

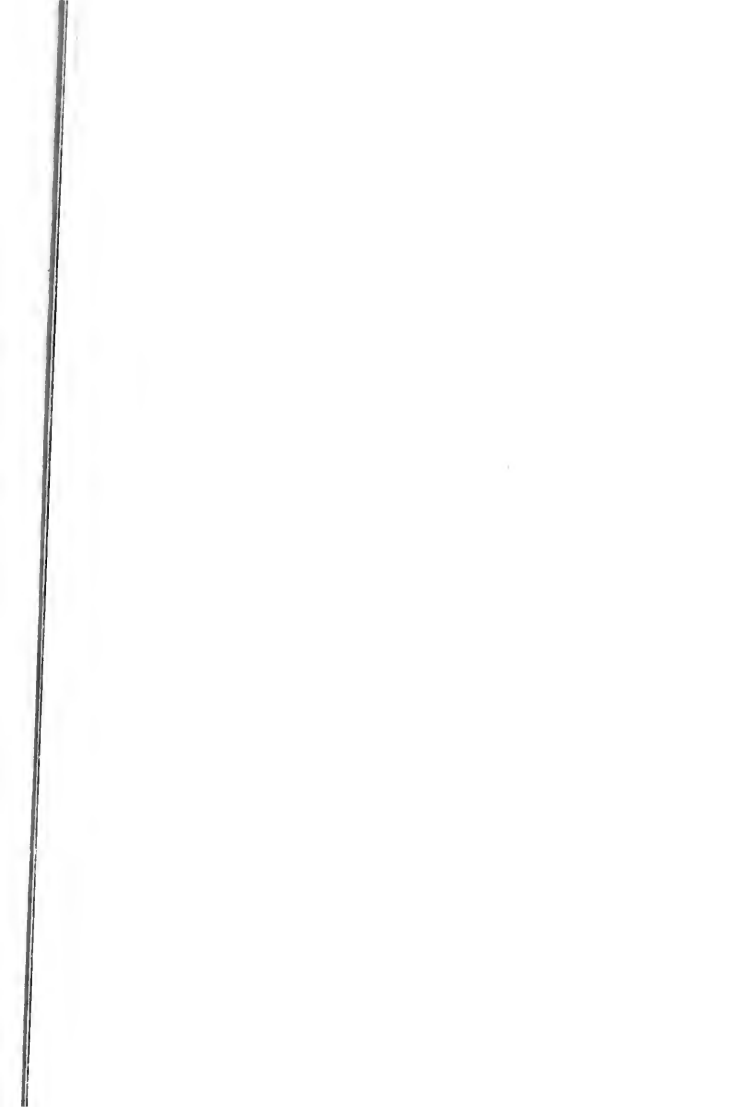


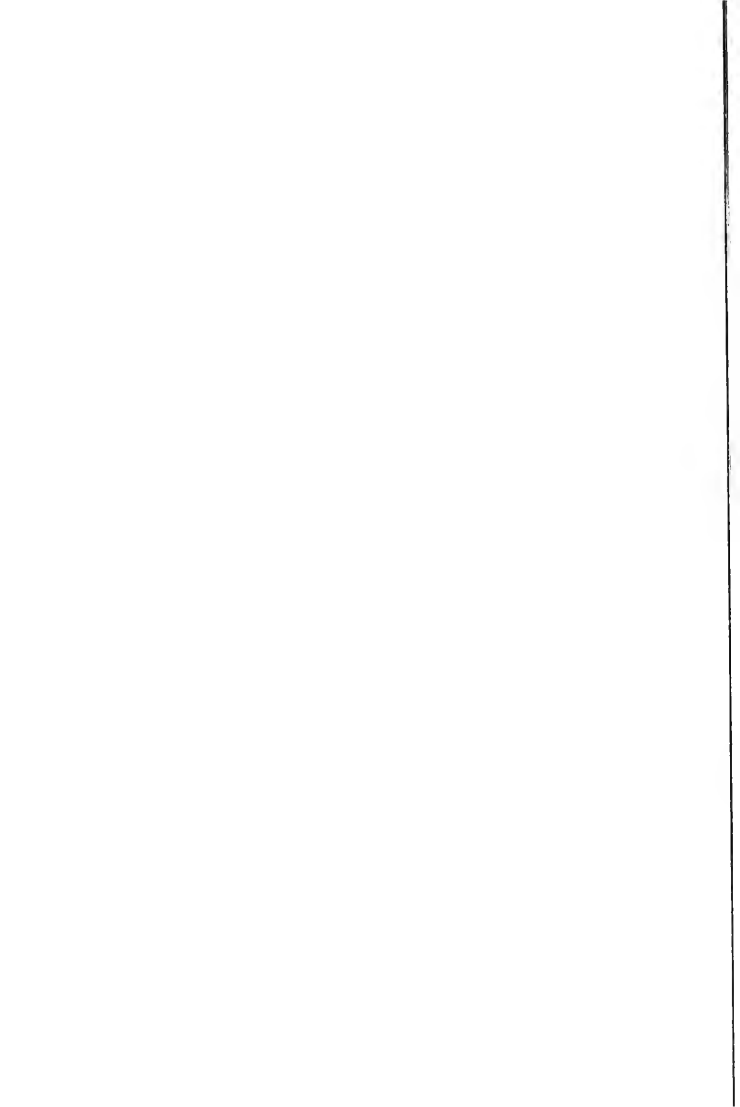
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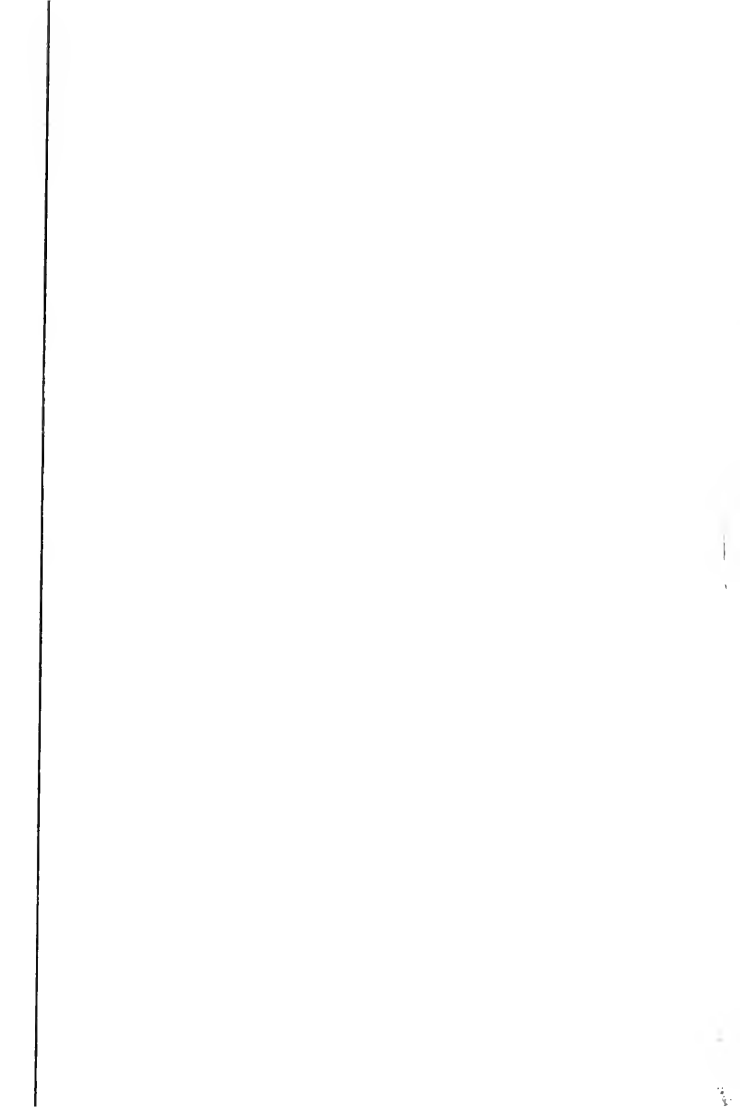
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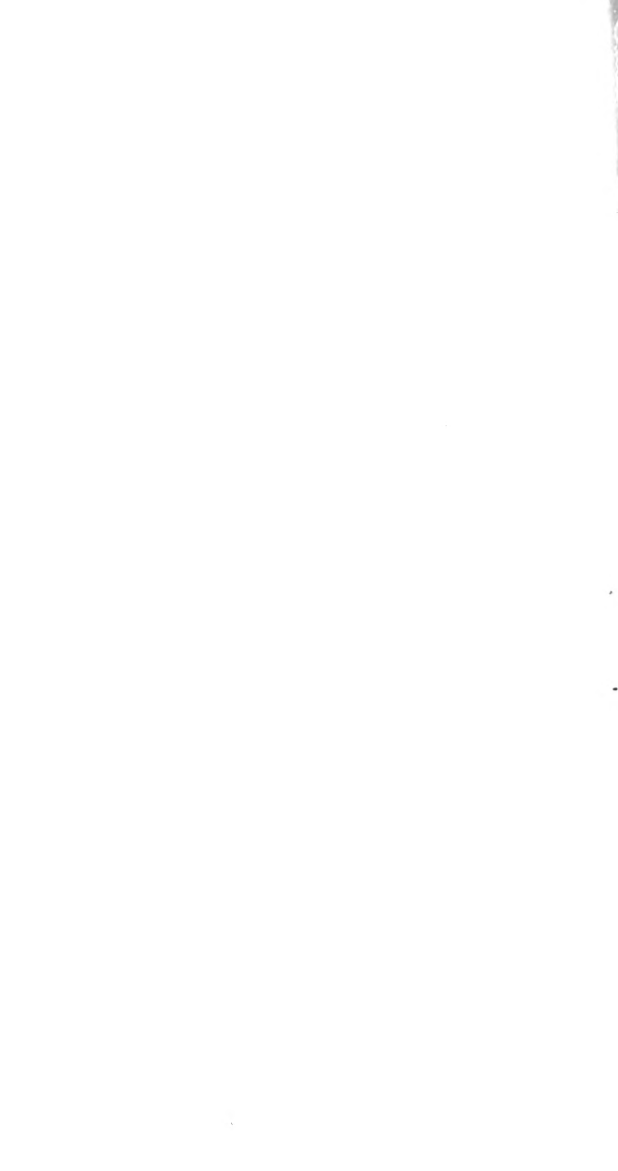


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THE POEMS OF SHAKESPEARE



William Shakespeare

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THE
POEMS OF SHAKESPEARE



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MEMOIR OF SHAKESPEARE.

BY THE REV. ALEXANDER DYCE.

“ He was not of an age, but for all time.”

BEN JONSON.

“ ALL that is known with any degree of certainty concerning Shakespeare, 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.”¹ Such is the remark of the most acute of his commentators; and I have quoted it here, as a sort of apology to the reader for the imperfections of the present essay.

It appears, that John Shakespeare, the father of our poet, could not boast a descent from ancestors of gentle blood, though his family had been long established in the county of Warwick. The place of his birth is doubtful; but not long after the year 1550, we find him settled as a tradesman in Stratford upon Avon. Concerning the nature of his vocation biographers disagree. The memoranda of Aubrey declare that he was a

¹ Note by George Steevens on Shakespeare's xciii^d *Sonnet*.

butcher; according to Rowe, he “was a considerable dealer in wool;” and Malone has adduced a contemporary document, which renders it probable that he followed the profession of a glover.³

³ “William Shakespeare’s father was a butcher, and I have been told heretofore by some of the neighbours, that when he was a boy, he exercised his father’s trade; but *when he killed a calfe, he would do it in a high style, and make a speech!*” *M. S. Aubrey. Mus. Ashmol. Oxon.*

Rowe tells us, that he received from Betterton, the actor, the chief part of the materials for our poet’s Life; “his veneration for the memory of Shakespeare having engaged him to make a journey into Warwickshire, on purpose to gather up what remains he could of a name for which he had so great a veneration.”

Malone, at one time, thought the assertions of Aubrey and Rowe by no means inconsistent: “Dr. Farmer,” says he, “has illustrated a passage in *Hamlet* from information derived from a person who was at once a woolman and butcher, and, I believe, few occupations can be named which are more naturally connected with each other.” *Shak.* by Reed, iii. 214, ed. 1813. But he afterwards discovered the following entry in a very old manuscript, containing an account of the proceedings in the bailiff’s court, which he considered decisive as to the occupation of our poet’s father:

“Stretford, ss. Cur. Phi. et Mariæ Dei gra, &c. secundo et tercio, ibm tent. die Marcurii. videlicet xvij. die Junii, ann. predict. [17 June, 1555] coram Johñi Burbage Balivo, &c.

“Thomæ Siche de Arscotte in com. Wigorn. querit versus *John Shakyspere* de Stretford in com. Warwic. *Glover.* in plac. quod reddat ei oct. libras, &c.” *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 78. (*Shak.* by Boswell, ii.)

That he was a person of estimable character, may be concluded, as well from his having attained the highest municipal dignities of the town,⁴ as from his having formed a matrimonial connexion with a woman, whose rank in life was much superior to his own. About 1557, he married Mary,⁵ the youngest daughter of Robert Arden, of Wilmecote, her portion being a small estate in land called Asbies, and the sum of six pounds, thirteen shillings, and fourpence. The family of Arden was of great antiquity in Warwickshire, and several of its members had held situations of honour, both in their native⁶ county, and at the court of their sovereign.

⁴ On April 30, 1556, and September 30, 1558, he was one of the jury of the court leet. On August 12, 1556, he was summoned on a jury in a civil action. In June 1557, he was one of the ale-tasters. On October 6, 1559, and again in May, 1561, he was made an affeeror. Either on Michaelmas day 1557, or early in 1558, he was chosen bur-gess. In 1558, and the next year, he served as constable. In September, 1561, he was elected one of the chamberlains, and filled the office for the two succeeding years. On July 4, 1565, he was chosen alderman. From Michaelmas, 1568, to Michaelmas, 1569, he served as high-bailiff, and on September 5, 1571, he was elected chief alderman for the ensuing year.

⁵ From a comparison of the wills of her parents, it appears that she was the youngest of at least four daughters.

⁶ Rob. Arden de Bromwich, was in the list of Warwickshire gentry, returned by the commissioners in 1433. In 1562, and 1563, Sim. Arden and Edw. Arden were sheriffs

In 1569, or 1570, John Shakespeare obtained from the Herald's Office a grant of arms; in 1596, he received another grant; and in 1599, a confirmation of arms, the chief object of which seems to have been, to enable him to impale with his own bearings those of Arden.⁷

There is reason to believe, that during the earlier part of his career, his circumstances were easy, though far from affluent. At a court leet held in October, 1556, the lease of a house in Greenhill-street and that of another in Henley-street, were assigned to him. In 1564, his charities place him in the second class of the inhabitants of Stratford. In 1570, he rented a field of about fourteen acres, known by the name of "Ingon, alias Ington meadow;" and in 1574, he purchased a small property, consisting of two

of the county. Sir John Arden, the elder brother of our Robert's grandfather, was squire for the body to Henry the Seventh. Robert Arden, the father of our Robert, was groom or page of the bedchamber to the same king, by whom he was constituted keeper of the royal park called Aldercar, and bailiff of the lordship of Codnore: he also obtained from the crown a valuable lease of the extensive manor of Yoxsall in Staffordshire.

⁷ The later applications were doubtless made at the suggestion of his son, who was then rising into consequence.—When in these grants to John Shakespeare, mention is made of his ancestors having been advanced and rewarded by Henry the Seventh, &c. it is certain that the expressions relate not to the ancestors of John Shakespeare, but to those of his wife.—See Malone's *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 28 et seq. (*Shak.* by Boswell, ii.)

houses in Henley-street, with gardens and orchards annexed to them.

Before 1578, however, his affairs had become greatly embarrassed: in that year he mortgaged for forty pounds the little estate of Asbies, derived from his wife; was required to pay only half the sum for which the other aldermen were assessed; and was altogether excused from contributing his share of a petty weekly tax for the relief of the poor:—see below,⁸ where will be found a variety of notices, drawn from the records of the borough of Stratford, &c., which sufficiently indicate the decline of his fortunes. In 1586, in consequence of his having neglected

⁸ When it was agreed in January, 1578, that every alderman should “paye towards the furniture of three pikemen, ii billmen, and one archer, vi^s viii^d”, John Shakespeare, in consideration of his embarrassments, was required to pay only “iii^s and iv^d :” in November next, when it was ordained that every alderman should contribute iii^d a week for the relief of the poor, it was determined that he should “not be taxed to paye anything.” From the will of a baker, named Sadler, who died towards the end of 1578, we find that John Shakespeare owed him five pounds, for the payment of which two persons had entered into securities. In an account of money levied on the inhabitants of Stratford in 1579, for the purchase of armour and defensive weapons, his name occurs among the defaulters. What follows is from the register of the Bailiff’s Court, in 1585-6. “Ad hunc diem Servien, ad Clavam burgi predict. retorn. pr. [præceptum] de distr. eis direct. versus Johem Shackspere ad sect. Johis Browne, q^d predict. *Johis Shackspere nihil habet unde distr. potest levare.* Ideo fiat Ca [Capias] versus Johem Shackspere ad sect. Johis Browne, si petatur.”

the business of his office, another alderman was appointed in his stead.⁹

In a bill of complaint against John Lambert, which he exhibited in Chancery in 1597, he describes himself as a “*man of very small wealth*”;¹⁰ and who had very few friends or alliances in the county of Warwick.” He died in 1601.

Mary Shakespeare deceased in 1608. We are not to suppose that during their later years, they were left to struggle with pecuniary difficulties: their gifted son, who was then possessed of considerable property, doubtless assisted them to the utmost of his means.

Four sons, and four daughters, born in the following order, were the offspring of this pair: Joan, Margaret, William, Gilbert, another Joan, Anne, Richard, and Edmund. The elder Joan,

⁹ “At the hall, holden on the 6th day of September, in the twenty-eighth year of our Sovereign lady, Queen Elizabeth.

“At this hall, William Smith and Richarde Courte are chosen to be aldermen, in the places of John Wheler and John Shakspeare, for that Mr. Wheler doth desire to be put out of the company, and Mr. Shakspeare doth not come to the halls, when they be warned, nor hath not done of long time.”

¹⁰ At the bottom of the grant of arms to John Shakespeare, made in 1596, is a note, “That he hath lands and tenements of good wealth and substance, 500*l.*” But Malone has, I think, sufficiently accounted for this minute, and shown that it is not entitled to credit. See his *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 89, et seq. (*Shak.* by Boswell, ii.)

It may be added here, that few of the corporation of Stratford in those days could write their names, and that among the marksmen is found John Shakespeare.

Margaret, and Anne, were cut off immaturity. Whether Gilbert died at an early, or at an advanced period of life is uncertain.¹¹ The second Joan became the wife of William Hart, a hatter in Stratford, and died in 1646. Richard, of whom nothing is known, was buried in 1612-13, having nearly attained the age of thirty-nine. Edmund embraced the profession of an actor, played at the Globe Theatre, and was interred in the church of St. Saviour's (the parish where he resided) on the 31st of December, 1607, in his twenty-eighth year.

William Shakespeare, the third child and the eldest son of his parents, was born¹² at Stratford-upon-Avon, in April, 1564; as he was baptized

¹¹ It has been supposed that Gilbert was the brother of our author, who, according to Oldys, "lived to a good old age, even some years after the restoration of King Charles the Second," and saw the great dramatist perform a character in one of his own plays, which, from the description, must have been Adam in *As You Like it*. The anecdote is given in a later part of this Memoir.

¹² A house in Henley Street is pointed out as that in which Shakespeare was born; but whether it is "the very roof that sheltered his infant innocence," (as Dr. Drake has it) may perhaps be doubted. In 1820, I visited this mansion, and saw the "Shakespearian relics," which are there exhibited to all "curious travellers;" they consist of a card and dice box with a pincushion on its top, *presented to him by the Prince of Castile*, a Toledo, an iron box which enclosed his Will, a table cloth of black velvet embroidered with gold, *the gift of Queen Elizabeth, his wife's shoe*, a drinking-glass, *made for him in his sickness*, a table on which he wrote his works, &c.

on the 26th,¹³ it has been conjectured that his birth took place on the 23rd of the month.

When he was about nine weeks old, the plague broke out in his native town ; but though it raged there during six months with the most fatal violence, we gather from the register of deaths that not a single individual of the name of Shakespeare became its victim.

No anecdotes of his earliest years have been preserved. All the education he received was probably at the Free-school of Stratford ;¹⁴ but at what period he was first placed there, or how long he remained, are points which it is impossible to ascertain. What quantity of classical learning he possessed, is a question which has given rise to much discussion. That he had no pretensions to *scholarship* is beyond a doubt ; but that he should have failed to carry away from a respectable school as much learning as a talented and well-taught stripling generally acquires, I can see no reason to disbelieve.¹⁵ From the line in Jonson's admirable verses to his memory,

¹³ Malone in his *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 23., (*Shak.* by Boswell, ii.) says, that his baptism took place on the 25th ; but see the Extracts from the Stratford Register, in an Appendix to that *Life*, p. 610 : all other biographers, I believe, date it the 26th.

¹⁴ Rowe—Malone has shown that Mr. Thomas Hunt and Mr. Thomas Jenkins were successively masters of the school from 1572 to 1578, during which time we may suppose that Shakespeare belonged to it.

¹⁵ “ He understood Latin pretty well,” says Aubrey, “ for he had been in his younger yeares a schoolmaster in the country.” MSS. Mus. Ashmol. Oxon.

“ And though thou had'st small Latin, and less Greek,”

we are not to conclude that he was utterly ignorant of those languages,—Ben probably meant to allow him a school-boy knowledge of both ; and be it remembered, that even considerable attainments in learning would have appeared slight to Jonson, who having devoted many a laborious hour to the study of the classics, had stored his mind with all the treasures of antiquity. In opposition to Gildon, Upton, and other critics who asserted the extensive erudition of Shakespeare, Farmer has incontrovertibly shown that, while composing several of his dramas, he had recourse to North's Plutarch, and to other vernacular books, instead of consulting the ancient authors in the original. Let me just observe, that if he was unable to read the Greek text of the “ Cheronean sage,” not a few worthy gentlemen of our own day, who have taken their degrees at Oxford or Cambridge, stand in the same predicament. It is difficult to believe that he never acquired any knowledge either of Italian or French, as both languages were then more familiar to Englishmen than at the present time.

In consequence of the embarrassments of his father (which have been already noticed) we are informed by Rowe,¹⁵ that the youthful poet was withdrawn from school, his assistance being re-

¹⁵ *Life of Shakespeare.*

quired at home. The truth of this statement¹⁶ is weakly disputed by Malone, who, as unsuccessfully endeavours to establish, from the frequent employment of law terms in our author's dramas, that he was stationed for two or three years in the office of a Stratford attorney. Aubrey's assertion,¹⁷ that Shakespeare in his youth was a school-master in the country, whether worthy of credit or not, must be referred to this period of his life.

But to turn from uncertainties to facts—in 1582, when he was a little more than eighteen,

¹⁶ His brother Gilbert, says Malone, “was little more than two years younger than our poet, and, at the time now under our consideration, *was as capable of carrying out parcels of gloves* for his father (all that a boy could do) as his elder brother! For this purpose, therefore, it was not necessary to impede the progress of the eldest son's education.” *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 106. (*Shak.* by Boswell, ii.)

¹⁷ See note, p. viii.

A story of Shakespeare and some of his companion having accepted the challenge of the Bidford toppers and sippers to drink with them, &c. was communicated to Malone by a native of Stratford, *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 500, (*Shak.* by Boswell, ii.) et seq. and is related with some variations in Ireland's *Picturesque Views*, p. 229 et seq. It informs us that Shakespeare composed these lines on the occasion, which the late Mr. Boswell suspected to have been from Brathwait's pen :

“Piping Pebworth, Dancing Marston,
 Haunted Hilborough, and Hungry Grafton,
 With Dadging Exhall, Papist Wixford,
 Beggary Broom, and Drunken Bidford.”

he married¹⁸ Anne Hathaway, the daughter of a substantial yeoman in the neighbourhood of Stratford.¹⁹ There was considerable disproportion in their ages, for the lady was in her twenty-sixth year; but Oldys²⁰ seems to have learned by tradition, that she was beautiful; and it is indeed unlikely that a woman devoid of personal charms should have won the youthful affections of so imaginative a being as Shakespeare. It is unfair to conclude (as some biographers have done) from certain passages in his plays concerning marriage, that he afterwards repented of this connexion; but when we find that during his almost constant residence in London, his wife remained at Stratford, and that he only remembers her slightly, and, as it were, casually in his will, we have some reason to suspect that their union was not productive of much domestic happiness. From some of Shakespeare's *Sonnets*, it has been supposed that, after he became a husband, he was by no means remarkable for purity of morals; but (as I shall have occasion to notice more particularly in a subsequent part of this essay) no inference respecting his conduct should be drawn from compositions, most of which appear to have been written under an assumed charac-

¹⁸ Neither the day, nor the place of their union are known.

¹⁹ Rowe.

²⁰ See note on our author's xciii^d *Sonnet*, — Malone's *Shakespeare* (by Boswell) xx.

ter. In May 1583, his wife bore a daughter, who was called Susanna; ²² and, about eighteen months afterwards, she was delivered of twins, a son and daughter, baptized ²³ by the names of Hamnet and Judith. It does not appear that she again became a mother.

We are now arrived at an event in our author's history of great importance, inasmuch as it caused him to abandon his native town, and put forth the energies of his mighty genius. Having fallen into the company of some wild and disorderly young men, he was induced to assist them, on more than one occasion, in stealing deer from the park of Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecote, in the neighbourhood of Stratford. For this offence (which in those days used to be regarded as a venial frolic) he was treated, as he thought, too harshly; and he repaid the severity by ridiculing Sir Thomas in a ballad. So bitter was this satirical effusion, that the prosecution against its author was redoubled; and forsaking his family and occupation, he took shelter in the metropolis from his powerful enemy. Such is the story ²⁴ which tradition has preserved; and that it

²² Baptized May 26.

²³ February 2nd, 1584-5.

²⁴ Rowe's account has been followed in the text.

In the archives of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, are the MS. collections of a learned antiquary, Mr. William Fulman, who died in 1688, with additional notes, by the friend to whom he bequeathed them, Mr. Richard Davies,

has some foundation in truth, cannot, surely, be doubted, notwithstanding what has been urged to the contrary by Malone, whose chief object in

archdeacon of Lichfield, who died in 1707. Among these papers is the following record concerning Shakespeare by the latter gentleman. "He was much given to all unluckinesse, in stealing venison and rabbits; particularly from Sir—Lucy, who had him oft whipt, and sometimes imprisoned, and at last, made him fly his native country, to his great advancement. But his reveng was so great that he is his Justice Clodpate; and calls him a great man, and that, in allusion to his name, bore three lowses rampant for his arms." *Fulman's MSS.* vol. xv.

A Mr. Thomas Jones of Turbich, a village in Worcestershire, about eighteen miles from Stratford, who died aged upwards of ninety, in 1703, remembered to have heard from several very old people, the story of the deer-stealing, with this addition, that the ballad was fixed on Sir Thomas Lucy's park-gate, and could repeat a stanza of the said ballad, which Oldys and Capel have preserved.

Oldys tells us, (in a MS. note, which Steevens first printed) "he [Jones] could remember the first stanza of that bitter ballad, which repeating to one of his acquaintance, he preserved it in writing, and here it is, neither better nor worse, but faithfully transcribed from the copy which his relation very courteously communicated to me :

" A parliemente member, a justice of peace,
At home a poor scare-crowe, at London an asse,
If lowsie is Lucy, as some volke miscalle it,
Then Lucy is lowsie whatever befall it :

He thinks himself greate,

Yet an asse in his state

We allowe by his ears but with asses to mate.

If Lucy is lowsie, as some volke miscalle it,

Sing lowsie Lucy—whatever befall it."

" Mr. Jones," says Capel, in his nebulous style, "had

writing the Life of our poet was, to shake the credibility of the facts brought forward by Rowe.

As an evidence that Shakespeare long retained a grudge against Sir Thomas Lucy, the opening scene of the *Merry Wives of Windsor* may be adduced: there, Justice Shallow complains that Falstaff had “killed his deer;” Slender informs us, that the arms of the Shallows are a “dozen white luces;”²⁵ and Sir Hugh Evans plays upon the word “luce,” in the same manner as the stanza of the ballad given in my note, plays upon the sur-name “Lucy.”

Various sets of players,—the Queen’s company, the servants of Lord Worcester, of Lord Leicester,

put down in writing the first stanza of this ballad, which was all he remembered of it, and Mr. Thomas Wilkes (my grandfather) transmitted it to my father by memory, who also took it down in writing, and his copy is this,” &c.

These verses may be genuine; but not so, I fear, is the entire song said to have been found in a chest of drawers at Shottery, near Stratford, and several times printed.

In a MS. *History of the Stage*, (supposed to have been written by that mendacious personage Chetwood) are two stanzas of a different pasquinade on Sir Thomas Lucy, by Shakespeare, which we are informed Joshua Barnes (the editor of Homer and Euripides, &c.) recovered from the singing of an old woman, as he was baiting at an inn in Stratford.

²⁵ The coat of Sir Thomas Lucy was “gules, three luces [i. e. pike-fishes] hariant, argent.” Even Malone allows that passages of this scene “afford grounds for believing that our author, on some account or other, had not the most profound respect for Sir Thomas Lucy.” *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 142. (*Shak.* by Boswell, ii.)

of Lord Warwick, and of other noblemen, had been in the habit of resorting to Stratford, and exhibiting their performances in its Guildhall. Before Shakespeare was compelled to forsake his home, he had doubtless seen the best theatrical productions (such as they were) represented by the best actors then alive; and it is probable that, his inclination for the theatre having early manifested itself, he had become known to the elder Burbage, to Heminge, and to Thomas Greene, all players of note. It has been supposed that the two first of these Thespian heroes were the countrymen of Shakespeare; the last was certainly his townsman, and perhaps his relation. It was natural, therefore, that under his present circumstances, Shakespeare should have had recourse to the theatre, as a means of subsistence, and in all probability he was "nothing loath" to exchange the dull monotony of his former occupation (whatever it may have been) for the more exciting profession of the stage.

