POEMS
VENUS AND ADONIS

‘Vilia miretur vulgus: mihi flavus Apollo
Pocula Castalia plena ministrat aqua.’

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY Wriothesley
EARTH OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON OF TICHFIELD

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

I know not how I shall offend in dedicating my unpollish’d lines to your lordship, nor how the world will censure me for choosing so strong a prop to support so weak a burden: only, if your honour seem but pleased, I account myself highly praised, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours, till I have honoured you with some graver labour. But if the first heir of my invention prove deformed, I shall be sorry it had so noble a godfather, and never after ear so barren a land, 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.

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 end 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 smoother 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
Nimbly 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,
Lust, And govern’d him in strength, though not in

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 herown,
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;
What follows more she murders with a kiss.

Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,
Tires 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, 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;—
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
Perforce will force it overflow the bank.
VENUS AND ADONIS

Art thou asham’d to kiss? then wink again,
And I will wink; so shall the day seem night;
Love keeps his revels where there are but twain;
Be bold to play, our sport is not in sight;
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 mayst 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’erworn, despised, rheumatic, and cold,
Thick-sighted, barren, lean, and lacking juice.
Then mightst 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 and bright, and quick in turning;
My beauty as the spring doth yearly grow;
My flesh is soft and plump, my narrow brea-
ing;
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 footstep seen:
Love is a spirit all compact of fire,
Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspira-

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

Torch’s 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.
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'Upon the earth's increase why shouldst 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, 173
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, tired in the mid-day heat,
With burning eye did hotly overlook them;
Wishing Adonis had his team to guide
So he were like him and by Venus' side. 180

And now Adonis with a lazy spright,
And with a heavy, dark, disliking eye,
His louring brows o'erwhelming his fair sight,
Like misty vapours when they blot the sky, 184
Souring his cheeks, cries: 'Fie! no more of love:
The sun doth burn my face; I must remove.'

'Ay me,' quoth Venus, 'young, and so unkind?
What bare excuses mak'st thou to be gone? 188
I'll sing a 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. 192

'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. 197

'Art thou obdurate, flinty, hard as steel?
Nay, more than flint, for stone at rain re-lenteth. 200
Art thou a woman's son, and canst not feel
What's 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. 204

'What am I that thou shouldst contemn me this?
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. 208

'Fie! lifeless picture, cold and senseless stone,
Well-painted idol, image dull and dead, 212
Statue contenting but the eye alone,
Thing like a man, but of no woman bred:
Thou art no man, though of a man's complection,
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 a pause;
Being judge in love, she cannot right her cause:
And now she weeps, and now she faint would speak,
And now her sobs do her intentions 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. 228

'Fondling,' she saith, 'since I have hemm'd thee here
Within the circuit of this ivory pale,
I'll be a park, and thou shalt be my deer;
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.

'Within this limit is relief enough,
Sweet bottom-grass and high delightful plain,
Round rising hillocks, brakes obscure and rough,
To shelter thee from tempest and from rain:
Then be my deer, since I am such a park;
No dog shall rouse thee, though a thousand bark.' 237

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; 244
Foreknowing well, if there he came to lie,
Why, there Love liv'd and there he could not die.

These lovely caves, these round enchanting pits,
Open'd their mouths to swallow Venus' liking.
Being mad before, how doth she now for girls?
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: 'Fairy,' she cries; 'some favour, some remorse!' 257

Away be springs, and hasteth to his horse.

But, lo! from forth a copest that ne'er by
A breeding jennet, insty, young, and proud,
Adonis' trampling courser doth espy,
And forth she rushes, shouts and neighs aloud:
The strong-neck'd steed, being tied unto a tree,
Breaketh his rein, and to her straight goes he.
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Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he bounds, 265
And now his woven girths he breaks asunder;
The bearing earth with his hard hoof he wounds,
Whose hollow womb resounds like heaven's thunder; 268
The iron bit he crushes 'twixt his teeth,
Controlling what he was controlled with.

His ears up-prick'd; his braided hanging mane 271
Upon his compass'd crest now stand 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, 277
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.'

What recketh he his rider's angry stir,
His flatter'g 'Holla,' or his 'Stand, I say?' 284
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,
Inlimning out a well-proportion'd steed,
His art with nature's workmanship at strife,
As if the dead the living should exceed; 292
So did this horse excel 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, 296
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. 300

Sometimes he scuds far off, and there he stares;
Anon he starts at stirring of a feather;
To bid the wind a base he now prepares,
And who'er he run or fly they know not whether;
For through his mane and tail the high wind sings,
Fanning the hairs, who wave like feather'd wings.

