



3 1761 00909461 6

UNIV. OF  
TORONTO  
LIBRARY.



Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2008 with funding from  
Microsoft Corporation







THE  
PLAYS AND POEMS  
OF  
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,

WITH THE  
CORRECTIONS AND ILLUSTRATIONS

OF  
VARIOUS COMMENTATORS :

COMPREHENDING

A Life of the Poet,

AND

AN ENLARGED HISTORY OF THE STAGE,

BY

THE LATE EDMOND MALONE.

WITH A NEW GLOSSARIAL INDEX.

---

ΤΗΣ ΦΤΣΕΩΣ ΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΕΤΣ ΗΝ, ΤΟΝ ΚΑΛΑΜΟΝ  
ΑΠΟΒΡΕΧΩΝ ΕΙΣ ΝΟΤΝ. *Vet. Auct. apud Suidam.*

---

VOL. XX.

---

LONDON :

PRINTED FOR F. C. AND J. RIVINGTON; T. EGERTON; J. CUTHELL; SCATCHERD AND LETTERMAN; LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN; CADELL AND DAVIES; LACKINGTON AND CO.; J. BOOKER; BLACK AND CO.; J. BOOTH; J. RICHARDSON; J. M. RICHARDSON; J. MURRAY; J. HARDING; R. H. EVANS; J. MAWMAN; R. SCHOLEY; T. EARLE; J. BOHN; C. BROWN; GRAY AND SON; R. PHENEY; BALDWIN, CRADOCK, AND JOY; NEWMAN AND CO.; OGLES, DUNCAN, AND CO.; T. HAMILTON; W. WOOD; J. SHELDON; E. EDWARDS; WHITMORE AND FENN; W. MASON; G. AND W. B. WHITTAKER; SIMPKIN AND MARSHALL; R. SAUNDERS; J. DEIGHTON AND SONS, CAMBRIDGE: WILSON AND SON, YORK: AND STIRLING AND SLADE, FAIRBAIRN AND ANDERSON, AND D. BROWN, EDINBURGH.

---

1821.

PK

2752

N<sup>o</sup> 3

1821

v. 20

15884  
- 29/9/91  
6



VENUS AND ADONIS.

RAPE OF LUCRECE.

SONNETS.

LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

MEMOIRS OF LORD SOUTHAMPTON



# POEMS.



## PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

---

**I**T would, I apprehend, be unnecessary to assign any other reason for reprinting the following poems, than that the editor who undertakes to publish Shakspeare, is bound to present the reader with all his works. Mr. Steevens has, indeed, spoken of them with the utmost bitterness of contempt ; but in the course of about forty years, the period which has elapsed since they were first described by that critick as entirely worthless, I will venture to assert that he has not made a convert of a single reader who had any pretensions to poetical taste. That these youthful performances might have been written without those splendid powers which were required for Othello and Macbeth may be readily admitted, but I question if they would suffer much in a comparison with his early dramattick essays, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *The Comedy of Errors*, or *Love's Labour's Lost*. If they had no other claims to our applause, than that which belongs to their exquisite versification, they would, on that ground alone, be entitled to a high rank among the lighter productions of our poetry. The opinions of Mr. Malone and Mr. Steevens, on this subject, will be found as they originally appeared in various parts of the volume ; and I have no doubt as to the decision of the public, who, I am satisfied, will gladly welcome an accurate republication of poems glowing with the "orient hues" of our great poet's youthful imagination. BOSWELL.



# VENUS AND ADONIS.

*Vilia miretur vulgus, mihi flavus Apollo  
Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua.* OVID.





THE  
EPISTLE.

---

---

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

HENRY WRIOTHESLY,

*EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON OF TICHFIELD.*

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

I KNOW not how I shall offend in dedicating my unpolished lines to your lordship, nor how the world will censure me for choosing so strong a prop to support so weak a burthen: only, if your honour seem but pleased, I account myself highly praised, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours, till I have honoured you with some graver labour. But if the first heir of my invention prove deformed, I shall be sorry it had so noble a godfather, and never after ear so barren a land<sup>1</sup>, for fear it yield me still so bad a harvest. I leave it to your honourable

<sup>1</sup> — EAR SO barren a land,] To *ear*, is to *plow*. See vol. xii. p. 182, n. 3. MALONE.

survey, and your honour<sup>2</sup> to your heart's content ;  
 which I wish may always answer your own wish,  
 and the world's hopeful expectation<sup>3</sup>.

Your Honour's in all duty,

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

<sup>2</sup> — and your HONOUR —] This was formerly the usual mode of address to noblemen. So, in a Letter written by Sir Francis Bacon to Robert, lord Cecil, July 3, 1603 : “ Lastly, for this divulged and almost prostituted title of knighthood, I could without charge, by your *honour's* mean, be content to have it—.” *Birch's Collection*, p. 24. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — hopeful expectation.] Lord Southampton was but twenty years old when this poem was dedicated to him by Shakspeare, who was then twenty-seven. MALONE.

For a memoir of this accomplished nobleman, see the end of this volume. BOSWELL.

## VENUS AND ADONIS<sup>1</sup>.

---

**E**VEN as the sun with purple-colour'd face  
Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping morn,  
Rose-cheek'd Adonis<sup>2</sup> hied him to the chase ;  
Hunting he lov'd, but love he laugh'd to scorn :

<sup>1</sup> Our author himself has told us that this poem was his first composition. It was entered in the Stationers' books by Richard Field, on the 18th of April, 1593. When I first republished this poem in 1790 I had seen no earlier edition than that which was printed for John Harrison, in small octavo, in 1596; but I have since become possessed of the first edition, printed by Richard Field in 1593, which I have now followed.—This poem is frequently alluded to by our author's contemporaries. "As the soul of Euphorbus (says Meres in his *Wit's Treasury*, 1598,) was thought to live in Pythagoras, so the sweet, witty soul of Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakspeare. Witness his *Venus and Adonis*, his *Lucrece*," &c.—In the early part of Shakspeare's life, his poems seem to have gained him more reputation than his plays;—at least they are oftener mentioned, or alluded to. Thus the author of an old comedy called *The Return from Parnassus*, written about the year 1602, in his review of the poets of the time, says not a word of his dramattick compositions, but allots him his portion of fame solely on account of the poems that he had produced. When the name of William Shakspeare is read, one of the characters pronounces this eulogium :

"Who loves Adonis' love, or Lucrece' rape?  
"His sweeter verse contains heart-robbing life;  
"Could but a graver subject him content,  
"Without love's foolish lazy languishment."

This subject was probably suggested to Shakspeare either by

Sick-thoughted Venus makes amain unto him,  
And like a bold-fac'd suitor 'gins to woo him.

Thrice fairer than myself, (thus she began,)  
The field's chief flower<sup>3</sup>, sweet above compare,  
Stain to all nymphs, more lovely than a man,  
More white and red than doves or roses are ;  
Nature that made thee, with herself at strife<sup>4</sup>,  
Saith, that the world hath ending with thy life<sup>5</sup>.

Spenser's description of the hangings in the *Lady of Delight's Castle, Faery Queen*, b. iii. c. i. st. 34, et seq. 4to, 1590, or by a short piece entitled *The Sheepheard's Song of Venus and Adonis*, subscribed with the letters H. C. (probably Henry Constable,) which, I believe, was written before Shakspeare's poem ; though I have never seen any earlier copy of it than that which we find in *England's Helicon*, 1600. He had also without doubt read the account of Venus and Adonis in the tenth book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, translated by Golding, 1567, though he has chosen to deviate from the classical story, which Ovid and Spenser had set before him, following probably the model presented to him by the English poem just mentioned. See the notes at the end.

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> ROSE-CHEEK'D Adonis —] So, in *Timon of Athens* :

“ — bring down the *rose-cheek'd* youth

“ To the tub-fast and the diet.” STEEVENS.

Our author perhaps remembered Marlowe's *Hero and Leander* :

“ The men of wealthy Sestos every yeare,

“ For his sake whom their goddess held so deare,

“ *Rose-cheek'd Adonis*, kept a solemn feast,” &c.

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — the field's CHIEF flower,] So the quarto 1593. Modern editions have—*sweet* flower. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> NATURE that made thee, with herself at STRIFE,] With this contest between *art* and *nature*, &c. I believe every reader will be surfeited before he has gone through the following poems. The lines under the print of Noah Bridges, engraved by Faithorne, have the same thought :

“ Faithorne, with *nature* at a noble *strife*,” &c.

It occurs likewise in *Timon of Athens*. STEEVENS.

We have in a subsequent passage a contest between *art* and *nature*, but here surely there is none. I must also observe that there is scarcely a book of Shakspeare's age, whether in prose or

Vouchsafe, thou wonder, to alight thy steed,  
 And rein his proud head to the saddle-bow ;  
 If thou wilt deign this favour, for thy meed  
 A thousand honey secrets shalt thou know :  
 Here come and sit, where never serpent hisses,  
 And being set, I'll smother thee with kisses :

And yet not cloy thy lips with loath'd satiety,  
 But rather famish them amid their plenty<sup>6</sup>,  
 Making them red and pale with fresh variety ;  
 Ten kisses short as one, one long as twenty :  
 A summer's day will seem an hour but short,  
 Being wasted in such time-beguiling sport.

With this she seizeth on his sweating palm,  
 The precedent of pith and livelihood<sup>7</sup>,  
 And, trembling in her passion, calls it balm,  
 Earth's sovereign salve to do a goddess good :  
 Being so enrag'd, desire doth lend her force,  
 Courageously to pluck him from his horse.

verse, in which this *surfeiting* comparison (as it has been called,) may not be found. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> Saith, that the world hath ending with thy life.] So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ And when she dies, with beauty dies her store.”

<sup>6</sup> And yet not cloy thy lips with loath'd satiety,

But rather famish them amid their plenty,] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ — other women cloy

“ The appetites they feed ; but she makes hungry,

“ Where most she satisfies.” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — she seizeth on his SWEATING PALM,

THE PRECEDENT OF PITH AND LIVELIHOOD,] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Charmian says : “ — if an *oily palm* be not a *fruitful prognostication*, I cannot scratch mine ear.” STEEVENS.

Again, in *Othello* :

“ — This hand is moist, my lady ;

“ This argues fruitfulness and liberal heart ;—

“ Hot, hot, and moist.” MALONE.

Over one arm the lusty courser's rein,  
 Under her other<sup>s</sup> was the tender boy,  
 Who blush'd and pouted in a dull disdain,  
 With leaden appetite, unapt to toy;  
 She red and hot, as coals of glowing fire,  
 He red for shame, but frosty in desire.

The studded bridle on a ragged bough  
 Nimble she fastens; (O, how quick is love!)  
 The steed is stalled up, and even now  
 To tie the rider she begins to prove:  
 Backward she push'd him, as she would be thrust,  
 And govern'd him in strength, though not in lust.

So soon was she along, as he was down,  
 Each leaning on their elbows and their hips:  
 Now doth she stroke his cheek, now doth he frown,  
 And 'gins to chide, but soon she stops his lips:  
 And kissing speaks, with lustful language broken,  
*If thou wilt chide, thy lips shall never open.*

He burns with bashful shame; she with her tears  
 Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheeks;  
 Then with her windy sighs,<sup>8</sup> and golden hairs,  
 To fan and blow them dry again she seeks<sup>9</sup>:

<sup>8</sup> Under HER other —] So the original copy 1693, and 16mo. of 1596. The edition of 1600, and all subsequent, have—under the other. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — she with her TEARS  
 Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheeks;  
 Then with her windy SIGHS, and golden hairs,  
 To fan and blow them DRY again she seeks:] So, in Marlowe's King Edward II.:

“Wet with my tears, and dried again with sighs.”

Shakspeare, throughout this poem, takes the same liberty as Spenser has done in his Faery Queen; and, for the sake of rhyme, departs from the usual orthography of his time. Thus here we have in the original copy 1593,—golden *hears*. And so again, below:

He saith, she is immodest, blames her 'miss<sup>1</sup>;  
What follows more, she murders with a kiss<sup>2</sup>.

Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,  
Tires with her beak on feathers, flesh, and bone<sup>3</sup>,  
Shaking her wings, devouring all in haste,  
Till either gorge be stuff'd, or prey be gone ;  
Even so she kiss'd his brow, his cheek, his  
chin,  
And where she ends, she doth anew begin<sup>4</sup>.

" I'll make a shadow for thee of my *heares*."

Which shews that there is no ground for supposing, as some have done, that the words *hairs* and *tears* were formerly pronounced alike.

" Then with her *windy sighs*,

" To *fan* and *blow* them dry again —." So, in Antony and Cleopatra: " We cannot call her *winds* and waters, *sighs* and tears; they are greater storms and tempests than almanacks can report." Again, *ibid.*:

" And is become the *bellows* and the *fan*,

" To cool a gypsey's lust." MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> — her 'MISS;] That is, her *misbehaviour*. FARMER.

So, in Lily's Woman in the Moon, 1597:

" Pale be my looks, to witness my *amiss*."

The same substantive is used in the 35th Sonnet. Again, in Hamlet:

" Each toy seems prologue to some great *amiss*."

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — she MURDERS with a kiss.] Thus the original copy of 1593, and the edition of 1596. So, in King Richard III.:

" Come, cousin, canst thou quake, and change thy colour?

" Murder thy *breath* in middle of a word?"

The subsequent copies have *smothers*. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> TIRES with her beak on feathers, flesh, and bone,] To *tire* is to *peck*. So, in Decker's Match Me in London, a comedy, 1631:

" — the vulture *tires*

" Upon the eagle's heart."

<sup>4</sup> And where she ends, she doth anew begin.] So Dryden, in his Alexander's Feast:

" Never ending, still beginning." MALONE.

Forc'd to content <sup>5</sup>, but never to obey,  
 Panting he lies, and breatheth in her face ;  
 She feedeth on the steam, as on a prey,  
 And calls it heavenly moisture, air of grace ;  
     Wishing her cheeks were gardens full of flowers,  
     So they were dew'd with such distilling showers <sup>6</sup>.

Look how a bird lies tangled in a net,  
 So fasten'd in her arms Adonis lies ;  
 Pure shame and aw'd resistance made him fret,  
 Which bred more beauty in his angry eyes <sup>7</sup> :  
     Rain added to a river that is rank <sup>8</sup>,  
     Perforce will force it overflow the bank.

<sup>5</sup> Forc'd to CONTENT,—] I once thought that the meaning of the latter words was, to content or satisfy Venus ; to endure her kisses. So, in Hamlet :

“ ——— it doth much *content* me to hear him so inclin'd.”

But I now believe that the interpretation given by Mr. Steevens is the true one. *Content* is a substantive, and means *acquiescence*. The modern editions read—*consent*. MALONE.

It is plain that Venus was not *so* easily contented. *Forc'd to content*, I believe, means that Adonis was *forced to content himself* in a situation from which he had no means of escaping. Thus Cassio in Othello :

“ So shall I clothe me in a *forc'd content*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> ——— FLOWERS,

So they were DEW'D with such distilling showers.] So, in Macbeth :

“ To *dew* the sovereign *flower*, and drown the weeds.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> Which bred more BEAUTY in his ANGRY eyes:] So, in Twelfth Night :

“ O, what a deal of scorn looks *beautiful*

“ In the contempt and *anger* of his lip !” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — to a river that is RANK,] Full, abounding in the quantity of its waters. So, in Julius Cæsar :

“ Who else must be let blood, who else is *rank* ?”

Again, more appositely in King John :

“ We will untread the steps of damned flight,

“ And, like a 'bated and retired *flood*,

“ Leaving our *rankness* and irregular course,

“ Stoop low within those bounds we have o'erlook'd.”

MALONE.



Still she entreats, and prettily entreats,  
 For to a pretty ear she tunes her tale ;  
 Still is he sullen, still he low'rs and frets,  
 'Twixt crimson shame, and anger ashy-pale,<sup>9</sup>;  
 Being red, she loves him best; and being white,  
 Her best is better'd<sup>1</sup> with a more delight.

Look how he can, she cannot choose but love ;  
 And by her fair immortal hand she swears,  
 From his soft bosom never to remove,  
 Till he take truce with her contending tears,  
 Which long have rain'd, making her cheeks all wet ;  
 And one sweet kiss shall pay this countless debt<sup>2</sup>.

Upon this promise did he raise his chin,  
 Like a dive-dapper peering through a wave,

<sup>9</sup> — still he low'rs and frets,

'Twixt crimson shame, and anger ashy-pale ;] We have here a proof of the great value of first editions ; for the 16mo of 1596, reads corruptly,—“ still *she* low'rs and frets.” The true reading is found in the original quarto, 1593.

In my former editions I pointed differently :

“ 'Twixt crimson shame and anger, ashy-pale ;”

applying the epithet, *ashy-pale*, to Adonis. I have now adopted the punctuation of the original copy, which, I am persuaded, is right ; and the meaning is, that Adonis lowers and frets, actuated by the different passions of crimson shame and ashy-pale anger. The following couplet shews that this is the true construction. Our poet indeed, in *The Winter's Tale*, has *red-look'd* anger ; but that epithet would not suit here ; and anger, it is well known, sometimes produces paleness. Besides, Adonis could not be rendered *pale* by *crimson* shame. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> Her BEST is better'd —] This is the reading of the original quarto, 1593. That of 1636, and the modern editions, read—*breast*. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> And one sweet KISS shall pay this COUNTLESS DEBT.] So, in *Titus Andronicus* :

“ — *kiss* for *kiss*

“ Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips :

“ Oh were the *sum* of these that I should pay

“ *Countless* and infinite, yet would I *pay* them.”

STEEVENS.

Who being look'd on, ducks as quickly in ;  
 So offers he to give what she did crave ;  
     But when her lips were ready for his pay,  
     He winks, and turns his lips another way.

Never did passenger in summer's heat,  
 More thirst for drink than she for this good turn.  
 Her help she sees, but help she cannot get ;  
 She bathes in water, yet her fire must burn <sup>3</sup> :  
     O, pity, 'gan she cry, flint-hearted boy ;  
     'Tis but a kiss I beg ; why art thou coy ?

I have been woo'd as I entreat thee now,  
 Even by the stern and direful god of war ;  
 Whose sinewy neck in battle ne'er did bow,  
 Who conquers where he comes, in every jar ;  
     Yet hath he been my captive and my slave,  
     And begg'd for that which thou unask'd shalt have.

Over my altars hath he hung his lance,  
 His batter'd shield, his uncontrolled crest,  
 And for my sake hath learn'd to sport and dance,  
 To toy, to wanton <sup>4</sup>, dally, smile, and jest ;  
     Scorning his churlish drum, and ensign red,  
     Making my arms his field, his tent my bed.

Thus he that over-rul'd, I oversway'd,  
 Leading him prisoner in a red-rose chain <sup>5</sup> :

<sup>6</sup> —yet her fire must burn:] So the quarto 1593, and the 12mo. 1596. That of 1600, and the later editions, read—“yet *in* fire must burn, [i. e. the fiery passion that consumes her.] The context shews that the original is the true reading. Her fire, notwithstanding her being bathed in water [i. e. tears] must still continue to burn. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> To TOY, to wanton.] Thus the original copy, 1593. In that of 1596, we find *coy*, instead of *toy*; which has been followed in all the subsequent editions. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> Leading him prisoner in a RED-ROSE CHAIN:] So Ronsard, Livre xiv. Ode xxiii. :

Strong-temper'd steel his stronger strength obey'd,  
Yet was he servile to my coy disdain<sup>6</sup>.

O, be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,  
For mastering her that foil'd the god of fight.

Touch but my lips with those fair lips of thine,  
(Though mine be not so fair, yet are they red,  
The kiss shall be thine own as well as mine ;—  
What see'st thou in the ground? hold up thy head;  
Look in mine eye-balls, there thy beauty lies :  
Then why not lips on lips, since eyes in eyes<sup>7</sup>?

Art thou asham'd to kiss? then wink again,  
And I will wink; so shall the day seem night;  
Love keeps his revels where there are but twain;  
Be bold to play, our sport is not in sight<sup>8</sup> :  
These blue-vein'd violets whereon we lean,  
Never can blab, nor know not we mean<sup>9</sup>.

Les Muses lierent un jour  
Des *chaisnes de roses* Amour, &c.

Several of Ronsard's Odes had been translated into English. See Puttenham, 1589, as quoted to this purpose by Dr. Farmer, vol. xiii. p. 403. W.

Some of Anacreon's Odes, which Ronsard had imitated in French, were translated into English; and it is very probable that the ode above quoted was one of those which were translated; for it is an imitation of Anacreon's thirteenth ode, beginning, *Αἱ μῦσαι*, &c. and stands in Ronsard's works in the opposite page to the Bacchanalian ode which Shakspeare seems to have had in his thoughts in *Timon of Athens*. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — SERVILE TO my coy disdain.] So, in *Measure for Measure* :  
"Servile to *all the skiey influences*." STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — since eyes IN eyes.] So the original copy. The moderns read corruptly, after the 16mo. of 1600, *on* eyes. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> Love keeps his revels where there are but twain ;  
Be bold to play, our sport is not in sight :] So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

" ——— Dark night is Cupid's day.—  
" Lovers can see to do their amorous rites  
" By their own beauties." MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> Never can blab, nor know NOT what we mean.] So the  
VOL. XX. C

The tender spring upon thy tempting lip  
 Shews thee unripe ; yet may'st thou well be tasted ;  
 Make use of time, let not advantage slip ;  
 Beauty within itself should not be wasted :  
     Fair flowers that are not gather'd in their prime,  
     Rot and consume themselves in little time.

Were I hard-favour'd, foul, or wrinkled-old,  
 Ill-nurtur'd, crooked, churlish, harsh in voice <sup>1</sup>,  
 O'er-worn, despised, reumatick and cold,  
 Thick-sighted, barren, lean, and lacking juice <sup>2</sup>,  
     Then might'st thou pause, for then I were not for  
     thee ;  
     But having no defects, why dost abhor me ?

Thou canst not see one wrinkle in my brow ;  
 Mine eyes are grey <sup>3</sup>, and bright, and quick in  
     turning ;

quarto 1593, and 16mo. of 1596. The double negative is frequently employed by our old English writers, and is often found in the translation of the Bible. The edition of 1600 reads—  
 “ — nor know *they* what they mean ; ” and this, as well as various other alterations made in our author's plays in the printed editions as they passed through the press, shews that in Shakspeare's time the correctors of the press (that is, the stewards or managers of the printing house, where his plays and poems were printed,) who revised the sheets of the various editions as they were reprinted, altered the text at random according to their notion of propriety and grammar. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> —harsh in voice.] Our poet on all occasions expresses his admiration of the fascinating powers of a sweet female voice, and his dislike of the opposite defect. Thus in King Lear :

“ ——— Her voice was ever soft,

“ Gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman.” MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> —and lacking JUICE,] Thus the quarto 1593 and 1596. The edition of 1600 has—*juice*. The word *juice*, as Dr. Farmer informs me, is so pronounced in the midland counties.

<sup>3</sup> Mine eyes are GREY,] What we now call *blue* eyes, were in Shakspeare's time called *grey* eyes, and were considered as eminently beautiful. See a note on Romeo and Juliet, vol. vi. p. 100. MALONE.

My beauty as the spring doth yearly grow,  
 My flesh is soft and plump, my marrow burning;  
 My smooth moist hand, were it with thy hand  
 felt,  
 Would in thy palm dissolve, or seem to melt.

Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,  
 Or, like a fairy, trip upon the green,  
 Or, like a nymph, with long dishevell'd hair,  
 Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen<sup>4</sup>:  
 Love is a spirit all compact of fire,  
 Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire<sup>5</sup>.

Witness this primrose bank whereon I lie;  
 These forceless flowers like sturdy trees support me;  
 Two strengthless doves will draw me through the  
 sky,  
 From morn to night, even where I list to sport me:  
 Is love so light, sweet boy, and may it be  
 That thou should'st think it heavy unto thee?

Is thine own heart to thine own face affected?  
 Can thy right hand seize love upon thy left?  
 Then woo thyself, be of thyself rejected,  
 Steal thine own freedom, and complain on theft.  
 Narcissus, so, himself himself forsook,  
 And died to kiss his shadow in the brook.

<sup>4</sup> Or, like a nymph, with long dishevell'd hair,  
 Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen;] So, in *The Tempest*:

“And ye, that on the *sands* with *printless feet*

“Do chase the ebbing Neptune—.” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> Love is a spirit all COMPACT of fire,  
 Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire.] So, in *The Comedy of Errors*: “Let Love, being light, be drowned, if she sink.”

*Compact* is, *made up, composed*. See vol. v. p. 309, n. 6.

MALONE.

Torches are made to light, jewels to wear,  
 Dainties to taste, fresh beauty for the use ;  
 Herbs for their smell, and sappy plants to bear ;  
 Things growing to themselves are growth's abuse <sup>6</sup> :  
     Seeds spring from seeds, and beauty breedeth  
     beauty ;  
 Thou wast begot <sup>7</sup>,—to get it is thy duty.

Upon the earth's increase <sup>8</sup> why should'st thou feed,  
 Unless the earth with thy increase be fed ?  
 By law of nature thou art bound to breed,  
 That thine may live, when thou thyself art dead ;  
     And so, in spite of death, thou dost survive,  
     In that thy likeness still is left alive.

By this, the love-sick queen began to sweat,  
 For, where they lay, the shadow had forsook them,

<sup>6</sup> Things GROWING TO THEMSELVES are growth's abuse:] Alluding to twinn'd cherries, apples, peaches, &c. which accidentally grow into each other. Thus our author says, King Henry VIII. and Francis I. embraced "as they *grew together*."

STEEVENS.

Shakspeare, I think, meant to say no more than this ; "that those things which grow only to [or for] themselves," without producing any fruit, or benefiting mankind, do not answer the purpose for which they were intended. Thus, in a subsequent passage :

"So in *thyself thyself* art made away."

Again, in our author's 95th Sonnet :

"The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,

"Though *to itself* it only *live and die*."

Again, more appositely in the present poem :

"Poor flower ! quoth she, this was thy father's guise,—

"For every little grief to wet his eyes ;

"*To grow unto himself* was his desire,

"And so 'tis thine—." MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> Thou WAST begot —] So the quarto 1593. The copy of 1600 and the later editions read less correctly—"Thou wert."

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> Upon the earth's INCREASE —] i. e. upon the produce of the earth. MALONE.

And Titan, tired in the mid-day heat,  
 With burning eye<sup>9</sup> did hotly overlook them ;  
 Wishing Adonis had his team to guide,  
 So he were like him, and by Venus' side.

And now Adonis, with a lazy spright,  
 And with a heavy, dark, disliking eye,  
 His low'ring brows o'er-whelming his fair sight,  
 Like misty vapours, when they blot the sky,—  
 Souring his cheeks<sup>1</sup>, cries, Fie, no more of love ;  
 The sun doth burn my face ; I must remove.

Ah me, (quoth Venus,) young, and so unkind<sup>2</sup> ?  
 What bare excuses mak'st thou<sup>3</sup> to be gone !  
 I'll sigh celestial breath<sup>4</sup>, whose gentle wind  
 Shall cool the heat of this descending sun ;  
 I'll make a shadow for thee of my hairs ;  
 If they burn too, I'll quench them with my tears.

The sun that shines from heaven, shines but warm<sup>5</sup>,  
 And lo, I lie between that sun and thee ;

9 And Titan—with burning eye, &c.] So, in King Henry V. :

“ ——— like a lackey, from the rise to set,

“ Sweats in the *eye* of *Phœbus*.” MALONE.

“ Titan *tired*,” is ‘Titan *attired*.’ BOSWELL.

1 SOURING his CHEEKS,] So, in Coriolanus :

“ ——— Some news is come,

“ That *turns* their *countenances*.”

Again, in Timon of Athens :

“ Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,

“ It *turns* in less than two nights ?” MALONE.

2 — YOUNG, and so UNKIND ?] So, in K. Lear, Act I. Sc. I. :

“ So *young*, and so *untender* ?” STEEVENS.

3 What bare excuses mak'st thou —] Things easily seen through and refuted. So, in K. Henry IV. Part I. vol. xvi. p. 217 :

“ Never did *bare* and rotten policy

“ Colour her working with such deadly wounds.”

MALONE.

4 I'll SIGH celestial BREATH,] So, in Coriolanus :

“ ——— Never man

“ *Sigh'd* truer *breath*.” MALONE.

5 The sun that shines from heaven, shines but warm,] The

The heat I have from thence doth little harm,  
 Thine eye darts forth the fire that burneth me :  
 And were I not immortal, life were done <sup>6</sup>,  
 Between this heavenly and earthly sun.

Art thou obdurate, flinty, hard as steel,  
 Nay more than flint, for stone at rain relenteth ?  
 Art thou a woman's son, and canst not feel  
 What 'tis to love ? how want of love tormenteth ?  
 O, had thy mother borne so hard a mind <sup>7</sup>,  
 She had not brought forth thee, but died unkind <sup>8</sup>.

What am I, that thou should'st contemn me this <sup>9</sup>?  
 Or what great danger dwells upon my suit ?

sun affords only a natural and genial heat : " it warms, but it does not *burn*. " Thou sun," exclaims Timon, Act V. Sc. II. " that *comfort'st, burn!*" MALONE.

So, in King Lear :

" — her eyes are fierce, but thine

" Do *comfort*, and not *burn*." W.

<sup>6</sup> — life were done,] i. e. expended, consumed. So, in Timon of Athens :

" Now Lord Timon's happy hours are *done* and past."

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> O, had thy mother borne so HARD a mind.] So, in All's Well That Ends Well :

" — but you are cold and stern ;

" And now *you should be as your mother was*,

" When your sweet self was got."

Thus the quarto 1593. In the copy of 1596, *bad* is inserted instead of *hard*. The context shews that the latter was the poet's word. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — UNKIND.] That is, unnatural. *Kind* and *nature* were formerly synonymous. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> What am I, that thou should'st contemn me THIS ?] " That thou should'st contemn me this," means, " that thou should'st contemptuously refuse this favour that I ask."

The original copy, as well as that of 1596, both read as I have printed the text ; and I have not the least suspicion of its being erroneous. MALONE.

I suppose, without regard to the exactness of the rhyme, we



What were thy lips the worse for one poor kiss ?  
 Speak, fair ; but speak fair words, or else be mute :  
 Give me one kiss, I'll give it thee again,  
 And one for interest, if thou wilt have twain.

Fie, lifeless picture, cold and senseless stone,  
 Well-painted idol, image, dull and dead,  
 Statue, contenting but the eye alone,  
 Thing like a man, but of no woman bred ;  
 Thou are no man, though of a man's complexion,  
 For men will kiss even by their own direction.

This said, impatience chokes her pleading tongue,  
 And swelling passion doth provoke a pause ;  
 Red cheeks and fiery eyes blaze forth her wrong ;  
 Being judge in love, she cannot right her cause :  
 And now she weeps, and now she fain would  
 speak,  
 And now her sobs do her intendments<sup>1</sup> break.

Sometimes she shakes her head, and then his hand,  
 Now gazeth she on him, now on the ground ;  
 Sometimes her arms infold him like a band ;  
 She would, he will not in her arms be bound :  
 And when from thence he struggles to be gone,  
 She locks her lily fingers, one in one<sup>2</sup>.

should read—*thus*. *Thus* and *kiss* correspond in sound as well as *unlikely* and *quickly*, *adder* and *shudder*, which we meet with afterwards. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> — her INTENDMENTS —] i. e. intentions. Thus, in *Every Man in his Humour*: “ — but I, spying his *intendment*, discharg'd my petronel into his bosom.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> She locks HER lily fingers, one in one.] Should we not read—

“ She locks *their* lily fingers, one in one.” FARMER.

I do not see any need of change.—The arms of Venus at present infold Adonis. To prevent him from escaping, she renders her hold more secure, by *locking* her hands together.

So above :

Fondling, she saith, since I have hemm'd thee here,  
 Within the circuit of this ivory pale,  
 I'll be a park, and thou shalt be my deer<sup>3</sup>;  
 Feed where thou wilt, on mountain or in dale :  
     Graze on my lips<sup>4</sup>; and, if those hills be dry,  
     Stray lower, where the pleasant fountains lie<sup>5</sup>.

Within this limit is relief enough,  
 Sweet bottom-grass, and high delightful plain,  
 Round rising hillocks, brakes obscure and rough,  
 To shelter thee from tempest and from rain ;  
     Then be my deer, since I am such a park ;  
     No dog shall rouse thee, though a thousand bark.

At this Adonis smiles, as in disdain,  
 That in each cheek appears a pretty dimple :  
 Love made those hollows, if himself were slain,  
 He might be buried in a tomb so simple ;  
     Fore-knowing well, if there he came to lie,  
     Why there Love liv'd, and there he could not die.

“ Sometimes her arms infold him like a band.”

And afterwards :

“ The time is spent, her object will away,

“ And from *her twining arms* doth urge relieving.” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> I'll be a park, and thou shalt be my deer ;] So the original copy, 1593. The edition of 1596 has *the park*, which has been followed in the modern editions. The image presented here occurs again in *The Comedy of Errors* :

“ — my decayed fair,

“ A sunny look of his would soon repair ;

“ But, too unruly *deer*, he breaks the *pale*,

“ And feeds from home.” MALONE.

Again, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* : “ — I will never take you for my love again, but *I will always count you my dear.*”

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> FEED where thou wilt, on mountain or in dale ;

Graze on my lips ;] So, in *Love's Labour's Lost* :

“ — unless we *feed* on your *lips.*” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — where the PLEASANT FOUNTAINS lie.] So *Strumbo*, in the tragedy of *Lochrine* :

“ — the *pleasant water* of your secret *fountain.*” AMNER.

These lovely caves, these round enchanting pits,  
 Open'd their mouths to swallow Venus' liking :  
 Being mad before, how doth she now for wits ?  
 Struck dead at first, what needs a second striking <sup>6</sup> ?  
     Poor queen of love, in thine own law forlorn,  
     To love a cheek that smiles at thee in scorn !

Now which way shall she turn ? what shall she say ?  
 Her words are done, her woes the more increasing ;  
 The time is spent, her object will away,  
 And from her twining arms doth urge releasing :  
     Pity, — (she cries) some favour, — some re-  
         morse <sup>7</sup> ;—  
     Away he springs, and hasteth to his horse.

But lo, from forth a copse that neighbours by,  
 A breeding jennet, lusty, young, and proud,  
 Adonis' trampling courser doth espy,  
 And forth she rushes, snorts, and neighs aloud :  
     The strong-neck'd steed, being tied unto a tree,  
     Breaketh his rein, and to her straight goes he.

Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,  
 And now his woven girths he breaks asunder ;  
 The bearing earth with his hard hoof he wounds <sup>8</sup>,  
 Whose hollow womb resounds like heaven's thunder ;

<sup>6</sup> Struck dead at first, what needs a second striking ?] So, in Cymbeline:

“ What shall I need to draw my sword ? The paper

“ Hath cut her throat already.” W.

<sup>7</sup> — some REMORSE ;] Some tenderness. See Othello, vol. ix. p. 391, n. 1 :

“ — shall be in me remorse,

“ What bloody business ever.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> The bearing earth with his hard hoof he wounds,] So Virgil, Æneid viii. :

Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum.

MALONE.

The iron bit he crusheth 'tween his teeth,  
Controlling what he was controlled with <sup>9</sup>.

His ears up prick'd ; his braided hanging mane  
Upon his compass'd crest <sup>1</sup> now stand on end <sup>2</sup> ;  
His nostrils drink the air <sup>3</sup>, and forth again,  
As from a furnace, vapours doth he send <sup>4</sup> :

His eye, which scornfully glisters like fire,  
Shews his hot courage, and his high desire.

Sometime he trots, as if he told the steps,  
With gentle majesty, and modest pride ;  
Anon he rears upright, curvets and leaps <sup>5</sup>,  
As who should say, lo ! thus my strength is try'd ;

<sup>9</sup> CONTROLLING what he was CONTROLLED with.] So, in King John :

“ *Controulment for controulment.* So answer France.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> Upon his COMPASS'D crest —] *Compass'd* is *arch'd*. “ A compass'd ceiling ” is a phrase yet in use. MALONE.

So, in *Troilus and Cressida*: “ — she came to him the other day into the *compass'd* window,” i. e. ‘ the *bow* window.’ STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — his braided hanging MANE

Upon his compass'd crest NOW STAND on end ;] Our author uses *mane*, as composed of many hairs, as plural. So *army*, *flect*, &c. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> His nostrils DRINK THE AIR,] So, Ariel in *The Tempest* :

“ I *drink the air* before me.” STEEVENS.

Again, in *Timon of Athens* :

“ — and through him

“ *Drink the free air.*” MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> His nostrils drink the air, and forth again,

As from a furnace, vapours doth he send ;] So, in *As You Like It* :

“ — And then the lover,

“ Sighing like *furnace*, with a woeful ballad.”

In this description of a horse Shakspeare seems to have had the book of *Job* in his thoughts. MALONE.

“ As from a furnace vapours doth he send ;” So, in *Cymbeline* :

“ He *furnaceth* the thick sighs from him.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — and LEAPS.] The corresponding rhyme shews that the pronunciation of Shakspeare's time was *lep*, in the midland coun-

And this I do<sup>6</sup>, to captivate the eye  
Of the fair breeder that is standing by.

What recketh he his rider's angry stir,  
His flattering holla<sup>7</sup>, or his *Stand*, I say?  
What cares he now for curb, or pricking spur?  
For rich caparisons, or trapping gay?  
He sees his love, and nothing else he sees,  
For nothing else with his proud sight agrees.

Look, when a painter would surpass the life,  
In limning out a well-proportion'd steed,  
His art with nature's workmanship at strife<sup>8</sup>,  
As if the dead the living should exceed;  
So did this horse excell a common one,  
In shape, in courage, colour, pace, and bone.

ties, not *leap*, as the word is now commonly pronounced in England. In Ireland, where much of the phraseology and pronunciation of the age of Elizabeth is still retained, the ancient mode of pronouncing this word is preserved. So also Spenser, *Faery Queen*, b. i. c. 4, st. 39.

<sup>6</sup> And THIS I do,] So the quarto 1593. In later editions we find—And *thus* I do. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> His flatt'ring HOLLA,] This seems to have been formerly a term of the manege. So, in *As You Like It*: "Cry *holla* to thy tongue, I pr'ythee: it *curvets* unseasonably."

Again, in Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*:

"*Holla*, ye pamper'd *jades* of Asia," &c.

See Cotgrave's *French Dictionary*: "*Hola*, interjection. Enough; soft, soft; no more of that, if you love me."

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> His ART with NATURE'S workmanship at STRIFE,] So, in Daniel's *Complaint of Rosamond*, 1592:

"He greets me with a casket richly wrought;

"So rare, that *art* did seem to *strive* with *nature*,

"To express the cunning workman's curious thought."

See also *Timon of Athens*, vol. xiii. p. 253, n. 1:

"It tutors *nature*: *artificial strife*,

"Lives in these touches, livelier than life." STEEVENS.

Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,  
 Broad breast, full eye<sup>9</sup>, small head, and nostril wide,  
 High crest, short ears, straight legs, and passing  
     strong,  
 Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide :  
     Look what a horse should have, he did not lack,  
     Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

Sometime he scuds far off, and there he stares ;  
 Anon he starts at stirring of a feather<sup>1</sup> ;  
 To bid the wind a base he now prepares<sup>2</sup> ,  
 And whe'r he run, or fly, they know not whether<sup>3</sup> ;  
     For through his mane and tail the high wind  
     sings,  
     Fanning the hairs, who wave like feather'd wings.

He looks upon his love, and neighs unto her ;  
 She answers him, as if she knew his mind :  
 Being proud, as females are, to see him woo her,  
 She puts on outward strangeness<sup>4</sup>, seems unkind ;

<sup>9</sup> — full EYE,] So the original copy 1593, and the 16mo. 1596. Later editions—full *eyes*. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> Anon he starts at stirring of a feather;] So, in King Richard III.:

“ Tremble and start at wagging of a straw.” MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> To BID the wind A BASE he now prepares,] To “ bid the wind a base,” is to ‘ challenge the wind to a contest for superiority.’ *Base* is a rustick game, sometimes termed *prison-base*; properly *prison bars*. It is mentioned by our author in *Cymbeline*:— “ lads more like to *run the country base*,” &c. Again, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* :

“ Indeed I *bid the base* for Protheus.” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> And WHE'R he run, or fly, they know not whether;] *Whe'r*, for *whether*. So, in King John:

“ Now shame upon thee, *whêr* he does or no.”

Again, in a poem in praise of Ladie P—, *Epitathes, Epigrammes, &c.* by G. Turberville, 1567 :

“ I doubt *where* Paris would have chose

“ Dame Venus for the best.” MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — outward STRANGENESS,] i. e. seeming coyness, shy-

Spurns at his love, and scorns the heat he feels,  
Beating his kind embracements with her heels.

Then, like a melancholy malecontent,  
He vails his tail <sup>5</sup>, that, like a falling plume  
Cool shadow to his melting buttock lent <sup>6</sup>;  
He stamps, and bites the poor flies in his fume:  
His love perceiving how he is enrag'd,  
Grew kinder, and his fury was assuag'd.

His testy master goeth about to take him;  
When lo, the unback'd breeder, full of fear,  
Jealous of catching, swiftly doth forsake him,  
With her the horse, and left Adonis there:  
As they were mad, unto the wood they hie them,  
Out-stripping crows that strive to over-fly them.

All swoln with chasing, down Adonis sits,  
Banning <sup>7</sup> his boist'rous and unruly beast;  
And now the happy season once more fits,  
That love-sick Love by pleading may be blest;  
For lovers say, the heart hath treble wrong,  
When it is barr'd the aidance of the tongue <sup>8</sup>.

ness, backwardness. Thus Iachimo, speaking of his servant to Imogen: "He's *strange* and peevish." STEEVENS.

Again, more appositely, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"But trust me, gentlemen, I'll prove more true,

"Than those who have more cunning to be *strange*."

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> He VAILS his tail,] To *vail*, in old language, is to *lower*.

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — to his melting BUTTOCK lent;] So the quarto 1593, and the 16mo. of 1596. That of 1600 and the modern editions have —*buttocks*. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> BANNING —] i. e. cursing. So, in *King Richard III.*:

"Fell *banning* hag," &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — the heart hath treble wrong,

When it is barr'd the aidance of the tongue.] So, in *Macbeth*:

An oven that is stopp'd, or river stay'd,  
 Burneth more hotly, swelleth with more rage :  
 So of concealed sorrow may be said ;  
 Free vent of words love's fire doth assuage <sup>9</sup> ;  
 But when the heart's attorney once is mute,  
 The client breaks <sup>1</sup>, as desperate in his suit.

He sees her coming, and begins to glow,  
 (Even as a dying coal revives with wind,)  
 And with his bonnet hides his angry brow ;  
 Looks on the dull earth with disturbed mind <sup>2</sup> ;  
 Taking no notice that she is so nigh,  
 For all askaunce he holds her in his eye.

O, what a sight it was, wistly to view  
 How she came stealing to the wayward boy !  
 To note the fighting conflict of her hue !  
 How white and red each other did destroy <sup>3</sup> !

“ — the grief that does not speak,  
 “ Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> Free vent of words love's FIRE doth assuage.] *Fire* is here,  
 as in many other places, used by our poet as a dissyllable.

MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> But when the heart's ATTORNEY once is mute,  
 The CLIENT breaks, &c.] So, in King Richard III. :

“ Why should calamity be full of words ?

“ Windy attorneys to their client woes —.” STEEVENS.

The *heart's attorney* is the *tongue*, which undertakes and pleads  
 for it. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> Looks on the DULL EARTH, &c.] So, in The Two Gentlemen  
 of Verona :

“ She excells each mortal thing

“ Upon the *dull earth* dwelling.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — the fighting conflict of her hue !

How white and red, &c.] So, in the Taming of the Shrew :

“ Such *war of white and red* within her cheeks.”

Again, in Hamlet :

“ Sir, in my heart there was a kind of *fighting*.” W.



But now, her cheek was pale, and by and by  
It flash'd forth fire, as lightning from the sky.

Now was she just before him as he sat,  
And like a lowly lover down she kneels ;  
With one fair hand she heaveth up his hat,  
Her other tender hand his fair cheek feels :  
His tend'rer cheek receives her soft hand's print,  
As apt as new-fall'n snow takes any dint.

O, what a war of looks was then between them !  
Her eyes, petitioners, to his eyes suing ;  
His eyes saw her eyes as they had not seen them ;  
Her eyes woo'd still, his eyes disdain'd the wooing :  
And all this dumb play had his acts <sup>4</sup> made plain  
With tears, which, chorus-like, her eyes did rain <sup>5</sup>.

Full gently now she takes him by the hand,  
A lily prison'd in a gaol of snow,  
Or ivory in an alabaster band ;  
So white a friend engirts so white a foe :  
This beauteous combat, wilful and unwilling,  
Show'd like two silver doves that sit a billing.

Once more the engine of her thoughts began :  
O fairest mover on this mortal round,  
Would thou wert as I am, and I a man,  
My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my wound <sup>6</sup>;

4 — had HIS acts —] *His* for *its*. So, in Hamlet :  
“ — the dram of base  
“ Doth all the noble substance of worth dout  
“ To *his* own scandal.” MALONE.

5 And all this DUMB PLAY had his ACTS made plain  
With tears, which, CHORUS-LIKE, her eyes did rain.] From  
the present passage, I think it probable, that this first production  
of our author's muse was not composed till after he had left Strat-  
ford, and became acquainted with the theatre. MALONE.

6 — thy heart my wound ;] i. e. thy heart wounded as mine is.  
MALONE.

For one sweet look thy help I would assure thee,  
Though nothing but my body's bane would cure  
thee.

Give me my hand, saith he, why dost thou feel it ?  
Give me my heart, saith she, and thou shalt have it;  
O give it me, lest thy hard heart do steel it <sup>7</sup>,  
And being steel'd, soft sighs can never grave it <sup>8</sup> :  
Then love's deep groans I never shall regard,  
Because Adonis' heart hath made mine hard.

For shame, he cries, let go, and let me go ;  
My day's delight is past, my horse is gone,  
And 'tis your fault I am bereft him so ;  
I pray you hence, and leave me here alone ;  
For all my mind, my thought, my busy care,  
Is how to get my palfrey from the mare.

Thus she replies : Thy palfrey, as he should,  
Welcomes the warm approach of sweet desire.  
Affection is a coal that must be cool'd ;  
Else, suffer'd, it will set the heart on fire :  
The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath none <sup>9</sup> ;  
Therefore no marvel though thy horse be gone.

How like a jade he stood, tied to the tree <sup>1</sup>,  
Servilely master'd with a leathern rein !

<sup>7</sup> — lest thy hard heart do STEEL IT,] So, in Othello :

“ — thou dost *stone my heart*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — soft sighs can never GRAVE IT ;] Engrave it, i. e. make an impression on it. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath none ;] So, in Macbeth :

“ — but there's no bottom, none,

“ To my voluptuousness.” W.

<sup>1</sup> — tied to THE tree,] Thus the quarto 1593, and the 16mo. 1596 ; for which the edition of 1600 and all subsequent have substituted — a tree. MALONE.

But when he saw his love, his youth's fair fee,  
 He held such petty bondage in disdain ;  
 Throwing the base thong from his bending crest,  
 Enfranchising his mouth, his back, his breast.

Who sees his true love in her naked bed,  
 Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white <sup>6</sup>,  
 But, when his glutton eye so full hath fed,  
 His other agents aim at like delight <sup>7</sup> ?

Who is so faint, that dare not be so bold,  
 To touch the fire, the weather being cold ?

Let me excuse thy courser, gentle boy ;  
 And learn of him, I heartily beseech thee,

<sup>6</sup> Who SEES his true love in her NAKED BED,  
 Teaching the SHEETS A WHITER HUE THAN WHITE,] So, in  
 Cymbeline:

“ — Cytherea,

“ How bravely thou becom'st thy *bed!* *fresh lily!*

“ And *whiter than the sheets.*”

Who *sees*, &c. is the reading of the quarto 1593. In the 16mo. of 1596, for *sees*, we have—*seeks*. The true reading was restored in the edition of 1600; but it is manifest, from various other instances, that the correction was made by guess, and not from a comparison of copies.

The following passage in a poem by George Peele, preserved in an old miscellany, entitled the Phoenix Nest, 4to, 1593, in which a similar sentiment is found, (and which, perhaps, Shakspeare had in his thoughts,) fully supports the reading of the original copy:

“ Who hath *beheld* faire Venus in her pride

“ Of nakednes all alabaster white,

“ In ivorie bed strait laid by Mars his side

“ And hath not bin enchanted with the sight.

“ To wish, to dallie and to offer game

“ To coy, to court, *et cætera* to doe ;

“ (Forgive me chastnes if in termes of shame

“ To thy renowne, I paint what longs thereto.)”

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> His other AGENTS aim at like delight ?] So also Macbeth expresseth himself to his wife :

“ — I am settled, and *bend up*

“ *Each corporal agent* to this terrible feat.” AMNER.

To take advantage on presented joy ;  
 Though I were dumb, yet his proceedings teach  
 thee :

O learn to love ; the lesson is but plain,  
 And, once made perfect, never lost again.

I know not love, (quoth he,) nor will not know it,  
 Unless it be a boar, and then I chase it ;  
 'Tis much to borrow, and I will not owe it ;  
 My love to love is love but to disgrace it <sup>8</sup> ;  
 For I have heard it is a life in death,  
 That laughs, and weeps, and all but with a  
 breath <sup>9</sup>.

Who wears a garment shapeless and unfinish'd ?  
 Who plucks the bud before one leaf put forth <sup>1</sup> ?  
 If springing things be any jot diminish'd,  
 They wither in their prime, prove nothing worth :  
 The colt that's back'd and burthen'd being young,  
 Loseth his pride, and never waxeth strong.

<sup>8</sup> My love to love is love but to disgrace it ;] My inclination towards love is only a desire to render it contemptible.—The sense is almost lost in the jingle of words. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> For I have heard it is a LIFE IN DEATH,  
 THAT LAUGHS, AND WEEPS, &c.] So, in King Richard III. :  
 " For now they kill me with a *living death*."

Again, in Troilus and Cressida :

" These *lovers* cry,—Oh ! oh ! they die !

" Yet that which seems the wound to kill,

" *Doth turn oh ! oh ! to ha ! ha ! he !*

" *So dying love lives still :*

" Oh ! oh ! a while ; but ha ! ha ! ha !

" Oh ! oh ! groans out for ha ! ha ! ha !" MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> Who plucks the BUD before one leaf put forth ?] So, in The Shepherd's Song of Venus and Adonis, by H. C. 1600 :

" I am now too young

" To be wonne by beauty ;

" Tender are my years,

" I am yet a *bud*." MALONE.

You hurt my hand with wringing ; let us part <sup>2</sup>,  
 And leave this idle theme, this bootless chat :  
 Remove your siege from my unyielding heart ;  
 To love's alarm it will not ope the gate <sup>3</sup> :

Dismiss your vows, your feigned tears, your flattery ;

For where a heart is hard, they make no battery.

What ! canst thou talk, (quoth she,) hast thou a tongue ?

O, would thou had'st not, or I had no hearing !  
 Thy mermaid's voice <sup>4</sup> hath done me double wrong ;  
 I had my load before, now press'd with bearing :

Melodious discord, heavenly tune harsh-sounding,

Ear's deep-sweet musick <sup>5</sup>, and heart's deep-sore wounding.

<sup>2</sup> You hurt my hand with WRINGING ; let us part,] So, in the song above quoted :

“ Wind thee from mee, Venus,

“ I am not disposed ;

“ Thou *wringest* me too hard,

“ Pr'ythee let me goe :

“ Fie, what a pain it is,

“ Thus to be enclosed ! ” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> REMOVE your SIEGE from my unyielding heart ;

To LOVE's alarm it will not ope the gate :] So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ You—to *remove* that *siege* of grief from her —.”

Again, *ibid.* :

“ She will not stay the *siege* of *loving terms*.” MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> Thy MERMAID'S VOICE —] Our ancient writers commonly use *mermaid* for *syren*. STEEVENS.

See vol. iv. p. 205, n. 2. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> EAR'S deep-sweet musick,] Thus the original copy 1593. In the edition of 1600, we find—“ *Earth's* deep-sweet musick ;” which has been followed in all the subsequent copies.—This and various other instances prove, that all the changes made in that copy were made without any authority, sometimes from carelessness, and sometimes from ignorance. MALONE.

Had I no eyes, but ears, my ears would love  
 That inward beauty and invisible<sup>6</sup> ;  
 Or, were I deaf, thy outward parts would move  
 Each part in me that were but sensible :  
 Though neither eyes nor ears, to hear nor see,  
 Yet should I be in love, by touching thee.

Say, that the sense of feeling<sup>7</sup> were bereft me,  
 And that I could not see, nor hear, nor touch,  
 And nothing but the very smell were left me,  
 Yet would my love to thee be still as much ;  
 For from the still'tory of thy face excelling  
 Comes breath perfum'd<sup>8</sup>, that breedeth love by  
 smelling.

<sup>6</sup> — and INVISIBLE ;] I suspect that both for the sake of better rhyme, and better sense, we should read *invincible*. These words are misprinted, alternately one for the other, in King Henry IV. Part II. and King John. STEEVENS.

In the present edition, however, the reader will find the word *invisible*, in the passage referred to in King John, and *invincible*, in the second part of King Henry IV. as those words stand in the old copy. See vol. xv. p. 365, n. 6, and vol. xvii. p. 137, n. 9.

An opposition was, I think, clearly intended between *external* beauty, of which the eye is the judge, and a melody of voice, (which the poet calls *inward* beauty,) striking not the sight but the ear. I therefore have no doubt that *invisible*, which is found in the original copy 1593, as well as in the subsequent editions, is the true reading.

As to the weakness of the rhymes, the objection has little weight in any instance, for we know our ancient poets were satisfied often with feeble rhymes : and still less in the present case, the very same rhymes being again found in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act V. Sc. II. :

“ The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen

“ As is the razor's edge *invisible*,

“ Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen ;

“ Above the sense of sense : so *sensible*

“ Seemeth their conference.” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> Say, that the sense of FEELING —] Thus the ancient copies. All the modern editions read—*reason*. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> Comes BREATH PERFUM'D, &c.] So, in Constable's poem :

But O, what banquet wert thou to the taste,  
 Being nurse and feeder of the other four!  
 Would they not wish the feast might ever last<sup>9</sup>,  
 And bid Suspicion double lock the door<sup>1</sup>?

Lest jealousy, that sour unwelcome guest<sup>2</sup>,  
 Should, by his stealing in, disturb the feast.

Once more the ruby-colour'd portal open'd<sup>3</sup>,  
 Which to his speech did honey passage yield;  
 Like a red morn, that ever yet betoken'd  
 Wreck to the sea-man, tempest to the field,  
 Sorrow to shepherds, woe unto the birds,  
 Gusts and fowl flaws<sup>4</sup> to herdmen and to herds.

This ill presage advisedly she marketh:—  
 Even as the wind is hush'd before it raineth<sup>5</sup>,  
 Or as the wolf doth grin before he barketh,  
 Or as the berry breaks before it staineth,

“*Breathe once more thy balmie wind:*

“It smelleth of the mirrh tree,

“That to the world did bring thee,

“Never was *perfume* so sweet.” MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — MIGHT ever last,] Thus the original copy. For *might*  
 —*should* is substituted in the edition of 1596. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> And bid Suspicion double lock the door?] A bolder or hap-  
 pier personification than this, will not readily be pointed out in  
 any of our author's plays. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> Lest jealousy, that sour unwelcome guest, &c.]

— ne quis malus invidere possit,

Quum tantum sciat esse basiorum. *Catullus*. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — the ruby-colour'd PORTAL open'd,] So, in King Henry IV.  
 Part II. :

“— By his *gates of breath*

“There lies a downy-feather —.” MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — foul flaws —] i. e. violent blasts of wind. See vol. xvii.  
 p. 176, n. 6. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> Even as the WIND IS HUSH'D BEFORE IT RAINETH,] So, in  
 Hamlet :

“But, as we often see *against some storm*—

“The bold *winds* speechless, and the orb below

“As *hush as death*,” &c. STEEVENS.

Or like the deadly bullet of a gun <sup>6</sup>,  
His meaning struck her, ere his words begun <sup>7</sup>.

And at his look she flatly falleth down,  
For looks kill love, and love by looks reviveth :  
A smile recures the wounding of a frown ;  
But blessed bankrupt, that by love so thriveth !  
The silly boy believing she is dead,  
Claps her pale cheek, till clapping makes it red ;

And all-amaz'd <sup>8</sup> brake off his late intent,  
For sharply he did think to reprehend her,  
Which cunning love did wittily prevent :  
Fair fall the wit, that can so well defend her <sup>9</sup> !  
For on the grass she lies, as she were slain,  
Till his breath breatheth life in her again.

He wrings her nose, he strikes her on the cheeks,  
He bends her fingers, holds her pulses hard ;  
He chafes her lips ; a thousand ways he seeks  
To mend the hurt that his unkindness marr'd ;  
He kisses her ; and she, by her good will,  
Will never rise, so he will kiss her still.

<sup>6</sup> Or like the deadly bullet of a gun,] So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ ——— that name

“ Shot from the *deadly* level of a *gun*—.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> His meaning struck her, ere his words begun.] So, in *King Henry IV. Part II.* :

“ But Priam found the fire, ere he his tongue.”

Our author is inaccurate. He should have written *began*.

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> And ALL-AMAZ'D —] Thus the quarto 1593. The copy of 1600 corruptly reads, “ And in a *maze* ; ” for which the moderns have given. “ And in *amaze*.” MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> Fair fall the wit, &c.] So, in *King John* :

“ *Fair fall* the bones that took the pains for me.”

STEEVENS.



The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day :  
 Her two blue windows <sup>1</sup> faintly she up-heaveth,  
 Like the fair sun, when in his fresh array  
 He cheers the morn, and all the world relieveth :  
 And as the bright sun glorifies the sky <sup>2</sup>,  
 So is her face illumin'd with her eye ;

Whose beams upon his hairless face <sup>3</sup> are fix'd,  
 As if from thence they borrow'd all their shine <sup>4</sup>.  
 Were never four such lamps together mix'd,  
 Had not his clouded with his brows' repine ;  
 But hers, which through the crystal tears gave  
 light,  
 Shone like the moon, in water seen by night <sup>5</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> Her two BLUE windows —] So, in Antony and Cleopatra :

“ — Downy *windows*, close ;

“ And golden Phœbus never be beheld

“ Of eyes again so royal ! ”

Again, in Romeo and Juliet :

“ ——— thy *eyes' windows* fall

“ Like death, when he shuts up the day of life.”

MALONE.

This thought is more dilated in Cymbeline :

“ — the enclosed *lights* now canopied

“ Under these *windows* :—white and azure ! laced

“ With *blue* of heaven's own tinct.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — GLORIFIES the sky,] So, in King John :

“ Do *glorify* the banks that bound them in.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — his HAIRLESS face —] So, in King John :

“ This *unhair'd* sauciness, and boyish troops.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — all their shine.] *Shine* was formerly used as a substantive. So, in Pericles, Prince of Tyre, 1609 :

“ Thou shew'dst a subject's *shine*.”

Again, in the 97th Psalm, v. 4 : “ His lightnings gave *shine* unto the world.” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> But hers, which through the crystal tears gave light,

Shone like the moon, in water seen by night.] So, in Love's Labour's Lost :

“ Nor shines the silver *moon* one half so bright,

“ Through the *transparent bosom of the deep*,

“ As doth thy face *through tears* of mine *give light* ;

“ Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep.” MALONE.

O, where am I, quoth she ? in earth or heaven,  
Or in the ocean drench'd, or in the fire ?

What hour is this ? or morn or weary even ?  
Do I delight to die, or life desire ?

But now I liv'd, and life was death's annoy ;  
But now I died, and death was lively joy.

O, thou didst kill me ;—kill me once again :  
Thy eyes' shrewd tutor, that hard heart of thine,  
Hath taught them scornful tricks, and such disdain,  
That they have murder'd this poor heart of mine <sup>6</sup> ;  
And these mine eyes, true leaders to their queen,  
But for thy piteous lips no more had seen.

Long may they kiss each other, for this cure !  
O, never let their crimson liveries wear !  
And as they last, their verdure still endure,  
To drive infection from the dangerous year <sup>7</sup> !  
That the star-gazers, having writ on death,  
May say, the plague is banish'd by thy breath.

Pure lips, sweet seals in my soft lips imprinted <sup>8</sup>,  
What bargains may I make, still to be sealing ?

<sup>6</sup> — murder'd this poor heart —] So, in King Henry V. :  
“ The king hath *kill'd his heart.*” STEEVENS.

Again, in King Richard II. :

“ — 'twere no good part

“ To take on me to keep, and *kill thy heart.*” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — their VERDURE still endure,

To drive INFECTION from the dangerous year!] I have somewhere read, that in rooms where plants are kept in a growing state, the air is never unwholesome. STEEVENS.

The poet evidently alludes to a practice of his own age, when it was customary, in time of the plague, to strew the rooms of every house with rue and other strong smelling herbs, to prevent infection. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> Pure lips, SWEET SEALS in my soft lips imprinted,] We meet with the same image in Measure for Measure :

“ Take, O take those lips away,

“ That so sweetly were forsworn ;—

To sell myself I can be well contented,  
 So thou wilt buy, and pay, and use good dealing ;  
 Which purchase if thou make, for fear of slips<sup>9</sup>  
 Set thy seal-manual on my wax-red lips.

A thousand kisses buys my heart from me<sup>1</sup> ;  
 And pay them at thy leisure, one by one.  
 What is ten hundred touches<sup>2</sup> unto thee ?  
 Are they not quickly told, and quickly gone ?  
 Say, for non-payment that the debt should  
 double<sup>3</sup>,  
 Is twenty hundred kisses such a trouble ?

Fair queen, quoth he, if any love you owe me,  
 Measure my strangeness with my unripe years<sup>4</sup> ;  
 Before I know myself, seek not to know me ;  
 No fisher but the ungrown fry forbears :

“ But my kisses bring again,  
 “ *Seals of love*, but seal'd in vain.”

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida* :

“ With distinct breath, and *consign'd kisses* to them.”

The epithet *soft* has a peculiar propriety. See p. 44, n. 2.

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — for fear of SLIPS,] i. e. of *counterfeit* money. See note on *Romeo and Juliet*, Act II. Sc. IV. :

“ — what *counterfeit* did I give you ?

“ *Mer.* The *slip*, sir, the *slip*,” &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> A thousand kisses BUYS my heart from me ;] So, in *Troilus and Cressida* :

“ We two, that with so many thousand sighs

“ Did *buy* each other,” &c. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> What is ten hundred touches —] So the original copy 1593, and that of 1596. In the copy of 1600, and the modern editions, *kisses* is substituted for *touches*. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> Say, for non-payment that the debt should double,] The poet was thinking of a conditional bond's becoming forfeited for non-payment ; in which case, the entire penalty (usually the double of the principal sum lent by the obligee) was formerly recoverable at law. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> Measure my STRANGENESS —] i. e. my bashfulness, my coyness. See p. 28, n. 4. MALONE.

The mellow plumb doth fall, the green sticks fast,  
Or being early pluck'd, is sour to taste.

Look, the world's comforter<sup>5</sup>, with weary gait,  
His day's hot task hath ended in the west :  
The owl, night's herald, shrieks<sup>6</sup>, 'tis very late ;  
The sheep are gone to fold, birds to their nest ;  
And coal-black clouds that shadow heaven's  
light,  
Do summon us to part, and bid good night.

Now let me say *good night*, and so say you ;  
If you will say so, you shall have a kiss.  
*Good night*, quoth she ; and, ere he says *adieu*,  
The honey fee of parting tender'd is :  
Her arms do lend his neck a sweet embrace ;  
Incorporate then they seem ; face grows to face<sup>7</sup>.

<sup>5</sup> Look, the world's COMFORTER,] i. e. the *sun*. So in Timon of Athens :

“ Thou *sun*, that *comfort'st*, burn ! ”

Again, in a subsequent stanza :

“ Love *comforteth*, like *sunshine*.” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> The owl, NIGHT'S HERALD, SHRIEKS, &c.] So, in Macbeth :

“ It was the *owl* that *shriek'd*, the fatal bellman,

“ Which gives the stern'st good-night.”

In Romeo and Juliet, the *lark* is called the *herald of the morn*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — a sweet EMBRACE ;

Incorporate then they seem ; face GROWS to face.] So, in King Henry VIII. :

“ — how they clung

“ In their *embracements*, as they *grew* together.”

STEEVENS.

Again, in All's Well that Ends Well : “ I *grow* to you, and our parting is a tortured body.”—In the same manner as here, in Constable's Poem, Venus promises to let Adonis go, if he will give her a kiss. She complains of its shortness, and takes another :

“ When she had thus spoken,

“ She gave him a token,

“ And their *naked bosoms met*.” MALONE.

Till, breathless, he disjoin'd, and backward drew  
 The heavenly moisture, that sweet coral mouth,  
 Whose precious taste her thirsty lips well knew,  
 Whereon they surfeit, yet complain on drought:  
 He with her plenty press'd, she faint with dearth,  
 (Their lips together glew'd,) fall to the earth.

Now quick Desire hath caught the yielding prey,  
 And glutton-like she feeds, yet never filleth<sup>8</sup>;  
 Her lips are conquerors, his lips obey,  
 Paying what ransom the insulter willeth;  
 Whose vulture thought doth pitch the price so  
 high,  
 That she will draw his lips' rich treasure dry.

And having felt the sweetness of the spoil,  
 With blind-fold fury she begins to forage;  
 Her face doth reek and smoke, her blood doth boil,  
 And careless lust stirs up a desperate courage;  
 Planting oblivion, beating reason back,  
 Forgetting shame's pure blush<sup>9</sup>, and honour's  
 wreck.

Hot, faint, and weary, with her hard embracing,  
 Like a wild bird being tam'd with too much handling,  
 Or as the fleet-foot roe, that's tir'd with chasing,  
 Or like the froward infant, still'd with dandling,

<sup>8</sup> Now quick Desire hath caught THE yielding prey,  
 And glutton-like she feeds, yet never filleth;] So, in  
 Antony and Cleopatra:

“Other women cloy the appetite,” &c.

The 16mo. 1600, arbitrarily reads—“her yielding prey.”

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> Forgetting shame's pure blush,] Here the poet charges his  
 heroine with having forgotten what she can never be supposed  
 to have known. Shakspeare's Venus may surely say with Quar-  
 tilla in Petronius: “Junonem meam iratam habeam, si unquam  
 me meminere virginem fuisse.” STEEVENS.

He now obeys, and now no more resisteth,  
While she takes all she can, not all she listeth <sup>1</sup>.

What wax so frozen but dissolves with temp'ring,  
And yields at last to every light impression <sup>2</sup>?  
Things out of hope are compass'd oft with vent'ring,  
Chiefly in love, whose leave <sup>3</sup> exceeds commission:  
Affection faints not like a pale-fac'd coward,  
But then woos best, when most his choice is  
froward.

When he did frown, O, had she then gave over <sup>4</sup>,  
Such nectar from his lips she had not suck'd.  
Foul words and frowns must not repel a lover;  
What though the rose have prickles, yet 'tis pluck'd <sup>5</sup>:  
Were beauty under twenty locks kept fast,  
Yet love breaks through, and picks them all at  
last.

<sup>1</sup> While she takes all she can, not all she listeth:] Thus Pope's *Eloisa*:

“Give all thou canst, and let me dream the rest.”

AMNER.

<sup>2</sup> — dissolves with TEMP'RING,

And yields at last to every light IMPRESSION?] So, in *King Henry IV. Part II.*: “I have him already *tempering* between my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I *seal* with him.” STEEVENS.

It should be remembered that it was the custom formerly to seal with soft wax, which was *tempered* between the fingers, before the impression was made. See the note on the passage just cited, vol. xvii. p. 174, n. 1. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — whose LEAVE —] i. e. whose licentiousness. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — had she then GAVE OVER,] Our poet ought to have written—“had she then *giv'n* over;” but in this instance he is countenanced by many other writers, even in later times.

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> What though the rose have prickles, yet 'tis pluck'd:] Thus the original copy 1593, and that of 1596. The *sexto-decimo* of 1600, arbitrarily reads:

“What though the rose have *pricks*, yet is it pluck'd.” which has been followed in the modern editions. MALONE.

For pity now she can no more detain him ;  
 The poor fool<sup>6</sup> prays her that he may depart :  
 She is resolv'd no longer to restrain him ;  
 Bids him farewell, and look well to her heart,  
 The which, by Cupid's bow she doth protest<sup>7</sup>,  
 He carries thence incaged in his breast<sup>8</sup>.

Sweet boy, she says, this night I'll waste in sorrow,  
 For my sick heart commands mine eyes to watch.  
 Tell me, Love's master<sup>9</sup>, shall we meet to-morrow ?  
 Say, shall we ? shall we ? wilt thou make the match ?  
 He tells her, no ; to-morrow he intends  
 To hunt the boar with certain of his friends.

The boar ! (quoth she) whereat a sudden pale,  
 Like lawn being spread upon the blushing rose<sup>1</sup>,

<sup>6</sup> The POOR FOOL —] This was formerly an expression of tenderness. So, King Lear, speaking of Cordelia :

“ And my *poor fool* is hang'd.” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — BY CUPID'S BOW she doth PROTEST,] So, in A Midsummer Night's Dream :

“ I swear to thee by *Cupid's strongest bow*.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> He carries thence INCAGED in his breast.] Thus the editions of 1593 and 1596. So, in King Richard II. :

“ And yet *incaged* in so small a verge—.”

The edition of 1636, and all the modern copies, read—*engaged*.

This is a thought which Shakspeare has often introduced. So, in As You Like It :

“ That thou might'st join her hand in his,

“ Whose *heart within her bosom is*.”

Again, in Love's Labour's Lost :

“ Hence ever then *my heart is in thy breast*.”

Again, in King Richard III. :

“ Even so thy breast incloseth my poor heart.” MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — LOVE'S MASTER,] i. e. the master of Venus, the Queen of love. So, in The Two Gentlemen of Verona :

“ Let Love, being light, be drowned if *she sink*.”

Again, p. 47, l. 8 :

“ She's Love, she loves,” &c. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> The boar ! (quoth she) whereat a sudden PALE,

Like lawn being spread upon the blushing ROSE,] So, in The Sheepheard's Song of Venus and Adonis, by H. C. 1600 :

Usurps her cheek ; she trembles at his tale,  
 And on his neck her yoking arms she throws :  
 She sinketh down, still hanging by his neck <sup>2</sup>,  
 He on her belly falls, she on her back.

Now is she in the very lists of love <sup>3</sup>,  
 Her champion mounted for the hot encounter :  
 All is imaginary she doth prove,  
 He will not manage her, although he mount her ;  
 That worse than Tantalus' is her annoy.  
 To clip Elysium, and to lack her joy <sup>4</sup>.

Even as poor birds, deceiv'd with painted grapes <sup>5</sup>,  
 Do surfeit by the eye, and pine the maw,

“ Now, he sayd, let's goe ;  
 “ Harke, the hounds are crying ;  
 “ Grislie boare is up,  
 “ Huntsmen follow fast.  
 “ At the name of *boare*  
 “ Venus seemed dying :  
 “ Deadly-colour'd *pale*  
 “ *Roses overcast.*” MALONE.

“ Like *lawn* being spread upon the blushing *rose.*” So again,  
 in *The Rape of Lucrece* :

“ ——— red as *roses* that on *lawn* we lay.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — hanging BY his neck,] So the quarto 1593, and 16mo.  
 of 1596. The modern editions, following the copy of 1600, have  
 —on his neck. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — in the very LISTS OF LOVE,] So also John Dryden in his  
 play called *Don Sebastian* :

“ The sprightly bridegroom on his wedding night,  
 “ More gladly enters not the *lists of love.*” ANNER.

<sup>4</sup> To CLIP Elysium,] To *clip* in old language is to *embrace*.

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> EVEN AS POOR BIRDS, deceiv'd with PAINTED GRAPES,] Our  
 author alludes to the celebrated picture of Zeuxis, mentioned by  
 Pliny, in which some grapes were so well represented that birds  
 lighted on them to peck at them.

Sir John Davies has the same allusion in his *Nosce teipsum*,  
 1599 :

“ Therefore the bee did seek the painted flower,  
 “ And *birds of grapes the cunning shadow peck.*” MALONE.



Even so she languisheth in her mishaps,  
 As those poor birds that helpless berries saw <sup>6</sup> :  
 The warm effects <sup>7</sup> which she in him finds missing,  
 She seeks to kindle with continual kissing <sup>8</sup> :

But all in vain ; good queen, it will not be :  
 She hath assay'd as much as may be prov'd ;  
 Her pleading hath deserv'd a greater fee ;  
 She's Love, she loves, and yet she is not lov'd.  
 Fie, fie, he says, you crush me ; let me go ;  
 You have no reason to withhold me so.

Thou had'st been gone, quoth she, sweet boy, ere  
 this,  
 But that thou told'st me, thou would'st hunt the  
 boar.

O, be advis'd : thou know'st not what it is  
 With javelin's point a churlish swine to gore,  
 Whose tushes never-sheath'd he whetteth still,  
 Like to a mortal butcher <sup>9</sup>, bent to kill.

<sup>6</sup> As those poor birds that HELPLESS BERRIES SAW :] *Helpless berries* are berries that afford no *help*, i. e. nourishment.

STEEVENS.

I once thought that a different meaning was intended to be conveyed ; but I now believe, Mr. Steevens is right. So, in *The Comedy of Errors* :

“ So thou—

“ With urging *helpless* patience would'st relieve me.”

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> The warm EFFECTS —] I think we should read *affects*. So, in *Othello* :

“ — the young *affects*

“ In me defunct.” STEEVENS.

*Effects* means *consequences produced by action*. There is clearly no need of change. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> She seeks to KINDLE with continual KISSING :] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ *Quicken* with *kissing* :—had my lips that power,

“ Thus would I wear them out.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> Like to a MORTAL butcher,] *Mortal*, for *deadly*. So, in *Othello* :

“ And you, ye *mortal* engines,” &c. MALONE.

On his bow-back he hath a battle set  
 Of bristly pikes, that ever threat his foes;  
 His eyes, like glow-worms, shine when he doth fret<sup>1</sup>;  
 His snout digs sepulchres where'er he goes;  
 Being mov'd, he strikes what e'er is in his way,  
 And whom he strikes, his cruel tushes slay.

His brawny sides, with hairy bristles arm'd,  
 Are better proof than thy spear's point can enter;  
 His short thick neck cannot be easily harm'd;  
 Being ireful, on the lion he will venture:  
 The thorny brambles and embracing bushes,  
 As fearful of him, part; through whom he rushes<sup>2</sup>.

Alas, he nought esteems that face of thine,  
 To which Love's eyes pay tributary gazes;  
 Nor thy soft hands, sweet lips, and crystal eyne,  
 Whose full perfection all the world amazes;  
 But having thee at vantage, (wond'rous dread!)  
 Would root these beauties as he roots the mead.

<sup>1</sup> On his bow-back he hath a battle set  
 Of bristly pikes, that ever threat his foes;  
 His eyes, like glow-worms, shine when he doth fret;] In  
 this description Shakspeare had perhaps in view that given by  
 Ovid of the Calydonian boar, slain by Meleager. See Golding's  
 translation, book viii.:

“ His *eyes* did glister blood and fire; right dreadful was to see  
 “ His brawn'd *back*; right dreadful was his haire, which grew  
 as thicke  
 “ With pricking points as one of them could well by other  
 sticke:  
 “ And, like a front of armed *pikes* set close in *battel* ray,  
 “ The sturdie *bristles* on his back stood staring up alway.”

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> The thorny brambles and embracing bushes,  
 As fearful of him, part; through whom he rushes.] Thus  
 Virgil describing the rapid passage of two centaurs through the  
 woods:

— dat euntibus ingens  
 Sylva locum, et magno cedunt virgulta fragore.

STEEVENS.

O, let him keep his loathsome cabin still<sup>3</sup>;  
 Beauty hath nought to do with such foul fiends :  
 Come not within his danger<sup>4</sup> by thy will ;  
 They that thrive well, take counsel of their friends :  
     When thou didst name the boar, not to dissemble,  
     I fear'd thy fortune, and my joints did tremble.

Didst thou not mark my face ? Was it not white ?  
 Saw'st thou not signs of fear lurk in mine eye ?  
 Grew I not faint ? And fell I not downright ?  
 Within my bosom, whereon thou dost lie,  
     My boding heart pants, beats, and takes no rest,  
     But, like an earthquake, shakes thee on my breast.

For where love reigns, disturbing jealousy  
 Doth call himself affection's sentinel ;  
 Gives false alarms, suggesteth mutiny,  
 And in a peaceful hour doth cry, *kill, kill*<sup>5</sup> ;  
     Distemp'ring gentle love in his desire<sup>6</sup>,  
     As air and water do abate the fire.

This sour informer, this bate-breeding<sup>7</sup> spy,  
 This canker, that eat's up love's tender spring<sup>8</sup>,

<sup>3</sup> — his loathsome CABIN still ;] *Cabin*, in the age of Queen Elizabeth, signified a small mean dwelling place, and was much in use. The term still is used universally through Ireland, where the word *cottage* is scarcely ever employed. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> Come not within his danger —] This was a common expression in Shakspeare's time, and seems to have meant, Expose not yourself to one who has the power to do you mischief. See vol. v. p. 120, n. 2. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> And in a peaceful hour doth cry, KILL, KILL ;] So, in King Lear :

“ And when I have stolen upon these sons-in-law,  
 “ Then *kill, kill, kill.*” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — IN his desire —] So the original copy 1593, and the 16mo. 1596. In the edition of 1600, we find—*with* his desire.

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — bate-breeding —] So, in The Merry Wives of Windsor, Mrs. Quickly observes, that John Rugby is “ no tell-tale, no

This carry-tale<sup>9</sup>, dissensious jealousy,  
 That sometime true news, sometime false doth  
     bring<sup>1</sup>,  
 Knocks at my heart, and whispers in mine ear,  
 That if I love thee, I thy death should fear :

And more than so, presenteth to mine eye  
 The picture of an angry chafing boar,  
 Under whose sharp fangs on his back doth lie  
 An image like thyself, all stain'd with gore ;  
     Whose blood upon the fresh flowers being shed,  
     Doth make them droop with grief<sup>2</sup>, and hang  
     the head.

What should I do, seeing thee so indeed,  
 That tremble<sup>3</sup> at the imagination ?

*breed-bate.*" *Bate* is an obsolete word signifying *strife, contention*. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — love's tender spring,] I once thought that *love's tender spring* meant, *printemps d'amour*. So, in *The Rape of Lucrece* :

    " Unruly blasts wait on the tender spring."

Again, in the present poem :

    " *Love's gentle spring* doth always fresh remain—."

But I am now of opinion that *spring* is used here, as in other places, for a young shoot or plant, or rather, the tender *bud* of growing love. So, in *The Comedy of Errors* :

    " Even in the spring of love, thy *love-springs* rot."

MALONE.

    " This *canker*, that *cats up* love's tender spring." So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

    " Full soon the *canker* death *cats up* that plant."

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> This CARRY-TALE,] So, in *Love's Labour's Lost* :

    " Some *carry-tale*, some *please-man*," &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> That sometime true news, sometime false doth bring,]

*Tam ficti pravique tenax quam nuntia veri.* *Virg.*

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> Doth make them DROOP—] So the quarto 1593, and the editions of 1596 and 1600. The modern editions have—*drop*.

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> That TREMBLE —] So the original copy, 1593. The edition of 1596 has—*trembling*. MALONE.

The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed,  
And fear doth teach it divination<sup>4</sup>:

I prophesy thy death, my living sorrow,  
If thou encounter with the boar to-morrow.

But if thou needs wilt hunt, be rul'd by me :

Uncouple at the timorous flying hare<sup>5</sup>,

Or at the fox, which lives by subtilty,

Or at the roe, which no encounter dare :

Pursue these fearful creatures o'er the downs,  
And on thy well-breath'd horse keep with thy  
hounds.

And when thou hast on foot the purblind hare,  
Mark the poor wretch, to overshut his troubles<sup>6</sup>,  
How he out-runs the wind, and with what care  
He cranks<sup>7</sup> and crosses with a thousand doubles :

<sup>4</sup> And fear doth teach it DIVINATION:] So, in King Henry IV.  
Part II.:

“Tell thou thy earl, his *divination* lies.” STEEVENS.

“And fear doth teach it *divination* :

“*I prophecy thy death,*” &c. So, in Romeo and Juliet:

“O God! I have an ill *divining* soul;

“Methinks I *see thee*, now thou art so low,

“*As one dead* in the bottom of a tomb.” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> But if thou needs wilt hunt, be rul'd by me :

Uncouple at the timorous flying hare,] So, in The Sheep-  
heard's Song of Venus and Adonis, by H. C. 1600 :

“*Speake, sayd she, no more*

“*Of following the boare,*

“Thou unfit for such a chase;

“*Course the feareful hare,*

“Venison do not spare,

“If thou wilt yield Venus grace.” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — to OVERSHUT his troubles,] I would read *overshoot*, i. e.  
fly beyond. STEEVENS.

To *shut up*, in Shakspeare's age, signified to *conclude*. I believe  
therefore the text is right. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> He CRANKS —] i. e. he *winds*. So, in Coriolanus, the  
belly says :

“I send it through the rivers of your blood,

“And through the *cranks* and offices of man,” &c.

The many musits through the which he goes<sup>8</sup>,  
Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.

Sometime he runs among a flock of sheep,  
To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell ;  
And sometime where earth-delving conies keep<sup>9</sup>,  
To stop the loud pursuers in their yell ;  
And sometime sorteth with a herd of deer<sup>1</sup> ;  
Danger deviseth shifts ; wit waits on fear :

For there his smell with others being mingled,  
The hot scent-snuffing hounds are driven to doubt ;  
Ceasing their clamorous cry till they have singled  
With much ado the cold fault cleanly out ;  
Then do they spend their mouths : Echo replies,  
As if another chase were in the skies<sup>2</sup>.

Again, more appositely, in King Henry IV. Part I. :

“ See, how this river comes me *cranking* in—.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> The many MUSITS through the which he goes,] *Musits* are said by the lexicographers to be *the places through which the hare goes for relief*. The modern editions read *unfits*.

“ Three things,” says the author of the *Choice of Change*, 1585, “ are hard to be found :

“ A hare without a *muse* ;

“ A fenne without a *sluse*.

“ A whore without a *skuse*.”

Coles, in his *English Dictionary*, 1677, renders “ the *muse* of a hare,” by “ *Arctus leporis per super transitus ; leporis lacuna*.”

So, in *Ram Alley*, 1611 :

“ ————— we can find

“ Y<sup>r</sup> wildest paths y<sup>r</sup> turnings and returns

“ Y<sup>r</sup> traces squats, the *mussers*, forms, and holes.”

MALONE.

A *muset* is a gap in a hedge. See Cotgrave’s explanation of the French word *Trouée*. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — keep,] i. e. dwell. This word, which was formerly common in this sense, is now almost obsolete. It is still, however, commonly used at Oxford and Cambridge. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> And sometime SORTETH with a herd of deer ;] *Sorteth* means *accompanies*, consorts with. *Sort* anciently signified a *troop*, or *company*. See vol. v. p. 260, n. 8. MALONE.

By this, poor Wat, far off upon a hill,  
 Stands on his hinder legs with listening ear,  
 To hearken if his foes pursue him still;  
 Anon their loud alarums he doth hear;  
 And now his grief may be compared well  
 To one sore sick, that hears the passing bell<sup>3</sup>.

Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch  
 Turn, and return, indenting with the way;  
 Each envious briar his weary legs doth scratch<sup>4</sup>,  
 Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay:  
 For misery is trodden on by many,  
 And being low, never reliev'd by any.

Lie quietly, and hear a little more;  
 Nay, do not struggle, for thou shalt not rise:  
 To make thee hate the hunting of the boar,  
 Unlike myself thou hear'st me moralize<sup>5</sup>,  
 Applying this to that, and so to so;  
 For love can comment upon every woe.

<sup>2</sup> — Echo replies,

As if another chase were in the skies.] So Dryden [in his *Secular Masque*, 1700]:

“With shouting and hooting we pierce through the sky,  
 “And echo turns hunter, and doubles the sky.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> To one sore sick, that HEARS THE PASSING BELL.] This thought is borrowed by Beaumont and Fletcher in *Philaster*:

“—— like one who languishing

“Hears his sad bell——.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> Each envious BRIAR his weary LEGS doth SCRATCH,] So, in *The Taming of the Shrew*:

“—— roaming through a thorny wood

“Scratching her legs.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> Unlike MYSELF, thou hear'st me moralize,] So the quarto 1593. For *myself*, the edition of 1596 has *thyself*, which is followed in some of the subsequent copies.

To *moralize* here means to *comment*; from *moral*, which our author generally uses in the sense of *latent meaning*. So, in *The Taming of the Shrew*: “He has left me here behind to expound the meaning or *moral* of his signs and tokens.” MALONE.

Where did I leave?—No matter where, quoth he ;  
 Leave me, and then the story aptly ends :  
 The night is spent. Why, what of that, quoth she :  
 I am, quoth he, expected of my friends ;  
 And now 'tis dark, and going I shall fall ;—  
 In night, quoth she, desire sees best of all <sup>6</sup>.

But if thou fall, O then imagine this,  
 The earth, in love with thee, thy footing trips,  
 And all is but to rob thee of a kiss <sup>7</sup>.  
 Rich preys make true men thieves <sup>8</sup> ; so do thy lips  
 Make modest Dian cloudy and forlorn,  
 Lest she should steal a kiss, and die forsworn <sup>9</sup>.

Now, of this dark night I perceive the reason :  
 Cynthia for shame obscures her silver shine <sup>1</sup>,

<sup>6</sup> In night, quoth she, desire sees best of all.] So, in Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, which preceded the present poem :

“ — dark night is Cupid's day.” MALONE.

I verily believe that a sentiment similar, in some sort, to another uttered by that forward wanton Juliet, occurreth here :

“ Lovers can see to do their amorous rites

“ By their own beauties.” AMNER.

<sup>7</sup> The EARTH, in love with thee, thy footing trips,  
 And all is but to ROB THEE OF A KISS.] So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* :

“ — lest the base earth

“ Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> Rich preys make TRUE men thieves ;] *True men*, in the language of Shakspeare's time, meant *honest men* ; and the expression was thus frequently used in opposition to *thieves*. See vol. ix. p. 148, n. 8.

This passage furnishes a signal proof of what I have had frequent occasion to observe, the great value of first editions, every re-impression producing many corruptions. In the 16mo. of 1596, we here find—“ Rich preys make rich men thieves ;” a corruption which has been followed in the subsequent copies. The true reading I have recovered from the original quarto 1593. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — die FORSWORN.] i. e. having broken her oath of virginity.

STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> — her silver SHINE.] See p. 39, n. 5. MALONE.



Till forging Nature be condemn'd of treason,  
 For stealing moulds from heaven that were divine ;  
     Wherein she fram'd thee, in high heaven's despite,  
 To shame the sun by day, and her by night.

And therefore hath she brib'd the Destinies,  
 To cross the curious workmanship of nature ;  
 To mingle beauty with infirmities,  
 And pure perfection with impure defeature <sup>2</sup> ;  
     Making it subject to the tyranny  
     Of mad mischances <sup>3</sup>, and much misery ;

As burning fevers, agues pale and faint,  
 Life-poisoning pestilence, and frenzies wood <sup>4</sup>,  
 The marrow-eating sickness, whose attain  
 Disorder breeds by heating of the blood :  
     Surfeits, impostumes, grief, and damn'd despair,  
     Swear nature's death for framing thee so fair.

And not the least of all these maladies  
 But in one minute's fight brings beauty under <sup>5</sup> :

<sup>2</sup> — defeature ;] This word is derived from *defaire*, Fr. *to undo*. So, in *The Comedy of Errors* :

“ — strange *defeatures* in my face.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> Of MAD mischances,] So the quarto 1593. The edition of 1596, has “*sad* mischances,” which has been followed in all the subsequent copies.

The following stanza, where some of these mischances are enumerated, supports the original reading : burning fevers, frenzies wood, and damn'd despair, are well entitled to this epithet.

It may also be observed, that an alliteration appears to have been intended in this verse. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — and frenzies wood,] *Wood*, in old language, is *frantick*. So in *King Henry VI. Part I.* :

“ How the young whelp of Talbot's, raging *wood*,

“ Did flesh his puny sword in Frenchman's blood.” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> But in one minute's FIGHT brings beauty under:] Thus the edition of 1593, and that of 1596. The least of these maladies, after a *momentary engagement*, subdues beauty. Not being pos-

Both favour, savour, hue, and qualities,  
 Whereat the impartial gazer<sup>6</sup> late did wonder,  
 Are on the sudden wasted, thaw'd, and done<sup>7</sup>,  
 As mountain-snow melts with the mid-day sun.

Therefore, despight of fruitless chastity,  
 Love-lacking vestals, and self-loving nuns,  
 That on the earth would breed a scarcity,  
 And barren dearth of daughters and of sons,  
 Be prodigal: the lamp that burns by night<sup>8</sup>,  
 Dries up his oil, to lend the world his light.

What is thy body but a swallowing grave<sup>9</sup>,  
 Seeming to bury that posterity<sup>1</sup>

essed of these copies, when the first edition of these poems was printed, in 1780, I printed *sight*, the reading of the copy of 1600: but I then conjectured that *fight* was the true reading, and I afterwards found my conjecture confirmed. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — the IMPARTIAL gazer —] Thus the original copy of 1593, and the edition of 1596. *Impartial* is here used, I conceive, in the same sense as in Measure for Measure, vol. ix. p. 187, n. 7. The subsequent copies have—*imperial*. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — thaw'd, and DONE,] *Done* was formerly used in the sense of *wasted*, *consumed*, *destroyed*. So, in King Henry VI. Part I.:

“And now they meet, where both their lives are *done*.”  
 In the West of England it still retains the same meaning.

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — the lamp that burns by night,] i. e.

— λύχνον ἑρώτων,

Καὶ γάμον ἀχλὺθέντα ——. *Musæus*. STEEVENS.

Ye nuns and vestals, says Venus, imitate the example of the lamp, that profiteth mankind at the expence of its own oil.—I do not apprehend that the poet had at all in his thoughts the torch of the loves, or the nocturnal meeting of either Hero and Leander or any other persons.

The preceding precept here illustrated is general, without any limitation of either time or space. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> What is thy body but a SWALLOWING GRAVE,] So, in King Richard III.:

“— in the *swallowing* gulph

“Of dark forgetfulness and deep oblivion.”

Which by the rights of time thou needs must have,  
If thou destroy them not in dark obscurity<sup>2</sup> ?

If so, the world will hold thee in disdain,  
Sith in thy pride so fair a hope is slain.

So in thyself thyself art made away ;  
A mischief worse than civil home-bred strife,  
Or theirs, whose desperate hands themselves do  
slay,

Or butcher-sire<sup>3</sup>, that reaves his son of life.

Foul cankering rust the hidden treasure frets,  
But gold that's put to use, more gold begets<sup>4</sup>.

Again, in our author's 77th Sonnet :

“ The wrinkles which thy glass will truly shew,

“ Of *mouthed graves* will give thee memory.” MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> — a swallowing grave,

Seeming to BURY that POSTERITY, &c.] So, in our author's  
third Sonnet :

“ — who is so fond, will be the *tomb*

“ Of his self-love, to *stop posterity* ?” MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — in DARK obscurity ?] So the quarto 1593, and the edition of 1596 ; that of 1600 and the subsequent copies have—  
“ in *their obscurity*.” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> OF BUTCHER-SIRE —] So the earliest copy, 1593, and the 16mo. 1596. The reviser of the edition in 1600, not comprehending how *butcher* could be used adjectively, printed—“ *butcher's sire* ;” a good specimen of the capricious changes made *ad libitum*, from ignorance, in the sheets of our author's plays and poems as they passed through the press. See p. 54, n. 8.

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> But GOLD that's put to use, more GOLD begets.] So, in *The Merchant of Venice* :

“ Or is your *gold* and silver ewes and rams ?

“ *Shy*. I cannot tell ; I make it *breed* as fast.” STEEVENS.

In Marlowe's poem, Leander uses the same argument to Hero, that Venus here urges to Adonis :

“ What difference between the richest mine

“ And basest mould, but *use* ? for both, not us'd,

“ Arc of like worth. Then *treasure is abus'd*,

“ *When misers keep it ; being put to lone*,

“ *In time it will returne us two for one*.” MALONE.

Nay then, quoth Adon, you will fall again  
 Into your idle over-handled theme ;  
 The kiss I gave you is bestow'd in vain,  
 And all in vain you strive against the stream ;  
     For by this black-faced night, desire's foul nurse,  
     Your treatise makes me like you worse and worse.

If love have lent you twenty thousand tongues,  
 And every tongue more moving than your own,  
 Bewitching like the wanton mermaid's songs,  
 Yet from mine ear the tempting tune is blown ;  
     For know, my heart stands armed in mine ear,  
     And will not let a false sound enter there ;

Lest the deceiving harmony should run  
 Into the quiet closure of my breast ;  
 And then my little heart were quite undone,  
 In his bedchamber to be barr'd of rest.  
     No, lady, no ; my heart longs not to groan,  
     But soundly sleeps, while now it sleeps alone.

What have you urg'd, that I cannot reprove ?  
 The path is smooth that leadeth on to danger<sup>5</sup> ;  
 I hate not love, but your device in love,  
 That lends embracements unto every stranger.  
     You do it for increase, O strange excuse !  
     When reason is the bawd to lust's abuse<sup>6</sup>.

Call it not love, for Love to heaven is fled,  
 Since sweating Lust on earth usurp'd his name<sup>7</sup> ;

<sup>5</sup> — that leadeth ON TO danger ;] So the original edition, 1593, and that of 1596 ; for which in the edition of 1600, and the modern copies, we have " leadeth *unto* danger." MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> When REASON is the BAWD to lust's abuse.] So, in Hamlet :  
 " And *reason panders* will." STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — LOVE TO HEAVEN is fled,  
 Since sweating LUST ON EARTH usurp'd his NAME ;] This

Under whose simple semblance he hath fed  
 Upon fresh beauty, blotting it with blame ;  
 Which the hot tyrant stains, and soon bereaves,  
 As caterpillars do the tender leaves.

Love comforteth, like sunshine after rain,  
 But lust's effect is tempest after sun ;  
 Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain,  
 Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done<sup>8</sup>.  
 Love surfeits not ; lust like a glutton dies :  
 Love is all truth ; lust full of forged lies.

More I could tell, but more I dare not say ;  
 The text is old, the orator too green.  
 Therefore in sadness, now I will away ;  
 My face is full of shame, my heart of teen<sup>1</sup> :  
 Mine ears, that to your wanton talk attended,  
 Do burn themselves<sup>1</sup> for having so offended.

With this he breaketh from the sweet embrace  
 Of those fair arms which bound him to her breast,

information is of as much consequence as that given us by Homer about one of his celebrated rivers, which, he says, was

“ *Xanthus by name to those of heavenly birth,*

“ *But call'd Scamander by the sons of earth.*” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain,

Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done.] So, again,  
 in The Rape of Lucrece :

“ O rash false heat, wrapt in repentant cold !

“ *Thy hasty spring still blasts, and ne'er grows old.*”

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> My face is full of shame, my heart of TEEN:] *Teen* is sorrow. The word is often used by Shakspeare and Spenser.

MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> MINE EARS, that to your wanton talk ATTENDED,

Do burn, &c.] So, in Cymbeline :

“ — I do condemn *mine ears*, that have

“ So long *attended* thee.” STEEVENS.

And homeward through the dark lawnd<sup>9</sup> runs apace ;  
Leaves Love upon her back deeply distress'd.

Look, how a bright star shooteth from the sky<sup>3</sup>,  
So glides he in the night from Venus' eye ;

Which after him she darts, as one on shore  
Gazing upon a late-embarked friend<sup>4</sup>,  
Till the wild waves will have him seen no more,  
Whose ridges<sup>5</sup> with the meeting clouds contend :  
So did the merciless and pitchy night  
Fold in the object that did feed her sight.

<sup>1</sup> — the dark lawnd —] So the original copy of 1593, and the edition of 1596. *Lawnd* and *lawn* were in old language synonymous. The 16mo. of 1600 has—*lawnes*, which in the modern editions became *lanes*. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> Look, how a bright STAR SHOOTETH from the sky,] So, in King Richard II. :

“ I see thy glory like a shooting star—.”

Again, in A Midsummer Night's Dream :

“ And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,

“ To hear the sea-maid's musick.” MALONE.

Again, in Troilus and Cressida :

“ — and fly like chidden Mercury,

“ Or like a star dis-orb'd.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — as one on shore

Gazing upon a late-embarked friend,] Perhaps Otway had this passage in his thoughts when he wrote the following lines :

“ Methinks I stand upon a naked beach,

“ Sighing to winds, and to the seas complaining ;

“ While afar off the vessel sails away,

“ Where all the treasure of my soul's embark'd.”

MALONE.

See the scene in Cymbeline where Imogen tells Pisanio how he ought to have gazed after the vessel in which Posthumus was embarked. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> Till the wild WAVES—

Whose RIDGES —] So, in King Lear :

“ Horns welk'd and wav'd like the enridged sea.”

STEEVENS.

“ — the wild waves —

“ Whose ridges with the meeting clouds contend.” So, in Othello :

Whereat amaz'd, as one that unaware  
 Hath dropp'd a precious jewel in the flood,  
 Or 'stonish'd as night-wanderers often are <sup>6</sup>,  
 Their light blown out in some mistrustful wood ;  
 Even so confounded in the dark she lay,  
 Having lost the fair discovery of her way <sup>7</sup>.

And now she beats her heart, whereat it groans,  
 That all the neighbour-caves, as seeming troubled,  
 Make verbal repetition of her moans ;  
 Passion on passion deeply is redoubled :  
*Ah me !* she cries, and twenty times, *woe, woe !*  
 And twenty echoes twenty times cry so.

She marking them, begins a wailing note,  
 And sings extemp'rally a woeful ditty ;  
 How love makes young men thrall, and old men dote ;  
 How love is wise in folly, foolish-witty :  
 Her heavy anthem still concludes in woe,  
 And still the choir of echoes answer so <sup>8</sup>.

“ *The chiding billow seems to pelt the clouds ;*  
 “ *The wind-shak'd surge with high and monstrous main*  
 “ *Seems to cast water on the burning bear,*  
 “ *And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole.*”

Again, *ibidem* :

“ *And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas,*  
 “ *Olympus high.*” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> Or 'STONISH'D AS NIGHT-WANDERERS often are,] So, in King  
 Lear :

“ — the wrathful skies  
 “ *Gallow the very wanderers of the dark.*” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — the fair discovery of her way.] I would read—*discoverer*,  
 i. e. *Adonis*. STEEVENS.

The old reading appears to me to afford the same meaning, and  
 is surely more poetical. Our author uses a similar phraseology  
 in *Coriolanus* :

“ Lest you should chance to whip your *information*,  
 [i. e. your informer.]

“ And beat the messenger who bids beware  
 “ *Of what is to be dreaded.*” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> And still the choir of echoes ANSWER SO.] Our author ought

Her song was tedious, and outwore the night,  
 For lovers' hours are long, though seeming short<sup>9</sup> :  
 If pleas'd themselves, others, they think, delight  
 In such like circumstance, with such like sport :  
 Their copious stories, oftentimes begun,  
 End without audience, and are never done.

