHUS she should use ;  
Who, VENUS' brother, might defame  
Her, that should such acquaintance choose !  
What gloss the scarlet curtains cast  
On a bedstead of ivory.  
Such like, but such as much surpasses

All gloss, her cheeks did beautify.  
 Her roseate Lips, soft lovely swelling,  
 And full of pleasure as a cherry ;  
 Her Breath of divine spices smelling,  
 Which, with tongue broken, would make merry  
 Th' infernal souls ; and, with her voice,  
 Set heaven gates open, hell gates shut,  
 Move melancholy to rejoice,  
 And thrall'd in Paradise might put.  
 Her Voice, not human, when she speaketh  
 I think some angel or goddess,  
 Into celestial tunes which breaketh,  
 Speaks like her, with such cheerfulness.  
 All birds and instruments may take  
 Their notes divine and excellent,  
 Melodious harmony to make,  
 From her sweet voices' least accent.  
 This we Love's Sanctuary call!  
 Whence Sacred Sentences proceed,  
 Rolled up in sounds angelical ;  
 Whose place, sweet Nature hath decreed,  
 Just under CUPID's Trophy fixed,  
 Where music hath its excellence  
 And such sweets, with Love's spirit mixed,  
 As please far more than frankincense,  
 Thence, issue forth Love's Oracles  
 Of Happiness, and luckless Teen !  
 So strange be Love's rare miracles  
 In her, as like have never been !  
 Her Neck that curious axletree,  
 Pure ivory like, which doth support  
 The Globe of my Cosmography :  
 Where, to my Planets I resort  
 To take judicial signs of skill,  
 When tempests to mine heart will turn ?  
 When showers shall my fountains fill ?

And extreme droughts mine heart shall burn ?  
 There, in that Globe, shall I perceive  
     When I shall find clear Element ;  
 There, gloomy mists shall I conceive,  
     Which shall offend the Firmament !  
 On this, my studies still be bent,  
     Where even as rivers from the seas  
 In branches through the land be sent,  
     And into crooked sinews press,  
 Throughout the globe such wise the veins  
     Clear crystalline throughout her neck  
 Like sinuous, in their crooked trains,  
     Wildly the swelling waves did check.  
 Thence, rise her humble seemly Shoulders,  
     Like two smooth polished ivory tops ;  
 Of Love's chief Frame, the chief upholders,  
     Whiter than that was of PELOPS !  
 Thence, CUPID's five-grained mace out brancheth ;  
     Which fivefold, the five Senses woundeth.  
 Whose sight the mind of lookers lanceth.  
     Whose force, all other force astoundeth.  
 Thence, to that bed, where LOVE's proud Queen,  
     In silent majesty, sweet sleepeth ;  
 Where her soft lovely pillows been,  
     Where CUPID, through love's conduits creepeth.  
 Pillows of VENUS' turtles' down !  
     Pillows, than VENUS' turtles softer !  
 Pillows, the more where LOVE lies down  
     More covets to lie down and offer !  
 Pillows, on which two sweet Rosebuds,  
     Dewed with ambrosial nectar lie ;  
 Where Love's Milk-Way, by springs and floods,  
     Through violet paths, smooth slideth by.  
 But now, with fears and tears, proceed  
     LOVE's Place of Torture to declare !  
 Which such calamity doth breed

To those which there imprisoned are ;  
Which, once in chains, are never free !  
Which still for want of succour pine !  
Dry sighs, salt-wat'ry tears, which be  
For dainty cakes and pleasant wine !  
Immured with pure white ivory,  
Fetters of adamant to draw,  
Even steel itself, if it be nigh !  
A bondage without right or law !  
With poor ACTEON overthrown  
But for a look ! and with an eye  
In his clear arms, LOVE's Sergeant known,  
Arrests each lover that goes by.  
This is her Heart ! Love's Prison called !  
Whose conquest is impregnable.  
Whence, who so chance to be enthralled,  
To come forth after, are unable.  
Further to pass than I have seen,  
Or more to shew than may be told ;  
Were too much impudence ! I ween :  
Here, therefore, take mine anchor hold !  
And with the Roman Poet, deem  
Parts unrevealed to be most sweet ;  
Which here described, might evil beseem  
And for a modest Muse unmeet.  
Such blessed mornings seldom be !  
Such sights too rare when men go by !  
Would I but once the like might see ;  
Then I might die, before I die !