He looks upon his love, and neighs unto her;
She answers him as if she knew his mind; 305
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 malcontent, 313
He vails 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 enraged,
Grew kinder, and his fury was assuaged.

His testy master goeth about to take him;
When lo! the unback'd breeder, full of fear, 321
Jealous of catching, swiftly doth forsake him,
With her the horse, and left Adonis there.
As they were mad, unto the wood they hied them,
Out-stripping crows that strive to over-fly them. 324

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

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 attorney once is mute,
The client breaks, as desperate in his suit. 336

He sees her coming, and begins to glow,—
Even as a dy ing 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, 341
For all askeance 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, 345
How white and red each other did destroy:
But now her cheek was pale, and by and by
If flash'd forth fire, as lightning from the sky.

Now was she just before him as he sat, 349
And like a lowly lover down she kneels;
With one fair hand she heaved up his hat,
Her other tender hand his fair cheek feels: 352
His tenderer cheek receives her soft hand's print,
As apt as new-fall'n snow takes any dint.

O! what a war of looks was then between them;
Her eyes petitioners to his eyes suing; 356
His eyes saw her eyes as they had not seen them;
Her eyes woo'd still, his eyes disdain'd the wooing:
And all this dumb play had his acts made plain
With tears, which, chorus-like, her eyes did rain. 360

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 engirs so white a foe: 364
This beauteous combat, wilful and unwilling,
Show'd like two silver doves that sit a-billing.
VENUS AND ADONIS

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

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

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

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

'How like a jade he stood, tied to the tree,
Servilely master'd with a leathern rein! But when he saw his love, his youth's fair fee, He held such petty bondage in disdain;
Throwing the base thong from his bending crest, Enfranchising his mouth, his back, his breast.'

'Who sees his true-love in her naked bed, Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white, But, when his glutton eye so full hath fed, His other agents aim at like delight? Who is so faint, that dare not be so bold To touch the fire, the weather being cold?'

'Let me excuse thy courser, gentle boy; And learn of him, I heartily beseech thee, To take advantage on presented joy; Though I were dumb, yet his proceedings teach thee. O learn to love; the lesson is but plain, And once made perfect, never lost again.'

'I know not love,' quoth he, 'nor will not know it, Unless it be a boar, and then I chase it; It's much to borrow, and I will not owe it; My love to love is love but to disgrace it; For I have heard it is a life in death, That laughs and weeps, and all but with a breath.

'Who wears a garment shapeless and unfinished? Who plucks the bud before one leaf put forth? If springing things be any jot diminish'd, They wither in their prime, prove nothing worth: The colt that's back'd and burden'd being young Loseth his pride and never waxeth strong. You hurt my hand with wringing; let us part, And leave this idle theme, this bootless chat: Remove your siege from my unwielding heart; To love's alarms it will not ope the gate: Dismiss your vows, your feigned tears, your flattery; For where a heart is hard, they make no battery.'

'What! canst thou talk? quoth she, 'hast thou a tongue? O! would thou hadst not, or I had no hearing; Thy mermaid's voice hath done me double wrong; I had my load before, now press'd with bearing: Melodious discord, heavenly tune, harsh-sounding, Ear's deep-sweet music, and heart's deep-sore wounding.'

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

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

'But O! what banquet wert thou to the taste, Being nurse and feeder of the other four; Would they not wish the feast might ever last, And bid Suspicion double-lock the door, lest jealousy, that sour unwelcome guest, Should, by his stealing in, disturb the feast.'

Once more the ruby-colour'd portal open'd, Which to his speech did honey passage yield; Like a red morn, that ever yet betoken'd Once the seaman, tempest to the field, Sorrow to shepherds, woe unto the birds, Gusts and foul flaws to herdmen and to herds.