For who hath she to spend the night withal,  
 But idle sounds resembling parasites ;  
 Like shrill-tongu'd tapsters answering every call,  
 Soothing the humour of fantastick wits<sup>1</sup> ?  
 She says, 'tis so : they answer all, 'tis so ;  
 And would say after her, if she said *no*.

to have written—*answers*; but the error into which he has fallen is often committed by hasty writers, who are deceived by the noun immediately preceding the verb being in the plural number.

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> For lovers' hours are long, though seeming short:] So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ I must hear from thee *every day 'i the hour*,

“ For in a minute there are many days.” MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> Like shrill-tongu'd tapsters answering every call,

Soothing the humour of fantastick WITS?] But the exercise of this fantastick humour is not so properly the character of *wits*, as of persons of a wild and jocular extravagance of temper. To suit this idea, as well as to close the rhyme more fully, I am persuaded the poet wrote :

“ Soothing the humour of fantastick *wights*.” THEOBALD.

“ Like *shrill-tongu'd tapsters answering every call*,

“ Soothing the humour of *fantastick wits?*” See the scene of “ Anon, anon, Sir,” in *King Henry IV. Part I.*—Had Mr. Theobald been as familiar with ancient pamphlets as he pretended to have been, he would have known that the epithet *fantastick* is applied with singular propriety to the *wits* of Shakspeare's age. The rhyme, like many others in the same piece, may be weak, but the old reading is certainly the true one. STEEVENS.

The weakness of our poet's rhymes is a favourite topick with Mr. Steevens in these poems. But the charge is here wholly unfounded ; for in the original copy 1593, as well as in that of 1596, the word corresponding with *wits* is written *parasits* ; which shews that he intended the *i* in the third syllable to be pronounced short ; and thus pronounced, the word affords a full and perfect rhyme to *wits*. MALONE.



Lo! here the gentle lark, weary of rest,  
 From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,  
 And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast  
 The Sun ariseth in his majesty ;  
 Who doth the world so gloriously behold,  
 That cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold <sup>2</sup>.

Venus salutes him with this fair good-morrow :  
 O thou clear god <sup>3</sup>, and patron of all light,  
 From whom each lamp and shining star doth  
 borrow

The beauteous influence that makes him bright,  
 There lives a son, that suck'd an earthly mother,  
 May lend thee light <sup>5</sup>, as thou dost lend to other.

This said, she hasteth to a myrtle grove,  
 Musing <sup>5</sup> the morning is so much o'er-worn ;

<sup>2</sup> That cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold.] So, in his 33d Sonnet :

“ Full many a glorious morning have I seen  
 “ Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye ;  
 “ Kissing with golden face the meadows green ;  
 “ Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchymy.” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> O thou clear god, &c.] Perhaps Mr. Rowe had read the lines that compose this stanza, before he wrote the following, with which the first act of his *Ambitious Stepmother* concludes :

“ Our glorious sun, the source of light and heat,  
 “ Whose influence chears the world he did create,  
 “ Shall smile on thee from his meridian skies,  
 “ And own the kindred beauties of thine eyes ;  
 “ Thine eyes, which, could his own fair beams decay,  
 “ Might shine for him, and bless the world with day.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> There lives a son, that suck'd an earthly mother,  
 May lend thee light,] So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ — Her eye in heaven,  
 “ Would through the airy region stream so bright,  
 “ That birds would sing, and think it were not night.”

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> Musing —] In ancient language, is *wondering*. See vol. xi. p. 170, n. 4. MALONE.

And yet she hears no tidings of her love :  
 She hearkens for his hounds, and for his horn :  
     Anon she hears them chaunt it lustily,  
     And all in haste she coasteth to the cry<sup>4</sup>.

And as she runs, the bushes in the way  
 Some catch her by the neck, some kiss her face,  
 Some twin'd about her thigh to make her stay ;  
 She wildly breaketh from their strict embrace,  
     Like a milch doe, whose swelling dugs do ake,  
     Hasting to feed her fawn<sup>7</sup> hid in some brake.

By this she hears the hounds are at a bay,  
 Whereat she starts like one that spies an adder  
 Wreath'd up in fatal folds, just in his way,  
 The fear whereof doth make him shake and shudder ;  
     Even so the timorous yelping of the hounds  
     Appals her senses, and her spright confounds.

For now she knows it is no gentle chase,  
 But the blunt boar, rough bear, or lion proud,  
 Because the cry remaineth in one place,  
 Where fearfully the dogs exclaim aloud :  
     Finding their enemy to be so curst,  
     They all strain court'sy who shall cope him first.

This dismal cry rings sadly in her ear,  
 Through which it enters to surprise her heart ;

<sup>6</sup> — she COASTETH to the cry.] i. e. she advanceth. So, in Troilus and Cressida :

“ O these encounterers, so glib of tongue,  
 “ That give a *coasting* welcome, ere it come !” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> Like a milch DOE, whose swelling dugs do ake,  
 Hasting to FEED HER FAWN —] So, in As You Like It :

“ While, like a *doe*, I go to find my *fawn*,  
 “ And give it *food*.” STEEVENS.

Who, overcome by doubt and bloodless fear,  
 With cold-pale weakness<sup>8</sup> numbs each feeling part :  
 Like soldiers, when their captain once doth yield,  
 They basely fly, and dare not stay the field.

Thus stands she in a trembling ecstasy<sup>9</sup> ;  
 Till, cheering up her senses sore-dismay'd<sup>1</sup>,  
 She tells them, 'tis a causeless fantasy,  
 And childish error that they are afraid ;  
 Bids them leave quaking, bids them fear no  
 more ;—  
 And with that word she spy'd the hunted boar ;

Whose frothy mouth, bepainted all with red,  
 Like milk and blood being mingled both together,  
 A second fear through all her sinews spread,  
 Which madly hurries her she knows not whither :  
 This way she runs, and now she will no further,  
 But back retires to rate the boar for murder.

A thousand spleens bear her a thousand ways ;  
 She treads the path that she untreads again ;  
 Her more than haste is mated with delays<sup>2</sup>,  
 Like the proceedings of a drunken brain ;

<sup>8</sup> With COLD-PALE weakness —] In our author's own edition of this piece, 1593, this compound adjective is marked, as here, by a hyphen : which shews that the emendations, which have been made in his plays in similar instances, where, from the carelessness of printers, that mark is wanting, are well-founded. So *valiant-wise*, &c. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> Thus stands she in a trembling ECSTASY ;] *Ecstasy* anciently signified any violent perturbation of mind. See vol. xi. p. 230, n. 5. MALONE.

So, in the Comedy of Errors :

“ Mark, how he *trembleth* in his *ecstasy!*” STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> — SORE-dismay'd,] The original copy, 1593, reads, with less force—*all* dismay'd. The present reading, which is found in the 16mo. 1596, was doubtless the author's correction. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> Her more than haste is MATED with delays,] Is *confounded*

Full of respect <sup>3</sup>, yet nought at all respecting :  
In hand with all things, nought at all effecting <sup>4</sup>.

Here kennel'd in a brake she finds a hound,  
And asks the weary caitiff for his master ;  
And there another licking of his wound,  
'Gainst venom'd sores the only sovereign plaster ;  
And here she meets another sadly scowling,  
To whom she speaks ; and he replies with howling.

When he hath ceas'd <sup>5</sup> his ill-resounding noise,  
Another flap-mouth'd mourner, black and grim,  
Against the welkin vollies out his voice ;  
Another and another answer him ;  
Clapping their proud tails to the ground below.  
Shaking their scratch'd ears, bleeding as they go.

Look, how the world's poor people are amaz'd  
At apparitions, signs, and prodigies,  
Whereon with fearful eyes they long have gaz'd,  
Infusing them with dreadful prophecies ;  
So she at these sad sighs draws up her breath,  
And, sighing it again, exclaims on death.

or destroyed by delay. See vol. xi. p. 243, n. 5. The modern editions read *marred*. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> Full of RESPECT,] i. e. full of circumspection, and wise consideration. See a note in the Rape of Lucrece, st. 40, &c. on the words—" *Respect* and reason wait on wrinkled age."—This is one of our author's nice observations. No one affects more wisdom than a drunken man. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> In hand with all things, nought at all effecting.] So, in Hamlet :

" — like a man to double business bent,  
" I stand in pause where I shall first begin,  
" And both neglect." MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> When he HATH ceas'd —] Thus the original copy 1593, and that of 1596. In the edition of 1600, for *hath*, *had* was substituted, and of course kept possession in all the subsequent editions.

MALONE.

Hard-favour'd tyrant, ugly, meagre, lean,  
 Hateful divorce of love, (thus chides she death,)  
 Grim-grinning ghost, earth's worm, what dost thou  
     mean,  
 To stifle beauty, and to steal his breath,  
     Who when he liv'd, his breath and beauty set  
     Gloss on the rose, smell to the violet ?

If he be dead,—O no, it cannot be,  
 Seeing his beauty, thou should'st strike at it ;—  
 O yes, it may ; thou hast no eyes to see,  
 But hatefully at random dost thou hit.  
     Thy mark is feeble age ; but thy false dart  
     Mistakes that aim, and cleaves an infant's heart.

Hadst thou but bid beware, then he had spoke,  
 And hearing him, thy power had lost his power,  
 The destinies will curse thee for this stroke ;  
 They bid thee<sup>6</sup> crop a weed, thou pluck'st a flower :  
     Love's golden arrow at him should have fled,  
     And not death's ebon dart, to strike him dead<sup>7</sup>.

<sup>6</sup> They BID thee —] *Bid* is here, as in many other places in our author's works, inaccurately used for *bade*. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> Love's golden arrow at him should have fled,

And not death's ebon dart, to strike him dead.] Our poet had probably in his thoughts the well-known fiction of Love and Death sojourning together in an Inn, and on going away in the morning, changing their arrows by mistake. See Whitney's Emblems, p. 132. MALONE.

Massinger, in his *Virgin Martyr*, alludes to the same fable :

“ ——— Strange affection !

“ Cupid once more hath changed his shafts with Death,

“ And kills instead of giving life ——.”

Mr. Gifford has illustrated this passage, by quoting one of the elegies of Joannes Secundus. The fiction is probably of Italian origin. Sanford, in his *Garden of Pleasure*, 1576, has ascribed it to Alciato, and has given that poet's verses, to which he has added a metrical translation of his own. Shirley has formed a masque upon this story—*Cupid and Death*, 1650. BOSWELL.

Dost thou drink tears<sup>8</sup>, that thou provok'st such weeping?

What may a heavy groan advantage thee?

Why hast thou cast into eternal sleeping

Those eyes that taught all other eyes to see<sup>9</sup>?

Now Nature cares not for thy mortal vigour<sup>1</sup>,

Since her best work is ruin'd with thy rigour.

Here overcome, as one full of despair,

She vail'd her eye-lids<sup>2</sup>, who, like sluices, stopp'd

The crystal tide that from her two cheeks fair

In the sweet channel of her bosom dropp'd;

But through the flood-gates breaks the silver rain<sup>3</sup>,

And with his strong course opens them again.

O how her eyes and tears did lend and borrow!

Her eyes seen in the tears<sup>4</sup>, tears in her eye;

<sup>8</sup> — drink tears,] So, in Pope's *Eloisa*:

“And *drink* the falling *tears* each other sheds.”

STEEVENS.

Rowe had before adopted this expression in his *Jane Shore*, 1713:

“Feed on my sighs, and *drink* my *falling tears*.”

So also King Henry VI. Part III.:

“— for every word I speak,

“Ye see *I drink the water of mine eyes*.” MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> Those eyes that taught all other eyes to see?] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“O, she doth *teach* the torches to burn bright.”

MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> — MORTAL vigour,] *Deadly* strength. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> She VAIL'D her eye-lids:—] She *lowered* or *closed* her eye-lids. So, in *Hamlet*:

“Do not for ever with thy *vailed lids*

“Seek for thy noble father in the dust.” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> But through the FLOOD-GATES breaks the silver rain,] So, in *King Henry IV. Part I.*:

“For tears do stop the *flood-gates* of her eyes.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — seen in THE tears—] So the quarto 1593, and the copy

Both crystals, where they view'd each other's sorrow;  
 Sorrow, that friendly sighs sought still to dry;  
     But like a stormy day, now wind, now rain <sup>5</sup>,  
 Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet again.

Variable passions throng her constant woe,  
 As striving who <sup>6</sup> should best become her grief;  
 All entertain'd, each passion labours so,  
 That every present sorrow seemeth chief,  
     But none is best; then join they all together,  
 Like many clouds consulting for foul weather.

By this, far off she hears some huntsman holla;  
 A nurse's song ne'er pleas'd her babe so well!  
 The dire imagination she did follow <sup>7</sup>  
 This sound of hope doth labour to expell;  
     For now reviving joy bids her rejoice,  
 And flatters her, it is Adonis' voice.

Whereat her tears began to turn their tide,  
 Being prison'd in her eye, like pearls in glass <sup>8</sup>;

of 1596. In that of 1600, we find—in *her* tears, which reading has been followed in the subsequent editions. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — like a stormy day, now wind, now rain,] In this stanza we meet with some traces of Cordelia's sorrow:

“ — you have seen

“ Sunshine and rain at once,” &c. STEEVENS.

So also, in *All's Well that Ends Well*:

“ I am not a day of the season,

“ For thou may'st see a sunshine and a hail

“ In me at once.” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> As striving WHO —] So the earliest copy 1593, and the edition of 1596. In the edition of 1600, the personification not being perceived, *who* was changed for *which*; and that reading was followed in all the subsequent editions. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> The DIRE imagination she did follow] So the quarto 1593, and the 16mo. 1596. In both these copies the word is spelt *dyre*, for which the edition of 1600 has given *drye*. The construction is, “this sound of hope doth labour to expel the dire imagination,” &c. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — like PEARLS in GLASS;] So, in *King Lear*:

“ Like pearls from diamonds dropt.” STEEVENS.

Yet sometimes falls an orient drop beside,  
Which her cheek melts, as scorning it should pass,  
To wash the foul face of the sluttish ground,  
Who is but drunken <sup>9</sup>, when she seemeth drown'd.

O hard-believing love, how strange it seems  
Not to believe, and yet too credulous !  
Thy weal and woe are both of them extremes ;  
Despair and hope make thee ridiculous :  
The one doth flatter thee in thoughts unlikely,  
In likely thoughts <sup>1</sup> the other kills thee quickly.

Now she unweaves the web that she hath wrought ;  
Adonis lives, and death is not to blame ;  
It was not she that call'd him all to nought ;  
Now she adds honours <sup>2</sup> to his hateful name ;  
She clepes him king of graves, and grave for kings ;  
Imperious supreme <sup>3</sup> of all mortal things.

<sup>9</sup> — the sluttish GROUND,

Who is but DRUNKEN,] So, in King Richard II. :

“ — England's lawful earth,

“ Unlawfully made *drunk* with innocent blood.”

MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> IN likely thoughts—] Thus the first copy 1593. In that of 1596, we find—“ *The* likely thoughts,” the compositor having caught the word *The* from the preceding line ; an error not unfrequent at the press. This being found nonsense ; in the edition of 1600, *With* was substituted at random for *The* : and such is the ordinary progress of corruption in the second folio edition of our author's plays, and in many of the later quarto editions ; that is, in all which followed the first quarto of each play. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> Now she adds HONOURS —] So the quarto 1593, and 16mo. of 1596 ; for which the edition of 1600 has given *honour* ; and the corruption was adopted in all the subsequent copies. The various honours of death are enumerated in a subsequent stanza :

“ Tell him of trophies, statues, tombs and stories,

“ His victories, his triumphs, and his glories.” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> IMPERIOUS supreme —] So the first quarto, and the edition of 1596. That of 1600 reads *Imperial*. The original is the true reading, and had formerly the same meaning. So, in *Troilus and Cressida* :

“ I thank thee, most *imperious* Agamemnon.”



No, no, (quoth she,) sweet Death, I did but jest ;  
 Yet pardon me, I felt a kind of fear,  
 When as I met the boar<sup>4</sup>, that bloody beast,  
 Which knows no pity, but is still severe ;  
 Then, gentle shadow, (truth I must confess,)  
 I rail'd on thee, fearing my love's decease.

'Tis not my fault : the boar provok'd my tongue ;  
 Be wreak'd on him, invisible commander<sup>5</sup> ;  
 'Tis he, foul creature, that hath done thee wrong ;  
 I did but act, he's author of thy slander<sup>6</sup> :  
 Grief hath two tongues, and never woman yet  
 Could rule them both, without ten women's wit.

Thus hoping that Adonis is alive,  
 Her rash suspect she doth extenuate<sup>7</sup> ;  
 And that his beauty may the better thrive,  
 With death she humbly doth insinuate<sup>8</sup> :  
 Tells him of trophies, statues, tombs<sup>9</sup>, and stories<sup>1</sup>  
 His victories, his triumphs, and his glories.

From the same ignorance of Shakspeare's language *imperial* was substituted for *imperious* in Hamlet, and various other plays of our author. MALONE,

<sup>4</sup> WHEN AS I met the boar,—] *When as* and *when* were used indiscriminately by our ancient writers. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — invisible commander ;] So, in King John :

“ *Death*, having prey'd upon the outward parts,

“ Leaves them *invisible* ; and his siege is now

“ Against the mind.” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> I did but act, he's author of thy SLANDER :] I was but an agent and merely ministerial : he was the real mover and author of the reproaches with which I slandered thee. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> Her rash SUSPECT she doth extenuate ;] *Suspect* is *suspicion*. So, in our author's 70th Sonnet :

“ The ornament of beauty is *suspect*.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> With death she humbly doth INSINUATE ;] To *insinuate* meant formerly, to *sooth*, to *flatter*. To *insinuate with* was the phraseology of Shakspeare's time. So, in Twelfth Night :

“ Desire him not to *flatter with* his lord.” MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> Tells him of statues, trophies, TOMBS,] AS VENUS is here bribing Death with flatteries to spare Adonis, the editors could not

O Jove, quoth she, how much a fool was I,  
 To be of such a weak and silly mind,  
 To wail his death, who lives, and must not die,  
 Till mutual overthrow of mortal kind !  
 For he being dead, with him is beauty slain <sup>2</sup>,  
 And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again <sup>3</sup>.

Fie, fie, fond love, thou art so full of fear,  
 As one with treasure laden, hemm'd with thieves ;  
 Trifles, unwitnessed with eye or ear,  
 Thy coward heart with false bethinking grieves <sup>4</sup>.

help thinking of pompous tombs. But tombs are no honour to Death, considered as a being, but to the parties buried. I much suspect our author intended :

“ Tells him of trophies, statues, *domes* —.” THEOBALD.

The old copy is undoubtedly right. *Tombs* are in one sense *honours to Death*, inasmuch as they are so many memorials of his triumphs over mortals. Besides, the idea of a number of tombs naturally presents to our mind the dome or building that contains them ; so that nothing is obtained by the change.

As Mr. Theobald never published an edition of Shakspeare's poems, the reader may perhaps wonder where his observations upon them have been found. They are inserted in the second volume of Dr. Jortin's *Miscellaneous Observations on Authors*, 8vo. 1731. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> — and STORIES

His victories, his triumphs, and his glories.] This verb is also used in *The Rape of Lucrece* :

“ He *stories* to her ears her husband's fame —.”

Again, in *Cymbeline* : “ How worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than *story* him in his own hearing.” MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,] So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ O, she is rich in *beauty* ; only poor,

“ That, when she *dies*, with *beauty dies her store*.” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> And, beauty dead, BLACK CHAOS COMES AGAIN.] The same expression occurs in *Othello* :

“ Excellent wretch ! Perdition catch my soul,

“ But I do love thee ! and when I love thee not,

“ *Chaos is come again*.” MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> TRIPLES, unwitnessed with eye or ear,

Thy coward heart with false bethinking grieves.] So, in *Othello* :

Even at this word she hears a merry horn,  
Whereat she leaps, that was but late forlorn.

As falcon to the lure, away she flies ;  
The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light<sup>5</sup> ;  
And in her haste unfortunately spies  
The foul boar's conquest on her fair delight ;  
Which seen, her eyes, as murder'd with the view,  
Like stars asham'd of day, themselves withdrew<sup>6</sup>.

Or, as the snail, whose tender horns being hit,  
Shrinks backward in his shelly cave with pain<sup>7</sup>,  
And there, all smother'd up in shade doth sit,  
Long after fearing to creep forth again ;  
So, at his bloody view, her eyes are fled  
Into the deep dark cabins of her head :

Where they resign their office and their light  
To the disposing of her troubled brain ;

“ — *Trifles* light as air,  
“ Are to the jealous *confirmations* strong  
“ As proofs of holy writ.”

“ — with false bethinking *grieves*.” Here the false concord cannot be corrected on account of the rhyme. See p. 79, n. 6.

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> The GRASS stoops not, she treads on it so light ;]

*Illa per intactas segetes, vel summa volaret  
Gramina, nec teneras cursu læsisset aristas.* *Virgil.*

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> Which seen, her eyes, AS murder'd with the view,

Like stars asham'd of day, themselves withdrew.] Thus the edition of 1596. The original copy has—“*are* murder'd,” which certainly affords sense ; but the other reading, being manifestly an improvement of the passage, I suppose to have come from the hand of the author. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> Or, as the snail, whose tender HORNS being hit,

Shrinks backward in his SHELLY cave with pain,] So, in Coriolanus :

“ Thrusts forth his *horns* again into the world ;

“ Which were *in-shell'd* when Marcius stood for Rome.”

The former of these passages supports Mr. Tyrwhitt's reading of another. See vol. ix. p. 84, and vol. xiv. p. 178. STEEVENS.

Who bids them still consort with ugly night<sup>8</sup>,  
 And never wound the heart with looks again ;  
 Who, like a king perplexed in his throne,  
 By their suggestion gives a deadly groan,

Whereat each tributary subject quakes<sup>9</sup> ;  
 As when the wind, imprison'd in the ground<sup>1</sup>,  
 Struggling for passage, earth's foundation shakes,  
 Which with cold terror doth men's minds con-  
 found<sup>2</sup> :

This mutiny each part doth so surprise,  
 That, from their dark beds, once more leap her  
 eyes ;

And, being open'd, threw unwilling light<sup>3</sup>  
 Upon the wide wound that the boar had trench'd<sup>4</sup>

<sup>8</sup> — CONSORT with ugly NIGHT,] So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :  
 " To be *consorted* with the humorous *night*." MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> Who, like a KING—

Whereat each tributary SUBJECT QUAKES ;] So, in *King Lear* :

" — Ay, every inch a *king* :

" When I do stare, see how the *subject quakes*."

STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> As when the WIND, IMPRISON'D in the ground,  
 Struggling for passage, earth's foundation SHAKES,] So, in  
*King Henry IV. Part I.* :

" — oft the teeming *earth*

" Is with a kind of cholick pinch'd and vex'd

" By the *imprisoning* of unruly *wind*

" Within her womb ; which, for enlargement striving,

" *Shakes* the old beldame *earth*," &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> Which with cold terror doth men's MINDS confound :] Our  
 author here may have spoken from experience ; for about thirteen  
 years before this poem was published (1580,) at which time he  
 was sixteen years old, there was an earthquake in England.

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — unwilling LIGHT—] Thus the original copy, 1593. For  
*light*, in the edition of 1596, *right* was substituted, which in that  
 of 1600 was made *sight*. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — that the boar had TRENCH'D—] *Trench'd* is *cut*. *Tran-*  
*cher*, Fr. See vol. xi. p. 165, n. 7. MALONE.

In his soft flank : whose wonted lily white  
 With purple tears, that his wound wept, was  
 drench'd <sup>5</sup> :

No flower was nigh, no grass, herb, leaf, or weed,  
 But stole his blood, and seem'd with him to bleed.

This solemn sympathy poor Venus noteth ;  
 Over one shoulder doth she hang her head ;  
 Dumbly she passions, frantically she doteth <sup>6</sup> ;  
 She thinks he could not die, he is not dead :

Her voice is stopp'd, her joints forget to bow ;  
 Her eyes are mad, that they have wept till now.

Upon his hurt she looks so steadfastly,  
 That her sight dazzling<sup>7</sup> makes the wound seem  
 three ;

And then she reprehends her mangling eye,  
 That makes more gashes where no breach should be :  
 His face seems twain, each several limb is doubled ;  
 For oft the eye mistakes, the brain being troubled.

My tongue cannot express my grief for one,  
 And yet, quoth she, behold two Adons dead !  
 My sighs are blown away, my salt tears gone,  
 Mine eyes are turn'd to fire, my heart to lead :  
 Heavy heart's lead, melt at mine eyes' red fire <sup>8</sup> !  
 So shall I die by drops of hot desire.

<sup>5</sup> — WAS drench'd :] The first quarto reads—“*had* drench'd,” the compositor having caught the word *had* from the line above. Corrected in the edition of 1600. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> Dumbly she PASSIONS, frantically she doteth,] This verb is again used by our author in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* :

“ Madam, 'twas Ariadne, *passioning*

“ For Theseus' perjury and unjust flight.” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> That her sight DAZZLING—] To *dazzle* is again used as a neutral verb in *Love's Labour's Lost* :

“ Study me how to please the eye, indeed,

“ By fixing it upon a fairer eye ;

“ Who, *dazzling* so, that eye shall be his head,” &c.

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — mine eyes' RED FIRE !] So the quarto 1593. The edition

Alas, poor world, what treasure hast thou lost !  
 What face remains alive that's worth the viewing ?  
 Whose tongue is musick now<sup>9</sup>? what canst thou  
     boast  
 Of things long since, or any thing ensuing ?  
 The flowers are sweet<sup>1</sup>, their colours fresh and  
     trim ;  
 But true-sweet beauty liv'd and died with him<sup>2</sup>.

Bonnet nor veil<sup>3</sup> henceforth no creature wear !  
 Nor sun nor wind will ever strive to kiss you<sup>4</sup> :  
 Having no fair to lose<sup>5</sup>, you need not fear ;  
 The sun doth scorn you, and the wind doth hiss  
     you<sup>6</sup> :

of 1596 reads—"red as fire." In the copy of 1600 *red* is omitted, and *as* retained. Such is the process of corruption. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> Whose TONGUE IS MUSICK NOW? ] So, in *The Comedy of Errors* :

"That never *words* were *musick* to thine ear." MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> THE flowers are sweet—] I suspect Shakspeare wrote—*Thy* flowers, &c. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — liv'd and died WITH him.] So the original copy. In that of 1596 we have *in* for *with*; which was followed in all the subsequent editions. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> Bonnet NOR veil—] For *nor*, the reading of the earliest copies, we have, in that of 1600, *or*, which was adopted in the subsequent editions. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — nor WIND will ever strive to kiss you:] So, in *Othello* :

"The bawdy *wind* that *kisses* all it meets." STEEVENS.

Again, in *The Merchant of Venice* :

"Hugg'd and *embraced* by the strumpet *wind*." MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> Having no FAIR to lose—] *Fair* was formerly used as a substantive, in the sense of *beauty*. So, in *The Comedy of Errors* :

"— My decayed *fair*

"A sunny look of his would soon repair."

It appears from the corresponding rhyme, and the jingle in the present line, that the word *fair* was pronounced in the time of Shakspeare as if it were written *fare*. It is still so pronounced in Warwickshire, and by the vulgar in Ireland. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — the wind doth HISS you:] So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

"— the winds,

"Who, nothing hurt withal, *hiss'd* him in scorn."

STEEVENS.

But when Adonis liv'd, sun and sharp air  
Lurk'd like two thieves, to rob him of his fair :

And therefore would he put his bonnet on,  
Under whose brim the gaudy sun would peep,  
The wind would blow it off, and, being gone,  
Play with his locks<sup>7</sup>; then would Adonis weep :  
And straight in pity of his tender years,  
They both would strive who first should dry his  
tears.

To see his face, the lion walk'd along  
Behind some hedge, because he would not fear him<sup>8</sup>;  
To recreate himself when he hath sung,  
The tyger would be tame<sup>9</sup>, and gently hear him ;  
If he had spoke the wolf would leave his prey,  
And never fright the silly lamb that day.

When he beheld his shadow in the brook,  
The fishes spread on it their golden gills ;  
When he was by, the birds such pleasure took,  
That some would sing, some other in their bills  
Would bring him mulberries, and ripe-red cherries ;  
He fed them with his sight, they him with berries.

But this foul, grim, and urchin-snouted boar<sup>1</sup>,  
Whose downward eye still looketh for a grave,  
Ne'er saw the beauteous livery that he wore ;  
Witness the entertainment that he gave :

<sup>7</sup> Play with his LOCKS ;] So the quarto 1593, and the copy of 1596. That of 1600 has—*lokes*. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — because he would not FEAR him ;] Because he would not terrify him. So, in King Henry VI. Part II. :

“ For Warwick was a bug that *fear'd* us all.” MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — when he hath SANG,

The TYGER WOULD BE TAME,] So, in Othello :

“ She would *sing the savageness out of a bear*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> — urchin-snouted boar,] An *urchin* is a *hedgehog*. MALONE.

If he did see his face, why then I know,  
He thought to kiss him, and hath kill'd him so<sup>2</sup>.

'Tis true, 'tis true ; thus was Adonis slain :  
He ran upon the boar with his sharp spear,  
Who did not<sup>3</sup> whet his teeth at him again,  
But by a kiss thought to persuade him there ;  
And nuzzling in his flank, the loving swine  
Sheath'd, unaware, the tusk in his soft groin<sup>4</sup>.

<sup>2</sup> He thought to kiss him, and hath kill'd him so.] This conceit of the boar's having killed Adonis inadvertently, when he meant only to kiss him, is found in the 30th Idyllium of Theocritus, but there was no translation of that poet in our author's time. So also, in a Latin poem *De Adoni ab Apro Interempto*, by Antonius Sebastianus Minturnus :

— iterum atque juro iterum,  
Formosum hunc juvenem tuum haud volui  
Meis diripere his cupidinibus ;  
Verum dum specimen nitens video,  
(Æstus impatiens tenella dabat  
Nuda femina mollibus zephyris)  
*Ingens me miserum libido capit*  
*Mille suavia dulcia hinc capere,*  
Atque me impulit ingens indomitus.

Milton had, perhaps, our poet in his thoughts, when he wrote his verses on the death of his niece, in 1625, (the infant daughter of his sister Anne Philips,) in which we find the same conceit :

“ O, fairest flow'r—

\* \* \* \* \*

“ Summer's chief honour, if thou hadst out-lasted  
“ Bleak winter's force, that made thy blossom dry ;  
“ For he, being amorous on that lovely dye  
“ That did thy cheek evermeil, *thought to kiss,*  
“ *But kill'd,* alas, and then bewail'd his fatal bliss.”

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> Who DID not—] Thus the quarto 1593. The edition of 1596 reads—“ Who *would* not ; ” which was followed in all the subsequent copies. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — the loving swine

Sheath'd, unaware, the tusk in his soft GROIN.] So, in *The Shepheard's Song of Venus and Adonis*, 1600 :

“ On the ground he lay,  
“ Blood had left his cheek ;



Had I been tooth'd like him, I must confess,  
 With kissing him I should have kill'd him first ;  
 But he is dead, and never did he bless  
 My youth with his <sup>5</sup>, the more am I accurst.  
 With this she falleth in the place she stood,  
 And stains her face with his congealed blood.

She looks upon his lips, and they are pale ;  
 She takes him by the hand, and that is cold ;  
 She whispers in his ears a heavy tale,  
 As if they heard the woeful words she told :  
 She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,  
 Where lo ! two lamps, burnt out, in darkness  
 lies <sup>6</sup> :

Two glasses, where herself herself beheld  
 A thousand times, and now no more reflect ;

“ For an orped *swine*  
 “ *Smit him in the groyne* ;  
 “ Deadly wound his death did bring :  
 “ Which when Venus found,  
 “ She fell in a swoond,  
 “ And, awakte, her hands did wring.” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> My YOUTH with his ;] Thus the quarto 1593, and the copy of 1596. The edition of 1636, and the modern copies, read—“ My *mouth* ;” which cannot be right, for Adonis *had* granted her a *kiss*.

“ He with her plenty press'd, she faint with dearth,  
 “ (*Their lips together glew'd*) fell to the earth.”

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — TWO LAMPS, burnt out, in darkness LIES.] The same want of grammar is discoverable in *Cymbeline* :

“ His steeds to water at those *springs*  
 “ On chalic'd flow'rs that *lies*.” STEEVENS.

So, also, in King Richard II. :

“ — there *lies*

“ *Two kinsmen digg'd their graves with weeping eyes*.”

This inaccuracy may be found in every page of our author's works, as well as in those of many of his contemporaries and predecessors. In a very few places either the metre or the rhymes render it incurable. MALONE.

Their virtue lost, wherein they late excell'd,  
 And every beauty robb'd of his effect :  
 Wonder of time, quoth she, this is my spite <sup>7</sup>,  
 That, you being dead, the day should yet be light.

Since thou art dead, lo ! here I prophesy,  
 Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend :  
 It shall be waited on with jealousy,  
 Find sweet beginning, but unsavoury end ;  
 Ne'er settled equally, but high or low <sup>8</sup> ;  
 That all love's pleasure shall not match his woe.

It shall be fickle, false, and full of fraud ;  
 Bud and be blasted <sup>9</sup> in a breathing-while ;  
 The bottom poison, and the top o'er-straw'd <sup>1</sup>  
 With sweets, that shall the truest sight <sup>2</sup> beguile :  
 The strongest body shall it make most weak ;  
 Strike the wise dumb, and teach the fool to speak <sup>3</sup>.

<sup>7</sup> — this is MY spite,] This is done purposely to vex and distress *me*. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> Ne'er settled equally, but HIGH, or LOW ;] So, in *The Midsummer Night's Dream* :

“ The course of true love never did run smooth, &c.

“ O cross ! too *high* to be enthral'd to *low*,” &c. STEEVENS.

For—“ *but* high or low,” the reading of the earliest copies, the edition of 1600 has—“ *too* high or low ;” but the adversative particle is necessary to the sense. Our author indeed should have written—“ *but* too high or low,” &c. but the verse would not admit it. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> BUD and be blasted—] For this, which is the reading of the original copy of 1593, and that of 1596, the edition of 1600 has—“ *And shall* be blasted ;” which has been followed in all the subsequent copies. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> — o'er-STRAW'D :] So the old copy, and such perhaps was the pronunciation of o'er-*strew'd* in our author's time. Throughout this poem, however, as in *The Fairy Queen* of Spencer, the termination of words is frequently changed in the original edition for the sake of rhyme. MALONE.

To *straw* frequently occurs in our translation of the Scriptures.

BOSWELL.

<sup>2</sup> — the TRUEST sight—] So the quarto 1593, and 16mo. 1596. In the copy of 1600, and the modern editions, we have—“ the *sharpest* sight.” MALONE.

It shall be sparing, and too full of riot,  
 Teaching decrepit age to tread the measures<sup>4</sup> ;  
 The staring ruffian shall it keep in quiet,  
 Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with treasures :  
 It shall be raging-mad, and silly-mild,  
 Make the young old, the old become a child.

It shall suspect, where is no cause of fear ;  
 It shall not fear, where it should most mistrust ;  
 It shall be merciful, and too severe,  
 And most deceiving, when it seems most just ;  
 Perverse it shall be, where it shews most toward<sup>5</sup> ;  
 Put fear to valour, courage to the coward,

It shall be cause of war<sup>6</sup>, and dire events,  
 And set dissention 'twixt the son and sire ;  
 Subject and servile to all discontents,  
 As dry combustious matter is to fire ;  
 Sith in his prime death doth my love destroy,  
 They that love best, their loves<sup>7</sup> shall not enjoy.

<sup>3</sup> — and teach the fool to speak.] Perhaps our poet had here in his thoughts the Cymon and Iphigenia of Boccace. I have not seen, indeed, any earlier translation of that story than that published in 1620; but it is certain several of Boccace's stories had appeared in English before. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — to tread the MEASURES ;] To dance. See vol. vii. p. 35, *The measures* was a very stately dance, and therefore was peculiarly suited to elders, if they engaged at all in such kind of amusement. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — where it SHOWS most toward ;] So the earliest copy. The modern editions, after that of 1600, read—“ where it *seems*,” &c. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> It shall be cause of war, &c.] Several of the effects here predicted of *love*, in *Timon of Athens* are ascribed to *gold*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — their LOVES—] For this, which is the reading of the first copy, the edition of 1600, and those subsequent, have—“ their *love*.” MALONE.

By this the boy that by her side lay kill'd,  
 Was melted like a vapour<sup>8</sup> from her sight,  
 And in his blood, that on the ground lay spill'd,  
 A purple flower sprung up, checquer'd with white ;  
 Resembling well his pale cheeks, and the blood  
 Which in round drops upon their whiteness stood.

She bows her head, the new-sprung flower to smell,  
 Comparing it to her Adonis' breath ;  
 And says, within her bosom it shall dwell,  
 Since he himself is reft from her by death :  
 She crops the stalk, and in the breach appears  
 Green dropping sap, which she compares to tears.

Poor flower, quoth she, this was thy father's guise,  
 (Sweet issue of a more sweet-smelling sire,)  
 For every little grief to wet his eyes :  
 To grow unto himself was his desire,  
 And so 'tis thine ; but know, it is as good  
 To wither in my breast, as in his blood.

Here was thy father's bed, here in my breast<sup>9</sup> ;  
 Thou art the next of blood, and 'tis thy right :

<sup>8</sup> Was MELTED like a VAPOUR—] So, in Macbeth :

“ — and what seem'd corporal, *melted*

“ Like *breath* into the wind.” STEEVENS.

Again, in The Tempest :

“ — These our actors,

“ As I foretold you, were all spirits, and

“ Are *melted* into *air*, into thin air.” MALONE,

<sup>9</sup> — here IN my breast ;] “ Here *is* my breast,” edit. 1596.

MALONE.

As Venus sticks the flower to which Adonis is turned, in her bosom, I think we must read against all the copies, and with much more elegance :

“ Here was thy father's bed, here *in* my breast ; ”

for it was her breast which she would insinuate to have been Adonis' bed. The close of the preceding stanza partly warrants this change :

Lo! in this hollow cradle take thy rest,  
 My throbbing heart shall rock thee day and night:  
 There shall not be one minute in an hour,  
 Wherein I will not kiss my sweet love's flower.

Thus weary of the world, away she hies,  
 And yokes her silver doves; by whose swift aid,  
 Their mistress mounted through the empty skies  
 In her light chariot quickly is convey'd;  
 Holding their course to Paphos, where their queen  
 Means to immure herself and not be seen <sup>1</sup>.

“ ——— but know it is as good

“ To wither *in* my breast, as in his blood; ”

as the succeeding lines in this stanza likewise do :

“ Lo! *in* this hollow cradle take thy rest.” THEOBALD.

Since my former edition was published, I have procured the original and very valuable copy of 1593, which confirms Theobald's ingenious conjecture, for it reads, as he supposes :

“ ——— here *in* my breast.” MALONE.

\* This poem is received as one of Shakspeare's undisputed performances,—a circumstance which recommends it to the notice it might otherwise have escaped.

There are some excellencies which are less graceful than even their opposite defects; there are some virtues, which being merely constitutional, are entitled to very small degrees of praise. Our poet might design his Adonis to engage our esteem, and yet the sluggish coldness of his disposition is as offensive as the impetuous forwardness of his wanton mistress. To exhibit a young man insensible to the caresses of transcendent beauty, is to describe a being too rarely seen to be acknowledged as a natural character, and when seen, of too little value to deserve such toil of representation. No eulogiums are due to Shakspeare's hero on the score of mental chastity, for he does not pretend to have subdued his desires to his moral obligations. He strives, indeed, with Platonick absurdity, to draw that line which was never drawn, to make that distinction which never can be made, to separate the purer from the grosser part of love, assigning limits, and ascribing bounds to each, and calling them by different names; but if we take his own word, he will be found at last only to prefer one gratification to another, the sports of the field to the enjoyment of immortal charms. The reader will easily confess that no great respect is due to the judgment of such a would-be Hercules, with such a choice before him.—In short, the story of

Joseph and the wife of Potiphar is the more interesting of the two; for the passions of the former are repressed by conscious rectitude of mind, and obedience to the highest law. The present narrative only includes the disappointment of an eager female, and the death of an unsusceptible boy. The deity, from her language, should seem to have been educated in the school of Messalina; the youth, from his backwardness, might be suspected of having felt the discipline of a Turkish seraglio.

It is not indeed very clear whether Shakspeare meant on this occasion, with *Le Brun*, to recommend continence as a virtue, or to try his hand with *Aretine* on a licentious canvas. If our poet had any moral design in view, he has been unfortunate in his conduct of it. The shield which he lifts in defence of chastity, is wrought with such meretricious imagery, as cannot fail to counterpoise a moral purpose.—Shakspeare, however, was no unskilful mythologist, and must have known that *Adonis* was the offspring of *Cynaras* and *Myrrha*. His judgment therefore would have prevented him from raising an example of continence out of the produce of an incestuous bed.—Considering this piece only in the light of a *jeu d'esprit*, written without peculiar tendency, we shall even then be sorry that our author was unwilling to leave the character of his hero as he found it; for the common and more pleasing fable assures us, that

“ — when bright *Venus* yielded up her charms,  
“ The blest *Adonis* languish'd in her arms.”

We should therefore have been better pleased to have seen him in the situation of *Ascanius*:

— cum gremio fotum dea tollit in altos  
Idaliæ lucos, ubi mollis amaracus illum  
Floribus et multa aspirans complectitur umbra;

than in the very act of repugnance to female temptation, self-denial being rarely found in the catalogue of Pagan virtues.

If we enquire into the poetical merit of this performance, it will do no honour to the reputation of its author. The great excellence of Shakspeare is to be sought in dramatick dialogue, expressing his intimate acquaintance with every passion that soothes or ravages, exalts or debases the human mind. Dialogue is a form of composition which has been known to quicken even the genius of those who in mere uninterrupted narrative have sunk to a level with the multitude of common writers. The smaller pieces of *Otway* and *Rowe* have added nothing to their fame.

Let it be remembered too, that a contemporary author, *Dr. Gabriel Harvey*, points out the *Venus* and *Adonis* as a favourite only with the young, while graver readers bestowed their attention on the Rape of *Lucrece*. Here I cannot help observing that the poetry of the Roman legend is no jot superior to that of the mythological story. A tale which *Ovid* has completely and affectingly told in about one hundred and forty verses, our author has

coldly and imperfectly spun out into near two thousand. The attention therefore of these *graver* personages must have been engaged by the moral tendency of the piece, rather than by the force of style in which it is related. STEEVENS.

This first essay of Shakspeare's Muse does not appear to me by any means so void of poetical merit as it has been represented; and I may, in support of my opinion, quote the words of that elegant poet Mr. Fenton, who in his notes on Waller, after quoting some lines from Ovid on this subject, observes that "the passion of Venus for Adonis, is likewise described with great delicacy by Bion, and our admirable Shakspeare, *in language only inferior to the finest writers of antiquity*."—In what high estimation it was held in our author's life-time, may be collected from what has been already observed in the preliminary remark, and from the circumstances mentioned in a note which the reader will find at the end of *The Rape of Lucrece*.

Gabriel Harvey's words, as quoted by Mr. Steevens in a note on *Hamlet*, (not that the judgment of one who thought that English verses ought to be constructed according to the rules of Latin prosody, is of much value,) are these. "The younger sort *take much delight* in Shakspeare's *Venus and Adonis*: but his *Lucrece*, and his tragedy of *Hamlet, Prince of Denmark*, have it in them to please the wiser sort."

To the other eulogiums on this piece may be added the concluding lines of a poem entitled *Mirrha the Mother of Adonis*; or *Lustes Prodegies*, by William Barksted, 1607:

"But stay, my Muse, in thine own confines keep,  
 "And wage not warre with so deere-lov'd a neighbor;  
 "But having sung thy day-song, rest and sleep;  
 "Preserve thy small fame, and his greater favor.  
 "His song was worthie merit; Shakspeare, hee  
 "Sung the faire blossome, thou the wither'd tree:  
 "Laurel is due to him; his art and wit  
 "Hath purchas'd it; cyprus thy brows will fit."

"Will you read Virgil?" says Carew in his *Dissertation on The excellencie of the English tongue*, (published by Camden in his *Remaines*, 1614,) "take the earl of Surrey;" [he means Surrey's translation of the second and fourth *Æneid*.] "*Catullus?* Shakspeare, and Marlowe's fragment."

In *A Remembrance of some English poets*, at the end of *The Complaints of Poetry*, by Richard Barnefield, 1598, the authour, after praising some other writers, thus speaks of our poet:

"And Shakspeare, thou, whose honey-flowing vaine  
 "(Pleasing the world) thy praises doth containe;  
 "Whose *Venus* and whose *Lucrece*, sweet and chaste,  
 "Thy name in fame's immortal booke have placte;  
 "Live ever you, at least in fame live ever!  
 "Well may the body die, but fame die never."

To these testimonies I may add that of Edward Phillips, and perhaps that of Milton, his uncle; for it is highly probable that the eulogium on Shakspeare, given in the *Theatrum Poetarum*, 1674, was either written or revised by our great epick poet. In Phillips's account of the modern poets our author is thus described:

“William Shakspeare, the glory of the English stage, whose nativity at Stratford upon Avon in the highest honour that town can boast of. From an actor of tragedies and comedies, he became a *maker*; and such a maker, that though some others may perhaps preserve a more exact *decorum* and *economie*, especially in tragedy, never any express'd a more lofty and tragick height, never any represented nature more purely to the life; and where the polishments of art are most wanting, (as perhaps his learning was not extraordinary,) he pleaseth with a certain wild and native elegance; and in *all* his writings hath an unvulgar style, as well as in his *Venus and Adonis*, his *Rape of Lucrece*, and other various poems, as in his *dramaticks*.”

Let us, however, view these poems, uninfluenced by any authority.—To form a right judgment of any work, we should take into our consideration the means by which it was executed, and the contemporary performances of others. The smaller pieces of Otway and Rowe add nothing to the reputation which they have acquired by their dramatick works, because preceding writers had already produced happier compositions; and because there were many poets, during the period in which Rowe and Otway exhibited their plays, who produced better poetry, not of the dramatick kind, than theirs; but, if we except Spenser, what poet of Shakspeare's age produced poems of equal, or nearly equal, excellence to those before us? Did Turberville? Did Golding? Did Phaer? Did Grant? Did Googe? Did Churchyard? Did Fleming? Did Fraunce? Did Whetstone? Did Gascoigne? Did Sidney? Did Marlowe, Nashe, Kyd, Harrington, Lilly, Peele, Greene, Watson, Breton, Chapman, Daniel, Drayton, Middleton or Jonson? Sackville's *Induction* is the only small piece of that age, that I recollect, which can stand in competition with them. If Marlowe had lived to finish his *Hero and Leander*, of which he wrote only the first two *Sestiads*, he too perhaps might have contested the palm with Shakspeare.

Concerning the length of these pieces, which is, I think, justly objected to, I shall at present only observe, that it was the fashion of the day to write a great number of verses on a very slight subject, and our poet in this as in many other instances adapted himself to the taste of his own age.

It appears to me in the highest degree improbable that Shakspeare had any *moral view* in writing this poem; Shakspeare, who, (as Dr. Johnson has justly observed,) generally “sacrifices virtue to convenience, and is so much more careful to please than



to instruct, that he seems to write without any moral purpose ;” —who “ carries his persons indifferently through right and wrong, and at the close dismisses them without further care, and leaves their examples to operate by chance.” As little probable is it, in my apprehension, that he departed on any settled principles from the mythological story of Venus and Adonis. As well might we suppose, that in the construction of his plays he deliberately deviated from the rules of Aristotle, (of which after the publication of Sir Philip Sidney’s Treatise he could not be ignorant,) with a view to produce a more animated and noble exhibition than Aristotle or his followers ever knew. His method of proceeding was, I apprehend, exactly similar in both cases ; and he no more deviated from the classical representation on any formed and digested plan, in the one case, than he neglected the unities in the other. He merely (as I conceive,) in the present instance, as in many others, followed the story as he found it already treated by preceding English writers ; for I am persuaded that the Sheepheard’s Song of Venus and Adonis, by Henry Constable, preceded the poem before us. Of this, it may be said, no proof has been produced ; and certainly I am at present unfurnished with the means of establishing this fact, though I have myself no doubts upon the subject. But Marlowe, who indisputably wrote before Shakspeare, had in like manner represented Adonis as “ insensible to the caresses of transcendent beauty.” In his Hero and Leander he thus describes the lady’s dress :

“ The outside of her garments were of lawne ;  
 “ The lining purple silke, with guilt stars drawne \* ;  
 “ Her wide sleeves greene, and border’d with a grove,  
 “ Where *Venus in her naked glory strove*  
 “ *To please the careless and disdainful eyes*  
 “ *Of proud Adonis, that before her lies.*”

See also a pamphlet entitled *Never too Late*, by Robert Green, A. M. 1590, in which the following madrigal is introduced :

“ Sweet *Adon*, dar’st not glance thine eye  
 “ (*N’oseres vous, mon bel amy?*)  
 “ Upon thy *Venus* that must die ?  
 “ *Je vous en prie*, pittie me :  
 “ *N’oseres vous, mon bel, mon bel,*  
 “ *N’oseres vous, mon bel amy?*

“ See, how *sad* thy *Venus* lies,  
 “ (*N’oseres vous, mon bel amy?*)

---

\* — with guilt stars DRAWNE:] By *drawne* I suppose the poet means, that stars were here and there *interspersed*. So, in *Kind-Hartes Dreame*, a pamphlet written in 1592: “ — his hose pain’d with yellow, *drawn* out with blew.” MALONE.

" Love in hart, and *tears in eyes* ;  
 " *Je vous en prie*, pitty me.  
 " *N'oseres vous, mon bel, mon bel,*  
 " *N'oseres vous, mon bel amy?*  
           \*          \*          \*

" All thy beauties sting my heart ;  
 " (*N'oseres vous, mon bel amy?*)  
 " I must die through Cupid's dart ;  
 " *Je vous en prie*, pitty me.  
 " *N'oseres vous, mon bel, mon bel,*  
 " *N'oseres vous, mon bel amy?*" &c.

I have not been able to ascertain who it was that first gave so extraordinary a turn to this celebrated fable, but I suspect it to have proceeded from some of the Italian poets. The late Mr. Warton, whom I consulted on this subject, was not more successful than myself in investigating this point.

The poem already quoted, which I imagine was written by Henry Constable, being only found in a very scarce miscellany, entitled *England's Helicon*, quarto 1600, I shall subjoin it. Henry Constable was the author of some sonnets prefixed to Sir Philip Sidney's *Defence of Poesie*, and is "worthily joined (says A. Wood,) with Sir Edward Dyer," some of whose verses are preserved in the *Paradise of Daintie Devises*, 1580.—Constable likewise wrote some sonnets printed in 1594, and some of his verses are cited in a miscellaneous collection entitled *England's Parnassus*, 1600. He was of St. John's College, in Cambridge, and took the degree of bachelor of arts in 1579. Edmund Bolton in his *Hypercritica*, (which appears to have been written after the year 1616, and remained in manuscript till 1722, when it was printed by Hall at the end of *Triveti Annales*,) has taken a view of some of our old English poets, and classes Constable with Gascoigne, Dyer, Warner, and Thomas Sackville, earl of Dorset.—"Noble Henry Constable (says he,) was a great master of English tongue, nor had any gentleman of our nation a more pure, quick, or higher delivery of conceit: witness among all other, that sonnet of his before his majesty's Lepanto. I have not seen much of Sir Edward's Dyer's Poetry. Among the lesser late poets George Gascoigne's works may be endured. But the best of *those times*, (if Albion's England be not preferred,) is *The Mirror of Magistrates*, and in that *Mirror*, Sackville's *Induction*."

The first eight lines of each stanza of the following poem ought rather perhaps to be printed in four, as the rhymes are in the present mode not so obvious; but I have followed the arrangement of the old copy, which probably was made by the author. MALONE.

The miscellany from which the following song was extracted is no longer so scarce as when Mr. Malone described it as such. It has within these few years been reprinted. Yet as an illustration of our author's poem, I have not thought I was justified in removing it from its place. BOSWELL.

THE SHEEPHEARD'S SONG  
OF  
VENUS AND ADONIS.

---

VENUS faire did ride,  
     siluer doues they drew her,  
 By the pleasant lawnds,  
     ere the sunne did rise :  
 Vestaes beautie rich  
     open'd wide to view her ;  
 Philomel records  
     pleasing harmonies.  
 Eevery bird of spring  
 Cheerfully did sing,  
     Paphos' goddesse they salute :  
 Now loues queene so faire  
 Had of mirth no care,  
     For her sonne had made her mute.  
 In her breast so tender  
 He a shaft did enter,  
     When her eyes beheld a boy ;  
 Adonis was he named,  
 By his mother shamed,  
     Yet he now is Venus' joy.

Him alone she met,  
     ready bound for hunting ;  
 Him she kindly greets,  
     and his journey stayes :  
 Him she seekes to kisse,  
     no deuises wanting ;  
 Him her eyes still wooe,  
     him her tongue still prayes,  
 He with blushing red,  
 Hangeth downe the head,  
     Not a kisse can he afford ;  
 His face is turn'd away,  
 Silence say'd her *nay*,  
     Still she woo'd him for a word.

## VENUS AND ADONIS.

Speake, shee said, thou fairest,  
 Beautie thou impairest ;  
     See mee, I am pale and wan :  
 Louers all adore mee,  
 I for loue implore thee ;  
     Christall teares with that downe ran.

Him heerewith shee forc'd  
     To come sit downe by her ;  
 Shee his necke embracde,  
     gazing in his face :  
 Hee, like one transform'd,  
     stir'd no looke to eye her.  
 Every hearbe did wooc him,  
     growing in that place,  
 Each bird with a dittie,  
 Prayed him for pittie,  
     In behalfe of beauties quene ;  
 Waters' gentle murmour  
 Craved him to loue her,  
     Yet no liking could be scene.  
 Boy, shee say'd, looke on mee,  
 Still I gaze vpon thee ;  
     Speake, I pray thee, my delight :  
 Coldly hee reply'd,  
 And in breefe deny'd  
     To bestow on her a sight,

I am now too young  
     to be wonne by beauty ;  
 Tender are my yeeres ;  
     I am yet a bud :  
 Fayre thou art, shee said ;  
     then it is thy dutie,  
 Wert thou but a blossome,  
     to effect my good.  
 Every beauteous flower  
 Boasteth in my power,  
     Byrds and beasts my lawes effect ;  
 Mirrha, thy faire mother,  
 Most of any other,  
     Did my louely hests respect.  
 Be with me delighted,  
 Thou shalt be requited,  
     Every Nymph on thee shall tend ;  
 All the Gods shall loue thee,  
 Man shall not reprove thee,  
     Loue himselfe shall be thy freend.

Wend thee from mee, Venus,  
 I am not disposed ;  
 Thou wringest mee too hard ;  
     pre-thee, let me goe :  
 Fie ! what a paine it is  
     thus to be enclosed ?  
 If loue begin with labour,  
     it will end in woe.  
 Kisse mee, I will leaue ;—  
 Heere, a kisse receiue ;—  
     A short kiss I doe it find :  
 Wilt thou leaue me so ?  
 Yet thou shalt not goe ;  
     Breathe once more thy balmie wind :  
 It smelleth of the Mirh-tree,  
 That to the world did bring thee ;  
     Neuer was perfume so sweet.  
 When she had thus spoken,  
 She gave him a token,  
     And theyr naked bosoms meet.

Now, hee sayd, let's goe ;  
     harke, the hounds are crying ;  
 Grieslie boare is vp,  
     huntsmen follow fast,  
 At the name of boare  
     Venus seemed dying :  
 Deadly-coloured pale  
     roses ouer cast.  
 Speake, sayd shee, no more  
 Of following the boare,  
     Thou unfit for such a chase :  
 Course the fearfull hare,  
 Venson doe not spare,  
     If thou wilt yeeld Venus grace.  
 Shun the boare, I pray thee,  
 Else I still will stay thee ;  
     Herein he vow'd to please her minde :  
 Then her armes enlarged,  
 Loth shee him discharged ;  
     Forth he went as swift as winde.

Thetis Phœbus' steedes  
     in the west retained ;  
 Hunting sport was past,  
     Loue her loue did seeke :  
 Sight of him too soone  
     gentle Queene shee gained ;  
 On the ground he lay,  
     blood had left his cheeke :

For an orped swine  
 Smit him in the groyne ;  
     Deadly wound his death did bring :  
 Which when Venus found,  
 Shee fell in a swoond,  
     And, awakte, her hands did wring.  
 Nymphs and Satires skipping  
 Came together tripping ;  
     Eccho euery cry exprest :  
 Venus by her power  
 Turn'd him to a flower,  
     Which she weareth in her creast \*.

H. C.

\* — in her CREST.] I suspect this is a misprint, and that the poet wrote *breast*,

The word *orped*, which occurs in this stanza, and of which I know not the derivation, is used by Golding, (as an anonymous writer has observed,) in his translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, 1587, b. viii. :

“ — Yet should this hand of mine,

“ Even maugre dame Diana's hart, confound this *orped* swine.”

Again, in the thirteenth book :

“ — the *orped* giant Polypheme.”

*Terribilem Polyphemum.*

Again, in *A Herrings Tale*: containing a poetical fiction of diverse matters worthy the reading, quarto, 1598 :

“ Straight as two launces coucht by *orped* knights at rest.”

Gower uses the word in like manner in his *Confessio Amantis*, 1554, b. i. fol. 22 :

“ That thei woll gette of their accord

“ Some *orped* knight to sle this lord.”

So also Gawin Douglas in his translation of Virgil, *Æn.* x. :

“ And how *orpit* and proudly ruschis he

“ Amid the Trojanis by favour of Mars, quod sche.”

— Turnusque feratur

Per medios insignis equo *tumidusque* secundo

Marte ruat.

*Orped* seems to have signified, *proud*, *swelling*; and to have included largeness of size, as well as haughtiness and fierceness of demeanour. Skinner idly enough conjectures that it is derived from *oripeau*, Fr. leaf-brass, or tinsel; in consequence of which in Cole's and Kersey's Dictionaries the word has been absurdly interpreted *gilded*. MALONE.

**LUCRECE.**





THE  
EPISTLE.

---

---

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

HENRY WRIOTHESLY,

*EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON OF TICHFIELD.*

THE love I dedicate to your lordship is without end; whereof this pamphlet, without beginning, is but a superfluous moiety<sup>1</sup>. The warrant I have of your honourable disposition, not the worth of my untutored lines, makes it assured of acceptance. What I have done is yours; what I have to do is yours; being part in all I have, devoted yours. Were my worth greater, my duty would shew greater; mean time, as it is, it is bound to your lordship, to whom I wish long life, still lengthened with happiness.

Your lordship's in all duty,

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

<sup>1</sup> — a superfluous MOIETY.] *Moiety* in our author's time did not always signify *half*; it was sometimes used indefinitely for a *portion* or *part*. See vol. x. p. 6, n. 4. MALONE.



## THE ARGUMENT.

---

LUCIUS TARQUINIUS (for his excessive pride surnamed Superbus) after he had caused his own father-in-law, Servius Tullius, to be cruelly murdered, and, contrary to the Roman laws and customs, not requiring or staying for the people's suffrages, had possessed himself of the kingdom; went, accompanied with his sons and other noblemen of Rome, to besiege Ardea. During which siege, the principal men of the army meeting one evening at the tent of Sextus Tarquinius, the king's son, in their discourses after supper every one commended the virtues of his own wife; among whom, Collatinus extolled the incomparable chastity of his wife Lucretia. In that pleasant humour they all posted to Rome; and intending, by their secret and sudden arrival, to make trial of that which every one had before avouched, only Collatinus finds his wife (though it were late in the night) spinning amongst her maids; the other ladies were all found dancing and revelling, or in several disports. Whereupon the noblemen yielded Collatinus the victory, and his wife the fame. At that time Sextus Tarquinius being inflamed with Lucrece' beauty, yet smother-

<sup>1</sup> This argument appears to have been written by Shakspeare, being prefixed to the original edition of 1594: and is a curiosity, this, and the two dedications to the earl of Southampton, being the only prose compositions of our great poet (not in a dramatick form) now remaining.

To the edition of 1616, and that printed by Lintot in 1710, a shorter argument is likewise prefixed, under the name of Contents; which not being the production of our author, nor throwing any light on the poem, is now omitted. MALONE.

ing his passions for the present, departed with the rest back to the camp; from whence he shortly after privily withdrew himself, and was (according to his estate) royally entertained and lodged by Lucrece at Collatium. The same night, he treacherously stealeth into her chamber, violently ravished her, and early in the morning speedeth away. Lucrece, in this lamentable plight, hastily dispatcheth messengers, one to Rome for her father, another to the camp for Collatine. They came, the one accompanied with Junius Brutus, the other with Publius Valerius; and finding Lucrece attired in mourning habit, demanded the cause of her sorrow. She, first taking an oath of them for her revenge, revealed the actor, and whole manner of his dealing, and withal suddenly stabbed herself. Which done, with one consent they all vowed to root out the whole hated family of the Tarquins; and bearing the dead body to Rome, Brutus acquainted the people with the doer and manner of the vile deed, with a bitter invective against the tyranny of the king: wherewith the people were so moved, that with one consent and a general acclamation the Tarquins were all exiled, and the state government changed from kings to consuls.

THE RAPE  
OF  
LUCRECE.

---

FROM the besieg'd Ardea all in post<sup>2</sup>,  
Borne by the trustless wings of false desire,  
Lust-breathed Tarquin leaves the Roman host,  
And to Collatium bears the lightless fire  
Which, in pale embers hid, lurks to aspire,  
And girdle with embracing flames the waist  
Of Collatine's fair love, Lucrece the chaste.

<sup>1</sup> "A book entitled *The Ravishment of Lucrece*," was entered on the Stationers' register, by Mr. Harrison, sen. May 9, 1594, and the poem was first printed in quarto, in the same year. It was again published in sexto-decimo in 1598, 1600, and 1607. I have heard of editions of this piece likewise in 1596 and 1602, but I have not seen either of them. In 1616 another edition appeared, which in the title-page is said to be *newly revised and corrected*. When this copy first came to my hands, it occurred to me, that our author had perhaps an intention of revising and publishing all his works, (which his fellow-comedians in their preface to his plays seem to hint he would have done, if he had lived,) and that he began with this early production of his muse, but was prevented by death from completing his scheme; for he died in the same year in which this *corrected* copy of *Lucrece* (as it is called) was printed. But on an attentive examination of this edition, I have not the least doubt that the piece was revised by some other hand. It is so far from being correct, that it is certainly the most inaccurate and corrupt of all the ancient copies. In some passages emendations are attempted merely for the sake of harmony; in others, a word of an ancient cast is changed for one somewhat more modern; but most of the alterations seem to have been made, because the reviser did not understand the poet's meaning, and imagined he saw errors of the press, where in fact there were

Haply that name of *chaste* unhapp'ly set  
 This bateless edge on his keen appetite;  
 When Collatine unwisely did not let<sup>3</sup>  
 To praise the clear unmatched red and white  
 Which triumph'd in that sky of his delight;  
 Where mortal stars<sup>4</sup>, as bright as heaven's  
 beauties,  
 With pure aspécts did him peculiar duties.

none. Of this the reader will find instances in the course of the following notes; for the variations of the editions are constantly set down. I may also add, that this copy (which all the modern editions have followed) appears manifestly to have been printed from the edition in 1607, the most incorrect of all those that preceded, as being the most distant from the original, which there is reason to suppose was published under the author's immediate inspection. Had he undertaken the task of revising and correcting any part of his works, he would surely have made his own edition, and not a very inaccurate re-impression of it, the basis of his improvements.

The story on which this poem is formed, is related by Dion. Halicarnassensis, lib. iv. c. 72; by Livy, lib. i. c. 57, 58; and by Ovid, *Fast.* lib. ii. Diodorus Siculus and Dio Cassius have also related it. The historians differ in some minute particulars.

The Legend of Lucretia is found in Chaucer. In 1558 was entered on the Stationers' books, "*A ballet* called *The greivous complaint of Lucrece*," licensed to John Alde: and in 1569 was licensed to James Roberts, "*A ballad of the death of Lucryssia*." There was also a ballad of the legend of Lucrece, printed in 1576. Some of these, Mr. Warton thinks, probably suggested this story to our author. "Lucretia (he adds,) was the grand example of conjugal fidelity throughout the gothick ages."

Since the former edition, I have observed that Painter has inserted the story of Lucrece in the first volume of his *Palace of Pleasure*, 1567, on which I make no doubt our author formed his poem. This story is likewise told in *Lydgate's Fall of Princes*, book iii. ch. 5. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — ali *IN POST*,] So, in Painter's Novel:—"Let us take our horse to prove which of oure wives doth surmount. Whereuppon they roode to Rome *in post*." MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — did not LET—] Did not *forbear*. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> Where mortal STARS,] i. e. eyes. Our author has the same allusion in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*:

"—— who more engilds the night,  
 "Than all yon fyry o's and *eyes* of light."

For he the night before, in Tarquin's tent,  
 Unlock'd the treasure of his happy state ;  
 What priceless wealth the heavens had him lent  
 In the possession of his beauteous mate ;  
 Reckoning his fortune at such high-proud rate,  
     That kings might be espoused to more fame,  
     But king nor peer to such a peerless dame <sup>5</sup>.

O happiness enjoy'd but of a few !  
 And, if possess'd, as soon decay'd and done <sup>6</sup>  
 As is the morning's silver-melting dew <sup>7</sup>  
 Against the golden splendour of the sun !  
 An expir'd date, cancel'd ere well begun <sup>8</sup> :

Again, in Romeo and Juliet :

“ At my poor house look to behold this night  
 “ *Earth-treading stars*, that make dark heaven light.”  
 MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> Reckoning his fortune at such HIGH-PROUD rate,  
 That kings might be espoused to more fame,  
 But king nor PEER to such a peerless dame.] Thus the  
 quarto 1594, and three subsequent editions. The octavo 1616  
 reads :

“ — at so high a rate,”

and in the next line but one,

“ But king nor *prince* to such a peerless dame.”

The alteration in the first line was probably made in consequence of the editor's not being sufficiently conversant with Shakespeare's compounded words ; (thus, in *All's Well that Ends Well*, we find *high-repented* blames ; and in *Twelfth-Night*, *high-fantastical* ;) in the last, to avoid that jingle which the author seems to have considered as a beauty, or received as a fashion.

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — as soon decay'd and DONE—] *Done* is frequently used by our ancient writers in the sense of *consumed*. So, in *Venus and Adonis*, p. 56 :

“ —wasted, thaw'd, and *done*,

“ As mountain snow melts with the mid-day sun.”

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> As is the morning's silver-melting dew —] The octavo 1616, and the modern editions, read corruptedly :

“ As *if* the morning silver-melting dew.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> An expir'd date, cancel'd ere well begun :] Thus the quarto

Honour and beauty, in the owner's arms,  
Are weakly fortress'd from a world of harms.

Beauty itself doth of itself persuade  
The eyes of men without an orator<sup>9</sup>;  
What needeth then apology be made,  
To set forth that which is so singular?  
Or why is Collatine the publisher  
Of that rich jewel he should keep unknown  
From thievish ears, because it is his own<sup>1</sup>?

1594, the editions of 1598, 1600, and 1607. That of 1616 reads, apparently for the sake of smoother versification:

"A date expir'd, and cancel'd ere begun."

Our author seems to have remembered Daniel's Complaint of Rosamond, 1592:

"Thou must not thinke thy flowre can always florish,  
"And that thy *beauty* will be still admir'd,  
"But that those rayes which all these flames do nourish,  
"Cancel'd with time, will have their *date expir'd*."

Again, in Pericles, Prince of Tyre:

"Diana's temple is not distant far,  
"Where you may 'bide untill your *date expire*." MALONE.

So, in Romeo and Juliet:

"—— and *expire the term*  
"Of a despised life." STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> Beauty itself doth of itself persuade

The eyes of men without an orator;] So, Daniel, in his Rosamond, 1594.

"—— whose power doth move the blood  
"More than the words or wisdom of the wise."

Again, in The Martial Maid, by B. and Fletcher:

"—— silent orators, to move beyond  
"The honey-tongued rhetorician." STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> — why is Collatine the publisher

Of that rich jewel he should keep unknown  
From thievish EARS, because it is his own?] Thus the old copy. The modern editions read:

"From thievish *cares*—." MALONE.

The conduct of Lucretia's husband is here made to resemble that of Posthumus in Cymbeline. The present sentiment occurs likewise in Much Ado About Nothing: "— The flat transgression of a school-boy; who being over-joyed with finding a bird's nest, shows it his companion, and he steals it." STEEVENS.



Perchance his boast of Lucrece' sovereignty  
 Suggested this proud issue of a king<sup>2</sup> ;  
 For by our ears our hearts oft tainted be :  
 Perchance that envy of so rich a thing,  
 Braving compare, disdainfully did sting  
 His high-pitch'd thoughts, that meaner men  
 should vaunt  
 That golden hap which their superiors want.

But some untimely thought did instigate  
 His all-too-timeless speed, if none of those :  
 His honour, his affairs, his friends, his state,  
 Neglected all, with swift intent he goes  
 To quench the coal which in his liver glows<sup>3</sup>.  
 O rash-false heat, wrapt in repentant cold<sup>4</sup>,  
 Thy hasty spring still blasts, and ne'er grows old<sup>5</sup> !

<sup>2</sup> SUGGESTED this proud issue of a king ;] *Suggested*, I think, here means *tempted, prompted, instigated*. So, in K. Richard II. :

“ What Eve, what serpent, hath *suggested* thee,  
 “ To make a second fall of cursed man ?”

Again, in Love's Labour's Lost :

“ These heavenly eyes that look into these faults,  
 “ *Suggested us to make.*” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — which in his liver GLOWS.] Thus the quarto 1594. Some of the modern editions have *grows*.—The liver was formerly supposed to be the seat of love. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — wrapt in REPENTANT cold,] The octavo 1600 reads :  
 “ — wrapt in *repentance* cold,”

but it was evidently an error of the press. The first copy has—*repentant*.

In King Richard II. we have a kindred sentiment :

“ His *rash* fierce *blaze* of riot cannot last ;  
 “ For violent fires soon burn out themselves.” MALONE.

“ To quench the *coal* which in his liver *glows*.

“ — wrapt in *repentant cold.*” So, in King John :

“ There is no malice in this burning *coal* ;  
 “ The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,  
 “ And strew'd *repentant* ashes on his head.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> Thy hasty spring still BLASTS, and ne'er grows old !] Like a too early spring, which is frequently checked by *blights*, and never produces any ripened or wholesome fruit, the irregular forward-

When at Collatium this false lord arriv'd,  
 Well was he welcom'd by the Roman dame,  
 Within whose face beauty and virtue striv'd  
 Which of them both should underprop her fame :  
 When virtue bragg'd, beauty would blush for shame ;  
 When beauty boasted blushes, in despite  
 Virtue would stain that o'er with silver white<sup>6</sup>.

ness of an unlawful passion never gives any solid or permanent satisfaction. So, in a subsequent stanza :

“ Unruly *blasts* wait on the tender *spring*.”

Again, in Hamlet :

“ For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour,  
 “ Hold it a fashion and a toy of blood ;  
 “ A violet in the *youth* of *primy* nature,  
 “ *Forward*, not *permanent* ; *sweet*, not *lasting* ;  
 “ The perfume and suppliance of a minute :  
 “ No more.”

Again, in King Richard III. :

“ *Short summers* lightly have a *forward spring*.”

*Blasts* is here a neutral verb ; it is used by Sir W. Raleigh in the same manner, in his poem entitled the Farewell :

“ Tell age, it daily wasteth ;  
 “ Tell honour, how it alters ;  
 “ Tell beauty, that it *blasteth*,” &c.

In Venus and Adonis we find nearly the same sentiment :

“ Love's gentle spring doth alway fresh remain ;  
 “ Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done.”

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> Virtue would stain that o'ER with silver white.] The original edition exhibits this line thus :

“ Virtue would stain that *ore* with silver white.”

*Ore* might certainly have been intended for *o'er*, (as it is printed in the text,) the word *over*, when contracted, having been formerly written *ore*. But in this way the passage is not reducible to grammar. Virtue would stain *that*, i. e. *blushes*, o'er with silver white.—The word intended was, perhaps, *or*, i. e. gold, to which the poet compares the deep colour of a *blush*.

Thus in Hamlet we find *ore* used by our author manifestly in the sense of *or* or *gold* :

“ O'er whom his very madness, like some *ore*  
 “ Among a mineral of metals base,  
 “ Shows itself pure.”

The terms of heraldry in the next stanza seem to favour this

But beauty, in that white intituled<sup>7</sup>,  
 From Venus' doves doth challenge that fair field ;  
 Then virtue claims from beauty beauty's red,  
 Which virtue gave the golden age to gild  
 Their silver cheeks, and call'd it then their shield ;  
 Teaching them thus to use it in the fight,—  
 When shame assail'd, the red should fence the  
 white.

This heraldry in Lucrece' face was seen,  
 Argued by beauty's red, and virtue's white.  
 Of either's colour was the other queen,  
 Proving from world's minority their right :  
 Yet their ambition makes them still to fight ;  
 The sovereignty of either being so great,  
 That oft they interchange each other's seat.

This silent war of lilies and of roses,  
 Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field<sup>8</sup>,

supposition : and the opposition between *or* and the *silver* white of virtue is entirely in Shakspeare's manner. So, afterwards :

“ Which virtue gave the *golden* age, to gild  
 “ Their *silver* cheeks—.” MALONE.

Shakspeare delights in opposing the colours of *gold* and *silver* to each other. So, in Macbeth :

“ His *silver* skin lac'd with his *golden* blood.”

We meet with a description, allied to the present one, in Much Ado About Nothing :

“ — I have mark'd

“ A thousand *blushing* apparitions

“ To start into her face ; a thousand *innocent* shames

“ In angel *whiteness* bear away those *blushes*.” STEEVENS.

7 — in that white INTITULED,] I suppose he means, ‘ that consists in that whiteness, or takes its *title* from it.’ STEEVENS.

Our author has the same phrase in his 37th Sonnet :

“ For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,

“ Or any of these all, or all, or more,

“ *Intitl'd* in their parts, do crowned sit—.” MALONE.

8 — in her fair face's FIELD,] *Field* is here equivocally used. The *war* of lilies and roses requires a *field* of battle ; the *heraldry* in the preceding stanza demands another field, i. e. the ground or surface of a shield or escutcheon armorial. STEEVENS.

In their pure ranks his traitor eye encloses<sup>9</sup> ;  
 Where, lest between them both it should be kill'd,  
 The coward captive vanquished doth yield  
 To those two armies, that would let him go,  
 Rather than triumph in so false a foe.

Now thinks he that her husband's shallow tongue  
 (The niggard prodigal that prais'd her so)  
 In that high task hath done her beauty wrong,  
 Which far exceeds his barren skill to show:  
 Therefore that praise which Collatine doth owe<sup>1</sup>,  
 Enchanted Tarquin answers with surmise,  
 In silent wonder of still-gazing eyes.

This earthly saint, adored by this devil,  
 Little suspecteth the false worshipper ;

<sup>9</sup> This silent WAR of lilies and of roses,

Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field,

In THEIR pure RANKS his traitor eye encloses ;] There is here much confusion of metaphor. *War* is, in the first line, used merely to signify the *contest* of lilies and roses for superiority ; and in the third, as actuating an *army* which takes Tarquin prisoner, and encloses his eye in the pure *ranks* of *white* and *red*.

Our author has the same expression in *Coriolanus* :

“ — Our veil'd dames

“ Commit the *war* of *white* and *damask* in

“ Their nicely-gauded cheeks, to the wanton spoil

“ Of Phœbus' burning kisses.”

Again, in *Venus and Adonis* :

“ To note the *fighting conflict* of her hue,

“ How *white and red* each other did destroy —.”

MALONE.

So, in *The Taming of a Shrew* :

“ Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman ?

“ Such *war of white and red* within her cheeks !”

Again, in *Venus and Adonis* :

“ O, what a *war* of looks was then between them !”

STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> Therefore that PRAISE which Collatine doth OWE —] *Praise* here signifies *the object of praise*, i. e. *Lucretia*. *To owe* in old language means *to possess*. MALONE.

For unstain'd thoughts do seldom dream on evil ;  
 Birds never lim'd no secret bushes fear<sup>2</sup> :  
 So guiltless she securely gives good cheer  
 And reverend welcome to her princely guest,  
 Whose inward ill no outward harm express'd :

For that he colour'd with his high estate,  
 Hiding base sin in plaits of majesty<sup>3</sup> ;  
 That nothing in him seem'd inordinate,  
 Save sometime too much wonder of his eye,  
 Which, having all, all could not satisfy ;  
 But, poorly rich, so wanteth in his store,  
 That cloy'd with much, he pineth still for more.

But she, that never cop'd with stranger eyes<sup>4</sup>,  
 Could pick no meaning from their parling looks<sup>5</sup>,  
 Nor read the subtle-shining secrecies  
 Writ in the glassy margents of such books<sup>6</sup> ;  
 She touch'd no unknown baits, nor fear'd no hooks ;

<sup>2</sup> BIRDS NEVER LIM'D NO SECRET BUSHES FEAR :] So, in King Henry VI. Part III. :

“ The *bird* that hath been *limed* in a *bush*,  
 “ With trembling wings *misdoth* every *bush*.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> HIDING base sin in PLAITS OF MAJESTY ;] So, in King Lear :

“ *Robes* and *furr'd* gowns *hide all*.” STEEVENS.

So also in the same play, vol. x. p. 28 :

“ Time shall unfold what *plaited* cunning hides.” BOSWELL.

<sup>4</sup> — with stranger eyes,] *Stranger* is here used as an adjective.  
 So, in King Richard II. :

“ And tread the *stranger* paths of banishment.” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> Could pick no meaning from their PARLING LOOKS,] So, Daniel in his Rosamond :

“ Ah beauty, Syren, fair enchanting good !

“ Sweet silent *rheterick* of persuading *eyes* !” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> Writ in the glassy MARGENTS of such BOOKS ;] So, in Romeo and Juliet :

“ And what obscur'd in this fair *volume* lies,

“ Find written in the *margin* of his *eyes*.”

Again, in Hamlet :

Nor could she moralize his wanton sight<sup>7</sup>,  
More than his eyes were open'd to the light.

He stories to her ears her husband's fame,  
Won in the fields of fruitful Italy;  
And decks with praises Collatine's high name,  
Made glorious by his manly chivalry  
With bruised arms and wreaths of victory<sup>8</sup>;  
Her joy with heav'd-up hand she doth express,  
And wordless so, greets heaven for his success.

Far from the purpose of his coming thither,  
He makes excuses for his being there.  
No cloudy show of stormy blustering weather  
Doth yet in his fair welkin once appear;  
Till sable Night, mother of Dread and Fear,  
Upon the world dim darkness doth display,  
And in her vaulty prison stows the day<sup>9</sup>.

"I knew you must be edified by the *margent*, ere you had done."

In all our ancient English books, the comment is printed in the margin. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> Nor could she MORALIZE his wanton sight —] To *moralize* here signifies to *interpret*, to investigate the latent meaning of his looks. So, in *Much Ado About Nothing*: "You have some *moral* in this Benedictus." Again, in *The Taming of the Shrew*: "— and has left me here to expound the meaning or *moral* of his signs and tokens." MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> With BRUISED ARMS and WREATHS of VICTORY;] So, in *King Richard III.*:

"Now are our brows bound with *victorious wreaths*,

"Our *bruised arms* hung up for monuments." MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> Till sable Night, MOTHER of Dread and Fear,  
Upon the world dim darkness doth display,  
And in her vaulty prison stows the day.] So, *Daniel in his Rosamond*, 1592:

"Com'd was the *night*, mother of sleep and *fear*,

"Who with her *sable* mantle friendly covers

"The sweet stolne sports of joyful meeting lovers."

Thus the quarto, 1594, and the three subsequent editions. The octavo, 1616, without any authority, reads thus:

For then is Tarquin brought unto his bed,  
 Intending weariness with heavy spright<sup>1</sup> ;  
 For, after supper, long he questioned  
 With modest Lucrece<sup>2</sup>, and wore out the night ;  
 Now leaden slumber<sup>3</sup> with life's strength doth fight ;  
 And every one to rest himself betakes,  
 Save thieves, and cares, and troubled minds, that  
 wakes<sup>4</sup>.

As one of which doth Tarquin lie revolving  
 The sundry dangers of his will's obtaining ;  
 Yet ever to obtain his will resolving,

“ Till sable night, *sad source* of dread and fear,  
 “ Upon the world dim darkness doth display,  
 “ And in her vaulty prison *shuts* the day.” MALONE.

*Stows* I believe to be the true, though the least elegant, reading. So, in Hamlet, Act IV. Sc. 1. : “ Safely stow'd.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> INTENDING weariness with heavy spright ;] *Intending* is *pretending*. See vol. v. p. 469, n. 7. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> For, after supper, long he QUESTIONED

With modest Lucrece,] Held a long conversation. So, in The Merchant of Venice :

“ I pray you, think you *question* with the Jew.”

Again, in As You Like It : “ I met the duke yesterday, and had much *question* with him.” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — leaden slumber —] So, in King Richard III. :

“ Lest *leaden slumber* peise me down to-morrow.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> And every one to rest HIMSELF BETAKES,

Save thieves, and cares, and troubled minds, that WAKES.]

Thus the quarto. The octavo 1600, reads:—*themselves betake*, and in the next line :

“ Save thieves, and cares, and troubled minds that *wake*.”

But the first copy was right. This disregard of concord is not uncommon in our ancient poets. So, in our author's Venus and Adonis :

“ — two *lamps* burnt out in darkness *lies*.”

Again, in The Tempest, 1623 :

“ — at this hour

“ *Lies* at my mercy all mine *enemies*.” MALONE.

Though weak-built hopes persuade him to abstaining ;  
 Despair to gain, doth traffick oft for gaining ;  
 And when great treasure is the meed propos'd,  
 Though death be adjunct<sup>5</sup>, there's no death  
 suppos'd.

Those that much covet, are with gain so fond,  
 That what they have not, that which they possess<sup>6</sup>,  
 They scatter and unloose it from their bond,  
 And so, by hoping more, they have but less ;  
 Or, gaining more, the profit of excess

<sup>5</sup> Though DEATH BE ADJUNCT,] So, in King John :  
 "Though that my *death* were *adjunct* to the act."

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> That WHAT they have not, that which they possess,] Thus the quarto, 1594. The edition of 1616 reads :

"Those that much covet, are with gain so fond,  
 "That *oft* they have not that which they possess ;  
 "They scatter and unloose it," &c.

The alteration is plausible, but not necessary. If it be objected to the reading of the first copy, that these misers cannot scatter *what they have not*, (which they are made to do, as the text now stands,) it should be observed, that the same objection lies to the passage as regulated in the latter edition ; for here also they are said to scatter and unloose it," &c. although in the preceding line they were said "*oft* not to have it." Poetically speaking, they may be said to scatter *what they have not*, i. e. what they cannot be *truly* said to have ; what they do not *enjoy*, though *possessed* of it. Understanding the words in this sense, the old reading may remain.

A similar phraseology is found in Daniel's Rosamond, 1592 :

"As wedded widows, *wanting* what we *have*."

Again, in Cleopatra, a tragedy, by the same author, 1594 :

"— their state thou ill definest,  
 "And liv'st to come, in present pinest ;  
 "For *what thou hast*, thou still dost lacke :  
 "O mindes tormentor, bodies wracke :  
 "Vaine promiser of that sweete reste,  
 "Which never any yet possesset."

"Tam avaro deest quod habet, quam quod non habet," is one of the sentences of Publius Syrus. MALONE.



Is but to surfeit, and such griefs sustain,  
That they prove bankrupt in this poor-rich gain.

The aim of all is but to nurse the life  
With honour, wealth, and ease, in waining age ;  
And in this aim there is such thwarting strife,  
That one for all, or all for one we gage ;  
As life for honour, in fell battles' rage ;  
Honour for wealth ; and oft that wealth doth cost  
The death of all, and all together lost.

So that in vent'ring ill<sup>7</sup>, we leave to be  
The things we are for that which we expect ;  
And this ambitious foul infirmity,  
In having much, torments us with defect  
Of that we have : so then we do neglect  
The thing we have ; and, all for want of wit,  
Make something nothing, by augmenting it<sup>8</sup>.

Such hazard now must doting Tarquin make,  
Pawning his honour to obtain his lust ;  
And, for himself, himself he must forsake :  
Then where is truth, if there be no self-trust ?  
When shall he think to find a stranger just,  
When he himself himself confounds<sup>9</sup>, betrays  
To slanderous tongues, and wretched hateful  
days<sup>1</sup> ?

<sup>7</sup> So that in vent'ring ILL,] Thus the old copy. The modern editions read :

“ So that in vent'ring *all* ——.”

But there is no need of change. “ In venturing ill,” means, ‘ from an *evil* spirit of *adventure*, which prompts us to covet what we are not possessed of.’ MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> MAKE something NOTHING, by AUGMENTING it.] Thus, in Macbeth :

“ — so I *lose* no honour

“ By seeking to *augment* it,” &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — himself CONFOUNDS,] i. e. destroys. See Minsheu's Dict. in voc. MALONE.

Now stole upon the time the dead of night <sup>2</sup>,  
 When heavy sleep had clos'd up mortal eyes;  
 No comfortable star did lend his light,  
 No noise but owls' and wolves' death-boding cries:  
 Now serves the season that they may surprize  
 The silly lambs; pure thoughts are dead and still,  
 While lust and murder wake, to stain and kill.

And now this lustful lord leap'd from his bed,  
 Throwing his mantle rudely o'er his arm;  
 Is madly toss'd between desire and dread;  
 Th' one sweetly flatters, th' other feareth harm;  
 But honest Fear, bewitch'd with lust's foul charm,

<sup>1</sup> — and wretched hateful DAYS ?] The modern editions read, unintelligibly:

“ To slanderous tongues, *the wretched hateful lays.*”

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> Now stole upon the time the dead of night, &c.] So, in Macbeth:

“ — Now o'er the one half world

“ Nature seems *dead*, and wicked *dreams abuse*

“ *The curtain'd sleep*: now witchcraft celebrates

“ Pale Hecat's offerings; and wither'd *murder*,

“ Alarum'd by his sentinel, the *wolf*,

“ Whose *howl's* his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,

“ With Tarquin's ravishing sides, towards his design

“ Moves like a ghost.” MALONE.

“ Now stole upon the time the *dead of night*,

“ When heavy *sleep* had *clos'd* up mortal *eyes*;

“ No comfortable *star* did lend his light—

“ — *pure thoughts are dead and still*,

“ While *lust* and murder *wake*—.” From this and two following passages in the poem before us, it is hardly possible to suppose but that Mr. Rowe had been perusing it before he sat down to write The Fair Penitent:

“ Once in a *lone and secret hour of night*,

“ When every *eye* was *clos'd*, and the pale moon,

“ And silent *stars*—

“ Fierceness and pride, *the guardians of her honour*,

“ *Were lull'd to rest*, and *love alone* was *waking*.”

STEEVENS.

Doth too too oft betake him to retire <sup>2</sup>,  
 Beaten away by brain-sick rude Desire.

His falchion on a flint he softly smiteth,  
 That from the cold stone sparks of fire do fly;  
 Whereat a waxen torch forthwith he lighteth,  
 Which must be lode-star to his lustful eye <sup>3</sup>;  
 And to the flame thus speaks advisedly:  
 As from this cold flint I enforc'd this fire,  
 So Lucrece must I force to my desire <sup>4</sup>.

Here pale with fear he doth premeditate  
 The dangers of his loathsome enterprise,  
 And in his inward mind he doth debate  
 What following sorrow may on this arise:  
 Then looking scornfully, he doth despise  
 His naked armour of still-slaughter'd lust <sup>5</sup>,  
 And justly thus controls his thoughts unjust.

Fair torch, burn out thy light, and lend it not  
 To darken her whose light excelleth thine <sup>6</sup>!  
 And die, unhallow'd thoughts, before you blot

<sup>2</sup> Doth too too oft betake HIM to retire,] That is, *Fear* betakes *himself* to flight. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — LODE-STAR to his lustful eye;] So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

“Your eyes are *lode-stars* —.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> As from this cold flint I enforc'd this fire,  
 So Lucrece must I force to my desire.]

*Limus ut hic durescit, et hæc ut cera liquescit,  
 Uno eodemque igni; sic nostro Daphnis amore.*

*Virg. Ec. 8.* STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — armour of still-slaughter'd lust,] i. e. still-slaughtering; unless the poet means to describe it as a passion that is always a killing, but never dies. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> Fair torch, burn out thy light, and lend it not  
 To darken her whose light excelleth thine!] In *Othello*, we meet with the same play of terms:

“Put out the *light*, and then put out the *light*:—

“If I quench thee,” &c. MALONE.

With your uncleanness that which is divine !  
 Offer pure incense to so pure a shrine :  
 Let fair humanity abhor the deed  
 That spots and stains love's modest snow-white  
 weed<sup>7</sup>.

O shame to knighthood and to shining arms !  
 O foul dishonour to my household's grave !  
 O impious act, including all foul harms !  
 A martial man to be soft fancy's slave<sup>8</sup> !  
 True valour still a true respect should have ;  
 Then my digression<sup>9</sup> is so vile, so base,  
 That it will live engraven in my face.

Yea, though I die, the scandal will survive,  
 And be an eye-sore in my golden coat ;  
 Some loathsome dash the herald will contrive<sup>1</sup>,

7 — love's modest snow-white WEED.] *Weed*, in old language, is *garment*. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — soft FANCY'S slave !] *Fancy*, for *love* or *affection*. So, in A Midsummer-Night's Dream :

“Wishes and tears, poor *fancy's* followers.” MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> Then my DIGRESSION —] My deviation from virtue. So, in Love's Labour's Lost : “I will have that subject newly writ o'er, that I may example my *digression* by some mighty precedent.”

MALONE.

Again, in Romeo and Juliet :

“Thy noble shape is but a form in wax,

“*Digressing* from the valour of a man.” STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> — the scandal will survive,

And be an eye-sore in my golden coat ;

Some LOATHSOME DASH the herald will contrive,] In the books of heraldry a particular mark of disgrace is mentioned, by which the escutcheons of those persons were anciently distinguished, who “discourteously *used* a widow, maid, or wife, *against her will*.” There were likewise formerly marks of disgrace for him that “revoked a challenge, or went from his word ; for him who fled from his colours,” &c. In the present instance our author seems to allude to the mark first mentioned. MALONE.

“Some *loathsome dash* the herald will contrive.” So, in King John :

“To look into the *blots* and stains of right.”

To cipher me, how fondly I did dote ;  
 That my posterity, sham'd with the note,  
 Shall curse my bones, and hold it for no sin  
 To wish that I their father had not been.

What win I, if I gain the thing I seek ?  
 A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy.  
 Who buys a minute's mirth, to wail a week ?  
 Or sells eternity, to get a toy ?  
 For one sweet grape who will the vine destroy ?  
 Or what fond beggar, but to touch the crown,  
 Would with the sceptre straight be stricken  
 down ?

If Collatinus dream of my intent,  
 Will he not wake, and in a desperate rage  
 Post hither, this vile purpose to prevent ?  
 This siege that hath engirt his marriage,  
 This blur to youth, this sorrow to the sage,  
 This dying virtue, this surviving shame,  
 Whose crime will bear an ever-during blame ?

O, what excuse can my invention make,  
 When thou shalt charge me with so black a deed ?  
 Will not my tongue be mute, my frail joints shake ?  
 Mine eyes forego their light, my false heart bleed ?  
 The guilt being great, the fear doth still exceed ;

Again, in Drayton's Epistle from Queen Isabel to King Richard II.:

“ No bastard's *mark* doth blot my conquering shield.”

This distinction, whatever it was, was called in ancient heraldry a *blot* or difference. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> Who buys a MINUTE'S MIRTH, TO WAIL A WEEK ?] So, in King Richard III.:

“ Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,

“ And each *hour's joy* wreck'd with a *week of teen.*”

STEEVENS.

Again, in Pericles, Prince of Tyre :

“ Where's hourly trouble for a minute's ease.” MALONE.

And extreme fear can neither fight nor fly,  
But coward-like with trembling terror die.

Had Collatinus kill'd my son or sire,  
Or lain in ambush to betray my life,  
Or were he not my dear friend, this desire  
Might have excuse to work upon his wife ;  
As in revenge or quittal of such strife :  
But as he is my kinsman, my dear friend<sup>3</sup>,  
The shame and fault finds no excuse nor end.

*Shameful it is* ;—ay, if the fact be known<sup>4</sup> :  
*Hateful it is* ;—there is no hate in loving :  
I'll beg her love ;—*but she is not her own* :  
The worst is but denial, and reproving :  
My will is strong, past reason's weak removing :  
Who fears a sentence, or an old man's saw,  
Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe<sup>5</sup>.

Thus, graceless, holds he disputation  
'Tween frozen conscience and hot burning will,  
And with good thoughts makes dispensation,  
Urging the worsen sense for vantage still ;  
Which in a moment doth confound and kill

<sup>3</sup> But AS HE IS MY KINSMAN, my dear friend,] So, in Macbeth :

“ First, as I am his kinsman, and his subject,

“ Strong both against the deed—.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Shameful it is* ;—AY, if the fact be known :] Thus all the editions before that of 1616, which reads :

“ Shameful it is ; if *once* the fact be known.”

The words in Italicks in the first three lines of this stanza, are supposed to be spoken by some airy monitor. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> Who fears a sentence, or an old man's saw,

Shall by a PAINTED CLOTH be kept in awe.] In the old tapestries or *painted cloths* many moral sentences were wrought. So, in *If This Be not a Good Play, the Devil is in't*, by Decker, 1612 :

“ What *says* the prodigal child in the *painted cloth* ? ”

MALONE.

All pure effects<sup>6</sup>, and doth so far proceed,  
That what is vile shows like a virtuous deed.

Quoth he, she took me kindly by the hand,  
And gaz'd for tidings in my eager eyes;  
Fearing some hard news<sup>7</sup> from the warlike band,  
Where her beloved Collatinus lies.  
O, how her fear did make her colour rise!  
First red as roses that on lawn we lay<sup>8</sup>,  
Then white as lawn, the roses took away<sup>9</sup>.

And how her hand, in my hand being lock'd<sup>1</sup>,  
Forc'd it to tremble with her loyal fear?  
Which struck her sad, and then it faster rock'd,  
Until her husband's welfare she did hear;  
Whereat she smiled with so sweet a cheer,

<sup>6</sup> All pure EFFECTS,] Perhaps we should read *affects*. So, in Othello :

“ — the young *affects*

“ In me *defunct*—.” STEEVENS.

*Effects* is used here in the same manner as in Hamlet :

“ — Do not look upon me :

“ Lest, with this piteous action, you convert

“ My stern *effects*.”

See vol. vii. p. 399, n. 2. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> Fearing some HARD NEWS—] So, in the Destruction of Troy, translated by W. Caxton, 5th edit. 1617 : “ Why, is there any thing (said Deyanira); what tydings? Lycos answered, *hard tydings*.” MALONE.

So, in Antony and Cleopatra :

“ — this is *stiff* news.”

The modern editors read—*bad* news. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — red as roses that on lawn we lay,] So, in Venus and Adonis :

“ — a sudden pale,

“ Like *lawn* being *laid* upon the blushing *rose*.” MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — the roses TOOK AWAY.] The roses *being taken away*.

MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> And HOW her hand, in my hand being lock'd,] Thus all the editions before that of 1616, which has :

“ And *now* her hand,” &c. MALONE.

That had Narcissus seen her as she stood,  
Self-love had never drown'd him in the flood.

Why hunt I then for colour or excuses ?  
All orators are dumb when beauty pleadeth ;  
Poor wretches have remorse in poor abuses ;  
Love thrives not in the heart that shadows dreadeth :  
Affection is my captain, and he leadeth ;  
And when his gawdy banner is display'd<sup>2</sup>,  
The coward fights, and will not be dismay'd.

Then childish fear, avaunt ! debating, die !  
Respect and reason, wait on wrinkled age<sup>3</sup> !  
My heart shall never countermand mine eye :  
Sad pause and deep regard beseem the sage<sup>4</sup> ;  
My part is youth, and beats these from the stage<sup>5</sup> :  
Desire my pilot is, beauty my prize ;  
Then who fears sinking, where such treasure lies ?

<sup>2</sup> And when HIS gawdy banner is display'd.] Thus the quarto 1594. The edition of 1616 reads—*this* gawdy banner ; and in the former part of the stanza, *pleads* and *dreads*, instead of *pleadeth* and *dreadeth*. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> Then childish fear, avaunt ! debating, die !

RESPECT and reason, wait on wrinkled age ! &c.] So, in King Richard III. :

“ — I have learn'd that fearful commenting

“ Is leaden servitor to dull delay— ;

“ Then fry expedition be my guide ! ”

*Respect* means, cautious prudence, that coolly weighs all consequences. So, in *Troilus and Cressida*, Act II. Sc. I. :

“ — reason and *respect*

“ Make livers pale, and lustihood deject.” MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> SAD pause and deep regard beseem the sage ;] *Sad*, in ancient language, is *grave*. So, in *Much Ado About Nothing* :

“ The conference was *sadly* borne.” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> MY PART is youth, and beats these from the STAGE :] The poet seems to have had the conflicts between the Devil and the *Vice* of the old moralities, in his thoughts. In these, the *Vice* was always victorious, and drove the Devil roaring off the stage.

MALONE.

“ My part is *youth* —.” Probably the poet was thinking on that particular interlude intitled *Lusty Juventus*. STEEVENS.



As corn o'er-grown by weeds, so heedful fear  
 Is almost chok'd by unresisted lust <sup>6</sup>.  
 Away he steals with open listening ear,  
 Full of foul hope, and full of fond mistrust ;  
 Both which, as servitors to the unjust,  
 So cross him with their opposite persuasion,  
 That now he vows a league, and now invasion.

Within his thought her heavenly image sits,  
 And in the self-same seat sits Collatine :  
 That eye which looks on her, confounds his wits ;  
 That eye which him beholds, as more divine,  
 Unto a view so false will not incline ;  
 But with a pure appeal seeks to the heart,  
 Which once corrupted, takes the worser part ;

And therein heartens up his servile powers,  
 Who, flatter'd by their leader's jocund show,  
 Stuff up his lust, as minutes fill up hours <sup>7</sup> ;  
 And as their captain, so their pride doth grow,  
 Paying more slavish tribute than they owe.  
 By reprobate desire thus madly led,  
 The Roman lord marcheth to Lucrece' bed <sup>8</sup>.

<sup>6</sup> — heedful fear

Is almost CHOK'D by unresisted lust.] Thus the old copy.  
 So, in King Henry IV. :

“ And yet we ventur'd, for the gain propos'd  
 “ Chok'd the respect of likely peril fear'd.”

So, also, Dryden :

“ No fruitful crop the sickly fields return,  
 “ But docks and darnel *choke* the rising corn.”

The modern editions erroneously read :

“ — *cloak'd* by unresisted lust.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> Stuff up his lust, as MINUTES FILL UP HOURS ;] So, in King Henry VI. Part III. :

“ — to see the *minutes* how they run,  
 “ How many make the *hour* full-complete.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> The Roman lord MARCHETH to Lucrece' bed.] Thus the quarto 1594. The edition of 1616 reads—*doth march*. MALONE.