SESTINE 4 .



CHO ! What shall I do to my Nymph, when I go to behold  
her ? ECHO, Hold her !  
So dare I not ! lest She should think that I make her a prey  
then ! ECHO, Pray then !

Yea, but at me, She will take scorn, proceeded of honour!

ECHO, On her!

Me bear will She (with her, to deal so saucily) never!

ECHO, Ever!

Yea, but I greatly fear She will have pure thoughts to refuse such.

ECHO, Few such!

Then will I venture again more bold, if you warn me to do so!

ECHO, Do so!

I must write with tears and sighs, before that I do so!

ECHO, Do so!

But what if my tears and sighs be too weak to remove her?

ECHO, Move her!

So shall ye move huge Alps with tears and sighs, if you may such!

ECHO, You may such!

If any that, shall affirm for a truth; I shall hold that they lie then!

ECHO, Lie then!

If I study to death, in kind, shall I lie never!

ECHO, Ever!

O! what is it to lie? Is't not dishonour?

ECHO, 'Tis honour!

Then to flatter a while her, is't not dishonour?

ECHO, Honour!

Then will I wrest out sighs, and wring forth tears when I do so?

ECHO, Do so!

Lest She find my craft, with her I may toy never?

ECHO, Ever!

Then, if you jest in kind with her, you win her?

ECHO, You win her!

Then, what time She laughs from her heart, shall I smile then?

ECHO, Ey, smile then!

They that like my toys! is it harm, if I kiss such?

ECHO, Ey, kiss such!



Yea, but most Ladies have disdainful minds, to refuse such !

ECHO, Few such !

In what space, shall I know, whether her love resteth in honour ?

ECHO, In one hour !

O for such a sweet hour ! My life of hours will I pray then !

ECHO, Ay then !

Then if I find, as I would ; more bold to urge her, I may be so ?

ECHO, Be so !

But if she do refuse ! then, woe to th'Attempter !

ECHO, Attempt her !

She will proudly refuse ! She speaks in jest never !

ECHO, Ever !

So though still She refuse, She speaks in jest ever !

ECHO, Ever !

Then such as these, be the true best signs to seek out such ?

ECHO, Seek out such !

Such will I seek ! But what shall I do, when I first shall attempt her !

ECHO, Tempt her !

How shall I tempt her, ere She stand on terms of her honour ?

ECHO, On her !

O might I come to that ! I think 'tis even so.

ECHO, 'Tis even so !

Strongly to tempt and move, at first, is surely the best then ?

ECHO. The best then !

What, when they do repugn, yet cry not forth ! will they do then ?

ECHO, Do then !

With such a blunt Proem, Ladies, shall I move never ?

ECHO, Ever !

I must wait, on an inch, on such Nymphs whom I regard so ;

ECHO, Guard so !

Those whom, in heart, I love ; my faith doth firmly deserve such.

ECHO, Serve such !

Then to become their slaves, is no great dishonour ?

ECHO, Honour !

But to the Muses, first, I will recommend her !

ECHO, Commend her !

They that pity lovers ; is't good, if I praise such ?  
 ECHO, Ey, praise such !  
 If that I write their praise ; by my verse, shall they live never ?  
 ECHO, Ever !  
 If thy words be true ; with thanks, take adieu then.  
 ECHO, Adieu then !

*CARMEN ANACREONTIUM.*

ODE 17.

**R**EVEAL, sweet Muse ! this secret !  
 Wherein the lively Senses  
 Do most triumph in glory ?  
 Where others talk of eagles,  
 Searching the sun with quick sight ;  
 With eyes, in brightness piersant,  
 PARTHENOPHE, my sweet Nymph,  
 With Sight more quick than eagle's,  
 With eyes more clear and piersant,  
 (And, which exceeds all eagles,  
 Whose influence gives more heat  
 Than sun in Cancer's Tropic)  
 With proud imperious glances  
 Subduing all beholders,  
 Which gaze upon their brightness,  
 Shall triumph over that Sense.