This ill presage advisedly she marketh; Even as the wind is hush'd before it raineth, Or as the wolf doth grin before he barketh, Or as the berry breaks before it staineth, Or like the deadly bullet of a gun, His meaning struck her ere his words begun.
And at his look she flatly falleth down,
For looks kill love and love by looks reviveth;
A smile recures the wounding of a frown; 465
But blessed bankrupt, that by love so thriveth!
The silly boy, believing she is dead,
Claps her pale cheek, till clapping makes it red; 468
And all-amaz'd brake off his late intent,
For sharply he did think to reprehend her,
Which cunning love did wittily prevent:
Fair fell the wit that can so well defend her! 472
For on the grass she lies as she were slain,
Till his breath breatheth life in her again.
He wrings her nose, he strikes her on the cheeks,
He bends her fingers, holds her pulses hard, 476
He chafes her lips; a thousand ways he seeks
To mend the hurt that his unkindness marr'd:
He kisses her; and she, by her good will,
Will never rise, so will he kiss her still. 480
The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day:
Her two blue windows faintly she up-beaveth,
Like the fair sun, when in his fresh array
He cheers the morn and all the world relieveth:
And as the bright sun glorifies the sky,
So is her face illumin'd with her eye.
Whose beams upon his hairless face are fix'd,
As if from thence they borrow'd all their shine.
Were never four such lamps together mix'd, 489
Had not his clouded with his brows' repine;
But hers, which through the crystal tears gave light,
Shone like the moon in water seen by night.
'O! where am I?' quoth she, in earth or heaven, 493
Or in the ocean drench'd, or in the fire?
What hour is this? or morn or weary even?
Do I delight to die, or life desire? 496
But now I liv'd, and life was death's annoy;
But now I died, and death was lively joy.
'O! thou didst kill me; kill me once again:
Thy eyes' shrewd tutor, that hard heart of thine,
Hath taught them scornful tricks and such disdain
That they have murder'd this poor heart of mine;
And these mine eyes, true leaders to their queen,
But for thy piteous lips no more had seen. 504
'Long may they kiss each other for this cure!
O! never let their crimson liveries wear;
And as they last, their verdure still endure,
To drive infection from the dangerous year: 508
That the star-gazers, having writ on death,
May say, the plague is banish'd by thy breath.
'Pure lips, sweet seals in my soft lips imprinted,
What bargains may I make, still to be sealing?
To sell myself I can be well contented,
So thou wilt buy and pay and use good dealing;
Which purchase if thou make, for fear of slips
Set thy seal-manual on my wax-red lips. 516
'A thousand kisses buys my heart from me:
And pay them at thy leisure, one by one.
What is ten hundred touches unto thee?
Are they not quickly told and quickly gone? 520
Say, for non-payment that the debt should double,
Is twenty hundred kisses such a trouble?'
'Fair queen,' quoth he, 'if any love you owe me,
Measure my strangeness with my unripe years; 524
Before I know myself, seek not to know me;
No fisher but the ungrown fry forbears:
The mellow plum doth fall, the green sticks fast,
Or being early pluck'd is sour to taste. 528
'Look! the world's comforter, with weary gait,
His day's hot task hath ended in the west;
The owl, night's herald, shrieks, 'tis very late;
The sheep are gone to fold, birds to their nest,
And coal-black clouds that shadow heaven's light
Do summon us to part and bid good night.
'Now let me say good night, and so say you;
If you will say so, you shall have a kiss.' 536
'Good night,' quoth she; and ere he says adieu,
The honey fee of parting tender'd is:
Her arms do lend his neck a sweet embrace;
Incorporate then they seem, face grows to face.
Till, breathless, he disjointed, and backward drew
The heavenly moisture, that sweet coral mouth,
Whose precious taste her thirsty lips well knew,
Whereon they surfeit, yet complain on drouth:
He with her plenty press'd, she faint with dearth,
Their lips together glu'd, fall to the earth.
Now quick desire hath caught the yielding prey,
And glutton-like she feeds, yet never filleth; 548
Her lips are conquerors, his lips obey,
Paying what ransom the insoliter willeth;
Whose vulture thought doth pitch the price so high,
That she will draw his lips' rich treasure dry.
And having felt the sweetness of the spoil,
With blindfold fury she begins to forage;
Her face doth reek and smoke, her blood doth boil,
And careless lust stirs up a desperate courage;
Planting oblivion, beating reason back, 557
Forgetting shame's pure blush and honour's wrack.
Hot, faint, and weary, with her hard embracing,
Like a wild bird being tam'd with too much handling,
Or as the fleet-foot roe that's tir'd with chasing,
Or like the froward infant still'd with dandling,
He now obeys, and now no more resisteth,
While she takes all she can, not all she listeth.
VENUS AND ADONIS

What wax so frozen but dissolves with tempering?
And yields at last to every light impression?
Things out of hope are compass’d oft with venturing,
Chiefly in love, whose leave exceeds comission.
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 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.