The locks between her chamber and his will,  
 Each one by him enforc'd, retires his ward<sup>9</sup>;  
 But as they open, they all rate his ill,  
 Which drives the creeping thief to some regard<sup>1</sup>:  
 The threshold grates the door to have him heard<sup>2</sup>;  
 Night-wandering weesels<sup>3</sup> shriek, to see him  
 there;  
 They fright him, yet he still pursues his fear.

As each unwilling portal yields him way,  
 Through little vents and crannies of the place  
 The wind wars with his torch, to make him stay,  
 And blows the smoke of it into his face,  
 Extinguishing his conduct in this case<sup>4</sup>;

<sup>9</sup> — RETIRES his ward;] Thus the quarto, and the editions 1598 and 1600. That of 1616, and the modern copies, read, unintelligibly:

“Each one by one enforc'd, *recites* his ward.”

*Retires* is *draws back*. Retirer, Fr. So, in King Richard II.:

“That he, our hope, might have *retir'd* his power.”

MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> Which drives the creeping thief TO SOME REGARD:] Which makes him pause, and *consider* what he is about to do. So before:

“Sad pause and deep *regard* besem the sage.” MALONE.

So, in Hamlet:

“With this *regard* their currents turn awry.” BOSWELL.

<sup>2</sup> — to have him heard;] That is, to discover him; to proclaim his approach. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> Night wand'ring WEESELS shriek, &c.] The property of the *weesel* is to *suck eggs*. To this circumstance our author alludes in AS YOU LIKE IT: “I suck melancholy out of a song, as a *weesel* *sucks eggs*.” Again, in King Henry V.:

“For once the eagle England being in prey,

“To her unguarded nest the *weesel* Scot

“Comes sneaking, and so *sucks* her princely *eggs*.”

Perhaps the poet meant to intimate, that even animals intent on matrimonial plunder, gave the alarm at sight of a more powerful invader of the nuptial bed. But this is mere idle conjecture.

STEEVENS.

But his hot heart, which fond desire doth scorch,  
Puffs forth another wind that fires the torch :

And being lighted, by the light he spies  
Lucretia's glove, wherein her needle sticks ;  
He takes it from the rushes where it lies <sup>5</sup> ;  
And griping it, the needl his finger pricks <sup>6</sup> :  
As who should say, this glove to wanton tricks  
Is not inur'd ; return again in haste ;  
Thou seest our mistress' ornaments are chaste.

But all these poor forbiddings could not stay him ;  
He in the worst sense construes their denial :  
The doors, the wind, the glove, that did delay  
him,  
He takes for accidental things of trial ;  
Or as those bars which stop the hourly dial ;  
Who with a ling'ring stay his course doth let <sup>7</sup> ,  
Till every minute pays the hour his debt.

<sup>4</sup> Extinguishing his CONDUCT in this case ;] *Conduct*, for *conductor*. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act V. Sc. I. :

“ Come, bitter *conduct*, come, unsavoury guide—.”

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> He takes it from the RUSHES where it lies,] The apartments in England being strewed with rushes in our author's time, he has given Lucretia's chamber the same covering. The contemporary poets, however, were equally inattentive to propriety. Thus Marlowe in his *Hero and Leander* :

“ She fearing on the *rushes* to be flung,

“ Striv'd with redoubled *strength*.” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> And griping it, the NEEDL his finger pricks :] *Needl* for *needle*. Our author has the same abbreviation in his *Pericles* :

“ Deep clerks she dumbs, and with her *needl* composes

“ Nature's own shape—.”

Again, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* :

“ Have with our *neelds* created both one flower.”

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — his course doth LET,] To *let*, in ancient language, is to obstruct, to retard. So, in *Hamlet* :

“ — I'll make a ghost of him that *lets* me.” MALONE.

So, so, quoth he, these lets attend the time,  
 Like little frosts that sometime threat the spring,  
 To add a more rejoicing to the prime <sup>8</sup>,  
 And give the sneaped birds more cause to sing <sup>9</sup>.  
 Pain pays the income of each precious thing;  
     Huge rocks, high winds, strong pirates, shelves  
             and sands,  
 The merchant fears, ere rich at home he lands.

Now is he come unto the chamber-door,  
 That shuts him from the heaven of his thought <sup>1</sup>,  
 Which with a yielding latch, and with no more,  
 Hath barr'd him from the blessed thing he sought.  
 So from himself impiety hath wrought,  
     That for his prey to pray he doth begin <sup>2</sup>,  
     As if the heavens should countenance his sin.

But in the midst of his unfruitful prayer,  
 Having solicited the eternal power  
 That his foul thoughts might compass his fair fair <sup>3</sup>,

<sup>8</sup> To add a MORE rejoicing to the PRIME,] That is, a *greater* rejoicing. So, in King Richard II.:

“To make a *more* requital of your loves.”

The *prime* is the *spring*. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> And give the SNEAPED birds —] *Sneaped*, is *checked*. So, Falstaff, in King Henry IV. Part II.: “My lord, I will not undergo this *sneap* without reply.” MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> That shuts him from the HEAVEN of his thought,] So, in The Comedy of Errors:

“My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,

“My sole earth's *heaven*—.” MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> That for his PREY to PRAY he doth begin,] A jingle not less disgusting occurs in Ovid's narration of the same event:

*Hostis ut hospes init penetrabilia Collatina.* STEEVENS.

*Prey* was formerly always spelt *pray*. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — might compass his fair FAIR,] His fair beauty. *Fair*, it has been already observed, was anciently used as a substantive.

MALONE.

And they would stand auspicious to the hour <sup>4</sup>,  
 Even there he starts:—quoth he, I must deflower;  
 The powers to whom I pray, abhor this fact,  
 How can they then assist me in the act?

Then Love and Fortune be my gods, my guide!  
 My will is back'd with resolution:  
 Thoughts are but dreams till their effects be tried,  
 The blackest sin is clear'd with absolution <sup>5</sup>;  
 Against love's fire fear's frost hath dissolution.  
 The eye of heaven is out <sup>6</sup>, and misty night  
 Covers the shame that follows sweet delight.

This said, his guilty hand pluck'd up the latch,  
 And with his knee the door he opens wide:  
 The dove sleeps fast that this night-owl will catch:  
 Thus treason works ere traitors be espy'd.  
 Who sees the lurking serpent, steps aside;

<sup>4</sup> And THEY would stand auspicious to the hour.] This false concord perhaps owes its introduction to the rhyme. In the second line of the stanza *one* deity only is invoked; in the fourth line he talks of more. We must therefore either acknowledge the want of grammar, or read:

“And *he* would stand auspicious to the hour,” &c.

STEEVENS.

The same inaccuracy is found in King Richard III.:

“Richard yet lives, *hell's* black intelligencer,

“Only reserv'd *their* factor, to buy souls,

“And send them thither.”

Again, in the same play, Act I. Sc. III.:

“If *heaven* have any grievous plague in store,

“O, let *them* keep it, till thy sins be ripe.” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> The BLACKEST sin is clear'd with absolution;] The octavo 1616, and the modern editions, read:

“*Black* sin is clear'd with absolution.”

Our author has here rather prematurely made Tarquin a disciple of modern Rome. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> The EYE OF HEAVEN —] So, in King Richard II.:

“All places that the *eye of heaven* visits.” STEEVENS.

Again, in Romeo and Juliet:

“Now ere the *sun* advance his burning *eye*—.” MALONE.

But she, sound sleeping, fearing no such thing,  
Lies at the mercy of his mortal sting.

Into the chamber wickedly he stalks<sup>7</sup>,  
And gazeth on her yet-unstained bed.  
The curtains being close, about he walks,  
Rolling his greedy eye-balls in his head :  
By their high treason is his heart misled ;  
Which gives the watch-word to his hand full  
soon<sup>8</sup>,  
To draw the cloud that hides the silver moon.

Look, as the fair and fry-pointed sun<sup>9</sup>,  
Rushing from forth a cloud, bereaves our sight ;  
Even so, the curtain drawn, his eyes begun  
To wink, being blinded with a greater light :  
Whether it is, that she reflects so bright,

<sup>7</sup> Into the chamber wickedly he STALKS,] That the poet meant by the word *stalk* to convey the notion, not of a boisterous, but quiet, movement, appears from a subsequent passage :

“ For in the dreadful dark of deep midnight,  
“ With shining falchion in my chamber came  
“ A *creeping* creature, with a flaming light,  
“ And softly cry’d—.”

Thus also, in a preceding stanza :

“ Which drives the *creeping* thief to some regard.”

Again, in *Cymbeline* :

“ — Our Tarquin thus  
“ Did *softly press the rushes*, ere he waken’d  
“ The chastity he wounded.”

A person apprehensive of being discovered, naturally takes *long* steps, the sooner to arrive at his point, whether he is approaching or retiring, and thus shorten the moments of danger. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> Which gives the watch-word to his hand FULL soon,] The octavo 1616 reads—*too* soon. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — FIRY-POINTED sun,] I would read—*fire-ypointed*. So, Milton :

“ Under a *star-ypointing* pyramid.” STEEVENS.

I suppose the old reading to be right, because in Shakspeare's edition the word is spelt *fierie*-pointed. MALONE.

That dazzleth them, or else some shame sup-  
posed ;  
But blind they are, and keep themselves enclosed.

O, had they in that darksome prison died,  
Then had they seen the period of their ill !  
Then Collatine again, by Lucrece' side,  
In his clear bed might have reposed still :  
But they must ope, this blessed league to kill ;  
And holy-thoughted Lucrece to their sight  
Must sell her joy, her life, her world's delight.

Her lily hand her rosy cheek lies under<sup>1</sup>,  
Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss<sup>2</sup> ;  
Who, therefore angry, seems to part in sunder,

<sup>1</sup> — her rosy CHEEK lies under,] Thus the first copy. The edition of 1600, and the subsequent impressions, have *checks*.

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> Her lily hand her rosy cheek lies under,

Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss ;] Among the poems of Sir John Suckling, (who is said to have been a great admirer of our author,) is one entitled, A Supplement of an imperfect Copy of Verses of Mr. William Shakspeare ; which begins with these lines, somewhat varied. We can hardly suppose that Suckling would have called a passage extracted from a regular poem “ an imperfect copy of verses.” Perhaps Shakspeare had written the lines quoted below (of which Sir John might have had a manuscript copy) on some occasion previous to the publication of his Lucrece, and afterwards used them in this poem, with some variation. In a subsequent page the reader will find some verses that appear to have been written before Venus and Adonis was composed, of which, in like manner, the leading thoughts were afterwards employed in that poem. This supposed fragment is thus supplied by Suckling.—The variations are distinguished by Italic characters.

I.

- “ *One of her hands one of her cheeks lay under,*  
“ *Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss ;*  
“ *Which therefore swell'd, and seem'd to part asunder,*  
“ *As angry to be robb'd of such a bliss :*  
“ *The one look'd pale, and for revenge did long,*  
“ *While t' other blush'd 'cause it had done the wrong.*

Swelling on either side, to want his bliss ;  
 Between whose hills her head intomb'd is :  
 † Where, like a virtuous monument, she lies <sup>4</sup>,  
 To be admir'd of lewd unhallow'd eyes.

## II.

“ Out of the bed *the* other fair hand was,  
 “ On a green *sattin* quilt ; whose perfect white  
 “ Look'd like a daisy in a field of grass \*,  
 “ And shew'd like unmelt snow unto the sight :  
 “ There lay this pretty perdue, safe to keep  
 “ The rest o' the body that lay fast asleep.

## III.

“ Her eyes (and therefore it was night) close laid  
 “ Strove to imprison beauty till the morn ;  
 “ But yet the doors were of such fine stuff made,  
 “ That it broke through and shew'd itself in scorn ;  
 “ Throwing a kind of light about the place,  
 “ Which turn'd to smiles, still as't came near her face.

## IV.

“ Her beams, which some dull men call'd hair, divided  
 “ Part with her cheeks, part with her lips, did sport ;  
 “ But these, as rude, her breath put by still ; some †  
 “ Wiselier downward sought ; but falling short,  
 “ Curl'd back in rings, and seem'd to turn again,  
 “ To bite the part so unkindly held them in.” MALONE.

This description is given in England's Parnassus, p. 396, with only Shakspeare's name affixed to it; and Suckling might have met with it there, and not knowing from what poem it was taken, supposed it a fragment. BOSWELL.

‡ Where, like a virtuous MONUMENT, she lies,] On our ancient monuments the heads of the persons represented are commonly reposed on *pillows*. Our author has nearly the same image in Cymbeline :

“ And be her sense *but as a monument*,  
 “ Thus in a chapel lying.” STEEVENS.

Again, in All's Well that Ends Well :

“ You are no woman, but a *monument*.” MALONE.

\* Thus far (says Suckling) Shakspeare.

† Suckling probably wrote *divide* in the former line ; and here  
 “ But these, as rude, by her breath put *still aside*—.”



Without the bed her other fair hand was,  
 On the green coverlet: whose perfect white  
 Show'd like an April daisy on the grass,  
 With pearly sweat, resembling dew of night <sup>5</sup>.  
 Her eyes, like marigolds, had sheath'd their light ;  
 And, canopied in darkness, sweetly lay <sup>6</sup>,  
 Till they might open to adorn the day.

Her hair, like golden threads, play'd with her breath ;  
 O modest wantons ! wanton modesty !  
 Showing life's triumph <sup>7</sup> in the map of death <sup>8</sup>,  
 And death's dim look in life's mortality :  
 Each in her sleep themselves so beautify,  
 As if between them twain there were no strife <sup>9</sup>,  
 But that life liv'd in death, and death in life.

Her breasts, like ivory globes circled with blue,  
 A pair of maiden worlds unconquered <sup>1</sup>,  
 Save of their lord, no bearing yoke they knew <sup>2</sup>,

<sup>5</sup> With pearly SWEAT, resembling DEW OF NIGHT.] So,  
 Dryden :

“ And sleeping flow'rs beneath *the night-dew sweat.*”  
 STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> Her EYES, like marigolds, had sheath'd their light,  
 And, CANOPIED in darkness, sweetly lay, &c.] So, in Cym-  
 beline :

“ — The flame o' the taper,  
 “ Bows toward her, and would underpeep her lids,  
 “ To see the enclosed *lights*, now *canopied*

“ Under these windows.” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> SHOWING life's triumph—] The octavo 1616 reads *Showing*.  
 MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — in the MAP of death,] So, in King Richard II. :

“ Thou *map* of honour.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> As if between them twain there were no STRIFE,  
 But that LIFE liv'd in DEATH, and DEATH in LIFE.] So, in  
 Macbeth :

“ That *death* and *nature* do contend about them,  
 “ Whether they *live* or *die.*” STEEVENS.

Again, in All's Well that Ends Well :

“ — *Nature* and *sickness*  
 “ Debate it at their leisure.” MALONE.

And him by oath they truly honoured<sup>3</sup>.  
 These worlds in Tarquin new ambition bred ;  
 Who, like a foul usurper, went about  
 From this fair throne to heave the owner out<sup>4</sup>.

What could he see, but mightily he noted ?  
 What did he note, but strongly he desir'd ?  
 What he beheld, on that he firmly doted,  
 And in his will his wilful eye he tir'd<sup>5</sup>.  
 With more than admiration he admir'd  
 Her azure veins, her alabaster skin,  
 Her coral lips, her snow-white dimpled chin.

As the grim lion fawneth o'er his prey,  
 Sharp hunger by the conquest satisfied,  
 So o'er this sleeping soul doth Tarquin stay  
 His rage of lust, by gazing qualified<sup>6</sup> ;  
 Slack'd, not suppress'd ; for standing by her side,

<sup>1</sup> A pair of MAIDEN WORLDS unconquered,] *Maiden worlds!*  
 How happeneth this, friend Collatine, when Lucretia hath so long  
 lain by thy side? Verily, it insinuateth thee of coldness. AMNER.

<sup>2</sup> Save of their lord, no bearing yoke they knew,] So, Ovid,  
 describing Lucretia in the same situation :

Effugiet? positis urgetur pectora palmis,  
*Nunc primum externâ pectora tacta manu.* MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> And him by OATH they truly honoured.] Alluding to the  
 ancient practice of swearing domesticks into service. So, in Cym-  
 beline :

“ Her servants are all sworn and honourable.” STEEVENS.

The matrimonial oath was, I believe, alone in our author's  
 thoughts. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — to HEAVE the owner out.] So, in a subsequent stanza :

“ My sighs, like whirlwinds, labour hence to heave thee.”

The octavo 1616, and the modern editions, read :

“ — to have the owner out.” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> And IN his will his wilful eye he TIR'D.] This may mean—  
 ‘ He glutted his lustful eye in the imagination of what he had re-  
 solved to do.’ To *tire* is a term in falconry. So, in Heywood's  
 Rape of Lucrece: “ Must with keen fang *tire* upon thy flesh.”  
 Perhaps we should read—“ And on his will,” &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — by gazing QUALIFIED ;] i. e. softened, abated, dimi-  
 nished. So, in The Merchant of Venice :

His eye, which late this mutiny restrains,  
Unto a greater uproar tempts his veins :

And they, like straggling slaves for pillage fighting,  
Obdurate vassals, fell exploits effecting<sup>7</sup>,  
In bloody death and ravishment delighting,  
Nor children's tears, nor mothers' groans respecting,  
Swell in their pride, the onset still expecting :  
Anon his beating heart, alarum striking,  
Gives the hot charge<sup>8</sup>, and bids them do their  
liking.

His drumming heart cheers up his burning eye,  
His eye commends the leading to his hand<sup>9</sup> ;  
His hand, as proud of such a dignity,

“ — I have heard

“ Your grace hath ta'en great pains to *qualify*

“ His rigorous courses.” STEEVENS.

Again, in *Othello* : “ I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily *qualified* too.” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — fell exploits EFFECTING,] Perhaps we should read—*affecting*. STEEVENS.

The preceding line, and the two that follow, support, I think, the old reading. Tarquin only *expects* the onset ; but the slaves here mentioned do not *affect* or meditate fell exploits, they are supposed to be actually *employed* in carnage :

“ — for pillage *fighting*,

“ Nor children's tears, nor mothers' groans *respecting*.”

The subsequent line,

“ Swell in their pride, the onset still *expecting* : ”

refers, not to the *slaves*, but to Tarquin's *veins*. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> GIVES THE HOT CHARGE,—] So, in *Hamlet* :

“ — proclaim no shame,

“ When the compulsive ardour *gives the charge*.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> His eye COMMENDS the leading to his hand ;] To *commend* in our author's time sometimes signified to *commit*, and has that sense here. So, in *The Winter's Tale* :

“ — *commend* it strangely to some place,

“ Where chance may nurse, or end it.”

Again, in *King Richard II.* :

“ His glittering arms he will *commend* to rust.” MALONE.

Smoking with pride, march'd on to make his stand  
 On her bare breast, the heart of all her land <sup>1</sup> ;  
 Whose ranks of blue veins, as his hand did scale,  
 Left their round turrets destitute and pale.

They mustering to the quiet cabinet  
 Where their dear governess and lady lies,  
 Do tell her she is dreadfully beset,  
 And fright her with confusion of their cries :  
 She, much amaz'd, breaks ope her lock'd-up eyes,  
 Who, peeping forth this tumult to behold,  
 Are by his flaming torch dimm'd and controll'd.

Imagine her as one in dead of night  
 From forth dull sleep by dreadful fancy waking,  
 That thinks she hath beheld some gastly sprite,  
 Whose grim aspect sets every joint a shaking ;  
 What terrour 'tis ! but she, in worsè taking,  
 From sleep disturbed, heedfully doth view  
 The sight which makes supposed terror true <sup>2</sup>.

Wrapp'd and confounded in a thousand fears,  
 Like to a new-kill'd bird she trembling lies <sup>3</sup> ;  
 She dares not look ; yet, winking, there appears

<sup>1</sup> On her bare breast, the HEART of all her land :] So, in Antony and Cleopatra :

“ — the very *heart of loss*.”

Again, in Hamlet :

“ — I will wear him

“ In my heart's core ; ay, in my *heart of heart*.” MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> The sight which makes supposed terror TRUE.] The octavo 1616, and the modern editions, read :

“ — which makes supposed terror *rue*.” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> Wrapp'd and confounded in a thousand fears,

Like to a new-kill'd bird she TREMBLING lies ;] So Ovid, describing Lucretia in the same situation :

*Illa nihil ; neque enim vocem viresque loquendi*

*Aut aliquid toto pectore mentis habet.*

*Sed tremil*— MALONE.

Quick-shifting anticks, ugly in her eyes;  
Such shadows are the weak brain's forgeries<sup>4</sup>;  
Who, angry that the eyes fly from their lights<sup>5</sup>,  
In darkness daunts them with more dreadful  
sights.

His hand, that yet remains upon her breast,  
(Rude ram, to batter such an ivory wall!)  
May feel her heart (poor citizen!) distress'd,  
Wounding itself to death, rise up and fall,  
Beating her bulk, that his hand shakes withal<sup>6</sup>.  
This moves in him more rage, and lesser pity,  
To make the breach, and enter this sweet city<sup>7</sup>.

First, like a trumpet, doth his tongue begin  
To sound a parley to his heartless foe;  
Who, o'er the white sheet peers her whiter chin<sup>8</sup>,

<sup>4</sup> Such shadows are the weak brain's FORGERIES;] So, in A Midsummer-Night's Dream :

"These are the *forgeries* of jealousy." STEEVENS.

Again, in Hamlet :

"This is the very *coinage* of your *brain* :

"This *bodiless* creation ecstasy

"Is very cunning in." MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — the eyes fly from their lights.] We meet with this conceit again in Julius Cæsar :

"His coward *lips* did from their colour *fly*." STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> Beating her BULK, that his hand shakes withal.] *Bulk* is frequently used by our author, and other ancient writers, for *body*. So, in Hamlet :

"As it did seem to shatter all his *bulk*,

"And end his being."

See vii. p. 261, n. 1. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> To make the breach, and enter this sweet city.] So, in our author's Lover's Complaint :

"And long upon these terms I held my *city*,

"Till thus he 'gan *besiege* me."

Again, in All's Well that Ends Well : "— marry, in blowing him down again, with the *breach* yourselves made, you lose your *city*."

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — o'er the white sheet peers her whiter chin,] So, in Cymbeline :

The reason of this rash alarm to know,  
Which he by dumb demeanour seeks to show;  
But she with vehement prayers urgeth still,  
Under what colour he commits this ill.

Thus he replies: The colour in thy face<sup>9</sup>  
(That even for anger makes the lily pale,  
And the red rose blush at her own disgrace<sup>1</sup>.)  
Shall plead for me, and tell my loving tale:  
Under that colour am I come to scale  
Thy never-conquer'd fort<sup>1</sup>; the fault is thine,  
For those thine eyes betray thee unto mine.

Thus I forestall thee, if thou mean to chide:  
Thy beauty hath ensnar'd thee to this night,  
Where thou with patience must my will abide;

“ ——— fresh lily,  
“ And whiter than the sheets.” MALONE.

So Otway, in *Venice Preserved*:

“ ——— in virgin sheets,  
“ White as her bosom.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> Under what COLOUR he commits this ill.

Thus he replies: The COLOUR in thy face—] The same play on the same words occurs in *King Henry IV. Part II.*:

“ ——— this that you heard, was but a colour.  
“ *Shal.* A colour, I fear, that you will die in, sir John.”  
STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> And the red rose BLUSH AT HER OWN DISGRACE,] A thought somewhat similar occurs in *May's Supplement to Lucan*:

—— labra rubenus  
Non rosea æquaret, nisi primo victa fuisset,  
Et pudor auget quem dat natura ruborem. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> Under that colour am I come to scale

Thy never-conquer'd fort:] So, in *Marlowe's Hero and Leander*:

“ ——— every limb did, as a souldier stout,  
“ Defend the fort, and keep the foe-man out:  
“ For though the rising ivory mount he scal'd,  
“ Which is with azure circling lines empal'd,  
“ Much like a globe,” &c.

We have had in a former stanza—

“ Her breasts, like ivory globes circled with blue.” MALONE.

My will that marks thee for my earth's delight <sup>2</sup>,  
Which I to conquer sought with all my might ;  
But as reproof and reason beat it dead,  
By thy bright beauty was it newly bred.

I see what crosses my attempt will bring ;  
I know what thorns the growing rose defends ;  
I think the honey guarded with a sting <sup>3</sup> ;  
All this, beforehand, counsel comprehends :  
But will is deaf, and hears no heedful friends ;  
Only he hath an eye to gaze on beauty,  
And dotes on what he looks <sup>4</sup>, 'gainst law or duty.

I have debated <sup>5</sup>, even in my soul,  
What wrong, what shame, what sorrow I shall  
breed ;  
But nothing can affection's course control,  
Or stop the headlong fury of his speed.  
I know repentant tears ensue the deed ;  
Reproach, disdain, and deadly enmity ;  
Yet strive I to embrace mine infamy.

<sup>2</sup> — my earth's delight,] So, in *The Comedy of Errors* :

“ My sole *earth's* heaven.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> I THINK the honey guarded with a sting ;] *I am aware* that the honey is guarded with a sting. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — on what he looks,] i. e. on what he looks *on*.—Many instances of this inaccuracy are found in our author's plays. See the *Essay on Shakspeare's Phraseology*. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> I see what crosses—

I have debated, &c.] On these stanzas Dr. Young might have founded the lines with which he dismisses the prince of Egypt, who is preparing to commit a similar act of violence, at the end of the third act of *Busiris* :

“ Destruction full of transport ! Lo I come

“ Swift on the wing to meet my certain doom :

“ I know the danger, and I know the shame ;

“ But, like our phoenix, in so rich a flame

“ I plunge triumphant my devoted head,

“ And dote on death in that luxurious bed.” STEEVENS.

This said, he shakes aloft his Roman blade,  
 Which, like a faulcon towering in the skies,  
 Coucheth the fowl below<sup>6</sup> with his wings' shade,  
 Whose crooked beak threats, if he mount he dies :  
 So under his insulting falchion lies  
 Harmless Lucretia, marking what he tells,  
 With trembling fear, as fowl hear faulcon's bells<sup>7</sup>.

Lucrece, quoth he, this night I must enjoy thee :  
 If thou deny, then force must work my way,  
 For in thy bed I purpose to destroy thee ;  
 That done, some worthless slave of thine I'll slay,  
 To kill thine honour with thy life's decay ;  
 And in thy dead arms do I mean to place him,  
 Swearing I slew him, seeing thee embrace him.

So thy surviving husband shall remain  
 The scornful mark of every open eye<sup>8</sup> ;  
 Thy kinsmen hang their heads at this disdain,  
 Thy issue blurr'd with nameless bastardy<sup>9</sup> :  
 And thou, the author of their obloquy,

<sup>6</sup> — like a FAULCON towering in the skies,  
 COUCHEETH the FOWL below —] So, in Measure for Measure :

“ Nips youth i' th' head, and follies doth enmew  
 “ As faulcon doth the fowl.”

I am not certain but that we should read—*Cov'reth*. To couch the fowl may, however, mean, to make it couch ; as to brave a man, in our author's language, signifies either to insult him, or to make him brave, i. e. fine. So, in The Taming of the Shrew : “ — thou hast brav'd many men ; brave not me.” Petruchio is speaking to the taylor. STEEVENS.

So, more appositely, in Coriolanus :

“ Flutter'd your Volces in Corioli.” BOSWELL.

<sup>7</sup> — as FOWL hear FAULCON'S BELLS.] So, in King Henry VI. Part III. :

“ — not he that loves him best

“ Dares stir a wing, if Warwick shake his bells.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> THE SCORNFUL MARK of every open eye ;] So, in Othello :

“ A fixed figure for the time of scorn.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> Thy issue blurr'd with NAMELESS bastardy :] So, in the Two



Shalt have thy trespass cited up in rhymes<sup>1</sup>,  
And sung by children in succeeding times<sup>2</sup>.

But if thou yield, I rest thy secret friend :  
The fault unknown is as a thought unacted ;  
A little harm, done to a great good end,  
For lawful policy remains enacted.  
The poisonous simple sometimes is compacted  
In a pure compound<sup>3</sup> ; being so applied,  
His venom in effect is purified.

Gentlemen of Verona : “ That’s as much as to say *bastard* virtues, that indeed know not their father’s names, and therefore have *no names*.” The poet calls bastardy *nameless*, because an illegitimate child has no name by inheritance, being considered by the law as *nullius filius*. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> Shalt have thy TRESPASS CITED up in rhymes,] So, in King Henry IV. Part I. :

“ He made a blushing *cital* of his *faults*.”

Again, in The Two Gentlemen of Verona :

“ — for we *cite* our *faults*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> Shalt have thy trespass CITED UP in RHYMES,

AND SUNG by children in succeeding times.] So, in King Richard III. :

“ — Thence we looked towards England,

“ And *cited up* a thousand heavy times.”

Again, in Antony and Cleopatra :

“ — Saucy lictors

“ Will catch at us like strumpets, and scald *rhymers*

“ *Ballad* us out o’ tune.”

Qui me commôrit, (melius non tangere, clamo,)

Flebit, et insignis tota cantabitur urbe. HOR.

Thus elegantly imitated by Pope :

“ Whoe’er offends, at some unlucky time

“ Slides into verse, and hitches in a rhyme ;

“ Sacred to ridicule his whole life long,

“ And the sad burthen of some merry song.” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> In A PURE compound —] Thus the quarto. The edition of 1616 reads :

“ In *purest compounds* —.” MALONE.

A thought somewhat similar occurs in Romeo and Juliet :

“ Within the infant rind of this small flower

“ *Poison* hath residence, and *medicine* power.”

STEEVENS.

Then for thy husband and thy children's sake,  
 Tender my suit<sup>3</sup>: bequeath not to their lot  
 The shame that from them no device can take,  
 The blemish that will never be forgot;  
 Worse than a slavish wipe<sup>4</sup>, or birth-hour's blot<sup>5</sup>:  
 For marks descried in men's nativity  
 Are nature's faults, not their own infamy<sup>6</sup>.

Here with a cockatrice' dead-killing eye<sup>7</sup>,  
 He rouseth up himself, and makes a pause;  
 While she, the picture of pure piety,

<sup>3</sup> TENDER my suit —] *Cherish, regard* my suit. So, in Hamlet:

“*Tender* yourself more dearly.” MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> WORSE than a SLAVISH WIPE,] More disgraceful than the brand with which slaves were marked. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — or birth-hour's BLOT:] So, in King John:

“If thou that bid'st me be content, wert grim,

“Ugly and slanderous to thy *mother's womb*,

“Full of unpleasing *blots*, and sightless stains,—

“Patch'd with foul moles and eye-offending marks,

“I would not care.”

Again, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*:

“And the *blots* of nature's hand,

“Shall not in their issue stand;

“Never mole, hair-lip, nor scar,

“Nor mark prodigious—.”

It appears that in Shakspeare's time the arms of bastards were distinguished by some kind of *blot*. Thus, in the play above quoted:

“To look into the *blots* and stains of *right*.”

But in the passage now before us, those corporal blemishes with which children are sometimes born, seem alone to have been in our author's contemplation. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> FOR MARKS descried in men's NATIVITY

ARE NATURE'S faults, NOT THEIR OWN INFAMY.] So, in Hamlet:

“That for some vicious *mole* of nature in them,

“As, in their birth (*wherein they are not guilty*)—.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — with a cockatrice' dead-killing eye,] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“From the *death-darting eye* of *cockatrice*.” STEEVENS.

Like a white hind under the grype's sharp claws<sup>8</sup>,  
 Pleads in a wilderness, where are no laws,  
 To the rough beast that knows no gentle right,  
 Nor aught obeys but his foul appetite.

Look, when a black-fac'd cloud the world doth  
 threat<sup>9</sup>,  
 In his dim mist the aspiring mountains hiding,  
 From earth's dark womb some gentle gust doth get,

<sup>8</sup> Like a white hind UNDER the GRYPE'S sharp claws,] So, in King Richard III. :

“ Ah me ! I see the ruin of my house ;

“ *The tyger now hath seiz'd the gentle hind.*”

All the modern editions read :

“ — beneath the *gripe's* sharp claws.”

The quarto, 1594, has :

“ Like a white hinde *under* the *grype's* sharp claws —.”

The *gryphon* was meant, which in our author's time was usually written *grype*, or *gripe*. MALONE.

The *gripe* is properly the *griffin*. See Cotgrave's Dictionary, and Mr. Reed's improved edition of Dodsley's Old Plays, vol. i. p. 124, where *gripe* seems to be used for *vulture* :

“ — Ixion's wheele,

“ Or cruell *gripe* to gnaw my growing harte.”

*Ferrex and Porrex.*

It was also a term in the hermetick art. Thus, in Ben Jonson's Alchemist :

“ — let the water in glass E be filter'd,

“ And put into the *gripe's* egg.”

As *griffe* is the French word for a claw, perhaps anciently those birds which are remarkable for *gripping* their prey in their talons, were occasionally called *gripes*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> LOOK, when a black-fac'd cloud the world doth threat,] The quarto 1594 reads—*But* when, &c. For the emendation I am responsible.

*But* was evidently a misprint ; there being no opposition whatsoever between this and the preceding passage. We had before :

“ *Look*, as the fair and fry-pointed sun,—

“ Even so —.”

Again, in a subsequent stanza, we have :

“ *Look*, as the full-fed hound, &c.

“ So surfeit-taking Tarquin —.”

Again, in Venus and Adonis :

“ *Look*, how the world's poor people are amaz'd,—

“ So she with fearful eyes —.” MALONE.

Which blows these pitchy vapours from their biding,  
Hindering their present fall by this dividing :

So his unhallow'd haste her words delays,  
And moody Pluto winks while Orpheus plays.

Yet, foul night-waking cat, he doth but dally,  
While in his hold-fast foot the weak mouse panteth :  
Her sad behaviour feeds his vulture folly <sup>1</sup>,  
A swallowing gulf that even in plenty wanteth :  
His ear her prayers admits, but his heart granteth  
No penetrable entrance to her plaining :  
Tears harden lust, though marble wear with  
raining.

Her pity-pleading eyes are sadly fix'd  
In the remorseless wrinkles of his face <sup>2</sup> ;  
Her modest eloquence with sighs is mix'd,  
Which to her oratory adds more grace.  
She puts the period often from his place ;  
And 'midst the sentence so her accent breaks,  
That twice she doth begin, ere once she speaks <sup>3</sup>.

She conjures him by high almighty Jove,  
By knighthood, gentry, and sweet friendship's oath,  
By her untimely tears, her husband's love,  
By holy human law, and common troth,  
By heaven and earth, and all the power of both,

The old copy, I think, is correct :—" He knows no gentle right,  
*but* still her words delay him, as a gentle gust blows away a black-  
faced cloud." BOSWELL.

<sup>1</sup> —his vulture FOLLY.] *Folly* is used here, as it is in the sacred  
writings, for *depravity of mind*. So also, in *Othello* :

" She turn'd to *folly*, and she was a whore." MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> In the REMORSELESS wrinkles of his face ;] *Remorseless* is  
*pitiless*. See vol. ix. p. 60, n. 7 ; and p. 391, n. 1. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> She PUTS THE PERIOD OFTEN FROM HIS PLACE,

And 'MIDST THE SENTENCE SO HER ACCENT BREAKS,

That twice she doth begin,] So, in *A Midsummer-Night's*  
Dream :

" Make *periods* in the midst of sentences,

" Throttle their practis'd *accent* in their fears,

" And in conclusion dumbly have *broke off*," &c. STEEVENS.

That to his borrow'd bed he make retire,  
And stoop to honour, not to foul desire.

Quoth she, reward not hospitality <sup>4</sup>  
With such black payment as thou hast pretended <sup>5</sup>;  
Mud not the fountain that gave drink to thee;  
Mar not the thing that cannot be amended;  
End thy ill aim, before thy shoot be ended <sup>6</sup>;  
He is no wood-man that doth bend his bow  
To strike a poor unseasonable doe.

<sup>4</sup> — reward not HOSPITALITY, &c.] So, in King Lear :

“ — my *hospitable* favours

“ You should not ruffle thus.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — pretended ;] i. e. proposed to thyself. So, in Macbeth :

“ — Alas the day !

“ What good could they *pretend* ?” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> End thy ill aim, before thy SHOOT be ended :] It is manifest, from the context, that the author intended the word *shoot* to be taken in a double sense ; *suit* and *shoot* being in his time pronounced alike. So, in The London Prodigal, 1605 :

“ But there's the other black-browes, a shrood girl,

“ She hath wit at will, and *shuters* two or three.”

Again, in The Puritan, a Comedy, 1607 :

“ Enter the *Sutors*.

“ Are not these *archers* ?—what do you call them,—*shooters*,” &c.

Again, in Lilly's Euphues and his England, 1580 : “ There was a lady in Spaine, who after the death of her father had three *suters*, and yet never a good *archer*,” &c. MALONE.

I adhere to the old reading, nor apprehend the least equivoque. A sentiment nearly parallel occurs in Macbeth :

“ — the murd'rous shaft that's shot,

“ Hath not yet lighted.”

“ He is no wood-man that doth *bend his bow*,” very strongly supports my opinion. STEEVENS.

There is no doubt that *shoot* was *one* of the ideas intended to be conveyed. It is, in my apprehension, equally clear, that the *suit* or solicitation of a lover was also in our author's thoughts. *Shoot* (the pronunciation of the two words being granted to be the same) suggests both ideas.—The passage quoted from Macbeth, in the preceding note, does not, as I conceive, prove any thing. The word *shot* has *there* its usual signification, and no double meaning *could* have been intended. MALONE.

My husband is thy friend, for his sake spare me ;  
 Thyself art mighty, for thine own sake leave me ;  
 Myself a weakling, do not then ensnare me :  
 Thou look'st not like deceit ; do not deceive me :  
 My sighs, like whirlwinds, labour hence to heave  
 thee.

If ever man were mov'd with woman's moans,  
 Be moved with my tears, my sighs, my groans ;

All which together, like a troubled ocean,  
 Beat at thy rocky and wreck-threat'ning heart,  
 To soften it with their continual motion ;  
 For stones dissolv'd to water do convert.  
 O, if no harder than a stone thou art,  
 Melt at my tears and be compassionate !  
 Soft pity enters at an iron gate<sup>7</sup>.

In Tarquin's likeness I did entertain thee :  
 Hast thou put on his shape to do him shame ?  
 To all the host of heaven I complain me,  
 Thou wrong'st his honour, wound'st his princely  
 name.

Thou art not what thou seem'st ; and if the same,  
 Thou seem'st not what thou art, a god, a king ;  
 For kings like gods should govern every thing.

How will thy shame be seeded in thine age,  
 When thus thy vices bud before thy spring<sup>8</sup> ?  
 If in thy hope thou dar'st do such outrage,

<sup>7</sup> Soft pity enters at an IRON GATE.] Meaning, I suppose, the *gates of a prison*. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> How will thy shame be SEEDED in thine age,  
 When thus thy vices bud before thy spring?] This thought  
 is more amplified in our author's *Troilus and Cressida* :

“ — the *seeded* pride,  
 “ That bath to its maturity grown up  
 “ In ralk Achilles, must or now be cropt,  
 “ Or, shedding, breed a nursery of evil,  
 “ To over-bulk us all.” STEEVENS.

What dar'st thou not, when once thou art a king<sup>9</sup> ?  
 O, be remember'd<sup>1</sup>, no outrageous thing  
 From vassal actors can be wip'd away ;  
 Then kings' misdeeds cannot be hid in clay<sup>2</sup>.

This deed will make thee only lov'd for fear,  
 But happy monarchs still are fear'd for love :  
 With foul offenders thou perforce must bear,  
 When they in thee the like offences prove :  
 If but for fear of this, thy will remove ;  
 For princes are the glass, the school, the book,  
 Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do look<sup>3</sup>.

And wilt thou be the school where Lust shall learn ?  
 Must he in thee read lectures of such shame ?  
 Wilt thou be glass, wherein it shall discern  
 Authority for sin, warrant for blame,  
 To privilege dishonour in thy name ?

<sup>9</sup> If in thy hope thou dar'st do such outrage,

What dar'st thou not when thou art once a king ?] This sentiment reminds us of King Henry Fourth's question to his son :

“ When that my care could not withhold thy riots,

“ What wilt thou do, when riot is thy care ? ” STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> O, be remember'd,] Bear it in your mind. So, in King Richard II. :

“ ——— joy being wanting,

“ It doth *remember* me the more of sorrow.” MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> Then kings' misdeeds cannot be HID IN CLAY.] The memory of the ill actions of kings will remain even after their death. So, in *The Paradise of Dainty Devises*, 1580 :

“ Mine owne good father, thou art gone ; thine ears are *stopp'd* with *clay*.”

Again, in *Kendal's Flowers of Epigrams*, 1577 :

“ The *corps* clapt fast in clotted *clay*,

“ That here *engrav'd* doth lie.” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> For princes are the GLASS, the school, the BOOK, Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do look.] So, in King Henry IV. Part II. :

“ He was the mark and *glass*, copy and *book*,

“ That fashion'd others.”

Regis ad exemplum totus componitur orbis. *Claud.*

MALONE.

Thou back'st reproach against long-lived laud,  
And mak'st fair reputation but a bawd.

Hast thou command? by him that gave it thee,  
From a pure heart command thy rebel will :  
Draw not thy sword to guard iniquity,  
For it was lent thee all that brood to kill.  
Thy princely office how canst thou fulfil,  
When, pattern'd by thy fault<sup>4</sup>, foul Sin may say,  
He learn'd to sin, and thou didst teach the way?

Think but how vile a spectacle it were,  
To view thy present trespass in another.  
Men's faults do seldom to themselves appear ;  
Their own transgressions partially they smother :  
This guilt would seem death-worthy in thy brother.  
O, how are they wrapp'd in with infamies,  
That from their own misdeeds askaunce their  
eyes !

To thee, to thee, my heav'd-up hands appeal,  
Not to seducing lust, thy rash relier<sup>5</sup> ;  
I sue for exil'd majesty's repeal<sup>6</sup> ;  
Let him return, and flattering thoughts retire :  
His true respect will 'prison false desire,  
And wipe the dim mist from thy dotting eyne,  
That thou shalt see thy state, and pity mine.

<sup>4</sup> — PATTERN'D by thy fault,] Taking thy fault for a pattern or example. So, in the Legend of Lord Hastings, *Mirroure for Magistrates*, 1587 :

“ By this my *pattern*, all ye peers, beware.” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> Not to seducing lust, thy rash RELIER ;] Thus the first copy. The edition of 1616 has—thy rash *reply*. Dr. Sewel, without authority, reads :

“ Not to seducing lust's *outrageous fire*.” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — for exil'd majesty's REPEAL ;] For the *recall* of exiled majesty. So, in one of our author's plays :

“ ——— if the time thrust forth  
“ A cause for thy *repeal*—.” MALONE.



Have done, quoth he ; my uncontrolled tide  
 Turns not, but swells the higher by this let.  
 Small lights are soon blown out, huge fires abide <sup>7</sup>,  
 And with the wind in greater fury fret <sup>8</sup> :  
 The petty streams that pay a daily debt  
 To their salt sovereign, with their fresh falls' haste,  
 Add to his flow, but alter not his taste <sup>9</sup>.

Thou art, quoth she, a sea, a sovereign king!  
 And lo, there falls into thy boundless flood  
 Black lust, dishonour, shame, misgoverning,  
 Who seek to stain the ocean of thy blood.  
 If all these petty ills shall change thy good,  
 Thy sea within a puddle's womb is hers'd <sup>9</sup>,  
 And not the puddle in thy sea dispers'd.

So shall these slaves be king, and thou their slave <sup>2</sup> ;  
 Thou nobly base, they basely dignified ;  
 Thou their fair life, and they thy fouler grave :

<sup>7</sup> SMALL LIGHTS ARE SOON BLOWN OUT, huge fires abide,] So, in King Henry VI. :

“ *A little fire is quickly trodden out,*” &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> And with the WIND in greater fury FRET :] So, in The Merchant of Venice :

“ When they are *fretted* with the *gusts* of heaven.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> Add to HIS flow, but alter not HIS taste.] The octavo 1616 reads :

“ Add to *this* flow, but alter not *the* taste.” MALONE.

These three lines seem to me to resemble both the phraseology and cadence of Denham, in his Cooper's Hill. BOSWELL.

<sup>1</sup> Thy sea within a puddle's womb is HERSED,] Thus the quarto. The octavo 1616 reads, unintelligibly :

“ Thy sea within a *puddle* womb is *hersed*.”

Dr. Sewel, not being able to extract any meaning from this, reads :

“ Thy sea within a *puddle* womb is *burst*,  
 “ And not the puddle in thy sea *dispers'd*.”

Our author has again used the verb to *herse* in Hamlet :

“ Why thy canoniz'd bones, *hersed* in death,  
 “ Have burst their cerements.” MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> So shall these SLAVES be KING, and thou their slave ;] In King Lear we meet with a similar allusion :

Thou loathed in their shame, they in thy pride :  
 The lesser thing should not the greater hide ;  
     The cedar stoops not to the base shrub's foot,  
 But low shrubs wither at the cedar's root.

So let thy thoughts, low vassals to thy state—  
 No more, quoth he, by heaven, I will not hear thee ;  
 Yield to my love ; if not, enforced hate,  
 Instead of love's coy touch<sup>3</sup>, shall rudely tear thee ;  
 That done, despitefully I mean to bear thee  
     Unto the base bed of some rascal groom,  
 To be thy partner in this shameful doom.

This said, he sets his foot upon the light,  
 For light and lust are deadly enemies :  
 Shame folded up in blind concealing night,  
 When most unseen, then most doth tyrannize.  
 The wolf hath seiz'd his prey, the poor lamb cries<sup>4</sup> ;  
     Till with her own white fleece her voice controll'd  
 Entombs her outcry in her lips' sweet fold :

For with the nightly linen that she wears<sup>5</sup>,  
 He pens her piteous clamours in her head ;  
 Cooling his hot face in the chastest tears

“ ——— it seem'd she was a *queen*  
 “ Over her *passion*, who, most rebel-like,  
 “ Sought to be king o'er her.” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — love's COY TOUCH,] i.e. the delicate, the respectful approach of love. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> The wolf hath seiz'd his prey, the poor lamb cries ;]

*Illa nihil :—*

*Sed tremit, ut quondam stabulis deprensa relictis,*

*Parva sub infesto cum jacet agna lupo. Ovid.*

I have never seen any translation of the *Fæsti* so old as the time of Shakspeare ; but Mr. Coxeter in his manuscript notes (as Mr. Warton has observed,) mentions one printed about the year 1570. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> For with the NIGHTLY linen that she wears,] Thus the first quarto. The octavo 1616 reads, unintelligibly :

“ For with the *mighty* linen,” &c. MALONE.

That ever modest eyes with sorrow shed.  
 O, that prone lust should stain so pure a bed <sup>5</sup> !  
 The spots whereof could weeping purify,  
 Her tears should drop on them perpetually.

But she hath lost a dearer thing than life <sup>6</sup> ,  
 And he hath won what he would lose again ;  
 This forced league doth force a further strife ;  
 This momentary joy breeds months of pain ;  
 This hot desire converts to cold disdain :  
 Pure chastity is rifled of her store,  
 And lust, the thief, far poorer than before.

Look, as the full-fed hound or gorged hawk,  
 Unapt for tender smell or speedy flight,  
 Make slow pursuit, or altogether balk  
 The prey wherein by nature they delight ;  
 So surfeit-taking Tarquin fares this night :  
 His taste delicious, in digestion souring,  
 Devours his will, that liv'd by foul devouring.

O deeper sin than bottomless conceit  
 Can comprehend in still imagination !  
 Drunken Desire must vomit his receipt <sup>7</sup> ,

<sup>5</sup> O, that PRONE lust should stain so pure a bed !] Thus the first quarto. The edition of 1600, instead of *prone*, has *proud*. That of 1616, and the modern copies, *foul*. *Prone* is *headstrong*, *forward*, *prompt*. In *Measure for Measure* it is used in somewhat a similar sense :

“ — in her youth

“ There is a *prone* and speechless dialect.” MALONE.

Thus, more appositely, in *Cymbeline* : “ Unless a man would marry a gallows, and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so *prone*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> But she hath lost, &c.] Shakspeare has in this instance practised the delicacy recommended by Vida :

Speluncam Dido dux et Trojanus eandem

Deveniunt, pudor ulterius nihil addere curet. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> Drunken DESIRE must VOMIT his receipt,] So, in *Cymbeline* :

“ To make *desire vomit* emptiness.” STEEVENS.

Ere he can see his own abomination.  
 While lust is in his pride, no exclamation  
 Can curb his heat, or rein his rash desire,  
 Till, like a jade, self-will himself doth tire <sup>8</sup>.

And then with lank and lean discolour'd cheek,  
 With heavy eye, knit brow, and strengthless pace,  
 Feeble Desire, all recreant, poor, and meek,  
 Like to a bankrupt beggar wails his case :  
 The flesh being proud, Desire doth fight with grace,  
 For there it revels ; and when that decays,  
 The guilty rebel for remission prays.

So fares it with this faultful lord of Rome,  
 Who this accomplishment so hotly chas'd ;  
 For now against himself he sounds this doom,—  
 That through the length of times he stands dis-  
 grac'd :

Besides, his soul's fair temple is defac'd <sup>9</sup> ;  
 To whose weak ruins muster troops of cares,  
 To ask the spotted princess how she fares.

She says, her subjects with foul insurrection  
 Have batter'd down her consecrated wall,  
 And by their mortal fault brought in subjection  
 Her immortality, and made her thrall  
 To living death, and pain perpetual :  
 Which in her prescience she controlled still,  
 But her fore-sight could not fore-stall their will.

<sup>8</sup> Till, like a jade, self-will himself doth tire.] So, in King Henry VIII. :

“ — Anger is like

“ A full-hot horse, who being allow'd his way,

“ Self-mettle tires him.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — his soul's fair TEMPLE is defac'd ;] So, in Macbeth :

“ Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope

“ The lord's anointed temple, and stole thence

“ The life of the building.” MALONE.

Even in this thought, through the dark night he  
stealeth,

A captive victor, that hath lost in gain <sup>1</sup> ;  
Bearing away the wound that nothing healeth,  
The scar that will, despite of cure, remain ;  
Leaving his spoil <sup>2</sup> perplex'd in greater pain.

She bears the load of lust he left behind,  
And he the burthen of a guilty mind.

He, like a thievish dog, creeps sadly thence,  
She like a wearied lamb lies panting there ;  
He scouls, and hates himself for his offence,  
She desperate, with her nails her flesh doth tear ;  
He faintly flies, sweating with guilty fear ;  
She stays, exclaiming on the direful night ;  
He runs, and chides his vanish'd, loath'd, delight.

He thence departs a heavy convertite <sup>3</sup> ,  
She there remains a hopeless cast-away <sup>4</sup> :  
He in his speed looks for the morning light,  
She prays she never may behold the day :  
For day, quoth she, night's scapes doth open lay <sup>5</sup> ;

<sup>1</sup> — that hath LOST IN GAIN ;] So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :  
“ — teach me how to *lose a winning match*—.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> Leaving his SPOIL—] That is, *Lucretia*. So, in *Troilus and Cressida* :

“ — Set them down

“ For sluttish *spoils* of opportunity,

“ And daughters of the game.” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> He thence departs a heavy CONVERTITE,] A *convertite* is a *convert*. Our author has the same expression in *King John* :

“ But, since you are a gentle *convertite*,

“ My tongue shall hush again this storm of war.”

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — a hopeless CAST-AWAY :] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ That ever I should call thee *cast-away!*” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> For DAY, quoth she, NIGHT'S SCAPES doth open lay ;] So, in *King Henry VI. Part II.* :

And my true eyes have never practis'd how  
To cloke offences with a cunning brow.

They think not but that every eye can see  
The same disgrace which they themselves behold ;  
And therefore would they still in darkness be <sup>6</sup>,  
To have their unseen sin remain untold ;  
For they their guilt with weeping will unfold,  
And grave, like water that doth eat in steel,  
Upon my cheeks what helpless shame I feel.

Here she exclaims against repose and rest,  
And bids her eyes hereafter still be blind <sup>7</sup>.  
She wakes her heart by beating on her breast,  
And bids it leap from thence, where it may find  
Some purer chest, to close so pure a mind <sup>8</sup>.

Frantick with grief thus breathes she forth her  
spite  
Against the unseen secrecy of night.

“ The gaudy, *blabbing*, and remorseful day.” STEEVENS.

A passage in *The Winter's Tale* may serve to ascertain the meaning of *night's scapes* here ; “ Mercy on's, a barne ! a very pretty barne !—Sure some *scape* : though I am not very bookish, I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the *scape*.”

*Escapium* is a barbarous Latin word, signifying what comes by chance or accident. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — in darkness BE,] The octavo 1616, and the modern editions, read, without authority :

“ — they still in darkness *lie*.” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> Here she exclaims against REPOSE and REST,

And bids her EYES hereafter still be BLIND.] This passage will serve to confirm the propriety of Dr. JOHNSON'S emendation in *Cymbeline*, Act III. Sc. IV. vol. xiii. p. 121, n. 3 :

“ I'll wake mine eye-balls *blind* first.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> She wakes her HEART by beating on her BREAST,

And bids it leap from thence, where it may find  
Some purer CHEST, to close so pure a mind.] So, in *King Richard II.* :

“ A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up *chest*

“ Is a bold *spirit* in a loyal *breast*.” MALONE.

O, comfort-killing night, image of hell <sup>9</sup>!  
 Dim register and notary of shame!  
 Black stage for tragedies and murders fell <sup>1</sup>!  
 Vast sin-concealing chaos! nurse of blame!  
 Blind muffled bawd! dark harbour for defame!  
 Grim cave of death, whispering conspirator  
 With close-tongu'd treason and the ravisher!

O, hateful, vaporous, and foggy night,  
 Since thou art guilty of my cureless crime,  
 Muster thy mists to meet the eastern light,  
 Make war against proportion'd course of time!  
 Or if thou wilt permit the sun to climb  
 His wonted height, yet ere he go to bed,  
 Knit poisonous clouds about his golden head.

With rotten damps ravish the morning air;  
 Let their exhal'd unwholesome breaths make sick  
 The life of purity, the supreme fair <sup>2</sup>,  
 Ere he arrive his weary noon-tide prick <sup>3</sup>;  
 And let thy misty vapours march so thick <sup>4</sup>,

<sup>9</sup> O comfort-killing NIGHT! IMAGE OF HELL!] So, in King Henry V.:

"Never sees horrid *night*, the *child of hell*." STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> BLACK stage for tragedies—] In our author's time, I believe, the stage was hung with black, when tragedies were performed. The hanging however was, I suppose, no more than one piece of black baize placed at the back of the stage, in the room of the tapestry which was the common decoration when comedies were acted. See the Account of the Ancient English Theatres, vol. iii.

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> Let their EXHAL'D UNWHOLESOME BREATHS make sick  
 The life of purity, the supreme FAIR,] So, in King Lear:  
 "— infect her beauty,

"Ye *fen-suck'd fogs*—." STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — noon-tide prick;] So, in King Henry VI. Part III.:

"And made an evening at the noon-tide *prick*."

i. e. the *point of noon*. Again, in Damon and Pythias, 1571:

"It *pricketh fast upon noon*." STEEVENS.

Again, in Acolastus his After-witte, 1600:

"Scarce had the sun attain'd his noon-tide *prick*."

MALONE.

That in their smoky ranks his smother'd light  
May set at noon, and make perpetual night.

Were Tarquin night, (as he is but night's child <sup>5</sup>),  
The silver-shining queen he would distain <sup>6</sup>;  
Her twinkling handmaids <sup>7</sup> too, by him defil'd,  
Through night's black bosom should not peep again <sup>8</sup>:  
So should I have copartners in my pain:  
And fellowship in woe doth woe assuage <sup>9</sup>,  
As palmers' chat makes short their pilgrimage <sup>1</sup>.

<sup>4</sup> And let thy MISTY vapours march so thick,] The quarto, by an evident error of the press, reads—*musty*. The subsequent copies have—*misty*. So, before:

“Muster thy *mists* to meet the eastern light.”

Again:

“— *misty* night

“Covers the shame that follows such delight.” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — (as he is but NIGHT'S CHILD,) ] The wicked, in scriptural language, are called the *children of darkness*. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — he would DISTAIN;] Thus all the copies before that of 1616, which reads:

“The silver-shining queen he would *disdain*.”

Dr. Sewell, unwilling to print nonsense, altered this to—

“— *him* would *disdain*.” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> Her twinkling HANDMAIDS—] That is, *the stars*. So, in Troilus and Cressida:

“By all Diana's *waiting-women* yonder,

“And by herself, I will not tell you whose.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> Through NIGHT'S BLACK BOSOM should not PEEP again:] So, in Macbeth:

“Nor heaven *peep* through the blanket of *the dark*,

“To cry, *hold, hold*.” MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> And FELLOWSHIP in WOE doth woe assuage,] So, in King Lear:

“But then the mind much *sufferance* doth *o'er-skip*,

“When *grief* hath *mates*, and bearing *fellowship*.”

Again, in Romeo and Juliet:

“— or if sour woe delight in fellowship—.”

So Chaucer, Troilus and Creseide, b. i.:

“Men saie, to wretch is consolation,

“To have another fellow in his paine.” MALONE.

Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.

I believe this is a line of Cato's distichs. It is found in a common school book; Synopsis Communium Locorum. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> As palmers' CHAT makes short their pilgrimage.] This is the



Where now<sup>2</sup> I have no one to blush with me,  
 To cross their arms, and hang their heads with mine,  
 To mask their brows<sup>3</sup>, and hide their infamy;  
 But I alone, alone must sit and pine,  
 Seasoning the earth with showers of silver brine<sup>4</sup>;  
 Mingling my talk with tears, my grief with groans,  
 Poor wasting monuments of lasting moans.

O night, thou furnace of foul-reeking smoke,  
 Let not the jealous day behold that face  
 Which underneath thy black all-hiding cloak  
 Immodestly lies martyr'd with disgrace!  
 Keep still possession of thy gloomy place,  
 That all the faults which in thy reign are made,  
 May likewise be sepulcher'd in thy shade<sup>5</sup>!

reading of the quarto 1594. The octavo 1616, and all the modern editions, read, unintelligibly:

“As palmers *that make* short their pilgrimage.”

MALONE.

“As palmers' chat makes short their pilgrimage.” So, in King Richard II.:

“— rough uneven ways

“Draw out our miles, and make them wearisome:

“And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar,

“Making the hard way sweet and delectable.”

Again, *ibid.*:

“— wanting your company,

“Which, I protest, hath very much beguil'd

“The tediousness and process of my travel.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> WHERE NOW—] *Where, for whereas.* MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> TO CROSS THEIR ARMS, and HANG THEIR HEADS with mine,

TO MASK THEIR BROWS,—] So, in Macbeth:

“What, man! ne'er *pull your hat upon your brows*;

“Give sorrow words.” MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> Seasoning the earth with showers of silver brine;] So, in Shakspeare's Lover's Complaint:

“Laund'ring the silken figures in the *brine*,

“Which *season'd* woe had pelleted in tears.”

Again, in All's Well that Ends Well: “— *tears*,—the best *brine* a maiden can *season* her praise in.” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> May likewise be SEPULCHER'D in thy shade!] The word

Make me not object to the tell-tale day !  
 The light will shew, charáctér'd in my brow<sup>5</sup>,  
 The story of sweet chastity's decay,  
 The impious breach of holy wedlock vow :  
 Yea, the illiterate that know not how  
 To 'cipher what is writ in learned books,  
 Will quote<sup>6</sup> my loathsome trespass in my looks.

The nurse, to still her child, will tell my story,  
 And fright her crying babe with Tarquin's name<sup>7</sup> ;  
 The orator, to deck his oratory,  
 Will couple my reproach to Tarquin's shame :  
 Feast-finding minstrels<sup>8</sup>, tuning my defame,  
 Will tie the hearers to attend each line,  
 How Tarquin wronged me, I Collatine.

*sepulcher'd* is thus accented by Milton, in his verses on our author :

“ And so sepúlcher'd in such pomp does lie,  
 “ That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.”

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — CHARACTER'D in my BROW,] So, in one of Daniel's Sonnets, 1592 :

“ And if a *brow* with care's *charácters* painted—.”

This word was, I suppose, thus accented when our author wrote, and is at this day pronounced in the same manner by the common people of Ireland, where, I believe, much of the pronunciation of Queen Elizabeth's age is yet retained. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> Will QUOTE —] Will *mark* or *observe*. So, in Hamlet :

“ I am sorry that with better heed and judgment

“ I had not *quoted* him.” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> And FRIGHT HER CRYING BABE with TARQUIN'S NAME ;] The power with which the poet here invests the name of Tarquin, has been attributed to the famous John Talbot, earl of Shrewsbury, and to our King Richard I. MALONE.

Thus, in Dryden's *Don Sebastian* :

“ Nor shall *Sebastian's* formidable name

“ Be longer us'd to *still the crying babe*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> Feast-finding minstrels —] Our ancient minstrels were the constant attendants on feasts. I question whether Homer's Demodocus was a higher character. STEEVENS.

Let my good name, that senseless reputation,  
 For Collatine's dear love be kept unspotted :  
 If that be made a theme for disputation,  
 The branches of another root are rotted ;  
 And undeserv'd reproach to him allotted,  
     That is as clear from this attain of mine,  
 As I, ere this, was pure to Collatine.

O unseen shame ! invisible disgrace !  
 O unfelt sore ! crest-wounding, private scar !  
 Reproach is stamp'd in Collatinus' face,  
 And Tarquin's eye may read the mot afar<sup>9</sup>,  
*How he in peace is wounded, not in war.*  
     Alas, how many bear such shameful blows,  
     Which not themselves, but he that gives them,  
     knows!

If, Collatine, thine honour lay in me,  
 From me by strong assault it is bereft.  
 My honey lost, and I, a drone-like bee,  
 Have no perfection of my summer left,  
 But robb'd and ransack'd by injurious theft :  
     In thy weak hive a wandering wasp hath crept,  
     And suck'd the honey which thy chaste bee kept.

Yet am I guiltless of thy honour's wreck<sup>1</sup> ;  
 Yet for thy honour did I entertain him ;  
 Coming from thee, I could not put him back,

<sup>9</sup> — may read the *MOT* afar,] The *motto*, or *word*, as it was sometimes formerly called. So, in Pericles, Prince of Tyre, 1609 :  
     “ The *word*, lux tua vita mihi.”

Again, in the title of Nashe's *Have With You to Saffron Walden*, 1596 : “ —The *mott* or *pœsie*, instead of *omne tulit punctum, pacis fiducia nunquam*.”

The modern editors read unintelligibly :

“ — may read the *mote* afar.” MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> Yet am I GUILTLESS of thy honour's wreck ;] The old copy reads, I think, corruptedly :

“ Yet am I *guilty* of thy honour's wreck ; ”

For it had been dishonour to disdain him:  
 Besides of weariness he did complain him,  
 And talk'd of virtue:—O, unlook'd for evil,  
 When virtue is prophan'd in such a devil!

Why should the worm intrude the maiden bud<sup>2</sup>?  
 Or hateful cuckoos hatch in sparrows' nests?  
 Or toads infect fair founts with venom mud?  
 Or tyrant folly lurk in gentle breasts<sup>3</sup>?  
 Or kings be breakers of their own behests?  
 But no perfection is so absolute<sup>4</sup>,  
 That some impurity doth not pollute.

Dr. Sewell has endeavoured to make sense by a different punctuation:

“ Yet, am I guilty of thy honour's wreck?”

But this does not correspond with the next verse, where the words are arranged as here, and yet are not interrogatory, but affirmative. *Guilty* was, I am persuaded, a misprint. Though the first quarto seems to have been printed under our author's inspection, we are not therefore to conclude that it is entirely free from typographical faults. Shakspeare was probably not a very diligent corrector of his sheets; and however attentive he might have been, I am sorry to be able to observe, that, notwithstanding an editor's best care, some errors will happen at the press.

If the present emendation be not just, and the author wrote *guilty*, then undoubtedly there was some error in the subsequent line. Shakspeare might have written—

“ Yet am I guilty of thy honour's wreck?

“ No; for thy honour did I entertain him.”

The compositor's eye might have glanced a second time on the first line, and thus the word *yet* might have been inadvertently repeated. MALONE.

According to the old copy, which I think right, she is reproaching herself, at first, for having received Tarquin's visit; but instantly defends herself by saying that she did it out of respect to her husband. BOSWELL.

<sup>2</sup> Why should the WORM intrude the maiden BUD?] So, in Twelfth Night:

“ But let concealment, like a *worm i' the bud*,

“ Feed on her damask cheek.”

<sup>3</sup> Or tyrant FOLLY lurk in GENTLE breasts?] *Folly* is, I believe, here used, as in Scripture, for *wickedness*. *Gentle*, is *well-born*. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> But no perfection is so ABSOLUTE,] So complete. So, in Pericles:

The aged man that coffers up his gold,  
 Is plagu'd with cramps, and gouts, and painful fits ;  
 And scarce hath eyes his treasure to behold,  
 But like still-pining Tantalus he sits,  
 And useless barns the harvest of his wits <sup>5</sup> ;  
 Having no other pleasure of his gain,  
 But torment that it cannot cure his pain.

So then he hath it, when he cannot use it,  
 And leaves it to be master'd by his young <sup>6</sup> ;  
 Who in their pride do presently abuse it :  
 Their father was too weak, and they too strong,  
 To hold their cursed-blessed fortune long.  
 The sweets we wish for turn to loathed sour,  
 Even in the moment that we call them ours.

Unruly blasts wait on the tender spring ;  
 Unwholesome weedstake root with precious flowers ;  
 The adder hisses where the sweet birds sing ;

“ — still she vies

“ With *absolute* Marina.”

Perhaps *but* has here the force of—But *that*. MALONE.

“ — no *perfection* is so absolute,

“ That some *impurity* doth not pollute.” So, in *Othello* :

“ — Where's that *palace*, where into *foul* things

“ Sometimes intrude not ?” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> And useless *BARNs* the harvest of his wits ;] Thus all the copies before that of 1616, which reads :

“ And useless *bans* the harvest of his wits.”

This has been followed in all the modern editions. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> So then he hath it, when he cannot use it,

And leaves it to be master'd by his young, &c.] So, in *Measure for Measure* :

“ — Thou hast not youth nor age,

“ But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,

“ Dreaming on both : for all thy blessed youth

“ Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms

“ Of palsied eld : and when thou art *old* and *rich*,

“ *Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,*

“ *To make thy riches pleasant.*” MALONE.

What virtue breeds, iniquity devours :  
 We have no good that we can say is ours,  
     But ill annexed opportunity  
 Or kills his life, or else his quality.

O, Opportunity ! thy guilt is great :  
 'Tis thou that execut'st the traitor's treason ;  
 Thou set'st the wolf where he the lamb may get ;  
 Whoever plots the sin, thou 'point'st the season ;  
 'Tis thou that spurn'st at right, at law, at reason ;  
     And in thy shady cell, where none may spy him,  
 Sits Sin, to seize the souls that wander by him,

Thou mak'st the vestal violate her oath <sup>7</sup> :  
 Thou blow'st the fire when temperance is thaw'd ;  
 Thou smother'st honesty, thou murder'st troth ;  
 Thou foul abettor ! thou notorious bawd !  
 Thou plantest scandal, and displacest laud :  
     Thou ravisher, thou traitor, thou false thief,  
 Thy honey turns to gall, thy joy to grief !

Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame,  
 Thy private feasting to a publick fast ;  
 Thy smoothing titles to a ragged name <sup>8</sup> ;

<sup>7</sup> Thou mak'st the VESTAL VIOLATE HER OATH;] So, in Antony and Cleopatra :

“ — women are not

“ In their best fortunes strong ; but want will *perjure*

“ The ne'er-touch'd *vestal*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> Thy SMOOTHING titles to a RAGGED name ;] Thy *flattering* titles. So, in King Lear :

“ — Such smiling rogues as these—

“ — *smooth* every passion

“ That in the nature of their lords rebels.”

Again, in Pericles, Prince of Tyre, 1609 :

“ — The sinful father

“ Seem'd not to strike, but *smooth*.”

The edition of 1616, and all afterwards, read without authority :

“ Thy *smoth'ring* titles—.”

Thy sugar'd tongue to bitter wormwood taste <sup>9</sup> :  
 Thy violent vanities can never last <sup>1</sup> .

How comes it then, vile Opportunity,  
 Being so bad, such numbers seek for thee ?

When wilt thou be the humble suppliant's friend,  
 And bring him where his suit may be obtain'd ?  
 When wilt thou sort an hour <sup>2</sup> great strifes to end ?  
 Or free that soul which wretchedness hath chain'd ?  
 Give physick to the sick, ease to the pain'd ?

The poor, lame, blind, halt, creep, cry out for  
 thee ;

But they ne'er meet with Opportunity.

The patient dies while the physician sleeps ;  
 The orphan pines while the oppressor feeds ;  
 Justice is feasting while the widow weeps ;  
 Advice is sporting while infection breeds <sup>3</sup> ;  
 Thou grant'st no time for charitable deeds :

*A ragged name means a contemptible, ignominious name. See vol. xvii. p. 18, n. 5. MALONE.*

<sup>9</sup> Thy SUGAR'D tongue to BITTER WORMWOOD taste :] So, in Othello : " — the food that to him now is *luscious* as locusts, shall be to him shortly as *bitter* as *coloquintida*." STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> Thy violent vanities can never last. ] So, in Romeo and Juliet :

" These *violent delights* have *violent ends*,  
 " And in their triumph die."

Again, in Othello : " — it was a *violent commencement* in her, and thou shalt see an *answerable sequestration*." MALONE.

*Fierce vanities* is an expression in King Henry VIII. Scene I.  
 STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> When wilt thou SORT an hour — ] When wilt thou *choose out* an hour. So, in The Two Gentlemen of Verona :

" Let us into the city presently  
 " To *sort* some gentlemen well-skill'd in musick."

MALONE.

Again, in King Richard III. :

" But I will *sort a pitchy day* for thee." STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ADVICE is sporting while infection breeds ;] While infection is spreading, the grave rulers of the state, that ought to guard

Wrath, envy, treason, rape, and murder's rages,  
Thy heinous hours wait on them as their pages.

When Truth and Virtue have to do with thee,  
A thousand crosses keep them from thy aid ;  
They buy thy help : but Sin ne'er gives a fee,  
He gratis comes ; and thou art well appay'd<sup>4</sup>  
As well to hear as grant what he hath said.

My Collatine would else have come to me  
When Tarquin did, but he was stay'd by thee.

Guilty thou art of murder and of theft ;  
Guilty of perjury and subornation ;  
Guilty of treason, forgery, and shift ;  
Guilty of incest, that abomination :  
An accessory by thine inclination  
To all sins past, and all that are to come,  
From the creation to the general doom.

Mis-shapen Time, copesmate<sup>5</sup> of ugly night,  
Swift subtle post, carrier of grisly care ;  
Eater of youth, false slave to false delight,  
Base watch of woes, sin's pack-horse, virtue's snare ;  
Thou nursest all, and murderest all that are.  
O hear me then, injurious, shifting Time !  
Be guilty of my death, since of my crime.

against its further progress, are careless and inattentive.—*Advice* was formerly used for *knowledge* and *deliberation*. So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* :

“ How shall I dote on her with more *advice*,

“ That thus without *advice* begin to love her ? ” MALONE.

This idea was probably suggested to Shakspeare by the rapid progress of the *plague* in London. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — and thou art well APPAY'D,] *Appay'd*, is *pleased*. The word is now obsolete. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — copesmate —] i. e. companion. So, in *Hubbard's Tale* :  
“ Till that the foe his *cofesmate* he had found.”

STEEVENS.



Why hath thy servant, Opportunity,  
 Betray'd the hours thou gav'st me to repose?  
 Cancel'd my fortunes, and enchained me  
 To endless date of never-ending woes?  
 Time's office is, to fine the hate of foes<sup>6</sup>;  
 To eat up errors by opinion bred,<sup>7</sup>  
 Not spend the dowry of a lawful bed.

Time's glory is to calm contending kings,  
 To unmask falsehood, and bring truth to light,  
 To stamp the seal of time in aged things,  
 To wake the morn, and sentinel the night,  
 To wrong the wronger till he render right<sup>8</sup>;

<sup>6</sup> Time's office is, to FINE the hate of foes;] It is the business of time to soften and *refine* the animosities of men; to sooth and reconcile enemies. The modern editions read, without authority or meaning:

“ ——— to *find* the hate of foes.” MALONE.

“ To *fine* the hate of foes,” is to *bring it to an end*. So, in All's Well that Ends Well:

“ ——— still the *fine's* the crown,

“ Whate'er the course, the end is the renown.”

The same thought has already occurred in the poem before us:

“ When wilt thou sort an hour *great strifes to end?*”

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> To EAT UP ERRORS by opinion bred.] This likewise is represented as the office of Time in the chorus to the Winter's Tale:

“ ——— that make and *unfold error*,” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> To WRONG the wronger till he render right;] To *punish* by the *compunctious visiting of conscience* the person who has done an injury to another, till he has made compensation. The *wrong* done in this instance by Time must be understood in the sense of *damnum sine injuria*; and in this light serves to illustrate and support Mr. Tyrwhitt's explanation of a passage in Julius Cæsar, even supposing that it stood as Ben Jonson has maliciously represented it:—“ Know, Cæsar, doth not *wrong*, but with *just cause*,” &c. See vol. xii. p. 75, n. 8.

Dr. Farmer very elegantly would read:

“ To *wring* the wronger till he render right.” MALONE.

To ruinate proud buildings with thy hours<sup>9</sup>,  
And smear with dust their glittering golden  
towers :

To fill with worm-holes stately monuments<sup>1</sup>,  
To feed oblivion with decay of things,  
To blot old books, and alter their contents<sup>2</sup>,  
To pluck the quills from ancient ravens' wings,  
To dry the old oak's sap, and cherish springs<sup>3</sup> ;

<sup>9</sup> To ruinate proud buildings with THY HOURS,] As we have here no invocation to *time*, I suspect the two last words of this line to be corrupted, and would read :

“ To ruinate proud buildings with *their bowers.*”

STEEVENS.

*Hours* is surely the true reading. In the preceding address to *Opportunity* the same words are employed :

“ Wrath, envy, treason, rape, and murder's rages,

“ *Thy* heinous *hours* wait on them as their pages.”

So, in our author's 19th Sonnet :

“ Devouring *Time*—

“ O, carve not *with thy hours* my love's fair brow.”

Again, in Davison's Poems, 1621 :

“ *Time's* young *howres* attend her still.”

“ To ruinate proud buildings with thy hours ”—is, to destroy buildings by thy slow and unperceived progress. It were easy to read—with *his* hours ; but the poet having made Lucretia address *Time* personally in the two preceding stanzas, and again a little lower—

“ Why work'st *thou* mischief in thy pilgrimage—.”

probably was here inattentive, and is himself answerable for the present inaccuracy. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> To fill with worm-holes stately monuments,] So, in *The Induction to King Henry IV. Part II.* :

“ Between the royal field of Shrewsbury,

“ And this *worm-eaten* hold of ragged stone.” MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> To blot old books, and alter their contents,] Our author probably little thought, when he wrote this line, that his own compositions would afford a more striking example of this species of devastation than any that has appeared since the first use of types. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> To dry the old oak's sap, and CHERISH SPRINGS;] The last two words, if they make any sense, it is such as is directly con-

To spoil antiquities of hammer'd steel †,  
And turn the giddy round of fortune's wheel:

trary to the sentiment here advanced; which is concerning the *decays*, and not the *repairs*, of time. The poet certainly wrote:

“To dry the old oak's sap, and *tarish* springs;”

i. e. to dry up springs, from the French *tarir*, or *tarissement*, *exarefacere*, *exsiccatio*: these words being peculiarly applied to springs or rivers. WARBURTON.

Dr. Johnson thinks Shakspeare wrote:

“— and *perish* springs;”

And Dr. Farmer has produced from the Maid's Tragedy a passage in which the word *perish* is used in an active sense.

If change were necessary, that word might perhaps have as good a claim to admission as any other; but I know not why the text has been suspected of corruption. The operations of Time, here described, are not all uniform; nor has the poet confined himself solely to its *destructive* qualities. In some of the instances mentioned, its *progress* only is adverted to. Thus we are told, his glory is—

“To wake the morn, and sentinel the night—

“And turn the giddy round of fortune's wheel.”

In others, its salutary effects are pointed out:

“To cheer the ploughman with increaseful crops,—

“To unmask falsehood, and bring truth to light,—

“To wrong the wronger till he render right.”

Where then is the difficulty of the present line, even supposing that we understand the word *springs* in its common acceptation? It is the office of Time (says Lucretia) to dry up the sap of the oak, and to furnish springs with a perpetual supply; to deprive the one of that moisture which she liberally bestows upon the other. In the next stanza the employment of Time is equally various and discordant:

“To make the child a man, the man a child—”

to advance the infant to the maturity of man, and to reduce the aged to the imbecility of childhood.

By *springs* however may be understood (as has been observed by Mr. Tollett) the *shoots* or buds of young trees; and then the meaning will be,—It is the office of Time, on the one hand, to destroy the ancient oak, by drying up its sap; on the other, to *cherish* young *plants*, and to bring them to maturity. So, in our author's 15th Sonnet:

“When I perceive that men, as *plants*, increase,

“*Chcered* and check'd even by the self-same sky—.”

I believe this to be the true sense of the passage. *Springs* has this signification in many ancient English books; and the word is again used in the same sense in The Comedy of Errors:

To shew the beldame daughters of her daughter,  
 To make the child a man, the man a child,  
 To slay the tyger that doth live by slaughter,  
 To tame the unicorn and lion wild;  
 To mock the subtle, in themselves beguil'd;  
 To cheer the ploughman with increaseful crops,  
 And waste huge stones with little water-drops,

Why work'st thou mischief in thy pilgrimage,  
 Unless thou could'st return to make amends?  
 One poor retiring minute in an age<sup>5</sup>  
 Would purchase thee a thousand thousand friends,  
 Lending him wit, that to bad debtors lends:  
 O, this dread night, would'st thou one hour come  
 back,  
 I could prevent this storm, and shun thy wrack!

Thou ceaseless lackey to eternity,  
 With some mischance cross Tarquin in his flight:  
 Devise extremes beyond extremity<sup>6</sup>,

“Even in the spring of love thy love-springs rot.”  
 Again, in Venus and Adonis:

“This canker, that eats up love's tender spring.”

MALONE.

In Holinshed's Description of England, both the contested words in the latter part of the verse, occur. “We have manie woods, forrests, and parks, which *cherish* trees abundantlie, beside infinit numbers of hedge-rows, groves, and *springs*, that are maintained,” &c. TOLLET.

<sup>4</sup> To spoil antiquities of hammer'd steel,] The poet was here, I believe, thinking of the costly monuments erected in honour of our ancient kings and some of the nobility, which were frequently made of iron, or copper, wrought with great nicety; many of which had probably even in his time begun to decay. There are some of these monuments yet to be seen in Westminster-abbey, and other old cathedrals. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> One poor RETIRING minute in an age,] *Retiring* here signifies *returning*, coming back again. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — extremes BEYOND EXTREMITY,] So, in King Lear:

“ — to make much more,

“ And *top extremity*.” STEEVENS.

To make him curse this cursed crimeful night:  
 Let ghastly shadows his lewd eyes affright;  
 And the dire thought of his committed evil  
 Shape every bush a hideous shapeless devil<sup>7</sup>.

Disturb his hours of rest with restless trances<sup>6</sup>;  
 Afflict him in his bed with bedrid groans;  
 Let there bechance him pitiful mischances,  
 To make him moan; but pity not his moans;  
 Stone him with harden'd hearts, harder than stones<sup>9</sup>;  
 And let mild women to him lose their mildness,  
 Wilder to him than tygers in their wildness.

Let him have time to tear his curled hair<sup>1</sup>,  
 Let him have time against himself to rave,  
 Let him have time of Time's help to despair,

<sup>7</sup> Shape every BUSH a hideous shapeless DEVIL.] So, in A Midsummer Night's Dream:

“How easy is a *bush* suppos'd a *bear*?”

Again, in King Henry VI. Part III.:

“The thief doth fear each *bush* an *officer*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> Let ghastly shadows his lewd eyes affright,—

Disturb his hours of rest with restless trances, &c.] Here we find in embryo that scene of King Richard III. in which he is terrified by the ghosts of those whom he had slain. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — with harden'd hearts, harder than stones;] So, in Othello:

“— my heart is turn'd to stone;

“I strike it, and it hurts my hand.”

Again, in Antony and Cleopatra:

“— *throw my heart*

“Against the flint and hardness of my fault,

“Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,

“And finish all foul thoughts.” MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> Let him have time to tear his CURLED hair, &c.] This now common fashion is always mentioned by Shakspeare as a distinguishing characteristick of a person of rank. So, in Othello:

“The wealthy *curled* darlings of our nation—.”

Again, in Antony and Cleopatra:

“If she first meet the *curled* Antony—.”

This and the next stanza, and many other passages both of the present performance and Venus and Adonis, are inserted with very slight variations, in a poem entitled Acolastus his After-witte, by

Let him have time to live a loathed slave,  
 Let him have time a beggar's orts to crave ;  
 And time to see one that by alms doth live,  
 Disdain to him disdained scraps to give.

Let him have time to see his friends his foes,  
 And merry fools to mock at him resort :  
 Let him have time to mark how slow time goes  
 In time of sorrow, and how swift and short  
 His time of folly, and his time of sport :  
 And ever let his unrecalling crime<sup>2</sup>  
 Have time to wail the abusing of his time.

O Time, thou tutor both to good and bad,  
 Teach me to curse him that thou taught'st this ill !  
 At his own shadow let the thief run mad,  
 Himself, himself seek every hour to kill !  
 Such wretched hands such wretched blood should  
 spill :  
 For who so base would such an office have  
 As slanderous death's-man to so base a slave<sup>3</sup> ?

S. Nicholson, 1600 ; a circumstance which I should hardly have thought worth mentioning, but that in the same poem is also found a line taken from *The Third Part of Henry VI.* and a passage evidently copied from *Hamlet* ; from whence we may, I think, conclude with certainty, that there was an edition of that tragedy (probably before it was enlarged) of an earlier date than any yet discovered. MALONE.

Surely a passage short as the first of these referred to, might have been carried away from the play-house by an auditor of the weakest memory. Of *Hamlet's* address to the ghōst, the idea, not the language, is preserved. Either of them, however, might have been caught during representation. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> And ever let his UNRECALLING CRIME—] His crime which cannot be unacted. *Unrecalling* for *unrecalled*, or rather for *unrecorable*. This licentious use of the participle is common in the writings of our author and his contemporaries.

The edition of 1616, which has been followed by all subsequent, reads—his unrecalling *time*. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> AS SLANDEROUS DEATH'S-MAN TO SO BASE A SLAVE?] i. e. executioner. So, in one of our author's plays [*Lear* vol. x. p. 239]:

The baser is he, coming from a king,  
 To shame his hope with deeds degenerate.  
 The mightier man, the mightier is the thing  
 That makes him honour'd, or begets him hate ;  
 For greatest scandal waits on greatest state.

The moon being clouded presently is miss'd,  
 But little stars may hide them when they list.

The crow may bathe his coal-black wings in mire,  
 And unperceiv'd fly with the filth away ;  
 But if the like the snow-white swan desire,  
 The stain upon his silver down will stay.  
 Poor grooms are sightless night <sup>4</sup>, kings glorious  
 day.

Gnats are unnoted wheresoe'er they fly,  
 But eagles gaz'd upon with every eye.

Out, idle words <sup>5</sup>, servants to shallow fools !  
 Unprofitable sounds, weak arbitrators !  
 Busy yourselves in skill-contending schools ;  
 Debate where leisure serves with dull debaters ;  
 To trembling clients be you mediators :  
 For me, I force not argument a straw <sup>6</sup>,  
 Since that my case is past the help of law.

“ — he's dead ; I am only sorry

“ He had no other *death's-man*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — SIGHTLESS night,—] So, in King John :

“ — thou and *eyeless* night

“ Have done me shame.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> OUT, idle words,—] Thus the quarto. The octavo 1607, has *our* idle words,—which has been followed by that of 1616. Dr. Sewell reads without authority: *O*, idle words—. *Out* is an exclamation of abhorrence or contempt yet used in the north.

<sup>6</sup> For me, I FORCE not argument a straw,] I do not *value* or *esteem* argument. So, in The Tragicall Hystory of Romeus and Juliet, 1562 :

“ But when he, many monthes, hopeless of his recure.

“ Had served her, who *forced* not what paynes he did endure—.”

Again, in Love's Labour's Lost :

“ Your oath broke once, you *force* not to forswear.” MALONE.

In vain I rail at opportunity,  
 At time, at Tarquin, and uncheerful night <sup>7</sup> ;  
 In vain I cavil with mine infamy,  
 In vain I spurn at my confirm'd despite :  
 This helpless smoke of words <sup>8</sup> doth me no right.  
     The remedy indeed to do me good,  
     Is to let forth my foul, defiled, blood.

Poor hand, why quiver'st thou at this decree ?  
 Honour thyself to rid me of this shame ;  
 For if I die, my honour lives in thee,  
 But if I live, thou liv'st in my defame ;  
 Since thou could'st not defend thy loyal dame,  
     And wast afraid to scratch her wicked foe,  
     Kill both thyself and her for yielding so.

This said, from her be-tumbled couch she starteth,  
 To find some desperate instrument of death :  
 But this no slaughter-house no tool imparteth,  
 To make more vent for passage of her breath ;  
 Which, thronging through her lips, so vanisheth  
     As smoke from Ætna, that in air consumes,  
     Or that which from discharged cannon fumes.

In vain, quoth she, I live, and seek in vain  
 Some happy mean to end a hapless life.  
 I fear'd by Tarquin's falchion to be slain,  
 Yet for the self-same purpose seek a knife :  
 But when I fear'd, I was a loyal wife ;  
     So am I now :—O no, that cannot be ;  
     Of that true type hath Tarquin rifled me.

<sup>7</sup> At time, at Tarquin, and UNCHEERFUL night ;] The octavo 1607, and all the subsequent copies, have—*unsearchful* night. *Uncheerful* is the reading of the quarto 1594. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> This helpless SMOKE OF WORDS —] So, in King John :  
 " They shoot but calm words folded up in smoke."



O! that is gone, for which I sought to live,  
 And therefore now I need not fear to die.  
 To clear this spot by death, at least I give  
 A badge of fame to slander's livery<sup>9</sup>;  
 A dying life to living infamy:  
 Poor helpless help, the treasure stol'n away,  
 To burn the guiltless casket where it lay!

Well, well, dear Collatine, thou shalt not know  
 The stained taste of violated troth;  
 I will not wrong thy true affection so,  
 To flatter thee with an infringed oath;  
 This bastard graff shall never come to growth<sup>1</sup>:  
 He shall not boast, who did thy stock pollute,  
 That thou art doting father of his fruit.

Nor shall he smile at thee in secret thought,  
 Nor laugh with his companions at thy state;  
 But thou shalt know thy interest was not bought  
 Basely with gold, but stolen from forth thy gate.  
 \* For me, I am the mistress of my fate;  
 And with my trespass never will dispense,  
 Till life to death acquit my forc'd offence.

I will not poison thee with my attaint,  
 Nor fold my fault in cleanly-coin'd excuses;  
 My sable ground of sin I will not paint,

<sup>9</sup> A BADGE of fame to slander's LIVERY;] In our author's time the servants of the nobility all wore silver *badges* on their *liveries*, on which the arms of their masters were engraved.

MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> This bastard GRAFF shall never come to growth:] The edition of 1616, and all the moderns, have—This bastard *grass*.—The true reading was supplied by the earliest copy. MALONE.

This sentiment is adopted from the Wisdom of Solomon, ch. 4, v. 3: "But the multiplying brood of the ungodly shall not thrive, nor take deep rooting from *bastard slips*, nor lay any fast foundation." The same allusion is employed in one of our author's historical plays. STEEVENS.

To hide the truth of this false night's abuses :  
 My tongue shall utter all ; mine eyes, like sluices,  
     As from a mountain-spring that feeds a dale,  
 Shall gush pure streams to purge my impure tale.

By this, lamenting Philomel had ended  
 The well-tun'd warble of her nightly sorrow,  
 And solemn night with slow-sad gait descended  
 To ugly hell ; when lo, the blushing morrow  
 Lends light to all fair eyes that light will borrow :  
     But cloudy Lucrece shames herself to see,  
 And therefore still in night would cloister'd be.

Revealing day through every cranny spies,  
 And seems to point her out where she sits weeping ;  
 To whom she sobbing speaks : O eye of eyes,  
 Why pry'st thou through my window ? leave thy  
     peeping ;  
 Mock with thy tickling beams eyes that are sleeping :  
     Brand not my forehead with thy piercing light,  
 For day hath nought to do what's done by night,

Thus cavils she with every thing she sees :  
 True grief is fond and testy as a child <sup>2</sup>,  
 Who wayward once, his mood with nought agrees.  
 Old woes, not infant sorrows, bear them mild ;  
 Continuance tames the one ; the other wild,  
     Like an unpractis'd swimmer plunging still,  
 With too much labour drowns for want of skill.

So she, deep-drenched in a sea of care,  
 Holds disputation with each thing she views,  
 And to herself all sorrow doth compare ;  
 No object but her passion's strength renews ;  
 And as one shifts, another straight ensues :

<sup>2</sup> True grief is FOND and testy as a child,] *Fond*, in old language, is *foolish*. MALONE.

Sometime her grief is dumb, and hath no words;  
Sometime 'tis mad, and too much talk affords<sup>3</sup>.

The little birds that tune their morning's joy,  
Make her moans mad with their sweet melody<sup>4</sup>;  
For mirth doth search the bottom of annoy;  
Sad souls are slain in merry company<sup>5</sup>;  
Grief best is pleas'd with grief's society:  
True sorrow then is feelingly suffic'd,  
When with like semblance it is sympathiz'd.

'Tis double death to drown in ken of shore;  
He ten times pines, that pines beholding food;  
To see the salve doth make the wound ake more;  
Great grief grieves most at that would do it good:  
Deep woes roll forward like a gentle flood,  
Who, being stopp'd, the bounding banks o'er-  
flows;  
Grief dallied with nor law nor limit knows.

<sup>3</sup> Sometime HER GRIEF IS DUMB, AND HATH NO WORDS;  
Sometime 'tis MAD, and TOO MUCH TALK AFFORDS.] Thus,  
Lothario speaking of Calista:

“At first *her rage was dumb, and wanted words*;  
“But when the storm found way, *'twas wild and loud*,  
“*Mad* as the priestess of the Delphick god,” &c.

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> The little birds that tune their morning's joy,  
Make her moans MAD with their sweet MELODY:] So the  
unhappy king Richard II. in his confinement exclaims:

“This *musick mads* me, let it sound no more;  
“For though it have holpe madmen to their wits,  
“In me it seems it will make wise men mad.”

Shakspeare has here (as in all his writings) shown an intimate acquaintance with the human heart. Every one that has felt the pressure of grief will readily acknowledge that “mirth doth search the bottom of annoy.” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> Sad souls are SLAIN IN MERRY COMPANY;] So, in Love's Labour's Lost:

“Oh, I am *stabb'd with laughter*.” STEEVENS.

You mocking birds, quoth she, your tunes entomb  
 Within your hollow-swelling feather'd breasts!  
 And in my hearing be you mute and dumb<sup>5</sup>!  
 (My restless discord loves no stops<sup>6</sup> nor rests;  
 A woeful hostess brooks not merry guests<sup>7</sup>;)
   
 Relish your nimble notes to pleasing ears<sup>8</sup>;  
 Distress likes dumps<sup>9</sup> when time is kept with  
 tears.

<sup>5</sup> And in my hearing be you MUTE AND DUMB!] The same pleonasm is found in Hamlet:

“Or given my heart a working *mute and dumb*.”

The editor of the octavo in 1616, to avoid the tautology, reads without authority:

“And in my hearing be you *ever dumb*.” MALONE.

“You mocking birds, quoth she, *your tunes entomb*

“Within your hollow swelling feather'd breasts,

“And in my hearing *be you mute and dumb!*

“(My restless discord loves no stops nor rests;

“*A woeful hostess brooks not merry guests.*” Thus, Calista:

“*Be dumb for ever, silent as the grave,*

“Nor let thy fond officious love disturb

“*My solemn sadness with the sound of joy.*” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — no stops,] This word is used here in a musical sense. So, in the Prologue to King Henry IV. Part II.:

“Rumour is a pipe—

“And of so easy and so plain a *stop*—.” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> A woeful hostess brooks not merry guests:] So, in Troilus and Cressida:

“A woeful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> RELISH your nimble notes to pleasing ears;] The quarto and all the other editions till that of 1616, read *ralish*, which was either used in the same sense as *relish*, or was a different mode of spelling the same word. *Relish* is used by Daniel in his 52d Sonnet in the same manner as here:

“If any pleasing *relish* here I use,

“Then judge the world, her beauty gives the same.

“O happy ground that makes the *musick* such—.”

If *cars* be right, *pleasing*, I think, was used by the poet for *pleased*. In Othello we find *delighted* for *delighting*:

“If virtue no *delighted* beauty lack—.” MALONE.

Come, Philomel, that sing'st of ravishment,  
 Make thy sad grove in my dishevel'd hair.  
 As the dank earth weeps at thy languishment,  
 So I at each sad strain will strain a tear,  
 And with deep groans the diapason bear :  
 For burthen-wise I'll hum on Tarquin still,  
 While thou on Tereus descant'st, better skill <sup>1</sup>.

And whiles against a thorn thou bear'st thy part,  
 To keep thy sharp woes waking, wretched I,  
 To imitate thee well, against my heart  
 Will fix a sharp knife, to affright mine eye :  
 Who, if it wink <sup>2</sup>, shall thereon fall and die.  
 These means, as frets upon an instrument,  
 Shall tune our heart-strings to true languishment.

<sup>9</sup> Distress likes DUMPS—] A *dump* is a melancholy song. So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* :

“ ——— to their instruments

“ Tune a deploring *dump*.” MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> While thou on Tereus descant'st, BETTER SKILL.] Philomel, the daughter of Pandion king of Athens, was ravish'd by Tereus, the husband of her sister Progne.—According to the fable, she was turned into a nightingale, Tereus into a lapwing, and Progne into a swallow.

There seems to be something wanting to complete the sense : —with better skill,—but this will not suit the metre. In a preceding line, however, the preposition *with*, though equally wanting to complete the sense, is omitted, as here :

“ For day hath nought to do what's done by night.”

All the copies have :

“ While thou on Tereus *descants* better skill.”

This kind of error (*descants* for *descant'st*) occurs in almost every page of our author's plays. MALONE.

Perhaps the author wrote, (I say *perhaps*, for in Shakspeare's licentious grammar nothing is very certain) :

“ ——— I'll hum on Tarquin's *ill*,

“ While thou on Tereus' descant'st better *still*.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> WHO, if IT wink,—] Shakspeare seldom attends to the last antecedent. The construction is—‘Which *heart*, if the *eye* wink, shall fall,’ &c. MALONE.

And for, poor bird, thou sing'st not in the day<sup>3</sup>,  
 As shaming any eye should thee behold,  
 Some dark deep desert, seated from the way,  
 That knows not parching heat nor freezing cold,  
 Will we find out<sup>4</sup>; and there we will unfold  
 To creatures stern sad tunes, to change their  
 kinds;  
 Since men prove beasts, let beasts bear gentle  
 minds.

As the poor frightened deer, that stands at gaze,  
 Wildly determining which way to fly,  
 Or one encompass'd with a winding maze,  
 That cannot tread the way out readily;  
 So with herself is she in mutiny,  
 To live or die which of the twain were better<sup>5</sup>,  
 When life is sham'd, and death reproaches debtor<sup>6</sup>.

<sup>3</sup> — thou SING'ST NOT IN THE DAY,] So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“The *nightingale*, if she should sing by day,  
 “When every goose is cackling, would be thought  
 “No better a musician than the wren.” MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> Some dark deep desert, SEATED FROM THE WAY, &c.

WILL WE FIND OUT—] Thus, *Calista*:

“— my sad soul  
 “Has form'd a dismal melancholy scene,  
 “Such a retreat as I would wish to find,  
 “An *unfrequented* vale.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> To live or die which of the twain were better,] So, *Hamlet*:

“To be, or not to be, that is the question.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> When life is sham'd, and death REPROACHES debtor.] *Reproaches* is here, I think, the Saxon genitive case:—When death is the debtor of *reproach*. So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

“I do wander every where  
 “Swifter than the *moones* sphere.”

She debates whether she should not rather destroy herself than live; life being disgraceful in consequence of her violation, and her death being a *debt* which she owes to the *reproach* of her conscience. MALONE.

We need not look for a *Saxon* genitive here: the genitive of *reproach* cannot be pronounced without an additional syllable.

BOSWELL.

To kill myself, quoth she, alack! what were it,  
 But with my body my poor soul's pollution?  
 They that lose half, with greater patience bear it,  
 Than they whose whole is swallow'd in confu-  
 sion.

That mother tries a merciless conclusion<sup>7</sup>,  
 Who having two sweet babes, when death takes  
 one,  
 Will slay the other, and be nurse to none.

My body or my soul, which was the dearer?  
 When the one pure, the other made divine.  
 Whose love of either to myself was nearer?  
 When both were kept for heaven and Collatine.  
 Ah me! the bark peel'd from the lofty pine,  
 His leaves will wither, and his sap decay;  
 So must my soul, her bark being peel'd away.

Her house is sack'd<sup>8</sup>, her quiet interrupted,  
 Her mansion batter'd by the enemy;  
 Her sacred table spotted, spoil'd, corrupted,  
 Grossly engirt with daring infamy:  
 Then let it not be call'd impiety,  
 If in this blemish'd fort I make some hole<sup>9</sup>,  
 Through which I may convey this troubled soul.

<sup>7</sup> That mother tries a merciless CONCLUSION,] A merciless practice, a cruel *experiment*. So, in Antony and Cleopatra:

“ — she hath assay'd

“ *Conclusions* infinite to die.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> Her HOUSE IS SACK'D,—] So, in Romeo and Juliet:

“ — tell me, that I may *sack*

“ The hated *mansion*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> If in this blemish'd FORT I MAKE SOME HOLE, &c.] So, in King Richard II.:

“ — with a little pin

“ *Bores* through his *castle* wall, and—farewell king.”

STEEVENS.

Yet die I will not, till my Collatine  
 Have heard the cause of my untimely death;  
 That he may vow, in that sad hour of mine,  
 Revenge on him that made me stop my breath <sup>1</sup>.  
 My stained blood to Tarquin I'll bequeath,  
     Which by him tainted, shall for him be spent <sup>2</sup>,  
 And as his due, writ in my testament.

My honour I'll bequeath unto the knife  
 That wounds my body so dishonoured.  
 'Tis honour to deprive dishonour'd life;  
 The one will live, the other being dead:  
 So of shame's ashes shall my fame be bred;  
     For in my death I murder shameful scorn:  
 My shame so dead, mine honour is new-born.

Dear lord of that dear jewel I have lost,  
 What legacy shall I bequeath to thee?  
 My resolution, love, shall be thy boast,  
 By whose example thou reveng'd may'st be.  
 How Tarquin must be us'd, read it in me:  
     Myself, thy friend, will kill myself, thy foe,  
 And, for my sake, serve thou false Tarquin so.