His arrival in London cannot well be fixed earlier than the year 1586 or 1587. According to Rowe,²⁶ "he was received into the company, at first in a very mean rank:" it has also been said that he was employed as *call-boy*, whose business is to give notice to the performers, when their different entries on the stage are required; and²⁷

²⁶ *Life of Shakespeare.*

²⁷ "In the time of Elizabeth," says Dr. Johnson, "coaches being yet uncommon, and hired coaches not at all in use,

another tradition informs us, that he used to hold the horses of those who rode to the theatre without attendants, till the performance was concluded. Biographers seem to agree in rejecting the last anecdote as unworthy of belief. His situation was not desperate enough to subject him to so degrading an employment: his father, though not

those who were too proud, too tender, or too idle to walk, went on horseback to any distant business or diversion. Many came on horseback to the play, and when Shakespeare fled to London from the terror of a criminal prosecution, his first expedient was to wait at the door of the play-house, and hold the horses of those that had no servants, that they might be ready again after the performance. In this office he became so conspicuous, for his care and readiness, that in a short time every man as he alighted called for Will Shakespeare, and scarcely any other waiter was trusted with a horse while Will Shakespeare could be had. This was the first dawn of better fortune. Shakespeare, finding more horses put into his hand than he could hold, hired boys to wait under his inspection, who, when Will Shakespeare was summoned, were immediately to present themselves, *I am Shakespeare's boy, sir*. In time Shakespeare found higher employment, but as long as the practice of riding to the playhouse continued, the waiters that held the horses retained the appellation of *Shakespeare's boys*." This story first appeared in Cibber's *Lives of the English Poets*, 1753, the whole, or at least the greater part, of which book was written by Shiels, the amanuensis of Johnson. "Sir William Davenant," we are there informed, "told it to Mr. Betterton, who communicated it to Mr. Rowe; Mr. Rowe told it to Mr. Pope, and Mr. Pope told it to Dr. Newton, the late editor of Milton; and from a gentleman who heard it from him, 'tis here related." The "gentleman" was doubtless Dr. Johnson.

in easy circumstances, was still probably engaged in trade; his father-in-law was a yeoman of respectability; and it is unlikely that, on his removal to the metropolis, they withheld from him all pecuniary assistance. If, however, his rank was at first subordinate, he soon raised himself to distinction; and but a few years had elapsed before he became possessed of a principal share in the theatres, to which he was attached. As all his dramas²⁸ appear to have been performed at the Globe and Blackfriars (which belonged to the same comedians), there is no reason to believe that he was ever connected with any other houses.

The following buildings were used for the representation of plays in London, between the time of Shakespeare's first appearance there and his final retirement to Stratford; it must be understood, however, that they were not all open together.

The *Theatre* (so called by distinction), and the *Curtain*, both in Shoreditch; the *Blackfriars Theatre*, near the present site of Apothecaries' Hall; *Paris Garden*, on the Bankside; the *Whitefriars Theatre*; the *Globe*, on the Bankside; the *Fortune*, in Golden, or Golding Lane, St. Giles, Cripplegate; the *Rose*, the *Hope*, and the *Swan*, all three on the Bankside; the *Newington Theatre*; and the *Red Bull*, at the upper end of St. John Street.²⁹

²⁸ *Titus Andronicus* was played by the servants of the Earl of Pembroke, &c. *The First Part of Henry VI.* by those of Lord Strange.

²⁹ The *Cockpit*, or *Phœnix*, does not appear to have been

Nearly all these buildings, it is probable, were constructed of wood. Those which (for some undiscovered reason) were termed private³⁰ theatres, were entirely roofed in from the weather, while the public theatres were open to the sky, except over the stage and galleries. On the outside of each was exhibited a sign indicative of its name; and on the roof, during the time of performance, was hoisted a flag.

Their interior arrangements resembled those of the present day. There were tiers of galleries or *scaffolds*; beneath these, the boxes or *rooms* intended for persons of the highest class, and which at the private theatres were secured with locks, the keys being given to the individuals who engaged them;³¹ and there was the centre area (separated, it seems, from the stage by pales) at the private theatres termed the *pit*, and furnished with seats, but at the public theatres called the *yard*, and affording no such accommodation.

converted into a theatre until Shakespeare had finally retired to Stratford.

³⁰ For an account of all the distinguishing marks of private playhouses, see Collier's *Hist. of English Dram. Poet.* iii. 335.

³¹ "At each side of this balcony [— the balcony at the back of the stage, described at p. xix.] was a box, very inconveniently situated, which sometimes was called the *private box*. In these boxes, which were at a lower price, some persons sate, either from economy or singularity." Malone's *Hist. Acc. of English Stage*, p. 80.—(*Shak.* by Boswell, iii.) The exact situation of these private boxes is by no means certain.

Cressets or large open lanterns served to illuminate the body of the house, and two ample branches, of a form similar to those now hung in churches, gave light to the stage. The band of musicians, which was far from numerous, sat, it is supposed, in an upper balcony, over what is now called the stage-box; the instruments chiefly used were trumpets, cornets, hautboys, lutes, recorders, viols, and organs.

The amusements of the audience, previous to the commencement of the play, were reading, playing at cards, smoking tobacco, drinking ale, and eating nuts and apples. Even during the performance, it was customary for wits, critics, and young gallants who were desirous of attracting attention, to station themselves on the stage;³² either lying on the rushes, or seated on hired stools, while their pages furnished them with pipes and tobacco.

At the third *sounding*, or flourish of trumpets, the exhibition began. The curtain, which concealed the stage from the audience, was then drawn, opening in the middle and running upon iron rods. Other curtains called *traverses* were used as a substitute for scenes. At the back of the stage was a balcony,³³ the platform of which

³² Malone thought this custom was confined to private theatres, but see Collier's *Hist. of English Dram. Poet.* iii. 352.

³³ "It appears," says Malone, "from the stage-directions given in the *The Spanish Tragedy*, that when a play

was raised about eight or nine feet from the ground; it served as a window, gallery, or upper chamber; from it a portion of the dialogue was sometimes spoken; and in front of it curtains were suspended, to conceal, if necessary, those who occupied it from the audience. The internal roof of the stage, either painted blue, or adorned with drapery of that colour, was termed *the heavens*. The stage was generally strewed with rushes, but on extraordinary occasions was matted. There is reason to believe, that when tragedies were performed, it was hung with black.

Moveable painted scenery there was assuredly none:

“ The air-blest castle, round whose wholesome crest
The martlet, guest of summer, chose her nest,—

was exhibited within a play (if I may so express myself) as is the case in that piece and in *Hamlet*, the court or audience before whom the interlude was performed, sat in the balcony, or upper stage, already described; and a curtain or traverse, being hung across the stage *for the nonce*, the performers entered between that curtain and the general audience, and on its being drawn, began their piece, addressing themselves to the balcony, and regardless of the spectators in the theatre, to whom their backs must have been turned during the whole of the performance.” *Hist. Acc. of English Stage*, p. 108.— (*Shak.* by Boswell, iii.) Though, as Mr. Collier remarks (*Hist. of English Dram. Poet.* iii. 363), the authorities here cited by Malone do not bear out his supposition, I cannot help thinking that it is right. There was no necessity, however, that, on such occasions, the actors should absolutely turn their backs on the audience.

The forest-walks of Arden's fair domain,
 Where Jaques fed his solitary vein ;
 No pencil's aid as yet had dar'd supply,
 Seen only by the intellectual eye."³³

A board containing the name of the place of action in large letters, was displayed in some conspicuous situation. Occasionally, when a change of scene was necessary, the audience was required to suppose that the performers, who had not quitted the boards, had passed to a different spot.³⁴ A bed thrust forth, showed that the stage was a bed-chamber ; and a table with pen and ink, indicated that it was a counting-house. Rude contrivances were employed to imitate towers, walls of towns, hell-mouths, tombs, trees, dragons, &c. ; trap-doors had been early in use ;

³³ Charles Lamb.

³⁴ So in Peele's *Old Wives Tale* :

"*Smith.* Well, masters, it seems to me you have lost your way in the wood : in consideration whereof, if you will go with Clunch to his cottage, you shall have house-room and a good fire to sit by, although we have no bedding to put you in.

All. O blessed Smith, O bountiful Clunch !

Smith. For your further entertainment, it shall be as it may be, so and so.

[*Here a dog bark.*

Hark ! this is Ball my dog, that bids you all welcome in his own language : come, take heed for stumbling on the threshold : open door, Madge, take in guest.

Enter Old Woman.

Old Wo. Welcome, Clunch, and good fellows all," &c.
 —See my second ed. of Peele's *Dramatic Works and Poems*, i. 209, 1829.

but to make a celestial personage ascend to the roof of the stage, was more than the mechanists of the theatre could always accomplish.³⁵

What a contrast between the almost total want of scenery in those days, and the splendid representations of external nature in our modern play-houses! Yet, perhaps the decline of the drama, may in a great measure be attributed to this improvement. The attention of an audience is now directed rather to the efforts of the painter than to those of the actor, who is lost amid the marvellous effects of light and shade on our gigantic stages.

From Henslowe's Memoranda, and from passages in old writers, it is manifest that the best theatrical wardrobes were of a costly kind; but the dresses were of course less elegant and appropriate at some theatres than at others. The performers of male characters occasionally wore periwigs. Female parts were played solely by boys or young men, who sometimes used vizards. The person who spoke the Prologue, and who entered immediately after the third *sounding*, was usually dressed in a black velvet cloak: an Epilogue does not appear to have been a regular appendage³⁶ to a play.

³⁵ A stage-direction at the end of Greene's *Alphonsus* is, "Exit Venus; or if you can conveniently, let a chair come down from the top of the stage, and draw her up." See my ed. of Greene's *Dramatic Works and Poems*, ii. 67.

³⁶ Mr. Collier thinks that many epilogues which were spoken have not come down to us, the printer having chosen to omit

During the performance, the clown would break forth into extemporaneous buffoonery; there was dancing and singing between the acts; and at the end of the piece was a song, or a *jiy*,—a farcical rhyming composition of considerable length, sung or said by the clown, and accompanied with dancing and playing on the pipe and tabor. A prayer for the queen, offered by the actors on their knees, concluded the whole.

The price of admission appears to have varied according to the rank and estimation of the theatres: a shilling was charged for a place in the best boxes; the entrance money to the pit and galleries was the same,—sixpence, twopence, and a penny. The performance commenced at three o'clock.³⁷ During the reign of Elizabeth, plays were acted on Sundays, as well as on other days of the week;³⁸ but during that of her successor, dramatic exhibitions on the Sabbath appear to have been tolerated only at court.

Of the immediate predecessors of Shakespeare, the following dramatists were the most distinguished,—Lyly, Peele, Greene, Kyd, Nash, Lodge, and Marlowe. The comedies of Lyly³⁹ are cold, mythological, conceited productions, presenting them, rather than give an additional leaf to the play. *Hist. of English Dram. Poet.* iii. 444.

³⁷ See Collier's *Hist. of English Dram. Poet.* iii. 377.

³⁸ In 1580, the magistrates of the city of London obtained from the Queen a prohibition against plays on the Sabbath, which seems to have continued in force but a short time.

³⁹ Nine plays by Lyly have come down to us.

occasional glimpses of a better style. In the dramas of Peele,⁴⁰ especially in *David and Bethsabe*, there is no inconsiderable portion of poetic beauty; and he must be allowed the honour of having suggested hints to Milton for the composition of *Comus*, till chance has discovered to us some common original of that lovely Masque, and of the *Old Wives Tale*. In richness of fancy Greene⁴¹ is inferior to Peele; and with the exception of his amusing comedy, *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, there is, perhaps, but little to admire in his dramatic productions: he was far happier in some of those lyric pieces, scattered through the vast variety of prose pamphlets, which he poured forth with surprising facility. The *Spanish Tragedy* of Kyd⁴² excited much contemporary applause; and long after its first appearance, it continued to be remembered from the parodies of its more ridiculous passages, in which a host of succeeding dramatists loved to indulge. Doubtless, it is full of absurdities: but though less poetical than the plays of Peele and Greene, it excels them in touches of passion and in power of thought. To the three dramatists last mentioned, Nash⁴³ was in every respect inferior: as a prose satirist he was

⁴⁰ See his five extant plays in my ed. of his *Dramatic Works and Poems*, 2 vols. 1829.

⁴¹ See his six extant plays in my ed. of his *Dramatic Works and Poems*, 2 vols. 1830.

⁴² *Jeronimo*, the *Spanish Tragedy*, and (from the French of Garnier) *Cornelia*, are the only remaining dramas of Kyd.

⁴³ Of Nash's dramatic works two have survived; *Summer's*

justly celebrated, and the pamphlets which he published during his famous controversy with Gabriel Harvey, exhibit such specimens of coarse wit and violent invective, as may, perhaps, have been equalled, but certainly have never been surpassed, in any language. Lodge, like Nash, was more distinguished in other walks of literature than in the drama: his satirical poetry is of no mean rank; and several copies of verses interspersed among his different prose tracts are picturesque and graceful. In his tragedy, entitled,⁴⁴ *The Wounds of Civil War*, I cannot see the merit which some critics have discovered; its more praise-worthy passages appear to me rather rhetorical than poetical. Marlowe⁴⁵ possessed a genius of a far higher order, an intellect far more vigorous than any of these play-wrights. In delineating character, he reaches a degree of truth, to which they make but slight approaches, and in scenes of *Faustus* and *Edward the Second*, he attains

Last Will and Testament, and *Dido*—of the latter Marlowe wrote a portion.

⁴⁴ This play, and part of *A Looking Glass for London*, written in conjunction with Greene, are the only remaining plays of Lodge.

⁴⁵ There are extant seven plays by Marlowe (one of them partly by Nash), which will be found in the reprint of his works in 3 vols. 1826. That edition, however, contains one (*Lust's Dominion*), which is certainly not his: see the last ed. of Dodsley's *Old Plays*, ii. 311.—Marlowe, Peele, Greene, and Kyd, were probably the authors of some of the early anonymous dramas which have come down to us.

to real grandeur and pathos. He too often mistakes the horrible for the sublime, and indulges in flights of splendid bombast; but perhaps such faults are to be attributed more to his desire of pleasing an audience accustomed to exaggeration both of incident and style, than to his want of taste. He was the first great improver of blank verse, to which he gave a happy variety of pause. The lines in which Drayton describes him have been often quoted :

“ Next Marlowe, bathed in the Thespian springs,
Had in him those brave translunary things
That your first poets had : his raptures were
All air and fire, which made his verses clear ;
For that fine madness still he did retain,
Which rightly should possess a poet's brain.”

To the list of dramatic poets, preceding Shakespeare, may be added the names of Chettle, Munday, and Wilson, who also continued to write, when his reputation as an author was established. Plays are still extant by the two first, containing scenes of considerable merit; but from what remains of Wilson's productions, we cannot entertain a very favourable opinion of his talents.

It was usual in those days for dramatists to alter, and make additions to, the plays of preceding writers; and that Shakespeare commenced his career as an author by adapting the works of others to the stage, and not by any original composition, there is every reason to believe: even at a later period, as most readers are aware, he oc-

casionally availed himself,—in *Lear* and *King John*, for instance—of the labours of his predecessors, awaking, by his magic touch, their dead and cold creations to breathing and passionate beauty. Among the numerous dramas, manuscript as well as printed, of which time has spared no copies, were probably several *rifacimenti* by his master hand. Two of his earliest performances in this way yet remain—*The Second and Third Parts of Henry the Sixth*, which he formed on the still surviving plays, entitled, *The First Part of the Contention of the Two Famous Houses of York and Lancaster*, and *The true Tragedy of Richard Duke of York*.

Before the end of 1592, Shakespeare had certainly been employed on such alterations. In September of that year, after a course of profligacy and debauchery, Greene expired in poverty and neglect, having devoted his last days to the writing of a pamphlet, which was published immediately on his decease by Chettle, and entitled, *A Groatsworth of Wit bought with a Million of Repentance*. At the conclusion of the tract Greene exhorts his fellow-dramatists, Marlowe, Lodge, and Peele,⁴⁶ to abandon the vain occupation of catering for the stage, and to amend their dissolute and ungodly lives; and in this interesting Address, the

⁴⁶ Though not mentioned by name, they are undoubtedly the persons alluded to. See the whole of this Address in my *Life of Greene* (p. lxxix. et seq.) prefixed to his *Dramatic Works and Poems*, 2 vols. 1830.

following remarkable passage occurs ; “ there is an *vpstart Crow beautified with our Feathers*, that with his *tygres heart, wrapt in a Players hyde* supposes hee is as well able to bombast out a Blanke verse as the best of you ; and beeing an absolute *Johannes factotum*, is, in his owne conceyt, *the onely Shakescene in a Countrey.*” (ed. 1617.) Here is a manifest allusion to Shakespeare ; and it would seem, by the expression, “ our feathers,” that he had remodelled certain pieces, in the composition of which Greene and those whom he addresses had been concerned,—very probably the two old dramas (already mentioned) on which our great poet formed *The Second and Third Parts of Henry the Sixth*, the words, “ his tyger’s heart wrapt in a player’s hide,” being a parody on the following line,

“ O tyger’s heart, wrapt in a woman’s hide,”

found both in *The true Tragedy of Richard Duke of York*, Sig. K 3, ed. n. d., and in *the Third Part of Henry the Sixth*, act i. sc. 4.

That this Address of the dying man gave offence both to Marlowe, whom it charged with atheism, and to Shakespeare, at whom it so sarcastically pointed, we learn from Chettle’s preface to his *Kind Hart’s Dream*,⁴⁷ which was also published

⁴⁷ Though Chettle does not give the names of the poets who had taken offence, there can be no doubt that he refers to Marlowe and Shakespeare. “ *In consequence, as it is pro-*

in 1592. He there informs us, that he neither is, nor desires to be, acquainted with Marlowe, and that in his capacity of editor, he had struck out from the Address in the *Groatsworth of Wit* several offensive passages concerning him. Of Shakespeare he speaks thus: "The other, whome at that time I did not so much spare, as since I wish I had, for that as I haue moderated the heate of living writers, and might haue vsde my owne discretion (especially in such a case), the author beeing dead, that I did not, I am as sory, as if the originall fault had beene my fault, because my selfe haue seene his demeanour no lesse ciuill than he exelent in the qualitie he professes: Besides, diuers of worship haue reported his vprightnes of dealing, which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writing, that approoues his art." I need scarcely observe, that this quotation bears a striking testimony to our author's moral worth.

It is most probable, that before 1592,⁴⁸ Shakespeare had made few attempts as an original dra-

table, of this expression of resentment on the part of Shakespeare, a pamphlet from the pen of Chettle, called Kind Hart's Dream, issued from the press, &c. Symmons's Life of Shakespeare, p. 18. The Doctor never could have seen the pamphlet in question: it contains no allusion to Shakespeare, except in the Preface.

⁴⁸ In the Preface mentioned above, Chettle terms Greene "the only comedian of a vulgar writer in this country;" an

matist. *Pericles*⁴⁹,—which, though the greater part of it must be assigned to some ruder playwright, has several passages that no one but Shakespeare could have written,—*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, and *The Comedy of Errors*, may be considered among his earliest pieces. To determine exactly the dates of all his dramas is impossible; but a Chronological List of them, approaching, perhaps, as near to the true order of their appearance as any hitherto made, is annexed to the present Memoir. I have excluded from that list *The First Part of Henry the Sixth*, as well as *Titus Andronicus*,⁵⁰ because both are altogether in the manner of an older school, and exhibit no traces of Shakespeare's peculiar style. *A Yorkshire Tragedy*, a drama, printed in 1608, with his name on the titlepage,

expression which, in Mr. Collier's opinion, decidedly proves that Shakespeare had acquired no reputation as an original dramatic poet in 1592. *Hist. of English Dram. Poet.* ii. 436.

⁴⁹ Some critics, among whom, I believe, was the late Mr. Gifford, have thought that Shakespeare had no share in the composition of *Pericles*. Among those who are of a different opinion, is Mr. Coleridge: in a Lecture publicly delivered in 1813, he declared that he could recognize the hand of our great poet in this drama "even to half a line."

⁵⁰ Marlowe or Kyd were most probably the authors of these pieces. Two different companies of comedians, by whom not one of Shakespeare's undoubted productions is said to have been played, were the original actors in both: see note p. xvii.

possesses, I think, a far better claim to be admitted into a collection of his works than either of the last mentioned plays. Dr. Drake has chosen to class it with what he rather hastily terms the “wretched dramas,” *Lochrine*, *Sir John Oldcastle*,⁵¹ *Lord Cromwell*, *The London Prodigal*, and *The Puritan*,—pieces, which have also been attributed to Shakespeare, but which are far inferior to *A Yorkshire Tragedy*. I by no means assert that it was the work of our author, but I am greatly mistaken if it does not contain passages worthy of his pen.⁵²

⁵¹ *Sir John Oldcastle*, we know from Henslowe’s Memoranda, was the joint production of Muuday, Drayton, Wilson, and Hathway. From internal evidence, it is certain that Shakespeare had no share in the composition of *Lochrine*, *Lord Cromwell*, *The London Prodigal*, and *The Puritan*.

⁵² *A Yorkshire Tragedy* was founded on a murder committed in 1604. It is short, and not divided into acts; and was played at the Globe, together with three other short dramas, that were represented on the same day, under the name of *All’s One*. In the second scene the Wife soliloquizes thus :

“ What will become of us ? All will away :
 My husband never ceases in expence,
 Both to consume his credit and his house ;
 And ’tis set down by heaven’s just decree,
 That riot’s child must needs be beggary.
 Are these the virtues that his youth did promise ?
 Dice and voluptuous meetings, midnight revels,
 Taking his bed with surfeits ; ill beseeeming
 The ancient honour of his house and name ?

In 1593, Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis*, and in 1594, his *Rape of Lucrece*, issued from the press, both being dedicated to Henry Wriothesly, Earl of Southampton, who on the publication of the first poem, had not attained his twentieth year. The acquaintance between Shakespeare and this amiable and accomplished nobleman, originating probably in the fondness of the latter for theatrical exhibitions,⁵⁴ appears to have

And this not all, but that which kills me most,
 When he recounts his losses and false fortunes,
 The weakness of his state so much dejected,
 Not as a man repentant, but half mad
 His fortunes cannot answer his expence,
 He sits, and sullenly locks up his arms ;
 Forgetting heaven, looks downward ; which makes him
 Appear so dreadful that he frights my heart :
 Walks heavily, as if his soul were earth ;
 Not penitent for those his sins are past,
 But vex'd his money cannot make them last :
 A fearful melancholy, ungodly sorrow !”

⁵⁴ Lord Southampton's mother, soon after the death of her husband, married Sir Thomas Heneage, treasurer of the chamber, an office, which of course, brought him into connexion with actors and dramatists, and which most probably, led to the young nobleman's acquaintance with Shakespeare. Throughout life, Southampton retained his love for the drama. Rowland Whyte tells Sir Robert Sidney, in a letter dated 1599 ; “ My lord Southampton and lord Rutland came not to the Court [at Nonesuch]. The one doth but very seldome ; they pass away the Tyme in London *merely in going to Plaies euery Day.*” *Sidney Papers*, ii. 132. In 1601, Southampton was induced to join the conspirators at Essex house ; and it is worthy of remark, that, the afternoon preceding the rebel-

ripened quickly into familiar friendship. Rowe⁵⁴ relates, that on one occasion the generous patron presented the poet with a thousand pounds, that he might be enabled to complete a purchase which he wished to make. Such excessive liberality is perhaps not inconsistent with Southampton's sincere regard for Shakespeare, and enthusiastic admiration of his genius; yet, when we consider that the sum in question was equivalent to five thousand pounds in our own day, we may be allowed to suspect that tradition has considerably magnified the gift.

But whatever might have been the extent of Southampton's bounty, to it must the rapid rise of Shakespeare's fortunes be in great measure ascribed, and not to any emoluments he could have derived from the stage either as actor or author. That in 1596, he possessed a share in the Blackfriars' Theatre, is ascertained by the very curious document now to be mentioned. It is an address from the Lord Chamberlain's players⁵⁵

lion, *the Play of the deposing Richard II.* was played before them. Southampton died at Bergen-op-Zoom, 1624, in his fifty-second year.

⁵⁴ Rowe says "he had been assured that the story was handed down by Sir William D'Avenant, who was probably very well acquainted with his [Shakespeare's] affairs." *Life of Shakespeare.*

⁵⁵ "To the right honourable the Lords of her Majesties most honourable Privie Councill.

"The humble petition of Thomas Pope, Richard Burbadge, John Hemings, Augustine Phillips, *William Shakes-*

to the Privy Council, entreating that they might be permitted to carry on the repairs of, and to continue their performances in, that house ; and it was drawn up in consequence of a petition from the inhabitants of the Liberty to the same authorities, praying that the players might not be allowed to complete their work upon the theatre, and that their farther performances in that quarter might be prevented. In the enumeration of the principal actors at the commencement of their address, the *peare*, William Kempe, William Slye, Nicholas Tooley, and others, servants to the Right Honorable the Lord Chamberlaine to her Majestie.

“ Sheweth most humbly, that your Petitioners are owners and players of the private house, or theatre, in the precinct and libertie of the Blackfriars, which hath beene for many yeares used and occupied for the playing of tragedies, comedies, histories, enterludes, and playes. That the same, by reason of its having beene so long built, hath fallen into great decay, and that besides the reparation thereof, it has beene found necessarie to make the same more convenient for the entertainment of auditories coming thereto. That to this end your Petitioners have all and eche of them put down sommes of money, according to their shares in the said theatre, and which they have justly and honestly gained by the exercise of their qualitie of stage-players ; but that certaine persons, (some of them of honour) inhabitants of the said precinct and libertie of the Blackfriars have, as your Petitioners are infourmed, besought your honourable Lordships not to permitt the said private house any longer to remaine open, but hereafter to be shut up and closed, to the manifest and great injurie of your petitioners, who have no other meanes whereby to maintain their wives and families, but by the exercise of their qualitie as they have heretofore done. Furthermore, that in the summer season, your Petitioners are

name of Shakespeare is the fifth, and from its position, we may form a conjecture as to the rank which he at that time held in the company. There is reason to believe that this counter-petition of the players was successful.

Another proof of Shakespeare's prosperity is contained in a letter, addressed to him in 1598 by Richard Quynay, of Stratford, requesting the loan of thirty pounds,⁵⁷ which in those days was no inconsiderable sum. Of the many epistles which our

able to playe at their new built house on the Bankside calde the Globe, but that in the winter they are compelled to come to the Blackfriars; and if your honorable Lordshipps give consent unto that which is prayde against your Petitioners, they will not onely, while the winter endures, loose the meanes whereby they now support them selves and their families, but be unable to practise them selves in anie playes or enterludes, when calde upon to perform for the recreation and solace of her Ma^{tie} and her honourable Court, as they have beene heretofore accustomed. The humble prayer of your Petitioners therefore is, that your honorable Lordshipps will grant permission to finish the reparations and alterations they have begun; and as your Petitioners have hitherto been well ordred in their behaviour, and just in their dealings, that your honourable Lordshipps will not inhibit them from acting in their above namde private house, in the precinct and libertie of the Blackfriars, and your Petitioners, as in dutie most bounden, will ever pray for the increasing honor and happinesse of your honorable Lordshipps."

This valuable document was first given to the public in Collier's *Hist. of English Dram. Poet.* i. 298, from a copy preserved in the State Paper Office.

⁵⁷ "Loving Contrymen, I am bolde of yo^{ur} as of a frende, craveing yo^{ur} helpe wth xxx^{lb.} upon Mr. Bushell and my

poet must have received this alone remains ; and it was undoubtedly written by the father of the Thomas Quyne, who was afterwards the husband of Shakespeare's youngest daughter. The applicant, as its style plainly shows, entertained no dread of a denial.

Though his occupation obliged him to reside security, or Mr. Mytens with me. Mr. Roswell is not come to London, as yeate, & I have especiall cawse. Yo^w shall frende me muche in helping me out of all the debcits I owe in London. I thanck god, and muche quiet to my mynde w^{ch} wolde not be indebted. I am now towards the Cowrte in hope y^r answer for the dispatche of my Buysenes. Yo^w shall nether loose creddytt nor monney by me, the Lorde wyllinge ; & nowe butt pswade yo^{ur} selfe soe as I hope & yow shall nott need to feare but with all hartie thanckfullnes I wyll holde my tyme & content yo^{wr} frend, & yf we Bargaine farther, yo^w shall be the paie m^r yo^{ur} selfe. My tyme bids me to hasten to an ende, & soe I comitt thys [to] yo^{wr} care & hope of yo^{wr} helpe. I feare I shall nott be backe this night from the Cowrte. haste. the Lorde be wth yo^w & wth us all. amen. ffrom the Bell in Carter Lane the 25 october 1593.

Yo^{wrs} in all kyndenes,

“ To my Loveing good frend Ryc. Quyne.
& contryman, M^r. W^m.

Shackespe's thees.”—Malone's *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 485.

(*Shak.* by Boswell, ii.)

The following extracts from letters, written about the same time, by Abraham Sturley, of Stratford, to Mr. Richard Quyne, then in London, also show the flourishing circumstances and the influence of Shakespeare :

“ This is one speciall remembrance, from u^r fathrs mention. It seemeth bi him that o^r countriman Mr. Shakspe's is willing to disburse some monej upon some od yardeland or other att Shottrej or neare about us. he thinketh it a very fitt

almost constantly in the metropolis, Shakespeare appears to have retained a love for his birth-place, and to have regarded it as the spot, where, having finally withdrawn from the noise of theatres, he was to pass in tranquillity the evening of his life. It has been said—and why should we discredit the tradition?—that he was in the habit of annually⁵⁶

patterne to move him to deale in the matter of o^r Tithes. Bj the instructions u can geve him theareof, & bj the frendes he can make therefore, we thinke it a faire marke for him to shoote at, & not unpossible to hitt. It obtained would advance him in deede, & would do us much good.”

“ Y^r Per of the 21 of octobr came to mj handes the laste of the same at night p^r Grenwai, w^c imported a staj of suites bj S^r E^d G^r [Edward Grevill's] advise, until &c^r. & y^t only u should follow on for tax & sub. pⁿtly and allso u^r travell & hinderance of answeare therein, bj u^r longe travell & thaffaires of the Courte: And that o^r countrima Mr. W. Shak. [Shakespeare] would p^cure us monej, w^c I will like of, as I shall heare when, & wheare, & howe, and I praj let not go that occasion, if it maj sorte to anj indifferent condicions.” Ap. to Malone's *Life of Shakespeare*, pp. 566. 569. (*Shak.* by Boswell, ii.)

⁵⁶ “ He was wont to go to his native country once a yeare.” MSS. Aubrey, *Mus. Ashmol. Oxon.* According to the same authority: “ The humour of the constable in *A Midsummer Night Dreame*, he happened to take at Crendon, in Bucks, (I think it was Midsummer night that he happened to be there), which is the road from London to Stratford; and there was living that constable, about 1642, when I came first to Oxon. Mr. Jos. Stowe is of the parish, and knew him. Ben Jonson and he did gather humours of men wher-ever they came.” Aubrey here makes a slight mistake—in- stead of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* he should have written *Much ado about Nothing*.

visiting Stratford, from which his family never removed; and we may conclude that he was present at the burial of his only son Hamnet in 1596, and at the marriage of his eldest daughter, Susanna, who, in 1607, became the wife of John Hall, a physician of eminence. The year 1597 has been assigned as the date when he bought one of the best houses in Stratford, called New Place,⁵⁶ which he repaired and improved. I am inclined, however, to believe with Mr. Collier, that this purchase was made at a somewhat later period. In 1602 he gave £320 for one hundred and seven acres of land, which he attached to this property.⁵⁷

Elizabeth was fond of the drama, and justly appreciated and encouraged the poet, who was the brightest ornament of her reign. We are told⁵⁸ that she showed him “many marks of her favour;” and that the *Merry Wives of Windsor*

⁵⁶ It was called New Place as early as 1565. See Malone’s *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 520 (*Shak.* by Boswell, ii.).