‘The boar!’ quothe she; whereat a sudden pale
Like lawn being spread upon the blushing rose,
Ushers her cheeks, she trembles at his tale,
And in 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 jaw,
Even so she languisheth in mishap,
As those poor birds that helpless berries saw.
The warm effects which she in him finds missing,
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 describ’d a greater fee:
She’s Love, she loves, and yet she is not lov’d.
‘Fie, fie!’ he says, ‘you crush me; let me go;
You have no reason to withhold me so.’

‘Thou hadst been gone,’ quothe she, ‘sweet boy,
ere this,
But that thou told’st me thou wouldst hunt the boar.
O! be advis’d; thou know’st not what it is
With javelin’s point a churlish swine to gore,
Whose tushes never sheath’d he whetteth still,
Like to a mortal butcher, bent to kill.

‘On his bow-back he hath a battle set
Of bristly pikes, that ever threaten his foes;
His eyes like glow-worms shine when he doth fret;
His short thick neck cannot be easily harm’d;
Being irrelus, on the lion he will venture:
The thorny brambles and embracing bushes,
As fearful of him part, through whom he rushes.

‘Alas! he ought to esteem 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.

‘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 dissemble,
I fear’d thy fortune, and my joints did tremble.

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

‘For where Love reigns, disturbing Jealousy
Doth call himself Affection’s sentinel;
Gives false alarms, suggesteth mutiny,
And in a peaceful hour doth cry “Kill, kill!”
Distempering gentle Love in his desire,
As air and water do abate the fire.

‘This sour informer, this base-breeding spie,
This canker that eats up Love’s tender springs,
This carry-tale, dissentious Jealousy,
That sometime true news, sometime false doth bring,
Knocks at my heart, and whispers in mine ear.
That if I love thee, I thy death should fear:'
To make thee hate the hunting of the boar,
Unlike myself thou hear'st me moralize,
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: 716
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,
Rich prey's make true men thieves; so do thy lips
Make modest Dian cloudy and forlorn,
Lest she should steal a kiss and die forsworn.

'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 divine;
Wherein she fram'd thee in high heaven's despiete,
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 defacement;
Making it subject to the tyranny
Of mad mishances and much misery;

'As burning fevers, aques pale and faint,
Life-poisoning pestilence and frenzies wood,
The narrow-eating sickness, whose attaint
Disorder breeds by heating of the blood;
Surfeits, imposthumes, grief, and damn'd despair,
Swear nature's death for framing thee so fair.

'And not the least of these maladies
But in one minute's light brings beauty under:
Both favour, savour, hue, and qualities,
Whereas the impartial gazer late did wonder,
Are on the sudden wasted, thaw'd and done,
As mountain-snow melts with the mid-day sun.

'Therefore, despite of fruitless chastity,
Love-lacking vestals and self-loving nuns,
That on the earth would breed a scarcity
And barren death 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? 760
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,
Of theirs whose desperate hands themselves do slay,' 765

'Or butcher-sire that reaves his son of life.
Foul-cankersting 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-fac'd night, desire's soul
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.' 780

'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 devise in love,
That lends embraces unto every stranger.
You do it for increase: O strange excuse!
When reason is the bawd to lust's abuse.' 792

'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 doth reave,
As caterpillars do the tender leaves.'

'Love comforteth like sunshine after rain,
But Lust's effect is tempest after sun;
Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain,
Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done.
Love surfeits not, Lust like a glutton dies;
Love is all truth, Lust full of forged lies.' 804

'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.
Mine ears, that to your wanton talk attended,
Do burn themselves for having so offended.'

'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; 816
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.'

'Whereat amaz'd, as one that unaware
Hath dropp'd a precious jewel in the flood,
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.' 828

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

'She marking them, begins a wailing note,'
And sings extemporally a woeful ditty;
'How love makes young men thrall and old men dote;
How love is wise in folly, foolish-witty:
Her heavy anthem still concludes in woe,
And still the choir of echoes answer so.' 840

'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 fantastic wits?
She says, 'Tis so': they answer all, 'Tis so';
And would say after her, if she said 'No'.' 852

'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 d an earthly mother,
May lend thee light, as thou dost lend to other.' 864
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 chant it lustily,  
And all in haste she coasteth 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:  
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; 877  
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; 880  
Even so the timorous yelping of the hounds  
Appals her senses, and her spirit 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, 885  
Where fearfully the dogs exclam aloud:  
Finding their enemy to be so curst,  
They all strait courtesy 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; 892  
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, 896  
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 hurrieth her she knows not whither; 900  
This way she runs, and now she will no further,  
But back retires to rate the boar for murther.