This brief abridgment of my will I make:  
 My soul and body to the skies and ground;  
 My resolution, husband, do thou take;

<sup>1</sup> Revenge on him that made me STOP my BREATH.] So, in Othello:

“ ——— There lies your niece,  
 “ Whose *breath* indeed these hands have newly *stopp'd*.”

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> Which BY him tainted, shall for him be spent,] The first copy has, by an apparent error of the press:

“ Which *for* him tainted—.”

The correction was made in the octavo 1598. MALONE.



Mine honour be the knife's, that makes my wound;  
 My shame be his that did my fame confound;  
 And all my fame that lives, disbursed be  
 To those that live, and think no shame of me.

Thou, Collatine, shalt oversee this Will<sup>3</sup>;  
 How was I overseen that thou shalt see it!  
 My blood shall wash the slander of mine ill;  
 My life's foul deed, my life's fair end shall free it.  
 Faint not, faint heart, but stoutly say, *so be it*.  
 Yield to my hand; my hand shall conquer thee;  
 Thou dead, both die, and both shall victors be.

This plot of death when sadly she had laid,  
 And wip'd the brinish pearl from her bright eyes,  
 With untun'd tongue she hoarsely call'd her maid,  
 Whose swift obedience to her mistress hies;  
 For fleet-wing'd duty with thought's feathers flies<sup>4</sup>.  
 Poor Lucrece' cheeks unto her maid seem so  
 As winter meads, when sun doth melt their  
 snow.

<sup>3</sup> THOU, Collatine, shalt oversee this Will;] Thus the quarto.  
 The edition of 1616 has:

"Then Collatine," &c. MALONE.

The *overseer* of a will was, I suppose, designed as a check upon  
 executors. Our author appoints John Hall and his wife for his  
*executors*, and Thomas Russel and Francis Collins as his *overseers*.

STEEVENS.

*Overseers* were frequently added in Wills from the superabun-  
 dant caution of our ancestors; but our law acknowledges no such  
 persons, nor are they (as contradistinguished from executors,) in-  
 vested with any legal rights whatsoever. In some old Wills the  
 term *overseer* is used instead of *executor*. Sir Thomas Bodley,  
 the founder of the Bodleian Library in Oxford, not content with  
 appointing two executors and two *overseers*, has likewise added  
 three *supervisors*. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — with THOUGHT'S FEATHERS flies.] So, in King John:

"— set *feathers* to thy heels,

"And fly like *thought*." STEEVENS.

Her mistress she doth give demure good-morrow,  
 With soft-slow tongue, true mark of modesty<sup>5</sup> ;  
 And sorts a sad look to her lady's sorrow<sup>6</sup> ;  
 (For why ? her face wore sorrow's livery :)  
 But durst not ask of her audaciously  
     Why her two suns were cloud-eclipsed so,  
     Nor why her fair cheeks over-wash'd with woe.

But as the earth doth weep, the sun being set<sup>7</sup>,  
 Each flower moisten'd like a melting eye<sup>8</sup> ;  
 Even so the maid with swelling drops 'gan wet  
 Her circled eyne, enforc'd by sympathy  
 Of those fair suns, set in her mistress sky,  
     Who in a salt-wav'd ocean quench their light,  
     Which makes the maid weep like the dewy  
     night<sup>9</sup>.

<sup>5</sup> With *SOFT-SLOW TONGUE*, true mark of modesty ;] So, in  
 The Taming of the Shrew :

“ Such duty to the drunkard let him do,

“ With *soft-low tongue* and lowly courtesy.”

In King Lear the same praise is bestowed on Cordelia :

“ — Her *voice* was ever *soft*,

“ *Gentle* and *low* :—an excellent thing in woman.”

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> And *sorts* a sad look to her lady's sorrow,] To *sort* is to *choose*  
*out*. So before :

“ When wilt thou *sort* an hour great strifes to end.”

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — as the earth *DOETH WEEP*, THE SUN BEING SET, &c.] So,  
 in Romeo and Juliet :

“ When the *sun sets*, the air doth *drizzle dew*.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> Each *FLOWER* moisten'd like a *MELTING EYE* ;] So, in A  
 Midsummer-Night's Dream :

“ The moon, methinks, looks with a *watry eye* ;

“ And when she *weeps*, weeps every little *flower*.”

<sup>9</sup> Which makes the maid *WEEP LIKE THE DEWY NIGHT*.] So,  
 in Dryden's Oedipus :

“ Thus *weeping* blind like *dewy night* upon thee.”

STEEVENS.

A pretty while <sup>1</sup> these pretty creatures stand,  
 Like ivory conduits coral cisterns filling <sup>2</sup> :  
 One justly weeps ; the other takes in hand  
 No cause, but company, of her drops spilling :  
 Their gentle sex to weep are often willing ;  
 Grieving themselves to guess at others' smarts,  
 And then they drown their eyes, or break their  
 hearts :

For men have marble, women waxen, minds,  
 And therefore are they form'd as marble will <sup>3</sup> ;  
 The weak oppress'd, the impression of strange kinds  
 Is form'd in them by force, by fraud, or skill :  
 Then call them not the authors of their ill,  
 No more than wax shall be accounted evil,  
 Wherein is stamp'd the semblance of a devil <sup>4</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> A PRETTY while—] *Pretty* seems formerly to have sometimes had the signification of *petty*,—as in the present instance. So also in Shelton's translation of *Don Quixote*, 4to. 1612, vol. i. p. 407 : "The admiration and tears joined, indured in them all for a *pretty* space." MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> Like ivory CONDUITS coral cisterns filling:] So, in *As You Like It* : "I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the *fountain*." Again, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

"How now? a *conduit*, girl? What? still in tears?"

"Ever more weeping." MALONE.

So, in *Titus Andronicus* :

"As from a *conduit* with their issuing spouts."

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> And therefore are they form'd as marble will ;] Hence do they [women] receive whatever impression their marble-hearted associates [men] choose. The expression is very quaint.

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> Then call them not the authors of their ill,  
 No more than wax shall be accounted evil,  
 Wherein is stamp'd the semblance of a devil.] So, in *Twelfth Night* :

"How easy is it for the proper false

"In *women's waxen hearts* to set their forms !

"Alas, *our frailty is the cause, not we,*

"For, such as we are made of, such we be."

Again, in *Measure for Measure* :

Their smoothness, like a goodly champaign plain,  
 Lays open all the little worms that creep;  
 In men, as in a rough-grown grove, remain  
 Cave-keeping evils that obscurely sleep:  
 Through crystal walls each little mote will peep:  
 Though men can cover crimes with bold stern  
 looks,  
 Poor women's faces are their own faults' books<sup>5</sup>.

No man inveigh against the wither'd flower<sup>6</sup>,  
 But chide rough winter that the flower hath kill'd!  
 Not that devour'd, but that which doth devour,  
 Is worthy blame. O, let it not be hild<sup>7</sup>  
 Poor women's faults, that they are so fulfill'd  
 With men's abuses<sup>8</sup>: those proud lords, to blame,  
 Make weak-made women tenants to their shame.

"Women! help Heaven! *mcn their creation mar*  
 "In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times frail,  
 "For we are as *soft* as our complexions are,  
 "And credulous to false prints." MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — women's FACES are their own faults' BOOKS.] So, in  
 Macbeth:

"Your *face*, my thane, is as a *book*, where men  
 "May read strange matters." STEEVENS.

Our author has advanced a contrary sentiment in another poem:

"The wiles and guiles that women work,  
 "Dissembled with an outward shew,  
 "The tricks and toys that in them lurk,  
 "The cock that treads them shall not know." MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> No man INVEIGH against the wither'd flower,  
 But CHIDE—] Thus the quarto. All the other copies have  
*inveighs* and *chides*. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — O, let it not be HILD—] Thus the quarto, for the sake  
 of the rhyme. Spenser, in imitation of the Italian poets, often  
 takes the same liberty. See p. 189, n. 2. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — that they are so FULFILL'D

With men's abuses;] *Fulfilled* had formerly the sense of  
*filled*. It is so used in our liturgy. MALONE.

*Fulfilled* means *completely filled*, till there be no room for more.  
 The word, in this sense, is now obsolete. So, in the Prologue to  
 Troilus and Cressida:

"And corresponsive and *fulfilling* bolts." STEEVENS.

The precedent whereof in Lucrece view,  
 Assail'd by night, with circumstances strong  
 Of present death, and shame that might ensue  
 By that her death, to do her husband wrong ;  
 Such danger to resistance did belong,  
     That dying fear through all her body spread ;  
 And who cannot abuse a body dead <sup>9</sup> ?

By this, mild patience bid fair Lucrece speak  
 To the poor counterfeit of her complaining <sup>1</sup> ;  
 My girl, quoth she, on what occasion break  
 Those tears from thee, that down thy cheeks are  
     raining ?

If thou dost weep for grief of my sustaining,  
 ° Know, gentle wench, it small avails my mood :  
 If tears could help, mine own would do me good.

But tell me, girl, when went—(and there she stay'd  
 Till after a deep groan) Tarquin from hence ;  
 Madam, ere I was up, reply'd the maid,  
 The more to blame my sluggard negligence :  
 Yet with the fault I thus far can dispense ;  
     Myself was stirring ere the break of day,  
 And, ere I rose, was Tarquin gone away.

But lady, if your maid may be so bold,  
 She would request to know your heaviness.  
 O peace ! quoth Lucrece ; if it should be told,

<sup>9</sup> — abuse a body dead ?] So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ — to do some villainous shame

“ On the *dead bodies* —.” STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> To the poor COUNTERFEIT of her complaining :] To her maid, whose countenance exhibited an image of her mistress's grief. A *counterfeit*, in ancient language, signified a *portrait*. So, in *The Merchant of Venice* :

“ What have we here ? fair Portia's *counterfeit* ?”

MALONE.

The repetition cannot make it less ;  
 For more it is than I can well express :  
     And that deep torture may be call'd a hell,  
     When more is felt than one hath power to tell.

Go, get me hither paper, ink, and pen,—  
 Yet save that labour, for I have them here.  
 What should I say ?—One of my husband's men  
 Bid thou be ready, by and by, to bear  
 A letter to my lord, my love, my dear ;  
     Bid him with speed prepare to carry it :  
     The cause craves haste, and it will soon be writ.

Her maid is gone, and she prepares to write,  
 First hovering o'er the paper with her quill :  
 Conceit and grief an eager combat fight ;  
 What wit sets down, is blotted straight with will ;  
 This is too curious-good, this blunt and ill :  
     Much like a press of people at a door,  
     Throng her inventions, which shall go before <sup>2</sup>.

At last she thus begins : “ Thou worthy lord  
 Of that unworthy wife that greeteth thee,  
 Health to thy person ! next vouchsafe t' afford  
 (If ever, love, thy Lucrece thou wilt see,)  
 Some present speed, to come and visit me :  
     So I commend me from our house in grief <sup>3</sup> ;  
     My woes are tedious, though my words are brief.”

<sup>2</sup> Much like a PRESS OF PEOPLE at a door,  
 THRONG her INVENTIONS, which shall go before.] So, in  
 King John :

“ — legions of strange *fantasies*,  
 “ Which, in their *throng* and *press* to that last hold,  
 “ *Confound themselves*.”

Again, in King Henry VIII. :

“ — which forc'd such way,  
 “ That many maz'd *considerings* did *throng*,  
 “ And *press* in with this caution.” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> So I commend me FROM OUR HOUSE IN GRIEF ;] Shakspeare

Here folds she up the tenour of her woe,  
 Her certain sorrow writ uncertainly.  
 By this short schedule Collatine may know  
 Her grief, but not her grief's true quality :  
 She dares not thereof make discovery,  
 Lest he should hold it her own gross abuse,  
 Ere she with blood had stain'd her stain'd excuse.

Besides, the life and feeling of her passion  
 She hoards, to spend when he is by to hear her ;  
 When sighs and groans and tears may grace the  
     fashion  
 Of her disgrace, the better so to clear her  
 From that suspicion which the world might bear  
     her.

To shun this blot, she would not blot the letter  
 With words, till action might become them better.

To see sad sights moves more than hear them told<sup>4</sup> ;  
 For then the eye interprets to the ear  
 The heavy motion that it doth behold<sup>5</sup> ,  
 When every part a part of woe doth bear,  
 'Tis but a part of sorrow that we hear :

has here closely followed the practice of his own times. Thus, Anne Bullen concluding her pathetick letter to her savage murderer : “ *From my doleful prison in the Tower, this 6th of May.*”

So also Gascoigne the poet ends his address to the Youth of England, prefixed to his works : “ *From my poor house at Walthamstowe in the Forest, the second of February, 1575.*”

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> To see sad sights moves more than hear them told :]

Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem

Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus. *Hor.* MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> For then the eye INTERPRETS to the ear

The heavy MOTION that it doth behold,] Our author seems to have been thinking of those *heavy motions* called *Dumb-shows*, which were exhibited on the stage in his time. *Motion*, in old language, signifies a *puppet-show* ; and the person who spoke for the puppets was called an *interpreter*. So, in *Timon of Athens* :

“ — to the *dumbness* of the *gesture*

“ One might *interpret.*” MALONE.

Deep sounds make lesser noise than shallow fords<sup>6</sup>,  
And sorrow ebbs, being blown with wind of words.

Her letter now is seal'd, and on it writ,  
*At Ardea to my lord, with more than haste*<sup>7</sup> :  
The post attends, and she delivers it,

<sup>6</sup> Deep sounds make lesser noise than shallow fords,] Thus the quarto, 1594, and all the subsequent copies. The author probably wrote :

“ Deep *floods* make lesser noise,” &c.

So, before :

“ *Deep woes* roll forward like a gentle *flood*.” MALONE.

The old reading is perhaps the true one. A *sound*, in naval language, is such a part of the sea as may be *sounded*. We have all heard of Plymouth *sound*, the *depth* of which is sufficient to carry vessels that draw the most water. The contradiction in terms is of little moment. We still talk of the *back front* of a house ; and every *ford*, or *sound*, is comparatively *deep*. STEEVENS.

As a meaning may be extracted from the reading of the old copy, I have not disturbed it, though I suspect that Shakspeare wrote not *sounds* but *floods*, for these reasons :

1. Because there is scarce an English poet that has not compared real sorrow to a deep water, and loquacious and counterfeited grief to a bubbling shallow stream. The comparison is always between a *river* and a brook ; nor have I observed the *sea* once mentioned in the various places in which this trite thought is expressed. Shakspeare, we see, has it in this very poem in a preceding passage, in which deep woes are compared to a gentle *flood*.

2. Because, supposing the poet to have had the sea in his contemplation, some reason ought to be assigned why he should have chosen those parts of it which are called *sounds*. To give force to the present sentiment, they must be supposed to be peculiarly still ; whereas the truth I believe is, that all parts of the ocean are equally boisterous ; at least those which are called *sounds* are not less so than others.

Lastly, because those parts of the sea which are denominated *sounds*, so far from deserving the epithet *deep*, are expressly defined to be “ *shallow seas* ; such as may be sounded.” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — and on it writ,

*At Ardea to my lord, WITH MORE THAN HASTE* :] Shakspeare seems to have begun early to confound the customs of his own country, with those of other nations. About a century and a half ago, all our letters that required speed were superscribed—*With post post haste*. STEEVENS.



Charging the sour-fac'd groom to hie as fast  
As lagging fowls before the northern blast <sup>8</sup>.

Speed more than speed but dull and slow she  
deems :  
Extremity still urgeth such extremes.

The homely villein <sup>9</sup> court'sies to her low ;  
And blushing on her, with a stedfast eye  
Receives the scroll, without or yea or no,  
And forth with bashful innocence doth hie.  
But they whose guilt within their bosoms lie,  
Imagine every eye beholds their blame ;  
For Lucrece thought he blush'd to see her shame.

When, silly groom ! God wot, it was defect  
Of spirit, life, and bold audacity.  
Such harmless creatures have a true respect  
To talk in deeds <sup>1</sup>, while others saucily  
Promise more speed, but do it leisurely :  
Even so, this pattern of the worn-out age <sup>2</sup>  
Pawn'd honest looks, but lay'd no words to gage.

<sup>8</sup> As lagging FOWLS before the northern BLAST.] Thus the quarto. All the modern editions have—*souls*.

The quarto reads—*blasts*, which the rhyme shews to have been a misprint, and which I should not mention but that it proves that even in Shakspeare's own edition there were some errors. See the preceding note. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> The homely VILLEIN court'sies to her low ;] *Villein* has here its ancient legal signification ; that of a *slave*. The term *court'sy* was formerly applied to men as well as to women. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> TO TALK IN DEEDS —] So, in Hamlet :

“ As he, in his peculiar act and force,

“ May give his *saying deed*.”

Again, in Troilus and Cressida :

“ *Speaking in deeds*, and deedless in his tongue.”

MALONE.

Again, in Julius Cæsar :

“ *Casca. Speak hands for me*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — this PATTERN OF THE WORN-OUT AGE —] This example of ancient simplicity and virtue. So, in King Richard III. :

“ Behold this *pattern* of thy butcheries.”

His kindled duty kindled her mistrust,  
 That two red fires in both their faces blaz'd ;  
 She thought he blush'd, as knowing Tarquin's lust,  
 And, blushing with him, wistly on him gaz'd ;  
 Her earnest eye did make him more amaz'd :  
 The more she saw the blood his cheeks replenish,  
 The more she thought he spy'd in her some  
 blemish.

But long she thinks till he return again,  
 And yet the duteous vassal scarce is gone.  
 The weary time she cannot entertain,  
 For now 'tis stale to sigh, to weep, and groan :  
 So woe hath wearied woe, moan tired moan,  
 That she her plaints a little while doth stay,  
 Pausing for means to mourn some newer way.

At last she calls to mind where hangs a piece  
 Of skilful painting, made for Priam's Troy ;  
 Before the which is drawn<sup>3</sup> the power of Greece,  
 For Helen's rape<sup>4</sup> the city to destroy,  
 Threatening cloud-kissing Ilion with annoy<sup>5</sup> ;

See also p. 142, n. 4.

We meet with nearly the same expression in our author's 68th Sonnet :

“ Thus is his cheek the *map of days out-worn.*” MALONE.

So, in *As You Like It* :

“ — how well in thee appears

“ The constant service of the *antique world.*” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> Before THE WHICH IS DRAWN —] That is, before Troy.

MALONE.

*Drawn*, in this instance, does not signify *delineated*, but *drawn out into the field*, as armies are. So, in King Henry IV. :

“ He cannot *draw his power* these fourteen days.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> For Helen's rape —] *Rape* is used by all our old poets in the sense of *raptus*, or carrying away by force. It sometimes also signifies the person forcibly carried away. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> Threatening CLOUD-KISSING Ilion with annoy ;] So, in *Pe-ricles* :

Which the conceited painter drew so proud<sup>6</sup>,  
As heaven (it seem'd) to kiss the turrets bow'd.

A thousand lamentable objects there,  
In scorn of nature, art gave lifeless life :  
Many a dry drop seem'd a weeping tear<sup>7</sup>,  
Shed for the slaughter'd husband by the wife :  
The red blood reek'd, to show the painter's strife ;  
And dying eyes gleam'd forth their ashy lights<sup>8</sup>,  
Like dying coals burnt out in tedious nights<sup>9</sup>.

There might you see the labouring pioneer  
Begrin'd with sweat, and smeared all with dust ;  
And from the towers of Troy there would appear

“ Whose towers bore heads so high they *kiss'd* the clouds.”

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida* :

“ Yon towers, whose wanton tops do *buss* the clouds.”

Again, in *Hamlet* :

“ — like the herald Mercury,

“ New-lighted on a *heaven-kissing* hill.” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> Which the CONCEITED painter drew so proud,] *Conceited*, in old language, is *fanciful*, *ingenious*. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> Many a DRY drop seem'd a weeping tear,] Thus the quarto. The variation made in this line, in the edition of 1616, which is said in the title-page to be *newly revised and corrected*, would alone prove it not to have been prepared by our author. The editor, knowing that all drops are wet, and not observing that the poet is here speaking of a picture, discarded the old reading, and gave, instead of it,

“ Many a *dire* drop seem'd a weeping tear ; ”

Which has been followed in all the subsequent copies. Had he been at all acquainted with Shakspeare's manner, he never would have made this alteration, or have adopted it, if made before.

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> And dying eyes gleam'd forth their ASHY LIGHTS,

Like DYING COALS BURNT OUT in tedious nights.] Perhaps

Milton had these lines in his thoughts when he wrote :

“ Where glowing *embers* through the room

“ Teach *light* to counterfeit a *gloom*.”

It is probable he also remembered these of Spenser :

“ — his glistening armour made

“ A little *glooming light* much like a *shade*.” MALONE.

The very eyes of men through loop-holes thrust,  
 Gazing upon the Greeks with little lust :  
 Such sweet observance in this work was had,  
 That one might see those far-off eyes look sad.

In great commanders grace and majesty  
 You might behold, triumping in their faces ;  
 In youth, quick bearing and dexterity ;  
 And here and there the painter interlaces  
 Pale cowards, marching on with trembling paces ;  
 Which heartless peasants did so well resemble,  
 That one would swear he saw them quake and  
 tremble.

In Ajax and Ulysses, O, what art  
 Of physiognomy might one behold !  
 The face of either 'cipher'd either's heart ;  
 Their face their manners most expressly told :  
 In Ajax' eyes blunt rage and rigour roll'd ;  
 But the mild glance that sly Ulysses lent,  
 Show'd deep regard and smiling government <sup>1</sup>.

There pleading might you see grave Nestor stand,  
 As 'twere encouraging the Greeks to fight ;  
 Making such sober action with his hand,  
 That it beguil'd attention, charm'd the sight :  
 In speech, it seem'd, his beard, all silver white,  
 Wagg'd up and down, and from his lips did fly  
 Thin winding breath, which purld up to the sky <sup>2</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> — deep regard and smiling government.] Profound wisdom, and the complacency arising from the passions being under the command of reason. The former word [regard] has already occurred more than once in the same sense. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> In speech, it seem'd, his BEARD, ALL SILVER WHITE,  
 Wagg'd up and down, and from his lips did fly  
 Thin winding BREATH, which PURL'D up to the sky.] So, in Troilus and Cressida :

“ — and such again

“ As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in *silver*,

About him were a press of gaping faces <sup>3</sup>,  
 Which seem'd to swallow up his sound advice <sup>4</sup>;  
 All jointly listening, but with several graces,  
 As if some mermaid <sup>5</sup> did their ears entice;  
 Some high, some low; the painter was so nice,  
 The scalps of many almost hid behind,  
 To jump up higher seem'd, to mock the mind.

Here one man's hand lean'd on another's head,  
 His nose being shadow'd by his neighbour's ear;  
 Here one, being throng'd, bears back, all boll'n and  
 red <sup>6</sup>;

“Should with a bond of *air* (strong as the axle-tree  
 “On which heaven rides) knit all the Greekish ears  
 “To his experienc'd tongue.” MALONE.

I suppose we should read—*curl'd*. Thus, Pope:

“While *curling* smoaks from village tops are seen.”

Again, in Cymbeline:

“And let our *crooked* smoaks climb to their nostrils.”

STEEVENS.

There is no need of change, for *purling* had formerly the same meaning, being sometimes used to denote the *curling* of water, without any reference to sound. So, in Drayton's *Mortimeriados*, 4to. 1596:

“Whose stream an easie breath doth seem to blow;

“Which on the sparkling gravel runs in *purles*,

“As though the waves had been of silver *curls*.”

This sense of the word is unnoticed in Dr. Johnson's Dictionary.

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> About him were a press of gaping faces, &c.] Had any engraving, or account, of Raphael's celebrated picture of The School of Athens reached England in the time of our author, one might be tempted by this description to think that he had seen it.

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> Which seem'd to swallow up his sound advice:] So, in King John:

“With open mouth, *swallowing* a taylor's news.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> As if some mermaid—] See p. 35, n. 4. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> —all BOLL'N and red;] Thus the old copy. In the former edition, when I was less cautious than I am at present, I substituted *blown* for *boll'n*, which I conceived to be a misprint; but scarcely had the book issued from the press, when I discovered my mistake. The reader will, I trust, find no in-

Another, smother'd, seems to pelt and swear<sup>7</sup> ;  
 And in their rage such signs of rage they bear,  
 As, but for loss of Nestor's golden words,  
 It seem'd they would debate with angry swords<sup>8</sup>.

For much imaginary work was there ;  
 Conceit deceitful, so compact, so kind<sup>9</sup>,  
 That for Achilles' image stood his spear,

stances of similar temerity in the present edition of our author's works.

*Bol'n* means *swollen*, and is used by Golding in his translation of Ovid's *Metamorphosis*, 1567 :

" Her leanness made her joynts *bolne* big, and knee-pannes,  
 for to swell."

Auxerat articulos macies, genuumque rigebat  
 Orbis—.

Again, (as an anonymous writer has observed,) in Phaer's translation of the tenth book of Virgil's *Æneid* :

" — with what bravery *bolue* in pride

" King Turnus prosperous rides."

—tumidusque secundo

Marte ruat.

Gawin Douglas translating the same passage uses the words "*orpit* and proudly." See p. 92 of this volume.

Skinner supposes the word to be derived from *bouillier*, Fr. to bubble. But Mr. Tyrwhitt in his accurate Glossary to Chaucer, (as has likewise been observed by the same anonymous writer,) says, it is the part. pa. of *bolge*. v. Sax. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> Another, smother'd, seems to PELT and swear ;] To *pelt* meant, I think, to be clamorous, as men are in a passion. So, in an old collection of tales, entitled *Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, 1614: " The young mau, all in a *pelting* chafe—." MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — DEBATE with angry swords.] i. e. *fall to contention*. *Bate* is an ancient word signifying *strife*. So, in the old play of *Acolastus*, 1540 :

" We shall not fall to *bate*, or stryve for this matter."

STEEVENS.

*Debate* has here, I believe, its usual signification. They seemed ready to *argue* with their *swords*. So, in Julius Cæsar: "*Speak hands* for me."

Again, in *Hamlet* :

" I will *speak daggers* to her, but use none."

Again, more appositely, in *Troilus and Cressida* :

" *Speaking* in *decds*, and *decless* in his tongue." MALONE.

Grip'd in an armed hand ; himself, behind,  
 Was left unseen, save to the eye of mind <sup>1</sup> :  
 A hand, a foot, a face, a leg, a head,  
 Stood for the whole to be imagined.

And from the walls of strong-besieged Troy  
 When their brave hope, bold Hector, march'd to  
     field,  
 Stood many Trojan mothers, sharing joy  
 To see their youthful sons bright weapons wield ;  
 And to their hope they such odd action yield,  
     That, through their light joy, seemed to appear  
     (Like bright things stain'd) a kind of heavy fear.

And, from the strond of Dardan where they fought,  
 To Simois' reedy banks the red blood ran,  
 Whose waves to imitate the battle sought  
 With swelling ridges ; and their ranks began  
 To break upon the galled shore, and than <sup>2</sup>

<sup>9</sup> Conceit deceitful, so compact, so KIND,] An artful delineation, so nicely and *naturally* executed. *Kind* and nature, in old language, were synonymous. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> Was left unseen, save to THE EYE OF MIND :] We meet with the same expression in Hamlet, and in one of our author's Sonnets. Again, in King Richard II.:

“ ——— with *the eyes of heavy mind*

“ I see thy glory.” MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> To break upon the galled shore, and THAN —] *Than* for *then*. This licence of changing the termination of words is sometimes used by our ancient poets, in imitation of the Italian writers. Thus Daniel, in his Cleopatra, 1594 :

“ And now wilt yield thy streames

“ A prey to other *reames* ;”

i. e. realms. Again, in his Complaint of Rosamond, 1592 :

“ When cleaner thoughts my weakness 'gan *upbray*,

“ Against myself, and shame did force me say—.”

Again, in Hall's Satires, 1599 :

“ As frozen dunghills in a winter's morne,

“ That voyd of vapours seemed all *beforne*,

“ Soone as the sun,” &c.

Retire again, till meeting greater ranks  
They join, and shoot their foam at Simois' banks.

To this well-painted piece is Lucrece come,  
To find a face where all distress is stêl'd<sup>3</sup>.  
Many she sees, where cares have carved some,  
But none where all distress and dolour dwell'd,  
Till she despairing Hecuba beheld,  
Staring on Priam's wounds with her old eyes,  
Which bleeding under Pyrrhus' proud foot lies<sup>4</sup>.

Again, *ibid.*:

“ His bonnet vail'd, or ever he could thinke,  
“ The unruly winde blowes off his *periwinke*.”

Again, in Godfrey of Bulloigne, translated by Fairfax, 1600:

“ Time was, (for each one hath his doting time,  
“ These silver locks were golden tresses *than*,)  
“ That countrie life I hated as a crime,  
“ And from the forrests sweet contentment ran.”

Again, in Drayton's *Mortemeriados*, sign. Q 1. 4to. 1596:

“ Out of whose top the fresh springs trembling downe,  
“ Duly keep time with their harmonious *sowne*.”

Again, in *Songes and Sonnetes by the earle of Surrey and others*, edit. 1567, f. 81:

“ ——— half the paine had never man  
“ Which had this woful *Troyan than*.”

Many other instances of the same kind might be added. See the next note. MALONE.

*Reames*, in the first instance produced, is only the French *royaumes* affectedly anglicized. STEEVENS.

In Daniel's time the French word was usually written *royaulme*. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> To find a face where all distress is STEL'D.] Thus the quarto, and all the subsequent copies.—In our author's twenty-fourth Sonnet we find these lines:

“ Mine eye hath play'd the *painter*, and hath *steel'd*  
“ Thy beauty's form in table of my heart.”

This therefore I suppose to have been the word intended here, which the poet altered for the sake of rhyme. So before—*hild* for *held*, and *than* for *then*. He might, however, have written:

“ ——— where all distress is *spell'd*.”

i. e. *written*. So, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

“ And careful hours with time's deformed hand  
“ Have *written* strange defeatures in my face.” MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> WHICH bleeding under Pyrrhus' proud foot lies.] Dr.



In her the painter had anatomiz'd  
 Time's ruin, beauty's wreck, and grim care's reign ;  
 Her cheeks with chaps and wrinkles were disguis'd ;  
 Of what she was, no semblance did remain :  
 Her blue blood chang'd to black in every vein,  
     Wanting the spring that those shrunk pipes had  
     fed,  
 Show'd life imprison'd in a body dead.

On this sad shadow Lucrece spends her eyes <sup>5</sup>,  
 And shapes her sorrow to the beldame's woes,  
 Who nothing wants to answer her but cries,  
 And bitter words, to ban her cruel foes :  
 The painter was no God to lend her those ;  
     And therefore Lucrece swears he did her wrong,  
     To give her so much grief, and not a tongue.

Poor instrument, quoth she, without a sound,  
 I'll tune thy woes with my lamenting tongue :  
 And drop sweet balm in Priam's painted wound,  
 And rail on Pyrrhus that hath done him wrong,  
 And with my tears quench Troy, that burns so long ;  
     And with my knife scratch out the angry eyes  
     Of all the Greeks that are thine enemies.

Show me the strumpet that began this stir,  
 That with my nails her beauty I may tear.  
 Thy heat of lust, fond Paris, did incur  
 This load of wrath that burning Troy doth bear ;  
 Thy eye kindled the fire that burneth here :  
     And here in Troy, for trespass of thine eye,  
     The sire, the son, the dame, and daughter, die.

Sewall unnecessarily reads—*Who* bleeding, &c. The neutral pronoun was anciently often used for the personal. It still remains in the Liturgy. *Which*, however, may refer to *wounds*, notwithstanding the false concord which such a construction produces. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> On this sad shadow Lucrece SPENDS HER EYES,] Fixes them earnestly; gives it her whole attention. Hounds are said to *spend their tongues*, when they join in full cry. MALONE.

Why should the private pleasure of some one  
 Become the publick plague of many mo<sup>6</sup>?  
 Let sin, alone committed, light alone  
 Upon his head that hath transgressed so;  
 Let guiltless souls be freed from guilty woe:  
 For one's offence why should so many fall,  
 To plague a private sin in general?

Lo, here weeps Hecuba, here Priam dies,  
 Here manly Hector faints, here Troilus swoonds<sup>7</sup>;  
 Here friend by friend in bloody channel lies,  
 And friend to friend gives unadvised wounds<sup>8</sup>,  
 And one man's lust these many lives confounds<sup>9</sup>:  
 Had doting Priam check'd his son's desire,  
 Troy had been bright with fame, and not with fire.

Here feelingly she weeps Troy's painted woes:  
 For sorrow, like a heavy-hanging bell,  
 Once set on ringing, with his own weight goes;

<sup>6</sup> — the plague of many mo?] *Mo* for *more*. The word is now obsolete. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> Here manly Hector faints, here TROILUS SWOUNDS;] In the play of Troilus and Cressida, his name is frequently introduced in the same manner as here, as a dissyllable. The mere English reader still pronounces the word as, I believe, Shakspeare did.

*Swoonds* is *swoons*. *Swoon* is constantly written *sound* or *sound* in the old copies of our author's plays; and from this stanza it is probable that the word was anciently pronounced as it is here written. So also Drayton in his *Mortimeriados*, 4to. no date:

“ Thus with the pangs out of this traunce areysed,  
 “ As water sometime wakeneth from a *swoound*,—  
 “ As when the bloud is cold, we feele the wound.”

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> And friend to friend gives UNADVISED WOUNDS,] *Advice*, it has been already observed, formerly meant *knowledge*. *Friends wound friends*, not knowing *each other*. It should be remembered that Troy was sacked in the night. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — confounds:] i. e. destroys.

So, in Antony and Cleopatra:

“ What willingly he did *confound*, he wail'd.”

See also p. 175, l. 2. MALONE.

Then little strength rings out the doleful knell ;  
 So Lucrece set a-work, sad tales doth tell  
 To pencil'd pensiveness and colour'd sorrow ;  
 She lends them words, and she their looks doth  
 borrow.

She throws her eyes about the painting, round<sup>9</sup>,  
 And whom she finds forlorn, she doth lament :  
 At last she sees a wretched image bound,  
 That piteous looks to Phrygian shepherds lent ;  
 His face, though full of cares, yet show'd content.  
 Onward to Troy with the blunt swains he goes,  
 So mild, that Patience seem'd to scorn his  
 woes<sup>1</sup>.

In him the painter labour'd with his skill  
 To hide deceit, and give the harmless show<sup>2</sup>  
 An humble gait, calm looks, eyes wailing still,  
 A brow unbent, that seem'd to welcome woe ;  
 Cheeks, neither red nor pale, but mingled so  
 That blushing red no guilty instance<sup>3</sup> gave,  
 Nor ashy pale the fear that false hearts have.

<sup>9</sup> She throws her eyes about the PAINTING, round,] i. e. She throws her eyes round about, &c. The octavo 1616, and all the subsequent copies, read :—about the *painted* round.

MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> So mild, that PATIENCE seem'd to scorn HIS woes.] That is, the woes suffered by *Patience*. We have nearly the same image in our author's *Twelfth Night* :

“ She sat like *Patience* on a monument,

“ *Smiling at grief.*”

Again, in *Pericles* :

“ — Yet thou dost look

“ Like *Patience*, gazing on king's graves, and *smiling*

“ Extremity out of act.” MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — the harmless SHOW —] The harmless *painted figure*.

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — no guilty INSTANCE —] No example or symptom of guilt. See vol. xi. p. 482, n. 3. MALONE.

But, like a constant and confirmed devil,  
 He entertain'd a show so seeming just,  
 And therein so ensconc'd his secret evil<sup>3</sup>,  
 That jealousy itself could not mistrust,  
 False-creeping craft and perjury should thrust  
 Into so bright a day such black-fac'd storms,  
 Or blot with hell-born sin such saint-like forms.

The well-skill'd workman this mild image drew  
 For perjurd Sinon, whose enchanting story  
 The credulous old Priam after slew ;  
 Whose words, like wild-fire, burnt the shining glory  
 Of rich-built Ilion, that the skies were sorry,  
 And little stars shot from their fixed places,  
 When their glass fell, wherein they view'd their  
 faces<sup>4</sup>.

This picture she advisedly perus'd<sup>5</sup>,  
 And chid the painter for his wond'rous skill ;  
 Saying, some shape in Sinon's was abus'd,  
 So fair a form lodg'd not a mind so ill ;  
 And still on him she gaz'd ; and gazing still,

<sup>3</sup> And therein so ENSCONC'D his secret evil,] And by that means so *concealed* his secret treachery. A *sconce* was a species of fortification. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> And little STARS SHOT from their FIXED PLACES,  
 When the glass fell, wherein they view'd their faces.] So, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* :

“ — the rude sea grew civil at her song,  
 “ And certain *stars shot* madly from their *spheres*,  
 “ To hear the sea-maid's musick.”

Why, Priam's palace, however beautiful or magnificent, should be called the mirrour in which the fixed stars beheld themselves, I do not see. The image is very quaint and far-fetched. MALONE.  
 Lydgate says of Priam's palace—

“ That verely when so the sonne shone,  
 “ Upon the golde meynt amonge the stone,  
 “ They gave a lyght withouten any were,  
 “ As doth Apollo in his mid-day sphere.” BOSWELL.

<sup>5</sup> This picture she ADVISEDLY perus'd,] *Advisedly* is *attentively*; with deliberation. MALONE.

Such signs of truth in his plain face she spy'd,  
That she concludes the picture was bely'd.

It cannot be, quoth she, that so much guile—  
(She would have said) *can lurk in such a look* ;  
But Tarquin's shape came in her mind the while,  
And from her tongue, *can lurk from cannot* took ;  
*It cannot be* she in that sense forsook,  
And turn'd it thus : “ It cannot be, I find,  
But such a face should bear a wicked mind :

For even as subtle Sinon here is painted,  
So sober-sad, so weary, and so mild,  
(As if with grief or travail he had fainted,)  
To me came Tarquin armed ; so beguil'd  
With outward honesty<sup>6</sup>, but yet defil'd  
With inward vice : as Priam him did cherish,  
So did I Tarquin ; so my Troy did perish.

Look, look, how listening Priam wets his eyes,  
To see those borrow'd tears that Sinon sheds.  
Priam, why art thou old, and yet not wise ?  
For every tear he falls<sup>7</sup>, a Trojan bleeds ;  
His eye drops fire, no water thence proceeds :

<sup>6</sup> So sober-sad, so weary, and so mild,  
(As if with grief or travail he had fainted,)  
To me came Tarquin ARMED ; so beguil'd  
With outward honesty,—] “ To me came Tarquin with the  
same armour of hypocrisy that Sinon wore.” The old copy reads :  
“ To me came Tarquin armed to beguil'd  
“ With outward honesty,” &c.

To must, I think, have been a misprint for *so*. *Beguil'd* is  
*beguiling*. Our author frequently confounds the active and pas-  
sive participle. Thus, in *Othello*, *delighted* for *delighting* :

“ If virtue no *delighted* beauty lack—.” MALONE.

I think the reading proposed is right ; and would point thus :

“ To me came Tarquin armed ; so beguil'd

“ With outward honesty, but yet,” &c.

*So beguil'd* is *so cover'd*, *so masked with fraud*, i. e. like Sinon.  
Thus in *The Merchant of Venice*, Act III. Sc. II.:

“ Thus ornament is but the *guiled shore*

“ To a most dangerous sea.” STEEVENS.

Those round clear pearls of his, that move thy  
 pity,  
 Are balls of quenchless fire to burn thy city.

Such devils steal effects from lightless hell ;  
 For Sinon in his fire doth quake with cold,  
 And in that cold, hot-burning fire doth dwell ;  
 These contraries such unity do hold,  
 Only to flatter fools, and make them bold :  
 So Priam's trust false Sinon's tears doth flatter,  
 That he finds means to burn his Troy with water.

Here, all enrag'd, such passion her assails,  
 That patience is quite beaten from her breast.  
 She tears the senseless Sinon with her nails,  
 Comparing him to that unhappy guest  
 Whose deed hath made herself, herself detest:  
 At last she smilingly with this gives o'er ;  
 Fool ! fool ! quoth she, his wounds will not be  
 sore.

Thus ebbs and flows the current of her sorrow,  
 And time doth weary time with her complaining.  
 She looks for night, and then she longs for morrow,  
 And both she thinks too long with her remaining :  
 Short time seems long in sorrow's sharp sustaining.  
 Though woe be heavy, yet it seldom sleeps ;  
 And they that watch, see time how slow it creeps.

Which all this time hath overslipp'd her thought,  
 That she with painted images hath spent ;  
 Being from the feeling of her own grief brought

7 For every tear he FALLS —] He lets fall. So, in Othello :  
 " Each *tear* she *falls* would prove a crocodile." MALONE.  
 A similar thought occurs in Troilus and Cressida :  
 " For every false drop in her bawdy veins,  
 " A Grecian's life hath sunk ; for every scruple  
 " In her contaminated carrion weight,  
 " A Trojan hath been slain." STEEVENS.

By deep surmise of other's detriment ;  
Losing her woes in shows of discontent.

It easeth some, though none it ever cur'd,  
To think their dolour others have endur'd.

But now the mindful messenger, come back,  
Brings home his lord and other company ;  
Who finds his Lucrece clad in mourning black :  
And round about her tear-distained eye  
Blue circles stream'd, like rainbows in the sky ;  
These water-galls in her dim element <sup>8</sup>  
Foretell new storms to those already spent.

Which when her sad-beholding husband saw,  
Amazedly in her sad face he stares :  
Her eyes, though sod in tears, look'd red and raw <sup>9</sup>.  
Her lively colour kill'd with deadly cares.  
He hath no power to ask her how she fares ;  
But stood, like old acquaintance in a trance,  
Met far from home, wondering each other's  
chance.

At last he takes her by the bloodless hand,  
And thus begins : What uncouth ill event  
Hath thee befal'n, that thou dost trembling stand ?  
Sweet love, what spite hath thy fair colour spent ?  
Why art thou thus attir'd in discontent <sup>1</sup> ?  
Unmask, dear dear, this moody heaviness,  
And tell thy grief, that we may give redress.

<sup>8</sup> Those WATER-GALLS in her dim element —] The *water-gall* is some appearance attendant on the rainbow. The word is current among the shepherds on Salisbury plain. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — look'd red and raw,] So, in Hamlet :

“The Danish cicatrice *looks red and raw*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> Why art thou thus ATTIR'D IN DISCONTENT?] So, in Much Ado About Nothing :

“For my part, I am so *attir'd in wonder*,

“I know not what to say.” STEEVENS.

Three times with sighs she gives her sorrow fire,  
 Ere once she can discharge one word of woe :  
 At length address'd to answer his desire <sup>2</sup>,  
 She modestly prepares to let them know  
 Her honour is ta'en prisoner by the foe ;  
     While Collatine and his consorted lords  
     With sad attention long to hear her words.

And now this pale swan in her watery nest  
 Begins the sad dirge of her certain ending :  
 Few words, quoth she, shall fit the trespass best,  
 Where no excuse can give the fault amending ;  
 In me more woes than words are now depending ;  
     And my laments would be drawn out too long,  
     To tell them all with one poor tired tongue.

Then be this all the task it hath to say :  
 Dear husband, in the interest of thy bed  
 A stranger came, and on that pillow lay  
 Where thou wast wont to rest thy weary head <sup>3</sup> ;  
 And what wrong else may be imagined  
     By foul enforcement might be done to me,  
     From that, alas ! thy Lucrece is not free.

<sup>2</sup> At length ADDRESS'D to answer his desire,] *Address'd*, is ready, prepared. So, in King Henry V. :

“ To-morrow for the march are we *address'd*.” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> Dear husband, in the interest of thy bed

A stranger came, and ON THAT PILLOW LAY

WHERE THOU WAST WONT TO REST THY WEARY HEAD ;]

“ Vestigia viri alieni, Collatine, in lecto sunt tuo.” *Liv. lib. i. cap. 58.* Since the former edition I find these words had been translated by Painter in his novel : “ Alas, Collatine, the steppes of another man be now fixed in thy bed.” *Palace of Pleasure*, vol. i. fol. 6. MALONE.

Peradventure the pillow which the lady here speaketh of, was what in a former stanza is denominated *the heart of all her land*. Tarquin *slept not*, it is to be presumed, though, like Iachimo, he had that was well worth watching. AMNER.



For in the dreadful dead of dark midnight,  
 With shining falchion in my chamber came  
 A creeping creature, with a flaming light,  
 And softly cry'd, Awake, thou Roman dame,  
 And entertain my love ; else lasting shame  
     On thee and thine this night I will inflict,  
     If thou my love's desire do contradict.

For some hard-favour'd groom of thine, quoth he,  
 Unless thou yoke thy liking to my will,  
 I'll murder straight, and then I'll slaughter thee,  
 And swear I found you where you did fulfil  
 The loathsome act of lust, and so did kill  
     The lechers in their deed : this act will be  
     My fame, and thy perpetual infamy.

With this I did begin to start and cry,  
 And then against my heart he set his sword ;  
 Swearing, unless I took all patiently,  
 I should not live to speak another word :  
 So should my shame still rest upon record ;  
     And never be forgot in mighty Rome  
     The adulterate death of Lucrece and her groom.

Mine enemy was strong, my poor self weak,  
 And far the weaker with so strong a fear :  
 My bloody judge forbade my tongue to speak ;  
 No rightful plea might plead for justice there :  
 His scarlet lust came evidence to swear  
     That my poor beauty had purloin'd his eyes,  
     And when the judge is ro'bd, the prisoner dies.

O, teach me how to make mine own excuse !  
 Or, at the least, this refuge let me find ;  
 Though my gross blood be stain'd with this abuse,  
 Immaculate and spotless is my mind ;  
 That was not forc'd ; that never was inclin'd

To accessory yieldings, but still pure  
Doth in her poison'd closet yet endure.

Lo here, the hopeless merchant of this loss,  
With head declin'd, and voice damm'd up with woe,  
With sad-set eyes, and wretched arms across,  
From lips new-waxen pale begins to blow  
The grief away, that stops his answer so :  
But wretched as he is, he strives in vain ;  
What he breathes out, his breath drinks up again.

As through an arch the violent roaring tide  
Out-runs the eye that doth behold his haste<sup>4</sup>,  
Yet in the eddy boundeth in his pride  
Back to the strait that forc'd him on so fast ;  
In rage sent out, recall'd in rage, being past<sup>5</sup> :  
Even so his sighs, his sorrows, make a saw,  
To push grief on, and back the same grief draw.

Which speechless woe of his, poor she attendeth,  
And his untimely frenzy thus awaketh :  
Dear lord, thy sorrow to my sorrow lendeth  
Another power ; no flood by raining slaketh.  
My woe too sensible thy passion maketh  
More feeling-painful : let it then suffice  
To drown one woe, one pair of weeping eyes<sup>6</sup>.

<sup>4</sup> As through an arch the violent roaring tide  
Out-runs the eye that doth behold his haste, &c.] So, in  
Coriolanus :

“ *Ne'er through an arch so hurry'd the blown tide,  
As the recomforted through the gates.*” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> In rage sent out, recall'd IN rage, being past :] Should we  
not read :

“ In rage sent out, recall'd, *the* rage being past.”

FARMER.

<sup>6</sup> To drown ONE woe, one pair of weeping eyes.] The quarto  
has :

“ To drown *on* woe—.”

*On* and *one* are perpetually confounded in old English books.

And for my sake, when I might charm thee so,  
 For she that was thy Lucrece,—now attend me ;  
 Be suddenly revenged on my foe,  
 Thine, mine, his own ; suppose thou dost defend  
     me  
 From what is past ; the help that thou shalt lend me  
     Comes all too late, yet let the traitor die :  
     For sparing justice feeds iniquity<sup>7</sup>.

But ere I name him, you fair lords, quoth she,  
 (Speaking to those that came with Collatine,)  
 Shall plight your honourable faiths to me,  
 With swift pursuit to venge this wrong of mine ;  
 For 'tis a meritorious fair design,  
     To chase injustice with revengeful arms :  
     Knights, by their oaths, should right poor ladies'  
     harms<sup>8</sup>.

At this request, with noble disposition  
 Each present lord began to promise aid,  
 As bound in knighthood to her imposition,  
 Longing to hear the hateful foe bewray'd.  
 But she, that yet her sad task hath not said,  
     The protestation stops. O speak, quoth she,  
     How may this forced stain be wip'd from me ?

What is the quality of mine offence,  
 Being constrain'd with dreadful circumstance ?  
 May my pure mind with the foul act dispense,

See vol. xv. p. 291, n. 6. The former does not seem to have any meaning here. The edition of 1600 has—*one* woe. We might read :

“To drown *in* woe one pair of weeping eyes.” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> For sparing justice feeds iniquity.] So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> Knights, by their oaths, should right poor ladies' harms.] Here one of the laws of chivalry is somewhat prematurely introduced. MALONE.

My low-declined honour to advance ?  
 May any terms acquit me from this chance ?  
 The poison'd fountain clears itself again ;  
 And why not I from this compelled stain<sup>9</sup> ?

<sup>9</sup> The poison'd fountain clears itself again ;  
 And why not I from this compelled stain ?] There are perhaps few who would not have acquiesced in the justice of this reasoning. It did not however, as we learn from history, satisfy this admired heroine of antiquity. Her conduct on this occasion has been the subject of much speculation. It is not alledged by any of the historians that actual violence was offered to her. Διὰ μὲν ἐν ταύτ᾽ (says Dion) ΟΥΚ ΑΚΟΥΣΑ δὴ ἐμειχέθη. Why then, it is asked, did she not suffer death rather than submit to her ravisher? An ingenious French writer thinks she killed herself too late to be entitled to any praise. [Les Oeuvres de Sarazin, p. 182, edit. 1694.]—A venerable father of the church (St. Austin) censures her still more severely, concluding his strictures on her conduct with this dilemma : “ Ita hæc causa ex utroque latere coarctatur ; ut, si extenuatur homicidium, adulterium confirmetur ; si purgatur adulterium, homicidium cumulatur ; nec omnino invenitur exitus, ubi dicitur, si adulterata, cur laudata ? si pudica, cur occisa ? ”—On these words a writer of the last century [Renatus Laurentius de la Barre] formed the following Latin Epigram :

Si tibi forte fuit, Lucretia, gratus adulter,  
 Immerito ex meritâ præmia cæde petis :  
 Sin potius casto vis est allata pudori,  
 Quis furor est hostis crimine velle mori ?  
 Frustra igitur laudem captas, Lucretia ; namque  
 Vel furiosa ruis, vel scelerata cadis.

“ If Tarquin's guilt, Lucretia, pleas'd thy soul,  
 “ How could thy blood wash out a stain so foul ?  
 “ But if by downright force the joy he had,  
 “ To die on his account, must prove you mad :  
 “ Then be thy death no more the matron's pride ;  
 “ You liv'd a strumpet, or a fool you died.”

The ladies must determine the question.  
 I am indebted to a friend for perhaps the best defence that can be made for this celebrated suicide :

Heu ! misera, ante alias, Lucretia ! rumor iniquus  
 Me referet pactam me violâsse fidem ?  
 Criminis et socius fingetur servus ? Imago  
 Vincit, et horrendis cedo, tyranne, minis.

With this, they all at once began to say,  
Her body's stain her mind untainted clears ;  
While with a joyless smile she turns away

Te, pudor, heu violò ;—valeant jam gaudia vitæ !  
Carior et vitâ, care marite, vale !  
Ferrum at restituet læso sua jura pudori,  
Ad cælum et surget sanguine fama meo.

In these verses the author seems to have had in view the following lines in Young's seventh Satire :

“ Ambition, in the truly noble mind,  
“ With sister virtue is for ever join'd :  
“ As in fam'd LUCRECE, who, with equal dread,  
“ From guilt and shame by her last conduct fled :  
“ Her virtue long rebell'd in firm disdain,  
“ And the sword pointed at her heart in vain ;  
“ But when the slave was threaten'd to be laid  
“ Dead by her side, *her love of fame obey'd.*”

M. Antonius Casanova, a writer of the sixteenth century, has also defended the conduct of Lucretia in the following lines :

Dicite, cum melius cadere ante Lucretia posset,  
Cur potius voluit post scelus illa mori ?  
Crimine se absolvit manus, habitura coactæ  
Ultorem, et patriæ depositura jugum.  
Quam bene contempto sacrat sua pectora ferro,  
Dum pariter famæ consulit et patriæ !

Thus translated by Thomas Heywood, the dramattick poet :

“ Why Lucrece better might herselfe have slain,  
“ Before the Act, than after her black stain,  
“ Can any tell ? No crime did she commit,  
“ For of all guilt her hand did her acquit.  
“ Her ravisher she slew by that brave stroke,  
“ And from her countries neck tooke off the yoke ;  
“ From thine own hand thy death most willing came,  
“ To save thy country, and preserve thy fame.” MALONE.

Peradventure a certain lady of Basil, whose name those who have leisure or inclination to disport themselves in such researches, may hereafter discover, hath a better title to admiration than the loquacious wife of Tarquinius Collatinus. I have heretofore met with a pretty epigram, of good antiquity, in praise of the aforesaid lady, which, me seemeth, may afford no improper supplement to the remarks that the conduct of the celebrated Roman matron hath produced :

Passa torum, non passa virum, Lucretia nostri  
Ævi, postgenitis nobilis historia ;

The face, that map which deep impression bears  
Of hard misfortune, carv'd in it with tears.

No, no, quoth she, no dame, hereafter living,  
By my excuse shall claim excuse's giving<sup>1</sup>.

Here with a sigh, as if her heart would break,  
She throws forth Tarquin's name: *He, he*, she says,  
But more than *he* her poor tongue could not speak;  
Till after many accents and delays,  
Untimely breathings, sick and short assays,  
She utters this: He, he, fair lords, 'tis he,  
That guides this hand to give this wound to me.

Quæ virgo et matrona simul tria lustra peregi,  
Nupta innupta simul semiviri atque viri.  
Conjugium tacui; cujus languentia membra  
Non Venus aspexit, non ruber ille deus.  
Sed tacui, atque tuli: non hanc vicina querelam  
Audiit, aut frater, aut pater, aut genetrix.  
Heu male pro meritis tribuuntur præmia tantis;  
Alcestem exorians sol scit et occiduus,  
Solum me Basilea; sed est, me iudice, majus  
Semper ab igne uri, quam semel igne mori.

And this remindeth me of another unfortunate lady, whose ill  
hap gave birth to some pretty conceited verses:

Impubes nupsi valido, nunc firmior annis  
Exsucco et moli sum satiata viro.  
Ille fatigavit teneram, hic ætate virentem  
Intactam tota nocte jacere sinit.

Dum licuit, nolui; nunc, dum volo, non licet uti.

O Hymenî, aut annos aut mihi redde virum. AMNER.

<sup>1</sup> — no dame, hereafter living,

By my excuse shall claim excuse's giving.] “Ego me, etsi peccato absolvo, supplicio non libero; nec ulla deinde impudica exemplo Lucretiæ vivet.” *Liv.* lib. i. cap. 58.—No translation of the first book of Livy having appeared before the publication of this poem, this coincidence seemed to me extraordinary; but since the former edition I have observed that Painter's novel furnished our author with this sentiment. “As for my part, though I clear myself of the offence, my body shall feel the punishment, for no unchaste or ill woman shall hereafter impute no dishonest act to Lucrece.” *Palace of Pleasure*, 1567, vol. i. f. 7. MALONE.

Even here she sheathed in her harmless breast  
 A harmful knife, that thence her soul unsheath'd :  
 That blow did bail it from the deep unrest  
 Of that polluted prison where it breath'd :  
 Her contrite sighs unto the clouds bequeath'd  
     Her winged sprite, and through her wounds doth  
         fly  
 Life's lasting date from cancel'd destiny.

Stone-still, astonish'd with this deadly deed,  
 Stood Collatine and all his lordly crew ;  
 Till Lucrece' father that beholds her bleed,  
 Himself on her self-slaughter'd body threw ;  
 And from the purple fountain Brutus drew  
     The murderous knife, and as it left the place,  
     Her blood, in poor revenge, held it in chase ;

And bubbling from her breast, it doth divide  
 In two slow rivers, that the crimson blood  
 Circles her body in on every side,  
 Who like a late-sack'd island vastly stood <sup>2</sup>,  
 Bare and unpeopled, in this fearful flood.  
     Some of her blood still pure and red remain'd,  
     And some look'd black, and that false Tarquin  
         stain'd.

About the mourning and congealed face  
 Of that black blood, a watery rigol goes <sup>3</sup>,  
 Which seems to weep upon the tainted place :

<sup>2</sup> — VASTLY stood,] i. e. like a *waste*. *Vastum* is the law term for *waste ground*. Thus, in *The Winter's Tale* : “ — shook hands as over a *vast*.” Again, in *Pericles* :

“ Thou God of this great *vast*, rebuke the surges.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — a watery RIGOL goes,] A *rigol* is a *circle*. MALONE.  
 So, in *King Henry IV. Part II.* :

“ — a sleep

“ That from this golden *rigol* hath divorc'd

“ So many English kings.” STEEVENS.

And ever since, as pitying Lucrece' woes,  
 Corrupted blood some watery token shows ;  
 And blood untainted still doth red abide,  
 Blushing at that which is so putrify'd.

Daughter, dear daughter, old Lucretius cries,  
 That life was mine, which thou hast here depriv'd.  
 If in the child the father's image lies,  
 Where shall I live, now Lucrece is unliv'd<sup>4</sup> ?  
 Thou wast not to this end from me deriv'd.  
 If children pre-decease progenitors<sup>5</sup>,  
 We are their offspring, and they none of ours.

Poor broken glass, I often did behold  
 In thy sweet semblance my old age new-born ;  
 But now that fair fresh mirror, dim and old<sup>6</sup>,

<sup>4</sup> If in the child the father's IMAGE LIES,  
 Where shall I LIVE, now Lucrece is UNLIV'D?] So, in King  
 Richard III. :

“And *liv'd* by looking on his *images*.” MALONE.

“— unliv'd?” The quaintness of this word has only been  
 equalled by another of the same kind in Chrononhotonthologos :

“Himself he unfatigues with pleasing slumbers.”

STEEVENS.

I do not perceive any peculiar uncouthness in this expression.  
 What is *unliv'd* but *liveless* (for so the word *lifeless* was frequently  
 written in our author's time)? Thus, in The Comedy of Errors :

“But to procrastinate his *liveless* end.”

The privative *un* may be joined to almost any English partici-  
 ple. When indeed it is annexed to a word that is itself of a privi-  
 vative nature, (as *fatigue*,) the word so formed may justly be ob-  
 jected to. But *unliv'd* does not appear to me more exceptionable  
 than *unhoused*, *unpaved*, and twenty more.

In Macbeth we meet with *unrough* :

“— many *unrough* youths, that even now

“Protest their first of manhood.”

And in King Richard II. we have *undeaf* :

“My death's sad tale may yet *undeaf* his ear.” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> If children pre-decease progenitors,] So, in Romeo and  
 Juliet :

“— oh, thou untaught !

“To press before thy father to a grave !” STEEVENS.



Shows me a bare-bon'd death by time out-worn<sup>7</sup> ;  
 O, from thy cheeks my image thou hast torn<sup>8</sup> !  
 And shiver'd all the beauty of my glass,  
 That I no more can see what once I was.

<sup>6</sup> But now that fair fresh mirror, dim and *old*,] Thus the quarto. The modern editions have—dim and *cold*, which I once thought might have been the true reading. This indeed is not a very proper epithet, because all mirrors are cold. But the poet, I conceived, might have thought that its being descriptive of Lucretia's state was sufficient. On a more mature consideration, however, I am of opinion that the old copy is right. As *dim* is opposed to *fair*, so *old* is to *fresh*. MALONE.

*Old*, I believe, is the true reading. Though *glass* may not prove subject to decay, the quicksilver behind it will perish, through *age*, and it then exhibits a faithless reflection. A *steel-glass*, however, would certainly grow *dim* in proportion as it grows *old*. STEEVENS

7 POOR BROKEN GLASS, I often did behold  
 In thy sweet SEMBLANCE my old age new-born :  
 But now that fair fresh MIRROR, dim and old,  
 Shows me a bare-bon'd DEATH by time out-worn ;] So, in King Richard III. :

“ I have bewept a worthy husband's death,  
 “ And liv'd by looking on his images ;  
 “ But now two *mirrors* of his princely *semblance*  
 “ Are *crack'd in pieces* by malignant *death* ;  
 “ And I for comfort have but one false *glass*,  
 “ That grieves me when I see my shame in him.”

Again, in our author's third Sonnet :

“ Thou art thy mother's *glass*,” &c. MALONE.

Compare this stanza with the speech of King Richard II. when he commands a mirror to be brought, and afterwards dashes it on the ground. STEEVENS.

“ Shows me a *bare-bon'd death*—.” So, in King John :

“ — and on his forehead sits

“ A *bare ribb'd death*—.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> O, from *thy* cheeks my image thou hast torn !] Thus the quarto. The edition of 1600, and all subsequent to it, have :

“ O, from *my* cheeks my image thou hast torn ! ”

But the father's image was in his daughter's countenance, which she had now disfigured. The old copy is therefore certainly right.

MALONE.

O time, cease thou thy course, and last no longer<sup>9</sup>,  
 If they surcease to be, that should survive.  
 Shall rotten death make conquest of the stronger,  
 And leave the faltering feeble souls alive?  
 The old bees die, the young possess their hive:  
     Then live sweet Lucrece, live again, and see  
     Thy father die, and not thy father thee!

By this starts Collatine as from a dream,  
 And bids Lucretius give his sorrow place<sup>1</sup>;  
 And then in key-cold Lucrece' bleeding stream<sup>2</sup>  
 He falls, and bathes the pale fear in his face<sup>3</sup>,  
 And counterfeits to die with her a space;  
     Till manly shame bids him possess his breath,  
     And live to be revenged on her death.

The deep vexation of his inward soul  
 Hath serv'd a dumb arrest upon his tongue;  
 Who mad that sorrow should his use control,  
 Or keep him from heart-easing words so long,  
 Begins to talk; but through his lips do throng  
     Weak words, so thick come, in his poor heart's  
     aid,  
 That no man could distinguish what he said.

<sup>9</sup> O time, cease thou thy course, and LAST no longer,] Thus the quarto. The octavo 1616 reads:

“ ——— *haste* no longer ———.”

which has been followed by all the modern editions. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> And bids Lucretius GIVE HIS SORROW PLACE;] So, Queen Margaret, in King Richard III.:

“ And let my griefs frown on the upper hand.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> And then in KEY-COLD Lucrece' bleeding stream—] This epithet is frequently used by our author and his contemporaries. So, in King Richard III.:

“ Poor *key-cold* figure of a holy king.” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — the PALE FEAR in his face,] So, in King Richard II.:

“ And with *pale* beggar-*fear* impeach my height.”

MALONE.

Yet sometime Tarquin was pronounced plain,  
 But through his teeth, as if the name he tore.  
 This windy tempest, till it blow up rain,  
 Held back his sorrow's tide, to make it more ;  
 At last it rains, and busy winds give o'er<sup>3</sup> :  
 Then son and father weep with equal strife,  
 Who should weep most for daughter or for wife.

The one doth call her his, the other his,  
 Yet neither may possess the claim they lay.  
 The father says, she's mine : O, mine she is,  
 Replies her husband : Do not take away  
 My sorrow's interest ; let no mourner say  
 He weeps for her, for she was only mine,  
 And only must be wail'd by Collatine.

O, quoth Lucretius, I did give that life,  
 Which she too early and too late hath spill'd<sup>4</sup>.  
 Woe, woe, quoth Collatine, she was my wife,

<sup>3</sup> At last it RAINS, and busy WINDS GIVE O'ER:] So, in Macbeth :

"That *tears* shall drown the wind." STEEVENS.

Again, in Troilus and Cressida :

"Where are my tears?—rain, rain, to lay this wind."

Again, in King Henry VI. Part III. :

"Would'st have me weep? why now thou hast thy will :

"For raging *wind* blows up incessant *showers*,

"And where the rage allays, the *rain* begins."

Again, in King John :

"But this effusion of such manly drops,

"This *shower*, blown up by tempest of the soul—."

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> O, quoth Lucretius, I did GIVE THAT LIFE,

Which SHE TOO EARLY and TOO LATE hath spill'd.] The same conceit occurs in the third part of King Henry VI. :

"O boy, thy father gave thee life too soon,

"And hath bereft thee of thy life too late!" STEEVENS.

"Which she too early and too late hath spill'd." Too late here means too recently. So, in King Richard III. :

"Too late he died, that might have kept that title,

"Which by his death hath lost much majesty." MALONE.

I ow'd her, and 'tis mine that she hath kill'd,  
*My daughter* and *my wife* with clamours fill'd  
 The dispers'd air, who holding Lucrece' life,  
 Answer'd their cries, *my daughter* and *my wife*.

Brutus, who pluck'd the knife from Lucrece' side,  
 Seeing such emulation in their woe,  
 Began to clothe his wit in state and pride,  
 Burying in Lucrece' wound his folly's show.  
 He with the Romans was esteemed so  
 As silly-jeering ideots are with kings,  
 For sportive words, and uttering foolish things:

But now he throws that shallow habit by,  
 Wherein deep policy did him disguise;  
 And arm'd his long-hid wits advisedly,  
 To check the tears in Collatinus' eyes.  
 Thou wronged lord of Rome, quoth he, arise;  
 Let my unsounded self, suppos'd a fool,  
 Now set thy long-experienc'd wit to school.

Why, Collatine, is woe the cure for woe<sup>4</sup>?  
 Do wounds help wounds, or grief help grievous  
 deeds?

Is it revenge to give thyself a blow,  
 For his foul act by whom thy fair wife bleeds?  
 Such childish humour from weak minds proceeds;  
 Thy wretched wife mistook the matter so,  
 To slay herself, that should have slain her foe.

Courageous Roman, do not steep thy heart  
 In such relenting dew of lamentations;  
 But kneel with me, and help to bear thy part,

<sup>4</sup> Why, Collatine, is woe the cure for woe?] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“Peace, ho, for shame! *confusion's cure lives not*

“In these confusions.” MALONE.

To rouse our Roman gods with invocations,  
 That they will suffer these abominations <sup>5</sup>,  
 Since Rome herself in them doth stand disgrac'd,  
 By our strong arms from forth her fair streets  
 chas'd.

Now by the Capitol that we adore,  
 And by this chaste blood so unjustly stain'd,  
 By heaven's fair sun, that breeds the fat earth's  
 store,  
 By all our country rights in Rome maintain'd,  
 And by chaste Lucrece' soul, that late complain'd  
 Her wrongs to us <sup>6</sup>, and by this bloody knife,  
 We will revenge the death of this true wife.

This said, he struck his hand upon his breast,  
 And kiss'd the fatal knife, to end his vow ;  
 And to his protestation urg'd the rest,  
 Who wondering at him, did his words allow <sup>7</sup> :  
 Then jointly to the ground their knees they bow ;  
 And that deep vow which Brutus made before,  
 He doth again repeat, and that they swore.

When they had sworn to this advised doom,  
 They did conclude to bear dead Lucrece thence ;  
 To show her bleeding body thorough Rome,

<sup>5</sup> That they will suffer these abominations, &c.] The construction is—that they will suffer these abominations *to be* chased, &c. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> And by chaste Lucrece' soul, that late COMPLAIN'D Her wrongs to us —] To *complain* was anciently used in an active sense, without an article subjoined to it. So, in Fairfax's translation of Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*, 1600 :

“Pale death our valiant leader hath oppress'd ;  
 “Come, wreak his loss, *whom* bootless ye *complain*.”

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> Who wondering at him, did his words ALLOW :] Did *approve* of what he said. So, in *King Lear* :

“— if your sweet sway  
 “Allow obedience—.” MALONE.

And so to publish Tarquin's foul offence :  
 Which being done with speedy diligence,  
 The Romans plausibly<sup>8</sup> did give consent  
 To Tarquin's everlasting banishment<sup>9</sup>.

<sup>8</sup> The Romans PLAUSIBLY —] That is, *with acclamations*. To express the same meaning, we should now say, *plausively* : but the other was the phraseology of Shakspeare's age. So, in Stowe's Chronicle, p. 1426, edit. 1605 : " This change was very *plausible* or well pleasing to the nobility and gentry."

Bullokar in his English Expositor, 8vo. 1616, interprets *plausible* thus : " That which greatly pleaseth, or *rejoiceth*."

MALONE.

*Plausibly* may mean, *with expressions of applause*. *Plausibilis*, Lat. Thus, in the Argument prefixed to this poem : " — wherewith the people were so moved, that with one consent, and a general *acclamation*, the Tarquins were all exiled."

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> To Tarquin's everlasting banishment.] In examining this and the preceding poem, we should do Shakspeare injustice, were we to try them by a comparison with more modern and polished productions, or with our present idea of poetical excellence.

It has been observed, that few authors rise much above the age in which they live. If their performances reach the standard of perfection established in their own time, or surpass somewhat the productions of their contemporaries, they seldom aim further ; for if their readers are satisfied, it is not probable that they should be discontented. The poems of Venus and Adonis, and The Rape of Lucrece, whatever opinion may be now entertained of them, were certainly much admired in Shakspeare's life-time. In thirteen years after their first appearance, six impressions of each of them were printed, while in nearly the same period his Romeo and Juliet (one of his most popular plays) passed only twice through the press. They appear to me superior to any pieces of the same kind produced by Daniel or Drayton, the most celebrated writers in this species of narrative poetry that were then known. The applause bestowed on the Rosamond of the former author, which was published in 1592, gave birth, I imagine, to the present poem. The stanza is the same in both.

No compositions were in that age oftener quoted, or more honourably mentioned, than these two of Shakspeare. In the preliminary and concluding notes on Venus and Adonis, various proofs of the truth of this assertion may be found. Among others, Drayton, in the first edition of his Matilda, has pronounced the following eulogium on the preceding poem :

"Lucrece, of whom proud Rome hath boasted long,  
 "Lately reviv'd to live another age,  
 "And here arriv'd, to tell of Tarquin's wrong,  
 "Her chaste denial, and the tyrant's rage,  
 "Acting her passions on our stately stage,  
 "She is remember'd, all forgetting me,  
 "Yet I as fair and chaste as ere was she."

Matilda, the Fair and Chaste Daughter of Lord Robert Fitzwater. By Michael Drayton, 4to. 1594.—If the reader should look for these lines in any edition of Matilda after the second in 1596, in octavo, he will be disappointed. It is observable that Daniel and Drayton made many alterations in their poems at every re-impression.

From Drayton's having omitted this eulogy on Shakspeare in the subsequent editions, there is reason to believe, that however friendly they might have been in 1596, at a subsequent period some coolness subsisted between them. In Drayton's works he has, I think, mentioned Shakspeare but once, and been rather niggard in his praise.

In The Times displayed in Six Sestiads, 4to. 1646, dedicated by S. Shepherd to Philip Earl of Pembroke, p. 22, sestiad vi. stanza 9, the author thus speaks of our poet :

"See him, whose tragick scenes Euripides  
 "Doth equal, and with Sophocles we may  
 "Compare great Shakspeare ; Aristophanes  
 "Never like him his fancy could display :  
 "Witness the Prince of Tyre, his Pericles ;  
 "His sweet and his to-be-admired lay  
 "He wrote of lustful Tarquin's rape, shews he  
 "Did understand the depth of poesie."

If it should be asked, how comes it to pass that Shakspeare in his dramatiſtick productions also, did not content himself with only doing as well as those play-wrights who had gone before him, or somewhat surpassing them ; how it happened, that whilst his contemporaries on the stage crept in the most grovelling and contemptible prose, or stalked in ridiculous and bombastick blank verse, he has penetrated the inmost recesses of the human mind, and, not content with ranging through the wide field of nature, has with equal boldness and felicity often expatiated *extra flammantia mœnia mundi*, the answer, I believe, must be, that his disposition was more inclined to the drama than to the other kinds of poetry ; that his genius for the one appears to have been almost a gift from heaven, his abilities for the other, of a less splendid and transcendent kind, and approaching nearer to those of other mortals.

Of these two poems Venus and Adonis appears to me entitled to superior praise. Their great defect is, the wearisome circumlocution with which the tale in each of them is told, particularly in

that before us. When the reader thinks himself almost at his journey's end, he is led through many an intricate path, and after travelling for some hours, finds his inn at a distance: nor are his wanderings always repaid, or his labour alleviated, by the fertility of the country through which he passes; by grotesqueness of scenery or variety of prospect.

Let us, however, never forget the state of poetry when these pieces appeared; and after perusing the productions of the contemporary and preceding writers, Shakspeare will have little to fear from the unprejudiced decision of his judges. In the foregoing notes we have seen almost every stanza of these poems fraught with images and expressions that occur also in his plays. To the liquid lapse of his numbers, in his *Venus and Adonis*, his *Lucrece*, his *Sonnets*, his *Lovers Complaint*, and in all the *songs* which are introduced in his dramas, I wish particularly to call the attention of the reader. In this respect he leaves all his contemporaries very far behind him.—Even the length of his two principal poems will be pardoned, when the practice of his age is adverted to. Like some advocates at the Bar, our elder poets seem to have thought it impossible to say too much on any subject. On the story of *Rosamond*, Daniel has written above nine hundred lines. Drayton's *Legend of Rollo Duke of Normandy* contains nine hundred and forty-five lines; his *Matilda* six hundred and seventy two; and his *Legend of Pierce Gaveston* seven hundred and two. On the story of *Romeo and Juliet*, Arthur Brooke has left a poem of above *four thousand* lines; and that of *Troilus and Cressida*, Chaucer has expanded into no less than *eight thousand* verses. MALONE.

I cannot by any means coincide with Mr. Malone in giving the preference to *Venus and Adonis*, which appears to me decidedly inferior to the *Rape of Lucrece*, in which we find not only that liquid lapse of numbers which Mr. Malone has pointed out, but upon some occasions an energy both of expression and sentiment which we shall not easily find surpassed by any poet of any age. It may be added, that he has in this poem been much happier in the choice of his subject, not only as affording greater variety, but in a moral point of view. We have here nothing that the 'wiser sort,' whom Gabriel Harvey speaks of, had any cause to reprehend; but even in early times it was thought that there was some hazard when the "younger took delight" in the other. In the Latin comedy, *Cornelianum Dolium*, 1638, supposed to be written by Thomas Randolph, Cornelius is displeas'd at finding it in the possession of his daughter:

*Venerem etiam et Adonidem petulantem satis librum  
In sinu portat, eoque multo peritior evasit  
Quam probæ necesse est.* BOSWELL.



**SONNETS.**



## PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

---

DR. FARMER supposed that many of these Sonnets were addressed to our author's nephew Mr. William Harte. But by a reference to the Stratford Register, in vol. ii. it will be seen that William Harte was not born till 1600, the year in which these poems were first printed.

Mr. Tyrwhitt has pointed out to me a line in the twentieth Sonnet, which inclines me to think that the initials W. H. in the Dedication, stand for W. Hughes. Speaking of this person, the poet says he is—

“A man in *hew* all *Hews* in his controlling—,”

so the line is exhibited in the old copy. The name *Hughes* was formerly written *Hews*. When it is considered that one of these Sonnets is formed entirely on a play on our author's Christian name, this conjecture will not appear improbable.—To this person, whoever he was, one hundred and twenty six of the following poems are addressed; the remaining twenty-eight are addressed to a lady.

Shakspeare's Sonnets were entered on the Stationers' books by Thomas Thorpe, on the 20th of May, 1609, and printed in quarto in the same year. They were, however, written many years before, being mentioned by Meres in his *Wit's Treasury*, 1598: “As the soul of Euphorbus (says he) was thought to live in Pythagoras, so the sweet witty soul of Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakspeare. Witness his *Venus and Adonis*, his *Lucrece*, his sugred Sonnets among his private friends,” &c.

The general style of these poems, and the numerous passages in them which remind us of our author's plays, leave not the smallest doubt of their authenticity.

In these compositions, Daniel's Sonnets, which were published in 1592, appear to me to have been the model that Shakspeare followed.

An edition of Shakspeare's Sonnets was published in 1604, in small octavo, which, though of no authority or value, was followed by Dr. Sewell, and other modern editors. The order of the original copy was not adhered to, and according to the fashion of that time, fantastick titles were prefixed to different portions of these poems: *The glory of beauty*; *The force of love*; *True admiration*, &c. Heywood's translations from Ovid, which had been originally blended with Shakspeare's poems in 1612, were likewise reprinted in the same volume. MALONE.

There are few topicks connected with Shakspeare upon which the ingenuity and research of his criticks have been more fruitlessly exercised, than upon the questions which have arisen with regard to the poems before us, the individual to whom they were principally addressed, and the circumstances under which they were written. Dr. Farmer's conjecture, we find, has been decisively overthrown by the Stratford Register; and Mr. Tyrwhitt's, even if we should admit it to be well-founded, would furnish us with no very satisfactory information. We shall have made but a slight advancement in knowledge by barely having ascertained that some person of the name of Hughes, but of whose character and history we are wholly ignorant, was the object of the poet's encomiums. But, in truth, the circumstance pointed out by Mr. Malone, as adding support to this notion, is of no great weight. The original printer of the Sonnets appears to have been rather capricious in the employment of his types; and several other words, where no quibble could have been intended, such as *intrim*, (i. e. interim,) *alien*, *audit*, *quietus*, *hereticke*, are printed in the same manner as *Hews*, that is, with a capital letter, and in the Italick type. Mr. Chalmers some years ago made a singular attempt to unravel this question, and contrived to persuade himself that the "lovely boy," whom Shakspeare addressed, was no less a person than our *maiden queen* Elizabeth. As I cannot permit myself to doubt that Mr. Chalmers (if he ever was serious) must now himself look back to the recollection of this whimsical fancy with a smile, I shall dismiss it without further observation. Another hypothesis has lately been started by Dr. Drake, the probability of which some of his readers, as I have been told, have considered as established; but I fear, like the other conjectures which have been hazarded before, it will not bear the test of examination. For a detailed statement of his opinion, and of the arguments which he has adduced in its favour, the reader must be referred to Dr. Drake's own work on "Shakspeare and his Times;" but in substance, he contends that the greater part of the Sonnets were addressed to the poet's early patron, Lord Southampton, and that the first seventeen in the collection were written with a view of remonstrating against a premature vow of celibacy, which that nobleman *might* have made, in consequence of his union with Elizabeth Vernon being forbidden by a mandate from the Queen. Dr. Drake, it must be observed, at the very outset of his argument, is obliged to rest upon a merely gratuitous assumption. We have no evidence, nor, I think, any probable ground, for supposing that the Earl had ever formed such a resolution as is here ascribed to him; and his subsequent marriage to the object of his attachment, notwithstanding he incurred by that step the resentment of his Sovereign, would lead us to a directly opposite conclusion. If we look to the poems themselves, they will afford no colour for such an interpretation. They have no reference to such a supposed case, nor allude in the

slightest manner to wounded feelings, or disappointed hopes; but contain only general exhortations in favour of marriage, such as are addressed to Silvio in Guarini's Pastor Fido; and would suggest to us any idea sooner than that of a person who was anxious to marry, and only deterred from doing so by the tyrannical injunctions of power.

In the reign of Elizabeth the distinctions of rank in all their gradations were so scrupulously maintained, that it is difficult to believe that Shakspeare, in a comparatively humble situation of life, would have presumed to employ terms of such familiarity, and even, in one instance, of such grossness, when writing to a distinguished nobleman, his patron, or would have ventured to remonstrate with him on a topick which an equal would scarcely have found himself at liberty to touch upon. But if we were even to allow that the singular condescension of Lord Southampton would have permitted such language to be used; and would not have been offended with the person who interfered in a matter of such painful delicacy; yet the sort of praise which is to be found in these Sonnets was little calculated to conciliate his favour. The reiterated encomiums on his beauty, and the fondling expressions which perpetually occur, would have been better suited to a "cocker'd silken wanton" than to one of the most gallant noblemen that adorned the chivalrous age in which he lived.

But whoever the person might be to whom the greater part of these Sonnets was addressed, it seems to have been generally admitted that the poet speaks in his own person; and some of his criticks have attempted, by inferences drawn from them, to eke out the scanty memorials, which have come down to us, of the incidents of his life. I confess myself to be as sceptical on this point as on the other. Mr. Malone, in a note on the 111th Sonnet, has observed, that "the author seems to lament his being reduced to the necessity of appearing on the stage, or writing for the theatre." The passage alluded to is as follows:

"O! for my sake, do you with fortune chide,

"The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,

"That did not better for my life provide,

"*Than publick means, which publick manners breeds.*"

But is there any thing in these words which, read without a preconceived hypothesis, would particularly apply to the publick profession of a player or writer for the stage? The troubles and dangers which attend upon publick life in general, and the happiness and virtue of retirement, are among the tritest common places of poetry. Nor was such querulous language likely to have proceeded from Shakspeare. Ben Jonson, who was frequently obliged to exhibit before audiences who were incapable of appreciating the depth of his knowledge, the accuracy of his judgment, or the dignity of his moral, might at one time be desirous of quitting

“ the loathed stage,” or Massinger might have murmured at a calling which scarcely procured him a subsistence; but our poet appears, from the commencement to the close of his dramattick career, to have met with uninterrupted success, and would scarcely indulge in such bitter complaints against a profession which was rapidly conducting him to fortune as well as to fame. The mention of his harmful deeds, and the still stronger expressions which occur in this and the following Sonnet, will be afterwards considered. If Shakspeare was speaking of himself in this passage, it would follow that he is equally pointed at upon other occasions. We must then suppose him to have written them when he was *old*; for such is the language of many of these poems. Yet, if they were composed before Meres’s publication, he could not have been at a more advanced age than thirty-four; and even if we were to adopt the theory of Dr. Drake, and suppose that most of them were produced at a subsequent period, and fix upon the latest possible year, 1609; yet still the description of decrepitude, which is found in the 73d Sonnet, could scarcely, without violent exaggeration, be applicable to a man of forty-five. But he must not only have been old, he must also have been grossly and notoriously profligate. To say nothing of the criminal connection, (for criminal in a high degree it would certainly have been in a married man,) which is frequently alluded to in those Sonnets which are said to be addressed by him in his own character to a female; we find him, in a passage already quoted, speaking in terms of shame and remorse of his “ harmful deeds,” of something from which his “ name had received a brand;” and of “ the impression which vulgar scandal had stamped upon his brow.” I trust it will not require much argument to show that this picture could not be put for gentle Shakspeare. We may lament that we know so little of his history; but this, at least, may be asserted with confidence, that at no time was the slightest imputation cast upon his moral character; and that, in an age abounding, as Mr. Steevens has observed, with illiberal private abuse and peevish satire, the concurring testimony of his contemporaries will confirm the declaration of honest Chettle, that “ his demeanour was no less civil, than he excellent in the quality he professed.”

Upon the whole, I am satisfied that these compositions had neither the poet himself nor any individual in view; but were merely the effusions of his fancy, written upon various topicks for the amusement of a private circle, as indeed the words of Meres point out: “ Witness—his sugred Sonnets among his private friends.” The Sonnet was at that time a popular species of poetry, and was a favourite mode of expressing either the writer’s own sentiments, or of embellishing a work of fiction. The novels of Lodge and Greene, and their contemporaries, are full of them; and something, which in the lax language of that day may be

classed under the same title, is even to be found in the early dramatic productions of our author. See particularly the *Comedy of Errors*, vol. iv. p. 199. Any short composition in verse, indeed, seems to have gone under that name. In Turberville's *Songs and Sonnets* there is not one that can properly be so called; and the same may be said of many other publications of that time. It has been observed, indeed, as a proof of these poems having some man of high rank as their object, that Shakspeare, upon several occasions, has declared that one person alone is the object of his praise, and that the language which he employs could only be applicable to a peculiarly dignified individual; but such, I apprehend, is the constant strain of amatory or encomiastick poetry.

In the selection of his topicks, Shakspeare has been exposed to no small censure; but Mr. Malone, in a note on the thirty-second Sonnet, has fully vindicated him by the practice of his times, and it would be easy to multiply examples of those who, like him, have adopted language, when addressing a male object, which the more correct taste of the present day would consider as appropriate only to the other sex. The origin of this singular mode of writing may be traced to a fondness for classical imitation. The second eclogue of Virgil appears to have been particularly admired, and was translated into English hexameters, both by Webbe and by Abraham Fraunce, the friend of Spenser. Care, however, was taken to rescue Virgil's allegory, for so it was deemed, from any unbecoming interpretation. The poet, as we are told by Webbe in the argument prefixed to his version, "blameth the youth for the unsteadfastness of his witt and wandering appetite, in refusing the freendly counsaile which he used to give him." There were, indeed, "some curious heades" who objected to this style of composition, and who thought, not without reason, that moral instruction might be conveyed in a less questionable garb; and some were so rigid in their notions on this subject that even the "unspotted bays" of Spenser did not wholly escape from animadversion. Webbe, in his *Discourse of English Poetrie*, has thus defended his fourth eclogue (by a slip of his memory, or the printer's mistake, it has erroneously been called the sixth,) from these censures, and has at the same time taken an opportunity to assert the prerogative of poets: "One only thing therein haue I hearde some vnsauery loue, such as in the sixt [fourth] Eglogue he scéemeth to deale withall, (which say they) is skant allowable to English eares, and might well haue béene left for the Italian defenders of loathsome beastlines, of whom perhappes he learned it; to thys obiection I haue often aunswered and (I thinke truely) that theyr nyce opinion ouershooteth the Poets meaning, who though hee in that as in other thinges, immitateth the auncient Poets, yet doth not meane, no more did they before hym, any disordered loue, or the filthy lust of the deuillish Pederastice takē

in the worse sence, but rather to shewe howe the dissolute life of young men intangled in loue of women, doo neglect the fréndshyp and league with their olde freendes and familiers. Why (say they) yet he shold gyue no occasion of suspition, nor offer to the viewe of Christians, any token of such filthinesse, howe good soeuer hys meaning were: wherevnto I oppose the simple conceyte they haue of matters which concerne learning or wytt, wyllyng them to gyue Poets leaue to vse theyr vayne as they see good: it is their foolysh construction, not hys wryting that is blameable. Wée must prescrybe to no wryters, (much lesse to Poets) in what sorte they should vtter theyr conceyts. But thys wyll be better discussed by some I hope of better abillity."

The poetical merits of Shakspeare's Sonnets are now, I believe, almost universally acknowledged, notwithstanding the contemptuous manner in which they have been mentioned by Mr. Steevens: the contest between that gentleman and Mr. Malone on this subject will be found at their close. Whatever may be the reader's decision, he has here an opportunity which Mr. Steevens would have wished to withhold from him, of judging for himself.

BOSWELL.



TO THE ONLY BEGETTER<sup>1</sup>  
OF THESE ENSUING SONNETS,  
MR. W. H.  
ALL HAPPINESS,  
AND THAT ETERNITY PROMISED  
BY OUR EVER-LIVING POET,  
WISHETH THE  
WELL-WISHING ADVENTURER  
IN SETTING FORTH, T. T.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> To the only BEGETTER—] The *begetter* is merely the person who *gets* or *procures* a thing, with the common prefix *be* added to it. So, in Decker's *Satiromastix*: "I have some cousin-germans at court shall *beget* you the reversion of the master of the king's revels." W. H. was probably one of the friends to whom Shakespeare's sugred sonnets, as they are termed by Meres, had been communicated, and who furnished the printer with his copy.

BOSWELL.

<sup>2</sup> T. T.] i. e. Thomas Thorpe. See the extract from the Stationers' books. MALONE.



## SONNETS.

---

### I.

FROM fairest creatures we desire increase<sup>3</sup>,  
That thereby beauty's rose might never die,  
But as the riper should by time decease,  
His tender heir might bear his memory :  
But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes,  
Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel,  
Making a famine where abundance lies,  
Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel,  
Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament,  
And only herald to the gaudy spring,  
Within thine own bud buriest thy content,  
And, tender churl, mak'st waste in niggarding<sup>4</sup>.

<sup>3</sup> From fairest creatures we desire increase, &c.] See Venus and Adonis :

“ Upon the earth's increase why should'st thou feed,

“ Unless the earth with thy increase be fed,

“ By lay of nature thou art bound to breed,

“ That thine may live when thou thyself art dead ;

“ And so in spite of death thou dost survive,

“ In that thy likeness still is left alive.” BOSWELL.

If the first nineteen Sonnets be attentively examined, they will be found only to expand the argument of that stanza. I have been tempted frequently to consider those, and many more of the collection, as parts of a design to treat the subject of Adonis in the sonnet form ; relinquished by the poet for the present more manageable stanza. BOADEN.

<sup>4</sup> And, tender churl, MAK'ST WASTE IN NIGGARDING.] So, in Romeo and Juliet :

“ Then she hath sworn that she will still live chaste ?

“ *Rom.* She hath : and in that *sparing makes huge waste.*” C.

Pity the world, or else this glutton be,  
To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee<sup>5</sup>.

## II.

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,  
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,

<sup>5</sup> — this glutton be,

To eat the world's due, BY THE grave and thee.] The ancient editors of Shakspeare's works, deserve at least the praise of impartiality. If they have occasionally corrupted his noblest sentiments, they have likewise depraved his most miserable conceits; as, perhaps, in this instance. I read (piteous constraint, to read such stuff at all!)

“—— this glutton be;

“To eat the world's due, *be thy* grave and thee.”

i. e. be at once thyself, and thy grave. The letters that form the two words were probably transposed. I did not think the late Mr. Rich had such example for the contrivance of making Harlequin jump down his own throat. STEEVENS.

I do not believe there is any corruption in the text. Mankind being daily thinned by the grave, the world could not subsist if the places of those who are taken off by death were not filled up by the birth of children. Hence Shakspeare considers the propagation of the species as *the world's due*, as a right to which it is entitled, and which it may demand from every individual. The sentiment in the lines before us, it must be owned, is quaintly expressed; but the obscurity arises chiefly, I think, from the awkward collocation of the words for the sake of the rhyme. The meaning seems to me to be this.—‘*Pity the world*, which is daily depopulated by the grave, and beget children, in order to supply the loss; or, if you do not fulfil this duty, acknowledge, that as a glutton swallows and consumes more than is sufficient for his own support, so you (who by the course of nature must die, and by your own remissness are likely to die childless) thus “living and dying in single blessedness,” consume and destroy *the world's due*; to the desolation of which you will doubly contribute; 1. by thy death; 2. by thy dying childless.’

Our author's plays, as well as the poems now before us, afford a sufficient number of conceits, it is rather hard that he should be answerable for such as can only be obtained through the medium of alteration; that he should be ridiculed not only for what he has, *but* for what he has *not* written. MALONE.

Thy youth's proud livery, so gaz'd on now,  
 Will be a tatter'd weed<sup>6</sup>, of small worth held :  
 Then, being ask'd where all thy beauty lies,  
 Where all the treasure of thy lusty days ;  
 To say, within thine own deep-sunken eyes,  
 Were an all-eating shame, and thriftless praise.  
 How much more praise deserv'd thy beauty's use,  
 If thou could'st answer—" *This fair child of mine  
 Shall sum my count, and make my old excuse,—*"  
 Proving his beauty by succession thine.

This were to be new made, when thou art old,  
 And see thy blood warm, when thou feel'st it  
 cold.

## III.

Look in thy glass, and tell the face thou viewest,  
 Now is the time that face should form another ;  
 Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest,  
 Thou dost beguile the world, unbless some mother.  
 For where is she so fair, whose un-ear'd womb  
 Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry<sup>7</sup> ?  
 Or who is he so fond, will be the tomb  
 Of his self-love, to stop posterity<sup>8</sup> ?

<sup>6</sup> — a tatter'd WEED,—] A torn garment. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — whose UN-EAR'D WOMB

DISDAINS THE tillage OF THY husbandry?] Thus, in Measure for Measure :

" ——— her plenteous womb

" Expresseth his full *tillth* and *husbandry*." STEEVENS.

Un-ear'd is *unploughed*. See p. 7, n. 1. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> Or who is he so FOND, will be the tomb

Of his self-love, TO STOP POSTERITY?] So, in Romeo and Juliet :

" ——— beauty, starv'd with her severity,

" *Cuts beauty off from all posterity*."

Again, in Venus and Adonis :

" What is thy body but a swallowing grave,

" Seeming to *bury* that *posterity*

" Which by the rights of time thou needs must have,

" If thou destroy them not in their obscurity ?"

Fond, in old language, is *foolish*. MALONE.

Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee<sup>9</sup>  
 Calls back the lovely April of her prime<sup>1</sup>:  
 So thou through windows of thine age shalt see,  
 Despite of wrinkles, this thy golden time<sup>2</sup>.

But if thou live, remember'd not to be,  
 Die single, and thine image dies with thee.

## IV.

Unthrifty loveliness, why dost thou spend  
 Upon thyself thy beauty's legacy?  
 Nature's bequest gives nothing, but doth lend;  
 And being frank, she lends to those are free<sup>3</sup>.  
 Then, beauteous niggard, why dost thou abuse  
 The bounteous largess given thee to give?

<sup>9</sup> Thou art thy mother's GLASS, &c.] So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

“ Poor broken *glass*, I often did behold  
 “ *In thy sweet semblance my old age new-born.*”

MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> Calls back the lovely APRIL of her prime:] So, in *Timon of Athens*:

“ She whom the spital house and ulcerous sores  
 “ Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices  
 “ To the *April* day again.” MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> So thou through WINDOWS of thine AGE shalt see,  
 Despite of wrinkles, this thy golden time.] Thus, in our  
 author's *Lover's Complaint*:

“ Time had not scythed all that youth begun,  
 “ Nor youth all quit; but, spite of heaven's fell rage,  
 “ Some beauty peep'd through *lattice* of sear'd *age.*”

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> NATURE's bequest gives nothing, but doth lend;  
 And being frank, she lends to those are free, &c.] So,  
 Milton, in his *Masque at Ludlow Castle*:

“ Why should you be so cruel to yourself,  
 “ And to those dainty limbs which *nature lent*  
 “ For gentle usage, and soft delicacy?  
 “ But you invert the covenants of her trust,  
 “ And harshly deal, like an ill borrower,  
 “ With that which you receiv'd on other terms.”

STEEVENS.

Profitless usurer, why dost thou use  
 So great a sum of sums, yet canst not live ?  
 For having traffick with thyself alone,  
 Thou of thyself thy sweet self dost deceive.  
 Then how, when nature calls thee to be gone,  
 What acceptable audit canst thou leave <sup>4</sup> ?  
 Thy unus'd beauty must be tomb'd with thee,  
 Which, used, lives thy executor to be.

## V.

Those hours <sup>5</sup>, that with gentle work did frame  
 The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell,  
 Will play the tyrants to the very same,  
 And that unfair, which fairly doth excell <sup>6</sup> ;  
 For never-resting time leads summer on <sup>7</sup>  
 To hideous winter and confounds him there ;  
 Sap check'd with frost, and lusty leaves quite gone,  
 Beauty o'er-snow'd, and bareness every where <sup>8</sup> :  
 Then, were not summer's distillation left,  
 A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,  
 Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,  
 Nor it, nor no remembrance what it was :

<sup>4</sup> What acceptable AUDIT canst thou leave ?] So, in Macbeth :  
 " To make their *audit* at your highness' pleasure."

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> Those HOURS, &c.] *Hours* is almost always used by Shakespeare as a dissyllable. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> And that UNFAIR, which fairly doth excell ;] And render that which was once beautiful, no longer fair. To *unfair*, is, I believe, a verb of our author's coinage. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> For never-resting TIME LEADS SUMMER ON —] So, in All's Well That Ends Well :

" For, with a word, the *time will bring on summer*."

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> Beauty o'er-snow'd, and BARENESS every where :] Thus the quarto, 1609. The modern editions have

" — *barrenness* every where."

In the 97th Sonnet we meet again with the same image :

" What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen !

" What old December's *bareness* every where ! " MALONE.

But flowers distill'd, though they with winter meet,  
Leese but their show ; their substance still lives  
sweet<sup>8</sup>.

## VI.

Then let not winter's ragged hand<sup>9</sup> deface  
In thee thy summer, ere thou be distill'd :  
Make sweet some phial ; treasure thou some place  
With beauty's treasure, ere it be self-kill'd.  
That use<sup>1</sup> is not forbidden usury,  
Which happies those that pay the willing loan ;  
That's for thyself to breed another thee,  
Or ten times happier, be it ten for one ;  
Ten times thyself were happier than thou art,  
If ten of thine ten times refigur'd thee :  
Then what could death do, if thou should'st depart,  
Leaving thee living in posterity ?  
Be not self-will'd, for thou art much too fair  
To be death's conquest, and make worms thine  
heir.

## VII.

Lo, in the orient when the gracious light  
Lifts up his burning head, each under eye  
Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,  
Serving with looks his sacred majesty ;  
And having climb'd the steep-up heavenly hill,  
Resembling strong youth in his middle age<sup>2</sup>,

<sup>8</sup> But flowers distill'd, though they with winter meet,  
Leese but their show ; their substance still lives sweet.] This  
is a thought with which Shakspeare seems to have been much  
pleased. We find it again in the 54th Sonnet, and in a Mid-  
summer Night's Dream, Act I. Sc. I. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> —let not winter's RAGGED hand —] *Ragged* was often used  
as an opprobrious term in the time of our author. See p. 156,  
n. 8. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> That USE —] *Use* here signifies *usance*. See vol. vii. p. 47,  
n. 4. MALONE.



Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,  
 Attending on his golden pilgrimage<sup>3</sup> ;  
 But when from high-most pitch, with weary car,  
 Like feeble age, he reeleth from the day,  
 The eyes, 'fore duteous, now converted are  
 From his low tract, and look another way :  
 So thou, thyself out-going in thy noon,  
 Unlook'd on diest, unless thou get a son.

## VIII.

Musick to hear<sup>4</sup>, why hear'st thou musick sadly ?  
 Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy.  
 Why lov'st thou that which thou receiv'st not gladly ?  
 Or else receiv'st with pleasure thine annoy ?  
 If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,  
 By unions married<sup>5</sup>, do offend thine ear,

<sup>2</sup> And having climb'd the steep-up heavenly hill,  
 Resembling strong youth in his middle age,] Perhaps our author had the sacred writings in his thoughts : " — in them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun, which cometh forth as a bridegroom out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a giant to run his course. It goeth forth from the uttermost part of the heaven, and runneth about unto the end of it again : and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof." MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> Yet mortal looks ADORE his beauty still,  
 Attending on his GOLDEN pilgrimage ;] So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

" Madam, an hour before the *worshipp'd sun*  
 " Peer'd forth the *golden window of the east*—."

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> Musick to hear, &c.] O Thou, whom to hear, is musick, why, &c.

I have sometimes thought Shakspeare might have written—  
 Musick to ear, &c. i. e. thou, whose every accent is musick to the ear. So, in the *Comedy of Errors* :

" That never words were *musick* to thine ear."

*Hear* has been printed instead of *ear* in the *Taming of the Shrew* ; or at least the modern editors have supposed so. See vol. v. p. 407, n. 1. MAEONE.

<sup>5</sup> If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,  
 By unions MARRIED,] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, quarto, 1599 :

They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds  
 In singleness the parts that thou should'st bear.  
 Mark, how one string, sweet husband to another,  
 Strikes each in each, by mutual ordering;  
 Resembling sire and child and happy mother,  
 Who all in one, one pleasing note do sing:  
     Whose speechless song, being many, seeming  
         one,  
 Sings this to thee, "thou single wilt prove none."

## IX.

Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye,  
 That thou consum'st thyself in single life?  
 Ah! if thou issueless shalt hap to die,  
 The world will wail thee, like a makeless wife<sup>6</sup>;  
 The world will be thy widow, and still weep,  
 That thou no form of thee hast left behind,  
 When every private widow well may keep,  
 By children's eyes, her husband's shape in mind.  
 Look, what an unthrift in the world doth spend,  
 Shifts but his place, for still the world enjoys it;  
 But beauty's waste hath in the world an end,  
 And kept unus'd, the user so destroys it.