⁵⁷ It may be mentioned here, that in 1605 he purchased, for £440, the lease of a moiety of the great and small tithes of Stratford, and in 1613 a house in Blackfriars, near the Wardrobe, for £140.

⁵⁸ By Rowe—Dennis, however, was the first who gave to the public the anecdote concerning the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, in the Epistle Dedicatory to his alteration of that play, entitled, *The Comical Gallant*, 1702: “This comedy,” says he, “was written at her command, and by her direction, and she was so eager to see it acted, that she commanded it to be finished in fourteen days; and was afterwards, as tradition tells us, very well pleased at the representation.”

was written by the command of her majesty, who had been so delighted with Falstaff in the two parts of *Henry the Fourth*, that she desired to see the portly knight in the character of a lover. The most enchanting compliment ever paid by genius to royal vanity, is the allusion to the Virgin Queen in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*; and it forms a striking contrast to the gross and vulgar flattery with which other contemporary dramatists endeavoured to soothe her ear :

“ That very time I saw (but thou could'st not)
 Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
 Cupid all arm'd : a certain aim he took
 At a fair vestal, throned by the west ;
 And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
 As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts :
 But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
 Quench'd in the chaste beams of the wat'ry moon ;
 And the imperial vot'ress passed on,
 In maiden meditation, fancy free.” Act ii. sc. 2.

The *Passionate Pilgrim* appeared in 1599, with Shakespeare's name on the title-page, containing some pieces, which are known not to be his, and others, which it would be difficult to believe that he composed.

In King James, who was attached to literature in all its departments, and whose talents, as a writer, are perhaps too much undervalued, the drama found a kind and liberal patron. But a few days after his arrival in London, in 1603, he granted to “ Lawrence Fletcher, William Shakespeare, and

others," the license subjoined in the note.⁵⁹ Our poet and his associates were then at the head of the Lord Chamberlain's company, performing at the Globe in summer, and at the Blackfriars in winter; for though the former theatre only is noticed in the instrument, it has been shown (p. xxxiv.) that Shakespeare and others were employed as early as 1596 on the repairs of the Blackfriars. By virtue of this grant they ceased to be the Lord

⁵⁹ " BY THE KING.

" Right trusty and welbeloved Counsellor, we greete you well & will and commaund you, that under our privie Seale in your custody for the time being, you cause our letters to be derected to the keeper of our greate seale of England, commaunding him under our said greate Seale, he cause our letters to be made patents in forme following. James, by the grace of God, King of England, Scotland, Fraunce, and Irland, defendor of the faith, &c. To all Justices, Maiors, Sheriffs, Constables, Headboroughes, and other our officers and loving subjects greeting. Know ye, that we of our speciall grace, certaine knowledge, and meere motion have licensed & authorized, and by these presentes doe licence & authorize, these our servants, Lawrence Fletcher, William Shakespeare, Richard Burbage, Augustine Phillippes, John Hemmings, Henrie Condell, William Sly, Robert Armin, Richard Cowlye, and the rest of their associats, freely to use & exercise the arte and faculty of playing Comedies, Tragedies, Histories, Enterludes, Moralls, Pastoralls, Stage plaies, and such other like, as thei have already studied, or hereafter shall use or studie, as well for the recreation of our loving subjects, as for our solace and pleasure, when we shall thinke good to see them, during our pleasure. And the said Comedies, Tragedies, Histories, Enterludes, Moralls, Pastoralls, Stage plaies, and such like, to shew & exercise publiquely to their best commoditie, when the infection of the plague shall de-

Chamberlain's company, and were henceforth designated as the King's Players. It should be observed that the name of Shakespeare, which stood fifth in the actors' petition to the Privy Council in 1596, is here placed second; such importance had he acquired in the interval.

The good-natured James is said to have written with his own hand "an amicable letter" to our poet;⁶⁰ perhaps, as Farmer conjectures, in con-

crease, as well within their now usual howse called the Globe, within our county of Surrey, as also within anie towne halls, or mout halls, or other convenient places within the liberties & freedome of anie other citie, universitie, towne, or borough whatsoever within our said realmes and dominions. Willing and commaunding you, and every of you, as you tender our pleasure, not only to permit and suffer them heerin, without any your letts, hinderances or molestations, during our said pleasure, but also to be ayding or assisting to them yf any wrong be to them offered. And to allowe them such former courtesies, as hath bene given to men of their place and qualitie: and also what further favour you shall shew to these our servants for our sake, we shall take kindly at your hands. And these our letters shall be your sufficient warrant and discharge in this behalfe. Given under our Signet at our mannor of Grenewiche, the seavententh day of May in the first yeere of our raigne of England, France, & Ireland, & of Scotland the six & thirtieth.

Ex. per Lake."

The above document is a copy of the Privy Seal, preserved in the Chapter House, Westminster, and printed in Collier's *Hist. of English Dram. Poet.* i. 348. The Patent under the Great Seal, in Rymer's *Fædera*, bears date, two days later, from Westminster.

⁶⁰ "That most learned prince, and great patron of learning, King James the First, was pleased with his own hand to write an amicable letter to Mr. Shakespeare; which letter,

sequence of the compliment to the Stuart family in the tragedy of *Macbeth*.⁶¹

Shakespeare's place of abode in London, before 1596, has not been traced; but in that year he seems to have lived in Southwark, near the Bear-Garden, and probably, did not change his residence till he finally quitted the metropolis.⁶²

Besides the patronage of the munificent Southampton, that of the Earls of Pembroke and Mont-though now lost, remained long in the hands of Sir William D'Avenant, as a credible person, now living, can testify.' Advertisement to Lintot's ed. of *Shakespeare's Poems*. Oldys, in a MS. note on his copy of Fuller's *Worthies*, says, that "the story came from the Duke of Buckingham, [Sheffield] who had it from Sir William D'Avenant." The late Mr. Boswell (*Shakespeare*, ii. 481.) possessed, a vol. of MS. poems in a hand-writing of about the time of the restoration, in which were these lines :

SHAKESPEARE UPON THE KING.

"Crownes have their compasse, length of days their date,
Triumphes their tombs, felicity her fate;
Of more then earth cann earth make none partaker,
But knowledge makes the king most like his maker."

⁶¹ "And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass,
Which shows me many more; and *some* I see,
That two-fold balls and treble scepters carry:
Horrible sight! Now I see 'tis true;
For the blood-bolter'd *Banquo* smiles upon me,
And *points at them for his.*" Act iv. sc. 1.

⁶² "From a paper now before me, which formerly belonged to Edward Alleyn, the player, our poet [Shakespeare] appears to have lived in Southwark, near the Bear-garden, in 1596. Another curious document in my possession affords the strongest presumptive evidence that he continued to reside in Southwark to the year 1608 nor is there

gomery⁶³ appears to have been extended to Shakespeare. Of his intimacies with those in his own rank of life, we know but little. His fellow-players, Heminges, Burbage, Condell, and Phillips,⁶⁴ possessed a portion of his esteem. With Beaumont and Fletcher⁶⁵ he was on very friendly terms. That a sincere regard subsisted between him and Ben Jonson, will never again be doubted, after the masterly Memoir of the latter from Mr. Gifford's trenchant pen.⁶⁶ It is in-

any ground for supposing that he ceased to reside there, till he quitted the stage entirely; for he did not purchase the tenement in the Blackfriars, till March 10, 1612-13 (about which time he probably retired to Stratford;) and soon after he got possession of it, he appears to have made a lease of it for a term of years to one John Robinson, who is mentioned in his Will three years afterwards as the tenant in possession." Malone's *Inquiry into the Authenticity of Certain Papers, &c.* p. 215. In his *Life of Shakespeare*, which Malone did not live to complete, no mention is made of these valuable documents.

⁶³ See the Players' Dedication of the first folio, 1623; but what degree of patronage these two noblemen showed to Shakespeare we are ignorant.

⁶⁴ See the Wills of Shakespeare and Phillips.

⁶⁵ The title-page of the first edition of Fletcher's *Two Noble Kinsmen* attributes the play partly to Shakespeare; I do not think our poet had any share in its composition: but I must add, that Mr. C. Lamb (a great authority in such matters) inclines to a different opinion.

⁶⁶ It is but fair to mention that Octavius Gilchrist's *Examination of the Charges maintained by Messrs. Malone, Chalmers, and others, of Ben Jonson's enmity, &c. towards Shakespeare*, was published a few years before Mr. Gifford's ed. of Jonson's *Works*.

deed surprising, that the foul calumny of Jonson's enmity towards Shakespeare should not have met with an earlier refutation, especially as Ben's writings exhibit the most unequivocal testimonies of his affection and admiration for our poet. A warmer or more beautiful eulogy than his verses *To the Memory of MY BELOVED, the author, Mr. William Shakespeare*, was never dictated by friendship; and one of the latest of his many labours, contains these words concerning him, "*I loved the man, and do honour his memory on this side idolatry, as much as any.*"⁶⁷ The commencement of their acquaintance, according to Rowe, was this: "Mr. Jonson, who was at that time altogether unknown to the world, had offered one of his plays to the players, in order to have

⁶⁷ The entire passage concerning Shakespeare in the *Discoveries*, is too interesting to be omitted. "I remember, the players have often mentioned it as an honour to Shakespeare, that in his writing (whatsoever he penned) he never blotted out a line. My answer hath been, Would he had blotted a thousand. Which they thought a malevolent speech. I had not told posterity this, but for their ignorance, who chose that circumstance to commend their friend by, wherein he most faulted; and to justify mine own candour: for I loved the man, and do honour his memory. on this side idolatry, as much as any. He was (indeed) honest, and of an open and free nature; had an excellent phantasy, brave notions, and gentle expressions; wherein he flowed with that facility, that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped: *Sufflamandus erat*, as Augustus said of Haterius. His wit was in his own power, would the rule of it had been so too. Many times he fell into those things could not escape laugh-

it acted: and the persons into whose hands it was put, after having turned it carelessly and superciliously over, were just upon returning it to him with an ill-natured answer, that it would be of no service to their company; when Shakespeare luckily cast his eye upon it, and found something so well in it, as to engage him first to read it through; and afterwards to recommend Mr. Jonson and his writings to the public."⁶⁸ Shakespeare's commentators have chosen to suppose that the piece here alluded to was *Every Man in his Humour*, but it can be proved, that when that drama was produced, Jonson was as well known to the world as Shakespeare, and that it was performed at a theatre with which the latter had no connexion. Mr. Gifford, therefore,

ter: as when he said in the person of Cæsar, one speaking to him, 'Cæsar, thou dost me wrong.' He replied, 'Cæsar did never wrong, but with just cause,' and such like; which were ridiculous. But he redeemed his vices with his virtues. There was ever more in him to be praised than to be pardoned." *Discoveries* — Works, ed. Gifford, ix. 175. Tyrwhitt supposes, that the passage in Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar*, act iii. sc. 1.

“ Know, Cæsar doth not wrong; nor without cause
Will he be satisfied,”

stood originally,

“ Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, *but with just cause*,
Nor without cause will he be satisfied;”

and that it was afterwards altered, in consequence of Jonson's criticisms at one of the earliest representations of the play.

⁶⁸ *Life of Shakespeare.*

treats the story as "an arrant fable." I am willing, however, to believe, that the friendship of these great men originated in an act of kindness on the part of Shakespeare, and that, though the above anecdote may be in some respects erroneous, it is yet an adumbration of the truth. If this were the place for such discussions, I could show from authentic documents, that a certain ludicrous tale concerning Jonson, which Mr. Gifford rejected with scorn, is fully entitled to belief.

Private dwellings in those days did not present the accommodations and comforts which they now afford; and conviviality was confined almost entirely to taverns and ordinaries. At the Mermaid in Friday Street, Sir Walter Raleigh had instituted a club, which included among its members, Shakespeare, Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Selden, Donne, and others eminent for genius and learning. There, probably, it was, that Shakespeare and Jonson delighted their associates with those brilliant and good-humoured repartees, of which no memorial now remains, except in Fuller's honest page. "Many," says that worthy man, "were the wit-combates betwixt him and Ben Jonson, which two I behold like a Spanish great Gallion, and an English Man-of-War; Master Jonson (like the former) was built far higher in learning, solid but slow in his performances; Shakespeare with the English man of war, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about and take advantage

of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention.”⁶⁹

The *Sonnets* of Shakespeare, some of which

⁶⁹ Fuller's *Worthies*. fol. p. 126, A a a.

The following specimens of our poet's wit are poor enough.

“ Shakespeare was godfather to one of Ben Jonson's children, and after the christning being in a deepe study, Jonson came to cheere him up, and askt him why he was so melancholy? No faith, Ben (sayes he), not I, but I have been considering a great while what should be the fittest gift for me to bestow upon my God-child, and I have resolved at last; I pry'the what, sayes he? I faith, Ben, Ile e'en give him a dozen good Lattin spoones, and thou shalt translate them.”
From a Collection of *Merry Passages and Jeasts*, by L'Es-trange (Sir Roger's nephew), *Harleian MSS.* 6395.—*Latten* is a mixed kind of metal; lexicographers have variously explained its composition. It is now generally said to have been brass, which I doubt: Brathwait has the following line,

“ Of lattia silver make, and gold of brasse.”

The Honest Ghost, 1658, p. 124.

“ Verses by Ben Jonson and Shakespeare, occasioned by the motto to the Globe theatre,—

Totus mundus agit histrionem.

JONSON.

“ If, but *stage actors*, all the world displays,
Where shall we find *spectators* of their plays?

SHAKESPEARE.

“ Little, or much, of what we see, we do;
We are all both *actors* and *spectators* too.”

Poetical Characteristicks, 8vo MS. vol. I. formerly in the Harleian Library.

“ Mr. Ben Jonson and Mr. Wm. Shakespeare being merrie at a tavern, Mr. Jonson begins this for his epitaph,

Here lies Ben Jonson,
Who was once one —

had been composed as early as the year 1598,⁷⁰ were first printed in 1609. Concerning these exquisite productions I shall have more to say hereafter. A beautiful piece, called *The Lover's Complaint*, was appended to them.

Before noticing the final retirement of Shakespeare from the metropolis, let us inquire what were his merits as an actor, and what were the characters he performed. His contemporary Chettle (in a passage already quoted, p. xxix.) terms him "excellent in the qualitie he professes;" and though the Preface in which the words occur was intended to be apologetical to Shakespeare, yet

he gives it to Mr. Shakespeare to make up, who presently writte,

That, while he liv'd, was a *slow* thing,
And now, being dead, is *no-thing*."

Ashmole MSS. 38.

The letter from Peele to Marlowe, concerning Shakespeare and Jonson, which has been given in several publications, is undoubtedly a forgery: see my *Life of Peele*, p. iii. prefixed to his *Works*, sec. ed. 1829.

My friend, Mr. Collier, in his excellent *Hist. of English Dram. Poet.* iii. 276, committed a slight oversight in printing, as Shakespeare's, four lines concerning the wine at the Mitre, which he found attributed to our author in a MS. Collection of Poems: they are merely four verses of Ben Jonson's 61st Epigram, a little altered.

⁷⁰ "As the soule of Euphorbus," says Meres, "was thought to live in Pythagoras, so the sweete wittie soule of Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakespeare, witnes his Venus and Adonis, his Lucrece, his *sugred Sonnets* among his private friends, &c." . *Palladis Tamia, Wit's Treasury*, 1598, fol. 281.

Chettle would hardly have ventured to use so strong an epithet as *excellent*, unless our author's histrionic powers had been of a superior order. Aubrey, too, had been informed that he "did act exceedingly well."⁷¹ Other testimonies are somewhat at variance with these. Wright had heard that Shakespeare "was a much better poet than player:"⁷² and Rowe tells us, that soon after his admission into the company, he became distinguished, "if not as an extraordinary actor, yet as an excellent writer."⁷³ Perhaps his execution did not equal his conception of a character; but we may rest assured, that he who wrote the incomparable instructions to the player in *Hamlet*, would never offend his audience by an injudicious performance. In *Every Man in his Humour*, produced with alterations at the Blackfriars in 1598⁷⁴, and in *Sejanus*, brought out in 1603, Shakespeare had a part; but from the arrangement of the list of performers, which Jonson appended to those dramas in the folio of 1616, it is impossible to determine what were the characters he played. Rowe could only learn that "the top of his performance was the Ghost in his own *Hamlet*."⁷⁵ According to a tradition, which Malone

⁷¹ MSS. Aubrey. Mus. Ashmol. Oxon.

⁷² *Historia Histrionica*, a tract printed in 1699.

⁷³ *Life of Shakespeare*.

⁷⁴ Dr. Drake (*Shakespeare and his Times*, i. 424.) says that *Every Man in his Humour* was "first acted in 1598:" but it was played at the Rose either in 1595 or 1596.

⁷⁵ *Life of Shakespeare*.

disbelieved, but did not confute, he used to personate *Adam* in *As you Like it*.⁷⁶

It is probable that Shakespeare soon conceived a distaste for the profession of a player, and regarded himself as degraded by being

⁷⁶ “ One of Shakespeare’s younger brothers [Gilbert, probably, see p. vii.], who lived to a good old age, even some years, as I compute, after the restoration of King Charles the Second, would in his younger days come to London to visit his brother Will, as he called him, and be a spectator of him as an actor in some of his own plays. This custom, as his brother’s fame enlarged, and his dramatic entertainments grew the greatest support of our principal, if not of all our theatres, he continued, it seems, so long after his brother’s death, as even to the latter end of his own life. The curiosity at this time of the most noted actors to learn something from him of his brother, &c., they justly held him in the highest veneration. And it may be well believed, as there was besides a kinsman and descendant of the family, who was then a celebrated actor among them, [Charles Hart, see p. lviii.] this opportunity made them greedily inquisitive into every little circumstance, more especially in his dramatic character, which his brother could relate of him. But he, it seems, was so stricken in years, and possibly his memory so weakened with infirmities (which might make him the easier pass for a man of weak intellects), that he could give them but little light into their inquiries; and all that could be recollected from him of his brother Will in that station was, the faint, general, and almost lost ideas he had of having once seen him act a part in one of his own comedies, wherein being to personate a decrepit old man, he wore a long beard, and appeared so weak and drooping, and unable to walk, that he was forced to be supported and carried by another person to a table, at which he was seated among some company, who were eating, and one of them sung a song.”
Oldys’s MSS.

obliged to tread the boards. In his cxth and cxith *Sonnets* (which have evidently a personal application to the poet) he expresses a regret that he had

“made himself a motley to the view,”

and bids his friend upbraid Fortune,

“That did not better for his life provide

Than public means, which public manners breeds.”

We have seen that Shakespeare first quitted Stratford a needy and undistinguished fugitive, and we now behold him returning thither, to pass his remaining years, in possession of a competency adequate to his unambitious views of happiness, while the applause of all that was most noble and talented among his countrymen crowned his immortal labours. To the time when he finally established himself at New Place (the purchase of which has been already noticed) we cannot well assign a later date than 1613. How he occupied himself in this dignified retirement, no account has reached us; but the truth of Rowe's assertion is not to be doubted, that “his pleasurable wit and good-nature engaged him in the acquaintance, and entitled him to the friendship of the gentlemen of the neighbourhood.”* An anecdote which appears to refer to this period of the poet's life, is related by the same biographer. “It is a story almost still remembered in that country, that he had a particular intimacy with Mr. Combe, an old gentleman noted thereabouts for his wealth and usury. It

* *Life of Shakespeare.*

happened that in a pleasant conversation amongst their common friends, Mr. Combe told Shakespeare in a laughing manner, that he fancied he intended to write his epitaph, if he happened to outlive him; and since he could not know what might be said of him when he was dead, he desired it might be done immediately; upon which Shakespeare gave him these four verses:

Ten in the hundred lies here engrav'd;
'Tis a hundred to ten his soul is not sav'd;
If any man ask, Who lies in this tomb?
Ho! ho! quoth the Devil, 'tis my John-a Combe."

But the sharpness of the satire is said to have stung the man so severely, that he never forgave it."⁷⁷ The story is evidently a fabrication; we

⁷⁷ *Life of Shakespeare*.—Aubrey gives a different version of the epitaph, and says it was written after Combe's death. *MSS. Mus. Ashmol. Oxon.* In all probability Braithwaite was its author. The verses occur in a variety of shapes in our old Miscellanies. See Boswell's note on Malone's *Life of Shakespeare*, (*Shak.* ii. 500).

The next piece of trash is scarcely worth transcription. As Shakespeare was one day leaning over a mercer's door, in his native town, a drunken blacksmith with a carbuncled face accosted him thus:

"Now, Mr. Shakespeare, tell me, if you can,
The difference between a youth and a young man:"

Our poet immediately answered,

"Thou son of fire, with thy face like a maple,
The same difference as between a scalded and a coddled apple."

"This anecdote," says Malone, "was related near fifty years ago to a gentleman at Stratford, by a person then above eighty years of age, whose father might have been contemporary with Shakespeare." *Hist. Acc. of English Stage*, 133. (*Shak.* by Boswell, iii.)

find that Combe left a legacy of five pounds to Shakespeare as a mark of esteem, and that our poet bequeathed his sword to Mr. Thomas Combe, the nephew of the money-lender.

On the 10th of February, 1616, his youngest daughter, Judith, was married to Thomas Quyne, a vintner at Stratford. On the 25th of the fol-

In a MS. vol. of Poems, by Herrick and others, among Rawlinson's Collections in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, is the following

EPITAPH.

“ When God was pleas'd, the world unwilling yet,
 Elias James to nature payd his debt,
 And here repositeth : as he liv'd, he dyde ;
 The saying in him strongly verefide,—
 Such life, such death : then, the known truth to tell,
 He liv'd a godly life, and dyde as well.

WM. SHAKSPEARE.”

A monumental inscription, said to be written by our author, is preserved in a collection of Epitaphs at the end of the Visitation of Salop, taken by Sir William Dugdale in 1664, now remaining in the College of Arms, C. 35. fol. 20. Sir William thus describes a monument in Tongue church, erected in memory of Sir Thomas Stanley, Knight, who died probably about 1600: “ On the north side of the chancel stands a very statelie tombe, supported with Corinthian columnes. It hath two figures of men in armour, thereon lying, the one below the arches and columnes, and the other above them, and this epitaph upon it :

“ Thomas Stanley, Knight, second son of Edward, Earle of Derby, Lord Stanley and Strange, descended from the famielie of the Stanleys, married Margaret Vernon, one of the daughters and coheires of Sir George Vernon of Nether-Haddon, in the county of Derby, Knight, by whom he had issue two sons, Henry and Edward. Henry died an infant ;

lowing March,⁷⁸ her father made his Will “in perfect health and memory;” but his existence was drawing to a close; for he died on the 23rd of the ensuing April, the anniversary of his birth, having exactly completed his fifty-second year.

Edward survived, to whom those lordships descended: and married the lady Lucie Pereie, second daughter of the Earle of Northumberland; by her he had issue seaven daughters. She and her foure daughters, Arabella, Marie, Alice, and Priscilla, are interred under a monument in the church of Waltham, in the county of Essex. Thomas, her son, died in his infancy, and is buried in the parish church of Winwich, in the county of Lancaster. The other three, Petronilla, Frances, and Venesia, are yet living.

‘These following verses were made by William Shakespeare, the late famous tragedian :

Written upon the east end of this tombe.

“Aske who lyes here, but do not weepe;
He is not dead, he doth but sleepe.
This stony register is for his bones,
His fame is more perpetual than these stones:
And his own goodness, with himself being gone,
Shall live, when earthly monument is none.”

Written upon the west end thereof.

“Not monumental stone preserves our fame,
Nor skeye-aspiring pyramids our name.
The memory of him for whom this stands,
Shall outlive marble, and defacers’ hands.
When all to time’s consumption shall be given,
Stanley, for whom this stands, shall stand in heaven.”

This epitaph (as Malone observes) must have been composed after 1600, as Venetia Stanley, afterwards wife of Sir Kenelm Digby, was born in that year.

⁷⁸ It appears to have been drawn up on the 25th of February, though not executed till the 25th of March: see note on the Will, *Appendix ii.*

Concerning the nature of the disease which removed this mighty spirit from the earth, no record exists; even tradition is silent. His son-in-law,⁷⁸ Dr. Hall, who most probably attended him during his illness, left a note-book containing cases of various patients; but it unfortunately affords no information on the interesting subject of Shakespeare's death, none of the memoranda being dated earlier than 1617.

His body was interred on the 25th of April, on the north side of the chancel of the great church, at Stratford. On his grave-stone is this inscription:

“ Good Frend for Iesus SAKE forbear
 To digg T-E Dust EnclōAsed HERe
 Blese be T-E Man ^T/_Y spares T-Es Stones
 And curst be He ^T/_Y moves my Bones.”

A monument was subsequently erected there to his memory, at what time is not known, but certainly before 1623, as it is mentioned in the verses by Leonard Digges, prefixed to the folio of Shakespeare's Dramatic Works published in that year. It represents him⁷⁹ seated under an

⁷⁸ See p. xxxviii. he was married to Susanna Shakespeare, 5th June, 1607.

⁷⁹ The bust is as large as life, and was originally painted over in imitation of nature: the eyes were light hazel; the hair and beard auburn; the doublet, or coat, scarlet; the loose gown, or tabard, without sleeves, black; the upper part of the cushion green, the under half crimson; and the tassels gilt. Its colours were renewed in 1748; but Malone caused it to be covered over with one or more coats of white paint in 1793.

arch, with a cushion spread before him, his right hand holding a pen, his left resting on a scroll of paper. Immediately below the cushion is the following distich :

“ *Judicio Pylivm, genio⁸⁰ Socratem, arte Maronem,
Terra tegit, popvlvs mæret, Olympvs habet.*”

On a tablet underneath the cushion are these lines :

“ Stay, passenger, why goest thov so fast,
Read, if thov canst, whom envious death hath plast
Within this monument, Shakspeare ; with whome
Quick natvre dide ; whose name doth deck ys tombe
Far more than cost ; sieth all yt he hath writt
Leaves living art bvt page to serue his witt.

Obiit An^o Doi 1616. Ætatis 53. Die 23 Ap.”

The Will of Shakespeare is given in an Appendix to this Memoir. His estate was valued by Gildon at £300 a year, which was equal to at least £1000 in the present time : but Malone doubts if all his property was worth more than £200 per annum, which yet was a considerable sum in those days.

A legacy of his “second-best bed,⁸¹ with the fur-

⁸⁰ As the first syllable in “Socratem” is here made short, (doubtless from the writer’s slight knowledge of quantity) Steevens would read “Sophoclem.”

⁸¹ I shall not withhold from the reader the late Mr. Boswell’s observations on this bequest. “The total omission of his wife’s name by Shakespeare in the first draft of his will, and the very moderate legacy he afterwards inserted, has created a suspicion that his affections were estranged from her either through jealousy or some other cause. But if we may suppose that some provision had been made for her during his life-time, the bequest of his *second-best* bed was probably considered in those days neither as uncommon nor reproachful. Sir Thomas Lucy, the younger, by his will in

niture," expressed by an interlineation in his Will, was all that Shakespeare left to his wife! Having survived her illustrious husband several years, she died on the 6th of August, 1623.

The death of his only son Hamnet, (buried 11th of August, 1596,) has been before noticed.

To his eldest daughter, Susanna, and her husband, Dr. Hall, the poet bequeathed the bulk of his property. Mrs. Hall expired on the 11th of July, 1649, distinguished for her mental endowments and Christian benevolence.⁸² She left only

1600, of which I find an account among Mr. Malone's *Adversaria*, leaves to his second son, Richard, his *second-best horse*, but no land, because his father-in-law had promised to provide for him. Shakespeare's not recollecting at first to mention her name at all, will be no great subject of surprise, when we recollect the remarkable instances of forgetfulness which perpetually occur in documents of this nature. He had forgotten also at first, his fellows, Heminge, Burbage, and Condell, upon whom he certainly did not intend to fix a stigma. If he had taken offence at any part of his wife's conduct, I cannot believe that he would have taken this petty mode of expressing it." *Shak.* ii. 609.

⁸² The inscription on her tomb, preserved by Dugdale, was this :

“ Witty above her sexe, but that's not all,
 Wise to salvation was good Mistress Hall,
 Something of Shakespeare was in that, but this
 Wholy of him with whom she's now in blisse.
 Then, passenger, hast ne're a teare,
 To weep with her that wept with all :
 That wept, yet set her selfe to chere
 Them up with comforts cordiall.
 Her love shall live, her mercy spread,
 When thou hast ne're a teare to shed.”

one child, Elizabeth, who married first, Thomas Nash, a country gentleman, and afterwards Sir John Barnard, knight, of Abington, near Northampton, and deceased without offspring.

Judith, his youngest daughter, bore three sons to her husband Thomas Quayney, viz. Shakespeare, who was cut off in infancy, and Richard and Thomas, who died, the former, in his 21st, the latter in his 19th year, both unmarried; their mother was buried on the 9th of February, 1662.

Charles Hart, who at an early age fought in the battle of Edge-Hill, as lieutenant, in Prince Rupert's regiment, and afterwards became a very celebrated tragic actor, is believed to have been the grandson of Shakespeare's sister Joan, the wife of William Hart, a hatter in Stratford. An old woman,⁸³ who within the last few years obtained a subsistence by showing to strangers the house in which Shakespeare is said to have been born, used to assert that she was the sole surviving representative of the family of the Harts.

New Place, the abode of the poet's later years, had been originally built by Sir Hugh Clopton, in the reign of Henry the Seventh. On Shakespeare's death it came to Mrs. Hall, and on her

⁸³ Mary Hornby, whose maiden name was Hart. In 1820, after favouring me with some remarks on Shakespeare's dramas, she said, "I writes plays, sir:" she then told me, that she had published by subscription, a tragedy called *The Battle of Waterloo*, and showed me the MS. of another which she had composed, *The Broken Vow*, founded on a circumstance that happened to one of her relations.

decease, to her only child, Elizabeth Nash, afterwards Lady Barnard. In this mansion, while it was in the possession of Mr. and Mrs. Nash, Queen Henrietta Maria held her court for about three weeks in 1643. It had reverted to the possession of the Clopton family in 1742, when Garrick, Macklin, and Dr. Delany, were hospitably entertained under Shakespeare's mulberry-tree, by Sir Hugh Clopton. The constant tradition of Stratford declared that this celebrated tree was planted in the garden by the poet's hand;—probably in 1609, as during that year an immense number of young mulberry-trees was imported from France, and sent into different counties of England, by order of King James, with a view to the encouragement of the silk manufacture. Sir Hugh Clopton modernized the house by internal and external alterations. His son-in-law, Henry Talbot, Esq. sold New Place to the Rev. Francis Gastrell, vicar of Frodsham, in Cheshire. This wealthy and unamiable clergyman, conceiving a dislike to the mulberry-tree, because it subjected him to the importunities of travellers, whose veneration for Shakespeare induced them to visit it, caused it to be cut down and cleft into pieces for fire-wood, in 1756; the greater part of it, however, was bought by a watchmaker of Stratford, who converted every fragment into small boxes, goblets, toothpick cases, tobacco-stoppers, &c., for which he found eager purchasers. Having quarrelled with the magistrates about parochial assessments,

Mr. Gastrell razed the mansion to the ground in 1759, and quitted Stratford amidst the rage and execrations of the inhabitants.