Reveal, sweet Muse, this secret !  
 Wherein the lively Senses  
 Do most triumph in glory ?  
 Where some of heavenly nectar  
 The Taste's chief comfort talk of  
 For pleasure and sweet relish ;  
 Where some, celestial syrups

And sweet Barbarian spices,  
For pleasantness, commend most :  
PARTHENOPHE, my sweet Nymph,  
With Lips more sweet than nectar,  
Containing much more comfort  
Than all celestial syrups ;  
And which exceeds all spices,  
On which none can take surfeit,  
Shall triumph over that Sense.

Reveal, sweet Muse, this secret !  
Wherein the lively Senses  
Do most triumph in glory ?  
When some Panchaian incense,  
And rich Arabian odours,  
And waters sweet distilled,  
Where some of herbs and flowers  
Of Ambergrease and sweet roots,  
For heavenly spirit, praise most :  
PARTHENOPHE, my sweet Nymph,  
With Breath more sweet than incense,  
Panchaian or Arabic,  
Or any sorts of sweet things.  
And which exceeds all odours ;  
Whose spirit is Love's godhead,  
Shall triumph over that Sense.

Reveal, sweet Muse, this secret !  
Wherein the lively Senses  
Do most triumph in glory ?  
Where Music rests in voices,  
As SOCRATES supposed ;  
In voice and bodies moving,  
As though ARISTOXINUS ;  
In mind, as THEOPHRASTUS :

Her Voice exceeds all music,  
 Her body's comely carriage,  
 Her gesture, and divine grace  
 Doth ravish all beholders.  
 Her mind, it is much heavenly,  
 And which exceeds all judgement ;  
 But such sweet looks, sweet thoughts tell  
 And makes her conquer that Sense.

Reveal, sweet Muse, this secret !  
 Wherein the lively Senses  
 Do most triumph in glory ?  
 Where some of sacred hands talk,  
 Whose blessing makes things prosper ;  
 Where some of well skilled fingers,  
 Which makes such heavenly music  
 With wood and touch of sinews :  
 P A R T H E N O P H E ' s divine Hands,  
 Let them but touch my pale cheeks !  
 Let them but any part touch,  
 My sorrow shall assuage soon !  
 Let her check the little string !  
 The sound to heaven shall charm me.  
 Thus She, the Senses conquers.

## O D E 18 .



THAT I could make her, whom I love best,  
 Find in a face, with misery wrinkled ;  
 Find in a heart, with sighs over ill-pined,  
 Her cruel hatred !  
 O that I could make her, whom I love best,  
 Find by my tears, what malady vexeth ;  
 Find by my throbs, how forcibly love's dart,  
 Wounds my decayed heart !

O that I could make her, whom I love best,  
 Tell with a sweet smile, that she respecteth  
 All my lamentings; and that, in her heart,  
 Mournfully she rues!

For my deserts were worthy the favours  
 Of such a fair Nymph, might she be fairer!  
 O then a firm faith, what may be richer?

Then to my love yield!

Then will I leave these tears to the waste rocks!  
 Then will I leave these sighs to the rough winds!  
 O that I could make her, whom I love best,  
 Pity my long smart!

O D E 19.



Why should I weep in vain, poor and remedyless?  
 Why should I make complaint to the deaf wilder-  
 ness?

Why should I sigh for ease? Sighs, they breed  
 malady!

Why should I groan in heart? Groans, they bring misery!  
 Why should tears, plaints, and sighs, mingled with heavy  
 groans,

Practise their cruelty, whiles I complain to stones?

O what a cruel heart, with such a tyranny,  
 Hardly she practiseth, in grief's extremity?

Such to make conquered whom she would have depressed,  
 Such a man to disease, whom she would have oppressed.

O but, PARTHENOPHE! turn, and be pitiful!

Cruelty, beauty stains! Thou, Sweet! art beautiful!

If that I made offence, my love is all the fault

Which thou can charge me with, then do not make assault  
 With such extremities, for my kind hearty love!

But for love's pity sake, from me, thy frowns remove!