"Examine ev'ry *married* lineament,  
 "And see how one another lends content."

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

"The unity and *married* calm of states—"

Milton had perhaps these lines in his thoughts when he wrote:

"And ever against eating cares

"Lap me in soft Lydian airs,

"*Married* to immortal verse,

"Such as the meeting soul may pierce,

"In notes with many a winding bout

"Of linked sweetness long drawn out." MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — like a MAKELESS wife;] As a widow bewails her lost husband. *Make* and *mate* were formerly synonymous. So, in *Kyng Appolyn of Thyre*, 1510: "Certes, madam, I sholde have great joy yf ye had such a prynee to your *make*."

Again, in *The Tragicall Hystory of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

"Betwixt the armes of me, thy perfect-loving *make*."

MALONE.

No love toward others in that bosom sits,  
That on himself such murderous shame commits<sup>7</sup>.

## X.

For shame ! deny that thou bear'st love to any,  
Who for thyself art so unprovident.  
Grant if thou wilt, thou art belov'd of many,  
But that thou none lov'st, is most evident ;  
For thou art so possess'd with murderous hate,  
That 'gainst thyself thou stick'st not to conspire ;  
Seeking that beateous roof to ruinate<sup>8</sup>,  
Which to repair should be thy chief desire.  
O, change thy thought, that I may change my  
mind !  
Shall hate be fairer lodg'd than gentle love ?  
Be, as thy presence is, gracious and kind,  
Or to thyself, at least, kind-hearted prove :  
Make thee another self, for love of me,  
That beauty still may live in thine or thee.

## XI.

As fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou grow'st  
In one of thine, from that which thou departest ;  
And that fresh blood which youngly thou bestow'st,  
Thou may'st call thine, when thou from youth  
convertest.

<sup>7</sup> That on himself such murderous SHAME COMMITS.] So, in Romeo and Juliet :

“ And here is come *to do some villainous shame*

“ To the dead bodies.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> Seeking that beauteous roof to RUINATE, &c.] This is a metaphor of which our author is peculiarly fond. So, in The Comedy of Errors :

“ Shall love in building grow so *ruinate* ? ”

Again, in The Two Gentlemen of Verona :

“ O thou, that dost inhabit in my breast,

“ Leave not the mansion so long tenantless,

“ Lest, growing *ruinous*, the building fall,

“ And leave no memory of what it was.

“ *Repair* me with thy presence, Silvia.” STEEVENS.

Herein lives wisdom, beauty, and increase;  
 Without this, folly, age, and cold decay:  
 If all were minded so, the times should cease,  
 And threescore years would make the world away.  
 Let those whom nature hath not made for store<sup>9</sup>,  
 Harsh, featureless, and rude, barrenly perish:  
 Look, whom she best endow'd, she gave thee more;  
 Which bounteous gift thou should'st in bounty  
 cherish<sup>1</sup>:

She carv'd thee for her seal, and meant thereby,  
 Thou should'st print more, nor let that copy die<sup>2</sup>.

## XII.

When I do count the clock that tells the time,  
 And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;  
 When I behold the violet past prime,  
 And sable curls, all silver'd o'er with white<sup>3</sup>;  
 When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,  
 Which erst from heat did canopy the herd<sup>4</sup>,

<sup>9</sup> — for store.] i. e. to be preserved for *use*. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> Look, whom she best endow'd, she gave THEE more;

Which bounteous gift thou should'st in bounty cherish:] On a survey of mankind, you will find that nature, however liberal she may have been to others, has been still more bountiful to you. The old copy reads—she gave *the* more; which was evidently a misprint. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> Thou should'st print more, NOR LET THAT COPY DIE.] So, in Twelfth Night:

“Lady, you are the cruellest she alive,

“If you will lead the graces to the grave,

“And leave the world *no copy*.” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> And sable curls, ALL silver'd o'er with white:] The old copy reads:

“—— or silver'd o'er with white.”

*Or* was clearly an error of the press. Mr. Tyrwhitt would read:—*are* silver'd o'er with white. MALONE.

So, in Hamlet:

“His beard was, as I've seen it in his life,

“A *sable silver'd*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> When lofty TREES I see barren of leaves,

Which erst from heat did CANOPY the herd,] So, in A Midsummer-Night's Dream:

And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,  
 Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard <sup>5</sup>;  
 Then of thy beauty do I question make,  
 That thou among the wastes of time must go,  
 Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake,  
 And die as fast as they see others grow ;  
 And nothing 'gainst time's scythe can make defence,  
 Save breed, to brave him <sup>6</sup>, when he takes thee hence.

## XIII.

O, that you were yourself ! but, love, you are  
 No longer yours, than you yourself here live :  
 Against this coming end you should prepare,  
 And your sweet semblance to some other give <sup>7</sup>.  
 So should that beauty which you hold in lease,  
 Find no determination <sup>8</sup> : then you were

“ ——— a bank

“ Quite *over-canopy'd* with luscious woodbine.” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> And SUMMER'S GREEN all girded up in sheaves,

Borne on the bier with white and bristly BEARD ;] So, in A Midsummer-Night's Dream :

“ ——— and the *green* corn

“ Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a *beard*.” C.

<sup>6</sup> Save breed, to brave him,] Except children, whose youth may set the scythe of Time at defiance, and render thy own death less painful. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> Against this coming end you should prepare,

And your sweet semblance to some other give.] This is a sentiment that Shakspeare is never weary of expressing. We meet with it again in Venus and Adonis :

“ By law of nature thou art bound to breed,

“ That thine may live, when thou thyself art dead ;

“ And so in spite of death thou dost survive,

“ In that thy likeness still is left alive.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — that BEAUTY which you hold in LEASE,

Find no DETERMINATION :] So Daniel, in one of his Sonnets, 1592 :

“ — in *beauty's lease* expir'd appears

“ The date of age, the calends of our death.”

Yourself again, after yourself's decease,  
When your sweet issue your sweet form should  
bear.

Who lets so fair a house fall to decay,  
Which husbandry in honour might uphold<sup>9</sup>,  
Against the stormy gusts of winter's day,  
And barren rage of death's eternal cold?

O! none but unthrifths:—Dear my love, you  
know.

You had a father; let your son say so.

## XIV.

Not from the stars do I my judgment pluck;  
And yet methinks I have astronomy;  
But not to tell of good, or evil luck,  
Of plagues, of dearths, or seasons' quality:  
Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,  
Pointing to each his thunder, rain, and wind;  
Or say, with princes if it shall go well,  
By oft predict<sup>1</sup> that I in heaven find:

Again, in Macbeth:

“But in them nature's copy's not eterne.”

*Determination* in legal language means *cul*. MALONE.

So, in Macbeth:

“—our high-plac'd Macbeth

“shall live the *lease* of nature.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> Which HUSBANDRY in honour might uphold,] *Husbandry* is generally used by Shakspeare for *economical prudence*. So, in King Henry V.:

“For our bad neighbours make us early stirrers,

“Which is both healthful and good *husbandry*.”

MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> By OFT predict —] Dr. Sewel reads—By *ought* predict; but the text is right.—So, in the Birth of Merlin, 1662:

“How much the *oft* report of this bless'd hermit

“Hath won on my desires!” MALONE.

The old reading may be the true one. “By oft predict” may mean—‘By what is most *frequently* prognosticated.’

STEEVENS.

But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive <sup>2</sup>,  
 And (constant stars) in them I read such art,  
 As truth and beauty shall together thrive,  
 If from thyself to store thou would'st convert <sup>3</sup>:  
     Or else of thee this I prognosticate,  
     Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date.

## XV.

When I consider every thing that grows  
 Holds in perfection but a little moment;  
 That this huge state presenteth nought but shows  
 Whereon the stars in secret influence comment;  
 When I perceive that men as plants increase,  
 Cheered and check'd even by the self-same sky;  
 Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease,  
 And wear their brave state out of memory;  
 Then the conceit of this inconstant stay  
 Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,  
 Where wasteful time debateth with decay <sup>4</sup>,  
 To change your day of youth to sullied night <sup>5</sup>;  
     And, all in war with time, for love of you,  
     As he takes from you, I engraft you new.

<sup>2</sup> But from thine EYES my knowledge I DERIVE,] So, in Love's Labour's Lost:

“From women's eyes this doctrine I derive.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> If from thyself TO STORE thou would'st convert:] If thou would'st change thy single state, and beget a numerous progeny. So, before:

“Let those whom nature hath not made for store.”

Again, in Romeo and Juliet:

“O, she is rich in beauty; only poor,

“That when she dies, with beauty dies her store.”

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> Where wasteful TIME DEBATETH with DECAY,] So, in All's Well That Ends Well:

“— nature and sickness

“Debate it at their leisure.” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> To change your day of youth to sullied night;] So, in King Richard III.:

“Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night.”

STEEVENS.

## XVI.

But wherefore do not you a mightier way  
 Make war upon this bloody tyrant, Time ?  
 And fortify yourself in your decay  
 With means more blessed than my barren rhyme ?  
 Now stand you on the top of happy hours ;  
 And many maiden gardens, yet unset <sup>6</sup>,  
 With virtuous wish would bear you living flowers <sup>7</sup>,  
 Much liker than your painted counterfeit <sup>8</sup> :  
 So should the lines of life <sup>9</sup> that life repair,  
 Which this, Time's pencil, or my pupil pen <sup>1</sup>,  
 Neither in inward worth, nor outward fair <sup>2</sup>,  
 Can make you live yourself in eyes of men.  
 To give away yourself, keeps yourself still <sup>3</sup> ;  
 And you must live, drawn by your own sweet  
 skill.

<sup>6</sup> And many maiden gardens, yet unset,] We have the same allusion in our author's *Lover's Complaint* :

“ And knew the patterns of his foul beguiling,

“ Heard where his *plants in others' orchards grew.*”

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — would bear YOU living flowers,] The first edition reads, by an apparent error of the press:—‘ *your* living flowers.’

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> Much liker than your painted COUNTERFEIT:] A *counterfeit* formerly signified a *portrait*. So, in Greene's *Farewell to Folly*, 1617: “ Why do the painters, in figuring forth the *counterfeit* of Love, draw him blind ?” So, in the *Merchant of Venice* :

“ ——— What find I here ?

“ Fair Portia's *counterfeit* ?” MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> So should the LINES of life —] This appears to me obscure. Perhaps the poet wrote—“ the *lives* of life :” i. e. ‘ children.’

MALONE.

The “ lines of life ” perhaps are ‘ living pictures,’ viz. children.

ANON.

This explanation is very plausible. Shakspeare has again used *line* with a reference to painting in *All's Well That Ends Well* :

“ And every *line* and trick of his sweet favour.” MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> — my PUPIL pen,] This expression may be considered as a slight proof that the poems before us were our author's earliest compositions. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> Neither in inward worth, nor outward FAIR,] See p. 240, n. 6.

MALONE.



## XVII.

Who will believe my verse in time to come,  
 If it were fill'd with your most high deserts?  
 Though yet heaven knows, it is but as a tomb  
 Which hides your life, and shows not half your  
                   parts.

If I could write the beauty of your eyes,  
 And in fresh numbers number all your graces,  
 The age to come would say, this poet lies,  
 Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly faces.  
 So should my papers, yellow'd with their age,  
 Be scorn'd, like old men of less truth than tongue;  
 And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage,  
 And stretched metre of an antique song:  
     But were some child of yours alive that time,  
     You should live twice;—in it, and in my rhyme.

## XVIII.

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?  
 Thou art more lovely and more temperate:  
 Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May<sup>4</sup>,  
 And summer's lease hath all too short a date:  
 Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines<sup>5</sup>,  
 And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;

<sup>3</sup> To give away yourself, keeps yourself still;] To produce likenesses of yourself, (that is, children,) will be the means of preserving your memory. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> Rough WINDS do SHAKE the darling BUDS of May,] So, in Cymbeline:

“And like the *tyrannous breathing of the north,*

“*Shakes all our buds from growing.*”

Again, in *The Taming of the Shrew*:

“Confounds thy fame, as *whirlwinds shake fair buds.*”

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> Sometime too hot the EYE OF HEAVEN —] That is, the sun. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“Now, ere the *sun* advance his *burning eye* —.”

Again, in *King Richard II.*:

And every fair from fair sometime declines,  
 By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimm'd<sup>6</sup>;  
 But thy eternal summer shall not fade,  
 Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest<sup>7</sup>;  
 Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his shade,  
 When in eternal lines to time thou growest:  
     So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,  
     So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

## XIX.

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,  
 And make the earth devour her own sweet brood;  
 Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tyger's jaws.  
 And burn the long-liv'd phœnix in her blood<sup>8</sup>;  
 Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleet'st,  
 And do what'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,  
 To the wide world, and all her fading sweets;  
 But I forbid thee one most heinous crime:  
 O, carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,  
 Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen;  
 Him in thy course untainted do allow,  
 For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.

“ — when the searching *eye of heaven* is hid

“ Behind the globe, and lights the lower world.”

Again, in *The Rape of Lucrece* :

“ *The eye of heaven* is out.” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — untrimm'd;] i. e. divested of ornament. So, in *King John* :

“ — a new *untrimmed* bride.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> Nor lose possession of that FAIR thou OWEST;] Of that beauty thou possessest. *Fair* was, in our author's time, used as a substantive. See p. 238, and the first line of the present page. To *owe* in old language is to *possess*. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> And BURN the long-liv'd phœnix IN HER BLOOD;] So, in *Coriolanus* :

“ Your temples *burned in their cement*.”

The meaning of neither phrase is very obvious; however, “burned in her blood,” may signify ‘burnt alive;’ and “burned in their cement,”—‘burnt while they were standing.’ STEEVENS.

Yet, do thy worst, old Time : despite thy wrong,  
My love shall in my verse ever live young.

## XX.

A woman's face, with nature's own hand painted,  
Hast thou, the master-mistress of my passion <sup>8</sup> ;  
A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted  
With shifting change, as is false women's fashion ;  
An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,  
Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth <sup>9</sup> ;  
A man in hue all hues in his controlling <sup>1</sup>,  
Which steals men's eyes <sup>2</sup>, and women's souls  
amazeth.

<sup>8</sup> — the MASTER-MISTRESS of my passion ;] It is impossible to read this fulsome panegyrick, addressed to a male object, without an equal mixture of disgust and indignation. We may remark also, that the same phrase employed by Shakspeare to denote the height of encomium, is used by Dryden to express the extreme of reproach :

“ That woman, but more daub'd ; or, if a man,  
“ Corrupted to a woman ; thy *man-mistress*.”

*Don Sebastian.*

Let me be just, however, to our author, who has made a proper use of the term *male varlet*, in *Troilus and Cressida*. See that play, Act V. Sc. I. STEEVENS.

Some part of this indignation might perhaps have been abated, if it had been considered that such addresses to men, however indelicate, were customary in our author's time, and neither imported criminality, nor were esteemed indecorous. See a note on the words—“ thy deceased *lover*,” in the 32d Sonnet. To regulate our judgment of Shakspeare's poems by the modes of modern times, is surely as unreasonable as to try his plays by the rules of Aristotle.

*Master-mistress* does not perhaps mean *man-mistress*, but *sovereign* mistress. See Mr. Tyrwhitt's note on the 165th verse of the *Canterbury Tales*, vol. iv. p. 197. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> AN EYE more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,

GILDING the object whereupon it gazeth ;] So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* : “ I have writ me here a letter to her ; and here another to Page's wife ; who even now gave me good eyes too, examined my parts with most gracious eyeliads ; sometimes *the beam of her view gilded my foot*, sometimes my portly belly,”

C.

And for a woman wert thou first created ;  
 Till nature, as she wrought thee, fell a-doting<sup>3</sup>,  
 And by addition me of thee defeated,  
 By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.

But since she prick'd thee out for women's pleasure<sup>4</sup> ;

Mine be thy love, and thy love's use their treasure.

## XXI.

So is it not with me, as with that muse  
 Stirr'd by a painted beauty to his verse ;  
 Who heaven itself for ornament doth use,  
 And every fair with his fair doth rehearse ;  
 Making a couplement<sup>5</sup> of proud compare,  
 With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich gems,

<sup>1</sup> A man in HUE all HUES in his controlling,] This line is thus exhibited in the old copy :

“ A man in hew all *Hews* in his controlling.”

*Hews* was the old mode of spelling *hues* (colours), and also *Hughes*, the proper name. See the printer's dedication of these sonnets to W. H. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> Which steals men's eyes,] So, in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, 1609 :

“ ——— reserve

“ That excellent complexion, which did *steal*

“ *The eyes* of young and old.” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> And for a woman wert thou first created ;

Till nature, as she wrought thee, fell a-doting, &c.] There is an odd coincidence between these lines and a well-known modern epigram :

“ Whilst nature Hervey's clay was blending,

“ Uncertain what the thing would end in,

“ Whether a female or a male,

“ A pin dropp'd in, and turn'd the scale.” MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> But since she PRICK'D thee out, &c.] To *prick* is to *nominate* by a puncture or mark. So, in *Julius Cæsar* :

“ 'These many then shall die, their names are *prick'd*.”

Again, in *King Henry IV. Part II.* :

“ Shall I *prick* him, Sir John ? ”—I have given a wrong explanation of this phrase elsewhere. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> Making a COUPLEMENT —] That is, an union. So, in *Love's*

With April's first-born flowers, and all things rare  
 That heaven's air in this huge *rondure* hems<sup>6</sup>.  
 O let me, true in love, but truly write,  
 And then believe me, my love is as fair  
 As any mother's child, though not so bright  
 As those gold candles fix'd in heaven's air<sup>7</sup> :  
 Let them say more that like of hear-say well ;  
 I will not praise, that purpose not to sell<sup>8</sup>.

## XXII.

My glass shall not persuade me I am old,  
 So long as youth and thou are of one date ;

Labour's Lost : " I wish you the peace of mind, most royal *couplement*."

I formerly thought this word was of our author's invention, but I have lately found it in Spenser's *Faery Queene* :

" Allide with bands of mutual *couplement*." MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> That heaven's air in this huge *RONDURE* hems.] *Rondure* is a round. *Rondeur*, Fr. The word is again used by our author in King Henry V. :

" 'Tis not the *roundure* of your old-fac'd walls." MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> As those GOLD CANDLES fix'd in heaven's air :] That is, the stars. So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

" *Night's candles* are burnt out —."

Again, in *Macbeth* :

" — There's husbandry in heaven ;

" Their *candles* are all out."

So also in the *Merchant of Venice* :

" For by these blessed *candles* of the night."

MALONE.

" — those gold *candles* fix'd in heaven's air." So, in the old copies of *Pericles* :

" — the *air-remaining lamps*." STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> I will not PRAISE, that purpose not to SELL.] So, in *Love's Labour's Lost* :

" To things of *sale* a seller's *praise* belongs." STEEVENS.

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida* :

" We'll not *commend* what we intend to *sell*."

Where Dr. Warburton with some probability conjectures that Shakspeare wrote,

" — what we intend *not sell*." MALONE.

But when in thee time's furrows I behold<sup>9</sup>,  
 Then look I death my days should expiate<sup>1</sup>.  
 For all that beauty that doth cover thee,  
 Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,  
 Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me ;  
 How can I then be elder than thou art ?  
 O therefore, love, be of thyself so wary,  
 As I not for myself but for thee will ;  
 Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary  
 As tender nurse her babe from faring ill.  
 Presume not on thy heart, when mine is slain ;  
 Thou gav'st me thine, not to give back again.

## XXIII.

As an unperfect actor on the stage,  
 Who with his fear is put besides his part<sup>2</sup>,

<sup>9</sup> — time's FURROWS I behold,] Dr. Sewell reads :

“ — time's sorrows—.” MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> Then look I death my days should EXPIATE.] I do not comprehend how the poet's days were to be *expiated* by death. Perhaps he wrote :

“ — my days should *expire*,”

i. e. bring them to an end. In this sense our author uses the verb *expire*, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ — and *expire* the term

“ Of a despised life.”

I am sure I have met with the verb I would supply, though I have no example of it to offer in support of my conjecture. Shakspeare, however, delights to introduce words with this termination. Thus we meet with *festinate* and *conspirate*, in *King Lear*; *combinate*, in *Measure for Measure*; and *ruinate*, in *King Henry VI.* STEEVENS.

The old reading is certainly right. Then do I expect, says Shakspeare, that death *should fill up the measure* of my days. The word *expiate* is used nearly in the same sense in the tragedy of *Lochrine*, 1595 :

“ Lives Sabren yet to *expiate* my wrath ? ”

i. e. *fully to satisfy* my wrath.

So also, in Byron's *Conspiracie*, a tragedy by Chapman, 1608, an old courtier says, he is

“ A poor and *expiate* humour of the court.”

Again, in our author's *King Richard III.* :

“ Make haste ; the hour of death is *expiate*.” MALONE.

Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage,  
 Whose strength's abundance weakens his own  
 heart ;  
 So I, for fear of trust, forget to say  
 The perfect ceremony of love's rite ;  
 And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,  
 O'er-charg'd with burthen of mine own love's might.  
 O, let my books be then the eloquence<sup>3</sup>

<sup>2</sup> As an unperfect actor on the stage,  
 Who with his fear is put besides his part,] So, in *Coriolanus* :  
 " ——— Like a dull actor now,  
 " I have forgot my part, and I am out,  
 " Even to a full disgrace."

From the introductory lines of this Sonnet, it may be conjectured that these poems were not composed till our author had arrived in London, and became conversant with the stage. He had perhaps himself experienced what he here describes. MALONE.

It is highly probable that our author had seen plays represented, before he left his own country, by the servants of Lord Warwick. Most of our ancient noblemen had some company of comedians who enrolled themselves among their vassals, and sheltered themselves under their protection. See vol. v. p. 367, n. 7.

STEEVENS.

The *seeing* a few plays exhibited by a company of strollers in a barn at Stratford, or in Warwick castle, would not however have made Shakspeare acquainted with the *feelings* of a timid actor on the stage. It has never been supposed that our author was himself a player before he came to London. Whether the lines before us were founded on experience, or observation, cannot now be ascertained. What I have advanced is merely conjectural.

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> O, let my BOOKS be then the eloquence—] A gentleman to whom I am indebted for the observations which are marked with the letter C, would read :

" O, let my *looks*," &c.

But the context, I think, shows that the old copy is right. The poet finding that he could not sufficiently collect his thoughts to express his esteem by *speech*, requests that his *writings* may speak for him. So afterwards :

" O, learn to *read* what silent love hath *writ*."

Had *looks* been the author's word, he hardly would have used it again in the next line but one. MALONE.

It is dangerous to make any alteration where the old copy is intelligible, or I should give a decided preference to the reading

And dumb presagers of my speaking breast <sup>4</sup> ;  
 Who plead for love, and look for recompence,  
 More than that tongue that more hath more ex-  
 press'd.

O, learn to read what silent love hath writ :  
 To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

## XXIV.

Mine eye hath play'd the painter, and hath steel'd  
 Thy beauty's form in table of my heart <sup>5</sup> ;  
 My body is the frame wherein 'tis held,  
 And perspective it is best painter's art.  
 For through the painter must you see his skill,  
 To find where your true image pictur'd lies ;  
 Which in my bosom's shop is hanging still,  
 That hath his windows glazed with thine eyes.  
 Now see what good turns eyes for eyes have done ;  
 Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for me

suggested by Mr. Malone's correspondent as much more poetical ;  
 the eloquence of *looks* is more in unison with love's fine wit, which  
 can hear with eyes. So, Donne :

“ — Her pure and eloquent blood

“ *Spoke* in her cheeks.”

And Lord Byron, with still greater beauty, in his *Bride of  
 Abydos* :

“ The mind, *the musick breathing from her face.*” BOSWELL.

<sup>4</sup> And DUMB PRESAGERS of my speaking breast ;] So, in King  
 John :

“ And *sullen presage* of your own decay.” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> Mine eye hath play'd the PAINTER, and hath steel'd

Thy beauty's form in TABLE OF MY HEART ;] So, in *All's  
 Well that Ends Well* :

“ — 'Twas pretty, though a plague,

“ To see him ev'ry hour ; to sit and *draw*

“ His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,

“ In our *heart's table* ; heart, too capable

“ Of ev'ry line and trick of his sweet favour ! ”

Again, in King John :

“ — till I beheld myself

“ *Drawn* in the flattering *table* of her eye.”

A *table* was the ancient term for a *picture*. See vol. x. p. 315,  
 n. 7. MALONE.



Are windows to my breast, where-through the sun  
 Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee ;  
 Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art,  
 They draw but what they see, know not the  
 heart.

## XXV.

Let those who are in favour with their stars,  
 Of publick honour and proud titles boast,  
 Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,  
 Unlook'd for joy in that I honour most.  
 Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread <sup>6</sup>,  
 But as the marigold at the sun's eye ;  
 And in themselves their pride lies buried,  
 For at a frown they in their glory die.  
 The painful warrior famoused for fight,  
 After a thousand victories once foil'd,  
 Is from the book of honour razed quite <sup>7</sup>,  
 And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd :

<sup>6</sup> Great princes' FAVOURITES their fair LEAVES spread, &c.]  
 Compare Wolsey's speech in King Henry VIII. :

“ This is the state of man : To-day he puts forth  
 “ The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,  
 “ And bears his blushing honours thick upon him ;  
 “ The third day comes a frost, a killing frost ; ” &c.

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> The painful warrior famoused for fight,  
 After a thousand victories once foil'd,

Is from the book of honour razed QUITE,] The old copy  
 reads—famoused for *worth*, which not rhyming with the con-  
 cluding word of the corresponding line, (*quite*) either one or the  
 other must be corrupt. The emendation was suggested by Mr.  
 Theobald, who likewise proposed, if *worth* was retained, to read—  
 razed *forth*.

“ Is from the book of honour razed quite,” reminds us of  
 Bolingbroke's enumeration of the wrongs done to him by King  
 Richard II. :

“ From my own windows torn my household coat,  
 “ Raz'd out my impress, leaving me no sign—  
 “ To show the world I am a gentleman.”

Again, in King Richard II. :

Then happy I, that love and am below'd,  
Where I may not remove, nor be remov'd.

## XXVI.

Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage  
Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit<sup>8</sup> ;  
To thee I send this written embassy,  
To witness duty, not to show my wit<sup>9</sup> :

“ ——— 'tis not my meaning,

“ To *raze* one title of your *honour* out.” MALONE.

This stanza is not worth the labour that has been bestowed on it. By transposition, however, the rhyme may be recovered, without further change :

“ The painful warrior for worth *famoused*,

“ After a thousand victories once foil'd,

“ Is from the book of honour quite *razed*— ”

“ My name be *blotted* from the *book of life*,” is a line in King Richard II. STEEVENS.

Why it should not be worth while to correct this as well as any other manifest corruption in our author's works, I confess, I do not comprehend. Neither much labour, nor many words, have been employed upon it. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> Lord of my love, to whom in VASSALAGE

Thy merit hath MY DUTY STRONGLY KNIT ;] So, in Macbeth :

“ ——— Lay your highness'

“ Command upon me ; to the which my *duties*

“ Are with a most *indissoluble tie*

“ For ever *knit*.” STEEVENS.

Again, in the same play :

“ ——— your highness' part

“ Is to receive our duty, and our *duties*

“ Are to your throne and state children and *servants*.”

Again, in Antony and Cleopatra :

“ To make you brothers, and to *knit* your hearts

“ With an unslipping knot.”

Again, in Othello : “ I have profess'd myself thy friend, and I confess me *knit* to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness.” MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage

Thy MERIT hath my DUTY strongly KNIT ;

To thee I send this written embassy,

To witness DUTY, NOT TO SHOW MY WIT :] So, in the Dedication of The Rape of Lucrece : “ *The warrant I have of your*

Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine  
 May make seem bare, in wanting words to show it ;  
 But that I hope some good conceit of thine  
 In thy soul's thought, all naked, will bestow it :  
 Till whatsoever star that guides my moving,  
 Points on me graciously with fair aspect <sup>1</sup>,  
 And puts apparel on my tatter'd loving,  
 To show me worthy of thy sweet respect <sup>2</sup> :  
 Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee ;  
 Till then, not show my head where thou may'st  
 prove me.

## XXVII.

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed,  
 The dear repose for limbs with travel tir'd ;  
 But then begins a journey in my head,  
 To work my mind, when body's work's expir'd :

*honourable disposition, not the worth of my untutor'd lines, makes it assured of acceptance. What I have done is yours ; what I have to do is yours ; being part in all I have, devoted yours. Were my worth greater, my duty should show greater ; meantime, as it is, it is bound to your lordship."* C.

This note, I imagine, suggested to Dr. Drake his theory, that the Sonnets were addressed to Lord Southampton. BOSWELL.

<sup>1</sup> Till WHATSOEVER STAR THAT GUIDES my moving,

Points on me GRACIOUSLY WITH FAIR ASPECT,] So, Coriolanus :

" As if that *whatsoever* God who leads him,

" Were slyly crept into his human powers,

" *And gave him graceful posture.*" C.

Again, in Antony and Cleopatra :

" — he hath fought to-day,

" As if a *god* in hate of mankind had

" Destroy'd in such a shape." MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> To show me worthy of THY sweet respect :] The old copy has—

" — of *their* sweet respect."

It is evidently a misprint. For the correction I am answerable. The same mistake has several times happened in these Sonnets, owing probably to abbreviations having been formerly used for the words *their* and *thy*, so nearly resembling each other as not to be easily distinguished. I have observed the same error in some of the old English plays. MALONE.

For then my thoughts (from far where I abide)<sup>3</sup>  
 Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,  
 And keep my drooping eye-lids open wide,  
 Looking on darkness which the blind do see :  
 Save that my soul's imaginary sight  
 Presents thy shadow to my sightless view<sup>4</sup>,  
 Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,  
 Makes black night beauteous, and her old face new<sup>5</sup>.  
 Lo thus, by day my limbs, by night my mind,  
 For thee, and for myself, no quiet find.

## XXVIII.

How can I then return in happy plight,  
 That am debarr'd the benefit of rest ?  
 When day's oppression is not eas'd by night,  
 But day by night, and night by day, oppress'd ?  
 And each, though enemies to either's reign,  
 Do in consent shake hands to torture me ;  
 The one by toil, the other to complain  
 How far I toil, still farther off from thee.  
 I tell the day, to please him, thou art bright,  
 And dost him grace when clouds do blot the heaven :  
 So flatter I the swart-complexion'd night<sup>6</sup> ;  
 When sparkling stars twire not, thou gild'st the  
 even<sup>7</sup>.

<sup>3</sup> For then my thoughts (FROM FAR where I abide)] We might better read :

“ — *far from* where I abide).”

The old reading is, however, sense. For then my thoughts, setting out from my place of residence, which is far distant from thee, intend, &c. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> Presents *THY* shadow to my sightless view,] The quarto reads corruptly—Presents *their* shadow—. See n. 2, in preceding page. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> Which, like a JEWEL hung in ghastly NIGHT,  
 Makes black night BEAUTEOUS, and her old face new.] So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ Her *beauty* hangs upon the *cheek* of *night*,

“ Like a rich *jewel* in an *Æthiop's* ear.” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — SWART-complexion'd night ;] *Swart* is *dark*, *approaching to black*. So, in *King Henry VI. Part I.* :

But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer,  
And night doth nightly make grief's length seem  
stronger<sup>8</sup>.

"And where I was black and *swart* before—."

The word is common in the North of England. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> When sparkling stars *twire* not, thou *GILD'EST* the even.]

The quarto reads corruptedly: "— thou *guil'st* the even."

*Gild'st* was formerly written—*guild'st*.—Perhaps we should read :

"When sparkling stars *twirl* not—." MALONE.

The word *twire* occurs in Chaucer. See Boethius, b. iii. met. 2: "The bird *twireth*, desiring the wode with her swete voice." *Twireth* (says Mr. Tyrwhitt) seems to be the translation of *susurrat*. In *The Merchant of Venice*, our author, speaking of the stars, has the following passage :

"— Look how the floor of heaven

"Is thick inlaid with pattens of bright gold :

"There's not the smallest *orb* which thou behold'st,

"But in his motion like an angel *sings*,

"Still *quiring* to the young-ey'd cherubins."

*Twire* may perhaps have the same signification as *quire*. The poet's meaning will then amount to this:—"When the sparkling stars sing not in concert, (as when they all appear he supposes them to do), thou mak'st the evening bright and cheerful."

Still, however, *twire* may be a corruption. If it is, we may read *twink* for *twinkle*. Thus, in *The Taming of the Shrew* :

"That in a *twink* she won me to her love."

Again, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* :

"At first I did adore a *twinkling* star."

So much for guess-work. STEEVENS.

A passage in our author's *Rape of Lucrece* may add some support to Mr. Steevens's conjecture :

"Her [Diana's] *twinkling* handmaids too, by him defil'd—."

But I believe the original reading is the true one. MALONE.

In Ben Jonson's *Sad Shepherd*, this word occurs :

"Which maids will *twire* at 'tween their fingers thus."

Mr. Gifford, in a note on that passage, *Jonson's Works*, vol. vi. p. 280, produces several instances of the word in our ancient writers, and explains the expression in the text thus: "When the stars do not gleam or appear at intervals." *To twire* seems to have much the same signification as *to peep*: when sparkling stars *peep* not through the blanket of the dark. BOSWELL.

<sup>8</sup> But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer,

And night doth nightly make grief's length seem STRONGER.]

An anonymous correspondent, whose favours are distinguished

## XXIX.

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes<sup>9</sup>,  
 I all alone bewEEP my out-cast state,  
 And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,  
 And look upon myself, and curse my fate,  
 Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,  
 Featur'd like him, like him with friends possess'd,  
 Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,  
 With what I most enjoy contented least ;  
 Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,  
 Haply I think on thee,—and then my state  
 (Like to the lark at break of day arising  
 From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's gate<sup>1</sup> :

by the letter C, proposes to make the two concluding words of this couplet change places. But I believe the old copy to be right. *Stronger* cannot well apply to *drawn out* or protracted sorrow. The poet, in the first line, seems to allude to the operation of spinning. 'The day at each return draws out my sorrow to an immeasurable length, and every revolving night renders my protracted grief still more intense and painful.' MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes, &c.] These nervous and animated lines, in which such an assemblage of thoughts, clothed in the most glowing expressions, is compressed into the narrow compass of fourteen lines, might, I think, have saved the whole of this collection from the general and indiscriminate censure thrown out against them by Mr. Steevens, p. 226.

MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> — and then my state

(Like to the lark at break of day arising

From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's gate:] The same image is presented in *Cymbeline* :

“ Hark ! hark ! the *lark* at *heaven's gate* sings,

“ And Phœbus 'gins to rise.”

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ — the *lark*, whose notes do *beat*

“ The vaulty *heavens* so high above our heads.”

Perhaps, as Mr. Reed has observed, Shakspeare remembered Lilly's *Compaspe*, printed in 1584 :

“ ——— who is't now we hear ?

“ None but the *lark* so shrill and clear ;

“ How at *heaven's gate* she claps her wings,

“ The morn not waking till she sings.”

For thy sweet love remember'd, such wealth  
brings,  
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

## XXX.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought  
I summon up remembrance of things past,  
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,  
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste<sup>2</sup> :  
Then can I drown an eye, unus'd to flow<sup>3</sup> ,  
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night<sup>4</sup> ,  
And weep afresh love's long-since-cancel'd woe,  
And moan the expence of many a vanish'd sight<sup>5</sup> .

Milton certainly had Shakspeare in his thoughts, when he wrote—

“ ——— ye birds,

“ That *singing up to heaven's gate ascend.*”

*Paradise Lost*, book i. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> When to the SESSIONS of sweet silent THOUGHT

I summon up, &c.] So, in *Othello* :

“ — who has a breast so pure

“ But some uncleanly *apprehensions*

“ Keep leets and law-days, and in *session* sit

“ With *meditations* lawful?” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> Then can I drown an EYE, UNUS'D TO FLOW,] So, in *Othello*:

“ — whose subdu'd eyes,

“ Albeit *unused to the melting mood*,

“ Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees

“ Their med'cinable gum.” MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — in death's DATELESS night,] Shakspeare generally uses the word *dateless* for *endless* ; having no certain time of *expiration*. So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ — seal with a righteous kiss

“ A *dateless* bargain to engrossing death.” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> And moan the expence of many a vanish'd SIGHT.] *Sight* seems to be here used for *sigh*, by the same licence which Shakspeare has already employed in his *Rape of Lucrece* ; writing *hild* instead of *held*, *than*, instead of *then*, &c. ; and which Spenser takes throughout his great poem ; where we have *adore* for *adorn*, *sterve* for *starve*, *skyen* for *sky*, &c. He has in his *Fairy Queene*, b. vi. c. xi. taken the same liberty with the word now before us,

Then can I grieve at grievances fore-gone,  
 And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er  
 The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,  
 Which I new pay as if not paid before<sup>5</sup>.

But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,  
 All losses are restor'd, and sorrows end.

employing *sight*, in the past tense of the verb to *sigh*, instead of *sigh'd*:

“ — his hart, for very fell *despight*,

“ And his own flesh he ready was to teare ;

“ He chauf'd, he griev'd, he fretted, and he *sight*.”

Again, in his *Colin Clout's Come Home Again* :

“ For one alone he car'd, for one he *sight*,

“ His life's desire, and his dear love's delight.”

The substantive *sigh* was in our author's time pronounced so hard, that in one of the old copies of *King Henry IV. Part I. 4to. 1599*, we have :

“ — and with

“ A rising *sight* he wisheth you in heaven.”

At present the vulgar pronunciation of the word is *sighth*.

The poet has just said that he “*sigh'd* the lack of many a thing he sought.”—By the word *expence* Shakspeare alludes to an old notion that *sighing* was prejudicial to health. So, in one of the parts of *King Henry VI.* we have “*blood-consuming sighs*.” Again, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre, 1609* :

“ Do not *consume* your blood with *sorrowing*.” MALONE.

Such laboured perplexities of language, and such studied deformities of style, prevail throughout these Sonnets, that the reader (after our best endeavours at explanation) will frequently find reason to exclaim with Imogen :

“ I see before me neither here, nor here,

“ Nor what ensues ; but have a *fog* in them

“ That I cannot look through.”

I suppose, however, that by the “*expence of many a vanish'd sight*,” the poet means, the “*loss of many an object*,” which, being “*gone hence, is no more scen*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> Which I NEW PAY as if not paid BEFORE.] So, in *Cymbeline* :

“ — which I will be *ever to pay*, and yet *pay* still.”

STEEVENS.

Again, in *All's Well That Ends Well* :

“ — which I will *ever pay*, and *pay* again,

“ When I have found it.” MALONE.



## XXXI.

Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts,  
 Which I by lacking have supposed dead ;  
 And there reigns love, and all love's loving parts,  
 And all those friends which I thought buried.  
 How many a holy and obsequious tear <sup>6</sup>  
 Hath dear religious love stol'n from mine eye,  
 As interest of the dead, which now appear  
 But things remov'd, that hidden in thee lie <sup>7</sup> !  
 Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,  
 Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,  
 Who all their parts of me to thee did give ;  
 That due of many now is thine alone :  
 Their images I lov'd I view in thee,  
 And thou (all they) hast all the all of me.

## XXXII.

If thou survive my well-contented day,  
 When that churl Death my bones with dust shall  
     cover ;  
 And shalt by fortune once more re-survey  
 These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover <sup>8</sup>,

<sup>6</sup> How many a holy and OBSEQUIOUS tear —] *Obsequious* is *funereal*. So, in Hamlet:

“ To do *obsequious* sorrow.” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — that hidden in THEE lie !] The old copy has—in *there*. The next line shows clearly that it is corrupt. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — of thy deceased LOVER,] The numerous expressions of this kind in these Sonnets, as well as the general tenour of the greater part of them, cannot but appear strange to a modern reader. In justice therefore to our author it is proper to observe, that such addresses to men were common in Shakspeare's time, and were not thought indecorous. That age seems to have been very indelicate and gross in many other particulars beside this, but they certainly did not think themselves so. Nothing can prove more strongly the different notions which they entertained on subjects of decorum from those which prevail at present, than

Compare them with the bettering of the time,  
 And though they be out-stripp'd by every pen,  
 Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme<sup>9</sup>,  
 Exceeded by the height of happier men.  
 O, then vouchsafe me but this loving thought !  
*Had my friend's muse grown with this growing age<sup>1</sup>,*  
*A dearer birth than this his love had brought,*  
*To march in ranks of better equipage :*  
*But since he died, and poets better prove,*  
*Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his love.*

the eulogies which were pronounced on Fletcher's plays for the *chastity* of their language ; those very plays, which are now banished from the stage for their *licentiousness* and *obscenity*.

We have many examples in our author's plays of the expression used in the Sonnet before us, and afterwards frequently repeated. Thus, also, in *Coriolanus* :

“ — I tell thee, fellow,  
 “ Thy general is my *lover*.”

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*, Ulysses says :

“ Farewell, my lord ; I as your *lover* speak.”

So also the Soothsayer in *Julius Cæsar* concludes his friendly admonition to the dictator with the words :—“ Thy *lover*, *Artemedorus*.”

So, in one of the *Psalms* : “ My *lovers* and friends hast thou put away from me, and hid mine acquaintance out of my sight.”

In like manner Ben Jonson concludes one of his letters to *Dr. Donne* by telling him that he is his “ ever true *lover* ;” and *Drayton* in a letter to *Mr. Drummond* of *Hawthornden*, informs him that *Mr. Joseph Davies* is *in love* with him.

*Mr. Warton*, in confirmation of what has been now advanced, observes in his *History of English Poetry*, vol. iii. p. 105, that “ in the reign of *Queen Elizabeth* whole sets of *Sonnets* were written with this sort of attachment.” He particularly mentions *The Affectionate Shepherd* of *Richard Barnefielde*, printed in 1595. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> RESERVE them for my love, not for their rhyme,] *Reserve* is the same as *preserve*. So, in *Pericles* :

“ *Reserve* that excellent complexion—.” MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *Had my friend's muse grown with this growing age,*] We may hence, as well as from other circumstances, infer, that these were among our author's earliest compositions. MALONE.

## XXXIII.

Full many a glorious morning have I seen  
 Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye <sup>2</sup>;  
 Kissing with golden face the meadows green <sup>3</sup>;  
 Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchymy <sup>4</sup>;  
 Anon permit the basest clouds to ride  
 With ugly rack on his celestial face <sup>5</sup>,

<sup>2</sup> Full many a glorious MORNING have I seen,  
 Flatter the MOUNTAIN TOPS with sovereign eye,  
 Kissing with GOLDEN FACE—] So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :  
 “ Night’s candles are burnt out, and jocund *day*  
 “ Stands tiptoe on the misty *mountains’ tops.*”

Again, in *Venus and Adonis* :

“ And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast  
 “ The *sun* ariseth in his majesty ;  
 “ Who doth the world so gloriously behold,  
 “ The cedar *tops and hills* seem burnish’d *gold.*”

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> KISSING with golden face, &c.] So, in *King Henry IV.*  
 Part I. :

“ Didst thou never see Titan *kiss* a dish of butter ? ”

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — with heavenly ALCHYMY ;] So, in *King John* :

“ — the glorious *sun*

“ Stays in his course, and plays the *alchymist.*”

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> With ugly RACK on his celestial face,] *Rack* is the *fleeting motion of the clouds.* The word is again used by Shakspeare in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ That which is now a horse, even with a thought  
 “ The *rack* dislimns.”

Again, in Fletcher’s *Faithful Shepherdess* :

“ — shall I stray

“ In the middle air, and stay

“ The sailing *rack*—.” MALONE.

*Rack* here is probably *reek* or *smoke.* See Mr. H. Tooke’s *ETIENNA PITEPOENTA*, vol. iii. p. 238. See the next sonnet, l. 4.

BOSWELL.

“ Anon permit the basest clouds to ride

“ With ugly rack on his celestial face.” So, in *King Henry IV.*

Part I. :

“ — herein will I imitate the *sun* ;

“ Who doth permit the base contagious clouds

And from the forlorn world his visage hide,  
 Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace <sup>6</sup> :  
 Even so my sun one early morn did shine,  
 With all triumphant splendour on my brow ;  
 But out, alack ! he was but one hour mine,  
 The region cloud <sup>7</sup> hath mask'd him from me now.  
 Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth ;  
 Suns of the world may stain <sup>8</sup>, when heaven's sun  
 staineth.

## XXXIV.

Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day,  
 And make me travel forth without my cloak,  
 To let base clouds o'er-take me in my way,  
 Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke <sup>9</sup> ?  
 'Tis not enough that through the cloud thou break,  
 To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face,  
 For no man well of such a salve can speak,  
 That heals the wound, and cures not the disgrace :  
 Nor can thy shame give physick to my grief ;  
 Though thou repent, yet I have still the loss :  
 The offender's sorrow lends but weak relief  
 To him that bears the strong offence's cross <sup>1</sup>.

“ To smother up his *beauty* from the world,  
 “ That when he please again to be himself,  
 “ Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,  
 “ By breaking through the foul and *ugly* mists  
 “ Of vapours, that did seem to strangle him.” C.

<sup>6</sup> Stealing unseen to WEST with this disgrace :] The article *the* may have been omitted through necessity; yet I believe our author wrote, to *rest*. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> The REGION cloud—] i. e. the clouds of this *region* or country. So, in Hamlet :

“ I should have fatted all the *region* kites

“ With this slave's offal.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — may STAIN,] *Stain* is here used as a verb neuter.

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — their ROTTEN smoke ?] So, in Coriolanus :

“ — the reek o' the *rotten* fens.” STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> To him that bears the strong offence's CROSS.] The old copy,

Ah ! but those tears are pearl, which thy love  
 sheds,  
 And they are rich, and ransom all ill deeds.

## XXXV.

No more be griev'd at that which thou hast done :  
 Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud ;  
 Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,  
 And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud.  
 All men make faults, and even I in this,  
 Authórizing thy trespass with compare ;  
 Myself corrupting, salving thy amiss <sup>2</sup>,  
 Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are <sup>3</sup> :  
 For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense <sup>4</sup>,  
 (Thy adverse party is thy advocate,)

by a manifest error of the press, reads *loss* here, as well as in the corresponding line. The word now substituted is used by our author (in the sense required here) in the 42d Sonnet :

“ And both for my sake lay on me this *cross*.”

Again, in *As You Like It* : “ If I should bear you, I should bear no *cross*.” MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — salving thy AMISS,] That is, thy *misbehaviour*. So, in *Hamlet* :

“ Each toy seems prologue to some great *amiss*.”

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> Excusing THY sins more than THY sins are :] The old copy here also has *their* twice, instead of *thy*. The latter words of this line, whichever reading we adopt, are not very intelligible.

MALONE.

“ Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are,” I believe, means only this : ‘ Making the excuse more than proportioned to the offence.’ STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> For to thy sensual fault I bring IN SENSE,] Thus the quarto. The line appears to me unintelligible. Might we read :

“ For to thy sensual fault I bring *incense*—.”

A jingle was evidently intended ; but if this word was occasionally accented on the last syllable, (as perhaps it might formerly have been,) it would afford it as well as the reading of the old copy. Many words that are now accented on an early syllable, had formerly their accent on one more remote. Thus, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* :

“ It stands as an edict in destiny.”

And 'gainst myself a lawful plea commence :  
 Such civil war is in my love and hate,  
     That I an accessory needs must be  
 To that sweet thief, which sourly robs from me.

## XXXVI.

Let me confess that we two must be twain<sup>3</sup>,  
 Although our undivided loves are one :  
 So shall those blots that do with me remain,  
 Without thy help, by me be born alone.

Again, in Hamlet :

“ Did slay this Fortinbras, who by a seal'd compáct—.”

Again, in Measure for Measure :

“ This is the hand, which with a vow'd contráct—.”

Again, in King Henry V. :

“ 'Tis no síníster, nor no aukward claim—.”

Again, in Locrine, a tragedy, 1595 :

“ Nor my exíle can move you to revenge.”

Again, in our author's 50th Sonnet :

“ As if by some instínct the wretch did find—.”

Again, in the 128th Sonnet :

“ Do I envý those jacks that nimble leap—.”

Again, in The Rape of Lucrece :

“ With pure aspécts did him peculiar duties.”

Again, *ibid.* :

“ If in thy hope thou dar'st do such outráge.”

Again, *ibid.* :

“ But her fore-síght could not forestall their will.”

Again, in Troilus and Cressida :

“ Peaceful commérce from dividable shores.”

Dryden has concluded a line with the same word, which to our ears sounds as oddly as *incénse* would :

“ Instructed ships shall sail to quick commérce.”

MALONE.

I believe the old reading to be the true one. The passage, divested of its jingle, seems designed to express this meaning.— ‘Towards thy exculpation, I bring in the aid of my soundest faculties, my keenest perception, my utmost strength of reason, my *sense*.’

I think I can venture to affirm that no English writer, either ancient or modern, serious or burlesque, ever accented the substantive *incense* on the last syllable. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — that we TWO must be TWAIN,] So, in Troilus and Cressida: “ — she'll none of him; *they two are twain*.” MALONE.

In our two loves there is but one respect,  
 Though in our lives a separable spite <sup>4</sup>,  
 Which though it alter not love's sole effect,  
 Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's delight.  
 I may not evermore acknowledge thee,  
 Lest my bewailed guilt should do thee shame ;  
 Nor thou with publick kindness honour me,  
 Unless thou take that honour from thy name :  
     But do not so ; I love thee in such sort,  
     As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

## XXXVII.

As a decrepit father takes delight  
 To see his active child do deeds of youth,  
 So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spite <sup>5</sup>,  
 Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth ;

<sup>4</sup> Though in our lives a SEPARABLE SPITE,] A cruel fate, that *spitefully separates* us from each other. *Separable* for *separating*.  
 MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> So I, made lame by fortune's DEAREST spite,] *Dearest* is *most operative*. So, in Hamlet :

“ 'Would I had met my *dearest* foe in heaven.”

A late editor, Mr. Capell, grounding himself on this line, and another in the 89th Sonnet,

“ Speak of my *lameness*, and I straight will halt,—”  
 conjectured that Shakspeare was literally lame : but the expression appears to have been only figurative. So again, in Coriolanus :

“ — I cannot help it now,  
 “ Unless by using means I *lame* the foot  
 “ Of our design.”

Again, in As You Like It :

“ Which I did store to be my foster-nurse,  
 “ When service should in my old limbs lie *lame*.”

In the 89th Sonnet the poet speaks of his friends imputing a fault to him of which he was not guilty, and yet, he says, he would acknowledge it : so, (he adds,) were he to be described as lame, however untruly, yet rather than his friend should appear in the wrong, he would immediately halt.

If Shakspeare was in truth lame, he had it not in his power to *halt occasionally* for this or any other purpose. The defect must have been fixed and permanent.

For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,  
 Or any of these all, or all, or more,  
 Entitled in thy parts do crowned sit <sup>6</sup>,  
 I make my love engrafted to this store :  
 So then I am not lame, poor, nor despis'd  
 Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give,  
 That I in thy abundance am suffic'd,  
 And by a part of all thy glory live.

Look what is best, that best I wish in thee ;  
 This wish I have ; then ten times happy me !

## XXXVII!

How can my muse want subject to invent,  
 While thou dost breathe, that pour'st into my verse  
 Thine own sweet argument, too excellent  
 For every vulgar paper to rehearse ?

The context in the verses before us in like manner refutes this notion. If the words are to be understood literally, we must then suppose that our admired poet was also *poor* and *despised*, for neither of which suppositions there is the smallest ground.

MALONE.

“ — *made lame* by *fortune's* dearest spite.” So, in *King Lear*:  
 “ A most poor man, *made tame* to *fortune's* blows.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> Entitled in thy parts do CROWNED sit,] This is a favourite expression of Shakspeare. So, in *King Henry IV. Part I.*:

“ And on thy eyelids *crown* the god of sleep.”

Again, in *Twelfth Night* :

“ It yields a very echo to the seat

“ Where love is *throned*.”

Again, in *Timon of Athens* :

“ And in some sort these wants of mine are *crown'd*,

“ That I account them blessings.”

*Entitled* means, I think, *ennobled*. The old copy reads—in *their* parts. The same error, as has been already observed, has happened in many other places. MALONE.

“ Entitled in thy parts—.” So, with equal obscurity, in *The Rape of Lucrece* :

“ But beauty, in that *white intitled*,

“ From Venus' doves doth challenge that fair field.”

I suppose he means, ‘ that beauty *takes its tittle* from that fairness or white.’ STEEVENS.



O, give thyself the thanks, if aught in me  
 Worthy perusal, stand against thy sight ;  
 For who's so dumb that cannot write to thee,  
 When thou thyself dost give invention light ?  
 Be thou the tenth muse, ten times more in worth  
 Than those old nine, which rhymers invoke ;  
 And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth  
 Eternal numbers to out-live long date.

If my slight muse do please these curious days,  
 The pain be mine, but thine shall be the praise.

## XXXIX.

O, how thy worth with manners may I sing,  
 When thou art all the better part of me ?  
 What can mine own praise to mine own self bring ?  
 And what is't but mine own, when I praise thee ?  
 Even for this let us divided live,  
 And our dear love lose name of single one ;  
 That by this separation I may give  
 That due to thee, which thou deserv'st alone.  
 O absence, what a torment would'st thou prove,  
 Were it not thy sour leisure gave sweet leave  
 To entertain the time with thoughts of love,  
 (Which time and thoughts so sweetly doth deceive<sup>7</sup>.)

<sup>7</sup> (Which time and THOUGHTS so sweetly DOTH deceive,)]  
 Which, viz. *entertaining the time with thoughts of love*, doth so agreeably beguile the tediousness of absence from those we love, and the melancholy which that absence occasions. So, in Venus and Adonis :

“ A summer day will seem an hour but short,

“ Being wasted in such *time-beguiling* sport.”

*Thought* in ancient language meant *melaucholy*. See vol. xi. p. 410, n. 7, and vol. xii. p. 318, n. 1.

The poet, it is observable, has here used the Latin idiom, probably without knowing it :

*Jam vino quærens, jam somno fallere curam.*

The old copy reads :

“ Which time and thoughts so sweetly *dost* deceive.”

And that thou teachest how to make one twain,  
By praising him here, who doth hence remain<sup>8</sup>.

## XL.

Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all ;  
What hast thou then more than thou hadst before ?  
No love, my love, that thou may'st true love call ;  
All mine was thine, before thou hadst this more.  
Then, if for my love thou my love receivest,  
I cannot blame thee, for my love thou usest<sup>9</sup> ;  
But yet be blam'd, if thou thyself deceivest<sup>1</sup>  
By wilful taste of what thyself refuseth.  
I do forgive thy robbery, gentle thief,  
Although thou steal thee all my poverty ;  
And yet love knows, it is a greater grief  
To bear love's wrong, than hate's known injury.  
Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shows,  
Kill me with spites ; yet we must not be foes.

## XLI.

Those pretty wrongs that liberty commits,  
When I am sometime absent from thy heart,

But there is nothing to which *dost* can refer. The change being so small, I have placed *doth* in the text, which affords an easy sense.

MALONE.

*Does* would be nearer the original reading ; but I rather think it should be *do*, making of *thoughts* the nominative case.

BOSWELL.

<sup>8</sup> — how to make one twain,

By praising him here, who doth hence remain.] So, in Antony and Cleopatra :

“ Our separation so abides and flies,

“ That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,

“ And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — FOR my love thou usest ;] *For* has here the signification of *because*. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> But yet be blam'd, if thou thyself deceivest—] The quarto reads—if thou *this* self deceivest. It is evidently corrupt.

MALONE.

Thy beauty and thy years full well befits,  
 For still temptation follows where thou art.  
 Gentle thou art, and therefore to be won,  
 Beauteous thou art, therefore to be assail'd<sup>2</sup>;  
 And when a woman woos, what woman's son  
 Will sourly leave her till she have prevail'd<sup>3</sup>.  
 Ah me! but yet thou might'st, my sweet, forbear<sup>4</sup>,  
 And chide thy beauty and thy straying youth,  
 Who lead thee in their riot even there  
 Where thou art forc'd to break a two-fold truth ;  
 Hers, by thy beauty tempting her to thee,  
 Thine, by thy beauty being false to me.

<sup>2</sup> Gentle thou art, and therefore to be won,  
 Beauteous thou art, therefore to be ASSAIL'D;] So, in the  
 first Part of King Henry VI.:

“ She's *beautiful*, and therefore to be *woo'd*;

“ She is a woman, therefore to be *won*.” STEVENS.

Again, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* :

“ That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,

“ If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — till SHE have prevail'd.] The quarto reads :—till *he* have  
 prevail'd. But the lady, and not the man, being in this case sup-  
 posed the wooer, the poet without doubt wrote :

“ — till *she* have prevail'd.”

The emendation was proposed to me by Mr. Tyrwhitt.

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — but yet thou might'st, my SWEET, forbear.] The old copy  
 reads—thou might'st my *seat* forbear. The context proves it to  
 have been a corruption : for the emendation I am responsible. So,  
 in another Sonnet :

“ — in my sight,

“ *Dear heart*, forbear to glance thine eye aside.”

Again, in our author's *Lover's Complaint* :

“ But O, *my sweet*, what labour is't to leave,” &c.

Again, in *Othello* :

“ The sooner, *sweet*, for you.”

Again, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* :

“ *Pro.* Except my mistress.

“ *Val.* *Sweet*, except not any.”

Here a man is addressed by a man.

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida* :

“ *Sweet*, rouse yourself.”

*Patroclus* is the speaker, and *Achilles* the person addressed.

MALONE.

## XLII.

That thou hast her, it is not all my grief,  
 And yet it may be said I lov'd her dearly;  
 That she hath thee, is of my wailing chief,  
 A loss in love that touches me more nearly.  
 Loving offenders, thus I will excuse ye:—  
 Thou dost love her, because thou knew'st I love her;  
 And for my sake even so doth she abuse me,  
 Suffering my friend for my sake to approve her.  
 If I lose thee, my loss is my love's gain<sup>5</sup>,  
 And losing her, my friend hath found that loss;  
 Both find each other, and I lose both twain,  
 And both for my sake lay on me this cross:  
     But here's the joy; my friend and I are one;  
     Sweet flattery!—then she loves but me alone.

## XLIII.

When most I wink, then do mine eyes best see,  
 For all the day they view things unrespected<sup>6</sup>;  
 But when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee,  
 And darkly bright, are bright in dark directed.  
 Then thou, whose shadow shadows doth make  
     bright,  
 How would thy shadow's form form happy show  
 To the clear day with thy much clearer light,  
 When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so?  
 How would (I say) mine eyes be blessed made  
 By looking on thee in the living day,  
 When in dead night thy fair imperfect shade<sup>7</sup>  
 Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stay?

Mr. Beaden is of opinion that the context shews the original word to be right. Iago, as he observes, uses the word *seat* with the same meaning, vol. ix. p. 315. BOSWELL.

<sup>5</sup> If I lose thee, my loss is my LOVE'S gain,] If I lose thee, my mistress gains by my loss. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — things UNRESPECTED] Things unnoticed, unregarded.  
 MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — THY fair imperfect shade —] The old copy reads—*their*.

All days are nights to see <sup>8</sup>, till I see thee,  
 And nights, bright days, when dreams do show  
 thee me <sup>9</sup>.

## XLIV.

If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,  
 Injurious distance should not stop my way ;  
 For then, despite of space, I would be brought  
 From limits far remote, where thou dost stay.  
 No matter then, although my foot did stand  
 Upon the farthest earth remov'd from thee ;  
 For nimble thought can jump both sea and land <sup>1</sup>,  
 As soon as think the place where he would be.  
 But ah ! thought kills me, that I am not thought,  
 To leap large lengths of miles, when thou art gone,  
 But that, so much of earth and water wrought <sup>2</sup>,  
 I must attend time's leisure with my moan ;  
     Receiving nought by elements so slow  
     But heavy tears, badges of either's woe :

The two words, it has been already observed, are frequently confounded in these Sonnets. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> All days are nights to SEE,] We should, perhaps, read :  
     " All days are nights to me."

The compositor might have caught the word *see* from the end of the line. MALONE.

As, *fair to see* (an expression which occurs in a hundred of our old ballads) signifies *fair to sight*, so,—all days are *nights to see*, means, all days are *gloomy to behold*, i. e. *look like nights*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — do show THEE ME.] That is, do show thee *to me*.

MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> — can JUMP both sea and land.] *Jump* has here its common signification. In Shakspeare it often signifies *to hazard*. This is its meaning in the well known passage in *Macbeth* :

" We'd *jump* the life to come." MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — so much of EARTH AND WATER WROUGHT,] i. e. being so thoroughly compounded of these two ponderous elements. Thus, in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

" — I am air and fire, my other *elements*

" I give to *base* life." STEEVENS.

Again, in *King Henry V.* : " He is pure air and fire ; and the *dull elements of earth and water* never appear in him." MALONE.

## XLV.

The other two, slight air and purging fire,  
 Are both with thee, wherever I abide ;  
 The first my thought, the other my desire,  
 These present-absent with swift motion slide.  
 For when these quicker elements are gone  
 In tender embassy of love to thee,  
 My life, being made of four<sup>3</sup>, with two alone  
 Sinks down to death, oppress'd with melancholy ;  
 Until life's composition be recur'd  
 By those swift messengers return'd from thee,  
 Who even but now come back again, assur'd  
 Of thy fair health<sup>4</sup>, recounting it to me :  
 This told, I joy ; but then no longer glad,  
 I send them back again, and straight grow sad.

## XLVI.

Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war<sup>5</sup>,  
 How to divide the conquest of thy sight ;  
 Mine eye my heart thy picture's sight would bar<sup>6</sup>,  
 My heart mine eye the freedom of that right.  
 My heart doth plead, that thou in him dost lie,  
 (A closet never pierc'd with crystal eyes,)  
 But the defendant doth that plea deny,  
 And says in him thy fair appearance lies<sup>7</sup>.

<sup>3</sup> My life, being made of four,—] So, in *Twelfth Night* :  
 “ Does not our *life consist of the four elements?*”

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> Of *THY* fair health,] The old copy has—*their* fair health.

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> Mine eye and heart are at a *MORTAL WAR*,] So, in a passage in Golding's Translation of Ovid, 1576, which our author has imitated in *The Tempest*, vol. xv. p. 159 :

“ Among the earth-bred brothers you a *mortal war* did set.

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — *THY* picture's sight would bar,] Here also *their* was printed instead of *thy*. MALONE,

<sup>7</sup> — *THY* fair appearance lies.] The quarto has *their*. In this Sonnet, this mistake has happened four times. MALONE.

To 'cide this title is impannelled <sup>8</sup>  
 A quest of thoughts <sup>9</sup>, all tenants to the heart ;  
 And by their verdict is determined  
 The clear eye's moiety <sup>1</sup>, and the dear heart's part :  
     As thus ; mine eye's due is thine outward part,  
     And my heart's right thine inward love of heart.

## XLVII.

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took,  
 And each doth good turns now unto the other :  
 When that mine eye is famish'd for a look <sup>2</sup>,  
 Or heart in love with sighs himself doth smother,  
 With my love's picture then my eye doth feast,  
 And to the painted banquet bids my heart <sup>3</sup> :  
 Another time mine eye is my heart's guest,  
 And in his thoughts of love doth share a part :  
 So, either by thy picture or my love <sup>4</sup>,  
 Thyself away, art present <sup>5</sup> still with me ;  
 For thou not farther than my thoughts canst move,  
 And I am still with them, and they with thee ;  
     Or, if they sleep, thy picture in my sight  
     Awakes my heart to heart's and eye's delight.

<sup>8</sup> To 'CIDE this title is impannelled—] To 'cide, for to decide. The old copy reads—*side*. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> A QUEST of thoughts,—] An *inquest* or *jury*. So, in King Richard III. :

“What lawful *quest* have given their verdict up

“Unto the frowning judge?” MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> The clear eye's MOIETY,—] *Moiety* in ancient language signifies any portion of a thing, though the whole may not be equally divided. See p. 95, n. 1. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> When that mine eye is FAMISH'D FOR A LOOK,] So, in The Comedy of Errors :

“While I at home *starve* for a merry look.” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — BIDS my heart:] i. e. invites my heart. See vol. v. p. 53, n. 1. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> So, either by THY picture OR my love,] The modern editions read unintelligibly :

“So either by *the* picture of my love.” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> Thyself away, ART present—] i. e. Thyself, *though* away, art present, &c. The old copy is here evidently corrupt. It reads—*are* instead of *art*. MALONE.

## XLVIII.

How careful was I, when I took my way,  
 Each trifle under truest bars to thrust ;  
 That, to my use, it might unused stay  
 From hands of falshood, in sure wards of trust !  
 But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are <sup>6</sup>,  
 Most worthy comfort, now my greatest grief,  
 Thou, best of dearest, and mine only care,  
 Art left the prey of every vulgar thief.  
 Thee have I not lock'd up in any chest,  
 Save where thou art not, though I feel thou art,  
 Within the gentle closure of my breast <sup>7</sup>,  
 From whence at pleasure thou may'st come and part ;  
 And even thence thou wilt be stolen, I fear,  
 For truth proves thievish for a prize so dear <sup>8</sup>.

## XLIX.

Against that time, if ever that time come,  
 When I shall see thee frown on my defects,  
 Whenas thy love hath cast his utmost sum <sup>9</sup>,  
 Call'd to that audit by advis'd respects ;  
 Against that time, when thou shalt strangely pass,  
 And scarcely greet me with that sun, thine eye ;  
 When love, converted from the thing it was,  
 Shall reasons find of settled gravity <sup>1</sup> ;

<sup>6</sup> But thou, to whom my JEWELS trifles are,] We have the same allusion in King Richard II. :

“ — Every tedious stride I make,

“ Will but remember me what a deal of world

“ I wander from the *jewels* that I love.” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> Within the gentle CLOSURE of my breast,] So, in King Richard III. :

“ Within the guilty *closure* of thy walls.” STEEVENS.

We have the very words of the text in Venus and Adonis, p. 58 :

“ Lest the deceiving harmony should run

“ Into the quiet *closure* of my breast.” BOSNELL.

<sup>8</sup> For truth proves THIEVISH FOR A PRIZE SO DEAR.] So, in Venus and Adonis :

“ *Rich preys* make true men *thieves*.” C.

<sup>9</sup> WHENAS thy love hath cast his utmost sum,] *Whenas*, in ancient language, was synonymous to *when*. MALONE.



Against that time do I ensconce me here <sup>2</sup>,  
 Within the knowledge of mine own desert,  
 And this my hand against myself uprear,  
 To guard the lawful reasons on thy part :  
 To leave poor me thou hast the strength of laws,  
 Since, why to love, I can allege no cause.

## L.

How heavy do I journey on the way,  
 When what I seek,—my weary travel's end,—  
 Doth teach that ease and that repose to say,  
*Thus far the miles are measur'd from thy friend* <sup>3</sup> !  
 The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,  
 Plods dully on <sup>4</sup>, to bear that weight in me,  
 As if by some instinct the wretch did know  
 His rider lov'd not speed, being made from thee :  
 The bloody spur cannot provoke him on  
 That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide ;  
 Which heavily he answers with a groan,  
 More sharp to me than spurring to his side ;  
 For that same groan doth put this in my mind,—  
 My grief lies onward, and my joy behind.

## LI.

Thus can my love excuse the slow offence  
 Of my dull bearer, when from thee I speed :

<sup>1</sup> When love, converted from the thing it was,  
 Shall reasons find of settled gravity:] A sentiment somewhat similar, occurs in Julius Cæsar :

“ When love begins to sicken and decay,

“ It useth an enforced ceremony.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — do I ENSCONCE me here,] I fortify myself. A *sconce* was a species of fortification. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *Thus far the miles are MEASUR'D FROM THY FRIEND !*] So, in one of our author's plays :

“ *Measuring our steps from a departed friend.*” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> Plods DULLY on,] The quarto reads—Plods *duly* on. The context supports the reading that I have substituted. So, in the next Sonnet, where the same thought is pursued :

“ Thus can my love excuse the slow offence

“ Of my *dull* bearer.” MALONE.

From where thou art why should I haste me thence?  
Till I return, of posting is no need.

O, what excuse will my poor beast then find,  
When swift extremity can seem but slow<sup>3</sup>?

Then should I spur, though mounted on the  
wind<sup>4</sup>?

In winged speed no motion shall I know :

Then can no horse with my desire keep pace ;

Therefore desire, of perfect love being made,

Shall neigh (no dull flesh) in his fiery race<sup>5</sup> ;

But love, for love, thus shall excuse my jade ;

Since from thee going he went wilful-slow,

Towards thee I'll run, and give him leave to go.

<sup>3</sup> When SWIFT extremity can seem but SLOW ?] So, in Macbeth :

“ The *swiftest* wing of recompence is *slow*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> Then should I spur, though MOUNTED ON THE WIND ;] So, in Macbeth :

“ And Pity, like a naked new-born babe,

“ *Striding the blast*, or Heaven's cherubin, *hors'd*

“ *Upon the sightless couriers of the air*,

“ Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye.”

It is likewise one of the employments of Ariel,

“ To *run* upon the sharp *wind* of the north.”

Again, in King Henry IV. Part II. :

“ I, from the orient to the drooping west,

“ Making the *wind* my *post-horse*—.”

Again, in Cymbeline :

“ — whose breath

“ *Rides* on the posting *winds*.” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> Shall neigh (no dull flesh) in his fiery race ;] The expression is here so uncouth, that I strongly suspect this line to be corrupt. Perhaps we should read :

“ Shall neigh to dull flesh, in his fiery race.”

Desire, in the ardour of impatience, shall call to the sluggish animal, (the horse) to proceed with swifter motion. MALONE.

Perhaps this passage is only obscured by the awkward situation of the words *no dull flesh*. The sense may be this: ‘Therefore desire, being *no dull* piece of horse-*flesh*, but composed of the most perfect love, shall neigh as he proceeds in his hot career.’

“ A good piece of horse-*flesh*,” is a term still current in the stable. Such a profusion of words, and only to tell us that our author's passion was impetuous, though his horse was slow! STEEVENS.

## LII.

So am I as the rich, whose blessed key  
 Can bring him to his sweet up-locked treasure,  
 The which he will not every hour survey,  
 For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure<sup>6</sup>;  
 Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare,  
 Since seldom coming, in the long year set,  
 Like stones of worth they thinly placed are<sup>7</sup>,  
 Or captain jewels in the carcanet<sup>8</sup>.  
 So is the time that keeps you, as my chest,  
 Or as the wardrobe, which the robe doth hide,  
 To make some special instant special-blest<sup>9</sup>,  
 By new unfolding his imprison'd pride.

<sup>6</sup> FOR BLUNTING the fine point of seldom pleasure,] That is, for fear of blunting, &c.

Voluptates commendat rarior usus. *Hor.* MALONE.

— *aciesque habetatur amori*

Mutato toties. *Alicubi.* STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> Therefore are FEASTS so solemn and so rare,  
 Since SELDOM COMING, in the long year set,  
 Like stones of worth, &c.] So, in King Henry IV. Part I. :

“ If all the year were playing *holidays*,

“ To sport would be as tedious as to work ;

“ But, when they *seldom come*, they wish'd-for come ;

“ And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.”

Again, *ibidem* :

“ — my state,

“ *Seldom*, but sumptuous, shewed like a *feast*,

“ And won by *rareness* much solemnity.” MALONE.

“ — *feasts* so solemn and so rare.” He means the four *festivals* of the year. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> Or CAPTAIN jewels in the CARCANET.] Jewels of superior worth. So, in Timon of Athens :

“ The ass more *captain* than the lion, and the fellow

“ Loaden with irons, wiser than the judge.”

Again, in the 66th Sonnet :

“ And captive Good attending *captain* Ill.”

The carcanet was an ornament worn round the neck. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> Or as the wardrobe, which the ROBE doth hide,

To make some special instant special-blest,] So, in King Henry IV. Part I. :

Blessed are you, whose worthiness gives scope,  
Being had, to triumph, being lack'd, to hope.

## LIII.

What is your substance, whereof are you made,  
'That millions of strange shadows on you tend ?  
Since every one hath, every one, one shade,  
And you, but one, can every shadow lend.  
Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit<sup>1</sup>  
Is poorly imitated after you ;  
On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set,  
And you in Grecian tires are painted new :  
Speak of the spring, and foizon of the year<sup>2</sup> ;  
The one doth shadow of your beauty show,  
The other as your bounty doth appear<sup>3</sup> ;  
And you in every blessed shape we know.

In all external grace you have some part,  
But you like none, none you, for constant heart.

## LIV.

O, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem,  
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give !

“ Then did I keep my person fresh and new ;

“ My presence, like a *robe* pontifical,

“ Ne'er seen but wonder'd at.” STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> — and the COUNTERFEIT —] A *counterfeit*, it has been already observed, formerly signified a portrait. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> Speak of the spring, and FOIZON of the year ;] *Foizon* is plenty. The word is yet in common use in the North of England. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> The other AS YOUR BOUNTY,—] The *foizon*, or plentiful season, that is, the autumn, is the emblem of your bounty. So, in *The Tempest*:

“ How does my *bounteous* sister [Ceres] ? ”

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ ——— For his *bounty*,

“ There was no winter in't ; an *autumn* 'twas,

“ That grew the more by reaping.” MALONE.

The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem  
 For that sweet odour which doth in it live.  
 The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye,  
 As the perfumed tincture of the roses <sup>4</sup> ;  
 Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly  
 When summer's breath their masked buds dis-  
 closes <sup>5</sup> ;  
 But, for their virtue <sup>6</sup> only is their show,  
 They live unwoo'd, and unrespected fade ;  
 Die to themselves ; Sweet roses do not so ;  
 Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made <sup>7</sup> :  
 And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,  
 When that shall fade, my verse distills your  
 truth <sup>8</sup> .

<sup>4</sup> THE CANKER-BLOOMS have full as deep a dye,

As the perfumed tincture of the ROSES ;] The *canker* is the *canker-rose* or *dog-rose*. The rose and the canker are opposed in like manner in *Much Ado About Nothing* : " I had rather be a *canker* in a hedge than a *rose* in his grace." MALONE.

Shakspeare had not yet begun to observe the productions of nature with accuracy, or his eyes would have convinced him that the *cynorhodon* is by no means of as deep a colour as the *rose*. But what has truth or nature to do with Sonnets? STEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> When summer's breath their MASKED BUDS DISCLOSES:] So, in *Hamlet* :

" The chariest maid is prodigal enough,

" If she unmask her beauty to the moon :

" Virtue itself scapes not calumnious strokes :

" The canker galls the infants of the spring,

" Too oft before their *buttons* be *disclosed*." MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> But, FOR their virtue —] *For* has here the signification of *because*. So, in *Othello* :

" — haply *for* I am black." MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — Sweet ROSES do not so ;

Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made:] The same image occurs in a *Midsummer-Night's Dream* :

" — earthlier happy is the *rose distill'd*,

" Than that, which, withering on the virgin thorn,

" Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness."

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — MY verse distills your truth.] The old copy reads, I think, corruptedly :—*by* verse distills your truth. MALONE.

## LV.

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments<sup>9</sup>  
 Of princes, shall out-live this powerful rhyme;  
 But you shall shine more bright in these contents  
 Than unswept stone, besmear'd with sluttish time<sup>1</sup>.  
 When wasteful war shall statues overturn,  
 And broils root out the work of masonry,  
 Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn  
 The living record of your memory<sup>2</sup>.  
 'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity  
 Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find room  
 Even in the eyes of all posterity,  
 That wear this world out to the ending doom.  
 So, till the judgment that yourself arise,  
 You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

## LVI.

Sweet love, renew thy force; be it not said,  
 Thy edge should blunter be than appetite;  
 Which but to-day by feeding is allay'd,  
 To-morrow sharpen'd in his former might:  
 So, love, be thou; although to-day thou fill  
 Thy hungry eyes, even till they wink with fulness,  
 To-morrow see again, and do not kill  
 The spirit of love with a perpetual dulness.

<sup>9</sup> Not marble, nor the gilded monuments, &c.]

Exegi monumentum ære perennius,  
 Regalique situ pyramidum altius. *Hor.*

This Sonnet furnishes a very strong confirmation of my interpretation of the words, "— a *paper* epitaph," in King Henry V. See vol. xvii. p. 283, n. 2. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> Than UNSWEPT STONE, besmear'd with sluttish time.] So, in All's Well That Ends Well:

"Where *dust*, and damn'd oblivion, is the tomb  
 "Of honour'd bones indeed." MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> When wasteful war shall statues overturn, &c.]

Jamque opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira nec ignes,  
 Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas.

*Ovid.* MALONE.

Let this sad interim like the ocean be  
 Which parts the shore, where two contracted-new  
 Come daily to the banks, that, when they see  
 Return of love, more blest may be the view ;  
 Or call it winter<sup>3</sup>, which being full of care,  
 Makes summer's welcome thrice more wish'd,  
 more rare.

## LVII.

Being your slave, what should I do but tend  
 Upon the hours and times of your desire ?  
 I have no precious time at all to spend,  
 Nor services to do, till you require.  
 Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour<sup>4</sup>,  
 Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,  
 Nor think the bitterness of absence sour,  
 When you have bid your servant once adieu ;  
 Nor dare I question with my jealous thought,  
 Where you may be, or your affairs suppose ;  
 But, like a sad slave, stay and think of nought,  
 Save, where you are, how happy you make those :  
 So true a fool is love, that in your will  
 (Though you do any thing) he thinks no ill.

## LVIII.

That God forbid, that made me first your slave,  
 I should in thought control your times of pleasure,  
 Or at your hand the account of hours to crave,  
 Being your vassal, bound to stay your leisure !

<sup>3</sup> OR call it winter,] The old copy reads—*As* call it, &c. The emendation, which requires neither comment nor support, was suggested to me by the late Mr. Tyrwhitt. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — the WORLD-WITHOUT-END hour,] The tedious hour, that seems as if it would never end. So, in *Love's Labour's Lost* :

“ — a time, methinks, too short

“ To make a *world-without-end* bargain in.”

i. e. an everlasting bargain. MALONE.

O, let me suffer (being at your beck)  
 The imprison'd absence of your liberty ;  
 And patience, tame to sufferance, bide each check <sup>5</sup>,  
 Without accusing you of injury.  
 Be where you list ; your charter is so strong,  
 That you yourself may privilege your time :  
 Do what you will <sup>6</sup>, to you it doth belong  
 Yourself to pardon of self-doing crime.  
 I am to wait, though waiting so be hell ;  
 Not blame your pleasure, be it ill or well.

## LIX.

If there be nothing new, but that, which is,  
 Hath been before, how are our brains beguil'd,  
 Which, labouring for invention, bear amiss  
 The second burthen of a former child ?  
 O, that record could with a backward look,  
 Even of five hundred courses of the sun,  
 Show me your image in some antique book,  
 Since mind at first in character was done <sup>7</sup> !  
 That I might see what the old world could say  
 To this composed wonder of your frame ;

<sup>5</sup> And patience, TAME TO SUFFERANCE, bide each check,] So, in King Lear :

“ A most poor man, *made tame to fortune's blows.*”

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> Do what you will—] The quarto reads:—*To* what you will.—There can, I think, be no doubt that *to* was a misprint.

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> SHOW ME YOUR IMAGE IN SOME ANTIQUE BOOK,

Since mind at first in CHARACTER was done!] Would that I could read a description of you in the earliest manuscript that appeared *after the first use of letters*. That this is the meaning appears clearly from the next line :

“ That I might see what the old world could *say.*”

Again : “ — the *wits* of former days,” &c.

We yet use the word *character* in the same sense. MALONE.

This may allude to the ancient custom of inserting real portraits among the ornaments of illuminated manuscripts, with inscriptions under them. STEEVENS.



Whether we are mended, or whe'r better they <sup>8</sup>,  
Or whether revolution be the same.

O! sure I am, the wits of former days  
To subjects worse have given admiring praise.

## LX.

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,  
So do our minutes hasten to their end ;  
Each changing place with that which goes before ;  
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.

Nativity once in the main of light <sup>9</sup>,  
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,  
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,  
And time that gave, doth now his gift confound <sup>1</sup>.

Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth <sup>2</sup>,  
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow <sup>3</sup> ;

Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,

And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow :

And yet, to times in hope, my verse shall stand <sup>4</sup>,  
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

<sup>8</sup> — or WHE'R better they,] *Whe'r* for *whether*. The same abbreviation occurs in *Venus and Adonis*, and in *King John*. See vol. xv. p. 231, n. 6. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> Nativity once in the MAIN of light,] In the *great body* of light. So, the *main* of waters. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> — his gift CONFOUND.] 'To *confound* in Shakspeare's age generally meant to *destroy*. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> Time doth transfix the FLOURISH —] The external decoration. So, in *The Comedy of Errors* :

“ Like painted trunks o'er-flourish'd by the devil.”

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> And DELVES the PARALLELS in beauty's brow ;] Renders what was before even and smooth, rough and uneven. So, in the second Sonnet :

“ When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,

“ And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field.”

Again, in the 19th Sonnet :

“ ——— Swift-footed time,

“ O carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,

“ Nor draw no line there with thine antique pen.”

Our author uses the word *parallel* in the same sense in *Othello* :

## LXI.

Is it thy will, thy image should keep open  
 My heavy eyelids to the weary night?  
 Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,  
 While shadows, like to thee, do mock my sight?  
 Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee  
 So far from home, into my deeds to pry;  
 To find out shames and idle hours in me,  
 The scope and tenour of thy jealousy?  
 O no! thy love, though much, is not so great;  
 It is my love<sup>5</sup> that keeps mine eye awake;  
 Mine own true love that doth my rest defeat,  
 To play the watchman ever for thy sake:  
 For thee watch I, whilst thou dost wake elsewhere  
 From me far off, with others all-too-near.

## LXII.

Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye,  
 And all my soul, and all my every part;  
 And for this sin there is no remedy,  
 It is so grounded inward in my heart.  
 Methinks no face so gracious is as mine<sup>6</sup>,  
 No shape so true, no truth of such account;  
 And for myself mine own worth do define,  
 As I all other in all worths surmount.  
 But when my glass shows me myself indeed,  
 Beated and chopp'd with tann'd antiquity<sup>7</sup>,

“ — How am I then a villain,

“ To counsel Cassio to this *parallel* course?” MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> And yet, to times IN HOPE, my verse shall STAND,] So, in King Richard II.:

“ Strong as-a tower in *hope*, I say amen.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> IT IS MY LOVE —] See p. 225, n. 8. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> Methinks NO FACE SO GRACIOUS IS AS MINE,] *Gracious* was frequently used by our author and his contemporaries in the sense of *beautiful*. So, in King John:

“ There was not such a *gracious* creature born.” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> BEATED and chopp'd with tann'd ANTIQUITY,] Thus the old copy. *Beated* was perhaps a misprint for *'bated*. *'Bated* is

Mine own self-love quite contrary I read,  
 Self so self-loving were iniquity.  
 'Tis thee (myself) that for myself I praise,  
 Painting my age with beauty of thy days.

## LXIII.

Against my love shall be, as I am now,  
 With time's injurious hand crush'd and o'erworn<sup>8</sup> ;  
 When hours have drain'd his blood, and fill'd his  
 brow  
 With lines and wrinkles ; when his youthful morn  
 Hath travell'd on to age's steepy night<sup>9</sup> ;  
 And all those beauties, whereof now he's king,

properly *overthrown*; *laid low*; *abated*; from *abattre*, Fr. Hence (if this be the true reading) it is here used by our author with his usual licence, for *disfigured*; reduced to a *lower* or worse state than before. So, in *The Merchant of Venice* :

“ With *'bated* breath and whispering humbleness.”

Again, in the 63d Sonnet :

“ With time's injurious hand *crush'd* and o'erworn.”

*Beated* however, the regular participle from the verb to *beat*, may be right. We had in a former Sonnet—*weather-beaten* face. In *King Henry V.* we find—*casted*, and in *Macbeth*—*thrusted*.

MALONE.

I think we should read *blasted*. So, in *King Henry IV.* Part I. :

“ — every part about you *blasted* with *antiquity*.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> With time's injurious hand CRUSH'D and o'erworn ;] The old copy reads *chrusht*. I suspect that our author wrote *frush'd*, a word that occurs in *Troilus and Cressida* :

“ I'll *frush* it, and unlock the rivets all.”

Again, *Holinshed* in his *Description of Ireland*, p. 29 : “ When they are sore *frusht* with sickness, or so farre withered with age.” To say that a thing is first *crush'd*, and then *over-worn*, is little better than to observe of a man, that he was first *killed*, and then *wounded*. STEEVENS.

To *frush* is to bruise or batter. See *Troilus and Cressida*, vol. viii. p. 438, n. 3. What then is obtained by the change ?

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — when his youthful morn

Hath travell'd on to AGE'S STEEPY NIGHT ;] So, in *King Richard III.* :

“ And turn my *infant morn* to *aged night*.”

Are vanishing or vanish'd out of sight,  
 Stealing away the treasure of his spring ;  
 For such a time do I now fortify  
 Against confounding age's cruel knife,  
 That he shall never cut from memory  
 My sweet love's beauty, though my lover's life<sup>1</sup> :  
 His beauty shall in these black lines be seen,  
 And they shall live, and he in them still green.

## LXIV.

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defac'd  
 The rich-proud cost of out-worn bury'd age ;  
 When sometime lofty towers I see down-ras'd,  
 And brass eternal, slave to mortal rage :  
 When I have seen the hungry ocean gain  
 Advantage on the kingdom of the shore<sup>2</sup>,  
 And the firm soil win of the watery main,  
 Increasing store with loss, and loss with store ;

I once thought that the poet wrote—*sleepy* night. But the word *travell'd* shows, I think, that the old copy is right, however incongruous the epithet *steepy* may appear. So, in the 7th Sonnet :

“ Lo, in the orient when the *gracious light*  
 “ Lifts up his burning head—  
 “ And having climb'd the *steep-up* heavenly hill,  
 “ Resembling strong *youth* in his middle age—.”

These lines fully explain what the poet meant by the *steepy* night of age.

The same opposition is found in the 15th Sonnet :

“ Then wasteful time debateth with decay  
 “ To change your *day of youth* to sullied *night*.”

Were it not for the antithesis which was certainly intended between *morn* and *night*, we might read :

“ ——— to age's *steepy height*.” MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> — though my LOVER's life :] See p. 255, n. 8. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — the hungry ocean gain

ADVANTAGE on the kingdom of the shore,] So, Mortimer, in King Henry IV. Part I. speaking of the Trent :

“ ——— he bears his course, and runs me up

“ With like *advantage* on the other side,

“ Gelding the opposed continent as much.” STEEVENS.

When I have seen such interchange of state <sup>3</sup>,  
 Or state itself confounded to decay;  
 Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminatè—  
 That time will come, and take my love away.

This thought is as a death, which cannot choose  
 But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

## LXV.

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,  
 But sad mortality o'er-sways their power,  
 How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea <sup>4</sup>,  
 Whose action is no stronger than a flower?  
 O, how shall summer's honey breath hold out  
 Against the wreckful siege of battering days <sup>5</sup>  
 When rocks impregnable are not so stout,  
 Nor gates of steel so strong, but time decays?  
 O fearful meditation! where, alack,  
 Shall time's best jewel from time's chest lie hid <sup>6</sup>?

<sup>3</sup> When I have seen the hungry ocean gain  
 Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,  
 And the firm soil win of the watery main,  
 Increasing store with loss, and loss with store;

When I have seen such interchange of state, &c.] So, in  
 King Henry IV. Part II.:

“O heaven! that one might read the book of fate;

“And see the revolution of the times

“Make mountains level, and the continent,

“Weary of solid firmness, melt itself

“Into the sea! and, other times, to see

“The beachy girdle of the ocean

“Too wide for Neptune's hips; how chances mock,

“And changes fill the cup of alteration

“With diverse liquors!” C.

<sup>4</sup> How with THIS rage shall beauty hold a plea,] Shakspeare,  
 I believe, wrote—with *his* rage,—i. e. with the rage of Mortality.

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — SIEGE of battering days,] So, in Romeo and Juliet:

“—— the *siege* of loving terms.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> O fearful meditation! where, alack,

Shall time's best jewel from time's CHEST lie hid?] I once  
 thought Shakspeare might have written—from time's *quest*, but

Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back ?  
Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid ?<sup>7</sup>

am now convinced that the old reading is right. "Time's best jewel" is the person addressed, who, the author feared, would not be able to escape the devastation of time, but would fall a prey, however beautiful, to his all-subduing power. So, in his 48th Sonnet :

" — *thou*, to whom my *jewels* trifles are,  
" Thee have I not lock'd up in any *chest*,  
" Save where thou art not, though I feel thou art."

This allusion is a favourite one of Shakspeare, for he has introduced it in several places. Thus again, in King Richard II. :

" A *jewel* in a ten-times-barr'd-up *chest*  
" Is—a bold spirit in a loyal breast."

Again, in his Rape of Lucrece :

" She wakes her heart by beating on her breast,  
" And bids it leap from thence, where it may find  
" Some purer *chest*, to close so pure a mind."

Again, in King John :

" They found him dead, and thrown into the street,  
" An empty *casket*, where the *jewel* of life  
" By some damn'd villain was robb'd and ta'en away !"

A similar conceit is found in an Epitaph on Prince Henry, eldest son of King James I. written in 1613 :

" Within this marble *casket* lies  
" A matchless *jewel* of rich price ;  
" Whom nature, in the world's disdain,  
" But shew'd, and then put up again."

The *chest of Time* is the repository where he lays up the most rare and curious productions of nature ; one of which the poet esteemed his friend.

— vobis male sit, malæ tenebræ

Orci, quæ omnia bella devoratis. *Catul.* MALONE.

Time's *chest* is the repository into which he is poetically supposed to throw those things which he designs to be forgotten. Thus, in Troilus and Cressida :

" *Time* hath, my lord, a *wallet* at his back,  
" Wherein he puts alms for oblivion."

Again, in Sonnet LII. :

" So is the *time* that keeps you, as my *chest*."

The thief who evades pursuit, may be said with propriety to *lie hid from justice*, or from *confinement*. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid ?] The reading of the quarto—his spoil *or* beauty, is manifestly a misprint.

MALONE.

O none, unless this miracle have might,  
That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

## LXVI.

Tir'd with all these, for restful death I cry <sup>8</sup>,—  
As, to behold desert a beggar born,  
And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,  
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,  
And gilded honour shamefully misplac'd,  
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,  
And right perfection wrongfully disgrac'd,  
And strength by limping sway disabled,  
And art made tongue-ty'd by authority,  
And folly (doctor-like) controlling skill,  
And simple truth miscall'd simplicity <sup>9</sup>,  
And captive good attending captain ill <sup>1</sup> :  
Tir'd with all these, from these would I be gone,  
Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

## LXVII.

Ah! wherefore with infection should he live,  
And with his presence grace impiety,  
That sin by him advantage should achieve,  
And lace itself with his society <sup>2</sup> ?  
Why should false painting imitate his cheek,  
And steal dead seeing of his living hue <sup>3</sup> ?

<sup>8</sup> Tir'd with all these, &c.] Compare Hamlet's celebrated soliloquy with this Sonnet. C.

<sup>9</sup> And simple truth miscall'd SIMPLICITY,] *Simplicity* has here the signification of *folly*. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> And captive good attending CAPTAIN ill:] So, in *Timon of Athens* :

“ — the ass more *captain* than the lion.”

Again, in the 52d Sonnet :

“ Like *captain* jewels in the carcanet.” MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> And LACE itself with his society?] i. e. embellish itself. So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ — what envious streaks

“ Do *lace* the severing clouds—.” STEEVENS.

Why should poor beauty indirectly seek  
 Roses of shadow, since his rose is true?  
 Why should he live, now nature bankrupt is,  
 Beggar'd of blood to blush through lively veins?  
 For she hath no exchequer now but his,  
 And, proud of many, lives upon his gains.  
 O, him she stores, to show what wealth she had,  
 In days long since, before these last so bad.

## LXVIII.

Thus is his cheek the map of days out-worn<sup>4</sup>,  
 When beauty liv'd and died, as flowers do now,  
 Before these bastard signs of fair were borne<sup>5</sup>,  
 Or durst inhabit on a living brow;  
 Before the golden tresses of the dead,  
 The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,  
 To live a second life on second head<sup>6</sup>;  
 Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay:

<sup>3</sup> And steal dead SEEING of his living hue?] Dr. Farmer would read—*seeming*. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — the MAP OF DAYS OUT-WORN,] So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

“Even so this *pattern of the worn-out age*

“Paw'd honest looks—.” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> Before these bastard signs of FAIR were borne,] *Fair* was formerly used as a substantive, for *beauty*. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> Before the GOLDEN TRESSES of the dead,

THE RIGHT OF SEPULCHRES, were shorn away,

To live a second life on SECOND HEAD;] Our author has again inveighed against this practice in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“So are those crisped snaky *golden locks*,

“Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,

“Upon supposed fairness, often known

“To be the dowry of a *second head*,

“*The skull that bred them in the sepulchre.*”

Again, in *Timon of Athens*:

“—— thatch your poor thin *roofs*

“With *burdens of the dead.*”

So, in *Swetnam Arraigned by Women*, a comedy, 1620:

“—— She'll instruct them how



In him those holy antique hours are seen,  
 Without all ornament, itself, and true <sup>7</sup>,  
 Making no summer of another's green,  
 Robbing no old to dress his beauty new ;  
 And him as for a map doth nature store,  
 To show false art what beauty was of yore.

## LXIX.

Those parts of thee that the world's eye doth view,  
 Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend ;  
 All tongues (the voice of souls) give thee that due <sup>8</sup>,  
 Uttering bare truth, even so as foes commend.  
 Thine outward <sup>9</sup> thus with outward praise is crown'd ;  
 But those same tongues that give thee so thine  
 own,  
 In other accents do this praise confound,  
 By seeing farther than the eye hath shown.

“ ————— to use,  
 “ The mysteries, painting, curling, powd'ring,  
 “ And with strange *periwigs*, pin-knots, borderings,  
 “ To deck them up, like to a vintner's bush,  
 “ For man to gaze at on a midsummer-night.”

In our author's time, the false hair usually worn, perhaps in compliment to the queen, was of a sandy colour. Hence the epithet *golden*. See Hentzner's Account of Queen Elizabeth.

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> Without all ornament, *ITSELF*, and true,] Surely we ought to read—*himself*, and true. In him the primitive simplicity of ancient times may be observed ; in him, who scorns all adscititious ornaments, who appears in his native genuine state, [*himself* and true,] &c. MALONE.

*Itself* is without any thing artificial by which it would be disguised, and would not be known to be itself. BOSWELL.

<sup>8</sup> All tongues (the voice of souls) give thee that *DUE*,] The quarto has—that *end*. For the present emendation (which the rhyme requires) the reader is indebted to Mr. Tyrwhitt. The letters that compose the word *due* were probably transposed at the press, and the *u* inverted. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> THINE outward—] The quarto reads—*Their*. MALONE.

They look into the beauty of thy mind,  
 And that, in guess, they measure by thy deeds ;  
 Then (churls) their thoughts, although their eyes  
                   were kind,  
 To thy fair flower add the rank smell of weeds :  
 But why thy odour matcheth not thy show,  
 The solve is this <sup>1</sup>,—that thou dost common  
                   grow.

## LXX.

That thou art blam'd shall not be thy defect,  
 For slander's mark was ever yet the fair ;  
 The ornament of beauty is suspect <sup>2</sup>,  
 A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.  
 So thou be good, slander doth but approve  
 Thy worth the greater, being woo'd of time <sup>3</sup> ;

<sup>1</sup> The SOLVE is this,—] This is the *solution*. The quarto reads :

“The *solye* is this—.”

I have not found the word now placed in the text, in any author : but have inserted it rather than print what appears to me unintelligible. We meet with a similar sentiment in the 102d Sonnet :

“ — sweets grown common lose their dear delight.”

The modern editions read :

“The *toil* is this—.” MALONE.

I believe we should read :

“The *sole* is this—.”

i. e. here the *only* explanation lies ; this is *all*. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> The ORNAMENT of beauty is SUSPECT,] *Suspicion* or slander is a constant attendant on beauty, and adds new lustre to it. *Suspect* is used as a substantive in King Henry VI. Part II. See vol. xviii. p. 238, n. 7. Again, by Middleton in A Mad World my Masters, a comedy, 1608 :

“And poize her words i' the ballance of *suspect*.”

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> THY worth the greater, BEING WOO'D OF TIME ;] The old copy here, as in many other places, reads corruptly—*Their* worth, &c.

I strongly suspect the latter words of this line also to be corrupt. What idea does *worth* woo'd of [that is, *by*] time, present ?

For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love <sup>4</sup>,  
 And thou present'st a pure unstained prime.  
 Thou hast pass'd by the ambush of young days,  
 Either not assail'd, or victor being charg'd ;  
 Yet this thy praise cannot be so thy praise,  
 To tie up envy evermore enlarg'd :

If some suspect <sup>5</sup> of ill mask'd not thy show,  
 Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts should'st  
 owe <sup>6</sup>.

—Perhaps the poet means, that however slandered his friend may be at present, his *worth* shall be celebrated in all *future* time.

MALONE.

Perhaps we are to disentangle the transposition of the passage, thus : ‘ So thou be good, slander, being woo'd of time, doth but approve thy worth the greater,’ i. e. if you are virtuous, slander, being the favourite of the age, only stamps the stronger mark of approbation on your merit.

I have already shewn, on the authority of Ben Jonson, that “*of time*” means, *of the then present one*. See note on Hamlet, vol. vii. p. 323, n. 6. STEEVENS.

Might we not read—being *wood of time*? taking *wood* for an epithet applied to *slander*, signifying *frantic*, doing mischief at random. Shakspeare often uses this old word. So, in Venus and Adonis :

“ Life-poisoning pestilence, and frenzies *wood*.”

I am far from being satisfied with this conjecture, but can make no sense of the words as they are printed. C.

<sup>4</sup> For CANKER vice the SWEETEST BUDS doth love,] So, in The Two Gentlemen of Verona :

“ — As in the *sweetest buds*

“ The eating *canker* dwells, so eating love

“ Inhabits in the finest wits of all.” C.

Again, *ibidem* :

“ — as the most forward bud

“ Is eaten by the *canker*, ere it blow,

“ Even so by love the young and tender wit

“ Is turn'd to folly ; blasting in the *bud*,

“ Losing his verdure even in the *prime*,” &c.

MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> If some SUSPECT—] See p. 288, n. 2. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — should'st OWE.] That is, should *possess*. MALONE.

## LXXI.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead,  
 Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell  
 Give warning to the world that I am fled <sup>7</sup>  
 From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell:  
 Nay, if you read this line, remember not  
 The hand that writ it; for I love you so,  
 That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,  
 If thinking on me then should make you woe <sup>8</sup>.  
 O if (I say) you look upon this verse,  
 When I perhaps compounded am with clay <sup>9</sup>,  
 Do not so much as my poor name rehearse;  
 But let your love even with my life decay:  
 Lest the wise world should look into your moan,  
 And mock you with me after I am gone.

## LXXII.

O, lest the world should task you to recite  
 What merit liv'd in me, that you should love  
 After my death,—dear love, forget me quite,  
 For you in me can nothing worthy prove;  
 Unless you would devise some virtuous lie,  
 To do more for me than mine own desert,

<sup>7</sup> Thaa you shall hear the surly SULLEN BELL  
 Give warning to the world that I am fled—] So, in King  
 Henry IV. Part II.:

“ — and his tongue

“ Sounds ever after as a *sullen bell*,

“ *Remember'd knolling a departed friend.*” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> If thinking on me then should make you woe.]