A thousand spleens bear her a thousand ways,  
She treads the path that she untreads again;  
Her more than haste is mated with delays, 909  
Like the proceedings of a drunken brain,  
Full of respects, 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; 916  
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 volleys out his voice;  
Another and another answer him,  
Clapping their proud tails to the ground below,  
Shaking their scratch'd ears, bleeding as they go. 924

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 prophhecies;  
So she at these sad sighs 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,— 932  
'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? 936

'If he be dead, O no! it cannot be,  
Seeing his beauty, thou shouldst strike at it;  
O yes! it may; thou hast no eyes to see,  
But hatefully at random dost thou hit. 940  
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. 944  
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. 948

'Dost thou drink tears, that thou provok' st such weeping?  
What may a heavy groan advantage thee?  
Why hast thou cast into eternal sleeping 952  
Those eyes that taught all other eyes to see?  
Now Nature cares not for thy mortal vigour,  
Since her best work is ruin'd with thy rigour.

Here overcome, as one full of despair, 956  
She vail'd her eyelids, who, like sluices, stopp'd  
The crystal tide that from her two cheeks did 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.
VENUS AND ADONIS

O! how her eyes and tears did lend and borrow; 961
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 throng her constant woe,
As striven who should best become her grief;
All entertain'd, each passion labours so.
That every present sorrow seemeth chief,
But none is best; then join they all together,
Like many clouds consulting for foul weather.

By this, far off she hears some huntsman holla;
A nurse's song ne'er pleas'd her babe so well;
The dire imagination she did follow.
This sound of hope doth labour to expel;
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 unwraps the web that she hath wrought,
Adonis lives, and Death is not to blame;
It was not she that call'd him all to naught,
Now she adds honours to his hateful name,
She clepes him king of graves, and grave for kings,
Impious 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 command'r:
'Tis he, foul creature, that hath done thee wrong;
I did but act, he's author of my 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 wall 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 backwards in his shelly cave with pain,
And there, all smoother'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 perplex'd 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 confound.
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 wanted 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.
VENUS AND ADONIS

This solemn sympathy poor Venus noteth,
Over one shoulder doth she hang her head,
Dumbly she passons, frantically she doteth;
She thinks he could not die, he is not dead: 1060
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; 1064
And then she reprehends her mangling eye,
That makes more gashes where no breach should be:
His face seems twain, each several limb is doubled;
For oft the eye mistakes, the brain being troubled. 1068

"My tongue cannot express my grief for one,
And yet," quoth she, "behold two Adonis 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. 1073

"Alas! poor world, what treasure hast thou lost?
What face remains alive 'tis worth the viewing;
Whose tongue is music now? what canst thou boast
Of things long since, or anything 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 fair 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;
The wind would blow it off, and, being gone, 1089
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; 1100
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-mouted boar,
Whose downward eye still looketh for a grave,
Ne'er saw the beauteous livery that he wore;
Witness the entertainment that he gave: 1108
If he did see his face, why then I know
He thought to kiss him, and hath kill'd him so.

"'Tis true, 'tis true; thus was Adonis slain:
He ran upon the boar with his sharp spear, 1112
Who did not wret 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.' 1120
With this she falleth in the place she stood,
And stains her face with his concealed 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, 1125
As if they heard the woeful words she told;
She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,
Where, lo! two lamps, burnt out, in darkness lies;

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: 1132
"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: 1136
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;
The staring ruffian shall it keep in quiet, 1149
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; 1153
It shall not fear where it should most mistrust;
It shall be merciful, and too severe,
And most deceiving when it seems most just;
Perverse it shall be, where it shows mostward,
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; 1160  
Subject and servile to all discontent,  
As dry combustious matter is to fire:  
Sith in his prime Death doth my love destroy,  
They that love best their love shall not enjoy.'

By this, the boy that by her side lay kill'd 1165  
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; 1168  
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; 1172  
And says within her bosom it shall dwell,  
Since he himself is rift from her by death:  
She crops the stalk, and in the breech 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, 1185  
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; 1192  
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 WROTHESLY

EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON AND BARON OF TICHFIELD

The love I dedicate to your lordship is without end; whereas this pamphlet, without beginning, is but a superfluous no- nymity. The servant 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.