So shalt thou make me blest ! So shall my sorrows cease !  
 So shall I live at ease ! So shall my joys acrease !  
 So shall tears, plaints, and sighs, mingled with heavy groans,  
 Weary the rocks no more ! nor lament to the stones !

## O D E 20.

*A S C L E P I A D .*

SWEET, pitiless eye, beautiful orient  
 (Since my faith is a rock, durable everywhere),  
 Smile ! and shine with a glance, heartily me to joy !  
 Beauty taketh a place ! Pity regards it not !  
 Virtue findeth a throne, settled in every part !  
 Pity found none at all, banished everywhere !  
 Since then, Beauty triumphs (Chastity's enemy),  
 And Virtue cleped is, much to be pitiful ;  
 And since that thy delight is ever virtuous :  
 My tears, *PARTHENOPHE* ! pity ! Be pitiful !  
 So shall men Thee repute great ! as a holy Saint !  
 So shall Beauty remain, mightily glorified !  
 So thy fame shall abound, durably chronicled !  
 Then, sweet *PARTHENOPHE* ! pity ! Be merciful !

## SONNET CV.



H ME ! How many ways have I assayed,  
 To win my Mistress to my ceaseless suit !  
 What endless means and prayers have I made  
 To thy fair graces ! ever deaf and mute.  
 At thy long absence, like an errand page,  
 With sighs and tears, long journeys did I make  
 Through paths unknown, in tedious pilgrimage ;  
 And never slept, but always did awake.

And having found Thee ruthless and unkind ;  
Soft skinned, hard hearted ; sweet looks, void of pity ;  
Ten thousand furies ragèd in my mind,  
Changing the tenour of my lovely Ditty ;  
By whose enchanting Saws and magic Spell,  
Thine hard, indurate heart, I must compel.

SESTINE 5.



HEN, first, with locks dishevelled and bare,  
Strait girded, in a cheerful calmy night,  
Having a fire made of green cypress wood,  
And with male frankincense on altar kindled ;  
I call on threefold HECATE with tears !  
And here, with loud voice, invoke the Furies !

For their assistance to me, with their furies ;  
Whilst snowy steeds in coach, bright PHŒBE bare.  
Ay me ! PARTHENOPHE smiles at my tears !  
I neither take my rest by day or night ;  
Her cruel loves in me such heat have kindled.  
Hence, goat ! and bring her to me raging wood !

HECATE tell, which way she comes through the wood !  
This wine about this altar, to the Furies  
I sprinkle ! whiles the cypress boughs be kindled.  
This brimstone, earth within her bowels bare !  
And this blue incense, sacred to the night !  
This hand, perforce, from this bay his branch tears !

So be She brought ! which pitied not my tears !  
And as it burneth with the cypress wood,  
So burn She with desire, by day and night !  
You gods of vengeance ! and avengeful Furies !  
Revenge, to whom I bend on my knees bare.  
Hence, goat ! and bring her, with love's outrage kindled !

HECATE! make signs, if She with love come kindled!  
 Think on my Passions! HECATE! and my tears!  
 This Rosemarine (whose branch She chiefly bare,  
 And lovèd best) I cut, both bark and wood:  
 Broke with this brazen axe, and, in love's furies,  
 I tread on it, rejoicing in this night,

And saying, " Let her feel such wounds this night!"  
 About this altar, and rich incense kindled,  
 This lace and vervine (to love's bitter furies!).  
 I bind, and strew; and, with sad sighs and tears,  
 About, I bear her Image, raging wood.  
 Hence, goat! and bring her from her bedding bare!

HECATE! reveal if She like Passions bare!  
 I knit three true-lovers-knots (this is Love's night!)  
 Of three discoloured silks, to make her wood;  
 But She scorns VENUS, till her loves be kindled,  
 And till She find the grief of sighs and tears.  
 " Sweet Queen of Loves! For mine unpitied furies,

Alike torment her, with such scalding fires!  
 And this Turtle, when the loss she bare  
 Of her dear Make, in her kind, did shed tears  
 And mourning; did seek him, all day and night:  
 Let such lament in her, for me be kindled!  
 And mourn she still! till she run raging wood

Hence, goat! and bring her to me raging wood!  
 These letters, and these verses to the Furies,  
 Which She did write, all in this flame be kindled.  
 Me, with these papers, in vain hope She bare,  
 That She, to day would turn mine hopeless night,  
 These, as I rent and burn, so fury tears.