Tu manes ne læde meos: sed parce solutis

Crinibus, et teneris, Delia, parce genis.

*Tibullus*, lib. i. el. i. BOSWELL.

<sup>9</sup> When I perhaps COMPOUNDED am WITH CLAY,] *Com-*  
*pounded is mixed, blended.* So, in King Henry IV. Part II.:

“ Only compound me with forgotten dust.” MALONE.

And hang more praise upon deceased I,  
 Than niggard truth would willingly impart <sup>1</sup> :  
 O, lest your true love may seem false in this,  
 That you for love speak well of me untrue,  
 My name be buried where my body is,  
 And live no more to shame nor me nor you.  
 For I am sham'd by that which I bring forth,  
 And so should you, to love things nothing worth.

## LXXIII.

That time of year thou may'st in me behold,  
 When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang <sup>2</sup>  
 Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,  
 Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang <sup>3</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> Than niggard truth would willingly impart :]  
 " Be kind to my remains ; and O defend,  
 " Against your judgment, your departed friend."

*Dryden's Epistle to Congreve.* BOSWELL.

<sup>2</sup> When YELLOW LEAVES, &c.] So, in Macbeth :

" ——— my way of life

" Is fallen into the sear, the *yellow leaf*." STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> Bare RUIN'D CHOIRS, where late the sweet birds sang.] The quarto has—" Bare *ru'w'd* quiers,"—from which the reader must extract what meaning he can. The edition of our author's poems in 1640, has—*ruin'd*. *Quires* or *choirs* here means that part of cathedrals where divine service is performed, to which, when uncovered and in ruins,

" A naked subject to the weeping clouds,"

the poet compares the trees at the end of autumn, stripped of that foliage which at once invited and sheltered the feathered songsters of summer ; whom Ford, a contemporary and friend of our author's, with an allusion to the same kind of imagery, calls, in his *Lover's Melancholy* " the *quiristers* of the woods." So, in *Cymbeline* :

" ——— Then was I as a *tree*,

" Whose boughs did bend with fruit ; but in one night,

" A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,

" Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my *leaves*,

" And left me *bare to weather*."

Again, in *Timon of Athens* :

" That numberless upon me stuck, as *leaves*

" Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush,

In me thou seest the twilight of such day  
 As after sun-set fadeth in the west ;  
 Which by and by black night doth take away <sup>2</sup>,  
 Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.  
 In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,  
 That on the ashes of his youth doth lie <sup>3</sup> ;  
 As the death-bed whereon it must expire,  
 Consum'd with that which it was nourish'd by.

This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more  
 strong,  
 To love that well which thou must leave ere  
 long :

## LXXIV.

But be contented : when that fell arrest  
 Without all bail shall carry me away <sup>4</sup>,  
 My life hath in this line some interest,  
 Which for memorial still with thee shall stay.  
 When thou reviewest this, thou dost review  
 The very part was consecrate to thee.

“ Fallen from their boughs, and left me *open, bare,*  
 “ *For ev'ry storm that blows.*” MALONE.

This image was probably suggested to Shakspeare by our desolated monasteries. The resemblance between the vaulting of a Gothick isle, and an avenue of trees whose upper branches meet and form an arch over-head, is too striking not to be acknowledged. When the roof of the one is shattered, and the boughs of the other leafless, the comparison becomes yet more solemn and picturesque. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> Which by and by black night doth take away,] So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* :

“ And by and by a cloud takes all away.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — the GLOWING of such fire,

That on the ASHES of his youth doth lie ;] Mr. Gray perhaps remembered these lines :

“ Even in our *ashes* glow their wonted *fires.*” MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — when that FELL ARREST

Without all bail shall carry me away,] So, in *Hamlet* :

“ Had I but time, (as this *fell serjeant, death,*

“ Is strict in his *arrest,*) O I could tell you,—

“ But let it be.” C.

The earth can have but earth, which is his due :  
 My spirit is thine, the better part of me :  
 So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,  
 The prey of worms, my body being dead ;  
 The coward conquest of a wretch's knife,  
 Too base of thee to be remembered.

The worth of that, is that which it contains,  
 And that is this, and this with thee remains<sup>5</sup>.

## LXXV.

So are you to my thoughts, as food to life,  
 Or as sweet-season'd showers are to the ground ;  
 And for the peace of you I hold such strife<sup>6</sup>  
 As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found ;  
 Now proud as an enjoyer, and anon  
 Doubting the filching age will steal his treasure ;  
 Now counting best to be with you alone,  
 Then better'd that the world may see my pleasure :  
 Some time all full with feasting on your sight,  
 And by and by clean starved for a look<sup>7</sup> ;  
 Possessing or pursuing no delight,  
 Save what is had or must from you be took.

<sup>5</sup> — and this with thee REMAINS.] So, in Antony and Cleopatra :

“ And I hence fleeting, here *remain with thee.*”

<sup>6</sup> And for the PEACE of you I hold such strife —] The context seems to require that we should rather read :

“ — for the *price* of you”—or—“ for the *sake* of you.”

The conflicting passions described by the poet were not produced by a regard to the ease or quiet of his friend, but by the high value he set on his esteem : yet as there seems to have been an opposition intended between *peace* and *strife*, I do not suspect any corruption in the text. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — CLEAN STARVED for a look ;] That is, *wholly* starved. So, in Julius Cæsar :

“ *Clean* from the purpose of the things themselves.”

MALONE.

So, in The Comedy of Errors :

“ While I at home *starve* for a merry *look.*” STEEVENS.

Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day,  
Or gluttoning on all, or all away<sup>8</sup>.

## LXXVI.

Why is my verse so barren of new pride?  
So far from variation or quick change?  
Why, with the time, do I not glance aside  
To new-found methods and to compounds strange?  
Why write I still all one, ever the same,  
And keep invention in a noted weed<sup>9</sup>,  
That every word doth almost tell my name<sup>1</sup>;  
Showing their birth, and where they did proceed?  
O know, sweet love, I always write of you,  
And you and love are still my argument;  
So all my best is dressing old words new,  
Spending again what is already spent:  
For as the sun is daily new and old,  
So is my love still telling what is told.

## LXXVII.

Thy glass will show thee how thy beauties wear,  
Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste;  
The vacant leaves<sup>2</sup> thy mind's imprint will bear,  
And of this book this learning may'st thou taste<sup>3</sup>.

<sup>8</sup> Or gluttoning on all, or all away,] That is, either feeding on various dishes, or having nothing on my board,—*all* being away. MALONE.

Perhaps, *or all away*, may signify, *or away with all!* i. e. I either devour like a glutton what is within my reach, or *command all provisions to be removed out of my sight*. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — in a NOTED weed,] i. e. in a dress by which it is always known, as those persons are who always wear the same colours.

STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> That every word doth almost TELL my name;] The quarto has: *fel* my name. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> THE vacant leaves —] Perhaps Shakspeare wrote—*These* vacant leaves. So afterwards: “Commit to *these* waste blanks.”

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> And of THIS book this learning may'st thou taste.] *This*,



The wrinkles which thy glass will truly show,  
 Of mouthed graves <sup>4</sup> will give thee memory ;  
 Thou by thy dial's shady stealth may'st know  
 Time's thievish progress <sup>5</sup> to eternity.  
 Look, what thy memory cannot contain,  
 Commit to these waste blanks <sup>6</sup>, and thou shalt find  
 Those children nurs'd, deliver'd from thy brain,  
 To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.

*their*, and *thy*, are so often confounded in these Sonnets, that it is only by attending to the context that we can discover which was the author's word. In the present instance, instead of *this* book, should we not read *thy* book? So, in the last line of this Sonnet :

“ These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,  
 “ Shall profit thee, and much enrich *thy* book.”

MALONE.

Probably this Sonnet was designed to accompany a present of a book consisting of blank paper. Were such the case, the old reading (*this* book) may stand. Lord Orrery sent a birth-day gift of the same kind to Swift, together with a copy of verses of the same tendency. STEEVENS.

This conjecture appears to me extremely probable. We learn from the 122d Sonnet that Shakspeare received a *table-book* from his friend.

In his age it was customary for all ranks of people to make presents on the first day of the new year. Even Queen Elizabeth condescended to receive new-year's gifts from the lords and ladies of her court. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> Of MOUTHED graves —] That is, of *all-devouring* graves. Thus, in King Richard III. :

“ —in the *swallowing* gulph  
 “ Of dark forgetfulness and deep oblivion.”

Again, in Venus and Adonis :

“ What is thy body but a *swallowing* grave?” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> Time's thievish PROGRESS —] So, in All's Well That Ends Well :

“ Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass  
 “ Hath told the *thievish* minutes how they pass.”

Milton in one of his Sonnets has imitated our author :

“ How soon hath *time*, that subtle *thief* of youth,” &c.

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — to these waste BLANKS,] The old copy has—waste *blacks*. The emendation was proposed by Mr. Theobald. It is fully supported by a preceding line : The *vacant leaves*, &c.

MALONE.

These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,  
Shall profit thee, and much enrich thy book.

## LXXVIII.

So oft have I invok'd thee for my muse,  
And found such fair assistance in my verse,  
As every alien pen hath got my use,  
And under thee their poesy disperse.  
Thine eyes, that taught the dumb, on high to sing,  
And heavy ignorance aloft to fly<sup>7</sup>,  
Have added feathers to the learned's wing<sup>8</sup>,  
And given grace a double majesty.  
Yet be most proud of that which I compile,  
Whose influence is thine, and born of thee:  
In others' works thou dost but mend the style,  
And arts with thy sweet graces graced be;  
But thou art all my art, and dost advance  
As high as learning my rude ignorance.

## LXXIX.

Whilst I alone did call upon thy aid,  
My verse alone had all thy gentle grace;  
But now my gracious numbers are decay'd,  
And my sick muse doth give another place.  
I grant, sweet love, thy lovely argument  
Deserves the travail of a worthier pen;  
Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent,  
He robs thee of, and pays it thee again.  
He lends thee virtue, and he stole that word  
From thy behaviour; beauty doth he give,  
And found it in thy cheek; he can afford  
No praise to thee but what in thee doth live.

<sup>7</sup> And HEAVY IGNORANCE aloft to fly,] So, in *Othello*: "O *heavy ignorance!* thou praisest the worst, best." MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> Have added FEATHERS to the learned's WING,] So, in *Cymbeline*:

"—— your lord,

"(The best *feather* of our *wing*)—." STEEVENS.

Then thank him not for that which he doth say,  
Since what he owes thee thou thyself dost pay.

## LXXX.

O, how I faint when I of you do write,  
Knowing a better spirit doth use your name<sup>9</sup>,  
And in the praise thereof spends all his might,  
To make me tongue-ty'd, speaking of your fame!  
But since your worth (wide, as the ocean is,)  
The humble as the proudest sail doth bear<sup>1</sup>,  
My saucy bark, inferior far to his,  
On your broad main doth wilfully appear.  
Your shallowest help will hold me up afloat,  
Whilst he upon your soundless deep doth ride;  
Or, being wreck'd, I am a worthless boat,  
He of tall building, and of goodly pride:  
Then if he thrive, and I be cast away,  
The worst was this;—my love was my decay.

## LXXXI.

Or I shall live your epitaph to make,  
Or you survive when I in earth am rotten;

<sup>9</sup> Knowing a BETTER SPIRIT doth use your name,] *Spirit* is here, as in many other places, used as a monosyllable. Curiosity will naturally endeavour to find out who this *better spirit* was, to whom even Shakspeare acknowledges himself inferior. There was certainly no poet in his own time with whom he needed to have feared a comparison; but these Sonnets being probably written when his name was but little known, and at a time when Spenser was in the zenith of his reputation, I imagine he was the person here alluded to. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> The humble as the proudest sail doth bear,] The same thought occurs in *Troilus and Cressida*:

“ — The sea being smooth,

“ How many shallow bauble boats dare sail

“ Upon her patient breast, making their way

“ With those of nobler bulk?—where's then the *saucy* boat?”

STEEVENS.

From hence your memory death cannot take,  
 Although in me each part will be forgotten.  
 Your name from hence immortal life shall have,  
 Though I, once gone, to all the world must die :  
 The earth can yield me but a common grave,  
 When you entomb'd in men's eyes shall lie.  
 Your monument shall be my gentle verse,  
 Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read ;  
 And tongues to be, your being shall rehearse,  
 When all the breathers of this world are dead <sup>2</sup> ;  
     You still shall live (such virtue hath my pen,)  
     Where breath most breathes,—even in the mouths  
     of men.

## LXXXII.

I grant thou wert not married to my muse,  
 And therefore may'st without attain't o'er-look  
 The dedicated words which writers use  
 Of their fair subject, blessing every book.  
 Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue,  
 Finding thy worth a limit past my praise ;  
 And therefore art enforc'd to seek anew  
 Some fresher stamp of the time-bettering days.  
 And do so, love ; yet when they have devis'd  
 What strained touches rhetorick can lend,  
 Thou truly fair wert truly sympathiz'd  
 In true plain words, by thy true-telling friend ;  
     And their gross painting might be better us'd  
     Where cheeks need blood ; in thee it is abus'd.

## LXXXIII.

I never saw that you did painting need,  
 And therefore to your fair no painting set ;

<sup>2</sup> When all the BREATHERS OF THIS world are dead ;] So, in  
 As You Like It : “ I will chide no *breather in the world* but myself,  
 against whom I know most faults.” MALONE.

I found, or thought I found, you did exceed  
 The barren tender of a poet's debt<sup>3</sup> :  
 And therefore have I slept in your report<sup>4</sup> ,  
 That you yourself, being extant, well might show  
 How far a modern quill doth come too short<sup>5</sup> ,  
 Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow<sup>6</sup> .  
 This silence for my sin you did impute,  
 Which shall be most my glory, being dumb ;  
 For I impair not beauty, being mute,  
 When others would give life, and bring a tomb<sup>7</sup> .  
 There lives more life in one of your fair eyes,  
 Than both your poets can in praise devise.

## LXXXIV.

Who is it that says most ? which can say more,  
 Than this rich praise—that you alone are you ?  
 In whose confine immured is the store,  
 Which should example where your equal grew.

<sup>3</sup> The barren TENDER of a POET'S debt:] So, the poet in Timon of Athens :

“ —— all minds

“ —— tender down

“ Their services to lord Timon.”

Again, in King John :

“ And the like tender of our love we make.” MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> And therefore have I SLEPT in your report,] And therefore I have not sounded your praises. MALONE.

The same phrase occurs in King Henry VIII. :

“ —— Heaven will one day open

“ The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon

“ This bold, bad man.”

Again, in King Henry IV. Part I. :

“ —— hung their eyelids down,

“ Slept in his face.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> How far a MODERN quill doth come too short,] *Modern* formerly signified *common* or *trite*. See vol. vi. p. 409, n. 4.

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — WHAT worth in you doth grow.] We might better read :

“ —— that worth in you doth grow.”

i. e. that worth, which, &c. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> When others would give life, and bring a tomb.] When

Lean penury within that pen doth dwell,  
 That to his subject lends not some small glory ;  
 But he that writes of you, if he can tell  
 That you are you, so dignifies his story,  
 Let him but copy what in you is writ,  
 Not making worse what nature made so clear,  
 And such a counter-part shall fame his wit,  
 Making his style admired every where.

You to your beauteous blessings add a curse,  
 Being fond on praise, which makes your praises  
 worse <sup>s</sup>.

## LXXXV.

My tongue-ty'd muse in manners holds her still,  
 While comments of your praise, richly compil'd,  
 Reserve their character with golden quill <sup>9</sup>,  
 And precious phrase by all the muses fil'd.  
 I think good thoughts, whilst others write good  
 words,  
 And, like unletter'd clerk, still cry *Amen*  
 To every hymn that able spirit affords,  
 In polish'd form of well-refined pen.  
 Hearing you prais'd, I say, 'tis so, 'tis true,  
 And to the most of praise add something more ;

others endeavour to celebrate your character, while, in fact, they disgrace it by the meanness of their compositions. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> Being FOND ON praise, which makes your praises worse.] i. e. being fond of such panegyrick as debases what is praise-worthy in you, instead of exalting it. *On* in ancient books is often printed for *of*. It may mean, "behaving foolishly *on* receiving praise." STEEVENS.

*Fond on* was certainly used by Shakspeare for *fond of*. So, in *Twelfth Night*:

" — my master loves her dearly ;

" And I, poor monster, *fond* as much *on* him."

Again, in Holland's translation of Suetonius, folio, 1606, p. 21 : "He was *enamoured* also *upon* queenes." MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> RESERVE their character with golden quill,] *Reserve* has here the sense of *preserve*. See p. 256, n. 9. MALONE.

But that is in my thought, whose love to you,  
Though words come hindmost, holds his rank  
before.

Then others for the breath of words respect,  
Me for my dumb thoughts, speaking in effect.

## LXXXVI.

Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,  
Bound for the prize of all-too-precious you,  
That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhere,  
Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew<sup>1</sup> ?  
Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write  
Above a mortal pitch, that struck me dead ?  
No, neither he, nor his compeers by night  
Giving him aid, my verse astonished.  
He, nor that affable familiar ghost,  
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence<sup>2</sup> ;  
As victors, of my silence cannot boast ;  
I was not sick of any fear from thence :  
But when your countenance fil'd up his line<sup>3</sup>,  
Then lack'd I matter ; that enfeebled mine.

## LXXXVII.

Farewell ! thou art too dear for my possessing,  
And like enough thou know'st thy estimate :  
The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing ;

<sup>1</sup> Making their TOMB the WOMB wherein they grew ?] So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ The earth, that's nature's *mother*, is her *tomb* ;

“ What is her burying *grave*, that is her *womb*.”

Again, in *Pericles* :

“ For he's their *parent*, and he is their *grave*.”

So also, *Milton* :

“ The *womb* of nature, and perhaps her *grave*.” MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — that affable familiar ghost,

Which nightly gulls him with intelligence ;] Alluding perhaps to the celebrated Dr. Dee's pretended intercourse with an angel, and other familiar spirits. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — FIL'D up his line,] i. e. polish'd it. So, in Ben Jonson's Verses on Shakspeare :

“ In his well-torned and true-*filed* lines.” STEEVENS.

My bonds in thee are all determinate <sup>4</sup>.  
 For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?  
 And for that riches where is my deserving?  
 The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,  
 And so my patent <sup>5</sup> back again is swerving.  
 Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then not  
     knowing,  
 Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking;  
 So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,  
 Comes home again, on better judgment making.  
 Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,  
 In sleep a king <sup>6</sup>, but waking, no such matter.

## LXXXVIII.

When thou shalt be dispos'd to set me light,  
 And place my merit in the eye of Scorn <sup>7</sup>,  
 Upon thy side against myself I'll fight,  
 And prove thee virtuous, though thou art forsworn.  
 With mine own weakness being best acquainted,  
 Upon thy part I can set down a story  
 Of faults conceal'd, wherein I am attainted <sup>8</sup>;  
 That thou, in losing me, shalt win much glory;  
 And I by this will be a gainer too;  
 For bending all my loving thoughts on thee,  
 The injuries that to myself I do,  
 Doing thee vantage, double-vantage me.

<sup>4</sup> — determinate.] i. e. determined, ended, out of date. The term is used in legal conveyances. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — PATENT—] Old copy—*patent*. Perhaps we should read, *patient*. BOSWELL.

<sup>6</sup> In sleep a king,] Thus, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ — I dreamt, &c.

“ That I reviv'd, and was an emperor.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> And place my merit in THE EYE OF SCORN,] Our author has again personified *Scorn* in *Othello*:

“ A fixed figure, for the time of *Scorn*

“ To point his slow unmoving *finger* at.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — I can set down a story

Of faults conceal'd, wherein I am attainted;] So, in *Hamlet*: “ — but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better my mother had not borne me.” STEEVENS.



Such is my love, to thee I so belong,  
That for thy right myself will bear all wrong.

## LXXXIX.

Say that thou didst forsake me for some fault,  
And I will comment upon that offence :  
Speak of my lameness <sup>9</sup>, and I straight will halt :  
Against thy reasons making no defence.  
Thou canst not, love, disgrace me half so ill,  
To set a form upon desired change,  
As I'll myself disgrace : knowing thy will,  
I will acquaintance strangle <sup>1</sup>, and look strange ;  
Be absent from thy walks <sup>2</sup>; and in my tongue  
Thy sweet-beloved name no more shall dwell ;  
Lest I (too much profane) should do it wrong,  
And haply of our old acquaintance tell.

<sup>9</sup> Speak of my lameness, &c.] See p. 261, n. 5. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> I will acquaintance STRANGLE,—] I will *put an end* to our familiarity. This expression is again used by Shakspeare in Twelfth Night :

“ ——— it is the baseness of thy fear  
That makes thee *strangle* thy propriety.”

Again, in King Henry VIII. :

“ ——— he has *strangled*  
His language in his tears.”

Again, in The Winter's Tale :

“ *Strangle* such thoughts as these with any thing,  
That you behold the while.”

Again, more appositely in Antony and Cleopatra : “ You shall find the band that seems to tie their friendship together, shall be the very *strangler* of their *amity*.” So also Daniel, in his Cleopatra, 1594 :

“ Rocks *strangle* up thy waves,  
“ Stop cataracts thy fall ! ” MALONE.

This uncouth phrase seems to have been a favourite with Shakspeare, who uses it again in Macbeth :

“ — night *strangles* the travelling lamp.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> Be absent from thy WALKS ;] So, in A Midsummer-Night's Dream :

“ Be kind and courteous to this gentleman ;  
“ Hop in his *walks*.” MALONE.

For thee, against myself I'll vow debate,  
For I must ne'er love him whom thou dost hate.

## XC.

Then hate me when thou wilt; if ever, now:  
Now while the world is bent my deeds to cross,  
Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,  
And do not drop in, for an after-loss:  
Ah! do not, when my heart hath scap'd this sorrow,  
Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe<sup>2</sup>;  
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,  
To linger out a purpos'd overthrow.  
If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,  
When other petty griefs have done their spite,  
But in the onset come; so shall I taste  
At first the very worst of fortune's might;  
And other strains of woe, which now seem woe,  
Compar'd with loss of thee, will not seem so.

## XCI.

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,  
Some in their wealth, some in their body's force;  
Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill;  
Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their  
horse;  
And every humour hath his adjunct pleasure,  
Wherein it finds a joy above the rest;  
But these particulars are not my measure,  
All these I better in one general best.

<sup>2</sup> Come in the REARWARD of a conquer'd woe;] So, in *Romco and Juliet*:

“ But with a *rearward* following Tybalt's death,” &c.

STEVENS.

Again, in *Much Ado About Nothing*:

“ And in the *rearward* of reproaches,” &c.

Again, in *King Henry IV. Part II.*: “ He *came* ever in the *rearward* of the fashion.” MALONE.

Thy love is better than high birth to me,  
 Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost<sup>3</sup>,  
 Of more delight than hawks or horses be;  
 And having thee, of all men's pride I boast.  
 Wretched in this alone, that thou may'st take  
 All this away, and me most wretched make.

## XCII.

But do thy worst to steal thyself away,  
 For term of life thou art assured mine;  
 And life no longer than thy love will stay,  
 For it depends upon that love of thine.  
 Then need I not to fear the worst of wrongs,  
 When in the least of them my life hath end.  
 I see a better state to me belongs  
 Than that which on thy humour doth depend:  
 Thou canst not vex me with inconstant mind,  
 Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie.  
 O, what a happy title do I find,  
 Happy to have thy love, happy to die!  
 But what's so blessed-fair that fears no blot?  
 Thou may'st be false, and yet I know it not:

## XCIII.

So shall I live, supposing thou art true,  
 Like a deceived husband<sup>4</sup>; so love's face

<sup>3</sup> Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost,] So, in Cymbeline:

“ Richer than doing nothing for a babe ;

“ Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> So shall I live, supposing thou art true,

Like a deceived husband;—] Mr. Oldys observes in one of his manuscripts, that this and the preceding Sonnet “ seem to have been addressed by Shakspeare to his *beautiful* wife on some suspicion of her infidelity.” He must have read our author's poems with but little attention; otherwise he would have seen that these, as well as the preceding Sonnets, and many of those that follow, are not addressed to a female. I do not know whether this antiquary had any other authority than his misapprehen-

May still seem love to me, though alter'd-new ;  
Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place :

sion concerning these lines for the epithet by which he has described our great poet's wife. He had made very large collections for a life of our author, and perhaps in the course of his researches had learned this particular. However this may have been, the other part of his conjecture (that Shakspeare was jealous of her) may perhaps be thought to derive some probability from the following circumstances ; at least, when connected with the well known story of the Oxford vintner's wife, they give some room to suppose that he was not very strongly attached to her. It is observable, that his daughter, and not his wife, is his executor ; and in his will he bequeaths the latter only an old piece of furniture, and not even the most valuable of the kind of which he was possessed ; (" his *second best bed* ; ") nor did he even think of her till the whole was finished, *the clause relating to her being an interlineation*. What provision was made for her by settlement, does not appear. It may likewise be remarked, that jealousy is the principle hinge of *four* of his plays ; and in his great performance (Othello) some of the passages are written with such exquisite feeling, as might lead us to suspect that the author, at some period of his life, had himself been *perplexed* with doubts, though not perhaps *in the extreme*.

By the same mode of reasoning, it may be said, he might be proved to have stabbed his friend, or to have had a *thankless* child ; because he has so admirably described the horror consequent on murder, and the effects of filial ingratitude, in Macbeth, and King Lear. He could indeed assume all shapes ; and therefore it must be acknowledged that the present hypothesis is built on an uncertain foundation. All I mean to say is, that he appears to me to have written more immediately *from the heart* on the subject of jealousy, than on any other ; and it is therefore not improbable he might have felt it. The whole is mere conjecture. MALONE.

As all that is known with any degree of certainty concerning Shakspeare, is—" that he was born at Stratford upon Avon,—married and had children there,—went to London, where he commenced actor, and wrote poems and plays,—returned to Stratford, made his will, died, and was buried,"—I must confess my readiness to combat every unfounded supposition respecting the particular occurrences of his life.

The misapprehension of Oldys may be naturally accounted for, and will appear venial to those who examine the two Sonnets before us. From the complaints of *inconstancy*, and the praises of *beauty*, contained in them, they should seem at first sight to be addressed by an inamorato to a mistress. Had our antiquarian

For there can live no hatred in thine eye,  
Therefore in that I cannot know thy change.

informed himself of the tendency of such pieces as precede and follow, he could not have failed to discover his mistake.

Whether the wife of our author was beautiful, or otherwise, was a circumstance beyond the investigation of Oldys, whose collections for his life I have perused: yet surely it was natural to impute charms to one who could engage and fix the heart of a young man of such uncommon elegance of fancy.

That our poet was jealous of this lady, is likewise an unwarrantable conjecture. Having in times of health and prosperity, provided for her by settlement, (or knowing that her father had already done so) he bequeathed to her at his death, not merely *an old piece of furniture*, but perhaps, as a mark of peculiar tenderness,

“The very bed that on his bridal night  
“Receiv'd him to the arms of Belvidera.”

His momentary forgetfulness as to this matter, must be imputed to disease. He has many times given support to the sentiments of others, let him speak for once in his own defence:

“Infirmity doth still neglect all office  
“Whereto our health is bound; we are not ourselves  
“When nature, being oppress'd, commands the mind  
“To suffer with the body.”

Mr. Malone therefore ceases to argue with his usual candour, when he

“—— takes the indispos'd and sickly fit  
“For the sound man.”

The *perfect health* mentioned in the will, (on which Mr. Malone relies in a subsequent note) was introduced as a thing of course by the attorney who drew it up; and perhaps our author was not sufficiently recovered during the remaining two months of his life to attempt any alterations in this his last work. It was also natural for Shakspeare to have chosen his daughter and not his wife for an executrix, because the latter, for reasons already given, was the least interested of the two in the care of his effects.

That Shakspeare has written with his utmost power on the subject of jealousy, is no proof that he had ever felt it. Because he has, with equal vigour, expressed the varied aversions of Apemantus and Timon to the world, does it follow that he himself was a Cynic, or a wretch deserted by his friends? Because he has, with proportionable strength of pencil, represented the vindictive cruelty of Shylock, are we to suppose he copied from a fiend-like original in his own bosom?

Let me add (respecting the four plays alluded to by Mr.

In many's looks the false heart's history  
Is writ <sup>5</sup>, in moods and frowns and wrinkles strange ;

Malone,) that in *Cymbeline* jealousy is merely incidental. In the *Winter's Tale*, and *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, the folly of it is studiously exposed. *Othello* alone is wholly built on the fatal consequences of that destructive passion. Surely we cannot wonder that our author should have lavished his warmest colouring on a commotion of mind the most vehement of all others ; or that he should have written with sensibility on a subject with which every man who loves is in some degree acquainted. Besides, of different pieces by the same hand, one will prove the most highly wrought, though sufficient reasons cannot be assigned to account for its superiority.

No argument, however, in my opinion, is more fallacious than that which imputes the success of a poet to his interest in his subject. Accuracy of description can be expected only from a mind at rest. It is the unruffled lake that is a faithful mirror.

STEEVENS.

Every author who writes on a variety of topicks, will have sometimes occasion to describe what he has himself felt. To attribute to our great poet (to whose amiable manners all his contemporaries bear testimony,) the moroseness of a cynick, or the depravity of a murderer, would be to form an idea of him contradicted by the whole tenour of his character, and unsupported by any kind of evidence : but to suppose him to have felt a passion which it is said " most men who ever loved have in some degree experienced," does not appear to me a very wild or extravagant conjecture.—Let it also be remembered, that he has not exhibited *four* Shylocks, nor *four* Timons, but *one* only of each of those characters.

Our author's forgetfulness of his wife, from whatever cause it arose, cannot well be imputed to the *indisposed and sickly fit* ; for, from an imperfect erasure in his will (which I have seen) it appears to have been written (though not executed) *two* months before his death ; and in the first paragraph he has himself told us that he was, at the time of making it, in *perfect health* : words, which no honest attorney, I believe, ever inserted in a will, when the testator was notoriously in a contrary state. Any speculation on this subject is indeed unnecessary ; for the various regulations and provisions of our author's will show that at the time of making it (whatever his *health* might have been,) he had the entire use of his *faculties*. Nor, supposing the contrary to have been the case, do I see what in the two succeeding months he was to recollect or to alter. His wife had not wholly escaped his memory ; he had forgot her,—he had recollected her,—but so recollected

But heaven in thy creation did decree,  
 That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell ;  
 Whate'er thy thoughts or thy heart's workings be,  
 Thy looks should nothing thence but sweetness  
 tell.

How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow,  
 If thy sweet virtue answer not thy show !

her, as more strongly to mark how little he esteemed her ; he had already (as it is vulgarly expressed) cut her off, not indeed with a shilling, but with an old bed.

However, I acknowledge, it does not follow, that because he was inattentive to her in his will, he was therefore jealous of her. He might not have loved her ; and perhaps she might not have deserved his affection.

This note having already been extended to too great a length, I shall only add, that I must still think that a poet's intimate knowledge of the passions and manners which he describes, will generally be of use to him ; and that in some *few* cases experience will give a warmth to his colouring, that mere observation may not supply. No man, I believe, who had not felt the magick power of beauty, ever composed love-verses that were worth reading. Who (to use nearly our author's words,)

“ In leaden contemplation *e'er* found out

“ Such fiery numbers as the prompting eyes

“ Of beauteous tutors have enrich'd *men* with ? ”

That in order to produce any successful composition, the mind must be at ease, is, I conceive, an incontrovertible truth. It has not been suggested that Shakspeare wrote on the subject of jealousy during the paroxysm of the fit. MALONE.

I am inclined to agree with Mr. Steevens upon the present occasion in questioning the truth of Mr. Malone's uncomfortable conjecture. If Shakspeare had been led to the description of jealousy from having felt it himself ; and had to the last thought it well founded in his own case, which he must have done, if such was his motive for neglecting his wife in his will, he would scarcely have described it as he has uniformly done in his plays, as being causeless and unjust. BOSWELL.

<sup>5</sup> In many's looks the false heart's history

Is writ,] In Macbeth a contrary sentiment is asserted :

“ ——— There is *no* art

“ To find the mind's construction in the face.” MALONE.

“ In many's *looks*,” &c. Thus, in Gray's Church-yard Elegy:

“ And read their *history* in a nation's eyes.” STEEVENS.

## XCIV.

They that have power to hurt and will do none,  
 That do not do the thing they most do show,  
 Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,  
 Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow;  
 They rightly do inherit heaven's graces,  
 And husband nature's riches from expence;  
 They are the lords and owners of their faces<sup>6</sup>,  
 Others but stewards of their excellence.  
 The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,  
 'Though to itself it only live and die;  
 But if that flower with base infection meet,  
 The basest weed outbraves his dignity:  
 For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds:  
 Lilies that fester, smell far worse than weeds<sup>7</sup>.

## XCV.

How sweet and lovely dost thou make the shame,  
 Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,  
 Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name?  
 O, in what sweets dost thou thy sins enclose!  
 That tongue that tells the story of thy days,  
 Making lascivious comments on thy sport,  
 Cannot dispraise but in a kind of praise;  
 Naming thy name blesses an ill report<sup>8</sup>.  
 O, what a mansion have those vices got,  
 Which for their habitation chose out thee?

<sup>6</sup> They are the LORDS and OWNERS OF THEIR FACES,] So, in King John:

“*Lord of thy presence, and no land beside.*” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> Lilies that fester, smell far worse than weeds.] This line is likewise found in the anonymous play of King Edward III. 1596.

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> Naming thy name BLESSES an ill report.] The same ideas offer in the speech of Ænobarbus to Agrippa in Antony and Cleopatra:

“—— For vilest things

“Become themselves in her; that the holy priests

“*Bless her when she is riggish.*” STEEVENS.



Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot,  
 And all things turn to fair that eyes can see!  
 Take heed, dear heart, of this large privilege;  
 The hardest knife ill-us'd doth lose his edge.

## XCVI.

Some say, thy fault is youth, some wantonness;  
 Some say, thy grace is youth, and gentle sport;  
 Both grace and faults are lov'd of more and less<sup>9</sup>:  
 Thou mak'st faults graces that to thee resort.  
 As on the finger of a throned queen  
 The basest jewel will be well esteem'd;  
 So are those errors that in thee are seen,  
 To truths translated, and for true things deem'd.  
 How many lambs might the stern wolf betray,  
 If like a lamb he could his looks translate<sup>1</sup>!  
 How many gazers might'st thou lead away,  
 If thou would'st use the strength of all thy state!  
 But do not so; I love thee in such sort<sup>2</sup>,  
 As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

## XCVII.

How like a winter hath my absence been<sup>3</sup>  
 From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!  
 What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen?  
 What old December's bareness every where!

<sup>9</sup> Both grace and faults are lov'd of MORE AND LESS:] By great and small. So, in King Henry IV. Part I.:

“The *more and less* came in,” &c. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> If like a lamb he could his looks TRANSLATE!] If he could change his natural look, and assume the innocent visage of the lamb. So, in Timon of Athens:

“—— to present slaves and servants

“*Translates* his rivals.” MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> But do not so: I love thee in such sort, &c.] This is likewise the concluding couplet of the 36th Sonnet. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> How like a winter hath my absence been, &c.] In this and the two following Sonnets the pencil of Shakspeare is very discernible. MALONE.

And yet this time remov'd<sup>4</sup> ! was summer's time ;  
 The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,  
 Bearing the wanton burden of the prime<sup>5</sup>,  
 Like widow'd wombs after their lords' decease :  
 Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me  
 But hope of orphans, and unfather'd fruit ;  
 For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,  
 And, thou away, the very birds are mute ;  
     Or, if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer,  
     That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near.

## XCVIII.

From you have I been absent in the spring,  
 When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,  
 Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing<sup>6</sup>  
 That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him.  
 Yet nor the lays of birds<sup>7</sup>, nor the sweet smell  
 Of different flowers in odour and in hue,

<sup>4</sup> And yet this time REMOV'D!—] This time in which I was *remote* or absent from thee. So, in *Measure for Measure* :

“ He ever lov'd the life *remov'd*.”

Again, in *King Henry IV. Part I.* :

“ — nor did he think it meet

“ To lay so dangerous and dear a trust

“ On any soul *remov'd*.” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> The TEEMING AUTUMN, big with rich INCREASE,  
 Bearing the wanton burden of the PRIME,] So, in *A Mid-summer Night's Dream* :

“ — The *spring*, the summer,

“ The *childing autumn*, angry winter, change

“ Their wonted livries ; and the 'mazed world

“ By their *increase* now knows not which is which.”

The *prime* is the *spring*. *Increase* is the *produce of the earth*.  
 MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — in the spring,  
 When PROUD-PIED APRIL, dress'd in all his trim,  
 Hath put a spirit of YOUTH in every thing ;] So, in *Romeo*  
 and *Juliet* :

“ Such comfort as do lusty *young men* feel

“ When *well-apparell'd April* on the heel

“ Of limping winter treads.” MALONE.

Could make me any summer's story tell<sup>8</sup>,  
 Or from their proud lap pluck them where they  
                   grew<sup>9</sup> :  
 Nor did I wonder at the lilies white,  
 Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose ;  
 They were but sweet, but figures of delight<sup>1</sup>,  
 Drawn after you ; you pattern of all those.

<sup>7</sup> Yet nor the lays of birds, &c.] So Milton, Par. Lost, book iv. :

“ Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,

“ With charm of earliest birds,—

“ But neither breath of morn, when she ascends,” &c.

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> Could make me any SUMMER'S STORY tell,] By a *summer's story* Shakspeare seems to have meant some *gay fiction*. Thus, his comedy founded on the adventures of the king and queen of the fairies, he calls *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. On the other hand, in *The Winter's Tale* he tells us, “ a *sad tale's* best for *winter*.” So also, in *Cymbeline* :

“ — if it be *summer* news,

“ Smile to it before : if winterly, thou need'st

“ But keep that countenance still.” MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> Or from their proud LAP pluck them where they grew :] So, in *King Richard II.* :

“ — Who are the violets now—

“ That strew the green *lap* of the new-come *spring* ? ”

MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> They were BUT sweet, but figures of delight,] What more could be expected from flowers than that they should be *sweet* ? To gratify the smell is their highest praise. I suspect the compositor caught the word *but* from a subsequent part of the line, and would read ;

“ They were, *my* sweet, but figures of delight—.”

So, in the 109th Sonnet :

“ Save thou, *my rose* ; in it thou art my all.” MALONE.

The old reading is surely the true one. The poet refuses to enlarge on the beauty of the flowers, declaring that they are *only* sweet, *only* delightful, so far as they resemble his friend.

STEEVENS.

Nearly this meaning the lines, after the emendation proposed, will still supply. In the preceding couplet the *colour*, not the *sweetness*, of the flowers is mentioned ; and in the subsequent line the words *drawn* and *pattern* relate only to their external appearance. MALONE.



## C.

Where art thou, Muse, that thou forget'st so long  
 To speak of that which gives thee all thy might ?  
 Spend'st thou thy fury on some worthless song,  
 Darkening thy power, to lend base subjects light ?  
 Return, forgetful Muse, and straight redeem  
 In gentle numbers time so idly spent ;  
 Sing to the ear that doth thy lays esteem,  
 And gives thy pen both skill and argument.  
 Rise, restive Muse, my love's sweet face survey,  
 If Time have any wrinkle graven there ;  
 If any, be a satire to decay,  
 And make Time's spoils despised every where.  
 Give my love fame faster than Time wastes life ;  
 So thou prevent'st his scythe <sup>5</sup>, and crooked knife.

## CI.

O truant Muse, what shall be thy amends,  
 For thy neglect of truth in beauty dy'd ?  
 Both truth and beauty on my love depends ;  
 So dost thou too, and therein dignify'd.  
 Make answer, Muse : wilt thou not haply say,  
*Truth needs no colour, with his colour fix'd ;*  
*Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay ;*  
*But best is best, if never intermix'd ?*  
 Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb ?  
 Excuse not silence so ; for it lies in thee  
 To make him much out-live a gilded tomb,  
 And to be prais'd of ages yet to be.  
 Then do thy office, Muse ; I teach thee how  
 To make him seem long hence as he shows now.

<sup>5</sup> So thou PREVENT'ST his scythe, &c.] i. e. so by anticipation thou hinderest the destructive effects of his weapons.

## CII.

My love is strengthen'd, though more weak in  
 seeming;  
 I love not less, though less the show appear:  
 That love is merchandiz'd<sup>6</sup>, whose rich esteem-  
 ing  
 The owner's tongue doth publish every where<sup>7</sup>.  
 Our love was new, and then but in the spring,  
 When I was wont to greet it with my lays;  
 As Philomel in summer's front doth sing<sup>8</sup>,  
 And stops his pipe in growth of riper days;  
 Not that the summer is less pleasant now  
 Than when her mournful hymns did hush the  
 night,

<sup>6</sup> That love is MERCHANDIZ'D,—] This expression may serve to support the old reading of a passage in Macbeth:

“ — the feast is *sold*

“ That is not often vouch'd,” &c.

where Pope would read *cold*. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> That love is merchandiz'd, whose rich esteeming

The owner's tongue doth publish every where.] So, in Love's Labour's Lost:

“ — my beauty, though but mean,

“ Needs not the painted flourish of your praise:

“ *Beauty* is bought by judgment of the eye,

“ Not utter'd by base *sale of chapmen's tongues*.” C.

<sup>8</sup> As Philomel in SUMMER'S FRONT doth SING,] In the beginning of summer. So, in Othello:

“ The very head and *front* of my offending

“ Hath this extent.”

Again, more appositely, in The Winter's Tale:

“ — no shepherdess, but Flora,

“ Peering in *April's front*.”

Again, in Coriolanus: “ — one that converses more with the buttock of the night than *the forehead of the morning*.” We meet with a kindred expression in King Henry IV. Part II.:

“ — thou art a summer bird,

“ Which ever in the *haunch of winter sings*

“ The lifting up of day.” MALONE.

But that wild musick burdens every bough<sup>1</sup>,  
 And sweets grown common lose their dear delight<sup>2</sup>.  
 Therefore, like her, I sometime hold my tongue,  
 Because I would not dull you with my song.

## CIII.

Alack! what poverty my muse brings forth,  
 That having such a scope to show her pride,  
 The argument, all bare, is of more worth,  
 Than when it hath my added praise beside.  
 O, blame me not, if I no more can write!  
 Look in your glass, and there appears a face,  
 That over-goes my blunt invention quite<sup>3</sup>,  
 Dulling my lines, and doing me disgrace.  
 Were it not sinful then, striving to mend,  
 To mar the subject that before was well<sup>4</sup>?

<sup>1</sup> Not that the summer is less pleasant now  
 Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night,  
 But that wild musick burdens every bough,] So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“The nightingale, if she should sing by day,  
 “When every goose is cackling, would be thought  
 “No better a musician than the wren.” C.

<sup>2</sup> — their DEAR delight.] This epithet has been adopted by  
 Pope:

“Peace is my *dear delight*, not Fleury's more.”

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — a face,

That OVER-GOES my blunt invention quite,] So, in *Othello*:

“—— a maid,

“One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens.”

Again, in *The Tempest*:

“For thou wilt find she will *out-strip* all praise,

“And make it halt behind her.” STEEVENS.

Again, in *The Winter's Tale*: “I never heard of such another  
 encounter, which *lames report to follow it*, and undoes description  
 to do it.” MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — striving to mend,

To mar the subject that before was well?] So, in *King John*:

For to no other pass my verses tend,  
 Than of your graces and your gifts to tell ;  
 And more, much more, than in my verse can sit,  
 Your own glass shows you, when you look in it.

## CIV.

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,  
 For as you were, when first your eye I ey'd,  
 Such seems your beauty still. Three winters cold  
 Have from the forests shook three summers' pride<sup>5</sup> ;  
 Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd<sup>6</sup> ,  
 In process of the seasons have I seen ;  
 Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,  
 Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green.  
 Ah ! yet doth beauty, like a dial hand,  
 Steal from his figure, and no pace perceiv'd<sup>7</sup> ;  
 So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,  
 Hath motion<sup>8</sup> , and mine eye may be deceiv'd :  
 For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred.—  
 Ere you were born, was beauty's summer dead.

“ When workmen strive to do better than well,

“ They do confound their skill.” STEEVENS.

Again, more appositely, in King Lear :

“ Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> Have from the forests shook THREE SUMMERS' PRIDE,] So, in Romeo and Juliet :

“ Let two more *summers* wither in *their pride*.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> Three beauteous SPRINGS TO YELLOW AUTUMN turn'd.] So, in Macbeth :

“ — my way of life

“ Is fallen into the sear, the *yellow leaf*.” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> Ah ! yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand,

STEAL from his figure, and NO PACE PERCEIV'D:] So,

before :

“ Thou by thy dial's shady *stealth* may know

“ Time's thievish progress to eternity.”

Again, in King Richard III. :

“ — mellow'd by the *stealing* hours of *time*.” MALONE.



## CV.

Let not my love be call'd idolatry,  
 Nor my beloved as an idol show,  
 Since all alike my songs and praises be,  
 To one, of one, still such, and ever so.  
 Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,  
 Still constant in a wondrous excellence ;  
 Therefore my verse to constancy confin'd,  
 One thing expressing, leaves out difference.  
 Fair, kind, and true, is all my argument,  
 Fair, kind, and true, varying to other words ;  
 And in this change is my invention spent,  
 Three themes in one, which wondrous scope affords.

Fair, kind, and true, have often liv'd alone,  
 Which three, till now, never kept seat in one.

## CVI.

When in the chronicle of wasted time  
 I see descriptions of the fairest wights,  
 And beauty making beautiful old rhyme,  
 In praise of ladies dead, and lovely knights,  
 Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,  
 Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow<sup>9</sup>,  
 I see their antique pen would have express'd  
 Even such a beauty as you master now<sup>1</sup>.

<sup>8</sup> So your sweet hue, which methinks STILL DOTH STAND,  
 Hath MOTION,] So, in The Winter's Tale :

“ The *fixure* of her eye hath *motion* in it.” MALONE.

Again, in Othello :

“ — for the *time* of scorn

“ To point his *slow, unmoving* finger at.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> Then, in the BLAZON of swcet beauty's best,

Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,] So, in Twelfth

Night :

“ Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, &c.

“ Do give thee five-fold *blazon*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> — such a beauty as you MASTER NOW.] So, in King Henry V. :

“ Between the promise of his greener days,

“ And those he *masters* now.” STEEVENS.

So all their praises are but prophecies  
 Of this our time, all you prefiguring ;  
 And for they look'd but with divining eyes,  
 They had not skill enough your worth to sing <sup>2</sup> :  
 For we which now behold these present days,  
 Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

## CVII.

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetick soul <sup>3</sup>  
 Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,  
 Can yet the lease of my true love control,  
 Suppos'd as forfeit to a confin'd doom.  
 The mortal moon hath her eclipse endur'd <sup>4</sup>,  
 And the sad augurs mock their own presage <sup>5</sup> ;  
 Incertainties now crown themselves assur'd,  
 And peace proclaims olives of endless age.  
 Now with the drops of this most balmy time  
 My love looks fresh, and death to me subscribes,  
 Since, spite of him, I'll live in this poor rhyme,  
 While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes <sup>6</sup> :

<sup>2</sup> They had not SKILL enough your worth to sing :] The old copy has :

“ They had not *still* enough.”

For the present emendation the reader is indebted to Mr. Tyrwhitt. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — the PROPHETICK SOUL—] So, in Hamlet:

“ Oh my *prophetick soul!* mine uncle.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> The MORTAL MOON hath her ECLIPSE endur'd,] So, in Antony and Cleopatra :

“ Alas, our *terrene moon* is now *eclips'd!*” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> And the sad augurs MOCK their own presage,] I suppose he means that they *laugh* at the futility of their own predictions.

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — and death to me SUBSCRIBES,

Since, spite of him, I'll live in this poor rhyme,

While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes ;] To *subscribe*, is to *acknowledge as a superior, to obey*. So, in Troilus and Cressida :

“ For Hector in his blaze of wrath *subscribes*

“ To tender objects.” MALONE.

And thou in this shalt find thy monument,  
When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent.

## CVIII.

What's in the brain that ink may character,  
Which hath not figur'd to thee my true spirit?  
What's new to speak, what new to register<sup>7</sup>,  
That may express my love, or thy dear merit?  
Nothing, sweet boy; but yet, like prayers divine,  
I must each day say o'er the very same;  
Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,  
Even as when first I hallow'd thy fair name.  
So that eternal love in love's fresh case<sup>8</sup>  
Weighs not the dust and injury of age<sup>9</sup>,  
Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place,  
But makes antiquity for aye his page;  
Finding the first conceit of love there bred,  
Where time and outward form would show it  
dead.

## CIX.

O, never say that I was false of heart,  
Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify.  
As easy might I from myself depart,  
As from my soul, which in thy breast doth lie<sup>1</sup>:

So, in Dr. Young's *Busiris*;

"Like *death*, a solitary king I'll reign,  
"O'er *silent subjects* and a desert plain." STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — what NEW to register,] The quarto is here manifestly erroneous. It reads:

"— what *now* to register." MALONE.

Why manifestly erroneous? 'What can I say now more than I have said already in your praise?' BOSWELL.

<sup>8</sup> — in love's fresh CASE—] By the *case* of *love* the poet means his own compositions. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> WEIGHS not the dust, &c.] A passage in *Love's Labour's Lost* will at once exemplify and explain this phrase:

"You weigh me not,—O, that's you *care not for me*."

STEEVENS.

That is my home of love: if I have rang'd,  
 Like him that travels, I return again<sup>2</sup>;  
 Just to the time, not with the time exchang'd,—  
 So that myself bring water for my stain.  
 Never believe, though in my nature reign'd  
 All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood<sup>3</sup>,  
 That it could so preposterously be stain'd,  
 To leave for nothing all thy sum of good;  
     For nothing this wide universe I call,  
     Save thou, my rose; in it thou art my all.

## CX.

Alas, 'tis true, I have gone here and there,  
 And made myself a motley to the view<sup>4</sup>;  
 Gor'd mine own thoughts<sup>5</sup>, sold cheap what is most  
     dear,  
 Made old offences of affections new:

<sup>1</sup> As from my SOUL, which IN THY BREAST DOTH LIE:] So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

“Hence ever then *my heart is in thy breast.*”

See also *Venus and Adonis*, p. 45, n. S. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> That is my HOME of love: if I have rang'd,  
 Like him that travels, I RETURN again;] Thus, in a *Midsummer-Night's Dream*:

“My heart with her but as guest-wise sojourn'd,

“And now to Helen it is *home return'd.*”

So also, Prior:

“No matter what beauties I saw in my way,

“They were but my visits, but thou art my *home.*”

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> All frailties that BESIEGE all kinds of blood,] So, in *Timon of Athens*:

“—— Nature,

“To whom all sores lay *siege.*” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> And made myself a MOTLEY to the view,] Appeared like a fool (of whom the dress was formerly a *motley coat*). MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> GOR'D mine own thoughts,] I know not whether this be a quaintness, or a corruption. STEEVENS.

The text is probably not corrupt, for our author has employed the same word in *Troilus and Cressida*:

“My fame is shrewdly *gor'd.*”

Most true it is, that I have look'd on truth  
 Askance and strangely ; but, by all above,  
 These blenches gave my heart another youth <sup>6</sup>,  
 And worse essays prov'd thee my best of love.  
 Now all is done, save what shall have no end <sup>7</sup> :  
 Mine appetite I never more will grind  
 On newer proof, to try an older friend,  
 A God in love, to whom I am confin'd.  
 Then give me welcome, next my heaven the best,  
 Even to thy pure and most most loving breast.

## CXI.

O, for my sake do you with fortune chide <sup>6</sup>,  
 The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,  
 That did not better for my life provide  
 Than publick means, which publick manners  
 breeds <sup>9</sup>.

The meaning seems to be, 'I have wounded my own thoughts ; I have acted contrary to what I knew to be right.' MALONE.

We meet with the same expression in Hamlet :

"Till by some elder masters, of known honour,

"I have a voice and precedent of peace,

"To keep my name *ungor'd*." BOSWELL.

<sup>6</sup> These BLENCHES gave my heart another youth,] These starts or aberrations from rectitude. So, in Hamlet :

"—— I'll observe his looks ;

"I'll tent him to the quick ; if he but *blench*,

"I know my course." MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> Now all is done, save what shall have no end :] The old copy reads—*have* what shall have, &c. This appearing to me unintelligible, I have adopted a conjectural reading suggested by Mr. Tyrwhitt. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> O, for my sake do you WITH fortune chide,] The quarto is here evidently corrupt. It reads—*wish* fortune chide. MALONE.

To *chide with* fortune is to *quarrel* with it. So, in Othello :

"The business of the state does him offence,

"And he does *chide with* you." STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> Than publick means, which publick manners breeds.] The author seems here to lament his being reduced to the necessity of appearing on the stage, or writing for the theatre. MALONE.

See the Preliminary Remarks. BOSWELL.

Thence comes it that my name receives a brand ;  
 And almost thence my nature is subdu'd  
 To what it works in, like the dyer's hand :  
 Pity me then, and wish I were renew'd ;  
 Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink  
 Potions of eysell, 'gainst my strong infection <sup>1</sup> ;  
 No bitterness that I will bitter think,  
 Nor double penance, to correct correction.

Pity me then, dear friend, and I assure ye,  
 Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

## CXII.

Your love and pity doth the impression fill  
 Which vulgar scandal stamp'd upon my brow ;  
 For what care I who calls me well or ill,  
 So you o'er-green my bad, my good allow <sup>2</sup> ?  
 You are my all-the-world, and I must strive  
 To know my shames and praises from your tongue ;  
 None else to me, nor I to none alive,  
 That my steel'd sense or changes, right or wrong <sup>3</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> Potions of EYSELL, 'gainst my strong INFECTION ;] *Eysell* is *vinegar*. So, in *A Mery Geste of the Frere and the Boye* :

“ God that dyed for us all,

“ And dranke both *eysell* and gall.” STEEVENS.

Vinegar is esteemed very efficacious in preventing the communication of the plague and other contagious distempers.

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> For what care I who calls me well or ill,

So you O'ER-GREEN my bad, my good ALLOW ?] I am indifferent to the opinion of the world, if you do but throw a friendly veil over my faults, and approve of my virtues. The allusion seems to be either to the practice of covering a bare coarse piece of ground with fresh *green*-sward, or to that of planting ivy or jessamine to conceal an unsightly building.

To *allow*, in ancient language, is to *approve*. MALONE.

I would read :

“ ——— o'er *grieve* my bad,”

i. e. I care not what is said of me, so that you *compassionate* my failings, and approve my virtues. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> That my steel'd SENSE OR changes, right or wrong.] It ap-

In so profound abysm I throw all care <sup>4</sup>  
 Of others' voices, that my adder's sense  
 To critick and to flatterer stopped are <sup>5</sup>.  
 Mark how with my neglect I do dispense :—

You are so strongly in my purpose bred,  
 That all the world besides methinks they are  
 dead <sup>6</sup>.

## CXIII.

Since I left you, mine eye is in my mind <sup>7</sup> ;  
 And that which governs me to go about,

pears from the next line but one, that *sense* is here used for *senses*. We might better read :

“ — *e'er* changes, right or wrong.” MALONE.

“ None else to me, nor I to none alive,

“ That my steel'd sense or changes, right or wrong.” The meaning of this purblind and obscure stuff seems to be—‘ You are the only person who has power to change my stubborn resolution, *either* to what is right, or to what is wrong.’ STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> In so profound ABYSM I throw all care—] Our author uses this word likewise in *The Tempest*, and *Antony and Cleopatra* : “ — the *abysm* of time,” and “ — the *abysm* of hell.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — that my ADDER'S SENSE

To CRITICK and to flatterer stopped are.] That my ears are equally *deaf* to the *sarling censurer*, and the flattering encomiast. *Critick* for *cynick*. So, in *Love's Labour's Lost* :

“ And *critick* Timon laugh at idle toys.”

Our author again alludes to the deafness of the adder in *Troilus and Cressida* :

“ — ears more *deaf* than *adders* to the voice

“ Of any true decision.” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> That all the world besides methinks THEY ARE dead.] The quarto has—

“ That all the world besides methinks *y'are* dead.”

*Y'are* was, I suppose, an abbreviation for *they are* or *th' are*. Such unpleasing contractions are often found in our old poets.

MALONE.

The sense is this,—‘ I pay no regard to the sentiments of mankind ; and observe how I account for this my indifference. I think so much of you, that I have no leisure to be anxious about the opinions of others. I proceed as if the world, yourself excepted, were no more.’ STEEVENS.

Doth part his function <sup>8</sup>, and is partly blind,  
 Seems seeing, but effectually is out <sup>9</sup>:  
 For it no form delivers to the heart  
 Of bird, of flower, or shape, which it doth latch <sup>1</sup> ;  
 Of his quick objects hath the mind no part,  
 Nor his own vision holds what it doth catch ;  
 For if it see the rud'st or gentlest sight,  
 The most sweet favour <sup>2</sup>, or deformed'st creature,  
 The mountain or the sea, the day or night,  
 The crow or dove, it shapes them to your feature :  
 Incapable of more, replete with you,  
 My most true mind thus maketh mine untrue <sup>3</sup>.

<sup>7</sup> — mine eye is in my mind ;] We meet with the same phrase in Hamlet :

“ In my *mind's eye*, Horatio.”

Again, in The Rape of Lucrece :

“ Was left unseen, save to the *eye of mind*.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> Doth PART his function,] That is, *partly* performs his office.  
 MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> Seems seeing, but effectually is out :] So, in Macbeth :

“ *Doct.* You see her eyes are open.

“ *Gent.* Ay, but their sense is shut.” STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> — which it doth LATCH ;] The old copy reads—it doth *lack*. The corresponding rhyme shows that what I have now substituted was the author's word. To *latch* formerly signified to *lay hold of*. So, in Macbeth :

“ ——— But I have words,

“ That should be howl'd out in the desert air,

“ Where hearing should not *latch* them.”

See vol. xi. p. 232, n. 2. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> The most sweet FAVOUR,] *Favour* is *countenance*.

MALONE.

MY most true mind thus maketh mine UNTRUE.] I once suspected that Shakspeare wrote :

“ My most true mind thus makes mine *eye* untrue.”

Or,

“ *Thy* most true mind thus maketh mine untrue.”

out the text is undoubtedly right. The word *untrue* is used as a substantive. “ The sincerity of my affection is the cause of my untruth ;” i. e. of my not seeing objects truly, such as they appear to the rest of mankind. So, in Measure for Measure :

“ Say what you can, my false outweighs your *true*.”



## CXIV.

Or whether doth my mind, being crown'd with you<sup>4</sup>,  
 Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery<sup>5</sup>,  
 Or whether shall I say, mine eye saith true,  
 And that your love taught it this alchymy,  
 To make, of monsters and things indigest,  
 Such cherubins as your sweet self resemble;  
 Creating every bad a perfect best<sup>6</sup>,  
 As fast as objects to his beams assemble?  
 O, 'tis the first; 'tis flattery in my seeing,  
 And my great mind most kingly drinks it up:  
 Mine eye well knows what with his gust is 'greeing<sup>7</sup>,  
 And to his palate doth prepare the cup:  
 If it be poison'd<sup>8</sup>, 'tis the lesser sin  
 That mine eye loves it, and doth first begin.

Again, in King John:

"This little abstract doth contain that *large*,  
 That dy'd in Geoffrey."

Again, in Twelfth Night:

"How easy is it for the proper *false*  
 In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!"

Milton has taken the same liberty:

"—— grace descending had remov'd  
 The *stony* from their hearts." MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — being CROWN'D with you,] So, in Timon of Athens:

"And in some sort these wants of mine are *crown'd*,  
 That I account them blessings." MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — my mind, being crown'd with you,

DRINKS UP the monarch's plague, this flattery,] So, in Troilus and Cressida:

"And how his silence *drinks up his applause*." MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> CREATING every bad a PERFECT BEST,] So, in The Tempest:

"—— creating *you*  
 Of every creature's *best*."

<sup>7</sup> — what with HIS GUST is 'greeing,] That is, what is pleasing to the *taste* of my *mind*. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> If it be POISON'D, &c.] The allusion here is to the tasters to princes. So, in King John:

"— who did *taste* to him?"

"*Hub*. A monk whose bowels suddenly burst out."

## CXV.

Those lines that I before have writ, do lie,  
 Even those that said I could not love you dearer :  
 Yet then my judgment knew no reason why  
 My most full flame should afterwards burn clearer.  
 But reckoning time, whose million'd accidents  
 Creep in 'twixt vows, and change decrees of kings,  
 Tan sacred beauty, blunt the sharp'st intents,  
 Divert strong minds to the course of altering things ;  
 Alas ! why, fearing of time's tyranny,  
 Might I not then say, *now I love you best*,  
 When I was certain o'er uncertainty,  
 Crowning the present, doubting of the rest ?  
 Love is a babe ; then might I not say so,  
 To give full growth to that which still doth grow ?

## CXVI.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds <sup>8</sup>  
 Admit impediments. Love is not love,  
 Which alters when it alteration finds <sup>9</sup> ;  
 Or bends, with the remover to remove :  
 O no ! it is an ever-fixed mark,  
 That looks on tempests, and is never shaken <sup>1</sup> ;

<sup>8</sup> — to the MARRIAGE of true minds —] To the sympathetick union of souls. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, 4to. 1599 :

“ Examine every *married* lineament—.” MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — Love is not love,

Which alters when it alteration finds ; &c.] So, in *King Lear* :

“ — *Love's not love*,

“ When it is mingled with regards, that stand

“ Aloof from th' entire point.” STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> O no ! it is an ever-fixed mark,

That looks on tempests, and is never shaken ;] So, in *King Henry VIII.* :

“ — though perils did

“ Abound, as thick as thought could make them, and

“ Appear in forms more horrid, yet my *duty*,

It is the star to every wandering bark,  
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be  
taken.

Love's not Time's fool<sup>2</sup>, though rosy lips and cheeks  
Within his bending sickle's compass come ;  
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,  
But bears it out even to the edge of doom<sup>3</sup>.

If this be error, and upon me prov'd,  
I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.

## CXVII.

Accuse me thus ; that I have scanted all  
Wherein I should your great deserts repay<sup>4</sup> ;  
Forgot upon your dearest love to call,  
Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day<sup>5</sup> ;

“ *As doth the rock against the chiding flood,  
Should the approach of this wild river break,  
And stand unshaken yours.*”

Again, in Coriolanus :

“ Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,  
And saving those that eye thee.” MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> Love's not TIME'S FOOL,] So, in King Henry IV. Part I. :

“ But thought's the slave of life, and life *Time's fool.*”  
MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> But BEARS IT OUT EVEN TO THE EDGE OF DOOM.] So, in  
All's Well That Ends Well :

“ We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake,  
To the extreme edge of hazard.” MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — that I have SCANTED all

Wherein I should your great deserts repay ;] So, in King  
Lear :

“ Than she to scant her duty.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> Whereto all BONDS DO TIE me day by day ;] So, in King  
Richard II. :

“ — There is my bond of faith,  
To tie thee to my strong correction.”

Again, in Macbeth :

“ — to the which my duties  
Are with a most indissoluble tie  
For ever knit.”

That I have frequent been with unknown minds,  
 And given to time your own dear-purchas'd right ;  
 That I have hoisted sail to all the winds  
 Which should transport me farthest from your sight :  
 Book both my wilfulness and errors down,  
 And on just proof, surmise accumulate,  
 Bring me within the level of your frown<sup>6</sup>,  
 But shoot not at me in your waken'd hate<sup>7</sup> :  
     Since my appeal says, I did strive to prove  
     The constancy and virtue of your love.

## CXVIII.

Like as, to make our appetites more keen,  
 With eager compounds<sup>8</sup> we our palate urge ;  
 As, to prevent our maladies unseen,  
 We sicken to shun sickness, when we purge ;  
 Even so, being full of your ne'er-cloying sweetness,  
 To bitter sauces did I frame my feeding ;  
 And, sick of welfare, found a kind of meetness  
 To be diseas'd, ere that there was true needing.  
 Thus policy in love, to anticipate  
 The ills that were not, grew to faults assur'd,  
 And brought to medicine a healthful state,  
 Which, rank of goodness<sup>9</sup>, would by ill be cur'd ;

<sup>6</sup> Bring me WITHIN THE LEVEL of your frown,] So, in King Henry VIII. :

“ — I stood *i' the level*

“ Of a full-charg'd confederacy.” STEEVENS.

Again, in The Winter's Tale :

“ — the harlot king

“ Is quite beyond mine arm ; *out of the blank*

“ *And level of my brain.*” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — your WAKEN'D hate :] So, in Othello :

“ Than answer my *wak'd* wrath.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> With eager compounds —] *Eager is sour, tart, poignant.* Aigre, Fr. So, in Hamlet :

“ Did curd like *eager* droppings into milk.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — RANK of goodness—] So, in Antony and Cleopatra :

“ *Rank of gross diet.*” STEEVENS.

But thence I learn, and find the lesson true,  
Drugs poison him that so fell sick of you.

## CXIX.

What potions have I drunk of syren tears,  
Distill'd from limbecks foul as hell within,  
Applying fears to hopes, and hopes to fears,  
Still losing when I saw myself to win!  
What wretched errors hath my heart committed,  
Whilst it hath thought itself so blessed never!  
How have mine eyes out of their spheres been fitted,  
In the distraction of this madding fever<sup>1</sup>!  
O benefit of ill! now I find true,  
That better is by evil still made better<sup>2</sup>;  
And ruin'd love, when it is built anew<sup>3</sup>,  
Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater.

<sup>1</sup> How have mine EYES out of their SPHERES been FITTED,  
In the distraction of this madding fever!] How have mine  
eyes been convulsed during the frantick *fits* of my feverous love!  
So, in Macbeth:

“Then comes my *fit* again; I had else been perfect,  
“Whole as the marble,” &c.

The participle *fitted*, is not, I believe, used by any other author,  
in the sense in which it is here employed. In A Midsummer-Night's  
Dream, the same image is presented:

“Made me compare with Hermia's *sphery eyne*.” MALONE.

We meet in Hamlet the same image as here:

“Make thy two *eyes*, like stars, *start from their spheres*.”  
STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> O benefit of ill! now I find true,

That better is by evil still made better;] So, in As You  
Like It:

“Sweet are the uses of adversity.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> And RUIN'D LOVE, when it is BUILT anew,] So, in The  
Two Gentlemen of Verona:

“Shall *love* in *building* grow so *ruinate*?”

Again, in Antony and Cleopatra:

“—— most noble Antony,

“Let not the piece of virtue which is set

“Betwixt us, as the *cement* of our love,

“To keep it *builded*, be the ram, to batter

“The fortress of it.”

So I return rebuk'd to my content,  
And gain by ill thrice more than I have spent.

## CXX.

That you were once unkind, befriends me now,  
And for that sorrow, which I then did feel,  
Needs must I under my transgression bow,  
Unless my nerves were brass or hammer'd steel.  
For if you were by my unkindness shaken,  
As I by yours, you have pass'd a hell of time<sup>4</sup> ;  
And I, a tyrant, have no leisure taken  
To weigh how once I suffer'd in your crime.  
O that our night of woe might have remember'd<sup>5</sup>  
My deepest sense, how hard true sorrow hits ;  
And soon to you, as you to me, then tender'd  
The humble salve which wounded bosoms fits !  
But that your trespass now becomes a fee ;  
Mine ransoms yours, and yours must ransom me.

## CXXI.

'Tis better to be vile, than vile esteem'd,  
When not to be receives reproach of being ;

Again, in Troilus and Cressida :

“ But the strong base and *building* of my love

“ Is as the very center to the earth,

“ Drawing all things to it.” MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — you have pass'd a HELL OF TIME ;] So, in Othello :

“ But oh, what *damm'd minutes* tells he o'er,

“ Who dotes, yet doubts, suspects, yet strongly loves! ”

Again, in The Rape of Lucrece :

“ And that deep torture may be call'd a *hell*,

“ Where more is felt than one hath power to tell.”

MALONE.

Again, in King Richard III. :

“ ——— for a season after

“ Could not believe but that *I was in hell*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — might have REMEMBER'D —] That is, might have *re-*  
*mind*ed. So, in King Richard II. :

“ It doth *remember me* the more of sorrow.” MALONE.

And the just pleasure lost, which is so deem'd  
 Not by our feeling, but by others' seeing.  
 For why should others' false adulterate eyes  
 Give salutation to my sportive blood?  
 Or on my frailties why are frailer spies,  
 Which in their wills count bad what I think good?  
 No,—I am that I am<sup>6</sup>; and they that level  
 At my abuses, reckon up their own:  
 I may be straight, though they themselves be  
     bevel<sup>7</sup>;  
 By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be shown;  
 Unless this general evil they maintain,—  
 All men are bad, and in their badness reign.

## CXXII.

Thy gift, thy tables, are within my brain  
 Full character'd with lasting memory<sup>8</sup>,  
 Which shall above that idle rank remain,  
 Beyond all date, even to eternity:  
 Or, at the least, so long as brain and heart  
 Have faculty by nature to subsist<sup>9</sup>;

<sup>6</sup> — I am that I am ;] So, in King Richard III. :

“ ——— I am myself alone.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — bevel ;] i. e. crooked ; a term used only, I believe, by masons and joiners. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — within my BRAIN

Full CHARACTER'D with lasting MEMORY,] So, in Hamlet :

“ ——— from the *table of my memory*

“ I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,—

“ And thy commandment all alone shall live

“ Within the *book and volume of my brain.*”

Again, in the same play :

“ And these few precepts in thy *memory*

“ Look thou *character.*”

Again, in the Two Gentlemen of Verona :

“ ——— I do conjure thee,

“ Who art the *table* wherein all my thoughts

“ Are visibly *character'd* and engrav'd—.” MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> Or, at the least, so long as brain and heart

Have faculty by nature to subsist ;] So, in Hamlet :

Till each to raz'd oblivion yield his part  
 Of thee, thy record never can be miss'd.  
 That poor retention could not so much hold<sup>1</sup>,  
 Nor need I tallies, thy dear love to score ;  
 Therefore to give them from me was I bold,  
 To trust those tables that receive thee more :  
     To keep an adjunct to remember thee,  
     Were to import forgetfulness in me.

## CXXIII.

No ! Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change :  
 Thy pyramids, built up with newer might,  
 To me are nothing novel, nothing strange ;  
 They are but dressings of a former sight.  
 Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire  
 What thou dost foist upon us that is old ;  
 And rather make them born to our desire,  
 Than think that we before have heard them told.  
 Thy registers and thee I both defy,  
 Not wondering at the present nor the past ;  
 For thy records and what we see do lie,  
 Made more or less by thy continual haste :  
     This I do vow, and this shall ever be,  
     I will be true, despite thy scythe and thee ;

## CXXIV.

If my dear love were but the child of state,  
 It might for fortune's bastard be unfather'd,  
 As subject to time's love, or to time's hate,  
 Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers ga-  
     ther'd.

“ — Remember thee ?

“ Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat

“ In this distracted globe.” STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> That poor retention could not so much hold,] *That poor retention* is the table-book given to him by his friend, incapable of retaining, or rather of containing, so much as the *tablet of the brain*. MALON.



No, it was builded far from accident ;  
 It suffers not in smiling pomp, nor falls  
 Under the blow of thrall'd discontent,  
 Whereto the inviting time our fashion calls :  
 It fears not policy, that heretick,  
 Which works on leases of short-number'd hours,  
 But all alone stands hugely politick<sup>2</sup>,  
 That it nor grows with heat, nor drowns with  
 showers<sup>3</sup>.

To this I witness call the fools of time,  
 Which die for goodness, who have liv'd for  
 crime<sup>4</sup>.

## CXXV.

Were it aught to me I bore the canopy,  
 With my extern the outward honouring<sup>5</sup>,

<sup>2</sup> But all alone stands hugely politick,] This line brings to mind Dr. Akenside's noble description of the Pantheon :

“ Mark how the dread Pantheon stands,

“ Amid the domes of modern hands !

“ Amid the toys of idle state,

“ How simply, how severely great ! ” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> That it nor GROWS with heat, nor drowns with showers.] Though a building may be *drown'd*, i. e. deluged by rain, it can hardly *grow* under the influence of *heat*. I would read *glows*.

STEEVENS.

Our poet frequently starts from one idea to another. Though he had compared his affection to a building, he seems to have deserted that thought ; and here, perhaps, meant to allude to the progress of vegetation, and the accidents that retard it. So, in the 15th Sonnet :

“ When I perceive, that every thing that *grows*,

“ Holds in perfection but a little moment,—

“ When I perceive that *men* as *plants* increase,

“ *Cheared* and *check'd* even by the self-same *sky*,” &c.

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — the fools of time,

Which die for goodness, who have liv'd for crime.] Perhaps this is a stroke at some of Fox's Martyrs. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> With my EXTERN the OUTWARD honouring.] Thus, in Othello :

Or lay'd great bases for eternity,  
 Which prove more short than waste or ruining?  
 Have I not seen dwellers on form and favour  
 Lose all, and more, by paying too much rent;  
 For compound sweet forgoing simple savour,  
 Pitiful thrivers, in their gazing spent?  
 No;—let me be obsequious in thy heart,  
 And take thou my oblation, poor but free,  
 Which is not mix'd with seconds<sup>6</sup>, knows no art,  
 But mutual render, only me for thee.

Hence, thou suborn'd informer! a true soul,  
 When most impeach'd, stands least in thy control.

## CXXVI.

O thou, my lovely boy<sup>7</sup>, who in thy power  
 Dost hold Time's fickle glass, his sickle, hour;  
 Who hast by waning grown, and therein show'st  
 Thy lovers withering, as thy sweet self grow'st;  
 If nature, sovereign mistress over wrack,  
 As thou goest onwards, still will pluck thee back,  
 She keeps thee to this purpose, that her skill  
 May time disgrace, and wretched minutes kill.  
 Yet fear her, O thou minion of her pleasure;  
 She may detain, but not still keep her treasure:  
 Her audit, though delay'd, answer'd must be,  
 And her quietus<sup>8</sup> is to render thee.

“When my *outward* action doth demonstrate

“The native act and figure of my heart

“In compliment *extern*—.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> Which is not MIX'D WITH SECONDS,] I am just informed by an old lady, that *seconds* is a provincial term for the *second kind of flour*, which is collected after the smaller bran is sifted. That our author's oblation was pure, *unmixed with baser matter*, is all that he meant to say. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> O thou, my lovely boy,] This Sonnet differs from all the others in the present collection, not being written in alternate rhymes. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> And her QUIETUS—] So, in Hamlet :

## CXXVII.

In the old age black was not counted fair<sup>9</sup>,  
 Or if it were, it bore not beauty's name ;  
 But now is black beauty's successive heir,  
 And beauty slander'd with a bastard shame :  
 For since each hand hath put on nature's power,  
 Fairing the foul with art's false-borrow'd face,  
 Sweet beauty hath no name, no holy hour,  
 But is profan'd, if not lives in disgrace.  
 Therefore my mistress' eyes are raven black,  
 Her eyes so suited ; and they mourners seem  
 At such, who, not born fair, no beauty lack,  
 Slandering creation with a false esteem<sup>1</sup> :

“ ——— might his *quietus* make

“ With a bare bodkin.”

See note on that passage, Act III. Sc. I.

This sonnet consists only of twelve lines. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> In the old age, &c.] The reader will find almost all that is said here on the subject of complexion, is repeated in Love's Labour's Lost :

“ O, who can give an oath ? where is a book ?

“ That I may swear, beauty doth beauty lack,

“ If that she learn not of her eye to look ?

“ No face is *fair* that is not full so *black*.”

“ O, if in black my lady's brow be deck'd,

“ It mourns, that painting and usurping hair

“ Should ravish doters with a false aspect ;

“ And therefore is she born to make black fair.”

STEEVENS.

“ In the old age,” &c. All the remaining Sonnets are addressed to a female. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> — and they mourners seem

At such, who, not born fair, no beauty lack,

Slandering creation with a false esteem :] They seem to mourn that those who are not born fair, are yet possessed of an artificial beauty, by which they pass for what they are not, and thus dishonour nature by their imperfect imitation and false pretensions. MALONE.

Yet so they mourn, becoming of their woe<sup>4</sup>,  
That every tongue says, beauty should look so.

## CXXVIII.

How oft, when thou, my musick<sup>5</sup>, musick play'st,  
Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds  
With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway'st  
The wiry concord that mine ear confounds<sup>6</sup>,  
Do I envy those jacks<sup>7</sup>, that nimble leap  
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand<sup>8</sup>,  
Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest reap,  
At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand!

<sup>4</sup> — becoming of their woe,] So, in Antony and Cleopatra :  
“ — — Fye, wrangling queen !  
“ Whom every thing *becomes*, to chide, to laugh,  
“ To *weep*.” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — when thou, MY MUSICK,] So, in Pericles :  
“ You are a viol, and your sense the strings,  
“ Which, finger'd to *make man his lawful musick*,” &c.

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> The WIRY CONCORD that mine ear confounds,] We had the same expression before in the eighth Sonnet :

“ If the true *concord* of well-tuned sounds,  
“ By *unions married*, do offend thine ear.” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> Do I ENVY' those jacks,] This word is accented by other ancient writers in the same manner. So, in Marlowe's Edward II. 1598 :

“ If for these dignities thou be *envy'd*.”

Again, in Sir John Davies's Epigrams, printed at Middlebourg, no date :

“ Why doth not Ponticus their fame *envy* ? ” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — those jacks, that nimble leap

To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,] So, in Chrononhotonthologus :

“ — — the tea-cups skip

“ With eager haste to kiss your royal lip.” STEEVENS.

There is scarcely a writer of love-verses, among our elder poets, who has not introduced hyperboles as extravagant as that in the text, which the foregoing quotation was produced to ridicule. Thus Waller, in his Address to a Lady Playing on a Lute :

“ The trembling *strings* about her fingers *crowd*,  
“ And tell their joy for ev'ry *kiss* aloud.” MALONE.

To be so tickled, they would change their state  
 And situation with those dancing chips,  
 O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait<sup>9</sup>,  
 Making dead wood more bless'd than living lips.  
 Since saucy jacks so happy are in this<sup>1</sup>,  
 Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

## CXXIX.

The expence of spirit in a waste of shame  
 Is lust in action ; and till action, lust  
 Is perjur'd, murderous, bloody, full of blame,  
 Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust ;  
 Enjoy'd no sooner, but despised straight ;  
 Past reason hunted ; and, no sooner had,  
 Past reason hated, as a swallow'd bait,  
 On purpose laid to make the taker mad :  
 Mad in pursuit<sup>2</sup>, and in possession so ;  
 Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme ;  
 A bliss in proof,—and prov'd, a very woe<sup>3</sup> ;  
 Before, a joy propos'd ; behind, a dream :  
 All this the world well knows ; yet none knows  
 well  
 To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

<sup>9</sup> O'er whom THY fingers walk with gentle gait,] Here again *their* is printed in the old copy instead of *thy*. So also in the last line of this Sonnet. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> Since saucy JACKS so happy are in this,] He is here speaking of a small kind of spinnet, anciently called a *virginal*. So, in Ram Alley, or Merry Tricks, 1611 :

“ Where be these rascals that skip up and down,

“ Like *virginal jacks* ? ” STEEVENS.

A *virginal* was shaped like a *piano forte*. See vol. xiv. p. 248, n. 6. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> MAD in pursuit,] The old copy corruptly reads—*Made* in pursuit. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — and prov'd, a very woe ;] The quarto is here evidently corrupt. It reads :

“ — and prov'd *and* very woe.” MALONE.

## CXXX.

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun ;  
 Coral is far more red than her lips' red :  
 If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun ;  
 If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.  
 I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,  
 But no such roses see I in her cheeks ;  
 And in some perfumes is there more delight  
 Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.  
 I love to hear her speak,—yet well I know  
 That musick hath a far more pleasing sound ;  
 I grant I never saw a goddess go,—  
 My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground :  
     And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare  
     As any she, bely'd with false compare.

## CXXXI.

Thou art as tyrannous, so as thou art,  
 As those whose beauties proudly make them cruel ;  
 For well thou know'st to my dear doting heart  
 Thou art the fairest and most precious jewel.  
 Yet, in good faith, some say that thee behold,  
 Thy face hath not the power to make love groan :  
 To say they err, I dare not be so bold,  
 Although I swear it to myself alone.  
 And, to be sure that is not false I swear,  
 A thousand groans, but thinking on thy face,  
 One on another's neck<sup>4</sup>, do witness bear,  
 Thy black is fairest in my judgment's place.  
     In nothing art thou black, save in thy deeds,  
     And thence this slander, as I think, proceeds.

<sup>4</sup> A THOUSAND GROANS, but thinking on thy face,  
 ONE ON ANOTHER'S NECK,] So, in Hamlet :  
 " One woe doth tread upon another's heels,  
 " So fast they follow." MALONE.

## CXXXII.

Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,  
 Knowing thy heart, torment me with disdain;  
 Have put on black, and loving mourners be,  
 Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain.  
 And truly not the morning sun of heaven  
 Better becomes the grey cheeks of the east<sup>5</sup>,  
 Nor that full star that ushers in the even  
 Doth half that glory to the sober west<sup>6</sup>,  
 As those two mourning eyes become thy face<sup>7</sup>:  
 O, let it then as well beseem thy heart  
 To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee grace,  
 And suit thy pity like in every part.  
 Then will I swear, beauty herself is black,  
 And all they foul that thy complexion lack.

## CXXXIII.

Beshrew that heart that makes my heart to groan  
 For that deep wound it gives my friend and me!

<sup>5</sup> And truly not the morning SUN of heaven  
 Better becomes the GREY cheeks of the east,] So, in King  
 Henry IV. Part II.:

“ — it struck upon him as the *sun*

“ In the *grey* vault of heaven.” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> Nor that full star that ushers in the EVEN  
 Doth half that glory to the SOBER west,] Milton had per-  
 haps these lines in his thoughts, when he wrote the description of  
 the evening in his fourth book of *Paradise Lost*:

“ Now came still *evening* on, and twilight grey

“ Had in her *sober* livery all things clad—.” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> As those two MOURNING eyes become thy face:] The old  
 copy has—*morning*. The context, I think, clearly shows, that the  
 poet wrote—*mourning*. So before:

“ Thine eyes—

“ Have put on *black*, and living *mourners* be.”

The two words were, I imagine, in his time pronounced alike.  
 In a Sonnet of our author's, printed by W. Jaggard, 1599, we  
 find:

“ In black *morne* I—.”

The same Sonnet is printed in *England's Helicon*, 1600, and  
 there the line stands;

“ In black *mourn* I.” MALONE.

Is't not enough to torture me alone,  
 But slave to slavery my sweet'st friend must be ?  
 Me from myself thy cruel eye hath taken,  
 And my next self thou harder hast engross'd ;  
 Of him, myself, and thee, I am forsaken ;  
 A torment thrice threefold thus to be cross'd.  
 Prison my heart in thy steel bosom's ward,  
 But then my friend's heart let my poor heart bail ;  
 Who e'er keeps me, let my heart be his guard ;  
 Thou canst not then use rigour in my gaol :  
     And yet thou wilt ; for I, being pent in thee,  
     Perforce am thine, and all that is in me <sup>8</sup>.

## CXXXIV.

So now I have confess'd that he is thine,  
 And I myself am mortgag'd to thy will ;  
 Myself I'll forfeit, so that other mine  
 Thou wilt restore, to be my comfort still :  
 But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,  
 For thou art covetous, and he is kind ;  
 He learn'd but, surety-like, to write for me,  
 Under that bond that him as fast doth bind.  
 The statute of thy beauty <sup>9</sup> thou wilt take,  
 Thou usurer, that put'st forth all to use,  
 And sue a friend, came debtor for my sake ;  
 So him I lose through my unkind abuse.  
     Him have I lost; thou hast both him and me ;  
     He pays the whole, and yet am I not free.

<sup>8</sup> — for I, being pent in thee,  
 Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ You take from me a great part of myself :

“ Use me well in't.”

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida* :

“ I have a kind of self resides with you.” MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> The STATUTE of thy beauty—] *Statute* has here its legal signification, that of a security or obligation for money. MALONE.



## CXXXV.

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy will,  
 And will to boot, and will in over-plus;  
 More than enough am I that vex thee still,  
 To thy sweet will making addition thus.  
 Wilt thou, whose will is large and spacious,  
 Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine ?  
 Shall will in others seem right gracious,  
 And in my will no fair acceptance shine ?  
 The sea, all water, yet receives rain still,  
 And in abundance addeth to his store ;  
 So thou, being rich in will, add to thy will  
 One will of mine, to make thy large will more !  
 Let no unkind, no fair beseechers kill ;  
 Think all but one, and me in that one *Will*.

## CXXXVI.

If thy soul check thee, that I come so near,  
 Swear to thy blind soul that I was thy *Will*,  
 And will, thy soul knows, is admitted there ;  
 Thus far for love, my love-suit, sweet, fulfil.  
*Will* will fulfil the treasure of thy love,  
 Ay, fill it full with wills, and my will one <sup>1</sup>.  
 In things of great receipt with ease we prove ;  
 Among a number one is reckon'd none :  
 Then in the number let me pass untold <sup>2</sup>,

<sup>1</sup> Ay, fill it full with wills, and my will one.] The modern editors, by following the old copy, in which the vowel *I* is here used instead of *ay*, have rendered this line unintelligible.

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> Among a NUMBER ONE IS RECKON'D NONE :

Then in the number let me pass untold, &c.] The same conceit is found in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ Search among view of many : mine being *one*,  
 “ May stand in *number*, though in *reckoning none*.”

STEEVENS.

Though in thy stores' account I one must be;  
 For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold  
 That nothing me, a something sweet to thee :  
     Make but my name thy love, and love that still,  
     And then thou lov'st me,—for my name is *Will*.

## CXXXVII.

Thou blind fool, Love, what dost thou to mine eyes,  
 That they behold, and see not what they see ?  
 They know what beauty is, see where it lies,  
 Yet what the best is, take the worst to be.  
 If eyes, corrupt by over-partial looks,  
 Be anchor'd in the bay <sup>3</sup> where all men ride,  
 Why of eyes' falsehood hast thou forged hooks,  
 Whereto the judgment of my heart is ty'd <sup>4</sup> ?  
 Why should my heart think that a several plot <sup>5</sup>,  
 Which my heart knows the wide world's common  
     place ?  
 Or mine eyes seeing this, say, this is not,  
 To put fair truth upon so foul a face <sup>6</sup> ?

<sup>3</sup> Be ANCHOR'D in the bay —] So, in Antony and Cleopatra :  
     " There should he *anchor* his *aspect*, and die  
     " With looking on his life." MALONE.

Again, in Measure for Measure :  
     " Whilst my intention, hearing not my tongue,  
     " *Anchors* on Isabel." STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> —HOOKS,  
 Whereto the judgment of my HEART is TY'D?] So, in Hamlet :

    " Grapple them to thy *soul* with *hooks* of steel."

Again, in Antony and Cleopatra :

    " My *heart* was to thy rudder *ty'd* with strings." STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> Why should my heart think that a SEVERAL plot,] The reader will find an account of a *several* or *several plot*, in a note on Love's Labour's Lost, vol. iv. p. 318, n. 6. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> To put fair truth upon so foul a face ?] So, in Macbeth :  
     " False face must hide what the false heart doth know."  
     STEEVENS.

In things right true my heart and eyes have err'd,  
And to this false plague are they now transferr'd.

## CXXXVIII.

When my love swears <sup>7</sup> that she is made of truth,  
I do believe her, though I know she lies;  
That she might think me some untutor'd youth,  
Unlearned in the world's false subtleties.  
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,  
Although she knows my days are past the best,  
Simply I credit her false-speaking tongue;  
On both sides thus is simple truth suppress'd.  
But wherefore says she not, she is unjust?  
And wherefore say not I, that I am old?  
O, love's best habit is in seeming trust,  
And age in love loves not to have years told:  
Therefore I lie with her, and she with me,  
And in our faults by lies we flatter'd be.

## CXXXIX.

O, call not me to justify the wrong  
That thy unkindness lays upon my heart;

<sup>7</sup> When my love swears, &c.] This Sonnet is also found (with some variations) in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, a collection of verses printed as Shakspeare's in 1599. It there stands thus:

“ When my love swears that she is made of truth,  
“ I do believe her, though I know she lies,  
“ That she might think me some untutor'd youth,  
“ *Unskilfull* in the world's false *forgeries*.  
“ Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,  
“ Although *I know my years be* past the best,  
“ *I smiling* credit her false-speaking tongue,  
“ *Out-facing faults in love with love's ill rest*.  
“ But wherefore says *my love* that she is *young*?  
“ And wherefore say not I that I am old?  
“ O, love's best habit is a *soothing tongue*,  
“ And age in love loves not to have years told.  
“ Therefore *I'll* lie with *love*, and *love* with me,  
“ *Since that* our faults in love thus *smother'd* be.”

Wound me not with thine eye<sup>8</sup>, but with thy tongue;  
 Use power with power, and slay me not by art.  
 Tell me thou lov'st elsewhere; but in my sight,  
 Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eye aside.  
 What need'st thou wound with cunning, when thy  
                   might

Is more than my o'er-press'd defence can 'bide?  
 Let me excuse thee: ah! my love well knows  
 Her pretty looks have been mine enemies;  
 And therefore from my face she turns my foes,  
 That they elsewhere might dart their injuries:  
     Yet do not so; but since I am near slain,  
     Kill me out-right with looks, and rid my pain.

## CXL.

Be wise as thou art cruel; do not press  
 My tongue-ty'd patience with too much disdain;  
 Lest sorrow lend me words, and words express  
 The manner of my pity-wanting pain.  
 If I might teach thee wit, better it were,  
 Though not to love, yet, love, to tell me so<sup>9</sup>;  
 (As testy sick men, when their deaths be near,  
 No news but health from their physicians know;)  
 For, if I should despair, I should grow mad,  
 And in my madness might speak ill of thee:  
 Now this ill-wresting world is grown so bad,  
 Mad slanderers by mad ears believed be.

<sup>8</sup> WOUND me not with thine EYE,] Thus, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“—he's already dead; *stabbd* with a white wench's black *eye*.”  
 MALONE.

“Wound me not with thine eye, but with thy tongue.” So, in *King Henry VI. Part III.*:

“Ah, kill me with thy weapons, not thy words.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — to tell me so;] To tell me, thou *dost* love me.

MALONE.

That I may not be so, nor thou bely'd,  
 Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart  
 go wide <sup>1</sup>.

## CCLI.

In faith I do not love thee with mine eyes,  
 For they in thee a thousand errors note ;  
 But 'tis my heart that loves what they despise,  
 Who in despite of view is pleas'd to dote.  
 Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tune delighted ;  
 Nor tender feeling, to base touches prone,  
 Nor taste, nor smell, desire to be invited  
 To any sensual feast with thee alone :  
 But my five wits, nor my five senses can  
 Dissuade <sup>2</sup> one foolish heart from serving thee,  
 Who lives unsway'd the likeness of a man,  
 Thy proud heart's slave and vassal wretch to be :  
 Only my plague thus far I count my gain,  
 That she that makes me sin, awards me pain.

## CXLII.

Love is my sin, and thy dear virtue hate,  
 Hate of my sin, grounded on sinful loving :  
 O, but with mine compare thou thine own state,  
 And thou shalt find it merits not reproving ;

<sup>1</sup> Bear thine eyes straight, THOUGH THY PROUD HEART GO WIDE.] That is (as it is expressed in a former Sonnet) :

“*Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place.*”

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> But my five WITS, NOR my five senses can

Dissuade—] That is, but neither my wits nor senses can,  
 &c. So, in Measure for Measure :

“*More nor less to others paying—.*”

“*The wits,*” Dr. Johnson observes, “*seem to have been reckoned five, by analogy to the five senses, or the five inlets of ideas. Wit in our author's time was the general term for the intellectual power.*” From Stephen Hawes's poem called *Graunde Amour and La Bell Pucel*, 1554, ch. 24, it appears that the five wits were “*common wit, imagination, fantasy, estimation, and memory.*”

MALONE.

Or, if it do, not from those lips of thine,  
 That have profan'd their scarlet ornaments<sup>3</sup>,  
 And seal'd false bonds of love as oft as mine<sup>4</sup>;  
 Robb'd others' beds revenues of their rents<sup>5</sup>.  
 Be it lawful I love thee, as thou lov'st those  
 Whom thine eyes woo as mine importune thee :  
 Root pity in thy heart, that when it grows,  
 Thy pity may deserve to pitied be.

If thou dost seek to have what thou dost hide,  
 By self-example may'st thou be deny'd !

## CXLIII.

Lo, as a careful house-wife runs to catch  
 One of her feather'd creatures broke away,  
 Sets down her babe, and makes all swift dispatch  
 In púrsuit of the thing she would have stay ;  
 Whilst her neglected child holds her in chace,  
 Cries to catch her whose busy care is bent

<sup>3</sup> That have profan'd THEIR SCARLET ORNAMENTS,] The same expression is found in King Edward III. a tragedy, 1596 :

“ ——— when she grew pale,

“ His cheeks put on *their scarlet ornaments.*” MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> And SEAL'D false BONDS OF LOVE as oft as mine ;] So, in our author's Venus and Adonis :

“ Pure *lips*, sweet *seals* in my soft lips imprinted,

“ What bargains may I make, still to be *sealing.*”

Again, in Measure for Measure :

“ Take, O take those *lips* away,

“ That so sweetly were forsworn,—

“ But my kisses bring again,

“ *Seals of love*, but *seal'd in vain.*”

Again, more appositely, in The Merchant of Venice :

“ O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly,

“ To *seal love's bonds* new made, than they are wont

“ To keep obliged faith unforfeited.”

In Hamlet we again meet with the *bonds of love* :

“ Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds,

“ The better to beguile.” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> Robb'd others' beds REVENUES of their rents.] So, in Othello :

“ And pour our *treasures into foreign laps.*” STEEVENS.

To follow that which flies before her face,  
 Not prizing her poor infant's discontent<sup>6</sup> ;  
 So run'st thou after that which flies from thee,  
 Whilst I thy babe chace thee afar behind ;  
 But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to me,  
 And play the mother's part, kiss me, be kind :  
 So will I pray that thou may'st have thy Will,  
 If thou turn back, and my loud crying still<sup>7</sup>.

## CXLIV.

Two loves I have<sup>8</sup> of comfort and despair,  
 Which like two spirits do suggest me still<sup>9</sup> ;  
 The better angel is a man right fair,  
 The worser spirit a woman, colour'd ill.  
 To win me soon to hell, my female evil  
 Tempteth my better angel from my side<sup>1</sup>,  
 And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,  
 Wooing his purity with her foul pride<sup>2</sup>.  
 And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend,  
 Suspect I may, yet not directly tell ;  
 But being both from me<sup>3</sup>, both to each friend,  
 I guess one angel in another's hell :

<sup>6</sup> Not PRIZING her poor infant's discontent ;] Not regarding, nor making any account of, her child's uneasiness. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — that thou may'st have thy WILL,

If thou turn back, and MY LOUD CRYING STILL.] The image with which this Sonnet begins, is at once pleasing and natural ; but the conclusion of it is lame and impotent indeed. We attend to the cries of the infant, but laugh at the loud blubberings of the great boy *Will*. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> Two loves I have, &c.] This Sonnet was printed in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, 1599, with some slight variations. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — do SUGGEST me still ;] i. e. do tempt me still. See p. 103, n. 2. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> Tempteth my better angel from my SIDE,] So, in *Othello* :

“Yea, curse his *better angel from his side*.” STEEVENS.

The quarto has—from my *sight*. The true reading is found in *The Passionate Pilgrim*. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — with her FOUL pride.] The copy in *The Passionate Pilgrim* has—with her *fair* pride. MALONE.

Yet this shall I ne'er know<sup>4</sup>, but live in doubt,  
Till my bad angel fire my good one out<sup>5</sup>.

## CXLV.

Those lips that Love's own hand did make<sup>6</sup>,  
Breath'd forth the sound that said, *I hate*,  
To me that languish'd for her sake :  
But when she saw my woeful state,  
Straight in her heart did mercy come,  
Chiding that tongue, that ever sweet  
Was us'd in giving gentle doom ;  
And taught it thus a-new to greet ;  
*I hate* she alter'd with an end,  
That follow'd it as gentle day  
Doth follow night<sup>7</sup>, who, like a fiend<sup>8</sup>,  
From heaven to hell is flown away ;  
*I hate* from hate away she threw,  
And sav'd my life, saying—*not you*<sup>9</sup>.

<sup>3</sup> But being both FROM me,] The Passionate Pilgrim reads—  
to me. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> YET THIS SHALL I NE'ER KNOW,] The Passionate Pilgrim  
reads—

“*The truth I shall not know—*.” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> Till my bad angel FIRE my good one out.] So, in King  
Lear:

“—and *fire* us hence, like foxes.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> Those lips that Love's own hand did make,]

--oscula, quæ Venus

Quinta parte sui nectaris imbuit. *Hor.* MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> That follow'd it as gentle day

Doth follow night,] So, in Hamlet:

“And it must *follow as the night the day*,

“Thou canst not then be false to any man.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> —night, who, like a fiend,] So, in King Henry V.:

“—night,

“Who like a foul and ugly witch,” &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> I HATE from HATE away she THREW,

And sav'd my life, saying—NOT YOU.] Such sense as these  
Sonnets abound with, may perhaps be discovered as the words  
at present stand ; but I had rather read :

“*I hate*—away from hate she *flew*,” &c.



## CXLVI.

Poor soul, the center of my sinful earth <sup>1</sup>,  
Fool'd by those rebel powers that thee array <sup>2</sup>,

Having pronounced the words *I hate*, she left me with a declaration in my favour. STEEVENS.

The meaning is—she removed the words *I hate* to a distance from *hatred*; she changed their natural import, and rendered them inefficacious, and undescriptive of dislike, by subjoining *not you*. The old copy is certainly right. The poet relates what the lady said; she is not herself the speaker. We have the same kind of expression in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

“It cannot be, quoth she, that so much guile  
“ (She would have said) *can lurk in such a look*;  
“ But Tarquin's shape came in her mind the while,  
“ And from her tongue *can lurk from cannot* took.”

MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> Poor soul, the center of my sinful EARTH,] So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

“Than thou, fair sun, which on my *earth* doth shine.”

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“Can I go forward, while my heart is here?

“Turn back, dull *earth*, and find thy *center* out.”

Again, in *Hamlet*:

“O, that the *earth* which kept the world in awe,

“Should patch a wall, to expell the winter's flaw.”

We meet with a similar allusion in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“Such harmony is in immortal *souls*;

“But while this *muddy* vesture of decay

“Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.” MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> FOOL'D BY those rebel powers that thee array,] The old copy reads:

“Poor soul, the center of my sinful earth,

“*My sinful earth* these rebel pow'rs that thee array.”

It is manifest that the compositor inadvertently repeated the last three words of the first verse in the beginning of the second, omitting two syllables, which are sufficient to complete the metre. What the omitted word or words were, it is impossible now to determine. Rather than leave an hiatus, I have hazarded a conjecture, and filled up the line.

The same error is found in *The Tragedy of Nero*, by Nat. Lee, 1675:

“Thou savage mother, seed of rock *more wild*,

“*More wild* than the fierce tygress of her young beguil'd.”

MALONE.

Why dost thou pine within, and suffer dearth,  
 Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?  
 Why so large cost, having so short a lease,  
 Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?  
 Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,  
 Eat up thy charge? Is this thy body's end?  
 Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,  
 And let that pine to aggravate thy store<sup>3</sup>;  
 Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;  
 Within be fed, without be rich no more:  
 So shalt thou feed on death, that feeds on men,  
 And, death once dead, there's no more dying  
 then.