Aubrey has informed us that Shakespeare “was a handsome, well shaped man.”⁸⁴ The bust at Stratford; the engraving by Droeshout on the title-page of the first folio of his plays; the Chandos picture (very probably painted by Burbage, the tragedian, who is known to have handled the pencil), in the possession of the Duke of Buckingham; the head by Cornelius Jansen (perhaps executed for Lord Southampton), belonging to the Duke of Somerset; and the print by Marshall prefixed to the edition of his poems in 1640; are considered the most authentic likenesses of the bard.

His contemporaries, when speaking of Shakespeare, celebrate his integrity, candour, sweetness of temper, and ready wit. We have seen⁸⁵ that Chettle, as early as 1592, noticed “his uprightness of dealing, which argues his honesty;” and that Jonson, after his death, pronounced him to have been “indeed honest, and of an open and free nature:” the latter too, in the Verses to his Memory terms him “My gentle Shakespeare.” Fuller’s allusion to his convivial sprightliness has been already quoted.⁸⁶ “He was,” says Aubrey, “verie good companie, and of a very ready, and

⁸⁴ MSS. Mus. Ashmol. Oxon.

⁸⁵ p. xxix. and p. xliv.

⁸⁶ p. xlvi.

pleasant, and smooth witt."⁸⁷ What Rowe had heard concerning his moral character and disposition accords with these testimonies.⁸⁸

⁸⁷ MSS. *Mus. Ashmol. Oxon.*

⁸⁸ Two "scandalous stories" have been related of the poet. "If tradition may be trusted, Shakespeare often baited at the Crown Inn or Tavern in Oxford, in his journey to and from London. The landlady was a woman of great beauty and sprightly wit; and her husband, Mr. John Davenant (afterwards mayor of that city), a grave, melancholy man; who, as well as his wife, used much to delight in Shakespeare's pleasant company. Their son, young Will Davenant (afterwards Sir William) was then a little school-boy in the town, of about seven or eight years old, and so fond also of Shakespeare, that whenever he heard of his arrival, he would fly from school to see him. One day an old townsman, observing the boy running homeward almost out of breath, asked him whither he was posting in that heat and hurry. He answered, to see his god-father Shakespeare. There's a good boy, said the other, but have a care that you don't take God's name in vain. This story Mr. Pope told me at the Earl of Oxford's table and he quoted Mr. Betterton the player for his authority." *Oldys's MSS.*—See also the account of Davenant from Aubrey's MSS. in Malone's *Hist. Acc. of English Stage*, p. 278, (*Shak.* by Boswell, iii.)

"March 13, 1601. Upon a tyme when Burbidge played Rich. 3, there was a citizen grewe so farre in liking with him, that before shee went from the play shee appointed him to come that night unto hir, by the name of Rich. the 3. Shakespeare, overhearing their conclusion, went before, was entertained, and at his game ere Burbidge came. Then, message being brought that Rich. the 3 was at the dore, Shakespeare caused returne to be made, that William the Conqueror was before Rich. the 3.—Shakespeare's name Willm." From a MS. Diary, the writer of which heard this story from Tooley the player.—Collier's *Hist. of English Dram. Poet.* i. 331.

The former anecdote probably had its origin in Sir William

After the volumes which they have called forth, it will not be expected that I should attempt any minute criticism on the plays of Shakespeare. Never has his excellence, as a writer for the stage, been so thoroughly understood, or so universally acknowledged, as during the nineteenth century. Now even foreign readers justly appreciate those wonderful dramas, which exhibit with perfect truth whatever is most terrible, most piteous, most romantic, or most laughable, in the scenes of many-coloured life, each nice variety of human character, each delicate shade of human feeling;—which present to us pictures, strong as realities, from the realms of spirits, and from fairy-land;—which in deep reflexion and in useful maxims yield nothing to the pages of the philosophers;—and which glow with all the poetic beauty that an exhaustless fancy could shower upon them. Nor let it be forgotten, that in all probability, our author composed those dramas without an eye to the admiration of posterity, and that, after they had served his immediate purposes, he let them drop from him with indifference, as the tree gives its blossoms to the wind. Of all the poets, born in various climes, in earlier or in later days, how many have possessed such creative minds, as entitle them to occupy with Shakespeare that highest station in “Fame’s proud temple,” to

D’Avenant’s vanity, who was willing to be thought the son of Shakespeare, even at the expense of his mother’s reputation: the latter reads very like a mere invention.

which his plays have raised him? Perhaps, three only; the ancient bard, who told the tale of Troy, the Florentine, who saw the vision of the infernal world, and he, whose "great argument" was the loss of Eden.

In various publications are to be found essays on the old English theatre, the writers of which seem desirous of impressing their readers with an idea that his dramatic contemporaries were but little inferior to the mighty poet himself. For my own part, I must be allowed to say, that a careful perusal of every existing drama of the reigns of Elizabeth and James, has thoroughly convinced me of the immeasurable superiority of Shakespeare to all the play-wrights of his time. I am not, I trust, insensible to the invention and power displayed by Fletcher, Jonson, Ford, Webster, Massinger, Dekker, Tourneur, Heywood, Chapman, Middleton, and the rest of that illustrious brotherhood; but I feel that over the worst of Shakespeare's dramas, his genius has diffused a peculiar charm, of which *their* best productions are entirely destitute; and to insinuate that any of his contemporaries ever produced a play worthy of being ranked with his happiest efforts,—with *Othello* for instance, *Macbeth*, *Lear*, or *Hamlet*,—seems to me an absurdity almost unpardonable in any critic.⁸⁹

⁸⁹ Weber in the Introduction to his edition of Beaumont and Fletcher's *Works*, expressly tells us, that *Philaster* "pos-

Though *Venus and Adonis*, *The Rape of Lucrece*, and the *Sonnets* of Shakespeare have been cast into the shade by his dramas, and are familiar to few readers, they nevertheless deserve to be numbered among the finest compositions of the golden age of our literature.

Both *Venus and Adonis*, and *The Rape of Lucrece*, abound in elaborate descriptions, as vivid as language has ever conveyed, in striking thoughts, expressed with uncommon terseness, and in similes of perfect originality; while both, in accordance with the taste of the period at which they were written, are occasionally soiled by quaintness and conceit. It is to be regretted, that, for the sake of affording a contrast to the coldness of *Adonis*, Shakespeare should have so over-painted the passion of the Goddess, as to render several portions of the former production equally offensive to decency and good taste. The "first heir of his invention," (as he terms *Venus and Adonis*) appears to me, however, more full of the ethereal spirit of poesy than *The Rape of Lucrece*; though it wants the pathos, the energy, and the moral grandeur, of that painful tale.

In order to show what progress had been made by Englishmen in the cultivation of the Sonnet, before it engaged the pen of Shakespeare, I shall now proceed to extract some pieces from different
sesses excellencies little inferior" to those of *Macbeth* and *Lear*, p. xiv.

writers, who had attempted it anterior to the year 1609.⁷²

Among the *Songes and Sonnettes*, 1557, of Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, is this pleasing *Description of Spring, wherein each thing renews, save only the Lover*:

“ The soote⁷³ season, that bud and bloom forth brings,
 With green hath clad the hill, and eke the vale ;
 The nightingale with feathers new she sings ;
 The turtle to her make⁷⁴ hath told her tale.
 Summer is come, for every spray now springs ;
 The hart hath hung his old head on the pale ;
 The buck in brake his winter coat he flings ;
 The fishes flete with new repaired scale ;
 The adder all her slough away she flings ;
 The swift swallow pursueth the flies smale ;
 The busy bee her honey now she mings ;⁷⁵
 Winter is worn that was the flowers' bale.
 And thus I see, among these pleasant things,
 Each care decays, and yet my sorrow springs ! ”

It is well known that Steevens pronounced Thomas Watson to be “ a more elegant Sonnetteer than Shakespeare : ” the following effusion (which is a fair specimen of Watson's talents) from the *EKATOMIAΘIA, or Passionate Centurie of Love*, printed without date, but entered on the Stationers' Books, 1581, will show how preposterous was the decision of the commentator ; who, after all, perhaps, did not declare his

⁷² It has been already mentioned that though Shakespeare's Sonnets were not published till 1609, some of them were written as early as 1598 : see p. xlvi.

⁷³ Sweet.

⁷⁴ Mate.

⁷⁵ Mingles.

real opinion on the subject, as sincerity was not among his virtues :

“ When May is in his prime, and youthful Spring ⁷⁶
 Doth clothe the tree with leaves, and ground with flowers,
 And time of year reviveth every thing,
 And lovely nature smiles, and nothing lours ;
 Then Philomela most doth strain her breast,
 With night-complaints, and sits in little rest.
 The bird’s estate I may compare with mine,
 To whom fond love doth work such wrongs by day,
 That in the night my heart must needs repine,
 And storm with sighs, to ease me as I may,
 Whilst others are becalm’d, or lie them still,
 Or sail secure, with tide and wind at will.
 And as all those which hear this bird complain,
 Conceive in all her tunes a sweet delight,
 Without remorse, or pitying her pain ;
 So she, for whom I wail both day and night,
 Doth sport herself in hearing my complaint :
 A just reward for serving such a saint !”

A Vision upon this concept of the Faery Queen, attributed to Sir Walter Raleigh, is appended to the three first books of Spenser’s great poem, which were printed in 1590 :

“ Methought I saw the grave where Laura lay,
 Within that temple where the vestal flame
 Was wont to burn ; and passing by that way,
 To see that buried dust of living fame,
 Whose tomb fair Love and fairer Virtue kept ;
 All suddenly I saw the Faery Queen :

⁷⁶ Watson’s Sonnets all consist of eighteen, instead of fourteen, lines.

At whose approach the soul of Petrarch wept,
 And from thenceforth those Graces were not seen ;
 For they this Queen attended ; in whose stead
 Oblivion laid him down on Laura's hearse :
 Hereat the hardest stones were seen to bleed,
 And groans of buried ghosts the heavens did pierce,
 Where Homer's sprite did tremble all for grief,
 And curs'd th' access of that celestial thief."

Sir Philip Sidney, who died in 1586, was the wonder of his own age, and his laurels as a warrior and a poet are yet unwithered. One of the best portions of his *Astrophel and Stella*, which was not published till 1591, is this :

" With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the skies,
 How silently, and with how wan a face !
 What, may it be, that even in heavenly place
 That busy archer his sharp arrows tries ?
 Sure, if that long with love acquainted eyes
 Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case ;
 I read it in thy looks ; thy languish'd grace,
 To me that feel the like, thy state describes.
 Then even of fellowship, O Moon, tell me,
 Is constant love deem'd there but want of wit ?
 Are beauties there as proud as here they be ?
 Do they above love to be lov'd, and yet
 Those lovers scorn whom that love doth possess ?
 Do they call virtue there ungratefulness ? "

The two next pieces are from the *Delia* of Samuel Daniel, 1592, a writer remarkable for propriety of thought, and purity of diction, though his peculiar beauties are, I think, less conspicuous in his Sonnets than in his other works :

" I once may see when years shall wreck my wrong,

When golden hairs shall change to silver wire,
 And those bright rays that kindle all this fire,
 Shall fail in force, their working not so strong.
 Then beauty (now the burden of my song)
 Whose glorious blaze the world doth so admire,
 Must yield up all to tyrant time's desire ;
 Then fade those flowers which deck'd her pride so long.
 When if she grieve to gaze her in her glass,
 Which then presents her winter-wither'd hue,
 Go you, my verse, go tell her what she was ;
 For what she was, she best shall find in you :
 Your fiery heat lets not her glory pass,
 But Phœnix-like shall make her live anew."

" Look, Delia, how we 'steem the half-blown rose,
 The image of thy blush and summer's honour ;
 Whilst in her tender green she doth inclose
 That pure sweet beauty, time bestows upon her.
 No sooner spreads her glory in the air,
 But straight her full-blown pride is in declining ;
 She then is scorn'd, that late adorn'd the fair ;
 So clouds thy beauty after fairest shining.
 No April can revive thy wither'd flowers,
 Whose blooming grace adorns thy glory now ;
 Swift speedy time, feather'd with flying hours,
 Dissolves the beauty of the fairest brow.
 O, let not then such riches waste in vain,
 But love, whilst that thou may'st be lov'd again."

From the *Idea* of Michael Drayton, 1593 : 77

" Clear Anker, on whose silver-sanded shore,
 My soul-shrin'd saint, my fair Idea, lies,
 O blessed brook, whose milk-white swans adore
 Thy crystal stream refined by her eyes,

⁷⁷ Not having had an opportunity of seeing this sonnet in the original edition, I have some doubts about the correctness of the date, 1593; but vide Ritson's *Bib. Poet.* p. 191.

Where sweet myrrh-breathing Zephyr in the spring
 Gently distills his nectar-dropping showers,
 Where nightingales in Arden sit and sing
 Amongst the dainty dew-impearled flowers ;
 Say thus, fair brook, when thou shalt see thy queen ;
 Lo, here thy shepherd spent his wandering years ;
 And in these shades, dear nymph, he oft had been,
 And here to thee he sacrific'd his tears :
 Fair Arden, thou my Tempe art alone,
 And thou, sweet Anker, art my Helicon."

Henry Constable appears to have been strangely overrated by his contemporaries ; in his miserably quaint and conceited *Diana*, 1594, I can find nothing better than what follows :

" To live in hell, and heaven to behold,
 To welcome life, and die a living death,
 To sweat with heat, and yet be freezing cold,
 To grasp at stars, and lie the earth beneath,
 To tread a maze that never shall have end,
 To burn in sighs, and starve in daily tears,
 To clime a hill, and never to descend,
 Giants to kill, and quake at childish fears,
 To pine for food, and watch th' Hesperian tree,
 To thirst for drink, and nectar still to draw,
 To live accurst, whom men hold blest to be,
 And weep those wrongs, which never creature saw ;
 If this be love, if love in these be founded,
 My heart is love, for these in it are grounded."

From *Sonnets to the fairest Cælia*, by W. Percy, 1594 :

" Receive these writs, my sweet and dearest friend,
 The lively patterns of my lifeless body ;
 Where thou shalt find in ebon pictures penn'd,
 How I was meek, but thou extremely bloody.
 I'll walk forlorn along the willow shades,

Alone, complaining of a ruthless dame ;
 Where'er I pass, the rocks, the hills, the glades,
 In piteous yells shall sound her cruel name.
 There I will wail the lot which fortune sent me,
 And make my moans unto the savage ears ;
 The remnant of the days which Nature lent me,
 I'll spend them all, conceal'd, in ceaseless tears.
 Since unkind fates permit me not t' enjoy her,
 No more (burst eyes!) I mean for to annoy her."

From Barnaby Barnes's *Divine Centurie of Spiritual Sonnets*, 1595 ;

" Unto my spirit lend an angel's wing,
 By which it might mount to that place of rest,
 Where Paradise may me relieve, oppress.
 Lend to my tongue an angel's voice to sing ;
 Thy praise, my comfort ; and for ever bring
 My notes thereof from the bright east to west.
 Thy mercy lend unto my soul distrest,
 Thy grace unto my wits : then shall the sling
 Of righteousness that monster Sathan kill,
 Who with despair my dear salvation dar'd ;
 And, like the Philistine, stood breathing still
 Proud threats against my soul, for heaven prepar'd.
 At length, I like an angel shall appear,
 In spotless white, an angel's crown to wear."

Let us now turn to one of Spenser's *Amoretti* or *Sonnets*, 1595, which are not the most perfect of his minor poems ;

" Like as the culver, on the bared bough,
 Sits mourning for the absence of her mate,
 And in her songs sends many a wishful vow
 For his return, that seems to linger late :
 So I alone, now left disconsolate,
 Mourn to myself the absence of my love ;

And, wandering here and there all desolate,
 Seek with my plaints to match that mournful dove.
 Ne joy of ought that under heaven doth hove,
 Can comfort me, but her own joyous sight :
 Whose sweet aspect both God and man can move,
 In her unspotted pleasance to delight.
 Dark is my day whiles her fair light I miss,
 And dead my life, that wants such lively bliss."

Richard Barnefeilde enjoyed great popularity during his time.* The following lines are from his *Cynthia, With Certaine Sonnets*, 1595: better specimens of his talent as a Sonneteer might have been given, but for reasons which may be gathered from the note at p. lxxiv I did not choose to exhibit them :

" It is reported of fair Thetis' son,
 Achilles, famous for his chivalry,
 His noble mind, and magnanimity,
 That when the Trojan wars were new begun,
 Whos'ever was deep-wounded with his spear,
 Could never be recured of his maim,
 Nor ever after be made whole again,
 Except with that spear's rust he holpen were :
 Even so it fareth with my fortune now,
 Who being wounded with her piercing eye,
 Must either thereby find a remedy,
 Or else to be reliev'd I know not how.
 Then, if thou hast a mind still to annoy me,
 Kill me with kisses, if thou wilt destroy me."

From the *Chloris* of William Smith, 1596 ;

" My love, I cannot thy rare beauties place
 Under those forms which many writers use.
 Some, like to stones compare their mistress' face,

* See p. 262 of Shakespeare's Poems.

Some in the name of flowers do love abuse ;
 Some make their love a goldsmith's shop to be,
 Where orient pearls and precious stones abound :
 In my conceit these far do disagree,
 The perfect praise of beauty forth to sound.
 O Chloris, thou dost imitate thyself !
 Self-imitating passeth precious stones ;
 For all the Eastern-Indian golden pelf,
 Thy red and white with purest fair attones.
 Matchless for beauty Nature hath thee fram'd,
 Only unkind and cruel thou art nam'd."

What follows is from *Diella, Certaine Sonnets, adioyned to the amorous Poeme of Dom Diego and Gineura, by R. L. Gentleman, 1596* :

" When Love had first besieg'd my heart's strong wall,
 Rampir'd and countermur'd with chastity,
 And had with ordnance made his tops to fall,
 Stooping their glory to his surquedry ;
 I call'd a parley, and withal did crave
 Some composition, or some friendly peace :
 To this request he his consent soon gave,
 As seeming glad such cruel wars should cease.
 I, nought mistrusting, open'd all the gates,
 Yea, lodg'd him in the palace of my heart ;
 When lo ! in dead of night he seeks his mates,
 And shows each traitor how to play his part ;
 With that they fir'd my heart, and thence 'gan fly,
 Their names, sweet smiles, fair face, and piercing eye."

From the *Fidessa* of R. Griffin, 1596 :

" Care-charmer sleep, sweet ease in restless misery,
 The captive's liberty, and his freedom's song,
 Balm of the bruised heart, man's chief felicity,
 Brother of quiet death, when life is too too long ;
 A comedy it is, and now an history,
 What is not sleep unto the feeble mind ?

It easeth him that toils, and him that's sorry,
 It makes the deaf to hear, to see the blind.
 Ungentle sleep, thou helpest all but me,
 For, when I sleep, my soul is vexed most :
 It is Fidessa that doth master thee,
 If she approach, alas, thy power is lost !
 But here she is—see, how he runs amain ;
 I fear at night he will not come again."

From the *Aurora*, of William Alexander, Earl of Sterline, 1604.

" I swear, Aurora, by thy starry eyes,
 And by those golden locks whose lock none slips,
 And by the coral of thy rosy lips,
 And by the naked snows which beauty dyes ;
 I swear by all the jewels of thy mind,
 Whose like yet never worldly treasure bought,
 Thy solid judgment and thy generous thought,
 Which in this darken'd age have clearly shin'd ;
 I swear by those, and by my spotless love,
 And by my secret, yet most fervent fires,
 That I have never nurst but chaste desires,
 And such as modesty might well approve.
 Then, since I love those virtuous parts in thee,
 Should'st thou not love this virtuous mind in me ?"

The greater portion of Shakespeare's *Sonnets* is addressed to a male object ; and the kind of exaggerated friendship which some of them profess, can only surprise a reader who is unacquainted with the manners of those days. It was then not uncommon for one man to write verses to another in a strain of such tender affection, as fully warrants our terming them *amatory* ;⁷⁸

⁷⁸ " Abraham Fraunce," says Warton, " in 1591 translated Virgil's ALEXIS into English hexameters, verse for verse, which he calls *The lamentation of Corydon for the love of Alexis*.

and even in the epistolary correspondence between two grave and elderly gentlemen, friendship used frequently to borrow the language of love.

Who was the object in question, the commentators of Shakespeare have unsuccessfully laboured to discover: of their various conjectures on this point, I shall only mention two; the one remarkable for its ingenuity, the other for its ab-

It must be owned, that the selection of this particular Eclogue from all the ten for an English version, is somewhat extraordinary. But in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, I could point out whole sets of sonnets written with this sort of attachment, for which, perhaps, it will be but an inadequate apology, that they are free from direct impurity of expression and open immodesty of sentiment. Such at least is our observance of external propriety, and so strong the principles of a general decorum, that a writer of the present age who was to print love-verses in this style, would be severely reproached, and universally proscribed. I will instance only in the AFFECTIONATE SHEPHERD of Richard Barnefelde, printed in 1595. There, through the course of twenty sonnets, not inelegant, and which were exceedingly popular, the poet bewails his unsuccessful love for a beautiful youth, by the name of Ganimedè, in a strain of the most tender passion, yet with professions of the chastest affection. Many descriptions and incidents which have a like complexion, may be found in the futile novels of Lodge and Lilly." *Hist. of English Poetry*, iii. 405.

In an address "To the courteous Gentlemen Readers" prefixed to Barnefelde's *Cynthia, with Certaine Sonnets, &c.* 1595, he speaks thus of his former production, noticed in the preceding remarks of Warton: "Some there were that did interpret the *Affectionate Shepherd*, otherwise then (in truth) I meant, touching the subject thereof, to wit, the love of a Shepherd to a boy; a fault, the which I will not excuse, because I never made. Only this, I will unshadow

surdity. Tyrwhitt, putting together the initials w. H. in the Dedication to the *Sonnets*, and the following line of the xxth *Sonnet*, given thus in the original edition,

“ A man in *hew* all *Hews* in his controlling”

imagined that the mysterious personage was a W. Hughes; while George Chalmers, as if to show that there are no bounds to the folly of a critic, maintained that Queen Elizabeth was typified by the poet's masculine friend!

Perhaps, after all, what Lord Byron says of Junius, is true concerning the object to whom the *Sonnets* are principally addressed;

“ I've an hypothesis,—'tis quite my own,

'Tis, that what Junius we are wont to call,

Was really, truly, nobody at all;”

my conceit: being nothing else but an imitation of Virgill in the second Eglogue of Alexis.” I may add, that at a considerably later period, Phineas Fletcher (one of the purest of poetical spirits) in his first *Piscatory Eclogue*, introduces Thelgon lamenting the inconstancy of Amyntas; and that in a short copy of verses “ To Master W. C.” by the same writer, is the following stanza:

“ Return now, Willy; now at length return thee:

Here thou and I, under the sprouting vine,

By yellow Chame, where no hot ray shall burn thee,

Will sit, and sing among the Muses nine;

And safely cover'd from the scalding shine,

We'l read that Mantuan shepherds sweet complaining,

Whom fair Alexis griev'd with his unjust disdain'g.”

See his *Piscatorie Eclogs, and other Poeticall Miscellanies*, (appended to *The Purple Island*,) 1633, p. 1, and p. 60.

perhaps, Shakespeare's "lovely youth" was merely the creature of imagination, and had no more existence than those fair ones, whom various writers have so perseveringly wooed in verse.⁷⁹ I have long felt convinced, after repeated perusals of the *Sonnets*, that the greater number of them was composed in an assumed character, on different subjects, and at different times, for the amusement, and probably at the suggestion, of the author's intimate associates.⁸⁰ While, therefore, I contend that allusions scattered through these pieces should not be hastily referred to the personal circumstances of Shakespeare, I am willing to grant that one or two *Sonnets* have an individual application to the poet, as for instance, the cxth and the cxith, in which he expresses his sense of the degradation that accompanies the profession of the stage. Augustus Schlegel is of opinion, that sufficient use has not been made of them, as important materials for Shakespeare's biography; but, even if we regard them all as transcripts of his genuine feelings, what a feeble

⁷⁹ "Dost thou think the poets, who every one of 'em celebrate the praises of some lady or other, had all real mistresses?...No, no, never think it; for I dare assure thee, the greatest part of 'em were nothing but the mere imaginations of the poets, for a ground-work to exercise their wits upon, and give to the world occasion to look on the authors as men of an amorous and gallant disposition." *Don Quixote* (translated by several hands) i. 225. ed. 1749.

⁸⁰ Meres calls them "his sugred Sonnets among his private friends:" see p. xlviiii.

and uncertain light would they throw on the history of his life!

About the excellence of these *Sonnets*, slightly disfigured as they are by conceits and quibbles,⁸¹ there can be no dispute. Next to the dramas of Shakespeare, they are by far the most valuable of his works. They contain such a quantity of profound thought as must astonish every reflecting reader; they are adorned by splendid and delicate imagery; they are sublime, pathetic, tender, or sweetly playful; while they delight the ear by their fluency, and their varied harmonies of rhythm. Our language can boast no sonnets altogether worthy of being placed by the side of Shakespeare's, except the few which Milton⁸² poured forth,—so severe, and so majestic.

Among the minor poems in the present volume, *A Lover's Complaint* stands pre-eminent in beauty. We recognize but little of Shakespeare's genius in The Miscellany entitled *The Passionate Pilgrim*: it appears to have been given to the press without his consent, or even his knowledge; and how much of it proceeded from his pen, cannot be distinctly ascertained.

⁸¹ What Robert Gould, in *The Play House, A Satire*, (*Works* ii. 245. ed. 1709), says of our author's dramas, applies also to his poems;

“And Shakespeare play'd with words, to please a quibbling age.”

⁸² The English Sonnets that approach nearest in merit to Shakespeare's and Milton's, are undoubtedly those by the living ornament of our poetic literature, Wordsworth.

APPENDIX I.

CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.¹

Pericles	1590
Second Part of Henry VI.	1591
Third Part of Henry VI.	1591
Two Gentlemen of Verona	1591
Comedy of Errors	1592
Love's Labour's Lost.	1592
Richard II.	1593
Richard III.	1593
Midsummer Night's Dream	1594
Taming of the Shrew	1596
Romeo and Juliet.	1596
Merchant of Venice	1597
First Part of Henry IV.	1597
Second Part of Henry IV.	1598
King John.	1598
All's Well that Ends Well	1598
Henry V.	1599
As you like It	1599
Much Ado about Nothing	1600
Hamlet	1600
Merry Wives of Windsor	1601
Twelfth Night ²	1601

¹ See p. xxx.

² See Collier's *Hist. of English Dram. Poet.* i. 327.

Troilus and Cressida.....	1602
Henry VIII.	1603
Measure for Measure	1603
Othello ³	1604
King Lear	1605
Macbeth	1606
Julius Cæsar.....	1607
Antony and Cleopatra	1608
Cymbeline.....	1609
Coriolanus.....	1610
Timon of Athens	1610
Winter's Tale	1611
Tempest.....	1612

³ I agree with Malone in thinking that the passage of *Othello* (act iii. sc. iv.),

“the hearts of old gave hands,
But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts,”

does not contain the slightest allusion to the institution of the order of Baronets in 1611: see his *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 402. (*Shak.* by Boswell, ii.)

APPENDIX II.

SHAKESPEARE'S WILL,

FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE OFFICE OF THE PREROGATIVE
COURT OF CANTERBURY.

Vicesimo quinto die Martii,¹ Anno Regni Domini nostri Jacobi nunc Regis Angliæ, &c. decimo quarto, et Scotiæ quadragesimo nono. Anno Domini 1616.

In the name of God, Amen. I William Shakspeare of Stratford-upon-Avon, in the county of Warwick, gent. in perfect health and memory, (God be praised!) do make and ordain this my last will and testament in manner and form following; that is to say:

First, I commend my soul into the hands of God my creator, hoping, and assuredly believing, through the only merits of Jesus Christ my Saviour, to be made partaker of life everlasting; and my body to the earth whereof it is made.

Item, I give and bequeath unto my daughter Judith, one hundred and fifty pounds of lawful

¹ Our poet's will appears to have been drawn up in February, though not executed till the following month; for *February* was first written, and afterwards struck out, and *March* written over it. MALONE.

English money, to be paid unto her in manner and form following; that is to say, one hundred pounds in discharge of her marriage portion within one year after my decease, with consideration after the rate of two shillings in the pound for so long time as the same shall be unpaid unto her after my decease; and the fifty pounds residue thereof, upon her surrendering of, or giving of such sufficient security as the overseers of this my will shall like of, to surrender or grant, all her estate and right that shall descend or come unto her after my decease, or that she now hath, of, in, or to, one copyhold tenement, with the appurtenances, lying and being in Stratford-upon-Avon aforesaid, in the said county of Warwick, being parcel or holden of the manor of Rowington, unto my daughter Susannah Hall, and her heirs for ever.

Item, I give and bequeath unto my said daughter Judith one hundred and fifty pounds more, if she, or any issue of her body, be living at the end of three years next ensuing the day of the date of this my will, during which time my executors to pay her consideration from my decease according to the rate aforesaid: and if she die within the said term without issue of her body, then my will is, and I do give and bequeath one hundred pounds thereof to my niece² Elizabeth Hall, and the fifty

² — to my niece —] Elizabeth Hall was our poet's granddaughter. So, in *Othello*, Act 1. sc. i. Iago says to

pounds to be set forth by my executors during the life of my sister Joan Hart, and the use and profit thereof coming, shall be paid to my said sister Joan, and after her decease the said fifty pounds shall remain amongst the children of my said sister, equally to be divided amongst them ; but if my said daughter Judith be living at the end of the said three years, or any issue of her body, then my will is, and so I devise and bequeath the said hundred and fifty pounds to be set out by my executors and overseers for the best benefit of her and her issue, and the stock not to be paid unto her so long as she shall be married and covert baron ; but my will is, that she shall have the consideration yearly paid unto her during her life, and after her decease the said stock and consideration to be paid to her children, if she have any, and if not, to her executors or assigns, she living the said term after my decease : provided that if such husband as she shall at the end of the said three years be married unto, or at any [time] after, do sufficiently assure unto her, and the issue of her body, lands answerable to the portion by this my will given unto her, and to be adjudged so by my executors and overseers, then my will is, that the said hundred and fifty pounds shall be paid to such husband as shall make such assurance, to his own use.