Her hardened heart, which pitied not my tears.

The wind-shaked trees make murmur in the wood,  
The waters roar at this thrice sacred night,  
The winds come whisking shrill to note her furies ;  
Trees, woods, and winds, a part in my complaints bare,  
And knew my woes ; now joy to see her kindled !

See! whence She comes, with loves enraged and kindled!  
The pitchy clouds, in drops, send down their tears!  
Owls screech! Dogs bark to see her carried bare!  
Wolves yowle and cry! Bulls bellow through the wood!  
Ravens croape! Now, now! I feel love's fiercest furies!  
Seest thou, that black goat! brought, this silent night,

Through empty clouds, by th' Daughters of the Night!  
See how on him, She sits! with love rage kindled!  
Hither, perforce, brought with avengeful Furies!  
Now, I wax drowsy! Now, cease all my tears;  
Whilst I take rest, and slumber near this wood!  
Ah me! PARTHENOPHE naked and bare!

Come, blessed goat, that my sweet Lady bare!  
Where hast thou been, PARTHENOPHE! this night?  
What, cold! Sleep by this fire of cypress wood,  
Which I, much longing for thy sake, have kindled!  
Weep not! Come Loves and wipe away her tears!  
At length yet, wilt Thou take away my furies?

Ay me! Embrace me! See those ugly Furies!  
Come to my bed! lest they behold thee bare;  
And bear thee hence! They will not pity tears!  
And these still dwell in everlasting night!  
Ah, Loves, (sweet love!) sweet fires for us hath kindled!  
But not inflamed with frankincense or wood.

The Furies, they shall hence into the wood !  
 Whiles CUPID shall make calmer his hot furies,  
 And stand appeased at our fires kindled.  
 Join ! join PARTHENOPHE ! Thyself unbare !  
 None can perceive us in the silent night !  
 Now will I cease from sighs, laments, and tears !

And cease, PARTHENOPHE ! Sweet ! cease thy tears !  
 Bear golden apples, thorns in every wood !  
 Join heavens ! for we conjoin this heavenly night !  
 Let alder trees bear apricots ! (Die Furies !)  
 And thistles, pears ! which prickles lately bare !  
 Now both in one, with equal flame be kindled !

Die magic boughs ! now die, which late were kindled !  
 Here is mine heaven ! Loves drop, instead of tears !  
 It joins ! it joins ! Ah, both embracing bare !  
 Let nettles bring forth roses in each wood !  
 Last ever verdant woods ! Hence, former Furies !  
 O die ! live ! joy ! What ? Last continual, night !

Sleep PHÆBUS still with THETIS ! Rule still, night !  
 I melt in love ! Love's marrow-flame is kindled !  
 Here will I be consumed in Love's sweet furies !  
 I melt ! I melt ! Watch CUPID, my love tears !  
 If these be Furies, O let me be wood !  
 If all the fiery element I bare ;

'Tis now acquitted ! Cease your former tears !  
 For as She once, with rage my body kindled ;  
 So in hers, am I buried this night !

F I N I S .



## [DEDICATORY SONNETS.]

TO THE RIGHT NOBLE LORD  
HENRY, EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.



DEIGN, mighty Lord! these verses to peruse,  
Which my black mournful Muse presenteth here!

Blushing, at her first entrance, in for fear;  
Where of herself, her self She doth accuse,

And seeking Patronage, bold means doth use

To shew that duty, which in heart I bear  
To your thrice noble House! which shall outwear  
Devouring Time itself, if my poor Muse  
Divine aright: whose virtuous excellence  
She craves, her ruder style to patronise.  
Vouchsafe, then, noble Lord! to give defence:  
Who, when her brighter glory shall arise,  
Shall fly to fetch Fame, from her Fort of Brass;  
Which, with your virtues, through the world shall pass!