## CXLVII.

My love is as a fever, longing still  
 For that which longer nurseth the disease;  
 Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,  
 The uncertain sickly appetite to please.  
 My reason, the physician to my love<sup>4</sup>,  
 Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,  
 Hath left me, and I desperate now approve,  
 Desire is death, which physick did except.  
 Past cure I am, now reason is past care<sup>5</sup>,  
 And frantick-mad with ever-more unrest;

I would read: "*Starv'd by the rebel powers,*" &c. The *dearth* complained of in the succeeding line appears to authorise the conjecture. The poet seems to allude to the short commons and gaudy habit of soldiers. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — to aggravate *THY* store;] The error that has been so often already noticed, has happened here; the original copy, and all the subsequent impressions, reading *my* instead of *thy*.

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> My reason, the physician to my love,] So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*: "Ask me no reason why I love you; for though *love* use *reason* for his precisian, he admits him not for his counsellor." Dr. Farmer, with some probability, would here read—for his *physician*. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> PAST CURE I am, now reason is PAST CARE,] So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

My thoughts and my discourse as madmen s are,  
 At random from the truth vainly express'd ;  
 For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee  
     bright,  
 Who art as black as hell, as dark as night <sup>6</sup>.

## CXLVIII.

O me ! what eyes hath love put in my head,  
 Which have no correspondence with true sight !  
 Or, if they have, where is my judgment fled,  
 That censures falsely <sup>7</sup> what they see aright ?  
 If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,  
 What means the world to say it is not so ?  
 If it be not, then love doth well denote  
 Love's eye is not so true as all men's : no,  
 How can it ? O, how can Love's eye be true,  
 That is so vex'd with watching and with tears ?  
 No marvel then though I mistake my view ;  
 The sun itself sees not, till heaven clears.

O cunning Love ! with tears thou keep'st me  
     blind,

Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should find.

## CXLIX.

Canst thou, O cruel ! say I love thee not,  
 When I, against myself, with thee partake <sup>8</sup> ?

“ Great *reason* ; for *past cure* is still *past care*.”

It was a proverbial saying. See Holland's Leaguer, a pamphlet published in 1632 : “ She has got this *adage* in her mouth ; *Things past cure, past care*.” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — as black as hell, as dark as night.] So, in Love's Labour's Lost :

“ — Black is the badge of *hell*,

“ The hue of dungeons, and the scowl of *night*.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> That CENSURES falsely —] That *estimates* falsely. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> When I, against myself, with thee PARTAKE ?] i. e. take part with thee against myself. STEEVENS.

Do I not think on thee, when I forgot  
 Am of myself, all tyrant, for thy sake<sup>9</sup>?  
 Who hateth thee, that I do call my friend<sup>1</sup>?  
 On whom frown'st thou that I do fawn upon?  
 Nay, if thou low'r'st on me, do I not spend  
 Revenge upon myself with present moan?  
 What merit do I in myself respect,  
 That is so proud thy service to despise,  
 When all my best doth worship thy defect,  
 Commanded by the motion of thine eyes<sup>1</sup>?  
 But, love, hate on, for now I know thy mind;  
 Those that can see thou lov'st, and I am blind.

## CL.

O, from what power hast thou this powerful might,  
 With insufficiency my heart to sway?  
 To make me give the lie to my true sight,  
 And swear that brightness doth not grace the  
 day<sup>2</sup>?

*A partaker* was in Shakspeare's time the term for an *associate* or *confederate* in any business. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — all tyrant, for thy sake?] That is, for the sake of *thee*, thou tyrant. Perhaps however the author wrote:

“ — when I forgot

“ Am of myself, all *truant* for thy sake? ”

So, in the 101st Sonnet:

“ O *truant* Muse, what shall be my amends

“ For thy *neglect* of truth —.” MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> Commanded by the motion of thine eyes?] So, in *Coriolanus*:

“ He wag'd me with his countenance.” STEEVENS.

Again, more appositely, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,

“ So many mermaids, *tended her i' the eyes*,

“ And made their bends adornings? ” MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> And swear that brightness doth not grace the day?] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill<sup>3</sup>,  
 That in the very refuse of thy deeds  
 There is such strength and warrantise of skill,  
 That in my mind thy worst all best exceeds?  
 Who taught thee how to make me love thee more,  
 The more I hear and see just cause of hate<sup>4</sup>?  
 O, though I love what others do abhor,  
 With others thou should'st not abhor my state;  
 If thy unworthiness rais'd love in me,  
 More worthy I to be belov'd of thee.

## CLI.

Love is too young to know what conscience is;  
 Yet who knows not, conscience is born of love?  
 Then, gentle cheater, urge not my amiss,  
 Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove.  
 For, thou betraying me, I do betray  
 My nobler part to my great body's treason;  
 My soul doth tell my body that he may  
 Triumph in love; flesh stays no farther reason;

“ I am content, if thou wilt have it so :

“ *I'll say, yon grey is not the morning's eye,*” &c.

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> Whence hast thou this BECOMING OF THINGS ILL,] So, in  
 Antony and Cleopatra :

“ — *vilest things*

“ *Become themselves in her.*”

Again, *ibidem* :

“ *Fie, wrangling queen !*

“ *Whom every thing becomes; to chide, to laugh,*

“ *To weep.*” MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> Who taught thee how to make me love thee more,  
 The more I hear and see just cause of hate?] So Catullus :

*Odi et amo ; quare id faciam, fortasse requiris :*

*Nescio, sed fieri sentio et excrucior.*

The following lines in one of Terence's Comedies contain  
 the same sentiment as the Sonnet before us :

*O indignum facinus ! nunc ego*

*Et illam scelestam esse et me miserum sentio ;*

*Et tædet, et amore ardeo, et prudens, sciens,*

*Vivus, vidensque pereo, nec quid agam scio.* MALONE.

But rising at thy name, doth point out thee  
 As his triumphant prize. Proud of this pride,  
 He is contented thy poor drudge to be,  
 To stand in thy affairs, fall by thy side.

No want of conscience hold it that I call  
 Her—love, for whose dear love I rise and fall.

## CLII.

In loving thee thou know'st I am forsworn,  
 But thou art twice forsworn, to me love swearing ;  
 In act thy bed-vow broke, and new faith torn,  
 In vowing new hate after new love bearing.  
 But why of two oaths' breach do I accuse thee,  
 When I break twenty ? I am perjur'd most ;  
 For all my vows are oaths but to misuse thee,  
 And all my honest faith in thee is lost :  
 For I have sworn deep oaths of thy deep kindness,  
 Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy constancy ;  
 And, to enlighten thee, gave eyes to blindness,  
 Or made them swear against the thing they see <sup>6</sup> ;  
 For I have sworn thee fair : more perjur'd I,  
 To swear, against the truth, so foul a lie <sup>7</sup> !

## CLIII.

Cupid laid by his brand, and fell asleep <sup>8</sup> ;  
 A maid of Dian's this advantage found,

<sup>6</sup> — swear against the thing they see ;] So, in *Timon* :  
 “ Swear against *objects*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — more perjur'd *I*,  
 To swear, against the truth, so foul a lie !] The quarto is  
 here certainly corrupt. It reads—more perjur'd *eye*, &c.

MALONE.  
<sup>8</sup> Cupid laid by his brand, and fell asleep ;] This and the fol-  
 lowing Sonnet are composed of the very same thoughts differently  
 versified. They seem to have been early essays of the poet, who  
 perhaps had not determined which he should prefer. He hardly  
 could have intended to send them both into the world. MALONE.

That the poet intended them alike for publication, may be in-  
 ferred from the following lines in the 105th Sonnet :

And his love-kindling fire did quickly steep  
 In a cold valley-fountain of that ground ;  
 Which borrow'd from this holy fire of love  
 A dateless lively heat, still to endure,  
 And grew a seething bath, which yet men prove,  
 Against strange maladies a sovereign cure.  
 But at my mistress' eye love's brand new-fir'd,  
 The boy for trial needs would touch my breast ;  
 I sick withal, the help of bath desir'd,  
 And thither hied <sup>9</sup>, a sad distemper'd guest,  
 But found no cure : the bath for my help lies  
 Where Cupid got new fire ; my mistress' eyes.

## CLIV.

The little love-god lying once asleep,  
 Laid by his side his heart-inflaming brand,  
 Whilst many nymphs that vow'd chaste life to keep,  
 Came tripping by ; but in her maiden hand  
 The fairest votary took up that fire  
 Which many legions of true hearts had warm'd ;

“ Since all alike my songs and praises be,  
 “ To one, of one, still such and ever so—.”

Again :

“ Therefore my verse  
 “ One thing expressing, leaves out difference.”

Again :

“ Fair, kind, and true, is all my argument,  
 “ Fair, kind, and true, varying to other words.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — the help of BATH desir'd,

And THITHER hied,] Query, whether we should read *Bath*  
 (i. e. the city of that name). The following words seem to au-  
 thorise it. STEEVENS.

The old copy is certainly right. See the subsequent Sonnet,  
 which contains the same thoughts differently versified :

“ Growing a bath,  
 “ — but I, my mistress' thrall,  
 “ Came *there* for cure.”

So, before, in the present Sonnet :

“ And grew a seething *bath*——.” MALONE.

And so the general of hot desire  
 Was sleeping by a virgin hand disarm'd.  
 This brand she quenched in a cool well by,  
 Which from love's fire took heat perpetual,  
 Growing a bath and healthful remedy  
 For men diseas'd; but I, my mistress' thrall,  
 Came there for cure, and this by that I prove,  
 Love's fire heats water, water cools not love<sup>1</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> A Sonnet was surely the contrivance of some literary Procrustes. The single thought of which it is to consist, however luxuriant, must be cramped within fourteen verses, or, however scanty, must be spun out into the same number. On a chain of thirteen links the existence of this metrical whim depends; and its reception is secure as soon as the admirers of it have counted their expected and statutable proportion of rhymes. The gratification of head or heart is no object of the writer's ambition. That a few of these trifles deserving a better character may be found, I shall not venture to deny; for chance, co-operating with art and genius, will occasionally produce wonders.

Of the Sonnets before us, one hundred and twenty-six are inscribed (as Mr. Malone observes) to a friend: the remaining twenty-eight (a small proportion out of so many) are devoted to a mistress. Yet if our author's Ferdinand and Romeo had not expressed themselves in terms more familiar to human understanding, I believe few readers would have rejoiced in the happiness of the one, or sympathized with the sorrows of the other. Perhaps, indeed, quaintness, obscurity, and tautology, are to be regarded as the constituent parts of this exotick species of composition. But, in whatever the excellence of it may consist, I profess I am one of those who should have wished it to have expired in the country where it was born, had it not fortunately provoked the ridicule of *Lope de Vega*, which, being faintly imitated by *Voiture*, was at last transfused into English by Mr. Roderick, and exhibited as follows, in the second volume of Dodsley's Collection.

#### A SONNET.

- “ Capricious Wray a sonnet needs must have;  
 “ I ne'er was so put to't before;—a sonnet!  
 “ Why, fourteen verses must be spent upon it;  
 “ 'Tis good, howe'er, to have conquer'd the first stave.  
 “ Yet I shall ne'er find rhymes enough by half,  
 “ Said I, and found myself i' the midst o' the second.



- “ If twice four verses were but fairly reckon'd,  
 “ I should turn back on th' hardest part, and laugh.
- “ Thus far, with good success, I think I've scribled,  
 “ And of the twice seven lines have clean got o'er ten.  
 “ Courage! another 'll finish the first triplet;  
 “ Thanks to thee, Muse, my work begins to shorten:  
 “ There's thirteen lines got through, driblet by driblet.  
 “ 'Tis done. Count how you will, I warr'nt there's four-  
 teen.”

Let those who might conceive this sonnet to be unpoetical, if compared with others by more eminent writers, peruse the next, being the eleventh in the collection of Milton.

- “ A book was writ of late call'd Tetrachordon,  
 “ And woven close, both matter, form, and style;  
 “ The subject new: it walk'd the town a while,  
 “ Numb'ring good intellects; now seldom por'd on.
- “ Cries the stall-reader, Bless us! what a word on  
 “ A little page is this! and some in file  
 “ Stand spelling false, while *one* might walk to Mile-  
 “ End Green. Why, is it harder, sirs, than Gordon,
- “ Colkitto, or Macdonnel, or Gallasp?  
 “ Those rugged names to our like mouths grow sleek,  
 “ That would have made Quintilian stare and gasp.  
 “ Thy age, like ours, O soul of sir John Cheek,  
 “ Hated not learning worse than toad or asp,  
 “ When thou taught'st Cambridge, and king Edward Greek.”

The reader may now proceed to more pieces of the same structure, which the friends of the late Mr. Edwards were willing to receive as effusions of fancy as well as friendship. If the appetite for such a mode of writing be even then unsatisfied, I hope that old Joshua Sylvester, (I confess myself unacquainted with the extent of his labours) has likewise been a sonneteer; for surely his success in this form of poetry must have been transcendent indeed, and could not fail to afford complete gratification to the admirers of a stated number of lines composed in the highest strain of affectation, pedantry, circumlocution, and nonsense. In the mean time, let inferior writers be warned against a species of composition which has reduced the most exalted poets to a level with the meanest rhymers: has almost cut down Milton and Shakspeare to the standards of Pomfret and ———, but the name of Pomfret is perhaps the lowest in the scale of English versifiers. As for Mr. Malone, whose animadversions are to follow mine,

“ Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flow'd in.” Let me however borrow somewhat in my own favour from the same speech of Mercutio, by observing that “ Laura had a better love to be-rhyme her.” Let me adopt also the sentiment which Shakspeare himself, on his amended judgment, has put into the mouth of his favourite character in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

“ Tut! none but minstrels like of *Sonnetting*.” STEEVENS.

I do not feel any great propensity to stand forth as the champion of these compositions. However, as it appears to me that they have been somewhat under-rated, I think it incumbent on me to do them that justice to which they seem entitled.

Of Petrarch (whose works I have never read) I cannot speak; but I am slow to believe that a writer who has been warmly admired for four centuries by his own countrymen, is without merit, though he has been guilty of the heinous offence of addressing his mistress in pieces of only that number of lines which by long usage has been appropriated to the sonnet.

The burlesque stanzas which have been produced to depreciate the poems before us, it must be acknowledged, are not ill executed; but they will never decide the merit of this species of composition, until it shall be established that ridicule is the test of truth. The fourteen rugged lines that have been quoted from Milton for the same purpose, are equally inconclusive; for it is well known that he generally failed when he attempted rhyme, whether his verses assumed the shape of a sonnet or any other form. These pieces of our author therefore must at last stand or fall by themselves.

When they are described as a mass of affectation, pedantry, circumlocution, and nonsense, the picture appears to me overcharged. Their great defects seem to be, a want of variety, and the majority of them not being directed to a female, to whom alone such ardent expressions of esteem could with propriety be addressed. It cannot be denied too that they contain some far-fetched conceits; but are our author's plays entirely free from them? Many of the thoughts that occur in his dramattick productions, are found here likewise; as may appear from the numerous parallels that have been cited from his dramas, chiefly for the purpose of authenticating these poems. Had they therefore no other merit, they are entitled to our attention, as often illustrating obscure passages in his plays.

I do not perceive that the versification of these pieces is less smooth and harmonious than that of Shakspeare's other compositions. Though many of them are not so simple and clear as they ought to be, yet some of them are written with perspicuity and energy. A few have been already pointed out as deserving this character; and many beautiful lines, scattered through these poems, will, it is supposed, strike every reader who is not determined to allow no praise to any species of poetry except blank verse or heroick couplets. MALONE.

The case of these Sonnets is certainly bad, when so little can be advanced in support of them. Ridicule is always successful where it is just. A burlesque on Alexander's Feast would do no injury to its original. Some of the rhyme compositions of Milton (Sonnets excepted,) are allowed to be eminently harmonious. Is it necessary on this occasion to particularize his Allegro, Penseroso, and Hymn on the Nativity? I must add, that there is more conceit in any thirty-six of Shakspeare's Sonnets, than in the same number of his Plays. When I know where that person is to be found who *allows no praise to any species of poetry, except blank verse and heroick couplets*, it will be early enough for me to undertake his defence. STEVENS.

That ridicule is generally successful, when it is just, cannot be denied; but whether it be just in the present instance, is the point to be proved. It may be successful when it is not just; when neither the structure nor the thoughts of the poem ridiculed, deserved to be derided.

No burlesque on Alexander's Feast certainly would render it ridiculous; yet undoubtedly a successful parody or burlesque piece might be formed upon it, which in itself might have intrinsic merit. The *success* of the burlesque therefore does not necessarily depend upon, nor ascertain, the *demerit* of the original. Of this Cotton's Virgil Travestie affords a decisive proof. The most rigid *muscles* must relax on the perusal of it; yet the purity and majesty of the Eneid will ever remain undiminished.—With respect to Milton, (of whom I have only said that he *generally*, not that he *always*, failed in rhyming compositions,) Dryden, at a time when all rivalry and competition between them were at an end, when he had ceased to write for the stage, and when of course it was indifferent to him what metre was considered as best suited to dramatick compositions, pronounced, that he composed his great poem in blank verse, "because rhyme was not his talent. He had neither (adds the Laureate) the ease of doing it, nor the graces of it; which is manifest in his Juvenilia or Verses written in his youth; *where his rhyme is always constrained, and forced, and comes hardly from him*, at an age when the soul is most pliant, and the passion of love makes almost every man a rhymer, though not a poet." One of the most judicious criticks of the present, I might, I believe, with truth say of any, age, is of the same opinion: "If his English poems, (says Dr. Johnson, speaking of all his smaller pieces,) differ from the verses of others, they differ for the worse, for they are too often distinguished by repulsive *harshness*: the combinations of words are new, but they are not pleasing, the *rhymes* and epithets seem to be laboriously sought and violently applied. All that *short compositions* can commonly attain is neatness and elegance. Milton never learned the art of doing little things with grace." *Life of Milton*.

MALONE.

Cotton's work is an innocent parody, was designed as no ridicule on the *Æneid*, and consequently will not operate to the disadvantage of that immortal poem. The contrary is the case with Mr. Roderick's imitation of the Spaniard. He wrote it as a ridicule on the *structure*, not the *words* of a *Sonnet*; and this is a purpose which it has completely answered. No one ever retired from a perusal of it with a favourable opinion of the species of composition it was meant to deride.

The decisions of Dryden are never less to be trusted than when he treats of blank verse and rhyme, each of which he has extolled and depreciated in its turn. When this subject is before him, his judgment is rarely secure from the seductions of convenience, interest or jealousy; and Gildon has well observed, that in his prefaces he had always confidence enough to defend and support his own most glaring inconsistencies and self-contradictions. What he said of the author of *Paradise Lost*, is with a view to retaliation. Milton had invidiously asserted that Dryden was *only a rhymist*; and therefore Dryden, with as little regard to truth, has declared that Milton was *no rhymist at all*. Let my other sentiments slift for themselves. Here I shall drop the controversy. STEEVENS.

In justice to Shakspeare, whose cause I have undertaken, however unequal to the task, I cannot forbear to add, that a literary Procrustes may as well be called the inventor of the couplet, the stanza, or the ode, as of the Sonnet. They are all in a certain degree restraints on the writer; and all poetry, if the objection now made be carried to its utmost extent, will be reduced to blank verse. The admirers of that inferior kind of metre have remarked with triumph that of the couplet the first line is generally for sense, and the next for rhyme; and this certainly is often the case in the compositions of mere versifiers: but is such a redundancy an essential property of a couplet, and will the works of Dryden and Pope afford none of another character?—The bondage to which Pindar and his followers have submitted in the structure of strophé, antistrophé, and epode, is much greater than that which the Sonnet imposes. If the scanty thought be disgustingly dilated, or luxuriant ideas unnaturally compressed, what follows? Not surely that it is impossible to write good Odes, or good Sonnets, but that the poet was injudicious in the choice of his subject, or knew not how to adjust his metre to his thoughts.

Supposing that Shakspeare meant to deliver his own sentiment in the passage quoted from *Love's Labour's Lost*, (for which there does not seem to be any authority,) whether his judgment was *amended* or not, cannot be ascertained, until it shall be proved that these poems were composed before that play was written.—If however his opinion is to determine the merit of this species of poetry, it may be urged in favour of it, as well as

against it, for in *A Lover's Complaint* he has honour'd it with the title of the "*deep-brain'd Sonnet.*" MALONE.

I cannot but admit that Mr. Malone, in his answers to Mr. Steevens, though, I think, to use Dr. Johnson's expression, they are conclusive *ad hominem*, has done but scanty justice to these beautiful compositions; nor can I agree with him in what he says of the author of the *Allegro* and *Penseroso*, even in the guarded phrase, that he *generally* failed when he attempted rhyme: but I must defend my late friend from the censure he has incurred for saying more of Petrarch than "that he is slow to believe he is without merit." That he has not spoken more strongly proceeded from one of the most valuable parts of his character; his utter dislike to every thing like affectation or false pretences. He had but a limited acquaintance with Italian literature; and of Petrarch, as he himself tells us, he knew nothing. He need not indeed have disclosed this, for a multitude of books would have furnished us with encomiums upon that poet, which he might ostentatiously have delivered as his own. But it was much more consistent with his love of truth and sincerity to confess that he had never read him, and to abstain from expressions of admiration which could not be genuine. He has rather chosen to refer the reader to the concurring testimony of those best qualified to form an opinion, his own countrymen, for centuries past. I shall not presume to undertake the defence of the Sonnets; a mode of composition which has been cultivated by every poetical nation in Europe; but, as the authority of Lope da Vega seems to be produced against it by Mr. Steevens, I may as well remark that there are now lying before me more Sonnets written seriously by that poet, than are to be found in Shakspeare. BOSWELL.



**A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.**





## A LOVER'S COMPLAINT<sup>1</sup>.

---

FROM off a hill whose concave womb re-worded<sup>2</sup>  
A plaintful story from a sisting vale<sup>3</sup>,  
My spirits to attend this double voice accorded<sup>4</sup>,  
And down I lay to list the sad-tun'd tale:  
Ere long espy'd a fickle maid full pale,  
Tearing of papers, breaking rings a-twain,  
Storming her world with sorrow's wind and rain<sup>5</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> This beautiful poem was first printed in 1609, with our author's name, at the end of the quarto edition of his Sonnets. I wonder that it has not attracted the attention of some English painter, the opening being uncommonly picturesque. The figures, however, of the lady and the old man should be standing, not sitting, by the river side; Shakspeare reclining on a hill.

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup>—whose concave womb RE-WORDED—] Repeated; re-echoed. The same verb is found in Hamlet:

“ ——— Bring me to the test,

“ And I the matter will *re-word*.” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — from a SISTERING vale,] This word is again employed in Pericles, 1609:

“ That even her heart *sisters* the natural roses.”

It is not, I believe, used by any other author. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> My SPIRITS to attend this double voice accorded,] The poet meant, I think, that the word *spirits* should be pronounced as if written *sprights*. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> Storming her WORLD with sorrow's wind and rain.] So, in Julius Cæsar:

“ ——— and the state of a man,

“ Like to a little *kingdom*, suffers then

“ The nature of an insurrection.”

Again, in Hamlet:

“ ——— Remember thee?

“ Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat

“ In this distracted *globe*.”

Again, in King Lear:

Upon her head a platted hive of straw,  
 Which fortified her visage from the sun,  
 Whereon the thought might think sometime it saw  
 The carcase of a beauty spent and done<sup>6</sup>.  
 Time had not scythed all that youth begun,  
 Nor youth all quit ; but, spite of heaven's fell rage,  
 Some beauty peep'd through lattice of sear'd age<sup>7</sup>.

Oft did she heave her napkin<sup>8</sup> to her eyne,  
 Which on it had conceited characters<sup>9</sup>,

“ Strives in his little *world* of man to out-scorn  
 “ The to-and-fro conflicting wind and rain.”

Sorrow's *wind and rain* are *sighs* and *tears*. Thus, in Antony and Cleopatra: “ We cannot call her *winds* and *waters*, *sighs* and *tears*.” The modern editions read corruptedly :

“ Storming her *words* with *sorrows*, wind,” &c. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — spent and DONE.] *Done*, it has been already observed, was anciently used in the sense of *consumed*. So, in the Rape of Lucrece :

“ And, if possess'd, as soon decay'd and *done*.” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> Some BEAUTY peep'd through LATTICE of SEAR'D age.] Thus, in the 3d Sonnet :

“ So thou through *windows* of thine *age* shalt see,  
 “ Despight of wrinkles, this thy golden time.”

Again, in Cymbeline :

“ — or let her *beauty*  
 “ *Look through a casement*, to allure false hearts,  
 “ And be false with them.”

In Macbeth we meet with the same epithet applied as here :

“ — my way of life  
 “ Is fallen into the *sear*, the yellow leaf.” MALONE.

Shakspeare has applied this image to a comick purpose in King Henry VI. Part II. : “ He call'd me even now, my lord, through a red *lattice*, and I could discern no part of his face from the window : at last I spied his eyes ; and methought he had made two holes in the ale-wife's new-petticoat, and *peep'd through*.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> Oft did she heave her NAPKIN —] Her *handkerchief*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> Which on it had CONCEITED CHARACTERS,] Fanciful images. Thus, in The Rape of Lucrece :

“ Which the *conceited* painter drew so proud—.”

MALONE.

Laund'ring the silken figures in the brine  
That season'd woe had pelleted in tears<sup>1</sup>,  
And often reading what contents it bears;  
As often shrieking undistinguish'd woe,  
In clamours of all size<sup>2</sup>, both high and low.

Sometimes her level'd eyes their carriage ride<sup>3</sup>,  
As they did battery to the spheres intend;  
Sometime diverted<sup>4</sup> their poor balls are ty'd  
To the orb'd earth<sup>5</sup>; sometimes they do extend  
Their view right on; anon their gazes lend

<sup>1</sup> LAUND'RING the silken figures in the BRINE

That SEASON'D woe had PELLETED in tears,] So, in The Rape of Lucrece :

“Seasoning the earth with showers of silver brine.”

*Laundering* is *wetting*. The verb is now obsolete. To *pellet* is to form into *pellets*, to which, being *round*, Shakspeare, with his usual licence, compares falling tears. The word, I believe, is found no where but here and in Antony and Cleopatra :

“ — My brave Egyptians all,

“ By the discandying of this *pelleted* storm,

“ Lie graveless.”

In Julius Cæsar we meet with a kindred thought :

“ — mine eyes,

“ Seeing those *beads* of sorrow stand in thine,

“ Began to water.”

Again, in King Henry IV. Part I. :

“ — *beads* of sweat have trod upon thy brow.”

Again, in The Two Gentlemen of Verona :

“ A sea of melting *pearl*, which some call *tears*.”

MALONE.

“Season'd woe had *pelleted* in tears.” This phrase is from the kitchen. *Pellet* was the ancient culinary term for a *forced meat ball*, a well-known *seasoning*. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — of all SIZE,] Size is here used, with Shakspeare's usual negligence, for *sizes*. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> Sometimes her LEVEL'D eyes their CARRIAGE ride,] The allusion, which is to a piece of ordnance, is very quaint and far-fetched. MALONE.

In The Merchant of Venice, the eyes of Portia's picture are represented as mounted on those of Bassanio :

“ — Move these eyes ?

“ Or whether, *riding* on the balls of mine,

“ Seem they in motion ?” STEEVENS.

To every place at once, and no where fix'd,  
The mind and sight distractedly commix'd.

Her hair, nor loose, nor ty'd in formal plat,  
Proclaim'd in her a careless hand of pride;  
For some, untuck'd, descended her sheav'd hat<sup>6</sup>,  
Hanging her pale and pined cheek<sup>7</sup> beside;  
Some in her threaden fillet<sup>8</sup> still did bide,  
And, true to bondage, would not break from thence,  
Though slackly braided in loose negligence.

A thousand favours from a maund she drew<sup>9</sup>  
Of amber, crystal, and of bedded jet<sup>1</sup>,  
Which one by one she in a river threw,  
Upon whose weeping margent she was set;  
Like usury, applying wet to wet<sup>2</sup>,

<sup>4</sup> Sometime *DIVERTED*—] Turned from their former direction. So, in *As You Like It*:

“ I rather will subject me to the malice

“ Of a *diverted* blood, and bloody brother.” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> To the *ORBED EARTH*;—] So, in the mock tragedy in *Hamlet*:

“ — and Tellus' *orbed ground*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> — her *SHEAV'D* hat,] Her *straw* hat. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — *PINED* cheek —] So, Spenser, (as an anonymous writer has observed,) b. iii. c. ii. st. 51: “ — like a *pined* ghost.”

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> Some in *HER* threaden fillet —] I suspect Shakspeare wrote — in *their* threaden fillet. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — from a *MAUND* she drew] A *maund* is a hand basket. The word is yet used in Somersetshire. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> Of amber, crystal, and of *BEDDED* jet,] Thus the quarto 1609. If *bedded* be right, it must mean, *set* in some kind of metal. Our author uses the word in *The Tempest*:

“ — my son i' the ooze is *bedded*.”

The modern editions read—*beaded* jet, which may be right; *beads* made of jet. The construction, I think is,—she drew from a maund a thousand favours, of amber, crystal, &c. MALONE.

Baskets made of *beads* were sufficiently common even since the time of our author. I have seen many of them. *Beaded* jet, is jet formed into *beads*. STEEVENS.

Or monarchs' hands, that let not bounty fall  
Where want cries *some*<sup>3</sup>, but where excess begs all.

Of folded schedules had she many a one,  
Which she perus'd, sigh'd, tore, and gave the flood;  
Crack'd many a ring of posied gold and bone,  
Bidding them find their sepulchers in mud<sup>4</sup>;  
Found yet more letters sadly pen'd in blood,

<sup>2</sup> Upon whose *weeping margent* she was set,—

Like usury, applying wet to wet,] In King Henry VI.  
Part III. we meet with a similar thought:

“With tearful eyes add water to the sea,

“And give more strength to that which hath too much.”

These two lines are not in the old play on which the Third Part  
of King Henry VI. is formed.

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“With tears augmenting the fresh morning dew,

“Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs.”

Again, in *As You Like It*:

“— Thou mak'st a testament

“As worldings do, giving the sum of more

“To that which hath too much.”

Perhaps we should read:

“Upon whose *margent weeping* she was set.”

The words might have been accidentally transposed at the  
press. *Weeping margent*, however, is, I believe, right, being  
much in our author's manner. *Weeping* for *weeped* or *be-weeped*;  
the margin wetted with tears. MALONE.

To *weep* is to drop. Milton talks of

“Groves whose rich trees *wept* od'rous gums and balm.”

Pope speaks of the “*weeping* amber,” and Mortimer observes  
that “rye-grass grows on *weeping* ground,” i. e. lands abounding  
with wet, like the margin of the river on which this damsel is  
sitting. The rock from which water drops, is likewise poetically  
called a *weeping* rock:

Κρή νητ' ἀεναον πέτρης ἀπὸ ΔΑΚΡΥΟΕΣΣΗΣ. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> Where want *cries* some,] I once suspected that our author  
wrote:

“Where want *craves* some—.” MALONE.

*I cry* halves, is a common phrase among school-boys.

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> Bidding them find their *sepulchers in mud*;) So, in  
The Tempest: “My son i' the *ooze* is *bedded*.” MALONE.

With sleided silk feat and affectedly<sup>5</sup>  
 Enswath'd, and seal'd to curious secrecy<sup>6</sup>.

These often bath'd she in her fluxive eyes,  
 And often kiss'd, and often 'gan to tear<sup>7</sup>;  
 Cry'd, O false blood! thou register of lies,  
 What unapproved witness dost thou bear!  
 Ink would have seem'd more black and damned  
 here!

This said, in top of rage the lines she rents,  
 Big discontent so breaking their contents.

Again, *ibidem* :

“ ——— I wish

“ Myself were *madded* in that oozy *bed*

“ Where my son lies.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> With SLEIDED silk FEAT and affectedly —] *Sleided* silk is, as Dr. Percy has elsewhere observed, untwisted silk, prepared to be used in the weaver's *sley* or *slay*. So, in *Pericles* :

“ Be't, when she weav'd the *sleided silk*.”

A weaver's *sley* is formed with teeth like a comb. *Feat* is, curiously, nicely. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> With SLEIDED SILK feat and affectedly

Enswath'd, and SEAL'D to curious secrecy.] To be convinced of the propriety of this description, let the reader consult the Royal Letters, &c. in the British Museum, where he will find that anciently the ends of a piece of narrow ribbon were placed under the *seals* of letters, to connect them more closely.

STEEVENS.

Florio's Italian and English Dialogues, entitled his *Second Frutes*, 1591, confirm Mr. Steevens's observation. In p. 89, a person, who is supposed to have just written a letter, calls for “some wax, some *sealing thread*, his dust-box, and his seal.”

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> And often kiss'd, and often 'GAN to tear,] The old copy reads, I think, corruptedly :

“ ——— and often *gave* to tear.”

We might read :

“ ——— and often *gave a* tear.”

But the corresponding rhyme rather favours the conjectural reading which I have inserted in the text. Besides, her *tears* had been mentioned in the preceding line. MALONE.

A reverend man that graz'd his cattle nigh,  
 (Sometime a blusterer, that the ruffle knew <sup>8</sup>  
 Of court, of city, and had let go by  
 The swiftest hours <sup>9</sup>;) observed as they flew <sup>1</sup>;  
 Towards this afflicted fancy <sup>2</sup> fastly drew;  
 And, privileged by age, desires to know  
 In brief, the grounds and motives of her woe.

So slides he down upon his grained bat <sup>3</sup>,  
 And comely-distant sits he by her side;  
 When he again desires her, being sat,  
 Her grievance with his hearing to divide:  
 If that from him there may be aught apply'd,

<sup>8</sup> — that the RUFFLE knew —] *Rufflers* were a species of *bul-lies* in the time of Shakspeare. “*To ruffle* in the common wealth,” is a phrase in *Titus Andronicus*. STEEVENS.

In Sherwood's French and English Dictionary at the end of Cotgrave's Dictionary, *Ruffle* and *hurliburly* are synonymous. See also vol. v. p. 482, n. 3. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — and had let go by

The SWIFTEST HOURS —] Had passed the prime of life, when time appears to move with his quickest pace. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> — observed as THEY FLEW;] i. e. as the scattered fragments of paper flew. Perhaps, however, the parenthesis that I have inserted, may not have been intended by the author. If it be omitted, and *the swiftest hours* be connected with what follows, the meaning will be, that this reverend man, though engaged in the bustle of court and city, had not suffered the busy and gay period of youth to pass by without gaining some knowledge of the world.

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — this afflicted FANCY —] This afflicted *love-sick* lady. *Fancy*, it has been already observed, was formerly sometimes used in the sense of *love*. So, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*:

“Sighs and tears, poor *fancy's* followers.” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — his GRAINED BAT,] So, in *Coriolanus*:

“My *grained* ash—.”

His *grained bat* is his staff on which the *grain* of the wood was visible. STEEVENS.

A *bat* is a *club*. The word is again used in *King Lear*: “Ise try whether your costard or my *bat* be the harder.” MALONE.

Which may her suffering ecstacy<sup>4</sup> assuage,  
'Tis promis'd in the charity of age.

Father, she says, though in me you behold  
The injury of many a blasting hour<sup>5</sup>,  
Let it not tell your judgment I am old ;  
Not age, but sorrow, over me hath power<sup>6</sup> :  
I might as yet have been a spreading flower,  
Fresh to myself, if I had self-apply'd  
Love to myself, and to no love beside.

But woe is me ! too early I attended  
A youthful suit (it was to gain my grace)  
Of one by nature's outwards so commended<sup>7</sup>,  
That maidens' eyes stuck over all his face :  
Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him her place<sup>8</sup> ;

<sup>4</sup> — her suffering ECSTACY —] Her painful perturbation of mind. See vol. vii. p. 333, n. 2. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> The injury of many a ELASTING HOUR,] So, in King Henry IV. Part II. : “ — every part about you *blasted* with *antiquity*.”

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> Let it not tell your judgment I am OLD ;  
Not age, but sorrow, over me hath power :] So, in *Romco and Juliet* :

“ These griefs, these woes, these *sorrows*, make me *old*.”

MALONE.

Thus Lusignan, in Voltaire's *Zayre* :

Mes maux m'ont affaibli plus encor que mes ans.

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> OF one by nature's outwards so commended,] The quarto reads :

“ O one by nature's outwards,” &c.

Mr. Tyrwhitt proposed the emendation inserted in the text, which appears to me clearly right. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — made him her PLACE ;] i. e. her seat, her mansion. In the sacred writings the word is often used with this sense.

STEEVENS.

So, in *As You Like It* :

“ This is no *place* ; this house is but a butchery.”

*Plas* in the Welch language signifies a *mansion-house*.

MALONE.



And when in his fair parts she did abide,  
She was new lodg'd, and newly deified.

His browny locks did hang in crooked curls ;  
And every light occasion of the wind  
Upon his lips their silken parcels hurls<sup>9</sup>  
What's sweet to do, to do will aptly find<sup>1</sup> :  
Each eye that saw him did enchant the mind ;  
For on his visage was in little drawn,  
What largeness thinks in paradise was sawn<sup>2</sup>.

Small show of man was yet upon his chin ;  
His phoenix down<sup>3</sup> began but to appear,  
Like unshorn velvet, on that termless skin,  
Whose bare out-brag'd the web it seem'd to wear ;  
Yet show'd his visage<sup>4</sup> by that cost most dear ;  
And nice affections wavering stood in doubt  
If best 'twere as it was, or best without.

His qualities were beauteous as his form,  
For maiden-tongu'd he was, and thereof free ;

<sup>9</sup> — hurls.] Perhaps *purls*. See p. 186, n. 2. BOSWELL.

<sup>1</sup> What's sweet to do, to do will aptly find:] I suppose he means, things pleasant to be done will easily find people enough to do them. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — in paradise was SAWN.] i. e. seen. This irregular participle, which was forced upon the author by the rhyme, is, I believe, used by no other writer. MALONE.

I rather think the word means *sown*, i. e. all the flowers sown in Paradise. This word is still pronounced *sawn* in Scotland.

BOSWELL.

The same thought occurs in King Henry V. :

“ Leaving his body as a *paradise*.”

Again, in Romeo and Juliet :

“ In mortal *paradise* of such sweet flesh.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> His PHOENIX down —] I suppose she means *matchless, rare*, down. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> Yet show'd his visage —] The words are placed out of their natural order for the sake of the metre :

“ Yet his *visage show'd*,” &c. MALONE.

Yet, if men mov'd him, was he such a storm <sup>5</sup>  
 As oft 'twixt May and April is to see,  
 When winds breathe sweet, unruly though they be <sup>6</sup>.  
 His rudeness so with his authoriz'd youth  
 Did livery falseness in a pride of truth.

Well could he ride, and often men would say,  
*That horse his mettle from his rider takes*<sup>7</sup>:  
*Proud of subjection, noble by the sway,*  
*What rounds, what bounds, what course, what stop*  
*he makes!*

And controversy hence a question takes,

<sup>5</sup> Yet, if men mov'd him, was he such a storm, &c.] Thus also in *Troilus and Cressida* that prince is described as one

“Not soon provok'd, nor being provok'd, soon calm'd.”

So also, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“—— his voice was property'd

“As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;

“But when he meant to quail, and shake the orb,

“He was as rattling thunder.”

Again, in *King Henry IV. Part II.*:

“He hath a tear for pity, and a hand

“Open as day to melting charity;

“Yet notwithstanding, being *incens'd*, he's flint;

“As humorous as winter, and as *sudden*

“*As flaws congealed in the spring of day.*”

Again, in *King Henry VIII.*:

“The hearts of princes kiss obedience,

“So much they love it; but to *stubborn spirits*

“*They swell and grow as terrible as storms.*” MALONE.

Again, in *Cymbeline*:

“—— and yet as rough,

“Their royal blood enchain'd, as the rudest wind,

“That by the top doth take the mountain pine,

“And make him stoop to the vale.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> When WINDS BREATHE SWEET, UNRULY though they be.] So, *Amiens* in *As You Like It*, addressing the wind:

“Thou art not so unkind,

“Although thy *breath* be *rude.*” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> That horse his METTLE from his rider takes:] So, in *King Henry IV. Part II.*:

“For from his *metal* was his party steel'd.” STEEVENS.

Whether the horse by him became his deed,  
Or he his manage by the well-doing steed.

But quickly on this side<sup>8</sup> the verdict went ;  
His real habitude gave life and grace  
To appertainings and to ornament,  
Accomplish'd in himself, not in his case :  
All aids themselves made fairer by their place ;  
Came for additions<sup>9</sup>, yet their purpos'd trim  
Piec'd not his grace, but were all grac'd by him<sup>1</sup>.

So on the tip of his subduing tongue  
All kind of arguments and question deep,  
All replication prompt, and reason strong,  
For his advantage still did wake and sleep :  
To make the weeper laugh, the laugher weep,  
He had the dialect and different skill,  
Catching all passions in his craft of will<sup>2</sup> ;

<sup>8</sup> But quickly on THIS side —] Perhaps the author wrote—*his*. There is however no need of change. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> All aids themselves made fairer by their place ;

CAME for additions,—] The old copy and the modern editions read—*can* for additions. This appearing to me unintelligible, I have substituted what I suppose to have been the author's word. The same mistake happened in *Macbeth*, where we find

“ — As thick as tale

“ *Can* post with post —.”

printed instead of—“ *Came* post with post.” MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> — yet their purpos'd trim

Piec'd not his grace, but WERE ALL GRAC'D BY HIM.] So, in *Timon of Athens* :

“ You mend the jewel by the wearing it.” MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> Catching all passions in his craft of will ;] These lines, in which our poet has accidentally delineated his own character as a dramatist, would have been better adapted to his monumental inscription, than such as are placed on the scroll in *Westminster Abbey*. By our undiscerning audiences, however, they are always heard with profounder silence, and followed by louder applause, than accompany any other passage throughout all his plays. The vulgar seem to think they were selected for publick view, as the brightest gems in his poetick crown. STEEVENS.

That he did in the general bosom reign <sup>3</sup>  
 Of young, of old; and sexes both enchanted <sup>4</sup>,  
 To dwell with him in thoughts, or to remain  
 In personal duty, following where he haunted <sup>5</sup> :  
 Consents bewitch'd, ere he desire, have granted;  
 And dialogu'd for him what he would say,  
 Ask'd their own wills, and made their wills obey.

Many there were that did his picture get,  
 To serve their eyes, and in it put their mind;  
 Like fools that in the imagination set  
 The goodly objects which abroad they find  
 Of lands and mansions, their's in thought assign'd;  
 And labouring in more pleasures to bestow them,  
 Than the true gouty landlord which doth owe  
 them <sup>6</sup> :

So many have, that never touch'd his hand,  
 Sweetly suppos'd them mistress of his heart.  
 My woeful self, that did in freedom stand,  
 And was my own fee-simple <sup>7</sup>, (not in part,)

<sup>3</sup> That he did in the GENERAL BOSOM reign —] So, in Hamlet:  
 "And cleave the *general ear* with horrid speech."

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — he did in the general bosom reign  
 Of young, of old; and sexes both ENCHANTED,—  
 Consents BEWITCH'D, &c.] So, in Cymbeline:

"— Such a holy *witch*,  
 "That he *enchants* societies to him,"

A similar panegyrick is bestowed by our author upon Timon:

"— his large fortune  
 "Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,  
 "Subdues and properties to his love and tendance  
 "All sorts of hearts." MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — following where he HAUNTED:] Where he frequented.  
 So, in Romeo and Juliet:

"— here in the publick *haunt* of men." MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — the true GOUTY LANDLORD which doth owe them:] So,  
 Timon, addressing himself to the gold he had found:

"— Thou'lt go, strong thief,  
 "When *gouty keepers* of thee cannot stand." STEEVENS.

What with his art in youth, and youth in art,  
Threw my affections in his charmed power,  
Reserv'd the stalk, and gave him all my flower.

Yet did I not, as some my equals did,  
Demand of him, nor being desired, yielded;  
Finding myself in honour so forbid,  
With safest distance I mine honour shielded:  
Experience for me many bulwarks builded  
Of proofs new-bleeding, which remain'd the foil  
Of this false jewel <sup>8</sup>, and his amorous spoil.

But ah! who ever shunn'd by precedent  
The destin'd ill she must herself assay?  
Or forc'd examples, 'gainst her own content,  
To put the by-pass'd perils in her way?  
Counsel may stop a while what will not stay;  
For when we rage, advice is often seen  
By blunting us to make our wits more keen.

Nor gives it satisfaction to our blood <sup>9</sup>,  
That we must curb it upon others' proof;  
To be forbid the sweets that seem so good,  
For fear of harms that preach in our behoof.  
O appetite, from judgment stand aloof!  
The one a palate hath that needs will taste,  
Though reason weep, and cry—*it is thy last*.

<sup>7</sup> And was my OWN FEE-SIMPLE —] Had an absolute power over myself; as large as a tenant in fee has over his estate.

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — the FOIL

Of this false JEWEL,—] So, in King Richard II.:

“ — thy weary steps

“ Esteem a *foil*, in which thou art to set

“ The precious *jewel* of thy home return.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — to our BLOOD,—] i. e. to our passions. See vol. vii. p. 41, n. 1. MALONE.

For further I could say, *this man's untrue*,  
 And knew the patterns of his foul beguiling<sup>9</sup> ;  
 Heard where his plants in others' orchards grew<sup>1</sup>,  
 Saw how deceits were gilded in his smiling ;  
 Knew vows were ever brokers to defiling<sup>2</sup> ;  
 Thought, characters, and words, merely but  
                   art<sup>3</sup>,  
 And bastards of his foul adulterate heart.

And long upon these terms I held my city<sup>4</sup>,  
 Till thus he 'gan besiege me : " Gentle maid,  
 Have of my suffering youth some feeling pity,  
 And be not of my holy vows afraid :  
 That's to you sworn, to none was ever said ;  
 For feasts of love I have been call'd unto,  
 Till now did ne'er invite, nor never vow.

<sup>9</sup> — the PATTERNS of his foul beguiling ;] The examples of his seduction. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> — in others' ORCHARDS grew,] *Orchard* and *garden* were, in ancient language, synonymous. Our author has a similar allusion in his 16th Sonnet :

“ — many maiden gardens yet unset,  
 “ With virtuous wish would bear you living flowers,  
 “ Much liker than your painted counterfeit.” MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> Knew vows were ever brokers to defiling ;] So, in Hamlet :

“ Do not believe his vows ; for they are brokers,  
 “ Meer implorators of unholy suits.” STEEVENS.

A *broker* formerly signified a *pundar*. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> THOUGHT, characters, and words, merely but art,] *Thought* is here, I believe, a substantive. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> And long upon these terms I held MY CITY,] Thus, in The Rape of Lucrece :

“ So did I, Tarquin ; so my *Troy* did perish.”

Again, *ibidem* :

“ This moves in him more rage, and lesser pity,  
 “ To make the breach, and enter this sweet *city*.”

Again, in *All's Well That Ends Well* :

“ Virginity being blown down, man will quickly be blown up ; marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourselves made, you lose your *city*.” MALONE.

All my offences that abroad you see,  
 Are errors of the blood, none of the mind ;  
 Love made them not : with acture they may be,  
 Where neither party is nor true nor kind <sup>5</sup> :  
 They sought their shame that so their shame did  
                   find ;  
 And so much less of shame in me remains,  
 By how much of me their reproach contains.

Among the many that mine eyes have seen <sup>6</sup>,  
 Not one whose flame my heart so much as warm'd,  
 Or my affection put to the smallest teen <sup>7</sup>,  
 Or any of my leisures ever charm'd :  
 Harm have I done to them, but ne'er was harm'd ;  
 Kept hearts in liveries, but mine own was free,  
 And reign'd, commanding in his monarchy.

Look here, what tributes wounded fancies sent me <sup>8</sup>,  
 Of paled pearls, and rubies red as blood ;  
 Figuring that they their passions likewise lent me

<sup>5</sup> Love made them not : with ACTURE they may be,

Where neither party is nor true nor kind:] Thus the old copy. I have not found the word *acture* in any other place, but suppose it to have been used as synonymous with *action*. We have, I think, *enactures* in Hamlet. His *offences* that might be seen *abroad* in the world, were the plants before mentioned, that he had set in others' gardens. The meaning of the passage then should seem to be—My illicit amours were merely the effect of constitution, and not approved by my reason: Pure and genuine love had no share in them or in their consequences; for the mere congress of the sexes may produce such fruits, without the affections of the parties being at all engaged. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> Among the many that mine eyes have seen, &c.] So, in *The Tempest* :

“ — Full many a lady

“ I have ey'd with best regard,—but never any

“ With so full soul—.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> Or my affection PUT TO the smallest TEEN,] *Teen* is *trouble*. So, in *The Tempest* :

“ — O, my heart bleeds,

“ To think of the *teen* I have turn'd you to.” MALONE.

Of grief and blushes, aptly understood  
 In bloodless white and the encrimson'd mood ;  
 Effects of terror and dear modesty,  
 Encamp'd in hearts, but fighting outwardly <sup>9</sup>.

And lo ! behold these talents of their hair <sup>1</sup>,  
 With twisted metal amorously impleach'd <sup>2</sup>,  
 I have receiv'd from many a several fair,  
 (Their kind acceptance weepingly beseech'd,)  
 With the annexions of fair gems enrich'd,  
 And deep-brain'd sonnets, that did amplify  
 Each stone's dear nature, worth, and quality <sup>3</sup>.

The diamond ; why 'twas beautiful and hard,  
 Whereto his invis'd properties did tend <sup>4</sup> ;  
 The deep-green emerald, in whose fresh regard  
 Weak sights their sickly radiance do amend ;  
 The heaven-hued sapphire and the opal blend

<sup>8</sup> Look here, what tributes wounded FANCIES sent me,] *Fancy* is here used for *love* or *affection*. So, in *The Rape of Lucrece* :

“ A martial man to be soft *fancy's* slave.” MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> Encamp'd in HEARTS, but FIGHTING outwardly:] So, in *Hamlet* :

“ Sir, in my *heart* there was a kind of *fighting*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> And lo ! behold these TALENTS of their hair, &c.] These *lockets*, consisting of hair platted and set in *gold*. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — amorously IMPLEACH'D,] *Impleach'd* is *interwoven* ; the same as *pleached*, a word which our author uses in *Much Ado About Nothing*, and in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ — Steal into the *pleached* bower,

“ Where honey-suckles ripen'd by the sun

“ Forbid the sun to enter—.”

“ — with *pleach'd* arms bending down

“ His corrigible neck.” MALONE

<sup>3</sup> Each stone's dear nature, worth, and quality.] In the age of Shakspeare, peculiar virtues were imputed to every species of precious stones. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> Whereto his INVIS'D properties did tend ;] *Invis'd* for *invisible*. This is, I believe, a word of Shakspeare's coining. His *invis'd* properties are the *invisible* qualities of his mind. So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis* :

“ Had I no eyes, but ears, my ears would love

“ Thy *inward beauty* and *invisible*.” MALONE.



With objects manifold ; each several stone,  
With wit well blazon'd, smil'd or made some moan.

Lo ! all these trophies of affections hot,  
Of pensiv'd and subdued desires the tender,  
Nature hath charg'd me that I hoard them not,  
But yield them up where I myself must render,  
That is, to you, my origin and ender :  
For these, of force, must your oblations be,  
Since I their altar, you enpatron me.

O then advance of yours that phraseless hand,  
Whose white weighs down the airy scale of praise<sup>5</sup> ;  
Take all these similes to your own command,  
Hallow'd with sighs that burning lungs did raise ;  
What me your minister, for you obeys,  
Works under you ; and to your audit comes<sup>6</sup>  
Their distract parcels in combined sums.

Lo ! this device was sent me from a nun,  
Or sister sanctified, of holiest note<sup>7</sup> ;  
Which late her noble suit in court did shun<sup>8</sup>,

<sup>5</sup> O then advance of yours that PHRASELESS HAND,  
Whose WHITE weighs down the AIRY scale of praise ;] So, in  
Romeo and Juliet :

“ — they may seize

“ On the *white wonder* of dear Juliet's *hand*.”

The “ airy scale of praise ” is the ‘ scale filled with verbal eulogiums.’ *Air* is often thus used by our author. So, in *Much Ado About Nothing* :

“ Charm ache with *air*, and agony with words.”

See also vol. viii. p. 256, n. 9. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> — and to your AUDIT comes —] So, in *Macbeth* :

“ — in compt,

“ To make their *audit* at your highness' pleasure,

“ Still to return your own.” STEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> OR sister sanctified, of holiest note ;] The poet, I suspect,  
wrote :

“ A sister sanctified, of holiest note.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> Which late her NOBLE SUIT in court did shun,] Who lately

Whose rarest havings made the blossoms dote<sup>9</sup>;  
 For she was sought by spirits of richest coat<sup>1</sup>,  
 But kept cold distance, and did thence remove,  
 To spend her living in eternal love.

But O, my sweet, what labour is't to leave  
 The thing we have not, mastering what not  
 strives?

Paling the place which did no form receive<sup>2</sup>;—  
 Playing patient sports<sup>3</sup> in unconstrained gyves:  
 She that her fame so to herself contrives,

retired from the solicitation of her noble admirers. The word *suit*, in the sense of *request* or *petition*, was much used in Shakspeare's time. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> Whose rarest HAVINGS made the BLOSSOMS date,] Whose accomplishments were so extraordinary that the flower of the young nobility were passionately enamoured of her. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> For she was sought by spirits OF RICHEST COAT,] By nobles; whose high descent is marked by the number of quarters in their *coats of arms*. So in our author's Rape of Lucrece:

“Yea, though I die, the scandal will survive,

“And be an eye-sore in my *golden coat*.” MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> But O, my sweet, what labour is't to leave

The thing we have not, mastering what not strives?

PALING the place which did no form receive;—] The old copy reads:

“*Playing* the place which did no form receive,

“*Playing* patient sports in unconstrained gyves.”

It does not require a long note to prove that this is a gross corruption. How to amend it is the only question. *Playing* in the first line, I apprehend, was a misprint for *paling*; the compositor's eye I suppose glanced upon the second line, and caught the first word of it instead of the first word of the line he was then composing.—The lover is speaking of a nun who had voluntarily retired from the world.—But what merit (he adds,) could she boast, or what was the difficulty of such an action? What labour is there in leaving what we have not, i. e. what we do not enjoy, [See Rape of Lucrece, p. 110, n. 6.] or in restraining desires that do not agitate our breast? “Paling the place,” &c. securing within the pale of a cloister that heart which had never received the impression of love,—When fetters are put upon us by our consent, they do not appear irksome, &c. Such is the meaning of the text as now regulated.

The scars of battle scapeth by the flight<sup>4</sup>,  
And makes her absence valiant, not her might.

O pardon me, in that my boast is true ;  
The accident which brought me to her eye,  
Upon the moment did her force subdue,  
And now she would the caged cloister fly ;  
Religious love put out religion's eye :  
Not to be tempted, would she be immur'd<sup>5</sup>,  
And now, to tempt all, liberty procur'd.

In Antony and Cleopatra the verb to *pale* is used in the sense of to *hem in* :

“ Whate'er the ocean *pales*, or sky inclips,  
“ Is thine, if thou wilt have it.”

The word *form*, which I once suspected to be corrupt, is undoubtedly right. The same phraseology is found in the Rape of Lucrece :

“ — the *impression* of strange kinds  
“ Is *form'd* in them, [women,] by force, by fraud, or skill.”

It is also still more strongly supported by the passage quoted by Mr. Steevens from Twelfth Night. MALONE.

I do not believe there is any corruption in the words

“ — did no *form receive*,”

as the same expression occurs again in the last stanza but three :

“ ————— a plenitude of subtle matter,  
“ Applied to cautels, all strange *forms receives*.”

Again, in Twelfth Night :

“ How easy is it for the proper false  
“ In women's waxen hearts to *set their forms* ? ”

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> Playing patient sports,] So Spenser, Fairy Queen, b. i. c. 10, st. 31 :

“ A multitude of babes about her hong,  
“ *Playing their sports*.”

Again, b. 5, c. 1. st. 6 :

“ Playing their childish sports.” MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — by THE flight,] Perhaps the author wrote—by *her flight*.  
STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> Not to be tempted, would she be immur'd,] The quarto has *enur'd* ; for which the modern editions have properly given *immur'd*. MALONE.

*Immur'd* is a verb used by Shakspeare in King Richard III. and The Merchant of Venice. We likewise have *immures*, subst. in the Prologue to Troilus and Cressida. STEEVENS.

How mighty then you are, O hear me tell!  
 The broken bosoms that to me belong,  
 Have emptied all their fountains in my well,  
 And mine I pour your ocean all among:  
 I strong o'er them, and you o'er me being strong,  
 Must for your victory us all congeat,  
 As compound love to physick your cold breast.

My parts had power to charm a sacred sun<sup>5</sup>,  
 Who, disciplin'd and dieted in grace,  
 Believ'd her eyes, when they to assail begun,  
 All vows and consecrations giving place<sup>6</sup>:  
 O most potential love! vow, bond, nor space,  
 In thee hath neither sting, knot, nor confine,  
 For thou art all, and all things else are thine.

<sup>5</sup> My parts had power to charm a sacred sun,] Perhaps the poet wrote:

“ ——— a sacred *nun*.”

If *sun* be right, it must mean, *the brightest luminary of the cloister*. So, in King Henry VIII.:

“ ——— When these *suns*

“ (For so they phrase them) by their heralds challeng'd

“ The noble spirits to arms, they did perform

“ Beyond thought's compass.” MALONE.

In Coriolanus, the chaste Valeria is called “the *moon* of Rome.”  
 STEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> My parts had power to charm a sacred sun,  
 Who, disciplin'd and dieted in grace,  
 Believ'd her eyes, when they to assail begun,  
 All vows and consecrations giving place:] The old copy reads:

“ My parts had power to charm a sacred sun,

“ Who disciplin'd *I* died in grace—.”

For the present regulation of the text, the propriety of which, I think, will at once strike every reader, I am indebted to an anonymous correspondent, whose communications have been already acknowledged.

The same gentleman would read:

“ ——— when *I* the assail begun—.”

and I formerly admitted that emendation, but it does not seem absolutely necessary. The *nun* believ'd or yielded to her eyes, when they, captivated by the external appearance of her wooer, began to assail her *chastity*. MALONE.



Lending soft audience to my sweet design,  
And credent soul to that strong-bonded oath  
That shall prefer and undertake my troth."

This said, his watery eyes he did dismount,  
Whose sights till then were level'd on my face<sup>1</sup>;  
Each cheek a river running from a fount  
With brinish current downward flow'd apace:  
O, how the channel to the stream gave grace!  
Who, glaz'd with crystal, gate the glowing roses  
That flame<sup>2</sup> through water which their hue incloses.

O father, what a hell of witchcraft lies  
In the small orb of one particular tear?  
But with the inundation of the eyes  
What rocky heart to water will not wear?  
What breast so cold that is not warmed here?  
O cleft effect<sup>3</sup>! cold modesty, hot wrath,  
Both fire from hence and chill extincture hath!

For lo! his passion, but an art of craft,  
Even there resolv'd my reason into tears<sup>4</sup>;  
There my white stole of chastity I daff'd<sup>5</sup>,  
Shook off my sober guards, and civil fears<sup>6</sup>;  
Appear to him, as he to me appears,

<sup>1</sup> This said, his watery eyes he did dismount,

Whose SIGHTS till then were LEVEL'D on my face;] The allusion is to the old English fire-arms, which were supported on what was called a *rest*. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — GATE the glowing roses

That flame —] That is, procured for the glowing roses in his cheeks that flame, &c. *Gate* is the ancient perfect tense of the verb *to get*. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> O cleft effect!—] O divided and discordant effect!—O cleft, &c. is the modern correction. The old copy has—*Or* cleft effect, from which it is difficult to draw any meaning. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — RESOLV'D my reason INTO TEARS;] So, in *Hamlet*:

"Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew." STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — my white stole of chastity I DAFF'D,] To *daff* or *doff* is to put off, *do off*. MALONE.

All melting ; though our drops this difference bore,  
His poison'd me, and mine did him restore.

In him a plenitude of subtle matter,  
Applied to cautels<sup>7</sup>, all strange forms receives,  
Of burning blushes, or of weeping water,  
Or swooning paleness ; and he takes and leaves,  
In either's aptness, as it best deceives  
To blush at speeches rank, to weep at woes,  
Or to turn white and swoon at tragick shows :

That not a heart which in his level came,  
Could scape the hail of his all-hurting aim<sup>8</sup>,  
Showing fair nature is both kind and tame ;  
And veil'd in them, did win whom he would maim :  
Against the thing he sought he would exclaim :

<sup>6</sup> — and CIVIL fears,] *Civil* formerly signified *grave, decorous*. So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ — Come, *civil* night,

“ Thou sober-suited matron all in black.” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> Applied to CAUTELS,—] Applied to insidious purposes, with subtilty and cunning. So, in *Hamlet* :

“ Perhaps he loves you now ;—

“ And now no soil of *cautel* doth besmirch

“ The virtue of his will.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — not a heart which in his LEVEL came,  
Could scape the HAIL of his all-burning aim,] So, in *King Henry VIII.* :

“ — I stood i' the *level*

“ Of a full-charg'd confederacy.” STEEVENS.

Again, in our author's 117th Sonnet :

“ Bring me within the *level* of your frown,

“ But shoot not at me in your waken'd hate.”

Again, in *All's Well That Ends Well* :

“ I am not an impostor, that proclaim

“ Myself against the *level* of my *aim*.”

I suspect that for *hail* we ought to read *ill*. So, in *The Rape of Lucrece* :

“ End thy *ill aim*, before thy shoot be ended.” MALONE.

When he most burn'd in heart-wish'd luxury<sup>8</sup>,  
He preach'd pure maid<sup>9</sup>, and prais'd cold chastity.

Thus merely with the garment of a Grace  
The naked and conceal'd fiend he cover'd;  
That the unexperient'd gave the tempter place,  
Which, like a cherubin, above them hover'd<sup>1</sup>.  
Who, young and simple, would not be so lover'd?  
Ah me! I fell; and yet do question make  
What I should do again for such a sake.

O, that infected moisture of his eye,  
O, that false fire which in his cheek so glow'd,  
O, that forc'd thunder from his heart did fly<sup>2</sup>,  
O, that sad breath his spongy lungs bestow'd,  
O, all that borrow'd motion, seeming ow'd<sup>3</sup>,  
Would yet again betray the fore-betray'd,  
And new pervert a reconcil'd maid<sup>4</sup>!

<sup>8</sup> — in heart-wish'd LUXURY,] *Luxury* formerly was used for *lasciviousness*. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> He preach'd pure maid,—] We meet with a similar phraseology in *King John* :

“ He speaks plain cannon fire, and bounce, and smoke.”

Again, in *King Henry V.* :

“ I speak to thee plain soldier.” MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> — like a CHERUBIN, above them hover'd.] So, in *Macbeth* :

“ — or heaven's cherubin, hors'd

“ Upon the sightless couriers of the air.” STEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> O, that forc'd THUNDER from his heart did fly,] So, in *Twelfth Night* :

“ With groans that *thunder* love, and sighs of fire.”

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — that borrow'd motion, seeming ow'd,] That passion which he copied from others so naturally that it seem'd real and his own. *Ow'd* has here, as in many other places in our author's works, the signification of *owned*. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> In this beautiful poem, in every part of which the hand of Shakspeare is visible, he perhaps meant to break a lance with Spenser. It appears to me to have more of the simplicity and pathetick tenderness of the elder poet, in his smaller pieces, than



any other poem of that time; and strongly reminds us of our author's description of an ancient song, in *Twelfth Night*:

“ ——— It is silly sooth,  
“ And dallies with the innocence of youth,  
“ Like the old age.” MALONE.



**THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.**



## PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

---

THE *Passionate Pilgrim* was first published by William Jaggard in small octavo in 1599, with our author's name. Two of the Sonnets inserted in that collection are also found (as has been already observed) in the larger collection printed in quarto in 1609; which having been already laid before the reader, (see before, Sonnet 138, and 144,) are here omitted. J. Jaggard in 1598 had printed a collection of Poems written by Richard Barnefield. Among these are found A Sonnet "addressed to his friend Maister R. L. in praise of musique and poetrie," beginning with this line, "*If musique and sweete poetrie agree,*" &c. and an Ode also written by Barnefield, of which the first line is "*As it fell upon a day—:*" notwithstanding which, William Jaggard inserted these two pieces in the *Passionate Pilgrim* as the productions of Shakspeare.

In the year 1612 he went still further, for he then added to the former miscellany several pieces written by Thomas Heywood, and re-published the Collection under the following title: "The passionate Pilgrime, or certaine Amorous Sonnets betweene Venus and Adonis, newly corrected and augmented. By W. Shakespeare. The third edition. Whereunto is newly added two love-epistles, the first from Paris to Hellen, and Hellen's answer backe againe to Paris." Heywood, being much offended with this proceeding, appears to have insisted on the printer's cancelling the original title-page, and substituting another that should not ascribe the whole to Shakspeare. This I learn from my copy of these poems, in which the two title-pages by the fortunate negligence of the binder have been preserved: one with, and the other without, the name of our author. Heywood in his postscript to his *Apology for Actors*, printed in 1612, thus speaks of this transaction: "Here likewise I must necessarily insert a manifest injury done to me in that worke, [*Britaynes Troy,*] by taking the two epistles of Paris to Helen, and Helen to Paris, and printing them in a less volume under the name of another; which may put the world in opinion I might steale them from him, and hee, to do himselfe right, hath since published them in his own name: but as I must acknowledge my lines not worthy his patronage under whom he hath published them, so, the author, *I know*, much offended with Mr. Jaggard, that (altogether unknown to him,) presumed to make so bold with his name."

In consequence of Jaggard's conduct the two poems of Barne-

field have till the present edition been printed as Shakspeare's; and Heywood's translations from Ovid, notwithstanding the author's remonstrance, were again republished in 1640, under the name of our poet: nor was the fallacy detected till the year 1766, when it was pointed out by Dr. Farmer in his very ingenious Essay on the Learning of Shakspeare.

Beside the poems already enumerated, which the printer falsely ascribed to Shakspeare, he likewise inserted a celebrated Madrigal written by Marlowe, beginning with the words—"Come live with me, and be my love," which is now rejected.

The title-page above given fully supports an observation I made some years ago, that several of the sonnets in this collection seem to have been essays of the author when he first conceived the notion of writing a poem on the subject of Venus and Adonis, and before the scheme of his work was completely adjusted.

Many of these little pieces bear the strongest mark of the hand of Shakspeare.—I have not adhered to the order in which they stand in the old copy, having classed all those which relate to Adonis together. MALONE.

Why the present collection of Sonnets, &c. should be entitled *The Passionate Pilgrim*, I cannot discover, as it is made up out of the loose fragments of Shakspeare, together with pieces of other writers. Perhaps it was so called by its first editor William Jaggard the bookseller. We may be almost sure that our author never designed the majority of these his unconnected scraps for the publick.

On the Stationers' books the following entry occurs: "Jan. 3, 1599, Amours by J. D. with certen Sonets by W. S." This entry is made by Eleazar Edgar. STEEVENS.

So many instances have been given of Jaggard's want of fidelity in this publication, that I am afraid all confidence must be withdrawn from the whole. In addition to those poems which have been withdrawn by Mr. Malone as being the property of other writers, that which stands fourth in this edition may, upon equally good grounds, be added to the list, as it is found in a collection of Sonnets, by B. Griffin, entitled *Fidessa more Chaste then Kinde*, 1596, with some variations which I have pointed out in the notes. *Fidessa* was reprinted in the year 1815 by my friend Mr. Bliss. It will throw some additional doubt upon Mr. Malone's conjecture, that the little pieces which he has thrown together at the beginning were "essays of the author, when he first conceived the notion of writing a poem upon the subject of Venus and Adonis." Mr. Malone, indeed, has himself, at the end of that poem, produced several instances of the same topik being treated by preceding writers.

In Jaggard's edition of 1612 a distinction seems to be drawn between some of these poems and others, which are separated from them by a fresh title-page:

## SONNETS

To sundry notes of Musick.

This second class contains the following

- 1 It was a lordings daughter
- 2 Oh a day alack the day
- 3 My flocks feed not
- 4 When as thine eye hath chose the dame
- 5 Live with me and be my love
- 6 As it fell upon a day

Here (we may observe) two of the poems not written by Shakspeare are found, namely, No. 5 and 6; and from thence we might at first infer that the first class belonged to him, and that the second, like Heywood's translations, was added, to fill up the volume, from other sources; for I cannot but consider No. 1, as totally unworthy of our poet, and Nos. 3 and 4 appear to me to be of an older cast than his writings, or those of his immediate contemporaries, and bear a nearer resemblance to the style of those uncertain authors, whose poems are attached to Surreys, in Tottell's edition. But unfortunately this second part contains No. 2, which is perhaps the only unquestionable production of Shakspeare in the volume, and in the first we find the poem in praise of musick and poetry, which is claimed for Barnefield. If we are not to consider the *Passionate Pilgrim* altogether as a bookseller's trick, I know not why this last-mentioned composition is to be surrendered without a question. If William Jaggard was a rogue, John Jaggard may not have been much better, and may have stolen Shakspeare's verses, which were afterwards restored to their rightful owner. I should be glad if I could claim them with more confidence for our great poet, not on account of their merit, which is small, but as showing his admiration of Spenser, and the warm terms in which he expressed it. As Barnefield's poems are not easily met with, I shall add this little piece:

- “ If Musick and sweet Poetry agree,  
 “ As they must needs, the Sister and the Brother,  
 “ Then must the love be great 'twixt you and me,  
 “ Because thou lov'st the one, and I the other:  
 “ Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch  
 “ Upon the lute doth ravish human sense;  
 “ Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such  
 “ As, passing all conceit, needs no defence.
- “ Thou lov'st to hear the sweet melodious sound  
 “ That Phœbus' lute (the queen of musick) makes;  
 “ And I in deep delight am chiefly drown'd  
 “ When as himself to singing he betakes:

“ One God is God of both (as poets feign) ;

“ One knight loves both, and both in thee remain.

Numberless instances might be produced to show with how little scruple the printers, and even the authors of that time, pilaged one another. A song, which is inserted in Lyly's *Alexander*, and *Campaspe*, in Blount's republication of his plays, “ O for a bowl of fat Canary,” is appended to the second edition of Middleton's *A Mad World My Masters*, as “ a catch for the fifth Act sung by Sir Bounteous Progresse to his guests.” But I find among Mr. Malone's poetical tracts the most singular instance of plagiarism I recollect to have met with. W. L. (whom these initials point out I know not) published in 1603 two poems, one entitled, *Nothing for a New Yeaer's Gift* ; the other, *The Effects proceeding from Nothing*. He concludes the dedication to his patron, Sir William Hide, in which he speaks very modestly of his sickly spirit and virgin Muse, with these lines :

“ You lookt for Nothing Nothing I empart

“ With the poore remnant of my broken hart.”

He has kept his word : for he has done little more than transcribe a certain number of passages from Sylvester's *Du Bartas*. I should not perhaps have discovered this, had he not been so unfortunate in his selection, as to take those lines to which Dryden has given an unhappy celebrity :

“ To glaze the lakes and bridle up the floods,

“ And perriwig with snow the bald-pate woods.”

BOSWELL.



# THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

---

## I.

SWEET Cytherea, sitting by a brook,  
With young Adonis, lovely, fresh and green,  
Did court the lad with many a lovely look,  
Such looks as none could look but beauty's queen.  
She told him stories to delight his ear ;  
She show'd him favours to allure his eye ;  
To win his heart, she touch'd him here and there :  
Touches so soft still conquer chastity<sup>1</sup>.  
But whether unripe years did want conceit,  
Or he refus'd to take her figur'd proffer,  
The tender nibbler would not touch the bait,  
But smile and jest at every gentle offer :  
Then fell she on her back, fair queen, and toward ;  
He rose and ran away ; ah, fool too froward !

## II.

Scarce had the sun dried up the dewy morn<sup>2</sup>,  
And scarce the herd gone to the hedge for shade,

<sup>1</sup> TOUCHES SO SOFT STILL CONQUER chastity.] Thus, in Cymbeline :

“ — a *touch* more rare

“ *Subdues* all pangs, all fears.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> Scarce had the sun dried up the dewy morn, &c.] Of this Sonnet the following translation was made by the late Mr. Vincent Bourne :

Vix matutinum ebiberat de gramine rorem  
Umbrosa invitans Phœbus ad antra boves,  
Cum secum placidi Cytherea ad fluminis undas  
Adventum expectans sedit, Adoni, tuum.  
Sub salicis sedit ramis, ubi sæpe solebat  
Procumbens fastum deposuisse puer.  
Æstus erat gravis ; at gravior sub pectore divæ  
Qui fuit, et longe sævior, æstus erat.

When Cytherea, all in love forlorn,  
 A longing tarriance for Adonis made,  
 Under an osier growing by a brook,  
 A brook, where Adon us'd to cool his spleen :  
 Hot was the day ; she hotter that did look  
 For his approach, that often there had been.  
 Anon he comes, and throws his mantle by,  
 And stood stark naked on the brook's green brim ;  
 The sun look'd on the world with glorious eye,  
 Yet not so wistly, as this queen on him :  
 He spying her, bounc'd in, whereas he stood ;  
 O Jove, quoth she, why was not I a flood ?

## III.

Fair was the morn, when the fair queen of love,  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 Paler for sorrow than her milk-white dove <sup>4</sup>,  
 For Adon's sake, a youngster proud and wild ;  
 Her stand she takes upon a steep-up hill <sup>5</sup> :  
 Anon Adonis comes with horn and hounds ;  
 She silly queen, with more than love's good will,  
 Forbade the boy he should not pass those grounds ;  
 Once, quoth she, did I see a fair sweet youth  
 Here in these brakes deep-wounded with a boar,

Mox puer advenit, posuitque a corpore vestem,

Tam prope vix Venerem delituisse ratus ;

Utque deam vidit recubantem in margine ripæ,

Attonitus mediis insiliebat aquis.

Crudelem decepta dolum fraudemque superbum

Ut videt, his mæstis ingemit illa modis :

Cur ex æquoreæ spumâ cum nascerer undæ,

Non ipsa, o, inquit, Jupiter ! unda fui ! MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> Paler for sorrow than her milk-white dove,] The line preceding this is lost. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — upon a steep-up hill :] It has been suggested to me that this ought to be printed—upon a steep *up-hill* ; but the other regulation is undoubtedly right. So, in a former sonnet :

“ And having climb'd the *steep-up* heavenly *hill*—.”

MALONE.

Deep in the thigh, a spectacle of ruth !  
 See, in my thigh, quoth she, here was the sore <sup>6</sup> :  
 She showed hers ; he saw more wounds than one,  
 And blushing fled, and left her all alone.

## IV.

Venus with young Adonis sitting by her <sup>7</sup>,  
 Under a myrtle shade, began to woo him ;  
 She told the youngling how god Mars did try her <sup>8</sup>,  
 And as he fell to her, so fell she to him <sup>9</sup>.

<sup>6</sup> See, in my thigh, quoth she, here was the sore, &c.] Rabelais hath sported with the same thought in a chapter where he relateth the story of the Old Woman and the Lion. La Fontaine also indulgeth himself in Le Diable Papefiguiere, after a manner no whit more chastised :

Bref aussi tôt qu'il aperçut l'enorme  
 Solution de continuité,  
 Il demeura si fort épouvanté,  
 Qu'il prit la fuite, et laissa-la Perrette.

The varlet Shakspeare, however, on this occasion might have remembered the ancient ballad of the Gelding of the Devil, which beginneth thus :

" A merry jest I will you tell," &c.

And now I bethink me, somewhat like the same fancy occur-  
 reth in the Speculum Majus of Vincentius Bellovacensis, other-  
 wise Vincent de Beauvais. AMNER.

<sup>7</sup> FAIR Venus with Adonis sitting by her,] The old copy reads :  
 " Venus with Adonis sitting by her."

The defect of the metre shows that a word was omitted at the press. This remark I owe to Dr. Farmer. MALONE.

I have given the epithet *young* as it is found in Fidessa. See the Preliminary Remarks. BOSWELL.

<sup>8</sup> She told the youngling how god Mars did try her,] See Venus and Adonis, ante :

" I have been woo'd, as I entreat thee now,  
 " Even by the stern and direful god of war," &c.

MALONE.

" — how god *Mars did try her.*" So, Prior :

" By Mars himself *that armour has been try'd.*"

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> And as he fell to her, so FELL SHE to him.] I have given this line from Fidessa ; the want of metre shows it to be corrupt as it appears in Jaggard :

" And as he fell to her, *she fell* to him."

Even thus, quoth she, the warlike god embrac'd me ;  
 And then she clipp'd Adonis in her arms ;  
 Even thus, quoth she, the warlike god unlac'd me,  
 As if the boy should use like loving charms :  
 Even thus, quoth she, he seized on my lips,  
 And with her lips on his did act the seizure ;  
 And as she fetched breath, away he skips,  
 And would not take her meaning nor her pleasure.

Ah ! that I had my lady at this bay,  
 To kiss and clip me till I run away<sup>1</sup> !

## V.

Crabbed age and youth<sup>2</sup>  
 Cannot live together ;

The emphasis must be laid upon "to him," as the corresponding rhyme is "woo him." BOSWELL.

<sup>1</sup> To kiss and clip me till I run away !] The latter part of this poem is thus given in Fidessa: the reader, by comparing them, will judge which was most likely to be the original, and which has suffered most from imperfect memory :

" Even thus, quoth she, the *wanton* god embrac'd me ;

" And thus she *clasp'd* Adonis in her arms :

" Even thus, quoth she, the warlike god unlac'd me,

" As if the boy should use like loving charms :

" *But he, a wayward boy, refus'd her offer,*

" *And ran away, the beauteous queen neglecting ;*

" *Showing both folly to abuse her proffer,*

" *And all his sex of cowardice detecting ;*

" Oh, that I had my *mistress* at that bay,

" To kiss and clip me till I ran away." BOSWELL.

<sup>2</sup> Crabbed age and youth, &c.] This little poem is likewise found in the Garland of Good Will, Part III. Dr. Percy thinks that it was intended for the mouth of Venus, "weighing the comparative merits of *youthful* Adonis and *aged* Vulcan." See the Reliques of Ancient Poetry, vol. i. p. 337, 2d edit.

This song is alluded to in The Woman's Prize, or the Tamer Tam'd, by Fletcher :

" ———— Thou fond man,

" Hast thou forgot the ballad, *Crabbed age?*

" Can May and January match together,

" And never a storm between them ?" MALONE.

As we know not that Vulcan was much more *aged* than his brethren, Mars, Mercury, or Phœbus, and especially as the

Youth is full of pleasance,  
 Age is full of care :  
 Youth like summer morn,  
 Age like winter weather ;  
 Youth like summer brave,  
 Age like winter bare.  
 Youth is full of sport,  
 Age's breath is short,  
 Youth is nimble, age is lame ;  
 Youth is hot and bold,  
 Age is weak and cold ;  
 Youth is wild, and age is tame.  
 Age, I do abhor thee,  
 Youth, I do adore thee ;  
 O, my love, my love is young ;  
 Age, I do defy thee <sup>3</sup> ;  
 O, sweet shepherd, hie thee,  
 For methinks thou stay'st too long <sup>4</sup> .

## VI.

Sweet rose <sup>5</sup>, fair flower, untimely pluck'd, soon  
 faded,  
 Pluck'd in the bud, and faded in the spring <sup>6</sup> !

fabled deities were supposed to enjoy a perpetuity of health, life, and pleasure, I am unwilling to admit that the laughter-loving dame disliked her husband on any other account than his ungraceful form and his lameness. He who could forge the thunderbolts of Jove, was surely in full strength, and equal to the task of discharging the highest claims and most terrifying exactions even of Venus herself. I do not, in short, perceive how this little poem could have been put, with any singular propriety, into the mouth of the queen of Love, if due regard were paid to the classical situation of her and her husband. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> Age, I do DEFY thee ;] I despise or reject thee. So, in Romeo and Juliet :

"I do *defy* thy conjuration." MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — thou stay'st too long.] In the Garland of Good-Will there are thirty more lines added : but, as they are worthless, I have not thought it worth while to reprint them. BOSWELL.

<sup>5</sup> Sweet rose, &c.] This seems to have been intended for a dirge to be sung by Venus on the death of Adonis. MALONE.

Bright orient pearl, alack ! too timely shaded !  
 Fair creature, kill'd too soon by death's sharp sting !  
 Like a green plumb that hangs upon a tree,  
 And falls, through wind, before the fall should be.

I weep for thee, and yet no cause I have ;  
 For why ? thou left'st me nothing in thy will.  
 And yet thou left'st me more than I did crave ;  
 For why ? I craved nothing of thee still :  
 O yes, dear friend, I pardon crave of thee :  
 Thy discontent thou didst bequeath to me.

## VII.

Fair is my love, but not so fair as fickle,  
 Mild as a dove, but neither true nor trusty ;  
 Brighter than glass, and yet, as glass is, brittle<sup>7</sup>,  
 Softer than wax, and yet, as iron, rusty :  
 A lily pale<sup>8</sup>, with damask die to grace her,  
 None fairer, nor none falsier to deface her.

This note shows how the clearest head may be led away by a favourite hypothesis. Unless the poet had completely altered the whole subject of his poem on Venus and Adonis, which is principally occupied by the entreaties of the goddess to the insensible swain, how could she be represented as saying, "I craved nothing of thee still." The greater part of it is employed in describing her craving. BOSWELL.

<sup>6</sup> — faded in the spring !] The verb *fade* throughout these little fragments, &c. is always spelt *vaded*, either in compliance with ancient pronunciation, or in consequence of a primitive which perhaps modern lexicographers may feel some reluctance to acknowledge. They tell us that we owe this word to the French *fade* ; but I see no reason why we may not as well impute its origin to the Latin *vado*, which equally serves to indicate departure, motion, and evanescence. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> Brighter than glass, and yet, as glass is, brittle,]  
 Quam digna inscribi vitro, cum lubrica, lævis,  
 Pellucens, fragilis, vitrea tota nites !

Written under a lady's name on an inn window. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> A lily pale, with damask die to grace her,] So, in Venus and Adonis :

Her lips to mine how often hath she join'd,  
 Between each kiss her oaths of true love swearing !  
 How many tales to please me hath she coin'd,  
 Dreading my love, the loss thereof still fearing !

Yet in the midst of all her pure protestings,  
 Her faith, her oaths, her tears, and all were  
 jestings.

She burn'd with love, as straw with fire flameth ;  
 She burn'd out love, as soon as straw out-burneth <sup>9</sup> ;  
 She fram'd the love, and yet she foil'd the framing ;  
 She bade love last, and yet she fell a turning.

Was this a lover, or a lecher whether ?  
 Bad in the best, though excellent in neither.

## VIII.

Did not the heavenly rhetorick of thine eye,  
 'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument <sup>1</sup>,  
 Persuade my heart to this false perjury ?  
 Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.  
 A woman I forswore ; but I will prove,  
 Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee :  
 My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love ;  
 Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.  
 My vow was breath, and breath a vapour is ;  
 Then thou fair sun, which on my earth dost shine <sup>2</sup>,

“ —— a sudden pale,

“ Like lawn being laid upon the blushing rose.”

Again, in *The Rape of Lucrece* :

“ This silent war of *lilies* and of *roses*—.” MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> She burn'd out love, as soon as straw out-burneth ;] So, in  
*King Henry IV. Part I.* :

“ —— rash *bavin* wits,

“ *Soon kindled and soon burnt.*” STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> — CANNOT hold argument,] This is the reading in *Love's Labour's Lost*, where this Sonnet is also found. *The Passionate Pilgrim* has—*could* not hold argument. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — WHICH ON MY EARTH DOST SHINE,] Such is the reading  
 in *Love's Labour's Lost*. *The Passionate Pilgrim* reads :

Exhal'st this vapour vow ; in thee it is :  
 If broken, then it is no fault of mine.  
 If by me broke, what fool is not so wise  
 To break an oath, to win a paradise <sup>8</sup> ?

## IX.

If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love ?  
 O, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd :  
 Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll constant  
     prove ;  
 Those thoughts, to me like oaks, to thee like osiers  
     bow'd.  
 Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine  
     eyes <sup>9</sup>,  
 Where all those pleasures live, that art can com-  
     prehend.  
 If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall  
     suffice ;  
 Well learned is that tongue that well can thee  
     commend ;  
 All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder ;  
 Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire :  
 Thine eye Jove's lightning seems, thy voice his  
     dreadful thunder,  
 Which (not to anger bent) is musick and sweet fire <sup>1</sup>.

“ ——— that on this earth doth shine,

“ *Exhale* this vapour,” &c. MALONE.

“ Then thou, fair *sun*, which on my earth dost shine,

“ *Exhal'st* this vapour —.” So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ It is some meteor that the *sun exhales*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> To break an oath, to win a paradise ?] So, in *Love's Labour's Lost* :

“ It is religion, to be thus forsworn.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — makes his book thine eyes,] So, in *Love's Labour's Lost* :

“ From women's *eyes* this *doctrine* I derive,” &c.

Again, *ibidem* :

“ ——— women's *eyes* —

“ They are the *books*, the *arts*, the *academes* —.”

MALONE.



Celestial as thou art, O do not love that wrong,  
To sing the heavens' praise with such an earthly  
tongue<sup>2</sup>.

## X.

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good,  
A shining gloss, that fadeth suddenly ;  
A flower that dies, when first it 'gins to bud ;  
A brittle glass, that's broken presently ;  
A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,  
Lost, faded, broken, dead within an hour.

And as good lost are seld or never found,  
As faded gloss no rubbing will refresh<sup>3</sup>,  
As flowers dead, lie wither'd on the ground,  
As broken glass no cement can redress,

<sup>1</sup> — thy voice his dreadful THUNDER,  
Which (not to anger bent) is MUSICK and sweet fire.] So,  
in Antony and Cleopatra :

“ — his *voice* was property'd

“ As all the *tuned spheres*, and that to friends ;

“ But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,

“ He was as rattling *thunder*.” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> To sing the heavens' praise with such an earthly tongue.]  
This Sonnet is likewise found in *Love's Labour's Lost*, with  
some slight alterations. The last couplet there stands thus :

“ Celestial as thou art, *oh pardon, love, this wrong,*

“ *That sings the heavens praise,*” &c. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> As faded gloss no rubbing will REFRESH,] A copy of this  
poem said to be printed from an ancient MS. and published in  
the *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. xxix. p. 39, reads :

“ As faded gloss no rubbing will *excite*,”

and in the corresponding line :

“ As broken glass no cement can *unite*.” MALONE.

Read the first of these lines how we will, it is founded on a  
false position. Every one knows that the gloss or polish on all  
works of art may be restored, and that rubbing is the means of  
restoring it. STEEVENS.

Shakspeare, I believe, alludes to faded silk, of which the  
colour, when once faded, cannot be restored but by a second  
dying. MALONE.

So beauty blemish'd once, for ever's lost,  
In spite of physick, painting, pain, and cost.

## XI.

Good night, good rest. Ah! neither be my share:  
She bade good night, that kept my rest away;  
And daff'd me <sup>4</sup> to a cabin hang'd with care,  
To descant on the doubts of my decay.

Farewell, quoth she, and come again to-morrow;  
Fare well I could not, for I supp'd with sorrow.

Yet at my parting sweetly did she smile,  
In scorn or friendship, nill I construe whether:  
'Tmay be, she joy'd to jest at my exíle,  
'Tmay be <sup>5</sup>, again to make me wander thither;  
*Wander*, a word for shadows like thyself,  
As take the pain, but cannot pluck the pelf.

## XII.

Lord, how mine eyes throw gazes to the east!  
My heart doth charge the watch <sup>6</sup>; the morning rise  
Doth cite each moving sense from idle rest.  
Not daring trust the office of mine eyes,

<sup>4</sup> And DAFF'D me, &c.] So, in *Much Ado About Nothing*:  
“— canst thou so *daff* me?”

To *daff*, or *doff*, is to *put off*. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> 'TMAY be, &c.] Thus the old copy. So also in the next line. I have observed the same elision in other poems of the same age, and once in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1609, though I cannot at present turn to the instance that I had marked.

MALONE.

I will never believe any poet could begin two lines together, with such offensive elisions. They may both be omitted without injury to sense or metre. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> My heart doth CHARGE THE WATCH;] The meaning of this phrase is not very clear. STEEVENS.

Perhaps the poet, wishing for the approach of morning, enjoins the watch to hasten through their nocturnal duty.

MALONE.

While Philomela sits and sings, I sit and mark,  
And wish her lays were tuned like the lark<sup>7</sup> ;

For she doth welcome day-light with her ditty<sup>8</sup> ,  
And drives away dark dismal-dreaming night :  
The night so pack'd, I post unto my pretty ;  
Heart hath his hope, and eyes their wished sight ;  
Sorrow chang'd to solace, solace mix'd with  
sorrow ;  
For why ? she sigh'd, and bade me come to-  
morrow.

Were I with her, the night would post too soon ;  
But now are minutes added to the hours ;  
To spite me now, each minute seems a moon<sup>9</sup> ;  
Yet not for me, shine sun to succour flowers !

<sup>7</sup> While Philomela sits and sings, I sit and mark,

And wish her lays were tuned like the lark ;] In *Romeo and Juliet*, the lark and nightingale are in like manner opposed to each other. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> For she doth welcome day-light with her ditty,] So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ It was the *lark*, the *herald* of the *morn*.” MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — each minute seems a moon ;] The old copy reads—each minute seems *an hour*. The want of rhyme to the corresponding line shows that it must be corrupt. I have therefore not hesitated to adopt an emendation proposed by Mr. Steevens—each minute seems a *moon* ; i. e. month. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ Which had superfluous kings for messengers,

“ Not many *moons* gone by.”

Again, in *Othello* :

“ — Since these arms had seven years' pith

“ Till now some nine *moons* wasted—.”

In *Romeo and Juliet* our poet describes the impatience of a lover not less strongly than in the passage before us :

“ I must hear from thee *every day of the hour*,

“ For *in a minute there are many days*.” MALONE.

“ Were I with her, the night would post too soon ;

“ But now are minutes added to the hours ;

“ To spite me now, each minute seems a moon ;” Thus, in *Dr. Young's Revenge* :

“ While in the lustre of her charms I lay,

“ Whole summer suns roll'd unperceiv'd away ;—

Pack night, peep day, good day, of night now  
 borrow :  
 Short, night, to-night, and length thyself to-  
 morrow.

## XIII.

It was a lording's daughter, the fairest one of three <sup>1</sup>,  
 That liked of her master as well as well might be,  
 Till looking on an Englishman, the fairest eye could  
 see,  
 Her fancy fell a turning.  
 Long was the combat doubtful, that love with love  
 did fight,  
 To leave the master loveless, or kill the gallant  
 knight :  
 To put in practice either, alas it was a spite  
 Unto the silly damsel.

“ Now fate does rigidly her dues regain,  
 “ And every moment is an age of pain.”

Dr. Young, however, was no needy borrower, and therefore the coincidence between these passages may be regarded as the effect of accident. There are, however, certain hyperbolic expressions which the innamoratoes of all ages have claimed as right of commonage. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> It was a lording's daughter, &c.] This and the five following Sonnets are said in the old copy to have been set to musick. Mr. Oldys in one of his MSS. says they were set by John and Thomas Morley. MALONE.

There is a wretched ditty, beginning :

“ It was a lady's daughter  
 “ Of Paris, properly,” &c.

Another;

“ It was a blind beggar  
 “ That long had lost his sight—.”

Another :

“ It was an old man and his poor wife  
 “ In great distress did fall—.”

and twenty more *It was's*, that might as reputably be imputed to Shakspeare, who excels in ballads, as this despicable composition. STEEVENS.

I am afraid our author is himself answerable for one of these *It was's*. See *As You Like It*, vol. vi. p. 495 :

“ *It was a lover and his lass,*” &c. MALONE.

But one must be refused, more mickle was the pain,  
That nothing could be used, to turn them both to  
gain,

For of the two the trusty knight was wounded  
with disdain :

Alas, she could not help it !

Thus art with arms contending was victor of the  
day,

Which by a gift of learning did bear [the maid away ;  
Then lullaby, the learned man hath got the lady gay ;

For now my song is ended.

## XIV.

On a day (alack the day<sup>2</sup> !)  
Love, whose month was ever May<sup>3</sup>,  
Spy'd a blossom passing fair,  
Playing in the wanton air :  
Through the velvet leaves the wind,  
All unseen, 'gan passage find ;  
That the lover<sup>4</sup>, sick to death,  
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.  
Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow ;  
Air, would I might triumph so !  
But alas ! my hand hath sworn<sup>5</sup>  
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn :  
Vow, alack, for youth unmeet ;  
Youth, so apt to pluck a sweet.

<sup>2</sup> On a day (alack the day !) &c.] This Sonnet is likewise found in a collection of verses entitled England's Helicon, printed in 1600. It is there called The Passionate Sheepheard's Song, and our author's name is affixed to it. It occurs also in Love's Labour's Lost, Act IV. Sc. III. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — whose month was ever May,] In Love's Labour's Lost,—  
“ *is* ever May.” MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> That the LOVER,] England's Helicon reads :  
“ That the *shepherd*,” &c. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — my hand HATH SWORN—] In Love's Labour's Lost, this line is printed with a slight variation :

“ But alas my hand *is* sworn.” MALONE.

Do not call it sin in me <sup>6</sup>,  
 That I am forsworn for thee ;  
 Thou for whom Jove would swear <sup>7</sup>  
 Juno but an Ethiope were ;  
 And deny himself for Jove,  
 Turning mortal for thy love <sup>8</sup>.

## XV.

My flocks feed not <sup>9</sup>,  
 My ewes breed not,  
 My rams speed not,  
 All is amiss :  
 Love's denying <sup>1</sup>,  
 Faith's defying,  
 Heart's renying,  
 Causer of this <sup>2</sup>.  
 All my merry jigs are quite forgot <sup>3</sup>,  
 All my lady's love is lost, God wot :

<sup>6</sup> Do not call it, &c.] These two lines are supplied from the play. They are wanting in England's Helicon, and in the Passionate Pilgrim. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> Thou for whom Jove would SWEAR—] *Swear* is here used as a dissyllable. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — for THY love.] England's Helicon reads :  
 "Turning mortal for *my* love." MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> My flocks feed not, &c.] This Sonnet is also found in England's Helicon, 1600. It is there entitled The Unknown Sheepheard's Complaint ; and subscribed *Ignoto*. It is likewise printed with some variations, in a Collection of Madrigals, by Thomas Weelkes, quarto, 1597. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> Love's denying, &c.] A denial of love, a breach of faith, &c. *being* the cause of all these misfortunes. The Passionate Pilgrim and Weelkes's book have—*Love is dying*, and—*Heart's denying*. The reading of the text is found in England's Helicon, except that it has—*Love is*, and *Faith is*. *Renyng* is from the French, *renier*, to forswear. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> Causer of this.] Read—'Cause of this ; i. e. *Because* of this.  
 STEEVENS.

The old copy is right. The word *causer* is again used by Shakspeare in *Love's Labour's Lost* :

"And study too, the *causer* of your vow." MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> All my merry JIGS are quite forgot,] A *jig* was a metrical

Where her faith was firmly fix'd in love,  
 There a nay<sup>4</sup> is plac'd without remove.  
 One silly cross  
 Wrought all my loss ;  
 O frowning fortune, cursed, fickle dame !  
 For now I see  
 Inconstancy  
 More in women than in men remain.

In black mourn I<sup>5</sup>,  
 All fears scorn I,  
 Love hath forlorn me<sup>6</sup>,  
 Living in thrall :  
 Heart is bleeding,  
 All help needing,  
 (O cruel speeding !)  
 Fraughted with gall !  
 My shepherd's pipe can sound no deal<sup>7</sup>,

composition. So, in *Russy d' Ambois*, a tragedy by Chapman, 1607 :

“ 'Tis one of the best *jigs* that ever was *acted*.” MALONE.  
*Jigs*, as the word is commonly used, would do as well in this passage. I cannot help wishing that such *jigs* or metrical compositions had been quite forgot, rather than that they should have been attributed to Shakspeare. BOSWELL.

<sup>4</sup> There A NAY—] So *The Passionate Pilgrim*. *Annoy*, Weelkes's Madrigals. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> In black MOURN I,] Jaggard's copy has—*morne*. The reading of the text was supplied by England's Helicon. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> Love HATH forlorn ME ;] As the metre as well as rhyme in this passage is defective, I suspect some corruption, and would read :

“ Love forlorn I,”

i. e. I love-forlorn, i. e. deserted, forsaken, &c. STEEVENS.

All the copies agree in the reading of the text. The metre is the same as in the corresponding line :

“ O cruel speeding.”

To the exactness of rhyme the author appears to have paid little attention. We have just had *dame* and *remain*. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> My shepherd's pipe can sound no DEAL,] i. e. in no degree, more or less. Thus Fairfax :

“ This charge some *deal* thee haply honour may.” STEEVENS.

My wether's bell rings doleful knell ;  
 My curtail dog that wont to have play'd,  
 Plays not at all, but seems afraid ;  
 My sighs so deep <sup>8</sup>,  
 Procure to weep,  
     In howling-wise, to see my doleful plight.  
 How sighs resound  
 Through harkless ground <sup>9</sup>,  
     Like a thousand vanquish'd men in bloody fight !

Clear wells spring not,  
 Sweet birds sing not,  
 Loud bells ring not  
     Cheerfully <sup>1</sup> ;  
 Herds stand weeping,  
 Flocks all sleeping,  
 Nymphs back creeping <sup>2</sup>  
     Fearfully :

<sup>8</sup> My sighs so deep,] Jaggard's copy and England's Helicon read—*With* sighs, &c. I some years ago conjectured that Shakspeare wrote—*My* sighs ; and the copy in Weelkes's Madrigals which I have lately seen, confirms my conjecture. After the word *procure*, *him*, or the dog, must be understood. MALONE.

The verb *procure* is used with great laxity by Shakspeare in Romeo and Juliet :

“ ——— it is my lady mother :

“ What unaccustom'd cause *procures* her hither ? ”

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — through HARKLESS ground.] This is the reading furnished by Weelkes's copy. The other old editions have *heartless* ground. If *heartless* ground be the true reading, it means, I think, *uncultivated*, desolated ground, corresponding in its appearance with the unhappy state of its owner. An hypercritick will perhaps ask, how can the ground be *harkless*, if sighs *resound* ? The answer is, that no *other* noise is heard but that of sighs : “ The birds do not sing, the bells ring not,” &c. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> Loud bells ring not

Cheerfully ;] Thus Weelkes's copy. The others have :

“ Green plants bring not

“ Forth : they die.” MALONE.



All our pleasure known to us poor swains,  
 All our merry meetings on the plains,  
 All our evening sport from us is fled,  
 All our love is lost, for love is dead.

Farewell, sweet lass<sup>3</sup>,

Thy like ne'er was

For a sweet content, the cause of all my moan<sup>4</sup> :

Poor Coridon

Must live alone,

Other help for him I see that there is none<sup>5</sup>.

### XVI.

When as thine eye hath chose the dame,  
 And stall'd the deer that thou would'st strike<sup>6</sup>,  
 Let reason rule things worthy blame,  
 As well as fancy, partial tike<sup>7</sup> :

Take counsel of some wiser head,  
 Neither too young, nor yet unwed.