Brabantio, “ You’ll have your *nephews* neigh to you ;” meaning his grand-children. MALONE.

Item, I give and bequeath unto my said sister Joan twenty pounds, and all my wearing apparel, to be paid and delivered within one year after my decease; and I do will and devise unto her the house, with the appurtenances, in Stratford, wherein she dwelleth, for her natural life, under the yearly rent of twelve-pence.

Item, I give and bequeath unto her three sons, William Hart, —— Hart,³ and Michael Hart, five pounds apiece, to be paid within one year after my decease.

Item, I give and bequeath unto the said Elizabeth Hall all my plate, (except my broad silver and gilt bowl,)⁴ that I now have at the date of this my will.

Item, I give and bequeath unto the poor of Stratford aforesaid ten pounds; to Mr. Thomas Combe⁵ my sword; to Thomas Russel, esq. five

³ —— *Hart*,] It is singular that neither Shakspeare nor any of his family should have recollected the christian name of his nephew, who was born at Stratford but eleven years before the making of his will. His christian name was *Thomas*; and he was baptized in that town, July 24, 1605.

MALONE.

⁴ —— *except my broad silver and gilt bowl*,] This bowl, as we afterwards find, our poet bequeathed to his daughter Judith. Instead of *bowl*, Mr. Theobald, and all the subsequent editors, have here printed *boxes*. MALONE.

⁵ —— *Mr. Thomas Combe*] This gentleman was baptized at Stratford, Feb. 9, 1588-9, so that he was twenty-seven years old at the time of Shakspeare's death. He died at Stratford in July 1657, aged 68; and his elder brother William died at the same place, Jan. 30, 1666-7, aged 80.

pounds; and to Francis Collins⁶ of the borough of Warwick, in the county of Warwick, gent thirteen pounds six shillings and eight-pence, to be paid within one year after my decease.

Item, I give and bequeath to Hamlet [*Hamnet*] Sadler⁷ twenty-six shillings eight-pence, to buy him a ring; to William Reynolds, gent. twenty-six shillings eight-pence, to buy him a ring; to my godson William Walker,⁸ twenty shillings in

Mr. Thomas Combe by his will made June 20, 1656, directed his executors to convert all his personal property into money, and to lay it out in the purchase of lands, to be settled on William Combe, the eldest son of John Combe of Allchurch in the county of Worcester, Gent. and his heirs male; remainder to his two brothers successively. Where, therefore, our poet's sword has wandered, I have not been able to discover. I have taken the trouble to ascertain the ages of Shakspeare's friends and relations, and the time of their deaths, because we are thus enabled to judge how far the traditions concerning him which were communicated to Mr. Rowe in the beginning of this century, are worthy of credit. MALONE.

⁶ — to *Francis Collins* —] This gentleman was, I believe, christened at Warwick. He died the year after our poet, and was buried at Stratford, Sept. 27, 1617, on which day he died. MALONE.

⁷ — to *Hamnet Sadler* —] This gentleman was godfather to Shakspeare's only son, who was called after him. Mr. Sadler, I believe, was born about the year 1550, and died at Stratford-upon-Avon, where he was buried, October 26, 1624. His wife, Judith Sadler, who was godmother to Shakspeare's youngest daughter, was buried there, March 23, 1613-14. Our poet probably was godfather to their son William, who was baptized at Stratford, Feb. 5, 1597-8.

MALONE.

⁸ — to my godson, *William Walker*,] This godson of

gold; to Anthony Nash,⁹ gent. twenty-six shillings eight-pence; and to Mr. John Nash,¹⁰ twenty-six shillings eight-pence; and to my fellows, John Hemynge, Richard Burbage, and Henry Cundell,¹¹ twenty-six shillings eight-pence apiece, to buy them rings.

Item, I give, will, bequeath, and devise, unto my daughter Susanna Hall, for better enabling of her to perform this my will, and towards the performance thereof, all that capital messuage or tenement, with the appurtenances, in Stratford aforesaid, called The New Place, wherein I now dwell, and two messuages or tenements, with the appurtenances, situate, lying, and being in Henley-street, within the borough of Stratford aforesaid; and all my barns, stables, orchards, gardens, lauds, tenements, and hereditaments what-

our author was the son of Mr. Henry Walker, who was elected an Alderman of Stratford, January 3, 1605-6. William was baptized at Stratford, Oct. 16, 1608. I mention this circumstance, because it ascertains that our author was at his native town in the autumn of that year. Mr. William Walker was buried at Stratford, March, 1679-80. MALONE.

⁹ — to Anthony Nash,] He was father of Mr. Thomas Nash, who married our poet's granddaughter, Elizabeth Hall. He lived, I believe, at Welcombe, where his estate lay; and was buried at Stratford, Nov. 18, 1622. MALONE.

¹⁰ — to Mr. John Nash,] This gentleman died at Stratford, and was buried there, Nov. 10, 1623. MALONE.

¹¹ — to my fellows, John Hemynge, Richard Burbage, and Henry Cundell,] These our poet's fellows did not very long survive him. Burbage died in March, 1619; Cundell in December, 1627; and Hemynge in October, 1630.

MALONE.

soever, situate, lying, and being, or to be had, received, perceived,¹² or taken, within the towns, hamlets, villages, fields, and grounds of Stratford-upon-Avon, Old Stratford, Bishopton, and Welcombe,¹³ or in any of them, in the said county of Warwick; and also all that messuage or tenement, with the appurtenances, wherein one John Robinson dwelleth, situate, lying, and being, in the Blackfriars in London near the Wardrobe;¹⁴ and

¹² — *received, perceived,*] Instead of these words, we have hitherto had in all the printed copies of this will, *reserved, preserved.* MALONE.

¹³ — *old Stratford, Bishopton, and Welcombe,*] The lands of Old Stratford, Bishopton, and Welcombe, here devised, were in Shakspeare's time a continuation of one large field, all in the parish of Stratford. Bishopton is two miles from Stratford, and Welcombe one. For *Bishopton*, Mr. Theobald erroneously printed *Bushaxton*, and the error has been continued in all the subsequent editions. The word in Shakspeare's original will is spelt *Bushopton*, the vulgar pronunciation of Bishopton.

I searched the Indexes in the Rolls chapel from the year 1589 to 1616, with the hope of finding an enrolment of the purchase-deed of the estate here devised by our poet, and of ascertaining its extent and value; but it was not enrolled during that period, nor could I find any inquisition taken after his death, by which its value might have been ascertained. I suppose it was conveyed by the former owner to Shakspeare, not by bargain and sale, but by a deed of feoffment, which it was not necessary to enrol. MALONE.

¹⁴ — *that messuage or tenement—in the Blackfriars in London near the Wardrobe;*] [See p. xxxviii. n. 57.] By the *Wardrobe* is meant the King's Great Wardrobe, a royal house, near Puddle Wharf, purchased by King Edward the Third from Sir John Beauchamp, who built it. King Richard III.

all other my lands, tenements, and hereditaments whatsoever; to have and to hold all and singular the said premises, with their appurtenances, unto the said Susanna Hall, for and during the term of her natural life; and after her decease to the first son of her body lawfully issuing, and to the heirs males of the body of the said first son lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, to the second son of her body lawfully issuing, and to the heirs males of the body of the said second son lawfully issuing; and for default of such heirs, to the third son of the body of the said Susanna lawfully issuing, and to the heirs males of the body of the said third son lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, the same so to be and remain to the fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh sons of her body, lawfully issuing one after another, and to the heirs males of the bodies of the said fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh sons lawfully issuing, in such manner as it is before limited to be and remain to the first, second, and third sons of her body, and to their heirs males; and for default of such issue, the said premises to be and remain to my said niece Hall, and the heirs males of her body lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, to my daughter Judith, and the heirs

was lodged in this house in the second year of his reign. See Stowe's *Survey*, p. 693, edit. 1618. After the fire of London this office was kept in the Savoy; but it is now abolished. MALONE.

males of her body lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, to the right heirs of me the said William Shakspeare for ever.

Item, I give unto my wife my second best bed, with the furniture.¹⁵

Item, I give and bequeath to my said daughter Judith my broad silver gilt bowl. All the rest of my goods, chattels, leases, plate, jewels, and household-stuff whatsoever, after my debts and legacies paid, and my funeral expences discharged, I give, devise, and bequeath to my son-in-law, John Hall, gent. and my daughter Susanna his wife, whom I ordain and make executors of this my last will and testament. And I do entreat and appoint the said Thomas Russel, esq. and Francis Collins, gent. to be overseers hereof. And do revoke all former wills, and publish this to be my last will and testament. In witness

¹⁵ — *my second best bed, with the furniture.*] Thus Shakspeare's original will. Mr. Theobald and the other modern editors have been more bountiful to Mrs. Shakspeare, having printed instead of these words, " — *my brown best bed, with the furniture.*" MALONE.

It appears, in the original will of Shakspeare, (now in the Prerogative Office, Doctors' Commons), that he had forgot his wife; the legacy to her being expressed by an interlineation, as well as those to Heminge, Burbage, and Condell.

The will is written on three sheets of paper, the two last of which are undoubtedly subscribed with Shakspeare's own hand. The first indeed has his name in the margin, but it differs somewhat in spelling as well as manner, from the two signatures that follow. STEEVENS.

whereof I have hereunto put my hand, the day and year first above-written.

By me,¹⁶ William Shakspeare.

Witness to the publishing hereof,

Fra. Collins,¹⁷

Julius Shaw,¹⁸

John Robinson,¹⁹

Hamnet Sadler,²⁰

Robert Whattcoat.

Probatum fuit testamentum suprascriptum apud London, coram Magistro William Byrde, Legum Doctore, &c. vicesimo secundo die mensis Junii, Anno Domini 1616; juramento Johannis Hall unius ex. cui, &c. de bene, &c. jurat. reservata potestate, &c. Susannæ Hall, alt. ex. &c. eam cum venerit, &c. petitur. &c.

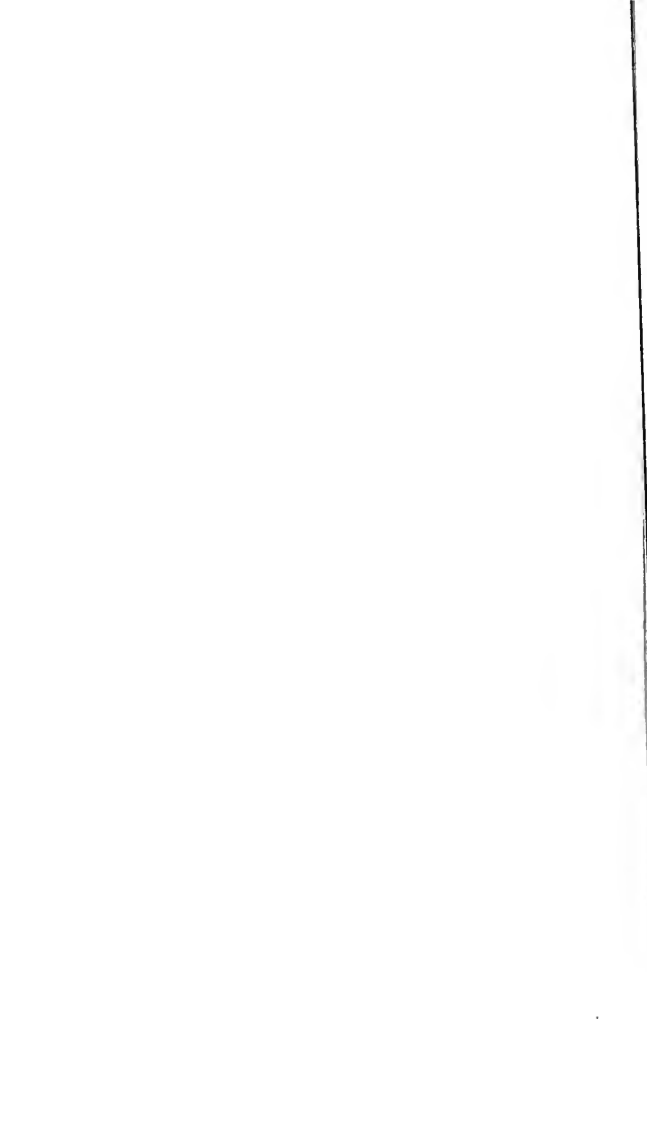
¹⁶ By me *William Shakspeare.*] This was the mode of our poet's time. Thus the Register of Stratford is signed at the bottom of each page, in the year 1616, "*Per me Richard Watts, Minister.*" These concluding words have hitherto been inaccurately exhibited thus: "*—the day and year first above-written by me, William Shakspeare.*" Neither the day, nor year, nor any preceding part of this will, was written by our poet. "*By me,*" &c. only means—*The above is the will of me William Shakspeare.* MALONE.

¹⁷ — *Fra. Collins.*] See p. lxxxiv. n. 6.

¹⁸ — *Julius Shaw.*] was born in Sept. 1571. He married Anne Boyes, May 5, 1594; and died at Stratford, where he was buried June 24, 1629. MALONE.

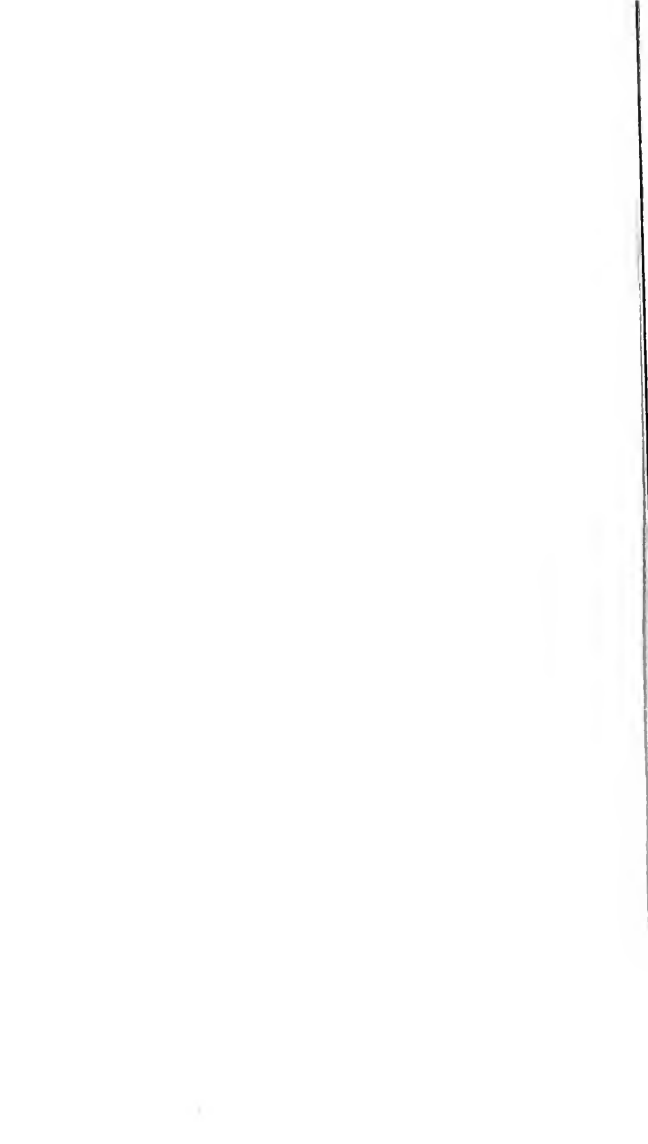
¹⁹ — *John Robinson.*] John, son of Thomas Robinson, was baptized at Stratford, Nov. 30, 1589. I know not when he died. MALONE.

²⁰ — *Hamnet Sadler.*] See p. lxxxiv. n. 7.



VENUS AND ADONIS.

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



TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY WRIOTHESLY,
EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON OF TITCHFIELD.

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 ear¹ so barren a land, for fear it yield me still so bad a harvest. I leave it to your honourable survey, and your honour to your heart's content; which I wish may always answer your own wish, and the world's hopeful expectation.

Your Honour's in all duty,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

¹ ear] i. e. plough.



VENUS AND ADONIS.

EVEN as the sun with purple-colour'd face
Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping morn,
Rose-cheek'd Adonis hied him to the chase ;
Hunting he lov'd, but love he laugh'd to scorn :
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, 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,
“ Saith that the world hath ending with thy life.

“ 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

" 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,
 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.

Over one arm the lusty courser's rein,
 Under her other 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, and golden hairs,
 To fan and blow them dry again she seeks:

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

Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,
 Tires² with her beak on feathers, flesh, and bone,
 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.

Forc'd to content,³ 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.

Look how a bird lies tangled in a net,
 So fasten'd in her arms Adonis lies;

¹ 'miss] For *amiss*,—i. e. misbehaviour.

² *Tires....on*] A hawking term—tears, pulls, pecks.

³ *content*] i. e. acquiescence.

Pure shame and aw'd resistance made him fret,
 Which bred more beauty in his angry eyes :
 Rain added to a river that is rank,⁴
 Perforce will force it overflow the bank.

Still she entreats, and prettily entreats,
 For to a pretty ear she tunes her tale ;
 Still is he sullen, still he lowers and frets,
 'Twixt crimson shame, and anger ashy-pale ;
 Being red, she loves him best ; and being white,
 Her best is better'd 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, [wet ;
 Which long have rain'd, making her cheeks all
 And one sweet kiss shall pay this countless debt.

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

⁴ *rank*] i. e. abounding in water.

She bathes in water, yet her fire must burn :

“ Oh, 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, 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 :

“ Strong-temper’d steel his stronger strength

“ Yet was he servile to my coy disdain. [obey’d,

“ 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 seest thou in the ground? hold up thy head;

“ Look in mine eyeballs, there thy beauty lies :
 “ Then why not lips on lips, since eyes in eyes ?

“ Art thou ashamed 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 :
 “ These blue-vein'd violets whereon we lean
 “ Never can blab, nor know not what we mean.

“ The tender spring upon thy tempting lip
 “ Shows 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,
 “ O'er-worn, despised, rheumatick and cold,
 “ Thick-sighted, barren, lean, and lacking juice,
 “ 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,⁵ and bright, and quick in
 turning ;

⁵ grey] i. e. blue.

“ 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 :
“ Love is a spirit all compact of fire,
“ Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire.

“ Witness this primrose bank whereon I lie ;
“ These forceless flowers like sturdy trees support
me ; [sky,
“ Two strengthless doves will draw me through the
“ 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.

“ 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 :
 “ Seeds spring from seeds, and beauty breedeth
 beauty,
 “ Thou wast begot,—to get it is thy duty.

“ Upon the earth’s increase 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,
 And Titan, ’tired⁶ in the midday heat,
 With burning eye 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 lowering brows o’erwhelming his fair sight,
 Like misty vapours, when they blot the sky,
 Souring his cheeks, cries, “ Fie, no more of love !
 “ The sun doth burn my face ; I must remove.”

“ Ah me,” quoth Venus, “ young, and so unkind !
 “ What bare excuses mak’st thou to begone !

⁶ ’tired] i. e. attired.

“ I’ll sigh celestial breath, 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,
 “ And lo, I lie between that sun and thee ;
 “ 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,
 “ 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,
 “ She had not brought forth thee, but died
 unkind.⁷

“ What am I, that thou should’st contemn me this ?⁸
 “ Or what great danger dwells upon my suit ?
 “ 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.

⁷ *unkind*] i. e. unnatural.

⁸ *contemn me this*] Is, I think, rightly explained by Malone, “ contemptuously refuse this favour that I ask.”

“ 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 art no man, though of a man’s com-
 plexion,
 “ 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 intendments⁹ 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.

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

⁹ *intendments*] i. e. intentions.

“ 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, tho’ 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.

These lovely caves, these round-enchancing 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 ?
 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—”¹⁰
 Away he springs, and hasteth to his horse.

¹⁰ *remorse*] i. e. tenderness.

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,
 Whose hollow womb resounds like heaven's thun-
 The iron bit he crushes 'tween his teeth, [der ;
 Controlling what he was controlled with.

His ears up prick'd ; his braided hanging mane
 Upon his compass'd¹¹ crest now stand¹² on end ;
 His nostrils drink the air, and forth again,
 As from a furnace, vapours doth he send :
 His eye, which scornfully glisters like fire,
 Shows 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,
 As who should say, lo ! thus my strength is tried ;
 And this I do to captivate the eye
 Of the fair breeder that is standing by.

¹¹ *compass'd*] i. e. arched.

¹² *mane . . . stand*] " Our author uses *mane*, as composed of many hairs, as plural." MALONE.

What recketh he his rider's angry stir,
 His flattering holla, 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,
 Nor 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,
 As if the dead the living should exceed;
 So did this horse excell a common one,
 In shape, in courage, colour, pace, and bone.

Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and
 long,
 Broad breast, full eye, 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;
 To bid the wind a base¹³ he now prepares,

¹³ *To bid the wind a base*] i. e. to challenge the wind to contend with him in speed: *base*,—*prison-base*, or *prison-bars*,—was a rustic game, consisting chiefly in running.

And whêr¹⁴ he run, or fly, they knew not whether ;
 For thro' 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, seems unkind ;
 Spurns at his love, and scorns the heat he feels,
 Beating his kind embracements with her heels.

Then, like a melancholy male-content,
 He vails¹⁵ his tail, that, like a falling plume,
 Cool shadow to his melting buttock lent ;
 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 his boisterous and unruly beast ;
 And now the happy season once more fits,

¹⁴ whêr] i. e. whether.

¹⁵ vails] i. e. lowers.

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.

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 ;
But when the heart's attorney¹⁶ once is mute,
The client breaks, 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 ;
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 !
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 :

¹⁶ *the heart's attorney*] i. e. the tongue.

His tenderer cheek receives her soft hand's print,
As apt as new fallen 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 his¹⁷ acts made plain
With tears, which, chorus-like, her eyes did rain.

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 ;¹⁸
“ 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 ? ” [have it ;
“ Give me my heart,” saith she, “ and thou shalt

¹⁷ his] i. e. its.

¹⁸ thy heart my wound] i. e. “ thy heart wounded as mine is.” MALONE.

Things out of hope are compass'd oft with venturing,
 Chiefly in love, whose leave ²⁴ 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,
 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:
 Were beauty under twenty locks kept fast,
 Yet love breaks through, and picks them all at
 last.

For pity now she can no more detain him;
 The poor fool 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,
 He carries thence incaged in his breast.

“ 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, 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.

²⁴ *leave*] i. e. licentiousness.

“ The boar ! ” quoth she ; whereat a sudden pale,
 Like lawn being spread upon the blushing rose,
 Usurps her cheeks ; she trembles at his tale,
 And on his neck her yoking arms she throws :
 She sinketh down, still hanging by his neck,
 He on her belly falls, she on her back.

Now is she in the very lists of love,
 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.

Even as poor birds, deceiv’d with painted grapes,
 Do surfeit by the eye, and pine the maw,
 Even so she languisheth in her mishaps,
 As those poor birds that helpless²⁵ berries saw .
 The warm effects which she in him finds miss-
 ing,
 She seeks to kindle with continual kissing.

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.”

²⁵ *helpless*] i. e. that give no help, no sustenance.

“ Thou hadst been gone,” quoth she, “ sweet boy,
ere this, [the boar.

“ But that thou told’st me, thou would’st hunt

“ 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 mortal²⁶ butcher, bent to kill.

“ On his bow-back he hath a battle set

“ Of bristly pikes, that ever threat his foes ;

“ His eyes like glowworms shine when he doth fret ;

“ His snout digs sepulchres where’er he goes ;

“ Being mov’d, he strikes whate’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.

“ 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 (wondrous dread !)

“ Would root these beauties as he roots the mead.

²⁶ mortal] i. e. deadly.

- “ O, let him keep his loathsome cabin still !
 “ Beauty hath nought to do with such foul fiends :
 “ Come not within his danger by thy will ;
 “ They that thrive well, take counsel of their friends.
 “ When thou didst name the boar, not to dis-
 semble,
 “ 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, [breast.
 “ But, like an earthquake, shakes thee on my
- “ 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* ;
 “ Distempering gentle love in his desire,
 “ As air and water do abate the fire.
- “ This sour informer, this bate-breeding²⁷ spy,
 “ This canker that eats up love’s tender spring,
 “ This carry-tale, dissensious jealousy, [bring,
 “ That sometime true news, sometime false doth
 “ Knocks at my heart, and whispers in mine ear,
 “ That if I love thee, I thy death should fear :

²⁷ *bate-breeding*] i. e. strife-breeding.

“ 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, and hang
 the head.

“ What should I do, seeing thee so indeed,
 “ That tremble at the imagination ?
 “ The thought of it doth make my faint heart
 bleed,
 “ And fear doth teach it divination :
 “ 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,
 “ 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 overshoot²⁸ his troubles,
 “ How he outruns the wind, and with what care

²⁸ *overshoot*] Malone absurdly gives in the text, and attempts to defend in a note, the reading of the old copy “ *overshut*.”

“ He cranks²⁹ and crosses, with a thousand doubles:
 “ The many musits³⁰ through the which he goes,
 “ 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,
 “ To stop the loud pursuers in their yell;
 “ And sometime sorteth with a herd of deer;
 “ 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 re-
 plies,
 “ As if another chase were in the skies.

“ 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.

²⁹ *cranks*] i. e. winds.

³⁰ *musits*] i. e. gaps in hedges or thickets, through which the hare is wont to pass.

“ Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch
 “ Turn, and return, indenting with the way ;
 “ Each envious briar his weary legs doth scratch,
 “ Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur
 “ For misery is trodden on by many, [stay :
 “ 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,³¹
 “ Applying this to that, and so to so ;
 “ For love can comment upon every woe.

“ 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.

“ 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. [lips
 “ Rich preys make true³² men thieves ; so do thy
 “ Make modest Dian cloudy and forlorn,
 “ Lest she should steal a kiss, and die forsworn.

³¹ *moralize*] i. e. comment.

³² *true*] i. e. honest.

“ Now, of this dark night I perceive the reason :
 “ Cynthia for shame obscures her silver shine,
 ‘ Till forging nature be condemn’d of treason,
 ‘ For stealing moulds from heaven that were di-
 vine, [despite,
 “ Wherein she fram’d thee in high heaven’s
 “ 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 ;
 “ Making it subject to the tyranny
 “ Of mad mischances and much misery ;

“ As burning fevers, agues pale and faint,
 “ Life-poisoning pestilence, and frenzies wood,³³
 “ The marrow-eating sickness, whose attaint
 “ Disorder breeds by heating of the blood :
 “ Surfeits, imposthumes, grief, and damn’d des-
 pair,
 “ 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 :
 “ Both favour, savour, huc, and qualities,
 Whereat the impartial gazer late did wonder,
 “ Are on the sudden wasted, thaw’d and done,
 “ As mountain-snow melts with the midday sun.

³³ wood] i. e. mad.

“ Therefore, despite 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
 “ Dries up his oil, to lend the world his light.

“ 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 dark obscurity?
 “ 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, that reaves his son of life.
 “ Foul cankering rust the hidden treasure frets,
 “ But gold that’s put to use, more gold begets.”

“ 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’d-fac’d 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 ;
“ 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.

“ Call it not love, for love to heaven is fled,
“ Since sweating lust on earth usurp'd his name ;
“ Under whose simple semblance he hath fed
“ Upon fresh beauty, blotting it with blame ;
“ Which the hot tyrant stains, and soon be-
“ As caterpillars do the tender leaves. [reaves,

“ 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.

“ 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 ;³⁴

“ Mine ears that to your wanton talk attended,

“ Do burn themselves for having so offended.”

With this, he breaketh from the sweet embrace
 Of those fair arms which bound him to her breast,
 And homeward through the dark lawnd³⁵ runs
 apace ;

Leaves Love upon her back deeply distress’d.

Look how a bright star shooteth from the sky,

So glides he in the night from Venus’ eye ;

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

Whereat amaz’d, as one that unaware
 Hath dropp’d a precious jewel in the flood,

³⁴ *teen*] i. e. grief.

³⁵ *lawnd*] An old form of *lawn*.

Or 'stonish'd as night-wanderers often are,
Their light blown out in some mistrustful wood ;
 Even so confounded in the dark she lay,
 Having lost the fair discovery of her way.

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 woful 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 answers so.

Her song was tedious, and outwore the night,
For lovers' hours are long, though seeming short :
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 ?

She says, *'tis so* : they answer all, *'tis so* ;
And would say after her, if she said *no*.

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.

Venus salutes him with this fair good-morrow :

“ O thou clear god, 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, as thou dost lend to other.”

This said, she hasteth to a myrtle grove,

Musing the morning is so much o'erworn,

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 coasteth³⁶ to the cry.

And as she runs, the bushes in the way

Some catch her by the neck, some kiss her face,

Some twine about her thigh to make her stay ;

³⁶ *coasteth*] i. e. *advanceth*.

She wildly breaketh from their strict embrace,
Like a milch doe, whose swelling dugs do ache,
Hasting to feed her fawn, 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,
Who, overcome by doubt and bloodless fear,
With cold-pale weakness 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 ;
Till, cheering up her senses sore-dismay'd,
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 spied 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 mated³⁷ with delays,
Like the proceedings of a drunken brain ;
Full of respect,³⁸ yet nought at all respecting,
In hand with all things, nought at all effecting.

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 his ill-resounding noise,
Another flap-mouth'd mourner, black and grim,
Against the welkin vollies out his voice ;

³⁷ *mated*] i. e. confounded.

³⁸ *respect*] i. e. circumspection.

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 signs draws up her breath,
 And, sighing it again, exclaims on death.

“ 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 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.

“ Dost thou drink tears, 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 ?

“ Now Nature cares not for thy mortal³⁹ vigour,

“ Since her best work is ruin’d with thy rigour.”

Here overcome, as one full of despair,
 She vail’d⁴⁰ her eyelids, 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,
 And with his strong course opens them again.

O how her eyes and tears did lend and borrow !
 Her eyes seen in the tears, tears in her eye ;
 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,
 Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet again.

Variable passions thron’g her constant woe,
 As striving who should best become her grief ;
 All entertain’d, each passion labours so,

³⁹ mortal] i. e. deadly.

⁴⁰ vail’d] i. e. lowered.

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
 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;
 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 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 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-to⁴¹ naught;

⁴¹ *all-to*] i. e. entirely, altogether. Malone, not understanding the expression, printed "*all to*."

Now she adds honours to his hateful name ;
 She clepes him king of graves, and grave for
 kings,
 Imperious supreme of all mortal things.

“ No, no,” quoth she, “ sweet Death, I did but jest ;
 “ Yet pardon me, I felt a kind of fear,
 “ Whenas I met the boar, 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 ;
 “ ’Tis he, foul creature, that hath done thee wrong ;
 “ I did but act, he’s author of thy slander :
 “ 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 ;
 And that his beauty may the better thrive,
 With death she humbly doth insinuate ;
 Tells him of trophies, statues, tombs ; and stories
 His victories, his triumphs, and his glories.