## TO THE RIGHT

HONOURABLE, MOST RENOWNED AND VALIANT  
ROBERT, EARL OF ESSEX AND EWE.



VOUCHSAFE, thrice valiant Lord! this Verse to read,  
When time from cares of more import, permits;  
The too dear charge of my unchargèd wits!  
And that I do my lighter Muses lead  
To kiss your sacred hands! I mildly plead  
For pardon; where all gracious virtue sits.  
Since time of yore, their Lord's firstfruits admits;  
My bashful Muse (which lost her maidenhead  
In too dear travail of my restless Love)  
To you, my Lord! her first-born babe presents!  
Unworthy such a patron! for her lightness.  
Yet deign her zeal! though not the light contents;  
Till, from your virtues (registered above),  
To make her Love more known, she borrow brightness.

TO THE RIGHT NOBLE AND VIRTUOUS LORD,  
HENRY, EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON.



RECEIVE, sweet Lord! with thy thrice sacred hand,  
(Which sacred Muses make their instrument)  
These worthless leaves! which I, to thee present!  
(Sprung from a rude and unmanured land)  
That with your countenance graced, they may withstand  
Hundred-eyed Envy's rough encounterment;  
Whose Patronage can give encouragement  
To scorn back-wounding ZOILUS his band,  
Vouchsafe, right virtuous Lord! with gracious eyes,  
(Those heavenly lamps which give the Muses light,

Which give and take, in course, that holy fire)  
To view my Muse with your judicial sight ;  
Whom, when time shall have taught, by flight, to rise  
Shall to thy virtues, of much worth, aspire.

TO THE MOST VIRTUOUS, LEARNED AND BEAUTIFUL  
LADY, MARY, COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE.

**P**RIDE of our English Ladies ! never matched !  
Great Favourer of PHÆBUS' offspring !  
In whom, even PHÆBUS is most flourishing !  
Muse's chief comfort ! Of the Muses, hatched !  
On whom, URANIA hath so long time watched  
In Fame's rich Fort, with crown triumphing  
Of laurel, ever green in lusty Spring,  
After thy mortal pilgrimage, despatched  
Unto those planets, where thou shalt have place  
With thy late sainted Brother, to give light !  
And with harmonious spheres to turn in race.  
Vouchsafe, sweet Lady ! with a forehead bright,  
To shine on this poor Muse ; whose first-born fruit,  
That you (of right) would take, she maketh suit !

TO THE RIGHT VIRTUOUS AND MOST BEAUTIFUL  
LADY, THE LADY STRANGE.

**S**WEET Lady ! Might my humble Muse presume  
Thy beauties' rare perfection to set out  
(Whom she, Pride of our English Court reposes)  
Ambitious, she would assume  
To blazon everywhere about

Thy beauty ! whose dumb eloquence disputes  
 With fair Loves' Queen; and her, by right confutes !  
 But since there is no doubt  
 But that thy beauty's praise (which shall consume  
 Even Time itself) exceedeth  
 All British Ladies ; deign my Muse's suits !  
 Which, unacquainted of your beauty, craves  
 Acquaintance ! and proceedeth  
 T'approach so boldly ! and behaves  
 Herself so rudely ! daunted at your sight ;  
 As eyes in darkness, at a sudden light.

T O T H E   B E A U T I F U L   L A D Y ,  
 T H E   L A D Y   B R I D G E T   M A N N E R S .

**R**OSE of that Garland ! fairest and sweetest  
 Of all those sweet and fair flowers !  
 Pride of chaste CYNTHIA's rich crown !  
 Receive this Verse, thy matchless beauty meetest !  
 Behold thy graces which thou greetest,  
 And all the secret powers  
 Of thine, and such like beauties, here set down !  
 Here shalt thou find thy frown !  
 Here, thy sunny smiling !  
 Fame's plumes fly with thy Love's, which should be fleetest !  
 Here, my loves' tempests and showers !  
 These, read, sweet Beauty ! whom my Muse shall crown !  
 Who for thee ! such a Garland is compiling,  
 Of so divine scents and colours,  
 As is immortal, Time beguiling !

Your Beauty's most affectionate servant,

B A R N A B E   B A R N E S .









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