<sup>2</sup> — back CREEPING—] So Weelkes. England's Helicon, and Passionate Pilgrim—*peeping*. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> Farewell, sweet LASS,] The Passionate Pilgrim and England's Helicon, read—Farewell, sweet *love*. When I printed this poem in 1780, I proposed to read—sweet *lass*, and such I now find is the reading in Weelkes's Madrigal. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> For a sweet content, the cause of all my MOAN:] This reading was furnished by the copy printed in England's Helicon. The rhyme shows it to be the true one. The Passionate Pilgrim and Weelkes's copy have—

“ — the cause of all my *woe*.”

Perhaps we ought to read—*thou* cause, &c. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> Other help for him I see that there is none.] Is it possible that Shakspeare could have written this strange farrago; or what is, if possible, still worse—“ It was a lording's daughter?”

BOSWELL.

<sup>6</sup> And stall'd the deer that thou would'st strike,] So, in Cymbeline:

“ — when thou hast ta'en thy stand,

“ The elected deer before thee.” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> As well as FANCY, partial TIKE:] *Fancy* here means *love*. So, in The Rape of Lucrece:

“ A martial man to be soft, *fancy's* slave !”

And when thou com'st thy tale to tell,  
 Smooth not thy tongue with filed talk <sup>7</sup>,  
 Lest she some subtle practice swell ;  
 (A cripple soon can find a halt :)  
 But plainly say thou lov'st her well,  
 And set thy person forth to sell <sup>8</sup>.

And to her will <sup>9</sup> frame all thy ways ;  
 Spare not to spend,—and chiefly there  
 Where thy desert may merit praise,  
 By ringing always in her ear :  
 The strongest castle, tower, and town,  
 The golden bullet beats it down <sup>1</sup>.

The old copy reads—partial *might*. Mr. Steevens some years ago proposed to read—partial *tike*; a term of contempt (as he observed,) employed by Shakspeare and our old writers : and a manuscript copy of this poem, of the age of Shakspeare, in the possession of Samuel Lysons, Esq. which has—partial *like*, adds such support to his conjecture, that I have adopted it. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — with FILED talk,] With studied or polished language. So, in Ben Jonson's Verses on our author :

“ In his well-torned and true-*filed* lines.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> And set thy person forth to SELL.] The old copy has .

“ And set *her* person forth to *sale*.”

Mr. Steevens conjectured that *sell* was the author's word, and such is the reading of the manuscript above mentioned. It likewise furnished the true reading in a former part of the line.

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> And to her will, &c.] This stanza and the next in the *Passionate Pilgrim* follow the two stanzas which now succeed them. The present arrangement, which seems preferable, is that of the manuscript already mentioned. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> Spare not to spend,——

The strongest castle, tower, and town,

The golden bullet beats it down.] So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* :

“ Win her with gifts, if she respect not words ;

“ Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,

“ More than quick words do move a woman's mind.”

A line of this stanza—

“ The strongest *castle*, tower, and town,”

And two in a succeeding stanza,

Serve always with assured trust,  
 And in thy suit be humble, true ;  
 Unless thy lady prove unjust,  
 Seek never thou to choose anew :  
 When time shall serve, be thou not slack  
 To proffer, though she put thee back.

What though her frowning brows be bent,  
 Her cloudy looks will clear<sup>2</sup> ere night ;  
 And then too late she will repent  
 That she dissembled her delight ;  
 And twice desire, ere it be day,  
 That with such scorn she put away.

What though she strive to try her strength,  
 And ban and brawl<sup>3</sup>, and say thee nay,  
 Her feeble force will yield at length,  
 When craft hath taught her thus to say,—  
*Had women been so strong as men,  
 In faith you had not had it then.*

“ What though she strive to try her strength,

“ And ban and brawl, *and say thee nay,*—”

remind us of the following verses in *The Historie of Graunde Amoure* [sign. I 2.], written by Stephen Hawes, near a century before those of Shakspeare :

“ Forsake her not, *though that she saye nay* ;

“ A womans guise is evermore delay.

“ No *castell* can be of so great a strength,

“ If that there be a sure siege to it layed,

“ It must yelde up, or els be won at length,

“ Though that 'to-fore it hath bene long delayed ;

“ So continuance may you right well ayde :

“ Some womans harte can not so harded be,

“ But busy labour may make it agree.” MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> Her cloudy looks will CLEAR—] So the manuscript copy ; instead of which the *Passionate Pilgrim* reads—“ will *calm*.” See the 148th Sonnet :

“ The sun itself sees not, till heaven *clears*.” MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> And BAN and brawl,—] To *ban* is to *curse*. So, in King Richard III. :

“ You bade me *ban*, and will you have me leave ?” MALONE.

The wiles and guiles that women work,  
 Dissembled with an outward show,  
 The tricks and toys that in them lurk,  
 The cock that treads them shall not know.

Have you not heard it said full oft,  
 A woman's nay doth stand for nought ?

Think, women love to match with men <sup>3</sup>,  
 And not to live so like a saint :  
 Here is no heaven ; they holy then  
 Begin, when age doth them attain.  
 Were kisses all the joys in bed,  
 One woman would another wed.

But soft ; enough,—too much I fear ;  
 For if my lady hear my song,  
 She will not stick to ring <sup>4</sup> mine ear,  
 To teach my tongue to be so long :  
 Yet will she blush, here be it said,  
 To hear her secrets so bewray'd <sup>5</sup>.

<sup>3</sup> Think, women love to match with men, &c.] In printing this stanza I have followed the old manuscript copy, which has likewise furnished some other minute variations now adopted. The *Passionate Pilgrim* reads :

“ *Think women still to strive with men,*

“ *To sin and never for to saint ;*

“ *There is no heaven by holy then,*

“ *When time with age shall them attain.*” MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> — RING mine ear,] Should not this be *wring* mine ear? *Cynthia aurem vellit.* BOSWELL.

<sup>5</sup> To hear her secrets so bewray'd.] The foregoing sixteen Sonnets are all that are found in the Collection printed by W. Jaggard, in 1599, under the title of *The Passionate Pilgrim*, excepting two, which have been already inserted in their proper places (p. 345, and 348) ; a Madrigal, beginning with the words, “ Come live with me,” &c. which has been omitted, as being the production, not of Shakspeare, but Marlowe ; and the two Sonnets that were written by Richard Barnefelde. In the room of these the two following small pieces have been added, the authenticity of which seems unquestionable. MALONE.

## XVII.

Take, oh, take those lips away<sup>6</sup>,  
 That so sweetly were forsworn ;  
 And those eyes, the break of day,  
 Lights that do mislead the morn :  
 But my kisses bring again,  
 Seals of love, but seal'd in vain<sup>7</sup>.

<sup>6</sup> Take, oh, take those lips away.] This little poem is not printed in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, probably because it was not written so early as 1599. The first stanza of it is introduced in *Measure for Measure*. In Fletcher's *Bloody Brother* it is found entire. Whether the second stanza was also written by Shakspeare, cannot now be ascertained. All the songs, however, introduced in our author's plays, appear to have been his own composition ; and the present contains an expression of which he seems to have been peculiarly fond. See the next note.

MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> SEALS OF LOVE, but seal'd in vain.] So, in Shakspeare's 142d Sonnet :

“ ——— not from those lips of thine,  
 “ That have profan'd their scarlet ornaments,  
 “ And *seal'd false bonds of love*, as oft as mine.”

Again, in his *Venus and Adonis* ;

“ Pure lips, sweet *seals* in my soft lips imprinted,  
 “ What bargains may I make, still to be *sealing* ? ”

MALONE.

I regret that I cannot agree with Mr. Malone in assigning this exquisite little poem to Shakspeare. The argument, founded upon one expression which is found in it, will prove nothing ; for, if it were not sufficient to say that it is an obvious metaphor, it would be easy to produce a variety of instances in which it has been used exactly in the same way by contemporary writers. The first stanza of this poem, it is true, appears in *Measure for Measure* ; but, as it is there supposed to be sung by a boy, in reference to the misfortune of a deserted female, the second stanza could not have been written for that occasion, as being evidently addressed by a male lover to his mistress. Mr. Weber, in his edition of Beaumont and Fletcher, in a note on the *Bloody Brother*, seems willing, according to the colloquial phrase, to split the difference ; and is of opinion that “ the first stanza was Shakspeare's, and that Fletcher added the second to suit his own purposes.” But the truth is, that this poem would not suit

Hide, oh, hide those hills of snow  
 Which thy frozen bosom bears,  
 On whose tops the pinks that grow <sup>8</sup>  
 Are of those that April wears :  
 But first set my poor heart free,  
 Bound in those icy chains by thee.

## XVIII.

Let the bird of loudest lay <sup>9</sup>,  
 On the sole Arabian tree <sup>1</sup>.

the purposes of either. In the one case, it is sung apparently to soothe the melancholy of Marina ; in the other, to amuse Rollo. If I were to ascribe it either to Shakspeare or Fletcher, I should be compelled to say, that the latter has a better claim. However inferior in all those higher qualities which have constituted Shakspeare, "the sovereign of the drama," his accomplished contemporary has, I think, been more happy in the short lyrical compositions which are interspersed in the plays by him and Beaumont. But, as we often find, in our old dramas, the stage direction [Here a song], I have great doubts whether this delicate little poem may not, from its popularity at the time, have been introduced by the printer, to fill up the gap, and gratify his readers, from some now forgotten author. Many writers of that day, whose general merits have not been sufficient to rescue them from oblivion, have been remarkably happy in short poetical flights ; and in what Warton harshly terms the *futile* novels of Lodge and Greene, we occasionally meet with lyrical compositions of exquisite beauty. BOSWELL.

<sup>8</sup> On whose tops the PINKS that grow,] The following thought in one of Prior's poems is akin to this :

"An ugly hard *rose-bud* has fallen in my neck."

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> Let the bird of loudest lay,] In 1601 a book was published, entitled "Loves Martyr, or Rosalins Complaint, Allegorically shadowing the Truth of Love, in the constant Fate of the Phœnix and Turtle. A Poem enterlaced with much Varietie and Raritie ; now first translated out of the venerable Italian Torquato Cæliano, by Robert Chester. With the true Legend of famous King Arthur, the last of the nine Worthies ; being the first Essay of a new British Poet : collected out of diverse authentical Records.

"To these are added some new Compositions of several modern Writers, whose names are subscribed to their several Workes ; upon the first Subject, viz. the Phœnix and Turtle."

Herald sad and trumpet be <sup>2</sup>,  
To whose sound chaste wings obey.

But thou shrieking harbinger,  
Foul pre-currer of the fiend,  
Augur of the fever's end <sup>3</sup>,  
To this troop come thou not near <sup>4</sup> !

Among these new compositions is the following poem, subscribed with our poet's name. The second title prefixed to these verses, is yet more full. "Hereafter follow diverse Poetical *Essaies* on the former Subject, viz. the Turtle and Phœnix. Done by the best and chiefest of our modern Writers, with their Names subscribed to their particular Workes. *Never before extant.*

"And now first consecrated by them all generally to the Love and Merit of the true-noble Knight, Sir John Salisburie."

The principal writers associated with Shakspeare in this collection are Ben Jonson, Marston, and Chapman. The above very particular account of these verses leave us, I think, no room to doubt of the genuineness of this little poem. MALONE.

It is printed as Shakspeare's in his poems, edit. 1640.

BOSWELL.

<sup>1</sup> On the SOLE Arabian TREE,] A learned friend would read:  
"Sole on the Arabian tree."

As there are many Arabian trees, though fabulous narrations have celebrated but one Arabian bird, I was so thoroughly convinced of the propriety of this change, that I had once regulated the text accordingly. But in emendation, as in determining on the life of man, *nulla unquam cunctatio longa est*; for the following passage in *The Tempest* fully supports the old copy:

"— Now I will believe

"That there are unicorns; that in *Arabia*

"There is *one tree*, the *phœnix*' throne: one phœnix

"At this hour reigning there."

This singular coincidence likewise serves to authenticate the present poem. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> HERALD SAD and TRUMPET be,] So, in *King John*:

"— Be thou the *trumpet* of our wrath,

"And *sullen presage* of your own decay." STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> But thou SHRIEKING HARBINGER,

Foul PRE-CURRER of the fiend,

Augur of the fever's end,] So, in *Hamlet*:

"And even the like *precurse* of fierce events,—

"As *harbingers* preceding still the *fates*,

"And *prologue to the omen coming on*—

From this session interdict  
 Every fowl of tyrant wing,  
 Save the eagle, feather'd king <sup>5</sup> :  
 Keep the obsequy so strict.

Let the priest in surplice white,  
 That defunctive musick can <sup>6</sup>,  
 Be the death-divining swan,  
 Lest the *requiem* lack his right.

And thou, treble-dated crow <sup>7</sup>,  
 That thy sable gender mak'st <sup>8</sup>

“ Have heaven and earth together demonstrated  
 “ Unto our climatures and countrymen.”

The *shrieking harbinger* here addressed, is the *scritch owl*, the *foul precurrer* of death. So, in a *Midsummer-Night's Dream* :

“ Now the wasted brands do glow,  
 “ While the *scritch-owl*, scritch-ing loud,  
 “ Puts the wretch that lies in woe,  
 “ In remembrance of a shrowd.”

<sup>4</sup> To this troop come thou not near!] Part of this poem resembles the song in a *Midsummer-Night's Dream* :

“ Ye spotted snakes with double tongue,  
 “ Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen ;  
 “ Newts, and blind worms, do no harm ;  
 “ *Come not near our fairy queen,*” &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> — the eagle, FEATHER'D king :] So, in Mr. Gray's Ode on the Progress of Poetry :

“ — thy magick lulls the *feather'd king*  
 “ With ruffled plumes and flagging wing.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> That defunctive musick can,] That understands funereal musick. To *con* in Saxon signifies to *know*. The modern editions read :

“ That defunctive musick *ken*.” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> And thou, TREBLE-DATED crow,] So, in *The Rape of Lucrece* :

“ To pluck the quills from *ancient* ravens' wings,”  
 MALONE.

— cornicum ut secla vetusta.  
 Ter tres ætates humanas garrula vincit  
 Cornix.—*Lucret*. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> THAT THY SABLE GENDER MAK'ST

With the breath thou giv'st and tak'st,] I suppose this un-



With the breath thou giv'st and tak'st,  
'Mongst our mourners shalt thou go.

Here the anthem doth commence :—  
Love and constancy is dead ;  
Phœnix and the turtle fled  
In a mutual flame from hence.

So they lov'd, as love in twain  
Had the essence but in one ;  
Two distincts, division none :  
Number there in love was slain.

Hearts remote, yet not asunder ;  
Distance, and no space was seen  
'Twixt the turtle and his queen :  
But in them it were a wonder<sup>9</sup>.

So between them love did shine,  
That the turtle saw his right  
Flaming in the Phœnix' sight<sup>1</sup> :  
Either was the other's mine.

couth expression means, that the *crow*, or *raven*, continues its race by the *breath* it *gives* to them as its parent, and by *that* which it *takes* from other animals : i. e. by first producing its young from itself, and then providing for their support by depredation. Thus, in King John :

“ ——— and vast confusion waits

“ (*As doth a raven on a sick-fallen beast*)

“ The imminent decay of wrested pomp.”

This is the best I can make of the passage. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> BUT IN THEM it were a wonder.] So extraordinary a phænomenon as *hearts remote, yet not asunder*, &c. would have excited admiration, had it been found any where else *except in these two birds*. In them it was not wonderful. MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> That the turtle saw his RIGHT

Flaming in the phœnix' sight:] I suppose we should read *light* : i. e. the turtle saw all the *day* he wanted, in the eyes of the phœnix. So, Antony speaking to Cleopatra :

“ ——— O thou *day* o' the world,

“ Chain my arm'd neck ! ”

Property was thus appall'd,  
That the self was not the same <sup>2</sup> ;  
Single nature's double name  
Neither two nor one was call'd.

Reason, in itself confounded,  
Saw division grow together ;  
To themselves yet either neither <sup>3</sup> ,  
Simple were so well compounded ;

That it cry'd, how true a twain  
Seemeth this concordant one <sup>4</sup> !  
Love hath reason, reason none,  
If what parts can so remain <sup>5</sup> .

Again, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“ *Bass.* We should hold *day* with the Antipodes,  
“ *If you would walk in absence of the sun.*  
“ *Por.* Let me give *light*, but let me not be light.”

STEEVENS.

I do not perceive any need of change. The turtle saw those qualities which were his *right*, which were peculiarly *appropriated* to him, in the phoenix.—*Light* certainly corresponds better with the word *flaming* in the next line ; but Shakspeare seldom puts his comparisons on four feet. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> Property was thus appall'd,

That the self was not the same ;] This communication of *appropriated* qualities alarmed the power that presides over *property*. Finding that the self was *not the same*, he began to fear that nothing would remain distinct and individual ; that all things would become common. MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> To themselves yet EITHER NEITHER, &c.] So, in Drayton's *Mortimeriados*, 1596 :

“ — fire seem'd to be water, water flame,  
“ *Either or neither*, and yet both the same.” MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> That it cry'd, how true a TWAIN

Seemeth this CONCORDANT ONE !] So, in Drayton's *Mortimeriados*, quarto, 1596 :

“ Still in her breast his secret thoughts she beares,  
“ Nor can her tongue pronounce an *I*, but *wee* ;  
“ *Thus two in one, and one in two they bee* ;  
“ And as his soule possesseth head and heart,  
“ She's all in all, and all in every part.” MALONE.

Whereupon it made this threne<sup>6</sup> ;  
 To the phœnix and the dove,  
 Co-supremes and stars of love ;  
 As chorus to their tragick scene.

*THRENOS.*

Beauty, truth, and rarity,  
 Grace in all simplicity,  
 Here inclos'd in cinders lie.

Death is now the phœnix' nest ;  
 And the turtle's loyal breast  
 To eternity doth rest,

Leaving no posterity :—  
 'Twas not their infirmity,  
 It was married chastity.

Truth may seem, but cannot be ;  
 Beauty brag, but 'tis not she ;  
 Truth and beauty buried be.

<sup>5</sup> Love hath reason, reason none,

If what PARTS can so remain.] Love is reasonable, and reason is folly [has no reason], *if two that are disunited* from each other, can yet remain together and undivided. MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> Whereupon it made this THRENE ;] This *funeral song*. So, in Kendal's poems, 1577 :

“ Of verses, *threnes*, and epitaphs,

“ Full fraught with tears of *teene*.”

A book entitled *David's Threanes*, by J. Heywood, was published in 1620. Two years afterwards it was reprinted under the title of *David's Tears* : the former title probably was discarded as obsolete. For this information I am indebted to Dr. Farmer.

MALONE.

By the kindness of my friend, Sir Mark Masterman Sykes, the possessor of this singularly rare volume, I was furnished with the opportunity of inspecting it, and ascertaining the accuracy with which these verses had been reprinted. BOSWELL.

To this urn let those repair  
That are either true or fair ;  
For these dead birds sigh a prayer.

WM. SHAKE-SPEARE.

MEMOIRS  
OF  
HENRY WRIOTHESLEY,

*THE THIRD EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON.*

---

SHAKSPEARE'S selection of Lord Southampton from all his illustrious contemporaries, as the person under whose patronage the first productions of his muse were ushered to the publick, would have conferred celebrity on one less distinguished than this amiable and accomplished nobleman ; his munificence to our great poet gives him an additional title to respect ; but his best claim to our esteem and admiration, is founded on those excellent qualities and endowments, which in his own time rendered him the theme of unceasing eulogy, and will endear his name and memory to all future ages.

His great-grandfather, William Wriothesley, attained to no higher station than that of York Herald at Arms : being the second son of John Wriothesley, who had originally filled the office of Falcon Herald ; and finally, in the eighteenth year of Edward the Fourth [1478], was constituted Herald of the Noble Order of the Garter, and Principal King at Arms. William's eldest son, Thomas, after passing through various offices <sup>1</sup>, and having

<sup>1</sup> It has been erroneously asserted (Chalmers's Apology, p. 132), that Lord Chancellor Southampton was originally Fauconherald, an office which was held by his grandfather, but which the Chancellor never possessed. In 27 Hen. VIII. [1535,] being

served King Henry the Eighth with equal zeal and ability at home and abroad, as a lawyer, a soldier, and a statesman<sup>2</sup>, was in or before the year 1530,

then one of the clerks of the signet, he was made coroner and attorney in the Court of Common Pleas [Pat. 29 Hen. 8, p. 5. per Inspex.]; and in 30 Hen. VIII. being then one of the principal secretaries of state, he was sent ambassador to the Lady Regent for the Spaniards in the Netherlands, to treat of a marriage between King Henry and Christiana Duchess of Millaine, second daughter to the King of Denmark [Herbert, p. 434.] In 32 Hen. VIII. [1540]; being then a knight, he was made constable of Southampton Castle [Pat. 32 Hen. VIII.], and of the Castle of Portchester, and was constituted one of the chamberlains of the exchequer. [Pat. 34 Hen. VIII. p. 7.] In 35 Hen. VIII. he was appointed one of the commissioners for managing the treaty upon the league made by King Henry and the Emperor Charles V. [Herbert, p. 495]; and in the following year was a commissioner for conducting the treaty between Mathew Earl of Lennox, and King Henry, for the peace of England and Scotland. [Ibid. 509.]

<sup>2</sup> Honour in his Perfection, by G. M. [Gervois Markham], 4to. 1624. As this work is frequently referred to, and is of very rare occurrence, I have reprinted that part of it which relates to the family of Southampton. BOSWELL.

“Next (O Britaine) reade vnto thy softer Nobilitie the Storie of the Noble House of Southampton; That shall bring new fier to their blouds, and make of the little sparkes of Honour great flames of excellency; shew them the life of Thomas Wriothsley Earle of Southampton, who was both an excellent Souldier, and an admirable Scholler, who not only serued the great King his Master (Henry the eight) in his warres, but in his Counsell Chamber; not only in the field, but on the Bench, within his Courts of ciuill Iustice: This man for his excellent parts, was made Lord Chauncelour of England where he gouerned with that integritie of heart and true mixture of Conuience and Justice, that he wonne the hearts both of the King and people.

“After this noble Prince succeeded his sonne Henry Earle of Southampton, a man of no lesse vertue, prowesse, and wisdom, cuer beloued and faouered of his Prince, highly reuerenced and faouered of all that were in his owne ranke, and brauely attended and serued by the best Gentlemen of those Countries wherein he liued; his muster role neuer consisted of foure Lackeys and a Coachman, but of a whole troupe of at least an hundred well mounted Gentlemen and Yeomen; he was not knowne in the Streetes by guarded Liuories, but by Gold

appointed Secretary of State; on the first of January 1543, was created a baron by the title of

Chaines; not by painted Butterflies, euer running as if som monster pursued them, but by tall goodly fellows that kept a constant pace both to guard his person, and to admit any man to their Lord which had serious businesse. This Prince could not steale or drop into an ignoble place, neither might doe any thing vnworthy of his great calling; for hee euer had a world of testimonies about him.

“ When it pleased the diuine goodnesse to take to his mercy this great Earle; hee left behinde to succede him Henry Earle of Southampton his Sonne (now liuing) being then a childe; But here mee thinkes *Cinthius aurem vellet*, something puls me by the elbow, & bids me forbear, for flatterie is a deadly sinne, and will damme Reputation: But shall I that euer loued and admired this Earle, that liued many years where I daily saw this Earl; that knew him before the warres, in the warres, and since the warres: shall I that haue seene him indure the worst mallice or vengeance, that the Sea, Tempests, or Thunder could utter, that haue seene him vndergoe all the extremities of warre, that haue seene him serue in person on the enemy, and against the enemy: shall I that haue seene him receiue the reward of a Souldier (before the face of the Enemy) for the best act of a Souldier (done vpon the Enemy:) Shall I be scarrd with shadowes? No; Truth is my Mistresse, and though I can write nothing which can equall the least sparke of fire within him, yet for her sake will I speake some thing which may inflame those that are heauy and dul and of mine owne temper.

“ This Earle (as I said before) came to his Fathers dignitie in his childhood, spending that and his other yonger times in the studie of good Letters (to which the Vniuersitie of Cambridge is a witnesse) and after confirmed that Studie with trauell and forraigne obseruation.

“ As soone as he came to write full and perfit Man, he be-tooke himselfe vnto the warres, was made Commander of the Garland, one of Queene Elizabeth (of famous memorie) her best ships; and was Vice-Admirall of the first Squadron. In his first putting out to Sea, hee saw all the Terrours and Euils which the Sea had power to shew to mortalitie, insomuch, that the Generall and the whole Fleete (except some few shippes, of which this Earles was one) were driuen backe into Plimouth, but this Earle in spite of stormes, held out his course, made the coast of Spaine, and after vpon an Aduiso returned. The Fleete new reenforst made fourth to Sea againe with better prosperitie, came to the Ilands of the Azores, and there first tooke the Iland of Fiall, sackt and burnt the great Towne, tooke the high Fort

Lord Wriothlesley of Titchfield, (one of the newly dissolved monasteries) in the county of South-

which was held impregnable; and made the rest of the Ilands, as Pike, Saint Georges, and Gratiōsa, obedient to the Generalls seruice; Then the Fleete returning from Fiall, it pleased the Generall to diuide it, and he went himselfe on the one side of Gratiōsa, and the Earle of Southampton with some three more of the Queenes Ships and a few small Marchants Ships sailed on the other, when early in a morning by spring of day, This braue Southampton light vpon the King of Spaines Indian Fleete laden with Treasure, being about foure or fīue and thirty Saile, and most of them great warlike Gallioons; they had all the aduantage that sea, winde, number of ships or strength of men could giue them; yet like a fearefull heard they fled from the fury of our Earle; who notwithstanding gaue them chase with all his Canuase; one he tooke, and sunke her, diuers hee dispierst which were taken after, and the rest he druae into the Iland of Tercera, which was thē vnassaileable. After this, he ioyned with the Generall againe, and came to the Iland of Saint Michaels, where they tooke and spoiled the Towne of Villa Franca; and at Porte Algado made a Charrackt runne on grounde and split her selfe; after being ready to depart, the enemie taking aduantage of our rising, and finding that most of our men were gone aboard, & but only the General, the Earle of Southamptō, St. Francis Vere, & som few others left on Shoare, they came with their vtmost power vpon them, but were receiued with so hot an incounter, that many of the Spaniards were put to the sword, and the rest inforced to runne away: and in this skirmish no man had aduantage of safetic, for the number was (on our part) so few, that euery man had his hands imployment; and here the Earle of Southampton ere he could dry the sweat from his browes, or put his sword vp in the scaberd, receiued from the Noble Generall, Robert Earle of Essex, the order of Knighthood.

“After this, he returned for England and came fortunately home, but fel he here a sleep with any inchantment either of Peace or Pleasure? O no; but here he did, as it were, but new begin the progresse of his more noble actions: for now the wilde and sturdy Irish rebels (fatned with some Conquests, and made strong with forraigne aide, to get more Conquest) began to rage like wilde Boares, and to root vp euery fruitfull place in that Kingdome, so that without a sodaine chastisement, it was likely the euill would grow past all cuer; To this worke the Earle of Southampton buckles on his Armour, and after the Generall was chosen, which was Robert Earle of Essex, he is the first tenders his seruice; he is instantly made Lieutenant Generall of the Horse,



ampton; and in 1544, constituted Lord Chancellor, and installed a Knight of the Garter. King Henry

prepares for the expedition, and with all possible speed came into Ireland, there he was a principall instrument in calming all the turmoiles, and ceasing the seditions in Munster, reducing that fruitfull and well-peopled Prouince to their auncient and true obedience, and making those which favour and grace could not reclaime, by force of Armes to lye humbly prostrate before him; witnesse Mongarret, Donna-spaniah, the Souggan, Oni-mac-Rori, and a world of others, which being the wickedest of men, came and threw themselves at the feete of the General, and only cryed out for the Queenes and his mercy; Thus he also reduced the Country of Fercall, and diuers other places, and then returned.

“ But is here an end of his progresse in the warres? questionlesse the whole world would haue so imagined, for his deare and dread Soueraigne, the euer memorable Elizabeth dying, the next that succeeds is the incomparable King Iames; he enters not with an Oliue Branch in his hand, but with an whole Forrest of Oliues round about him; for he brought not Peace to this Kingdome alone, but almost to all the Christian Kingdomes in Europe: he closed vp both ours and our neighbours Ianus Temple, and writing *Beati pacifici*, found both the worke and the Reward in his admirable proceedings; here our great Earle stops, but retires not; hee keeps his first ground, and the King (like the Sunne which suruaies al things) found that he was fit for either the one or the other seruice; Peace and Warre were to him but a couple of hand-maids, and he knew how to employ either according to their Vertue: hence he makes him a Priuie Counsellour of the State, and in that seruice he spent the marrow and strength of his age.

Now at last, when Mischiefe and Policie went about by delicate and enchanting poisons, not only to stifle our Peace, but to murther and confound all our louing neighbours which guard vs; and that Charitie her selfe complained how our almes were much to penurious; he who is one of the first which rises vp to this labour of amendment: but our Southampton, he whom although the priuiledge of white haire, the testimony of his former actions, and the necessitie of his employments in the present state might haue pleaded many vnrefellable excuses; yet he is the sonne of Honour, and with her he will liue and die in all occasions; hence he embarks himself into this present action: Go on then braue Earle, and as thou art by yeares, experience, and the greatnesse of thy former places and commandments in the warres, the eldest sonne of Honour in this Army, so giue vnto these thy Companions

on his death bed constituted him one of the executors of his will, and appointed him to be of the council to his son. Three days before the coronation of Edward the Sixth, [Feb. 16, 1546], he was created Earl of Southampton, but soon afterwards was divested of his office of Lord Chancellor, and removed from his place in the Council<sup>3</sup>. Though he is highly extolled by the contemporary historians, his inhuman treatment of the pious and unfortunate Anne Askew, whom with his own hands he tortured on the rack<sup>4</sup>, has affixed a stain on his memory which no time can efface. He died July 30, 1550<sup>5</sup>, at his house called Lincoln Place in Holborn, (afterwards distinguished by the name of Southampton House), and was buried in a vault near the choir of St. Andrew's Church in Holborn; but his body, pursuant to the directions of his son's will, was afterwards removed to Titchfield, where there lately remained an inscription recording his titles and issue<sup>6</sup>.

examples of thy goodness; shew them the true paths of Honour, and be thou the Eies and Conduct to leade to the restitution of the lost Palatinate, for therein consists my Prophesie."

*Honour in his Perfection: or, a Treatise in Commendations of the Vertues and Renowned Vertuous vndertakings of the Illustrious and Heroicall Princes Henry Earle of Oxenford. Henry Earle of Southampton. Robert Earle of Essex, and the cuer praise-worthy and much honoured Lord, Robert Bartuc, Lord Willoughby, of Eresby: With a Brieve Chronology of Theirs, and their Auncestours Actions, &c.* 4to. 1624.

<sup>3</sup> Hayward's Life of Edward VI. p. 6, 103.

<sup>4</sup> Ballard's Memoirs of British Ladies, p. 57, 8vo. MS. Stow, Maxims of great men, inter alia of Thomas Earl of Southampton.

<sup>5</sup> Esc. 4 Edw. VI. p. 2, n. 7.

<sup>6</sup> Some part of what is here stated seems to have been derived from the information of Mr. Thomas Warton. I have no doubt that the letter from that accomplished writer which contained it will be gratifying to the reader. BOSWELL.

His only son, Henry, the second Earl, continued no less attached to popery than his father had been,

*“ Tichfield and Earls of Southampton.*

“ King Henry the Eighth granted the Promonstratensian Abbey of Tichfield, Hants, endowed with about 280*l.* per annum, to Thomas Wriothesley, Esq. in 1538, a great favourite of that king, created Baron Tichfield about the same time, and Earl of Southampton, in 1546. He died at Lincolne-place in Holborn, afterwards called Southampton House, Jul. 30, 1550. He was buried in the choir of St. Andrew's Church, Holborn, near the high altar, with a stately monument. His only son Henry, second Earl, by will, dated Jan. 29, 1581, bequeaths his body to be buried in the chapel of Tichfield-church, where his mother Jane had been interred: ordering that the said chapel should be repaired and improved by his executors, with new sides and windows of stone: the roof to be stuccoed and fretted like that of his mansion-house at Dogmersfield \*: the floor to be *fairly* paved: and the opening to be separated from the church with iron grates. And, that two *fair* monuments should be made there; one for his father (whose body he wills to be removed thither), and mother; the other for himself, with portraitures of all three in alabaster: the cost for chapel and monuments to be one thousand marcs, appointing, at the same time, that 200*l.* should be distributed to the poor, within his several lordships, to pray for his soul and the souls of his ancestors. He married Mary, daughter of Antony Viscount Montagu, seated at Coudray (a most noble house, now remaining in all its ancient magnificence) near Midhurst, in Sussex, by whom he had one son Henry, and Mary, a daughter, married to Thomas Lord Arundel of Wardour. He was buried in the chapel of Tichfield church above-mentioned.

“ The said Henry, the third earl, and Shakespeare's patron, married Elizabeth, the daughter of John Vernon, of Hodnet, in Shropshire; by whom he had two sons, John who died in the Netherlands, and Thomas the *fourth* earl: and three daughters; Penelope, married to Lord Spenser, of Wormleighton; Anne, to Robert Wallop, Esq. of Farley, near Basingstoke, Hants; and Elizabeth, to Sir Thomas Estcourt, knight, a master in Chancery. This earl, Henry, died Nov. 22, 1624, and was buried with his ancestors at Tichfield.

---

\* In Hants, an alienated palace of the Bishop of Bath and Wells.

and was one of the most zealous partizans of Mary Queen of Scots<sup>6</sup>, an attachment which occasioned

“ Thomas his son, the *fourth* earl, was sincerely attached to the interests of King Charles the First, during Cromwell's Rebellion. At the Restoration, his services were not forgotten; when he was made a Knight of the Garter, and Lord High Treasurer of England. He died at Southampton-house, London, May 16, 1667, and was interred in the family chapel at Tichfield.

“ I visited Tichfield-house, Aug. 19, 1786, and made the following observations on what is now remaining there. The Abbey of Tichfield being granted to the first Earl, Thomas, in 1538, he converted it into a family mansion, yet with many additions and alterations: we enter, to the south, through a superb tower, or Gothic portico, of stone, having four large angular turrets. Of the monastic chapel only two or three low arches remain, with the moor-stone pilasters. The greater part of what may properly be called the house, forming a quadrangle, was pulled down about forty years ago. But the refectory, or hall of the abbey, still remains complete, with its original raftered roof of good workmanship: it is embattelled; and has three Gothic windows on each side, with an oreille or oriel window. It is entered by a portico which seems to have been added by the new proprietor at the dissolution; by whom also the royal arms *painted*, with the portcullis and H. R. [Henricus Rex], were undoubtedly placed over the high-table. At the other end is a music-gallery. Underneath is the cellar of the monastery, a well-wrought crypt of chalk-built arches; the ribs and intersections in a good style. In a long cove-ceiled room, with small parallel semicircular arches, are the arms of King Charles the First on tapestry; he was protected here in his flight from Hampton-court. Two or three Gothic-shaped windows, perhaps of the abbey, in a part of the house now inhabited by a steward and other servants. In these and other windows some beautiful shields of painted glass are preserved; particularly one of Henry the Eighth impaling Lady Jane Seymour, who were married at Maxwell, twenty miles off, and who seem from thence to have paid a visit at this place to Lord Southampton. Here are some fine old wreathed chimneys in brick. In an angle of the dilapidated buildings, to the west of the grand entrance or tower, is an elegant shaft of a pilaster of polished stone, with the springing of an arch which must have taken a bold and lofty sweep: these are symptoms of some considerable room or office of the monastery. Near the house, are stables on a very extensive and magnificent scale, which seem to have been built about the be-

his being imprisoned in the Tower in 1572. He died at the early age of thirty-five<sup>7</sup>, October 4th, 1581<sup>8</sup>; leaving by his wife, Mary, daughter of Anthony Browne, Viscount Montacute, one daughter who bore her mother's name, and was married to Thomas Arundel, afterwards created Lord Arundel of Wardour, and one son, Henry, the subject of the present memoir.

Henry Wriothesley, the third Earl of Southampton, was born October 6, 1573<sup>9</sup>, and consequently was just eight years old when his father died. At the early age of twelve, he was admitted a student of St. John's College, Cambridge<sup>1</sup>; where the high eulogies of his contemporaries afford abundant ground for believing he made no common pro-

gress during the reign of Charles the First, by Thomas the fourth Earl.

Of this place, says Leland, "Mr. Wriothesley hath builded a right stately house, and having a godeley gate, and a conduete castellid in the middle of the court of it, yn the very same place wher the late Monasterie of the Promonstratenses stode, called Tichfelde." Itin. iii. fol. 73. This must have been written by Leland about the year 1538, or somewhat later. Of the *castellated* conduit in the middle of the court not a trace is now to be found. T. WARTON.

<sup>6</sup> Camden, Eliz. ii. 381.

<sup>7</sup> It appears from the inquisition taken after the death of his father, Thomas, the first Earl of Southampton, that he was born, Nov. 30, 1546. [Esc. 4 Edw. VI. p. 2, n. 78.]

<sup>8</sup> Esc. 24 Eliz. p. 1, n. 46. This inquisition furnishes decisive evidence of the time when the second Earl of Southampton died. In the earlier editions of Camden's Annals of Elizabeth, his death is erroneously placed under the year 1583, which formerly led me into an error on this subject. Hearne first, in his edition, restored the paragraph alluded to, to its right place.

<sup>9</sup> Esc. 24 Eliz. p. 1, n. 46.

<sup>1</sup> Henricus Comes Southampton impubes 12 annorum admissus in matriculam Acad. Cant. Dec. xi. 1585. Reg. Acad. Cant. MSS. Baker in *Bibl. Bodl.*

ficiency<sup>2</sup>; and after a residence of four years, he took the degree of Master of Arts in the regular form<sup>3</sup>; about three years afterwards he was admitted to the same degree by incorporation at Oxford<sup>4</sup>. The usual mode at that time, and long afterwards adopted by the nobility, as well as the most considerable gentry of England, was to spend some time, after removing from the university, in one of the inns of court, a practice of which the Queen is said to have highly approved, as likely to be productive of much benefit both to the state and the individual, whatever course he might afterwards pursue. His step-father, Sir Thomas Heminge, having been bred at Gray's Inn, this circumstance might lead us to suppose that Lord Southampton was for some time placed there; of which inn, on the authority of a Roll, preserved in the library of Lord Hardwicke, he is said to have been a member so late as the year 1611. I am inclined, however, to believe, that he rather was admitted a member of Lincoln's Inn, to the chapel of which society he gave one of the admirably painted windows in which his arms may yet be seen. Soon afterwards, Lord Southampton was engaged in an adventure, in which the part that he acted must be ascribed to his extreme youth, and the ardour of his friendship for the persons principally concerned. Two of his young friends, with whom he lived in the greatest intimacy, Sir Charles and Sir Henry Danvers<sup>5</sup>, on what

<sup>2</sup> Honour in his Perfection, p. 21.

<sup>3</sup> Anno 1589, June 6, Henricus Comes Southampton, Col. Johannis cooptatus in ordinem M. A. cum prius disputasset publicè pro gradu. *MS. Harl*, 7138, p. 77.

<sup>4</sup> Wood's *Athenæ Oxon.* 1 Fast. 144.

<sup>5</sup> Sir Henry Danvers was nearly of the same age as Lord Southampton, having been born June 28, 1573. His elder brother, Charles, was probably not more than a year or two older.

provocation is not known, broke into the house of one Henry Long, at Draycot in Wiltshire, and by one of them Long was killed. In this transaction, Lord Southampton had no concern; and from his high reputation, it may justly be concluded, that the most unfavourable circumstances attending it were concealed from him; and that he had been merely informed by his friends that a life had been unfortunately lost in an affray. Without going more minutely into the matter, or perhaps justifying what had been done under colour of injuries or provocation received, they threw themselves under his protection, which he immediately afforded them. He concealed them for some time in his house at Tichfield, and afterwards procured for them a vessel which conveyed them to France, where Sir Charles Danvers engaged in military service under Henry the Fourth, and highly distinguished himself as a soldier. After a few years, having with difficulty obtained the Queen's pardon, in July, 1598, he returned into England, where his attachment to Southampton led him to join in the insurrection of Essex, for which he lost his head on Tower Hill, in March, 1601. Though the circumstances attending the transaction for which these persons fled from their country, as detailed in a manuscript in the Museum, appear highly atrocious; there are grounds for believing that the whole of the case is not there stated. Camden calls it only homicidium; and we do not find that Lord Southampton's kindness to his friends in concealing them, and afterwards enabling them to escape, gave any blemish to his reputation, which, if he had protected a murderer, it certainly must have done. If we add to this, the highly respected character which was borne by Henry Danvers during the remainder

of his life, which was for near fifty years afterwards ; during which time he was created Baron Danvers by King James in the first year of his reign, and by King Charles, the first Earl of Derby ; we may be led to suppose that some circumstances existed in this case which are not noticed in the only detailed narrative of this transaction which I have been able to meet with.

Lord Southampton seems, at a very early period, to have betaken himself to a military life, and hence it was natural to suppose that he was engaged in the attack on Cadiz, by Lord Essex and Lord Nottingham, in the summer of 1596, as I formerly asserted on apparently strong grounds <sup>6</sup> ; but it appears from a letter of attorney executed by him in London, and dated July 1st, in that year (for a perusal of which I was indebted to Thomas Orde, Esq. the possessor of this document) that he could not have sailed with those two gallant noblemen ; and although it is possible he may have joined them afterwards, yet as he was highly distinguished for bravery, and nothing is recorded of his achievements in that action, it is probable he was not engaged in it. In 1598, however, he was certainly joined with Lord Essex in an important enterprise.

After the defeat of the Armada in 1588, it appears to have been the wise policy of Elizabeth, to

<sup>6</sup> These were, 1st, a document furnished to me by the late Mr. Astle, in which Lord Southampton is said to have been engaged in the expedition against Cadiz, for the proof of which he referred me to his authority in the Paper Office, under the head of Militaria: and, secondly, the following notice in the catalogue of the MSS. in the library of the Earl of Denbigh. *Catalogi librarum manuscriptorum Angliæ, &c. vol. ii. p. 36*; where the following article is found “ Diana of Montemayor (the first part) done out of Spanish, by Thomas Wilson, Esq. in the year 1596, and dedicated to the Earl of Southampton, *who was then upon the Spanish voyage with my lord of Essex.*”



attack the enemy on their own ground, so as effectually to prevent the Spaniards from ever again making a similar attempt. Of these enterprises the successful attack on Cadiz in 1596, already mentioned, was one. In the summer of the following year, a similar enterprise was undertaken; the object of which was to attack the enemy in their own ports, and, if possible, to destroy their navy; if that attempt should fail, to intercept the Spanish Plate ships laden with the treasures of the new world. The fleet fitted out for this occasion consisted of 120 vessels, of various descriptions; on board of this fleet were embarked about 6000 soldiers<sup>7</sup>, and the Earl of Essex was commander in chief both by sea and land, supported in the sea service by Lord Thomas Howard, and Sir Wm. Raleigh as his Vice and Rear-Admirals; and at land, by Lord Montjoy, his Lieutenant General; Sir Francis Vere Marshall, Sir George Carew, Lieutenant of the Ordnance, Lord Southampton, his friend Roger, Earl of Rutland, the Lords Grey, Cromwell, and Rich, with several other noblemen, embarked as volunteers<sup>8</sup>, and Southampton was appointed Captain of the *Garland*, one of the Queen's best ships; from those times, and long afterwards, no precise line of distinction seems to have been drawn between the land and sea service,

<sup>7</sup> "Among the which (says Stowe) were of knights and gentlemen voluntaries to the number of five hundred or better, very gallant persons, and as bravely furnished of all things necessary, besides superfluitie in gold lace, plumes of featheres, and such like." *Annals*, 1300, and 1605.

So also S<sup>r</sup>. A. Gorges, who was himself in their Expedition: "In this armie there were knight captaines and gentlemen voluntaries, five hundred at the least, as gallant personages, and as bravelie furnished as ever the eye of men did behold." *Purchas*, 1940.

<sup>8</sup> Camden, iii. 738.

and several of the nobility and others, though not bred to the sea, occasionally served in the navy. The great object of this expedition being dissolved by a tempest which shattered and dispersed the fleet soon after they left Plymouth (July 1597), Essex dismissed 5000 of new raised troops, retaining only the forces under Sir Francis Vere<sup>9</sup>; and instead of attacking Ferrol or Corunna with such of his ships as had not suffered much by the storm, or were speedily refitted, directed his courses to the Western Islands, called the Azores; chiefly with a view to intercept the Plate Fleet on its return to Spain. In this expedition, which finally sailed on the 17th of August, Southampton, who appears, on their sailing a second time, to have had a small squadron under his command, happening with only three of the Queen's ships and a few merchant men under his command, to fall in with thirty-five sail of Spanish galleons, laden with the treasures of South America; he sunk one of them<sup>1</sup>, and dispersed others that were afterwards taken;

<sup>9</sup> This is G. Markham's Account. Rowland White, in a letter to Sir Robert Sidney, dated the 28th of Oct. 1517, says, "My lord of Southampton fell in with one of the king's great men of war and took her." This was perhaps one of the four ships which Essex brought home safe. *Sid. Papers*, ii. 272.

<sup>1</sup> So he himself informs us in his Apology. Some of them, however, in consequence of the foul weather and distress they had encountered, abandoned the expedition.

"In this sort (says S. A. Gorges), using all industry and diligence for the setting afloat of our storme-beaten navie, we so fitted ourselves againe within eight or ten dayes, as that we were readie for a new fortune. But yet this violent and dangerous tempest had so cooled and battered the courages of a great many of our young gentlemen (who, seeing that the boysterous winds, and mercilesse seas had neither affinitie with London delicacie nor coast braverie) as that discharging their high plumes, and embroydered cassockes, they secretly retired themselves home, forgetting they either to bid their friendes farewell, or to take leave of their generall." 4 *Purchas*, 1911.

the rest taking shelter in a bay of the island of Terceira, which was then unassailable.

After the English troops had taken and spoiled the rich town of Villa Franca in the island of St. Michael (on the last of Sept. 1597), the enemy finding that most of them were gone on board their ships, and that only Essex and Southampton, with a few others, remained on shore, came down upon them with all their forces, but were received with such spirit and resolution by the small band whom they expected to have found an easy conquest, that many were put to the sword, and the mob obliged to retreat. On this occasion, Southampton behaved with such gallantry, that he was knighted in the field by Essex, ere (says a contemporary writer), "he could dry the sweat from his brows, or put his sword up in the scabard<sup>2</sup>."

In 1598 he attended his noble friend to Ireland, as General of the horse; from which employment (after having greatly distinguished himself by overcoming the rebels in Munster), he was dismissed by the peremptory orders of Queen Elizabeth, who was offended with him for having presumed in 1598, to marry Miss Elizabeth Vernon, daughter of John Vernon of Hednet, in the county of Salop, Esq. without Her Majesty's consent; which in those days was esteemed a heinous offence. This lady (of whom there is an original picture at Sherborne Castle in Dorsetshire, the seat of lord Digby), was cousin to lord Essex<sup>3</sup>.

When that nobleman, for having returned from Ireland without the permission of the Queen, was confined at the lord keeper's house, lord South-

<sup>2</sup> Honour in its Perfection, &c. by Gervois Markham, 4to. 1624. See ante, p. 430.

<sup>3</sup> Elizabeth, sister of Walter, Earl of Essex, married Sir John Vernon of Hodnet, Knight.

ampton withdrew from court. At this period a circumstance is mentioned by a writer of that time, which corresponds with the received account of his admiration of Shakspeare. "My lord Southampton and lord Rutland (says Rowland Whyte in a letter to Sir Robert Sydney, dated in the latter end of the year 1599, Sydney Papers, vol. ii. p. 132), came not to the court [at Nonsuch]. The one doth but very seldome. They pass away the tyme in London, *merely in going to plaies every day.*" At this time King Henry V. which had been produced in the spring of that year, and contains an elegant compliment to lord Essex, was probably exhibiting with applause. Roger earl of Rutland (to whom lord Essex addressed that pathetick letter which is printed in Howard's Collection, vol. ii. p. 521, where it is absurdly entitled "A letter to the earl of Southampton,") was married to the daughter of lady Essex by her first husband, Sir Philip Sidney.

Lord Southampton being condemned for having joined the earl of Essex in his wild project, that amiable nobleman generously supplicated the Lords for his unfortunate friend, declaring at the same time that he was himself not at all solicitous for life; and we are told by Camden, who was present at the trial, that lord Southampton requested the peers to intercede for her Majesty's mercy, (against whom he protested that he had never any ill intention,) with such ingenuous modesty, and such sweet and persuasive elocution, as greatly affected all who heard him. Though even the treacherous enemies of Essex (as we learn from Osborne,) supplicated the inexorable Elizabeth, to spare the life of Lord Southampton, he for some time remained doubtful of his fate, but at length was pardoned; yet he was confined in the Tower during the re-

mainder of the Queen's reign. Bacon mentions that on her death he was much visited there. On the first of April, 1603, six days only after her decease, King James sent a letter for his release ; of which there is a copy in the Museum. It is dated at Holyrood House, and directed "to the nobility of England, and the right trusty and well beloved the counsel of state sitting at Whitehall."— On the 10th of the same month Lord Southampton was released, the king, at the same time that he sent the order for his enlargement, honouring him so far as to desire him to meet him on his way to England. Soon afterwards his attainder was reversed, and he was installed a knight of the Garter. In the same year he was constituted governour of the Isle of Wight, and of Carisbrooke castle ; in which office, says the historian of that island, (from the manuscript memoirs of Sir John Oglander), "his just, affable, and obliging deportment gained him the love of all ranks of people, and raised the island to a most flourishing state, many gentlemen residing there in great affluence and hospitality."

By the machinations of lord Essex's great adversary, the earl of Salisbury, (whose mind seems to have been as crooked as his body,) it is supposed King James was persuaded to believe that too great an intimacy subsisted between lord Southampton and his queen ; on which account, (though the charge was not avowed, disaffection to the king being the crime alleged), he was apprehended in the latter end of June, 1604 ; but there being no proof whatsoever of his disloyalty, he was immediately released. In the summer of 1613, he went to Spa, much disgusted at not having obtained a seat in the council. His military ardour seems at no period of his life to have deserted him. In 1614 we find him with the romantick lord Herbert of Chisbury, at the siege of Rees in the dutchy of

Cleve. In April 30, 1619, he was at length appointed a privy counsellor. Two years afterwards, having joined the popular party, who were justly inflamed at the king's supineness and pusillanimity, in suffering the Palatinate to be wrested from his son-in-law, and, what was a still more heinous offence, having rebuked the duke of Buckingham for a disorderly speech that he had made in the House of Lords, he was committed to the custody of the dean of Westminster, at the same time that the earl of Oxford and Sir Edward Coke were sent to the Tower ; but he was soon enlarged.

On the rupture with Spain in 1624, he was appointed jointly with the young earl of Essex, and the lords Oxford and Willoughby, to the command of six thousand men, who were sent to the Low Countries, to act under prince Maurice against the Spaniards ; but was cut off by a fever at Bergen-op-zoom on the 10th of November in that year. The ignorance of the Dutch physicians, who bled him too copiously, is said to have occasioned his death. He left three daughters, (Penelope, who married William lord Spencer of Wormleighton ; Anne, who married Robert Wallop of Earley, in the county of Southampton, Esq. son of Sir Henry Wallop, knight, and Elizabeth, who married Sir Henry Estcourt, knight;) and one son, Thomas, who was lord high treasurer of England in the time of King Charles II. His eldest son James, who had accompanied him in this his last campaign, died a few days before, of the same disorder that proved fatal to his father.

Wilson, the historian, who attended Lord Essex in this expedition, is more particular. In his History of King James, he says, they were both seized with a fever at Rosendale, which put an end to the son's life ; that lord Southampton, having recovered of the fever, departed from Rosendale with an in-

tention to bring his son's body into England; but at Bergen-op-zoom "he died of a *lethargy*, in the view and presence of the relater;" and that the two bodies were brought in the same bark to Southampton. He was buried at Tichfield in Hampshire.

Lady Southampton survived her husband many years, King Charles I. having been concealed by her for some time in the mansion-house of Tichfield, (which Lord Clarendon calls "a noble seat,") after his escape from Hampton Court in Nov. 1647.

Their son Thomas, the fourth earl of Southampton, dying in May, 1667, without issue male, the title became extinct. He left three daughters. Magdalene, the youngest, died unmarried. Rachael, his second daughter, married, first, Francis lord Vaughan, eldest son of Richard, earl of Carbery; and afterwards the illustrious William lord Russel, by whom she had Wriothsley, the second duke of Bedford. Lady Elizabeth, the eldest daughter, married Edward Noel, (eldest son of Baptist Viscount Campden), who in 1680 was created Baron Noel of Tichfield, and in 1682 earl of Gainsborough. Their only son Wriothsley Baptist, earl of Gainsborough, died in 1690, leaving only two daughters; of whom Elizabeth, the elder, married Henry the first duke of Portland, and Rachael married Henry the second duke of Beaufort. On a partition of the real and personal property between those two noble families, about the year 1735, lord Southampton's estate at Tichfield, which had belonged to a monastery of Cistercian monks in the time of King Henry VIII. was part of the share of the duke of Beaufort, and now belongs to Peter Delmé, Esq. Beaulieu, in Hampshire, which at present belongs to the repre-

sentatives of the late duke of Montagu, was formerly the property of our earl of Southampton.

From Rowland Whyte's letters lord Southampton seems to have been very fond of tennis, at which game he once lost 18000 crowns in Paris, on one match; [2250*l.* sterl.] and sir John Oglander, in his manuscript memoirs of the Isle of Wight, relates as a proof of his affable deportment in his government, that he used to play at bowls twice a week on Saint George's Down, with the principal gentlemen of the island.

Of this amiable and accomplished nobleman there is an original portrait at Gorhambury, the seat of lord viscount Grimston, by Vansomer, as I conceive; another at Woburn Abbey, by Miervelt; and two in the possession of his grace the duke of Portland; one a whole length, when he was a young man, and the other a half length, when he was a prisoner in the Tower.

From the testimony of Camden<sup>5</sup> and others, he appears to have been no less devoted to the muses than to military achievements. We find his name, as well as that of his friend Essex, prefixed to many publications of those times; and two poets have expressly sung his praises. Their verses, though of little merit, serving in some measure to illustrate his character, I shall subjoin them.

A third production having still less pretensions to poetical fame, for the same reason, and, as it is rarely to be met with, I have thought worthy of preservation.

<sup>5</sup> "Edwardus VI. eundem honorem anno sui regno primo Thomæ Wriothesley Angliæ Cancellario detulit, cujus e filio Henrico nepos Henricus eodem hodie lætatur; qui in primo ætatis flore præsidio bonarum literarum et rei militaris scientia nobilitatem communit, ut uberiores fructus maturiore ætate patriæ et principi profundat." *Camdeni Britannia*, 8vo. 1600, p. 240.



*To Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton. By Samuel Daniel, 1605.*

*Non fert ullum ictum illæsa fælicitas.*

HE who hath never warr'd with misery,  
Nor ever tugg'd with Fortune, and distress,  
Hath had no occasion nor no field to try  
The strength and forces of his worthiness :  
Those parts of judgment which felicity  
Keeps as conceal'd, affliction must express ;  
And only men shew their abilities,  
And what they are, in their extremities.

The world had never taken so full note  
Of what thou art, hadst thou not been undone,  
And only thy affliction hath begot  
More fame than thy best fortunes could have done.  
For ever by adversity are wrought  
The greatest works of admiration,  
And all the fair examples of renown  
Out of distress and misery are grown.

Mutius the fire, the tortures Regulus,  
Did make the miracles of faith and zeal :  
Exile renown'd and grac'd Rutilius :  
Imprisonment and poison did reveal  
The worth of Socrates : Fabricius'  
Poverty did grace that common-wealth  
More than all Syllaes riches got with strife ;  
And Catoes death <sup>6</sup> did vie with Cæsar's life.

Not to be unhappy is unhappiness,  
And misery not to have known misery :  
For the best way unto discretion is  
The way that leads us by adversity :  
And men are better shew'd what is amiss,  
By the expert finger of calamity,  
Than they can be with all that fortune brings,  
Who never shews them the true face of things.

How could we know that thou could'st have endur'd  
With a reposed cheer, wrong and disgrace,  
And with a heart and countenance assur'd  
Have look'd stern death and horreur in the face ?

<sup>6</sup> I have in this and the preceding line preserved the old spelling, because it confirms an observation made in vol. xiv. p. 35, n. 1. MALONE.

How should we know thy soul had been secur'd  
 In honest counsels, and in ways unbase,  
 Hadst thou not stood to show us what thou wert,  
 By thy affliction that descry'd thy heart?

It is not but the tempest that doth shew  
 The sea-man's cunning: but the field that tries  
 The captain's courage: and we come to know  
 Best what men are, in their worst jeopardies:  
 For lo, how many have we seen to grow  
 To high renown from lowest miseries,  
 Out of the hands of death; and many a one  
 To have been undone, had they not been undone!

He that endures for what his conscience knows  
 Not to be ill, doth from a patience high  
 Look only on the cause whereto he owes  
 Those sufferings, not on his misery:  
 The more he endures, the more his glory grows,  
 Which never grows from imbecillity:  
 Only the best compos'd and worthiest hearts  
 God sets to act the hardest and constant'st parts.

---

*Upon the Death of the most noble Lord, Henry, Earl of Southampton, written by Sir John Beaumont, Bart. 1624: Printed by his Son in 1629.*

WHEN now the life of great Southampton ends,  
 His fainting servants and astonish'd friends  
 Stand like so many weeping marble stones,  
 No passage left to utter sighs, or groans:  
 And must I first dissolve the bonds of grief,  
 And strain forth words, to give the rest relief?  
 I will be bold my trembling voice to try,  
 That his dear name may not in silence die.  
 The world must pardon, if my song be weak;  
 In such a case it is enough to speak.  
 My verses are not for the present age;  
 For what man lives, or breathes on England's stage,  
 That knew not brave Southampton, in whose sight  
 Most place their day, and in his absence night?  
 I strive, that unborn children may conceive,  
 Of what a jewel angry fates bereave  
 This mournful kingdom; and, when heavy woes  
 Oppress their hearts, think ours as great as those.  
 In what estate shall I him first express?  
 In youth, or age, in joy, or in distress?

When he was young, no ornament of youth  
Was wanting in him, acting that in truth  
Which Cyrus did in shadow; and to men  
Appear'd like Peleus' son from Chiron's den:  
While through this island Fame his praise reports,  
As best in martial deeds, and courtly sports.  
When riper age with winged feet repairs,  
Grave care adorns his head with silver hairs;  
His valiant fervour was not then decay'd,  
But join'd with counsel, as a further aid.  
Behold his constant and undaunted eye,  
In greatest danger, when condemn'd to die!  
He scorns the insulting adversary's breath,  
And will admit no fear, though near to death.  
But when our gracious sovereign had regain'd  
This light, with clouds obscur'd, in walls detain'd;  
And by his favour plac'd this star on high,  
Fix'd in the Garter, England's azure sky;  
He pride (which dimms such change) as much did hate,  
As base dejection in his former state.  
When he was call'd to sit, by Jove's command,  
Among the demigods that rule this land,  
No power, no strong persuasion, could him draw  
From that, which he conceiv'd as right and law.  
When shall we in this realm a father find  
So truly sweet, or husband half so kind?  
Thus he enjoy'd the best contents of life,  
Obedient children, and a loving wife.  
These were his parts in peace; but O, how far  
This noble soul excell'd itself in war!  
He was directed by a natural vein,  
True honour by this painful way to gain.  
Let Ireland witness, where he first appears,  
And to the fight his warlike ensigns bears.  
And thou, O Belgia, wert in hope to see  
The trophies of his conquests wrought in thee;  
But Death, who durst not meet him in the field,  
In private by close treachery made him yield.—  
I keep that glory last, which is the best;  
The love of learning, which he oft exprest  
By conversation, and respect to those  
Who had a name in arts, in verse or prose.  
Shall ever I forget, with what delight,  
He on my simple lines would cast his sight?  
His only memory my poor work adorns,  
He is a father to my crown of thorns.  
Now since his death how can I ever look,  
Without some tears, upon that orphan book?

Ye sacred Muses, if ye will admit  
 My name into the roll which ye have writ  
 Of all your servants, to my thoughts display  
 Some rich conceit, some unfrequented way,  
 Which may hereafter to the world commend  
 A picture fit for this my noble friend:  
 For this is nothing, all these rhimes I scorn;  
 Let pens be broken, and the paper torn;  
 And with his last breath let my musick cease,  
 Unless my lowly poem could increase  
 In true description of immortal things;  
 And, rais'd above the earth with nimble wings,  
 Fly like an eagle from his funeral fire,  
 Admir'd by all, as all did him admire.

---

*The Teares of the Isle of Wight, shed on the Tombe of their most Noble, valorous, and louing Captaine and Gouvernour, the right Honourable Henrie, Earle of Southampton: who dyed in the Netherlands, Nouemb.  $\frac{1}{2}$ <sup>o</sup> at Bergen- $\nu$ p-Zone. As also the true Image of his Person and Vertues, James; the Lord Wriothesley, Knight of the Bath, and Baron of Titchfield; who dyed Nouemb.  $\frac{5}{15}$  at Rosendaell. And were both buried in the Sepulcher of their Fathers, at Tichfield, on Innocents day, 1624.*

To the Right Honovrable, Thomas, Earle of Sovthampton; All Peace and Happinesse.

My very Honourable good Lord:

It hath pleased God to make your Lordship Heire vnto your most Noble Father, and therefore I thinke you haue most right to these Teares, which were shed for him, and your renowned Elder Brother. If I did not know by mine own obseruasion, that your Lordship was a diligent Obseruer of all your Fathers Vertues (touching which also, you haue a daily Remembrancer) I would exhort you to behold the shadow of them

delienated here, by those which much admired him liuing, and shall neuer cease to honour his Memory, and loue those that doe any Honour vnto him. The Lord increase the Honour of your House, and reioyce ouer you to doe you good, vntill hee haue Crowned you with Immortalitie.

Your Lordships at command,

W. IONES.

To the Reader.

Coming lately to London I found in publike<sup>1</sup> and priuat, many Monuments of honor, loue and grieffe, to those Great Worthies; the Earle of Southampton, and his Sonne, which lately deceased in the Low-Countries, whiles they did Honour to our State and Friends. And because it cannot be denied, but wee of the Isle of Wight (of whom that Noble Earle had the speciall Charge and Care) were most obliged vnto his Honour: I thought it very meet to publish these Teares, which (for the greater part) were shed in the Island long since for priuate vse, and adiudged to darknesse; but that my selfe (being bound by particular duty to doe all Honour to these Gracious Lords) intreated that they might still liue, which not without importunitie I obtained. And now they are set forth, neither for fashion, nor flattery, nor ostentation; but meerely to declare our loue and respect, to our neuer sufficiently Commended Noble Captaine. So take them without curiositie; and farewell.

Thine

W. I.

<sup>1</sup> From this it appears that some Elegies on Lord Southampton had been published soon after his death, which have not yet been discovered. Braithwaite published a poem on his death, called Britaines Bathe, but I have not met with it.

*An Epicede vpon the Death of the right Noble and Honourable Lord, Henry, Earle of Southampton, Baron of Tichfield, Knight of the most Honourable Order of the Garter : Capitaine of the Isle of Wight.*

Mors vltima, linea rerum.  
 Quis est homo qui viuere & non videbit mortem. Ps.

Yee famous Poets of this Southerne Islle,  
 Straine forth the raptures of your Tragick Muse;  
 And with your Laurea't Pens come and compile,  
 The praises due to this Great Lord: peruse  
 His Globe of Worth, and eke his Vertues braue,  
 Like learned Maroes at Mecenas graue.

Valour and Wisdome were in thee confin'd;  
 The Gemini of thy perfection,  
 And all the Graces were in thee combin'd,  
 The rich mans ioy and poores refection,  
 Therefore the King of Kings doth thee imbrace,  
 For aye to dwell in iust Astræas place.

Nought is Immortall vnderneath the Sun,  
 Wee all are subiect to Deaths res:lesse date,  
 Wee end our liues before they are begun,  
 And mark't in the Eternall Booke of Fate.  
 But for thy Selve, and Heire one thred was spun  
 And cut: like Talbots and his valiant Sonne.

Planet of Honour rest, Diuinely sleepe  
 Secure from ieaousie and worldly feares,  
 Thy Soule Iehovah will it safely keepe:  
 I, at thy Vrne will drop sad Funerall Teares.  
 Thou A'leluiah's vnto God alone,  
 And to the Lambe that sits amidst his Throne.

I can no more in this lugubrious Verse:  
 Reader depart, and looke on Sidneys Herse.

FRA. BEALE, Esq.

*An Elegie vpon the much deplored Death, of the Right Honourable, Henry, Earle of Southampton, &c. Captaine of the Isle of Wight. And of the Right Honourable, James, Lord Wriothesley, his most hopefull Sonne, and worthy Image of his Vertues.*

Henry Southampton,  
Anagram;  
The Stampe in Honour.

'Twas neere a fortnight, that no sun did smile  
Vpon this cloudy Orbe; and all that while  
The Heau'ns wept by fits, as their pale feares  
Presented to them matters for their teares:  
And all the winds at once such gusts forth sent  
Of deep-fetch't sighs, as filled where they went,  
The shoares with wracks; as if they mean't the state  
Of all the world, should suffer with that fate.

We of the lower sort, loath that our wings  
By proudly soaring into Gods or Kings  
Reserv'd designments, should be iustly sear'd,  
Fearing to search, stay'd till the cause appear'd.  
Yet simply thought that Nature had mistaken  
Her courses, so, that all her ground were shaken,  
And her whole frame disioynted; wherewithall  
Wee look't eich houre the stagg'ring world should fall.  
Til by a rumour from beyond-sea flying,  
Wee found the cause: Southampton lay a dying.

O had we found it sooner, e're the thred  
Of his desired life had quite beene shred!  
Or that pure soule, of all good men belou'd  
Had left her rich-built lodge to be remou'd,  
Yet to a richer Mansion! We had then  
Prevented this great losse. Our pray'rs amain  
Had flow'n to Heau'n, and with impetu'ous strife,  
And such vnited strength, su'ed for his life,  
As should haue forc't th' allmighties free consent.  
Not that we enuie, or shall e're repent  
His flight to rest; but wishing he had stood,  
Both for our owne, and for our countries good,  
T' haue clos'd our eyes; (who onely now suruiue,  
To waile his losse; and wish we so may thriue,  
As we lament it truely.) That a race  
Of men vnborne, that had not seene his face,  
Nor know'n his vertues, might without a verse,  
Or with lesse anguish, haue bedew'd his herse,  
But he was gone ere any bruit did grow,  
And so we wounded, ere we saw the blow.

Thou long tongu'd Fame that blabbest all thou know'st  
 But send'st ill newes to fly, where ere thou goe'st,  
 Like dust in March, what mischief did thee guide,  
 This worst of ills, so long from vs to hide?  
 That, whilst we dream'd all well, and nothing thought,  
 But of his honourable battails fought,  
 And braue atchieuements, by his doing hand,  
 O're any newes could come to countermand  
 Our swelling hopes, the first report was spread,  
 Should stricke vs through, at once: Southamptons dead.

Had it com'n stealing on vs and by slow  
 Insensible degree's, ben taught to goe,  
 As his disease on him, 't had so prepar'd  
 Our hearts, against the wors that could be dar'd,  
 That, in the vpsrott, our misgiuing feares  
 Would haue fore-stall'd, or quallified our teares.  
 But thus to wound vs! O distastrous luck!  
 Struck dead, before we knew that we were struck.

Whence 'tis; that we so long a loofe did hover,  
 Nor could our witts, and senses soone recover,  
 T' expresse our grieffe, whilst others vainely stroue  
 In time t' outstripp vs, who could not in loue.  
 " Light cares will quickly speake; but great ones, craz'd  
 " With their misfortunes, stand a while amaz'd.

Even my selfe, who with the first assay'd  
 To lanch out into this deepe, was so dismay'd,  
 That sighs blew back my Barke, and sorrows tyde  
 Draue her against her course, and split her side  
 So desp'rately vppon a rocke of feares,  
 That downe she sunke, and perish't in my teares;  
 Nor durst I seeke to putt to Sea againe,  
 Till tyme had won on grieffe, and scour'd the Maine.

Ev'n yet, me thinks, my numbers doe not flow,  
 As they were wont; I find them lame, and slow.  
 My buisie sighs breake off eich tender linke,  
 And eyes let fall more teares, than Pen doth inke.

O how I wish, I might not writt at all,  
 Not that I doe repine, or ever shall,  
 To make Southamptons high priz'd vertues glory.  
 The eternall subject of my well-tun'd storie;  
 But loath to make his exequies and herse  
 The argument of my afflicted verse.  
 Me thinks, it never should be writt, nor read,  
 Nor ought I tell the world, Southampton's dead.

A man aboue all prayse: the richest soile  
 Of witt, or art, is but his lusters foile,  
 Fall's short of what he was, and seru's alone,  
 To set forth, as it can, so rich a stone,



Which in it selfe is richer; of more worth,  
 Than any witt, or art, can blazon forth.  
 In peace, in warr, in th' country, in the Court,  
 In favour in disgrace, earnest and sport,  
 In all assayes, the blanke of ev'rie Pen,  
 The Stampe In Honovr, and delight of men.  
 Should enuie be allow'ed rather than speake,  
 What she must needes of him, her heart would breake.  
 Religion, wisdom, valour, courtesse,  
 Temperance, Iustice, Affabilitie,  
 And what the Schoole of vertues ever taught,  
 And meere humanitie hath ever raught,  
 Were all in him; so couch't so dylie plac't,  
 And with such liberall endowments grac't,  
 In such a perfect mixture, and so free  
 From selfe-conceptednesse, or levitie,  
 As if He onely were their proper Spheare,  
 And They but liu'd, to haue their motion there.

“ Such greatnesse with such goodnes seldome stood;  
 “ Seldome is found a man, so great, so good.”

Nor doe I fall vpon his worth, so much  
 To blazon it, as to giue the world a tuch  
 Of what by his sadd fall, it selfe hath lost.

“ Great benefitts are know'en, and valu'd most  
 “ By their great wants. We neuer knew to prize  
 Southampton right, vntil Southampton dy'es.

Yet had he dy'd alone, some ease 't had beene,  
 His reall liuing Image to haue seene.  
 In his ripe Sonne, grow'n to the pitch of Man,  
 And who, in his short course, so swiftly ran,  
 That he outwent his Elders, and ere long  
 Was old in Vertue, though in yeeres but young;  
 “ Put on his Gowne betime, and in his Downe  
 Put on his Armes, to beautifie his Gowne.  
 But ô, sad Fate! Prepost'rous Death would haue  
 Him too, because so ready for the graue.  
 The Father was his ayme; yet being loth  
 To leaue the Sonne, now seene, he would haue both,  
 And like a Marshall, or a Herald rather,  
 Surpriz'd the Sonne to vs her vp the Father.

O that I could suppose my selfe to bee  
 True Poet, rap't into an extasie!  
 And speaking out of a redundant braine,  
 Not what is simplie true, but what I faine,  
 That I might thinke the storie I impart  
 But some sad fiction of that coyning art!  
 How pleasing would th' adult'rate error bee?  
 How sweete th' imposture of my Poesie?

What euer true esteeme my life hath gain'd,  
 I would haue false, that this were also fain'd.  
 But Griefe will not soleane the hold it had,  
 But still assures me, 'tis as true, as sad.

You bonds of Honour, by th' allmighties hand,  
 Seal'd, and deliuer'd, to this noble Land,  
 To saue her harme sse from her debt to fate ;  
 How is't, that you so soone are out of date ?  
 You promis'd more, at your departure hence,  
 Than to returne with your deere liues expence  
 Defact, and cancell'd. You most glorious starres,  
 Great ornaments both of our Peace and Warres,  
 Than which, there moues not, in Great Britains spheare,  
 Sauing the Mouers selfe, and his Great heire,  
 A brighter couple ; When you left our shore  
 In such great lustre, you assur'd vs more,  
 Than to returne extinct. O vaine reliefe !  
 To fill that state with ioy, your owne with griefe.  
 You were not with Dutch ioy receiued their,  
 As now, with sorrow, you are landed here

O' if the period of your liues were come,  
 Why stay'd you not to yeeld them vp at home ?  
 Where, the good Lady, Wife, and Mother both,  
 For right-diuided love, and true-plight troth,  
 And all the graces, that that sex hath won,  
 Worthy of such a Husband, such a Sonne,  
 With deere imbracings might haue clipt your death,  
 And from your lips, haue suck't your yeelding breath,  
 And kneeling by your beds, haue stretch't your thighes,  
 And with her tender fingers clos'd your eyes,  
 Where manie Oliue branches, of ripe growth,  
 Might by their teares haue testifi'd how loath  
 They were to part, either from slip, or stock,  
 And many Noble friends, whose high minds mock  
 The frowns of stars, might with endeered spirits  
 Haue render'd you, the tribute of your merits.

Why rather went you to a strange dull clyme,  
 Rich only in such trophies of the time,  
 In such post hast, there to resigne them, where  
 The foggie aire is clog'd with fumes of beere,  
 Amongst a people, that profainely thinke,  
 They were borne but to liue, and liue to drinke,  
 A stupid people, whose indocil hearts  
 Could neuer learne to value your greate parts,  
 As much vnworthy of you, as vnable  
 To iudge of worth, the very scum and rable  
 Of baptiz'd reason ? O why went you hying  
 To giue to them the honour of your dying ?

Yet with this pointe of greife, some comfort striu'es :  
They onely knew your deaths, but we your liues.

Or if you needes must to the state be sent,  
Why did you not returne the same you went ?  
The whole went hence : the better parts we lack ;  
And but the courser parts alone come back,  
And scarcely parts ; since in a state farre worse :  
We sent Southampton, but receiue a corse.

Alas ; what haue Great Henries merited,  
That they by death should thus be summoned ?  
Henrie the great of France ; and Henrie then  
Of Wales the greater, Cynosure of men ;  
And now Southamptons Henrie, great in fame,  
But greater farre in goodnes, than in name ?

Had he but left his like, nor higher stil'd,  
More blamelesse death had beene, my selfe more mild  
But since their liues scarce one, to make a doubt,  
Traduce me, Enuie, I must needes flye out.

Imprudent state of ours, that did not scan  
Rightly, what 'twas to hazard such a man,  
To seeue ten thousand Holands, or of him  
For Europes selfe, to venture but a lim !

" The building is more subiect to decay,  
" When such a piller is remou'd away."

But, ô I erre : Deere Countrey, I confesse,  
Griefe, and distraction make me thus transgresse  
All rules of Reason : Your designes are good.  
O pardon me. And yet he might haue stood,  
Pardon againe. Alas I doe not know  
In this distraction, how my verses flow,  
But whilst I am my selfe, if euer thought  
But tempt my heart, or tongue but whisper, ought  
'Gainst your dread hests, may my bold tongue with wonder.  
Rot as it lyes, and hart-strings crack asunder.

But thou accursed Netherland, the stage  
And common theater of bloud and rage,  
On thee Ile vent my vncontrouled spleene,  
And stabbe thee to the heart, with my sharpe teene.  
Thou whose cold pastures cannot be made good,  
But with continuall shour's of reeking blood ;  
Nor fields be brought to yeald increase agen,  
But with the seeds of carcasses of men.  
Whose state, much worse than vs'rers, onely thriues  
By th' large expence and forfeitures of liues ;  
Yet bankrupt-like, who daylie for thy store  
Without regard of payment, borrow'st more.  
Wherein in threescore years, more men of worth  
Haue perish't, than th' whole countrey hath brought forth

Since the Creation ; and of lower sorte  
 More haue beene forc't to trauile through the porte  
 Of ghastlie death, vnto the common womb  
 Than well that lirtle bottome can entombe ;  
 How art thou worthy, that to saue thy harmes,  
 Or worke them, this new world should rise in armes,  
 And bandy factions ? That for thy dear sake,  
 Kingdomes should ioyne, and Countries parties take ?

Curst be thy Cheese and Butter ; (All the good  
 That e're the world receiv'd for so much blood)  
 May maggots breed in them, vntill they flie  
 Away in swarms ; May all thy Kine goe dry  
 Or cast their Calues ; and when to Bull they gad,  
 May they grow wilde, and all thy Bulls run mad.

Better that all thy Salt and fenny marishes  
 Had quite bin sunke, (as some whole-peopled parishes  
 Already are ; whose towers peere o'er the flood,  
 To tell the wandring Sea-man where they stood.)  
 Than that these Worthies only, should haue crost  
 The straights of death, by sayling to that coast.  
 Whose losse not all that State can recompence :  
 Nay ; should their worths be ballanc't, not th' expence  
 Of Spaines vast Throne, losse of the Monarchs selfe  
 And all his subiects, and the glorious pelfe  
 Of both the Indies, whence his trifles come,  
 Nor of th' triformed Gerion of Rome,  
 With all his boystrous Red-caps, and the store  
 Of diuers-colour'd shauelings, that adore  
 That strange Chimera, with the lauish rent  
 That feed's them all, were halfe sufficient.

You Leiden-Doctors, how were you mistooke ?  
 How did your iudgement step besides the booke ?  
 Where was your Art ? that could not find the way  
 To cure two such, in whose know'n valour lay  
 Your Countries weale. For whom you should haue show'n  
 The vtmost of that Art, that e're was know'n  
 Or practiz'd, amongst artists ; and haue stroue  
 T' haue turn'd the course of Nature, and t' haue droue  
 Things to their pristin state, reducing Men  
 Meerly to Elements, and thence agen  
 Moulding them vp anew, preseruing life  
 In spight of death, and sharpe diseases strife.

Dull leaden Doctors : (Leiden is too good,  
 For you, poore men, that neuer vnderstood  
 More wayes of Physicke, than to giue a drench  
 To cure the big-swolne Dutch, or wasted French.)  
 Pardon you neighbour Nations : what I had  
 Of reason's yours ; but griefe hath made me mad.

How durst you to such men such boldnesse show,  
 As t' practise with these parts you did not know?  
 Or meddle with those veines, that none should strike  
 But those, that had beene practiz'd in the like?  
 Alas ! you knew not how their bodies stood ;  
 Their veines abounded with a Nobler blood,  
 Of a farre purer dye, and far more rife  
 With actiue spirits, of a nimbler life,  
 Than e're before, you practiz'd on. May all  
 The sicknesses that on our nature fall,  
 And vex rebellious man for his foule sin,  
 Seize on you all throughout, without, within,  
 For this presumptuous deed, and want of skill ;  
 And may such potions as haue pow'r to kill,  
 Be all your physicke ; yet, corrected, striue  
 To weare you out, and keepe you long aliuē.

But, O, mee think's I rauē ? 'Tis time to end,  
 When, 'gainst the rules I loue, I so offend.  
 Pardon, you learned Artists : well I know  
 Your skill is great, and you not spar'd to show  
 The vtmost of it. Yet when all's assay'd,  
 The debt to God and nature must be pay'd.

You precious Vrns, that hold that Noble dust,  
 Keepe safe the wealth, committed to your trust.  
 And you, deare Reliques of that ample worth,  
 That whilom through your creuices shin'd forth,  
 That now haue put off Man, and sweely lye ;  
 T' expect your Crowne of Immortality ;  
 Rest there repos'd, vntouch't, and free from care,  
 Till you shall meet your soules, with them to share  
 In that rich glory, wherein now they shine,  
 Disdaining all, that's not like them ; Diuine.

Where I assur'd, againe, to see, and greeete you,  
 Resolue to weepe, till I goe out to meet you.

*Ita non cecinit ; at verè, piissimeq. fleuit.  
 Ille dolet verè, qui sine teste dolet.*

---

*Certaine touches vpon the Life and Death of the Right Honourable  
 Henrie, Earle of Southampton, and his true Image, Iames, the  
 Lord Wriothesley his eldest Sonne.*

TO THE READER.

Reader, beleeeue me, 'tis not Gaine, nor Fame  
 That makes me put in my neglected Name ;

Mong'st learned Mourners that in Sable Verse,  
Doe their last Honour to this dolefull Herse.

Nor did these Lords, by lining bountie, tie  
To Them, and to their Heires my Poetry :  
For, to speake plainly, though I am but poore ;  
Yet neuer came I knocking to their doore :  
Nor euer durst my low obscuritie,  
Once creepe into the luster of their die.

Yet since I am a Christian, and suppose  
My selfe obliged, both with Verse and Prose ;  
Both with my Pencills, and my Pens best Art ;  
With eye, tongue, heart, and hand, and euery part  
In each right Noble well-deseruing Spirit,  
To honour Vertue, and commend true merit.  
Since first I breath'd and liu'd within the Shire,  
That giues a Title to this honoured Peere ;  
Since twelue long Winters I, my little Flock  
Fed in that Isle that (wal'd with many a rock ;  
And circled with the Maine) against her shore,  
Hear's the proud Ocean euery day to rore ;  
And sitting there in sun-shine of his Glory  
Saw his fair Vertues, read his lifes true Story.

Who see's not, I haue reason to make one,  
In this Isle's, Churches, Countries common mone ?  
Or thinks that in this losse I haue no part,  
When the whole Kingdome seems to feele the smart ?

Let him that list his griefs in silence mutter,  
I cannot hold ; my plaints I needs must vtter :  
I must lament, and sigh, and write, and speake,  
Lest while I hold my tongue, my hearte should breake.

W. PETTIE.

---

*To the Right Honourable, Henry, Earle of Southampton.*

I.

The changing World, and the Eternall Word ;  
Nature, Art, Custome, Creatures all accord  
To proue (if any doubted) that we must  
(Since All haue sin'd) all die and turne to dust.

But (deare Sovthampton) since deserued praise  
Came thronging on Thee faster then thy dayes ;  
Since thy Immortall Vertues then were seene  
(When thy graue head was gray) to be most greene ;  
Wee fooles began to hope that thy lifes date,  
Was not confined to our common fate.

But that thou still should'st keep the worlds faire Stage,  
Acting all parts of goodnesse : that Each Age  
Succeeding ours, might in thy action see,  
What Vertue, (in them dead) did liue in Thee.

## II.

Bvt oh vaine thoughts, though late, we find alas ;  
The fairest flowers that th' earth brings forth are grass :  
Wealth, Honor, Wisdome, Grace, nor Greatnesse can  
Adde one short moment to the life of Man.  
Time will not stay : and the proud King of feares ;  
Not mov'd by any Presents, Prayers or teares ;  
Doth trample downe fraile flesh, and from the wombe  
Leads vs away close prisoners to the tombe.

III. *To both the Lords.*

And you braue Lords, the glorie of your Peeres,  
More laden with your Honors then your yeeres ;  
Deare to Your Soueraigne, faithfull to the State ;  
Friends to Religion, ill men's feare and hate :  
Death, as his Captiues, here hath laid full lowe,  
And left your friends long legacies of woe.  
Griefe to your Country, to your house sad losses,  
T' our Armies dread, to our designments crosses.

III. *To the Liuing.*

Tell me (yee liuing wights) what marble heart,  
Weying our wants, doth not with sorrow smart  
To see those glorious Starres that shin'd so cleere,  
In our disconsolate darke Hemisphere :  
To see these Pillars, whose firme Basies prop't  
Our feeble State ; the Cedars that oretop't  
The ayrie clouds, yeelding to Birds a Neast,  
Shadow and shelter to the wearied Beast :  
Now by Death's bloudie hand, cut downe, defaced,  
Their Light eclipsed, and their height abased ?

V. *To Death.*

Yet boast not (cruell Tyrant) of thy spoyle,  
Since with thy conquest thou hast won the foile ;  
For they (O happy Soules) diuinely armed  
Could not (though hit) bee with thine arrowes harmed.  
Thus robbed, not of Beeing, but of Breath,  
Secure they triumph ouer stinglesse Death ;  
And while their pure immortal part inherits  
The heauenly blisse, with glorified Spirits ;

Their dust doth sleepe in hope, and their good name  
 Liue's in th' eternall Chronicles of fame.

VI. *To the Hollanders vpon the returne of the Lords Corps.*

Holland: t'is knowne that you vnto our Nation  
 Haue long bin linc'kt in friendlie Combination ;  
 T'is knowne, that we to you haue daily, duly,  
 All offices of loue performed truely.

You still haue had protection from our Forts,  
 Trade to our Townes, and harbour in our Ports ;  
 When big-swolne Spaine you threatend to deuour,  
 We to your weaker ioynd our stronger power.  
 And our old souldiers willingly, vnprest,  
 Ran to your wars as fast as to some feast :  
 We man'd your Cities, and instead of stones,  
 Helpt you to build your Bulwarks with our bones.  
 Nor had your Castles now vnbattered stood,  
 Had not your slime ben tempered with our blood.

All this we did, and more are still content,  
 With men, munition, mony to preuent  
 Your future ruine ; Hence with warie speede  
 Our state sent ouer to your latest neede.  
 Ten Noble heads, and twice ten thousand hands,  
 All prest to execute their wise commands :  
 Mongst them our good Southampton, and his joy,  
 Deare James in hart a man, in age a boy.

But oh your fatall fields, vnhappie soile,  
 Accurst Acheldama, foule den of spoile,  
 Deaths Hospitall, like Hell the place of woe,  
 Admit all commers, but nere let them goe ;  
 Churl's to your aide, we sent strong liuing forces,  
 And you in lieu returne vs liueless corses.

Ah Noble Lords : went you so farre to haue  
 Your Death, and yet come home to seeke a graue ?

VII. *To the young Lord.*

Bright starre of Honour, what celestiaall fires  
 In flame thy youthfull bloud ; that thy desires  
 Mount vp so fast to Glories highest Spheres,  
 So farre beyond thine equalls and thy yeares ?

Whil'st others Noblie borne, ignoblie staine  
 Their bloud and youth with manners base and vaine,  
 Thou to thy Fathers holie lessons lending  
 Thine eare ; and to his liue's faire patterne bending  
 Thy steps ; did'st daily learne for sport or need  
 Nimble to mount and man thy barbed steed ;



Fairelie thy serious thoughts to write or speake,  
 Stoutlie vpon thy foe, thy lance to breake.  
 It did not with thine actiue spirit suite  
 To wast thy time in fingring of a Lute,  
 Or sing mongs't Cupids spirits a puling Dittie  
 To moue some femall saint to loue or pittie.  
 T'was Musick to thine eare in ranged batle  
 To heare sad Drums to grone, harsh Trumpets ritle :  
 Or see, when clouds of bloud do rent in sunder,  
 The pouders lightning, and the Canons thunder.

And when thou might'st at home haue liued free  
 From cares and feares in soft securitie,  
 Thou scorning such dishonorable ease,  
 To all the hazards both of land and sea's,  
 Against Religions and thy Countries foes,  
 Franklie thy selfe and safetie did'd expose.

O Sacred virtue thy mild modest glances,  
 Rais'd in his tender heart, these amorous trances,  
 For thy deare loue so dearely did he weane  
 His youth from pleasures, and from lusts vncleane :  
 And so in thy straight narrow paths still treading,  
 He found the way to endlesse glorie leading.

## VIII.

But soft (sad Muse) tis now no fitting taske,  
 The prayes of his well spent Youth t'vnmaske,  
 To sing his pious cares, his studious night's,  
 His thriftie daies, his innocent delights,  
 Or tell what store of vsefull obseruations  
 He gain'd at home and 'mongst the neighbring Nations.

Leaue we this virgin theame vntouch't, vntainted,  
 Till some more happie hand so liuely paint it,  
 That all Posteritie may see, and read,  
 His living virtues when hee's cold and dead.

## IX.

(Sweet Youth) what made thee hide thine amorous face,  
 And cheekes scarce downie in a steele case,  
 And like yong Cupid vnder Mars his sheild,  
 Mongst men of armes to braue it in the field?

Thought'st thou (o fondling) cruell death would pittie  
 The faire, the yong, the noble, wise and witty,  
 More then the foule and foolish, base and old?  
 Oh no : the tirant bloody, blind and bold,  
 All the wide world in single combate dareth,  
 And no condition, sex or age he spareth.

## X.

Yet some supposed since in open fight  
 Thou had'st so often scap'd his murdering might,  
 That sure he fear'd to throw his fatall dart  
 Against thine innocent faith-armed heart :  
 Yet sooth to say ; twas thy sweet louely youth  
 That so often mou'd flint-harted Death to ruth.  
 Though now intangled in thy locks of amber  
 The inamour'd monster dogs thee to thy chamber,  
 And there (alas) to end the mortall strife,  
 He rauish thee of beautie and of life.

XI. *To Nature.*

Nature, although we learne in Graces schoole,  
 That children must not call their mother foole.  
 Yet when wee see thee lauishly to burne,  
 Two or three lights when one would serue the turne.  
 When we perceiue thee through affection blind,  
 Cocker the wicked, to the good vnkind.  
 Ready the stinking rankest Weeds to cherish,  
 When Lillies, Violets, and sweet Roses perish :  
 Wee cannot chuse but tell thee 'tis our thought,  
 That age or weaknesse (Nature) makes thee dote.

XII. *Natures Reply to the Censure.*

Vaine men, how dare yee, in your thoughts vnholly ;  
 Mee, (nay your Maker) to accuse of folly ?  
 And all impatient with your plaints importune  
 Heav'n, Earth, and Hell, Death, Destiny, and Fortune ?  
 When 'tis not these poore Instruments that cause  
 Your Crosses : but the neuer changing Lawes  
 Of your Almighty, mercifull Creator ;  
 Who sitting supreme Iudge and Moderator  
 Of mens affaires : doth gouerne and dispence  
 All, by his All-disposing Providence ;  
 And equally his glorious ends aduances  
 By good or bad, happy or haplesse chances.

XIII. *To the Right Honourable, Elizabeth, Countesse of Southampton.*

Great and good Lady, though wee know full well,  
 What tides of grieffe in your sad brest doe swell :  
 Nor can in this our simple mourning Verse,  
 The thousand'th part of your deepe cares reherse.

Yet as the lesser rivulets and fountaines,  
 Run hastning from the Fields, the Meads, & Mountaines,  
 Their siluer streames into the Sea to poure,  
 So flow our tributary teares to your ;  
 That from the boundlesse Ocean of your sorrow  
 Our eyes new springs, our harts new griefs may borrow.

XIII. *Eidem.*

Could we as easily comfort, as complaine ;  
 Then haply this our charitable paine,  
 Might merit from your griued heart some thanks ;  
 But oh, our griefs so swell about the banks  
 Of shallow custome, and the feeble fences  
 That are oppos'd by Reason, Art, or Senses ;  
 That if Religion rul'd not our affections,  
 And pacifi'd our passions insurrections ;  
 We should in mourning misse, both meane and scope,  
 And sorrow (Pagan-like) sans Faith or Hope.

XV. *Eidem.*

Madam, though we but aggrauate your Crosses,  
 Thus sadly to repeat your former losses :  
 Whil'st you sit comfortlesse, as all vndone,  
 Mourning to lack an Husband and a Sonne.

Yet may it giue your griued heart some ease,  
 To saile with company in sorrow's Seas:  
 To thinke in them you are not tost alone,  
 But haue the Kingdome partner in your mone :  
 To thinke that those for whom you weep, are blest,  
 Lodg'd in the heauenly harbour, where they rest  
 Secure, nere more to griue, to want, to feare,  
 To sin, to Die, or to let fall a teare.

So though heauens high Decree haue late bereft you  
 Of two at once, yet hath his bountie left you  
 Many faire daughters, and a sonne t' inherit  
 Your Loue, our Honour, and his Fathers Spirit.

W. P.

*The least part of the shadow of Southamptons worth.*

Great Lord ; thy losse though I surcease to mourne,  
 Sith Heanen hath found Thee : yet I'le take my turne  
 To wait vpon thy Obsequies a while,  
 And traile my pen, with others of my File :  
 And tell thy worth ; th' effects whereof wee felt,  
 That in the lists of thy command haue dwelt.

Religions Champion, Guardian of that Isle ;  
 Which is the Goshen of Great Brittain's soyle :  
 How good, how great example dy'd in thee,  
 When th' Heire of both, preuents thy destiny ?  
 And scarce a pattern's left for those behind  
 To view in one so Great so good a mind.  
 Thou Man of Men, how little doth thy Name  
 Need any Muses praise, to giue it Fame :  
 Whose liu'ry gayn'd by merit, thou hast worne,  
 And beg'd or bought esteeme didst hold in scorne :  
 But wast in darkest lustre, chillingst cold  
 A perfect Dimond, though not set in gold ;  
 And whether thy regard were good or ill,  
 Did'st (constant) carry one set posture still.  
 Needs must the world grow base, and poore at last,  
 That Honours stock so carelessly doth wast,  
 How prodigall is shee, that would send forth  
 At once Two Noble Persons of such worth,  
 As great Southampton, and his Martiall Heyre ?  
 When scarce one Age yeelds such another payre.  
 Combin'd in resolution, as infate,  
 To sacrifice their liues for good of State :  
 How forward was his youth, how far from feares .  
 As greate in hope, as hee was young in yeeres.  
 How apt and able in each warlike deed  
 To charge his foe, to mannage fiery steed ?  
 Yet these but Essays were of what was hee,  
 Wee but the twilight of his spirit did see.  
 What had his Autumne bin ? wee yet did spy  
 Only the blossom of his Chieualry.  
 Death enuious of his actions, hastned Fate  
 Atchieuements glory to anticipate.  
 In both whose periods, this I truly story  
 The earth's best essence is but transitory.  
 You valiant hearts, that grudged not your blood  
 To spend for Honour, Country, Altars good :  
 Your high attempt, your Noble House doe crowne  
 That chose to dye in Bed of Fame ; not Downe.  
 Liue still admir'd, esteem'd, belov'd ; for why  
 Records of Vertue, will not let you die :  
 Your Actiue Soules in fleshly gyues restrain'd,  
 Haue Victory, and Palmes of triumph gain'd :  
 Your Belgick Feauer, doth your Being giue,  
 And Phoenix-like, you burne, and dye, and liue.

Qui per virtutem peritat non interit.

AR. PRICE.

*Upon the Life and Death of the Right Honourable, Henric, Earle of Southampton, and the Lord Wriothesly his Son.*

Henry Wriothesly Earle of Southampton,

Anagram :

Thy Honour is worth the praise of all Men.

Great Worthy, such is thy renowned Name,  
Say what I can, it will make good the same.  
On such a theme I would euen spend my quill,  
If I had meanes according to my will :  
And tho I want fine Poets Wit and Art,  
I gladly streine the sinews of my heart :  
And prostrate at the Tombe of these two Lords  
My tongue, my pen, and what my Fate affords.

Henry Wriothesley Earle of Southampton.

Anagram :

Vertue is thy Honour ; O the praise of all men !

Some men not worth, but fauour doth aduance  
Some vulgar breath, some riches doe inance :  
Not so the Noble Squire, of whom I treat,  
Nought makes him honour'd, but Vertues great :  
Cardinall, Morall, Theologicall,  
Consider well and behold in him all.  
Yet notwithstanding all his Vertues, hee  
Lies now in dust and darknesse : Hereby see  
How death can rent the hopes of worthy Squires,  
And dash their proiects, and crosse their desires.  
Yet shall not Death triumph in Vertues fall,  
For this his Name is still esteem'd of all.  
Death strooke his Body ; onely that could die,  
His Fame is fresh ; his Spirit is gone on hie.

Iames Wriotesley, Baron of Tichfield,

Anagram ;

Boyles in Field, to reach worthy's Fame.

O Rare bright Sparke of ancient Chivalry,  
In tender yeeres affecting warlike Glory !  
O Noble Impc of that thrice Noble Sire,  
What was it that thus kindled thy desire ?

Surely 'twas thy presaging Spirit : For why !  
 Hauing small time thou would'st doe worthily.  
 Thou took'st thy flight, because in heauinesse  
 Would'st not see drown'd a world of Worthinesse.

*Vpon the sudden and immature Death of both the Lords.*

Here wee see verified, All flesh is grasse ;  
 And the glory thereof like flower of grasse ;  
 The flower fadeth long before the grasse :  
 So worthiest Persons before other passe.

*A comfortable Conclusion.*

Tho Death on them hath shew'd his vtmost power,  
 Heav'ns King hath crown'd them with th' Immortall flower.

GUILIELMVS JONES.

Capellanus mestissimus fecit invitâ Minervâ.

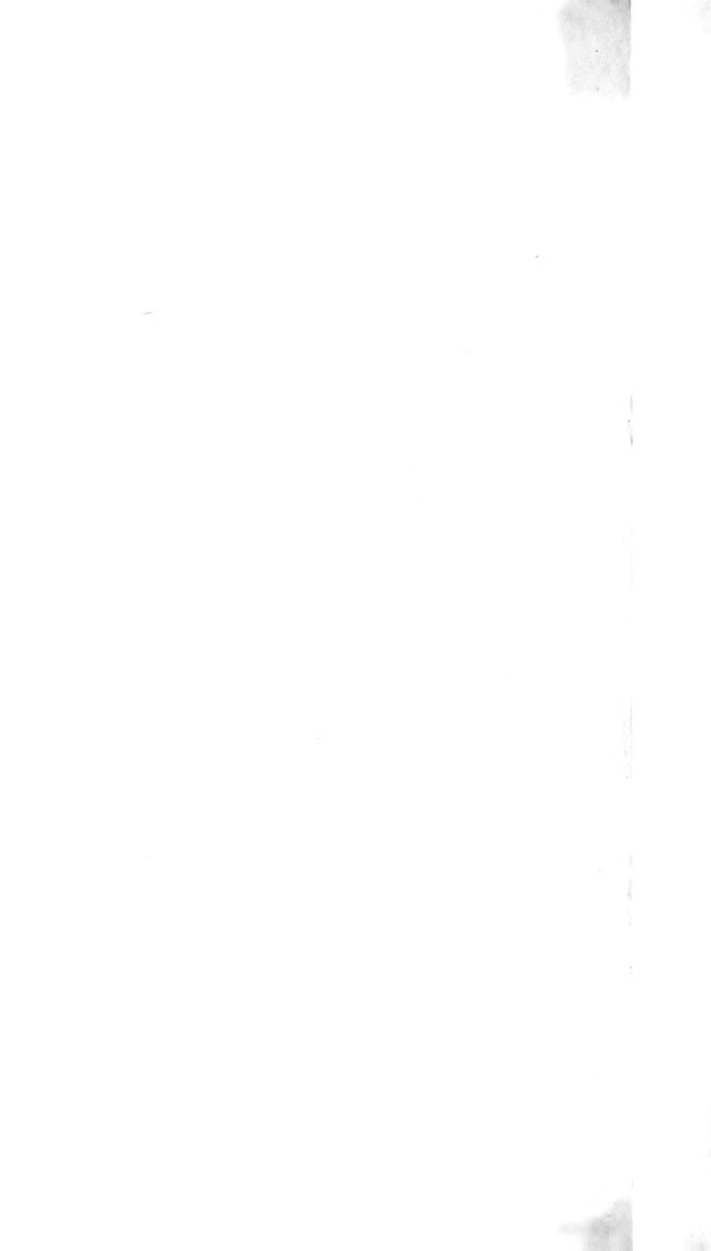
END OF VOL. XX.











PR  
2752  
M3  
1821  
v.20

Shakespeare, William  
Plays and poems

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE  
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

---

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

---