“ 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,
“ And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again.

“ 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.”
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 ;
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.

Or, as the snail, whose tender horns being hit,
Shrinks backward in his shelly cave with pain,
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 ;
Who bids them still consort with ugly night,
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 ;
As when the wind, imprison'd in the ground,
Struggling for passage, earth's foundation shakes,
Which with cold terror doth men's minds con-
found :

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

And, being open'd, threw unwilling light
Upon the wide wound that the boar had trench'd
In his soft flank ; whose wonted lily white
With purple tears, that his wound wept, was
drench'd :

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 ;
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 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 dou-
 bled ; [bled.
 For oft the eye mistakes, the brain being trou-

“ 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 !
 “ So shall I die by drops of hot desire.

“ Alas, poor world, what treasure hast thou lost !
 “ What face remains alive that’s worth the viewing ?
 “ Whose tongue is musick now ? what canst thou
 boast
 “ Of things long since, or any thing ensuing ?
 “ The flowers are sweet, their colours fresh and
 trim ;
 “ But true-sweet beauty liv’d and died with him.

“ Bonnet nor veil henceforth no creature wear !
 “ Nor sun nor wind will ever strive to kiss you :
 “ Having no fair⁴² to lose, you need not fear ;
 “ The sun doth scorn you, and the wind doth hiss
 you :
 “ 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 ;

⁴² *fair*] i. e. beauty.

“ The wind would blow it off, and, being gone,
“ Play with his locks; 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:
“ To recreate himself, when he hath sung,
“ The tiger would be tame, 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-snouted⁴³ boar,
“ Whose downward eye still looketh for a grave,
“ Ne'er saw the beauteous livery that he wore:
“ Witness the entertainment that he gave;
“ If he did see his face, why then I know,
“ He thought to kiss him, and hath kill'd him so.

⁴³ *urchin-snouted*] i. e. snouted like a hedgehog.

“ ’Tis true, ’tis true ; thus was Adonis slain ;
 “ He ran upon the boar with his sharp spear,
 “ Who did not 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.

“ 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 ; 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 woful words she told :
 She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,
 Where, lo ! two lamps, burnt out, in darkness
 lies :

Two glasses where herself herself beheld
 A thousand times, and now no more reflect ;
 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,
 “ 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 ;
 “ That all love’s pleasure shall not match his
 woe.

“ It shall be fickle, false, and full of fraud ;
 “ Bud and be blasted in a breathing while ;
 “ The bottom poison, and the top o’erstraw’d
 “ With sweets, that shall the truest sight beguile :
 “ The strongest body shall it make most weak,
 “ Strike the wise dumb, and teach the fool to
 speak.

“ It shall be sparing, and too full of riot,
 “ Teaching decrepit age to tread the measures ;⁴⁴
 “ 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 ;

⁴⁴ *measures*] A *measure* was a solemn dance with measured steps.

“ Perverse it shall be, where it shows most toward,
 “ Put fear to valour, courage to the coward.

“ It shall be cause of war, and dire events,
 “ And set dissension ’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 shall not
 enjoy.”

By this, the boy that by her side lay kill’d,
 Was melted like a vapour from her sight,
 And in his blood that on the ground lay spill’d,
 A purple flower sprung up, chequer’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 ;
“ Thou art the next of blood, and ’tis thy right :
“ 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.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.



TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY WRIOTHESLY,
EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON OF TITCHFIELD.

THE love I dedicate to your Lordship is without end ; whereof this pamphlet, without beginning, is but a superfluous moiety.¹ 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 show greater : meantime, 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 SHAKESPEARE.

¹ *moiety*] i. e. part.

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 smothering 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 besieged Ardea all in post,
 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.

Haply that name of *chaste* unhapp'ly set
 This bateless edge on his keen appetite ;
 When Collatine unwisely did not let¹
 To praise the clear unmatched red and white
 Which triumph'd in that sky of his delight,
 Where mortal stars, as bright as heaven's
 beauties,
 With pure aspécts did him peculiar duties.

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.

¹ let] i. e. forbear.

O happiness enjoy'd but of a few !
 And, if possess'd, as soon decay'd and done
 As is the morning's silver-melting dew
 Against the golden splendour of the sun !
 An expir'd date, cancell'd ere well begun :
 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 ;
 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 ?

Perchance his boast of Lucrece' sovereignty
 Suggested² this proud issue of a king ;
 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,

² *suggested*] i. e. tempted.

Neglected all, with swift intent he goes
 To quench the coal which in his liver glows.
 O rash false heat, wrapt in repentant cold,
 Thy hasty spring still blasts, and ne'er grows old!

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.

But beauty, in that white intituled,³
 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.

³ *intituled*] i. e. having a title in.

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 ;
 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 praise⁴ which Collatine doth owe,⁵
 Enchanted Tarquin answers with surmise,
 In silent wonder of still-gazing eyes.

This earthly saint, adored by this devil,
 Little suspecteth the false worshipper ;
 For unstain'd thoughts do seldom dream on evil ;
 Birds never lim'd no secret bushes fear :
 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 ;
 That nothing in him seem'd inordinate,

⁴ *praise*] i. e. object of praise.

⁵ *owe*] i. e. own, possess.

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,
Could pick no meaning from their parling looks,
Nor read the subtle-shining secrecies
Writ in the glassy margents of such books ;
She touch'd no unknown baits, nor fear'd no hooks ;
Nor could she moralize⁶ his wanton sight,
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 ;
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.

⁶ *moralize*] i. e. interpret.

For then is Tarquin brought unto his bed,
 Intending⁷ weariness with heavy spright;
 For, after supper, long he questioned
 With modest Lucrece, and wore out the night:
 Now leaden slumber with life's strength doth fight;
 And every one to rest himself betakes,
 Save thieves, and cares, and troubled minds,
 that wakes.

As one of which doth Tarquin lie revolving
 The sundry dangers of his will's obtaining;
 Yet ever to obtain his will resolving,
 Though weak-built hopes persuade him to ab-
 staining;
 Despair to gain, doth traffic oft for gaining;
 And when great treasure is the meed propos'd,
 Though death be adjunct, there's no death
 suppos'd.

Those that much covet, are with gain so fond,
 That what they have not, that which they possess,
 They scatter and unloose it from their bond,
 And so, by hoping more, they have but less;
 Or, gaining more, the profit of excess
 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 waning age;

⁷ *Intending*] i. e. pretending.

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, 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.

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, betrays
 To slanderous tongues, and wretched hateful
 days ?

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,
No noise but owls' and wolves' death-boding cries ;
Now serves the season that they may surprise
 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,
 Doth too too oft betake him to retire,
 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 ;
 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.”

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,
 And justly thus controls his thoughts unjust :

“ Fair torch, burn out thy light, and lend it
 not
 “ To darken her whose light excelleth thine !
 “ And die, unhallow'd thoughts, before you blot
 “ 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.

“ 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’s⁸ slave ;
“ True valour still a true respect should have ;
“ Then my digression 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,
“ 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 ?

⁸ *fancy’s*] i. e. *love’s*.

- “ 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;
“ 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,
“ The shame and fault finds no excuse nor end.
- “ Shameful it is;—ay, if the fact be known:
“ 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 cloth⁹ be kept in awe.”

Thus, graceless, holds he disputation
 ’Tween frozen conscience and hot-burning will,
 And with good thoughts makes dispensation,
 Urging the worser sense for vantage still ;
 Which in a moment doth confound and kill
 All pure effects, 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 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,
 “ Then white as lawn, the roses took away.

“ And how her hand, in my hand being lock’d,
 “ 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,
 “ That had Narcissus seen her as she stood,
 “ Self-love had never drown’d him in the flood.

⁹ *painted cloth*] i. e. not tapestry, but hangings for rooms of cloth painted in oil, which were interspersed with moral sentences.

- “ 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 gaudy banner is display’d,
 “ The coward fights, and will not be dismay’d.

 “ Then, childish fear, avaunt ! debating, die !
 “ Respect¹⁰ and reason wait on wrinkled age !
 “ My heart shall never countermand mine eye :
 “ Sad pause and deep regard beseem the sage ;
 “ My part is youth, and beats these from the stage :
 “ Desire my pilot is, beauty my prize ;
 “ Then who fears sinking where such treasure
 lies ?”

As corn o’ergrown by weeds, so heedful fear
 Is almost chok’d by unresisted lust.
 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 selfsame seat sits Collatine :

¹⁰ *Respect*] i. e. prudence, that looks to consequences.

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 worsè 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 ;
 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.

The locks between her chamber and his will,
 Each one by him enforc'd, retires his ward ;
 But as they open, they all rate his ill,
 Which drives the creeping thief to some regard ;
 The threshold grates the door to have him heard ;
 Night-wand'ring weesels 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 conduct¹¹ in this case ;

But his hot heart, which fond desire doth scorch,
 Puffs forth another wind that fires the torch :

¹¹ *conduct*] i. e. conductor.

And being lighted, by the light he spies
 Lucretia's glove, wherein her needle sticks ;
 He takes it from the rushes¹² where it lies ;
 And griping it, the needl¹³ his finger pricks :
 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 lingering stay his course doth let,¹⁴
 Till every minute pays the hour his debt.

“ 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,
 “ And give the sneaped¹⁵ birds more cause to sing.
 “ 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,

¹² *the rushes*] with which, during our poet's time, apartments were strewed.

¹³ *needl*] i. e. needle.

¹⁴ *let*] i. e. hinder.

¹⁵ *sneaped*] i. e. checked.

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,
As if the heaven 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,
And they would stand auspicious to the hour,
Even there he starts :—quoth he, “ I must de-
flower;

“ 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 ;
“ Against love's fire fear's frost hath dissolution.
“ The eye of heaven is out, 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 espied.
Who sees the lurking serpent, steps aside ;
But she, sound sleeping, fearing no such thing,
Lies at the mercy of his mortal sting.

Between whose hills her head entombed is :
Where, like a virtuous monument, she lies,
To be admir'd of lewd unhallow'd eyes.

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.
Her eyes, like marigolds, had sheath'd their light,
And, canopied in darkness, sweetly lay,
Till they might open to adorn the day.

Her hair, like golden threads, play'd with her
O modest wantons ! wanton modesty ! [breath ;
Showing life's triumph in the map of death,
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,
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,
Save of their lord no bearing yoke they knew,
And him by oath they truly honoured.
These worlds in Tarquin new ambition bred :
Who, like a foul usurper, went about
From this fair throne to heave the owner out.

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.
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 ;
Slack'd, not suppress'd ; for standing by her side,
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,
In bloody death and ravishment delighting, [ing,
Nor children's tears, nor mother's groans respect-
Swell in their pride, the onset still expecting :
Anon his beating heart, alarum striking,
Gives the hot charge, and bids them do their
liking.

His drumming heart cheers up his burning eye,
His eye commends the leading to his hand ;
His hand, as proud of such a dignity,
Smoking with pride, march'd on to make his stand
On her bare breast, the heart of all her land ;
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 ghastly sprite,
 Whose grim aspect sets every joint a shaking ;
 What terror 'tis ! but she, in worsè taking,
 From sleep disturbed, heedfully doth view
 The sight which makes supposed terror true.

Wrapp'd and confounded in a thousand fears,
 Like to a new-kill'd bird she trembling lies ;
 She dares not look ; yet, winking, there appears
 Quick-shifting antics, ugly in her eyes :
 Such shadows are the weak brain's forgeries :
 Who, angry that the eyes fly from their lights,
 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,¹⁶ that his hand shakes withal.

¹⁶ *bulk*] i. e. body.

This moves in him more rage, and lesser pity,
To make the breach, and enter this sweet city.

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,
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
“ (That even for anger makes the lily pale,
“ And the red rose blush at her own disgrace,)
“ Shall plead for me, and tell my loving tale :
“ Under that colour am I come to scale
 “ Thy never-conquer'd fort ; 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,
“ My will that marks thee for my earth's delight,
“ 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 :

- “ 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, 'gainst law or
duty.
- “ I have debated, 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.”

This said, he shakes aloft his Roman blade,
Which, like a falcon towering in the skies,
Coucheth the fowl below with his wing's shade,
Whose crooked beak threatens if he mount he dies :
So under his insulting falchion lies
Harmless Lucretia, marking what he tells
With trembling fear, as fowl hear falcon's bells.

- “ 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 ;
 “ Thy kinsmen hang their heads at this disdain,
 “ Thy issue blurr’d with nameless bastardy :
 “ And thou, the author of their obloquy,
 “ Shalt have thy trespass cited up in rhymes,
 “ And sung by children in succeeding times.

“ 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 ; being so applied,
 “ His venom in effect is purified.

“ Then for thy husband and thy children’s sake,
 “ Tender my suit : 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, or birth-hour’s blot :
 “ For marks descried in men’s nativity
 “ Are nature’s faults, not their own infamy.”

Here with a cockatrice’ dead-killing eye
 He rouseth up himself, and makes a pause,
 While she, the picture of pure piety,
 Like a white hind under the grype’s¹⁷ sharp claws,

¹⁷ *grype’s*] i. e. griffin’s, or vulture’s: our old poets use the word most frequently in the latter sense.

Pleads in a wilderness, where are no laws,
 To the rough beast that knows no gentle right,
 Nor aught obeys but his foul appetite :

But¹⁸ when a black fac'd cloud the world doth threat,
 In his dim mist the aspiring mountains hiding,
 From earth's dark womb some gentle gust doth get,
 Which blows these pitchy vapours from their bidding,
 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 holdfast foot the weak mouse panteth ;
 Her sad behaviour feeds his vulture folly,
 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 ;
 Her modest eloquence with sighs is mix'd,
 Which to her oratory adds more grace.
 She puts the period often from his place,

¹⁸ *But*] Malone thought this word "evidently a misprint," and substituted "*Look*." The text, however, seems to require no alteration. "He only obeys his foul appetite, *but*, as some gentle gust, &c. so her words," &c.

And 'midst the sentence so her accent breaks,
That twice she doth begin ere once she speaks.

She cónjures 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,
That to his borrow'd bed he make retire,
And stoop to honour, not to foul desire.

Quoth she, " Reward not hospitality [tended; ¹⁹
" With such black payment as thou hast pre-
" Mud not the fountain that gave drink to thee ;
" Mar not the thing that cannot be amended ;
" End thy ill aim, before thy shoot²⁰ be ended :
" He is no woodman that doth bend his bow
" To strike a poor unseasonable doe.

" 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 ;

¹⁹ *pretended*] i. e. intended, proposed to thyself.

²⁰ *shoot*] A play is meant here on the words *shoot* and *suit*.

“ All which together, like a troubled ocean,
“ Beat at thy rocky and wreck-threatening 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.

“ 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 ?
“ If in thy hope thou dar'st do such outrage,
“ What dar'st thou not when once thou art a king ?
“ O be remember'd, no outrageous thing
“ From vassal actors can be wip'd away ;
“ Then king's misdeeds cannot be hid in clay.

“ 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.

“ 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 ?

“ 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 fulfill,

“ When, pattern’d by thy fault, 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 ;
“ I sue for exil’d majesty’s repeal ;
“ Let him return, and flattering thoughts retire :
“ His true respect will ’prison false desire,
“ And wipe the dim mist from thy doting eyne,
“ That thou shalt see thy state, and pity mine.”

“ 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,
“ And with the wind in greater fury fret :
“ 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.”

“ 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,
“ And not the puddle in thy sea dispers’d.

“ So shall these slaves be king, and thou their slave ;
“ Thou nobly base, they basely dignified ;
“ Thou their fair life, and they thy fouler grave ;
“ 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, shall rudely tear thee ;
 “ That done, spitefully 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
 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,
 He pens her piteous clamours in her head ;
 Cooling his hot face in the chastest tears
 That ever modest eyes with sorrow shed.
 O, that prone lust should stain so pure a bed !
 The spots whereof could weeping purify,
 Her tears should drop on them perpetually.

But she hath lost a dearer thing than life,
 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,
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.

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 disgrac'd :

Besides, his soul's fair temple is defac'd ;
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 forestall their will.

Even in this thought, through the dark night he
stealeth,
A captive victor, that hath lost in gain ;
Bearing away the wound that nothing healeth,
The scar that will, despite of cure, remain,
Leaving his spoil 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 scowls, 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 ;
She there remains a hopeless cast-away :
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 ;
“ And my true eyes have never practis’d how
“ To cloak 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,
“ 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.
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.
Frantick with grief thus breathes she forth her
 spite
Against the unseen secrecy of night :

“ O comfort-killing night, image of hell !
 ‘ Dim register and notary of shame !
 “ Black stage for tragedies and murders fell !
 “ 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, vaporious, 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,
 “ Ere he arrive his weary noontide prick ;²¹
 “ And let thy misty vapours march so thick,
 “ 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,)
 “ The silver-shining queen he would distain ;
 “ Her twinkling handmaids too, by him defil’d,
 “ Through night’s black bosom should not peep
 again ;

²¹ *prick*] i. e. point.

- “ So should I have copartners in my pain :
“ And fellowship in woe doth woe assuage,
“ As palmers’ chat makes short their pilgrimage.
- “ Where²² now I have no one to blush with me,
“ To cross their arms, and hang their heads with
mine,
“ To mask their brows, and hide their infamy ;
“ But I alone, alone must sit and pine,
“ Seasoning the earth with showers of silver brine,
“ 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 sepúlcher’d in thy shade !
- “ Make me not object to the tell-tale day !
“ The light will show, charáctér’d in my brow,
“ The story of sweet chastity’s decay,
“ The impious breach of holy wedlock vow :
“ Yea, the illiterate that know not how

²² *Where*] i. e. *Whereas*.

“ To 'cipher what is writ in learned books,
 “ Will quote²³ 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 ;
 “ The orator, to deck his oratory,
 “ Will couple my reproach to Tarquin's shame :
 “ Feast-finding minstrels, tuning my defame,
 “ Will tie the hearers to attend each line,
 “ How Tarquin wronged me, I Collatine.

“ 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't 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 mot²⁴ afar,
 “ *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 !

²³ quote] i. e. mark.

²⁴ mot] i. e. motto.

“ 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 guilty²⁵ of thy honour’s wreck,—
 “ Yet for thy honour did I entertain him ;
 “ Coming from thee, I could not put him back,
 “ 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 profan’d in such a devil !

“ Why should the worm intrude the maiden bud ?
 “ Or hateful cuckoos hatch in sparrows’ nests ?
 “ Or toads infect fair founts with venom mud !
 “ Or tyrant folly lurk in gentle breasts ?
 “ Or kings be breakers of their own behests ?
 “ But no perfection is so absolute,
 “ That some impurity doth not pollute.

²⁵ *guilty*] Malone alters this word to “ *guiltless*,” very unnecessarily : the meaning of the passage is plain ;—Lucrece at first declares herself guilty of the wreck of her husband’s honour, by having admitted Tarquin to visit her ; but immediately recollects that it was for her husband’s honour that she entertained the ravisher.

“ The aged man that coffers up his gold
“ Is plagued 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 ;
 “ 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 ;
“ 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 weeds take root with precious
 flowers ;
“ The adder hisses where the sweet birds sing ;
“ 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 sett'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 ;
 “ 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 public fast ;
 “ Thy smoothing²⁶ titles to a ragged name :
 “ Thy sugar’d tongue to bitter wormwood taste :
 “ Thy violent vanities can never last.
 “ 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 sort²⁷ an hour great strifes to end ?
 “ Or free that soul which wretchedness hath
 chain’d ?
 “ Give physic 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.

²⁶ *smoothing*] i. e. flattering.

²⁷ *sort*] i. e. choose.

“ 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 ;
 “ Thou grant’st no time for charitable deeds :
 “ 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’d²⁸
 “ 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.

“ Misshapen Time, copesmate of ugly night,
 “ Swift subtle post, carrier of grisly care ;
 “ Eater of youth, false slave to false delight,
 “ Base watch of woes, sin’s packhorse, virtue’s
 snare ;

²⁸ *appay’d*] i. e. satisfied.

- “ Thou nursest all, and murderest all that are.
“ O hear me then, injurious, shifting Time!
“ Be guilty of my death, since of my crime.
- “ Why hath thy servant, Opportunity,
“ Betray’d the hours thou gav’st me to repose?
“ Cancell’d my fortunes, and enchained me
“ To endless date of never-ending woes?
“ Time’s office is to fine²⁹ the hate of foes;
“ To eat up errors by opinion bred,
“ 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;
“ To ruinate proud buildings with thy hours,
“ And smear with dust their glittering golden
towers :
- “ To fill with worm-holes stately monuments,
“ To feed oblivion with decay of things,
“ To blot old books, and alter their contents,
“ To pluck the quills from ancient ravens’ wings,
“ To dry the old oak’s sap, and cherish springs;
“ To spoil antiquities of hammer’d steel,
“ And turn the giddy round of fortune’s wheel ;

²⁹ *fine*] i. e. put an end to.

“ To show the beldame daughters of her daughter,
 “ To make the child a man, the man a child,
 “ To slay the tiger 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 retiring³⁰ minute in an age
 “ 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,
 “ 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.

“ Disturb his hours of rest with restless trances,
 “ Afflict him in his bed with bedrid groans ;
 “ Let there bechance him pitiful mischances,

³⁰ *retiring*] i. e. returning.

- “ To make him moan, but pity not his moans :
 “ Stone him with harden’d hearts, harder than
 stones ;
 “ And let mild women to him lose their mildness,
 “ Wilder to him than tigers in their wildness.
- “ Let him have time to tear his curled hair,
 “ Let him have time against himself to rave,
 “ Let him have time of time’s help to despair,
 “ 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 crime³¹
 “ 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 :

³¹ *unrecalling crime*] i. e. crime not to be recalled.

“ For who so base would such an office have
 “ As slanderous death’s-man to so base a slave ?

“ 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, kings glorious
 day.
 “ Gnats are unnoted whereso’er they fly,
 “ But eagles gaz’d upon with every eye.

“ Out, idle words, 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 force³² not argument a straw,
 “ Since that my case is past the help of law.

³² *force*] i. e. regard.

- “ In vain I rail at Opportunity,
 “ At Time, at Tarquin, and uncheerful night ;
 “ In vain I cavil with my infamy,
 “ In vain I spurn at my confirm’d despite :
 “ This helpless smoke of words 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 afar’d to scratch her wicked foe,
 “ Kill both thyself and her for yielding so.”

This said, from her betumbled 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 canon 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 selfsame 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.

“ 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 ;
“ A dying life to living infamy ;
“ Poor helpless help, the treasure stolen 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 :
“ He shall not boast, who did thy stock pol-
lute,
“ 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,
“ 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; [sleeping:
 “ Mock with thy tickling beams eyes that are
 “ 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 fond³³ and testy as a child,
 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.

³³ *fond*] i. e. foolish.

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 :
 Sometime her grief is dumb, and hath no words ;
 Sometime 'tis mad, and too much talk affords.

The little birds that tune their morning's joy,
 Make her moans mad with their sweet melody.
 For mirth doth search the bottom of annoy ;
 Sad souls are slain in merry company ;
 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 ache 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.

“ 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 woful hostess brooks not merry guests :)
 “ Relish your nimble notes to pleasing ears ;
 “ Distress likes dumps³⁴ when time is kept with
 tears.

“ Come, Philomel, that sing'st of ravishment,
 “ Make thy sad grove in my dishevell'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.³⁵

“ 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, shall thereon fall and die.
 “ These means, as frets upon an instrument,
 “ Shall tune our heartstrings to true languish-
 ment.

“ And for, poor bird, thou sing'st not in the day,
 “ As shaming any eye should thee behold,
 “ Some dark deep desert, seated from the way,
 “ That knows nor parching heat nor freezing cold,
 “ We will find out ; and there we will unfold

³⁴ *dumps*] i. e. melaucholy strains.

³⁵ *better skill*] i. e. with better skill.

“ 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,
When life is sham'd, and Death Reproach's
debtor.

“ 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 confusion.
“ That mother tries a merciless conclusion,
“ 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, her quiet interrupted,
“ Her mansion batter'd by the enemy ;
“ Her sacred temple 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
“ Through which I may convey this troubled
soul.

“ 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.
“ My stained blood to Tarquin I'll bequeath,
“ Which by him tainted, shall for him be spent,
“ And as his due, writ in my testament.

“ My honour I'll bequeath unto the knife
“ That wounds my body so dishonour'd.
“ '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 ;
 “ 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 oversee³⁶ this will ;
 “ 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.
 Poor Lucrece’ cheeks unto her maid seem so
 As winter meads when sun doth melt their snow.

³⁶ *oversee*] “ *Overseers* were frequently added in Wills from the superabundant caution of our ancestors.” MALONE.

Her mistress she doth give demure good-morrow,
With soft-slow tongue, true mark of modesty,
And sorts a sad look to her lady's sorrow,
(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,
Each flower moisten'd like a melting eye;
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.

A pretty while these pretty creatures stand,
Like ivory conduits coral cisterns filling:
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;
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.

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.

No man inveigh against the wither'd flower,
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 hild⁵³
Poor women's faults, that they are so fulfill'd
 With men's abuses! those proud lords, to blame,
 Make weak-made women tenants to their shame.

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 ?

⁵³ *hild*] i. e. held—so spelt for the sake of the rhyme.

By this, mild patience bid fair Lucrece speak
To the poor counterfeit of her complaining :
“ 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,” replied 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,
“ 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.

At last she thus begins : “ Thou worthy lord
 “ Of that unworthy wife that greeteth thee,
 “ Health to thy person ! next vouchsafe to 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 ;
 “ My woes are tedious, though my words are
 brief.”

Here folds she up the tenor 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 ;
 For then the eye interprets to the ear
 The heavy motion that it doth behold,
 When every part a part of woe doth bear.

'Tis but a part of sorrow that we hear :

Deep sounds make lesser noise than shallow
 fords,

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 :

The post attends, and she delivers it,
 Charging the sour-fac'd groom to hie as fast
 As lagging fowls before the northern blast.

Speed more than speed but dull and slow she
 deems :

Extremity still urgeth such extremes.

The homely villain³⁷ court'sies to her low ;
 And blushing on her, with a steadfast eye

³⁷ *villain*] i. e. slave.

Receives the scroll, without or yea or no,
And forth with bashful innocence doth he.
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, while others saucily
Promise more speed, but do it leisurely:
 Even so, this pattern of the worn-out age
 Pawn'd honest looks, but laid no words to gage.

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 spied 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 the power of Greece,
For Helen's rape the city to destroy,
Threatening cloud-kissing Ilion with annoy ;
 Which the conceited³⁹ painter drew so proud,
 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,
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,
 Like dying coals burnt out in tedious nights.

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
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, triúmphing in their faces ;
In youth, quick bearing and dexterity ;
And here and there the painter interlaces
Pale cowards, marching on with trembling paces ;

³⁹ *conceited*] i. e. fanciful.

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 rigor roll'd ;
But the mild glance that sly Ulysses lent,
Show'd deep regard and smiling government.

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 purl'd up to the sky.

About him were a press of gaping faces,
Which seem'd to swallow up his sound advice ;
All jointly listening, but with several graces,
As if some mermaid 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'n⁴⁰
and red ;

Another, smother'd, seems to pelt⁴¹ and swear ;
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.

For much imaginary work was there ;
Conceit deceitful, so compact, so kind,⁴²
That for Achilles' image stood his spear,
Grip'd in an armed hand ; himself, behind,
Was left unseen, save to the eye of mind :
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,

⁴⁰ *boll'n*] i. e. swollen.

⁴¹ *pelt*] i. e. be in a clamorous passion.

⁴² *kind*] i. e. natural.

Whose waves to imitate the battle sought
 With swelling ridges; and their ranks began
 To break upon the galled shore, and than⁴³
 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 stell'd.⁴⁴
 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.

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 dis-
 guis'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,
 And shapes her sorrow to the beldame's woes,
 Who nothing wants to answer her but cries,

⁴³ *than*] A form of *then*, frequently used by old poets for the sake of the rhyme.

⁴⁴ *stell'd*] i. e. fixed: from *stell*, to fix permanently.

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.

“ Why should the private pleasure of some one
 “ Become the publick plague of many mo ?⁴⁵
 “ 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 ?

⁴⁵ *mo*] i. e. more.

“ Lo, here weeps Hecuba, here Priam dies,
 “ Here manly Hector faints, here Troilus swoonds;⁴⁶
 “ Here friend by friend in bloody channel lies,
 “ And friend to friend gives unadvised⁴⁷ wounds,
 “ And one man’s lust these many lives confounds:
 “ 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 ;
 Then little strength rings out the doleful knell :
 So Lucrece set a-work, sad tales doth tell
 To pencill’d pensiveness and colour’d sorrow ;
 She lends them words, and she their looks doth
 borrow.

She throws her eyes about the painting, round,
 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.

In him the painter labour’d with his skill
 To hide deceit, and give the harmless show

⁴⁶ *swoonds*] i. e. swoons.

⁴⁷ *unadvised*] i. e. without knowledge or consideration.

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 instance⁴⁸ gave,
Nor ashy pale the fear that false hearts have.

But, like a constant and confirmed devil,
He entertain'd a show so seeming just,
And therein so ensconc'd⁴⁹ his secret evil,
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 perjur'd Sinon, whose enchanting story
The credulous old Priam after slew ;
Whose words, like wildfire, 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.

This picture she advisedly⁵⁰ perus'd,
And chid the painter for his wondrous skill ;
Saying, some shape in Sinon's was abus'd,

⁴⁸ *guilty instance*] i. e. symptom or proof of guilt.

⁴⁹ *ensconc'd*] i. e. concealed, as in a *sconce* or fort.

⁵⁰ *advisedly*] i. e. with attention.

So fair a form lodg'd not a mind so ill ;
 And still on him she gaz'd, and gazing still,
 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'd⁵¹
 “ With outward honesty, 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 a Trojan bleeds ;
 “ His eye drops fire, no water thence proceeds :
 “ Those round clear pearls of his that move
 thy pity
 “ Are balls of quenchless fire to burn thy city.

⁵¹ *beguil'd*] i. e. guilefully covered.

“ 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
By deep surmise of others’ 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-galls⁵³ in her dim element
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,
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 [stand ?
" Hath thee befallen, that thou dost trembling
" Sweet love, what spite hath thy fair colour spent ?
" Why art thou thus attir'd in discontent ?
" Unmask, dear dear, this moody heaviness,
" And tell thy grief, that we may give redress."

⁵³ *water-galls*] i. e. watery appearances in the sky, attendant on rainbows.

Three times with sighs she gives her sorrow fire,
 Ere once she can discharge one word of woe :
 At length'd address'd⁵⁴ to answer his desire,
 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 ;
 “ And what wrong else may be imagined
 “ By foul enforcement might be done to me,
 “ From that, alas ! thy Lucrece is not free.

“ For in the dreadful dead of dark midnight,
 “ With shining falchion in my chamber came
 “ A creeping creature, with a flaming light,

⁵⁴ *address'd*] i. e. ready.

“ And softly cried, 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 fulfill
“ 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 robb’d, 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
 Outruns the eye that doth behold his haste ;
 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 :
 Even so he 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.

“ 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.

“ 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.”

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,
 “ 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 ?”

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
 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.”

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.”

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 cancell'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 vastly⁵⁵ stood
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 rigol⁵⁶ goes,
Which seems to weep upon the tainted place :
And ever since, as pitying Lucrece' woes,
Corrupted blood some watery token shows ;

⁵⁵ *vastly*] i. e. like a waste.

⁵⁶ *rigol*] i. e. circle.

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 de-
priv'd.

“ If in the child the father's image lies,

“ Where shall I live, now Lucrece is unliv'd ?

“ Thou wast not to this end from me deriv'd.

“ If children predecease progenitors,

“ We are their offspring, and they none of ours.

“ Poor broken glass, I often did behold

“ In thy sweet semblance my old age newborn ;

“ But now that fair fresh mirror, dim and old,

“ Shows me a barebon'd death by time outworn ;

“ O, from thy cheeks my image thou hast torn !

“ And shiver'd all the beauty of my glass,

“ That I no more can see what once I was.

“ O time, cease thou thy course, and last no longer,

“ 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 ;

And then in key-cold Lucrece' bleeding stream
 He falls, and bathes the pale fear in his face,
 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.

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 :
 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 late⁵⁷ hath spill’d.”
 “ Woe, woe,” quoth Collatine, “ she was my wife,
 “ 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 idiots 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?
 “ 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?

⁵⁷ *late*] i. e. recently.

“ 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,
 “ To rouse our Roman gods with invocations,
 “ That they will suffer these abominations,
 “ (Since Rome herself in them doth stand disgrac’d) [chas’d.
 “ By our strong arms from forth her fair streets

“ 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, 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 :⁵⁸
 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.

⁵⁸ allow] i. e. approve.

When they had sworn to this advised doom,
They did conclude to bear dead Lucrece thence ;
To show her bleeding body thorough Rome,
And so to publish Tarquin's foul offence :
Which being done with speedy diligence,
The Romans plausibly⁵⁹ did give consent
To Tarquin's everlasting banishment.

⁵⁹ *plausibly*] i. e. with acclamations.



SONNETS.

TO THE
ONLY BEGETTER 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.¹

¹ T. T.] i. e. Thomas Thorpe.

SONNETS.

I.

FROM fairest creatures we desire increase,
That thereby beauty's rose might never die,
But as the ripener 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.
Pity the world, or else this glutton be,
To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.

II.

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
Thy youth's proud livery, so gaz'd on now,
Will be a tatter'd weed, 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'd¹ womb
 Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry ?
 Or who is he so fond,² will be the tomb
 Of his self-love, to stop posterity ?
 Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee
 Calls back the lovely April of her prime :
 So thou through windows of thine age shalt see,
 Despite of wrinkles, this thy golden time.

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,

¹ *un-ear'd*] i. e. unploughed.

² *fond*] i. e. foolish.

VI.

Then let not winter's ragged hand 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 use⁵ 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 figur'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,
 Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,
 Attending on his golden pilgrimage ;
 But when from high-most pitch, with weary car,
 Like feeble age, he reeleth from the day,

⁵ use] i. e. usance.

The eyes, 'fore duteous, now converted are
 From his low tract, and look another way :
 So thou, thyself outgoing in thy noon,
 Unlook'd on diest, unless thou get a son.

VIII.

Musick to hear, why hear'st thou musick sadly ;⁶
 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, do offend thine ear,
 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 makeless⁷ wife :

⁶ *Musick to hear, why hear'st thou musick sadly?*] i. e. Thou, whom it is musick to hear, why hearest thou, &c.

⁷ *makeless*] i. e. mateless : *make for mate* is common in our old poets.

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.

No love toward others in that bosom sits,
 That on himself such murderous shame commits.

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 beauteous roof to ruinate,
 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.

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,⁸
 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 ;

 She carv'd thee for her seal, and meant thereby,
 Thou should'st print more, nor let that copy die.

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 ;
 When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
 Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
 And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,
 Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard ;
 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 ;

⁸ *for store*] " i. e. to be preserved for use." MALONE.

And nothing 'gainst time's scythe can make
defence,
Save breed, to brave him 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.
So should that beauty which you hold in lease
Find no determination : then you were
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
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 season's 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 that I in heaven find :

But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive,
 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 :⁹
 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 selfsame 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,
 To change your day of youth to sullied night ;
 And, all in war with time, for love of you,
 As he takes from you, I engraft you new.

XVI.

But wherefore do not you a mightier way
 Make war upon this bloody tyrant, Time ?
 And fortify yourself in your decay

⁹ *If from thyself to store thou would'st convert*] "i. e. if thou wouldst change thy single state, and beget a numerous progeny." MALONE.

With means more blessed than my barren rhyme?
 Now stand you on the top of happy hours;
 And many maiden gardens, yet unset,
 With virtuous wish would bear you living flowers,
 Much liker than your painted counterfeit:¹⁰
 So should the lines of life that life repair,
 Which this, Time's pencil, or my pupil pen,
 Neither in inward worth, nor outward fair,¹¹
 Can make you live yourself in eyes of men.
 To give away yourself, keeps yourself still;
 And you must live, drawn by your own sweet skill.

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.

¹⁰ *counterfeit*] i. e. portrait.

¹¹ *fair*] i. e. beauty.

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,
 And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
 Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
 And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
 And every fair from fair sometime declines,
 By chance, or nature's changing course, un-
 trimm'd;

But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
 Nor lose possession of that fair¹³ thou owest;
 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 tiger's jaws,
 And burn the long-liv'd phœnix in her blood;
 Make glad and sorry seasons, as thou fleets,¹²
 And do whate'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,

¹² *fleets*] i. e. *fleetest*,—for the sake of the rhyme.

¹³ *fair*] i. e. beauty.

Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen ;
 Him in thy course untainted do allow,
 For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.

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 ;
 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 ;
 A man in hue, all hues in his controlling,
 Which steals men's eyes, and women's souls
 amazeth.

And for a woman wert thou first created ;
 Till nature, as she wrought thee, fell a-doting,
 And by addition me of thee defeated,
 By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.

But since she prick'd¹⁴ thee out for women's
 pleasure,

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 ;

¹⁴ *prick'd*] i. e. marked.

Making a couplement of proud compare,
 With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich
 gems,
 With April's first-born flowers, and all things rare
 That heaven's air in his huge rondure¹⁵ hems.
 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 :
 Let them say more that like of hear-say well ;
 I will not praise, that purpose not to sell.

XXII.

My glass shall not persuade me I am old,
 So long as youth and thou are of one date ;
 But when in thee time's furrows I behold,
 Then look I death my days should expiate.¹⁶
 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.

¹⁵ *rondure*] i. e. round, circumference.

¹⁶ *expiate*] " i. e. fill up the measure of." MALONE.

XXIII.

As an unperfect actor on the stage,
 Who with his fear is put besides his part,
 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'ercharg'd with burthen of mine own love's might.
 O let my books be then the eloquence
 And dumb presagers of my speaking breast ;
 Who plead for love, and look for recompense,
 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 stell'd¹⁷
 Thy beauty's form in table of my heart ;
 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 ;

¹⁷ *stell'd*] i. e. fixed : from *stell* : see p. 122 note 44.

Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for me
 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,
 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,¹⁸

After a thousand victories once foil'd,
 Is from the book of honour razed quite,
 And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd :

Then happy I, that love and am belov'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,
 To thee I send this written embassage,

¹⁸ *fight*] Though I have not thought it necessary to notice all the emendations of the text by editors, it may be proper to state that "*right*" is the conjecture of Theobald for the reading of the old copy, "*worth*."

To witness duty, not to show my wit.
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 by moving,
Points on me graciously with fair aspect,
And puts apparel on my tatter'd loving,
To show me worthy of thy sweet respect:
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:
For then my thoughts (from far where I abide)
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
And keep my drooping eyelids open wide,
Looking on darkness which the blind do see:
Save that my soul's imaginary sight
Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,
Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,
Makes black night beauteous, and her old face
new.
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;
 When sparkling stars twire¹⁸ not, thou gild'st the
 even.

But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer,
 And night doth nightly make grief's length
 seem stronger.

XXIX.

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
 I all alone beweepe my outcast 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,

¹⁸ *twire*] i. e. peep out.

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 ;
 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 times' waste :
 Then can I drown an eye, unus'd to flow,
 For precious friends hid in death's dateless night.
 And weep afresh love's long-since cancell'd woe,
 And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight.
 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.
 But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
 All losses are restor'd, and sorrows end.

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 obsequious¹⁹ tear

¹⁹ *obsequious*] i. e. funereal.

Hath dear religious love stolen from mine eye,
 As interest of the dead, which now appear
 But things remov'd, that hidden in thee lie!
 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,
 Compare them with the bettering of the time;
 And though they be outstripp'd by every pen,
 Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme,
 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,
 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.*

XXXIII.

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;
 Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
 With ugly rack²⁰ on his celestial face,
 And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
 Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace:
 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 hath mask'd him from me now.
 Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;
 Suns of the world may stain, 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'ertake me in my way,
 Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke?
 '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.

²⁰ *rack*] i. e. vapours. Malone here explains *rack* to be the *fleeting motion of the clouds*: it more properly means the clouds themselves moving before the wind.

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,
Authórising thy trespass with compare,
Myself corrupting, salving thy amiss,²¹
Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are :
For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense,
(Thy adverse party is thy advocate)
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,
Although our undivided loves are one :
So shall those blots that do with me remain,
Without thy help, by me be borne alone.
In our two loves there is but one respect,
Though in our lives a separable spite,²²
Which though it alter not love's sole effect,

²¹ *amiss*] i. e. fault.

²² *separable spite*] “ i. e. a cruel fate, that spitefully separates us from each other. *Separable* for *separating*.” MALONE.

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 public 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 dearest²³ spite,
 Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth ;
 For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,
 Or any of these all, or all, or more,
 Entitled in thy parts²⁴ do crowned sit,
 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 !

XXXVIII.

How can my muse want subject to invent,
 While thou dost breathe, that pour'st into my verse

²³ *dearest*] i. e. excessive, grievous.

²⁴ *entitled in thy parts*] i. e. having a claim or title to thy parts.

Thine own sweet argument, too excellent
 For every vulgar paper to rehearse ?
 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 outlive 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 de-
 ceive,)
 And that thou teachest how to make one twain,
 By praising him here, who doth hence remain.

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 ;
 But yet be blam'd, if thou thyself deceivest
 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,
 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 ;
 And when a woman woos, what woman's son
 Will sourly leave her till she have prevail'd.
 Ah me ! but yet thou might'st my seat forbear,²⁵
 And chide thy beauty and thy straying youth,

²⁵ *thou might'st my seat forbear*] Malone prints

“ *thou might'st, my sweet, forbear ;*”

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.

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,
 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;²⁶
 But when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee,

but the following passage in *Othello* (act. ii. sc. i.) has been adduced to show that the reading of the old copy is right;

“ For that I do suspect the lusty Moor
 Hath leap'd into my *seat*.”

²⁶ *unrespected*] i. e. unregarded.

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
 Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stay ?
 All days are nights to see, till I see thee,
 And nights, bright days, when dreams do show
 thee me.

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,
 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,²⁷
 I must attend time's leisure with my moan ;

²⁷ *so much of earth and water wrought*] “ i. e. being so thoroughly compounded of these two ponderous elements.”

Receiving nought by elements so slow
But heavy tears, badges of either's woe :

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, 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, 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,
How to divide the conquest of thy sight ;
Mine eye my heart thy picture's sight would bar,
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.
To 'cide²⁸ this title is impannelled

²⁸ 'cide] i. e. decide.

A quest of thoughts, all tenants to the heart;
 And by their verdict is determined
 The clear eye's moiety,²⁹ 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,
 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:
 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,
 Thyself away art present 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.

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 falsehood, in sure wards of trust!
 But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are,
 Most worthy comfort, now my greatest grief,

²⁹ *moiety*] i. e. portion.

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,
 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.

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,
 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 ;
 Against that time do I ensconce³⁰ me here
 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,—

³⁰ *ensconce*] i. e. fortify.

Doth teach that ease and that repose to say,
 "Thus far the miles are measur'd from thy friend!"
 The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,
 Plods dully on, 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:
 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?
 Then should I spur, though mounted on the
 wind;
 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;
 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.

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.
 Therefore are feasts³¹ so solemn and so rare,
 Since seldom coming, in the long year set,
 Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,
 Or captain³² jewels in the carcanet.³³
 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,
 By new unfolding his imprison'd pride.

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's shade,
 And you, but one, can every shadow lend.
 Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit³⁴
 Is poorly imitated after you;
 On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set,

³¹ *feasts*] "He means the four *festivals* of the year."

STEEVENS.

³² *captain*] i. e. chief, more valuable.

³³ *carcanet*] i. e. necklace.

³⁴ *counterfeit*] i. e. portrait.

And you in Grecian tires are painted new :
 Speak of the spring, and foizon³⁵ of the year ;
 The one doth shadow of your beauty show,
 The other as your bounty doth appear,
 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 !
 The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
 For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
 The canker-blooms³⁶ have full as deep a dye,
 As the perfumed tincture of the roses,
 Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
 When summer's breath their masked buds dis-
 closes :

But, for their virtue 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 :
 And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
 When that shall fade, by³⁷ verse distills your
 truth.

³⁵ *foizon*] i. e. plenty.

³⁶ *canker-blooms*] i. e. the blossoms of the *canker*,—the wild, or dog-rose.

³⁷ *by*] Altered unnecessarily by Malone to “ *my*.”

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 gracious⁴¹ is as mine,
 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,
 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 ;
 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 ;
 And all those beauties, whereof now he's king,
 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,

⁴¹ *gracious*] i. e. beautiful.

That he shall never cut from memory
 My sweet love's beauty, though my lover's life.
 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 outworn buried 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,
 And the firm soil win of the wat'ry main,
 Increasing store with loss, and loss with store ;
 When I have seen such interchange of state,
 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'ersways their power,
 How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
 Whose action is no stronger than a flower ?
 O, how shall summer's honey breath hold out
 Against the wreckful siege of battering days,
 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 ?
 Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back ?
 Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid ?

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,—
 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-tied by authority,
 And folly (doctor-like) controlling skill,
 And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,
 And captive good attending captain ill :
 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 lace⁴² itself with his society ?
 Why should false painting imitate his cheek,

⁴² lace] i. e. embellish.

And steal dead seeing of his living hue?
 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 outworn,
 When beauty liv'd and died as flowers do now,
 Before these bastard signs of fair were borne,
 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,
 Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay:
 In him those holy antique hours are seen,
 Without all ornament, itself, and true,
 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,

Uttering bare truth, even so as foes commend.
 Thine outward 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.
 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 solve⁴³ is this,—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,⁴⁴
 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;
 For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,
 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:

⁴³ *solve*] i. e. solution; so Malone: Steevens proposes to read "*sole*."—The old copy has "*solye*."

⁴⁴ *suspect*] i. e. suspicion.

If some suspect of ill mask'd not thy show, [owe.⁴⁵
Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts should'st

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
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.
O if (I say) you look upon this verse,
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
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,
And hang more praise upon deceased I
Than niggard truth would willingly impart:
O, lest your true love may seem false in this,

⁴⁵ owe] i. e. own, possess.

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
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou seest the twilight of such day,
As after sunset fadeth in the west,
Which by and by black night doth take away,
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,
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,
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.

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.

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
 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 :
 Sometime, all full with feasting on your sight,
 And by and by clean starved for a look ;
 Possessing or pursuing no delight,
 Save what is had or must from you be took.

Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day,
 Or gluttoning on all, or all away.

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,
 That every word doth almost tell my name,
 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.⁴⁶

Thy glass will show thee how thy beauties wear,
 Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste;
 The vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will bear,
 And of this book this learning may'st thou taste.
 The wrinkles which thy glass will truly show,
 Of mouthed graves will give thee memory;
 Thou by thy dial's shady stealth may'st know
 Time's thievish progress to eternity.
 Look, what thy memory cannot contain,
 Commit to these waste blanks, and thou shalt find
 Those children nurs'd, deliver'd from thy brain,
 To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.
 These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,
 Shall profit thee, and much enrich thy book.

⁴⁶ LXXVII] Steevens observes that this sonnet was probably designed to accompany a present of a book consisting of blank paper; and Malone adds, that we learn from sonnet cxxii. that Shakespeare received a *table-book* from his friend.

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,
Have added feathers to the learned's wing,
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.

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 spirit⁴⁷ doth use your name,
 And in the praise thereof spends all his might,
 To make me tongue-tied, speaking of your fame !
 But since your worth (wide, as the ocean is,)
 The humble as the proudest sail doth bear,
 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 ;
 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 entombed in men's eyes shall lie.

⁴⁷ *a better spirit*] has been supposed to mean Spenser.

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 ;
 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'erlook
 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 fair⁴⁸ no painting set.
 I found, or thought I found, you did exceed

⁴⁸ *fair*] i. e. beauty.

The barren tender of a poet's debt :
 And therefore have I slept in your report,
 That you yourself, being extant, well might show
 How far a modern⁴⁹ quill doth come too short,
 Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow.
 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.
 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.
 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.

⁴⁹ *modern*] i. e. common, worthless.

LXXXV.

My tongue-tied muse in manners holds her still,
 While comments of your praise, richly compil'd,
 Reserve⁵⁰ their character with golden quill,
 And precious phrase by all the muses fil'd.
 I think good thoughts, while 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 ;
 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 inhearse,
 Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew ?
 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

⁵⁰ *Rcserve*] i. e. preserve.

Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,
 As victors, of my silence cannot boast ;
 I was not sick of any fear from thence.

But when your countenance fil'd⁵¹ up his line,
 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 ;
 My bonds in thee are all determinate.⁵²
 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 back again is swerving.
 Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then not know-
 ing,

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, 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,
 Upon thy side against myself I'll fight,
 And prove thee virtuous, though thou art forsworn.

⁵¹ *fil'd*] i. e. polished.

⁵² *determinate*] i. e. ended, out of date.

With mine own weakness being best acquainted,
 Upon thy part I can set down a story
 Of faults conceal'd, wherein I am attainted ;
 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.

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, 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, and look strange ;
 Be absent from thy walks ; 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.

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 ;
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.
Thy love is better than high birth to me,
Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost,
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 ; so love's face
 May still seem love to me, though alter'd-new ;
 Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place :
 For there can live no hatred in thine eye,
 Therefore in that I cannot know thy change.
 In many's looks the false heart's history
 Is writ, in moods and frowns and wrinkles strange ;
 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 !

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,
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 out-braves his dignity :

For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds ;
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

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.
O what a mansion have those vices got,
Which for their habitation chose out thee !

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:
 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!
 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,
 As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

XCVII.

How like a winter hath my absence been
 From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!
 What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen!
 What old December's bareness every where!
 And yet this time remov'd⁵³ was summer's time;
 The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,

⁵³ *this time remov'd*] "i. e. this time in which I was remote or absent from thee." MALONE.

Bearing the wanton burden of the prime,
 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
 That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him.
 Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
 Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
 Could make me any summer's story tell,
 Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew :
 Nor did I wonder at the lilies white,
 Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose ;
 They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
 Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.
 Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,
 As with your shadow I with these did play :

XCIX.

The forward violet thus did I chide ;—
 Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet that
 smells,
 If not from my love's breath ? The purple pride

Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells,
 In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dy'd.
 The lily I condemned for thy hand,
 And buds of marjoram had stolen thy hair :
 The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
 One blushing shame, another white despair ;
 A third, nor red nor white, had stolen of both,
 And to his robbery had annex'd thy breath ;
 But for his theft, in pride of all his growth
 A vengeful canker eat him up to death.

More flowers I noted, yet I none could see,
 But sweet or colour it had stolen from thee.

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'st⁵⁴ his scythe, and crooked knife.

⁵⁴ *So thou prevent'st his scythe, &c.]* “ i. e. so by anticipation thou hinderest the destructive effects of his weapon.”

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 outlive 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.

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, whose rich esteeming
 The owner's tongue doth publish every where.
 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,
 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,
 But that wild musick burthens every bough,

And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.
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,
Dulling my lines, and doing me disgrace.
Were it not sinful then, striving to mend,
To mar the subject that before was well ?
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 ;
Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd,
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 ;
So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth
stand,

Hath motion, 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.

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,

I see their antique pen would have express'd
 Even such a beauty as you master now.
 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 :
 For we, which now behold these present days,
 Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

CVII.

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
 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,
 And the sad augurs mock their own presage ;
 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,⁵⁵
 Since spite of him I'll live in this poor rhyme,
 While he insults o'er duil and speechless tribes.
 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 ?

⁵⁵ *subscribes*] i. e. submits.

What's new to speak, what now⁵⁶ to register,
 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
 Weighs not the dust and injury of age,
 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:
 That is my home of love: if I have rang'd,
 Like him that travels, I return again;
 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,
 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.

⁵⁶ now] altered unnecessarily by Malone to "new."

CX.

Alas, 'tis true, I have gone here and there,
 And made myself a motley to the view,⁵⁷
 Gor'd mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most
 dear,

Made old offences of affections new.

Most true it is, that I have look'd on truth
 Askance and strangely; but, by all above,
 These blenches⁵⁸ gave my heart another youth,
 And worse essays prov'd thee my best of love.
 Now all is done, save what shall have no end:
 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,
 The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
 That did not better for my life provide,
 Than publick means, which publick manners
 breeds.

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:

⁵⁷ *And made myself a motley to the view*] i. e. seemed like a fool; whose dress used to be *motley*.

⁵⁸ *blenches*] i. e. starts, deviations.

Pity me then, and wish I were renew'd ;
 Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink
 Potions of eysell,⁵⁹ 'gainst my strong infection ;
 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 ?⁶⁰
 You are my all-the-world, and I must strive
 To know my shames and praises from your tongue ;
 None else to me,⁶¹ nor I to none alive,
 That my steel'd sense or changes, right or wrong.
 In so profound abysm I throw all care
 Of other's voices, that my adder's sense
 To critick and to flatterer stopped are.
 Mark how with my neglect I do dispense :—

You are so strongly in my purpose bred,
 That all the world besides methinks are⁶² dead.

⁵⁹ *eysell*] i. e. vinegar.

⁶⁰ *allow*] i. e. approve.

⁶¹ *None else to me, &c.*] “ the meaning 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.

⁶² *are*] the old copy has “ *y'are*” a common abbreviation of *you are*, not of *they are*, as Malone strangely supposes.

CXIII.

Since I left you, mine eye is in my mind,
 And that which governs me to go about,
 Doth part his function, and is partly blind,
 Seems seeing, but effectually is out ;
 For it no form delivers to the heart
 Of bird, of flower, or shape, which it doth latch ;⁶³
 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,⁶⁴ 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.⁶⁵

CXIV.

Or whether doth my mind, being crown'd with you,
 Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery,
 Or whether shall I say mine eye saith true,
 And that your love taught it this alchymy,
 To make of monsters and things indigest,

⁶³ *latch*] i. e. lay held of.

⁶⁴ *favour*] i. e. countenance.

⁶⁵ *My most true mind thus maketh mine untrue*] "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."

Such cherubins as your sweet self resemble,
 Creating every bad a perfect best,
 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,
 And to his palate doth prepare the cup:
 If it be poison'd, 'tis the lesser sin
 That mine eye loves it, and doth first begin.

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 incertainty,
 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
 Admit impediments. Love is not love

Which alters when it alteration finds,
 Or bends with the remover to remove :
 O no ; it is an ever-fixed mark,
 That looks on tempests, and is never shaken ;
 It is the star to every wandering bark,
 Whose worth's unknown, although his height be
 taken.

Love's not Time's fool, 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.

 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 ;
 Forgot upon your dearest love to call,
 Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day ;
 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,
 But shoot not at me in your waken'd hate :
 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 eager⁶⁶ compounds 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 assured,
 And brought to medicine a healthful state,
 Which, rank of goodness, would by ill be cured
 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 limbecs 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 eyes⁶⁷ out of their spheres been
 fitted,
 In the distraction of this madding fever !

⁶⁶ *eager*] i. e. *sour*.

⁶⁷ *How have mine eyes, &c.*] “ How have mine eyes been convulsed during the frantic *fits* of my feverous love !” MALONE.

O benefit of ill ! now I find true
 That better is by evil still made better ;
 And ruin'd love, when it is built anew,
 Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater.
 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 :
 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'd⁶⁸
 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,
 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

⁶⁸ *remember'd*] i. e. reminded.

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 ; and they that level
 At my abuses, reckon up their own :
 I may be straight, though they themselves be
 bevel ;⁶⁹

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,
 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 ;
 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,⁷⁰

⁶⁹ *bevel*] i. e. crooked. “ In masonry and joinery [*bevel* is] a kind of square, one leg of which is frequently crooked, according to the sweep of an arch or vault.” BUILDER'S DICT.

⁷⁰ *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*.” MALONE.

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
 gather'd.
 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,
 That it nor grows with heat, nor drowns with
 showers.

To this I witness call the fools of time,
 Which die for goodness, who have liv'd for
 crime.

CXXV.

Were it aught to me I bore the canopy,
 With my extern the outward honouring,
 Or laid 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 foregoing 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,⁷¹ 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.

⁷¹ *seconds*] On this word, which is probably a misprint, *teevens* has a note too preposterously absurd to be transferred to the present pages.

CXXVI.

O thou, my lovely boy, 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 is to render thee.

CXXVII.

In the old age black was not counted fair,
 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 seem⁷²

⁷² *and they mourners seem, &c.*] "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.

At such, who not born fair, no beauty lack,
 Slandering creation with a false esteem :
 Yet so they mourn, becoming of their woe,
 That every tongue says, beauty should look so.

CXXVIII.

How oft, when thou, my musick, 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,
 Do I envy those jacks,⁷³ that nimble leap
 To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,
 Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest reap,
 At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand !
 To be so tickled, they would change their state
 And situation with those dancing chips,
 O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,
 Making dead wood more bless'd than living lips.
 Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,
 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,

⁷³ *jacks*] Of the virginal,—a musical instrument of the spinnet kind.

Past reason hated, as a swallow'd bait,
 On purpose laid to make the taker mad :
 Mad in pursuit, and in possession so ;
 Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme ;
 A bliss in proof,—and prov'd, a very woe ;
 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.

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, 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.

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,
 Nor that full star that ushers in the even,
 Doth half that glory to the sober west,
 As those two mourning eyes become thy face:
 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!
 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 three-fold 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.

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 ⁷⁴ of thy beauty thou wilt take,

⁷⁴ *statute*] "has here its legal signification, that of a security or obligation for money." MALONE.

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.

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, fulfill.
Will will fulfill the treasure of thy love,
Ay, fill it full with wills, and my will one,
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,
 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 where all men ride,
 Why of eyes' falsehood hast thou forged hooks,
 Whereto the judgment of my heart is ty'd ?
 Why should my heart think that a several plot,⁷⁵
 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 ?
 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 that she is made of truth,
 I do believe her, though I know she lies ;

⁷⁵ *a several plot*] a *several* was a term for an enclosed field, in opposition to an open field or common.

That she might think me some untutor'd youth,
Unlearned in the world's false subtilties.

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 supprest.

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 ;

Wound me not with thine eye, 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'erpress'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 ;
 (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.

That I may not be so, nor thou bely'd,
 Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart
 go wide.

CXLI.

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 one foolish heart from serving thee,
 Who leaves 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 ;
 Or if it do, not from those lips of thine,
 That have profan'd their scarlet ornaments,
 And seal'd false bonds of love as oft as mine ;
 Robb'd others' beds revenues of their rents.
 Be it lawful I love thee, as thou lov'st those
 Whom thine eyes woo as mine impórtune thee :
 Root pity in thy heart, that when it grows,
 Thy pity may deserve to pity'd 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 housewife runs to catch
 One of her feather'd creatures broke away,
 Sets down her babe, and makes all swift despatch
 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
 To follow that which flies before her face,
 Not prizing her poor infant's discontent ;
 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.

CXLIV.

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,
 Which like two spirits do suggest⁷⁶ me still ;
 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,
 And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
 Wooing his purity with her foul pride.
 And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend,
 Suspect I may, yet not directly tell ;
 But being both from me, both to each friend,
 I guess one angel in another's hell.
 Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,
 Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

CXLV.

Those lips that Love's own hand did make,
 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

⁷⁶ *suggest*] i. e. tempt.

Was us'd in giving gentle doom ;
 And taught it thus anew to greet :
I hate she alter'd with an end,
 That follow'd it as gentle day
 Doth follow night, who like a fiend
 From heaven to hell is flown away.
I hate from hate away she threw,
 And sav'd my life, saying—*not you.*

CXLVI.

Poor soul,⁷⁷ the centre of my sinful earth,
 Fool'd by those rebel powers that thee array,
 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 ;
 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.

⁷⁷ *Poor soul*, &c.] The two first lines of this sonnet are thus given in the old copy ;

“ *Poor soul*, the center of my sinful earth,
 My sinful earth these rebel powers that thee array.”

The emendation is Malone's.

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,
 Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,
 Hath left me, and I desperate now approve,
 Desire is death, which physic did except.
 Past cure I am, now reason is past care,
 And frantic mad with evermore unrest ;
 My thoughts and my discourse as mad men'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.

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 censures⁷⁸ falsely 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,

⁷⁸ *censures*] i. e. estimates.

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 ?⁷⁹
 Do I not think on thee, when I forgot
 Am of myself, all tyrant, for thy sake ?
 Who hateth thee that I do call my friend ?
 On whom frown'st thou that I do fawn upon ?
 Nay if thou low'rst 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 ?

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 ?
 Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,

⁷⁹ *partake*] i. e. take part.

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?
 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,⁸⁰
 Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove.
 For thou betraying me, I do betray
 My nobler part to my gross body's treason;
 My soul doth tell my body that he may
 Triumph in love; flesh stays no farther reason;
 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;

⁸⁰ *amiss*] i. e. fault.

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 kind-
 ness,
 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;
 For I have sworn thee fair: more perjur'd I,
 To swear, against the truth, so foul a lie!

CLIII.

Cupid laid by his brand, and fell asleep:
 A maid of Dian's this advantage found,
 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, 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 ;
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.

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

FROM off a hill whose concave womb re-worded
 A plaintful story from a sistring vale,
 My spirits to attend this double voice accorded,
 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.

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.
 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.

Oft did she heave her napkin to her eyne,
 Which on it had conceited¹ characters,
 Laund'ring² the silken figures in the brine
 That season'd woe had pelleted³ in tears,
 And often reading what contents it bears ;
 As often shrieking undistinguish'd woe,
 In clamours of all size, both high and low.

¹ *conceited*] i. e. fanciful.

² *laund'ring*] i. e. washing.

³ *pelleted*] i. e. made into pellets, balls.

Sometimes her levell'd⁴ eyes their carriage ride,
 As they did battery to the spheres intend ;
 Sometime diverted their poor balls are ty'd
 To the orb'd earth : sometimes they do extend
 Their view right on ; anon their gazes lend
 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'd⁵ hat,
 Hanging her pale and pined cheek beside ;
 Some in her threaden fillet still did bide,
 And, true to bondage, would not break from thence,
 Though slackly braided in loose negligence.

A thousand favours from a maund⁶ she drew
 Of amber, crystal, and of beaded jet,
 Which one by one she in a river threw,
 Upon whose weeping margent she was set ;
 Like usury, applying wet to wet,
 Or monarch's hands, that let not bounty fall
 Where want cries *some*, 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,

⁴ *levell'd eyes, &c.*] An allusion to a piece of ordnance.

⁵ *sheav'd*] i. e. straw.

⁶ *maund*] i. e. hand basket.

Bidding them find their sepulchres in mud ;
 Found yet more letters sadly penn'd in blood,
 With sleided⁷ silk feat⁸ and affectedly
 Enswath'd, and seal'd to curious secrecy.

These often bath'd she in her fluxive eyes,
 And often kiss'd, and often 'gan⁹ to tear ;
 Cried, " 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.

A reverend man that graz'd his cattle nigh,
 Sometime a blusterer, that the ruffle knew
 Of court, of city, and had let go by
 The swiftest hours, observed as they flew ;
 Towards this afflicted fancy¹⁰ fastly drew ;
 And, privileg'd by age, desires to know
 In brief, the grounds and motives of her woe.

So slides he down upon his grained bat,¹¹
 And comely-distant sits he by her side ;
 When he again desires her, being sat,

⁷ *sleided*] i. e. raw, untwisted.

⁸ *feat*] i. e. neatly, curiously.

⁹ *'gan*] Malone's conjecture for " *gave*."

¹⁰ *fancy*] i. e. enamoured one : *fancy* occurs several times in this vol. in the sense of *love*.

¹¹ *bat*] i. e. club.

Her grievance with his hearing to divide :
 If that from him there may be aught applied
 Which may her suffering ecstasy assuage,
 'Tis promis'd in the charity of age.

“ Father,” she says, “ though in me you behold
 “ The injury of many a blasting hour,
 “ Let it not tell your judgment I am old ;
 “ Not age, but sorrow, over me hath power :
 “ I might as yet have been a spreading flower,
 “ Fresh to myself, if I had self-applied
 “ 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,
 “ That maiden's eyes stuck over all his face :
 “ Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him her place ;
 “ 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.
 “ What's sweet to do, to do will aptly find :
 “ Each eye that saw him did enchant the mind ;
 “ For on his visage was in little drawn,
 “ What largeness thinks in paradise was sawn.¹²

¹² *sawn*] i. e. sown.

“ Small show of man was yet upon his chin ;
“ His phœnix down began but to appear,
“ Like unshorn velvet, on that termless skin,
“ Whose bare out-bragg’d the web it seem’d to
 wear ;
“ Yet show’d his visage 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-tongued he was, and thereof free ;
“ Yet, if men mov’d him, was he such a storm
“ As oft ’twixt May and April is to see,
“ When winds breathe sweet, unruly though they be.
“ 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 :*
“ *Proud of subjection, noble by the sway,*
“ *What rounds, what bounds, what course, what*
 stop he makes !

“ And controversy hence a question takes,
“ Whether the horse by him became his deed,
“ Or he his manage by the well-doing steed.

“ But quickly on this side 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 ; yet their purpos’d trim
 “ Piec’d not his grace, but were all grac’d by him.

“ 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 ;

“ That he did in the general bosom reign
 “ Of young, of old ; and sexes both enchanted,
 “ To dwell with him in thoughts, or to remain
 “ In personal duty, following where he haunted :
 “ 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 as-
 sign’d ;
 “ And labouring in more pleasures to bestow them,
 “ Than the true gouty landlord which doth owe¹³
 them :

¹³ owe] i. e. own.

“ 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, (not in part,)
“ 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, 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,
“ 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*.

“ For further I could say, *this man's untrue,*
 “ And knew the patterns of his foul beguiling;¹³
 “ Heard where his plants in others' orchards
 grew,
 “ Saw how deceits were gilded in his smiling;
 “ Knew vows were ever brokers¹⁴ to defiling;
 “ Thought, characters, and words, merely but art,
 “ And bastards of his foul adulterate heart.

“ And long upon these terms I held my city,
 “ 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.*

“ *All my offences that abroad you see,*
 “ *Are errors of the blood, none of the mind;*
 “ *Love made them not; with acture¹⁵ they may be,*
 “ *Where neither party is nor true nor kind:*
 “ *They sought their shame that so their shame*
 did find;

¹³ *patterns of his foul beguiling]* i. e. the examples of his seduction.” MALONE.

¹⁴ *brokers]* i. e. pandars.

¹⁵ *acture]* i. e. action.

“ *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,*
 “ *Not one whose flame my heart so much as warm'd,*
 “ *Or my affection put to the smallest teen,¹⁶*
 “ *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 fancies¹⁷ sent*
 me,
 “ *Of paled pearls, and rubies red as blood ;*
 “ *Figuring that they their passions likewise lent me*
 “ *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.*

“ *And lo ! behold these talents of their hair,¹⁸*
 “ *With twisted metal amorously impleach'd,¹⁹*
 “ *I have receiv'd from many a several fair,*
 “ *(Their kind acceptance weepingly beseech'd,)*
 “ *With the annexions of fair gems enrich'd,*

¹⁶ *teen*] i. e. grief.

¹⁷ *fancies*] See note ¹⁰, p. 235.

¹⁸ *talents of their hair, &c.*] i. e. “ *lockets, consisting of hair platted and set in gold.*” MALONE.

¹⁹ *impleach'd*] i. e. interwoven.

“ *And deep-brain'd sonnets that did amplify*
 “ *Each stone's dear nature, worth, and quality.*

“ *The diamond ; why 'twas beautiful and hard,*
 “ *Whereto his invis'd²⁰ properties did tend ;*
 “ *The deep-green emerald, in whose fresh regard*
 “ *Weak sights their sickly radiance do amend ;*
 “ *The heaven-hued sapphire and the opal blend*
 “ *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 heard 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 ;
 “ *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*
 “ *Their distract parcels in combined sums.*

²⁰ invis'd] i. e. invisible.

“ *Lo ! this device was sent me from a nun,*
 “ *Or sister sanctified of holiest note ;*
 “ *Which late her noble suit²¹ in court did shun,*
 “ *Whose rarest havings made the blossoms dote ;²²*
 “ *For she was sought by spirits of richest coat,²³*
 “ *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 ?
 “ *Paling²⁴ the place which did no form receive,*
 “ *Playing patient sports in unconstrained gyves :*
 “ *She that her fame so to herself contrives,*
 “ *The scars of battle 'scapeth by the flight,*
 “ *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,*

²¹ *suit*] i. e. suitors.

²² *Whose rarest havings made the blossoms dote*] “ Whose accomplishments were so extraordinary, that the flower of the young nobility were passionately enamoured of her.” MALONE. It may be doubted, however, if “ *havings*” is not used here in its usual sense of *fortune, estate*, and not in that of *accomplishments*.

²³ *coat*] i. e. coat of arms.

²⁴ *Paling, &c.*] “ i. e. securing within the pale of a cloister, that heart which had never received the impression of love.” MALONE—who altered the corrupt reading of the old copy, “ *Playing*” to “ *Paling*.”

“ *And now she would the caged cloister fly :*
 “ *Religious love put out religion’s eye :*
 “ *Not to be tempted, would she be immur’d,*
 “ *And now, to tempt all, liberty procur’d.*

“ *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 congest,*
 “ *As compound love to physick your cold breast.*

“ *My parts had power to charm a sacred sun,*
 “ *Who disciplin’d and dieted²⁵ in grace,*
 “ *Believ’d her eyes when they to assail begun,*
 “ *All vows and consecrations giving place.*
 “ *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.

“ *When thou impresses, what are precepts worth*
 “ *Of stale example ? When thou wilt inflame,*
 “ *How coldly those impediments stand forth*
 “ *Of wealth, of filial fear, law, kindred, fame ?*

²⁵ *and dieted*] The emendation of an anonymous correspondent adopted by Malone, for the reading of the old copy, “ *I died.*”

- “ *Love’s arms are peace,*²⁶ *’gainst rule, ’gainst
sense, ’gainst shame,*
 “ *And sweetens, in the suffering pangs it bears,*
 “ *The aloes of all forces, shocks, and fears.*
- “ *Now all these hearts that do on mine depend,*
 “ *Feeling it break, with bleeding groans they pine,*
 “ *And supplicant their sighs to you extend,*
 “ *To leave the battery that you make ’gainst
mine,*
 “ *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 eyes²⁷ he did dismount,
 “ Whose sights till then were levell’d on my face ;
 “ 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, gate²⁸ the glowing
roses
 “ That flame through water which their hue in-
closes.

²⁶ *Love’s arms are peace, &c.]* “ The meaning may be—the *warfare* that love carries on against rule, sense, &c. produces to the parties engaged a *peaceful* enjoyment, and *sweetens, &c.*” MALONE.

²⁷ *his watery eyes, &c.]* “ The allusion is to the old English fire-arms, which were supported on what was called a *rest.*” MALONE.

²⁸ *gate]* i. e. got.

" 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! cold modesty, hot wrath,
 " Both fire from hence and chill extinture hath!

" For lo! his passion, but an art of craft,
 " Even there resolv'd my reason into tears;
 " There my white stole of chastity I daff'd,
 " Shook off my sober guards, and civil²⁹ fears;
 " Appear to him, as he to me appears,
 " All melting; though our drops this difference
 bore,
 " His poison'd me, and mine did him restore.

" In him a plentitude of subtle matter,
 " Applied to cautels,³⁰ 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,

²⁹ *civil*] i. e. grave.

³⁰ *cautels*] i. e. deceits, insidious purposes.

“ 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 ;
 “ When he most burn’d in heart-wish’d luxury,³¹
 “ He preach’d pure maid, and prais’d cold chastity.

“ Thus merely with the garment of a Grace
 “ The naked and concealed fiend he cover’d,
 “ That the unexperienc’d gave the tempter place,
 “ Which, like a cherubin, above them hover’d.
 “ 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,
 “ O, that sad breath his spongy lungs bestow’d,
 “ O, all that borrow’d motion, seeming ow’d,³²
 “ Would yet again betray the fore-betray’d,
 “ And new pervert a reconciled maid !”

³¹ *luxury*] i. e. lewdness. ³² *ow'd*] i. e. owned, his own.

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.
 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,
 And scarce the herd gone to the hedge for shade,
 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,
¹

Paler for sorrow than her milk-white dove,
 For Adon's sake, a youngster proud and wild ;
 Her stand she takes upon a steep-up hill :
 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,
 Deep in the thigh, a spectacle of ruth !

See in my thigh, quoth she, here was the sore :

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,
 Under a myrtle shade, began to woo him :
 She told the youngling how god Mars did try her,
 And as he fell to her, [so] she fell to him.

¹ Here a line has dropped out.

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 seiz'd 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 !

v.

Crabbed age and youth
 Cannot live together ;
 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 ;

O sweet shepherd, hie thee,
For methinks thou stay'st too long!

VI.

Sweet rose, fair flower, untimely pluck'd, soon
vaded,²

Pluck'd in the bud, and vaded in the spring!
Bright orient pearl, alack! too timely shaded!
Fair creature, kill'd too soon by death's sharp
sting!

Like a green plum 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,
Softer than wax, and yet, as iron, rusty:

² *vaded*] Malone throughout these fragments altered the word to *faded*, which is generally considered as synonymous; yet Brathwait, in his *Strappado for the Devil*, 1615, (the exact reference to which I have mislaid) speaks of "no *fading*, *vading* flower," and other poets make the same distinction between the words.

A lily pale, with damask die to grace her,
None fairer, nor none falser to deface her.

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;
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 could not hold argument,
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, that on this earth doth shine,
Exhale this vapour vow; in thee it is:
If broken, then it is no fault of mine.

A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,
Lost, vaded, broken, dead within an hour.

And as goods lost are sold or never found,
As vaded gloss no rubbing will refresh,
As flowers dead, lie wither'd on the ground,
As broken glass no cement can redress,
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'd³ me 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 :
'T may be, she joy'd to jest at my exile,
'T may be, again to make me wander thither :
Wander, a word for shadows like myself,
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 ; the morning rise
Doth cite each moving sense from idle rest.

³ *daff'd*] i. e. put off.

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.

But one must be refused, more mickle was the pain,
That nothing could be used, to turn them both to
gain, [disdain :

For of the two the trusty knight was wounded with
Alas, she could not help it ! [day,

Thus art with arms contending was victor of the
Which by a gift of learning did bear the maid
away ; [gay ;

Then lullaby, the learned man hath got the lady
For now my song is ended.

XIV.

On a day (alack the day !)
Love, whose month was ever May,
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, 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
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn :

Vow, alack, for youth unmeet,
 Youth, so apt to pluck a sweet.
 [Do not call it sin in me,⁵
 That I am forsworn for thee ;]
 Thou for whom Jove would swear
 Juno but an Ethiopie were ;
 And deny himself for Jove,
 Turning mortal for thy love.

XV.

My flocks feed not,
 My ewes breed not,
 My rams speed not,
 All is amiss :

Love is dying,
 Faith's defying,
 Heart's denying,
 Causer of this.

All my merry jigs are quite forgot,
 All my lady's love is lost, God wot :
 Where her faith was firmly fix'd in love,
 There a nay 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.

⁵ *Do not call it, &c.*] This couplet is supplied from the song as given in *Love's Labour's Lost*, act iv. sc. 3.

In black mourn I,
 All fears scorn I,
 Love hath forlorn me,

Living in thrall :
 Heart is bleeding,
 All help needing,
 (O cruel speeding !)

Fraughted with gall.
 My shepherd's pipe can sound no deal ⁶
 My wether's bell rings doleful knell ;
 My curtail dog that wont to have play'd,
 Plays not at all, but seems afraid ;
 With sighs so deep,
 Procures ⁷ to weep,

In howling-wise, to see my doleful plight.
 How sighs resound
 Through heartless ground,

Like a thousand vanquish'd men in bloody
 fight !

Clear wells spring not,
 Sweet birds sing not,
 Green plants bring not
 Forth ; they die :

Herds stand weeping,

⁶ *no deal*] i. e. in no degree.

⁷ *With sighs so deep,*

Procures, &c.] "The dog *procures* (i. e. manages matters) so as to weep." STEEVENS. The whole passage is probably corrupt. Shakespeare certainly wrote none of this wretched piece. Malone in his last edition printed it as given in Weelkes's *Madrigals*.

Flocks all sleeping,
Nymphs back peeping
Fearfully.

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,⁸

Thy like ne'er was

For a sweet content, the cause of all my moan:⁹

Poor Coridon

Must live alone,

Other help for him I see that there is none.

XVI.

Whenas thine eye hath chose the dame,
And stall'd the deer that thou should'st smite,¹⁰
Let reason rule things worthy blame,
As well as fancy,¹¹ partial might:¹²
Take counsel of some wiser head,
Neither too young, nor yet unwed.

⁸ *lass*] The reading in Weelkes's *Madrigals*: old copy, "love."

⁹ *moan*] The reading in *England's Helicon*: old copy, "woe."

¹⁰ *smite*] I have taken the liberty of altering the reading of the old copy "strike" to "smite," for the sake of the rhyme.

¹¹ *fancy*] i. e. love.

¹² *might*] i. e. power.—Malone in his last edition adopted Steevens's conjecture "tike," to rhyme with "strike."

And when thou com'st thy tale to tell,
Smooth not thy tongue with filed talk,
Lest she some subtle practice smell ;
(A cripple soon can find a halt :)

But plainly say thou lov'st her well,
And set her person forth to sell.

What though her frowning brows be bent,
Her cloudy looks will calm ere night ;
And then too late she will repent,
That thus dissembled her delight ;
And twice desire, ere it be day,
That which with scorn she put away.

What though she strive to try her strength,
And ban and brawl, 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.”

And to her will frame all thy ways ;
Spare not to spend,—and chiefly there
Where thy desert may merit praise,
By ringing in thy lady's ear :
The strongest castle, tower, and town,
The golden bullet beats it down.

Serve always with assured trust,
And in thy suit be humble, true ;

Unless thy lady prove unjust,
 Press never thou to choose anew :
 When time shall serve, be thou not slack
 To proffer, though she put thee back.

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 ?

¹³ 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.
 Were kisses all the joys in bed,
 One woman would another wed.

But soft ; enough,—too much I fear,
 Lest that my mistress hear my song ;
 She'll not stick to round me i'th' ear,
 To teach my tongue to be so long :

¹³ *Think women, &c.*] These four lines are scarcely intelligible : in a MS. copy of the poem, belonging to S. Lysons, Esq. they stand thus :

“ Think women love to match with men,
 And not to live so like a saint :
 Here is no heaven ; they holy then
 Begin, when age doth them attain.”

Yet will she blush, here be it said,
To hear her secrets so bewray'd.

XVII.

As it fell upon a day,¹⁴
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made,
Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,
Trees did grow, and plants did spring :
Every thing did banish moan,
Save the nightingale alone :
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn,
And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,
That to hear it was great pity :
Fie, fie, fie, now would she cry,
Teru, Teru, by and by :
That to hear her so complain,
Scarce I could from tears refrain ;
For her griefs so lively shown,
Made me think upon mine own.
Ah! (thought I) thou mourn'st in vain ;
None take pity on thy pain :
Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee ;
Ruthless bears, they will not cheer thee.

¹⁴ This and the next piece were in all probability written by Richard Barnefield, as they are found in a collection of his Poems printed in 1598. *The Passionate Pilgrim* was first published in the following year.

King Pandion, he is dead ;
All thy friends are lapp'd in lead :
All thy fellow birds do sing,
Careless of thy sorrowing.
Even so, poor bird, like thee,
None alive will pity me.
Whilst as fickle fortune smil'd,
Thou and I were both beguil'd.
Every one that flatters thee,
Is no friend in misery.
Words are easy like the wind ;
Faithful friends are hard to find.
Every man will be thy friend,
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend ;
But if store of crowns be scant,
No man will supply thy want.
If that one be prodigal,
Bountiful they will him call :
And with such like flattering,
“ *Pity but he were a king.*”
If he be addict to vice,
Quickly him they will entice ;
If to women he be bent,
They have him at commandment ;
But if fortune once do frown,
Then farewell his great renown :
They that fawn'd on him before,
Use his company no more.
He that is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee in thy need,

If thou sorrow, he will weep;
 If thou wake, he cannot sleep:
 Thus of every grief in heart
 He with thee doth bear a part.
 These are certain signs to know
 Faithful friend from flattering foe.

XVIII.

If musick and sweet poetry agree,
 As they must needs, the sister and the brother,
 Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
 Because thou lov'st the one, and I the other.
 Dowland³ 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,
 Whenas himself to singing he betakes.
 One god is god of both, as poets feign;
 One knight loves both, and both in thee remain.

VERSES AMONG THE ADDITIONAL POEMS TO
 CHESTER'S LOVE'S MARTYR, 1601.

LET the bird of loudest lay,
 On the sole Arabian tree,
 Herald sad and trumpet be,
 To whose sound chaste wings obey.

³ Dowland] A famous Lutanist.

But thou shrieking harbinger,
Foul pre-currer of the fiend.
Augur of the fever's end,
To this troop come thou not near.

From this session interdict
Every fowl of tyrant wing,
Save the eagle, feather'd king :
Keep the obsequy so strict.

Let the priest in surplice white,
That defunctive music can,¹
Be the death-divining swan,
Lest the requiem lack his right.

And thou, treble-dated crow,
That thy sable gender mak'st
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.

¹ *defunctive music can*] i. e. knows, understands funeral music.

Hearts remote, yet not asunder ;
Distance, and no space was seen
'Twixt the turtle and his queen :
But in them it were a wonder.

So between them love did shine,
That the turtle saw his right
Flaming in the phœnix' sight :
Either was the other's mine.

Property was thus appall'd,
That the self was not the same ;
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,
Simple were so well compounded :

That it cried, how true a twain
Seemeth this concordant one !
Love hath reason, reason none,
If what parts can so remain.

Whereupon it made this threne²
To the phœnix and the dove,
Co-supremes and stars of love ;
As chorus to their tragick scene.

² *threne*] i. e. funeral song.

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.

To this urn let those repair
That are either true or fair ;
For these dead birds sigh a prayer.

WM. SHAKESPEARE.

SONGS FROM THE PLAYS OF
SHAKESPEARE.

FROM THE TEMPEST.

COME unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands :
Court'sied when you have, and kiss'd,
(The wild waves whist)
Foot it featly here and there ;
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.

Hark, hark !

Burden. Bowgh, wowgh. [*dispersedly.*

The watch-dogs bark :

Bur. Bowgh, wowgh. [*dispersedly.*

Hark, hark ! I hear

The strain of strutting chanticlere

Cry, cock-a-doodle-doo.

FULL fathom five thy father lies ;
Of his bones are coral made ;
Those are pearls, that were his eyes :
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change

Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Hark! now I hear them—ding-dong, bell.
 { *Burden, Ding-dong.*

WHERE the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie:
There I couch, when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly,
After summer, merrily:
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now
Under the blossom, that hangs on the bough.

FROM TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

WHO is Silvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she:
The heavens such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.

Is she kind, as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness:
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness;
And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing,
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

FROM MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

FIRST FAIRY.

You spotted snakes, with double tongue,
Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen;
Newts, and blind-worms, do no wrong;
Come not near our fairy queen:

CHORUS.

Philomel, with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby;
Never harm, nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night, with lullaby.

SECOND FAIRY.

Weaving spiders, come not here;
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence;
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm, nor snail, do no offence.

CHORUS.

Philomel with melody, &c.

FIRST FAIRY.

Hence, away; now all is well :
One, aloof, stand centinel.

PUCK.

Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf behowls the moon ;
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary task fordone.
Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whilst the scritch-owl, scritch'ing loud,
Puts the wretch, that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a shroud.
Now it is the time of night,
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his sprite,
In the church-way paths to glide :
And we fairies that do run
By the triple Hecat's team,
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolick ; not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallow'd house :
I am sent, with broom, before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.

OBERON.

Through this house give glimmering light,
By the dead and drowsy fire ;
Every elf, and fairy sprite,
Hop as light as bird from brier ;
And this ditty, after me,
Sing, and dance it trippingly.

TITANIA.

First, rehearse this song by rote :
To each word a warbling note,
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
Will we sing, and bless this place.

OBERON.

Now, until the break of day,
Through this house each fairy stray.
To the best bride bed will we,
Which by us shall blessed be ;
And the issue, there create,
Ever shall be fortunate.
So shall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be :
And the blots of nature's hand
Shall not in their issue stand ;
Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar,
Nor mark prodigious, such as are
Despised in nativity,
Shall upon their children be.

With this field-dew consecrate,
Every fairy take his gait ;
And each several chamber bless,
Through this palace with sweet peace :
E'er shall it in safety rest,
And the owner of it blest.

 Trip away ;

 Make no stay ;

Meet me all by break of day.

FROM MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

FIE on sinful fantasy !

Fie on lust and luxury !

Lust is but a bloody fire,

Kindled with unchaste desire,

Fed in heart ; whose flames aspire,

As thoughts do blow them, higher and higher.

Pinch him, fairies, mutually ;

Pinch him for his villany ;

Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,

Till candles, and star-light, and moonshine be out.

FROM TWELFTH NIGHT.

COME away, come away, death,

And in sad cypress let me be laid ;

Fly away, fly away, breath ;

I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
 My shroud of white, stuck all with yew.
 O prepare it ;
 My part of death no one so true
 Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
 On my black coffin let there be strown ;
 Not a friend, not a friend greet
 My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown :
 A thousand thousand sighs to save,
 Lay me, O, where
 Sad true lover never find my grave,
 To weep there.

FROM MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

SIGH no more, ladies, sigh no more,
 Men were deceivers ever :
 One foot in sea, and one on shore ;
 To one thing constant never :
 Then sigh not so,
 But let them go,
 And be you blithe and bonny ;
 Converting all your sounds of woe
 Into, Hey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no mo
 Of dumps so dull and heavy ;

The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leavy.
Then sigh not so, &c.

PARDON, Goddess of the night,
Those that slew thy virgin knight :
For the which, with songs of woe,
Round about her tomb they go.
Midnight, assist our moan ;
Help us to sigh and groan,
Heavily, heavily :
Graves, yawn, and yield your dead,
Till death be uttered,
Heavily, heavily.

FROM LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

I.

WHEN daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver white,
And cuckoo buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he,
Cuckoo :

Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

II.

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he,
Cuckoo ;
Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

III.

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipp'd and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-who ;
Tu-whit, To-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

IV.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,

And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
 When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 To-who;
 Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

FROM THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

TELL me, where is fancy bred,
 Or in the heart, or in the head?
 How begot, how nourished?
 Reply, reply.

It is engender'd in the eyes,
 With gazing fed; and fancy dies
 In the cradle where it lies:
 Let us all ring fancy's knell;
 I'll begin it,—ding, dong, bell.
 Ding, dong, bell.

FROM AS YOU LIKE IT.

UNDER the greenwood tree
 Who loves to lie with me,
 And tune his merry note

Unto the sweet bird's throat,
 Come hither, come hither, come hither;
 Here shall he see
 No enemy,
 But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
 And loves to live i' the sun,
 Seeking the food he eats,
 And pleas'd with what he gets,
 Come hither, come hither, come hither!
 Here shall he see
 No enemy,
 But winter and rough weather.

BLOW, blow, thou winter wind,
 Thou art not so unkind
 As man's ingratitude;
 Thy tooth is not so keen,
 Because thou art not seen,
 Although thy breath be rude.
 Heigh, ho! sing, heigh, ho! unto the green
 holly;
 Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere
 folly:
 Then, heigh, ho, the holly!
 This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
 That dost not bite so nigh
 As benefits forgot :
 Though thou the waters warp,
 Thy sting is not so sharp
 As friend remember'd not.
 Heigh, ho ! sing, heigh, ho ! &c.

FROM MACBETH.

FIRST WITCH.

WHERE hast thou been, sister ?

SECOND WITCH.

Killing swine.

THIRD WITCH.

Sister, where thou ?

FIRST WITCH.

A sailor's wife had chesnuts in her lap.
 And mouch'd, and mouch'd, and mouch'd : —
 Give me, quoth I ;
Aroint thee, witch ! the rump-fed ronyon cries.

Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger:
But in a sieve I'll thither sail
And, like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, I'll do.

SECOND WITCH.

I'll give thee a wind.

FIRST WITCH.

Thou art kind.

THIRD WITCH.

And I another.

FIRST WITCH.

I myself have all the other ;
And the very ports they blow,
All the quarters that they know
I' the shipman's card.
I will drain him dry as hay.
Sleep shall, neither night nor day,
Hang upon his pent-house lid ;
He shall live a man forbid .
Weary sev'n-nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine :
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-toss'd.
Look what I have.

SECOND WITCH.

Show me, show me.

FIRST WITCH.

Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreck'd, as homeward he did come.

THIRD WITCH.

A drum, a drum;
Macbeth doth come.

ALL.

The weird sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about;
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again to make up nine;
Peace! the charm's wound up.

FIRST WITCH.

WHY, how now, Hecate! you look angrily.

HECATE.

Have I not reason, beldams, as you are,
Saucy, and overbold? How did you dare
To trade and traffic with Macbeth,

In riddles, and affairs of death ;
And I, the mistress of your charms,
The close contriver of all harms,
Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or show the glory of our art ?
And, which is worse, all you have done
Hath been but for a wayward son,
Spiteful, and wrathful ; who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends now : get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron
Meet me i'the morning ; thither he
Will come to know his destiny.
Your vessels, and your spells, provide,
Your charms, and every thing beside :
I am for the air ; this night I'll spend
Unto a dismal and a fatal end.
Great business must be wrought ere noon ;
Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vaporous drop profound
I'll catch it, ere it come to ground :
And that, distill'd by magick slights,
Shall raise such artificial sprights,
As, by the strength of their illusion,
Shall draw him on to his confusion :
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear :
And you all know, security
Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

Song. [*Within.*] *Come away, come away, &c.*

Hark, I am call'd ; my little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. [*Exit.*

FIRST WITCH.

Come, let's make haste ; she'll soon be back again.
[*Exeunt.*

FIRST WITCH.

THRICE the brinded cat hath mew'd.

SECOND WITCH.

Thrice ; and once the hedge-pig whin'd.

THIRD WITCH.

Harper cries :—'Tis time, tis time.

FIRST WITCH.

Round about the cauldron go :
In the poison'd entrails throw.
Toad, that under coldest stone,
Days and nights hast thirty-one
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i'the charmed pot !

ALL.

Double, double toil and trouble ;
Fire, burn ; and, cauldron, bubble.

SECOND WITCH.

Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake ;
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

ALL.

Double, double toil and trouble ;
Fire, burn ; and, cauldron, bubble.

THIRD WITCH.

Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf ;
Witches' mummy ; maw, and gulf,
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark ;
Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark ;
Liver of blaspheming Jew ;
Gall of goat, and slips of yew,
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse ;
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips ;
Finger of birth-strangled babe,
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab :
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

ALL.

Double, double toil and trouble ;
Fire, burn ; and, cauldron, bubble.

SECOND WITCH.

Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

HECATE.

O, well done ! I commend your pains ;
And every one shall share i' the gains.
And now about the cauldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.

Black spirits and white,
Red spirits and grey ;
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.

SECOND WITCH.

By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes :
Open, locks,
Whoever knocks.

FROM HENRY VIII.

ORPHEUS with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops, that freeze,
 Bow themselves, when he did sing :
To his musick, plants, and flowers,
Ever sprung ; as sun, and showers,
 There had been a lasting spring.

Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
 Hung their heads, and then lay by,
In sweet musick is such art ;
Killing care, and grief of heart,
 Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.

FROM ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

COME, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eyne :
In thy vats our cares be drown'd ;
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd ;
Cup us, till the world go round ;
Cup us, till the world go round !

FROM CYMBELINE.

HARK ! hark ! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalic'd flowers that lies ;

And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes ;
With every thing that pretty bin :
My lady sweet, arise ;
Arise, arise.

FEAR no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages ;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages :
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke ;
Care no more to clothe, and eat ;
To thee the reed is as the oak :
The sceptre, learning, physick, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flas'h,
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone ;
Fear not slander, censure rash ;
Thou hast finish'd joy and moan :
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee !
Nor no witchcraft charm thee !
Ghost unlaid forbear thee !
Nothing ill come near thee !
Quiet consummation have ;
And renowned be thy grave !

THE END.





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Shakespeare, William
Poems

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