THE ARGUMENT

LUCIUS TARQUINIUS.—for his excessive pride surnamed Superbus,—after he had caused his own father-in-law, Servius Tullius, to be cruelly wings of false desire,

Lust-breathed Tarquin leaves the Roman host,

And to Collatinus bears the lightless fire

Which, in pale embers hid, lurks to aspire,

And girdle with embracing flames the waist

Of Collatina's fair love, Lucrece the chast.

Haply that name of chaste unhappily set

This baseless edge on his keen appetite;

When Collatina unwisely did not let

To praise the clear unmatched red and white

Which triumph'd in that sky of his delight,

Where mortals stare, as bright as heaven's

beauties,

With pure aspects 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-pride rate,

That kings might be espoused to more fame,

But king nor peer to such a peerless dame.

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 Collatina the publisher

Of that rich jewel he should keep unknown

From thievish ears, because it is his own?

Perchance his boast of Lucrece's sovereignty

Suggested 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,

Neglected all, with swift intent he goes

To quench the coal which in his liver glows.

O rash false heat, wapp'd in repentant cold,

Thy hasty spring still blasts, and ne'er grows old.
RAPE OF LUCRECE

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: 52
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,
From Venus’ doves doth challenge that fair field;
Then virtue claims from beauty beauty’s red,
Which virtue gave the golden age to gild 60
Their silver cheeks, and cal’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 heraldr in Lucrece’ face was seen, 64
Argu’d 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; 68
The sovereignty of either being so great,
That oft they interchange each other’s seat.

This silent war of lilies and of roses,
Which Tarquin view’d in her fair face’s field, 72
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, 76
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: 81
Therefore that praise which Collatine doth owe
Enchant’d Tarquin answers with surprizse,
In silent wonder of still-gazing eyes. 84

This earthly saint, adored by this devil,
Little suspecteth the false worshipper;
For unstain’d thoughts do seldom dream on evil,
Birds never lin’d no secret bushes fear: 88
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, 92
Hiding base sin in plaits of majesty;
That nothing in him seem’d inordinate,
Save sometime too much wonder of his eye,
Which, having all, all could not satisfy; 96
But, poorly rich, so wanteth in his store,
That, clov’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 secrecys
Writ in the glassy margents of such books:
She touch’d no unknown baits, nor fear’d no hooks:
Nor could she moralize 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 109
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 this fair welkin once appear; 116
Till sable Night, mother of Dread and Fear,
Upon the world dim darkness doth display,
And in her vaulty prison stows the Day.

For then is Tarquin brought unto his bed, 120
Intending 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 themselves betake,
Save thieves, and cares, and troubled minds,
That wake.

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 abstaining:
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,
For what they have not, that which they possess
They scatter and unloose it from their bond, 136
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;
And in this aim there is such thwarting strife,
That one for all, or all for one we gage; 144
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.
RAPE OF LUCRECE

So that in venturing ill we leave to be 148 'Yea, though I die, the scandal will survive, 304
The things we are for that which we expect; And be an eye-sore in my golden coat;
And this ambitious foul infirmity, Some loathsome dash the herald will contrive,
In having much, torments us with defect To cipher me how fondly I did dote;
Of that we have; so then we do neglect That my posterity sham'd with the note, 208
The thing we have: and, all for want of wit, Shall curse my bones, and hold it for no sin
Make something nothing by augmenting it. To wish that I their father had not been.

Such hazard now must doting Tarquin make, 'What win I if I gain the thing I seek?
Pawing his honour to obtain his lust, 156 A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy. 212
And for himself himself he must forsake: Who buys a minute's mirth to wail a week?
Then where is truth, if there be no self-trust? Or sells eternity to get a toy?
When shall he think to find a stranger just, For one sweet grape who will the vine destroy?
When he himself himself confounds, betrays Or what fond beggar, but to touch the crown,
To slanderous tongues and wretched hateful days? Would with the sceptre straight be stricken down?

Now stole upon the time the dead of night, 'If Collatinus dream of my intent,
When heavy sleep had clos'd up mortal eyes, Will he not wake, and in a desperate rage
No comfortable star did lend his light, 164 Post hither, this vile purpose to prevent? 220
No noise but owls' and wolves' death-boding cries; This siege that hath engirt his marriage,
Now serves the season that they may surprise This blur to youth, this sorrow to the sage,
The silly lambs; pure thoughts are dead and This dying virtue, this surviving shame,
still, Whose crime will bear an ever-during blame?
While lust and murder wake to stain and kill. 'O! what excuse can my invention make, 225
And now this lustful lord leap'd from his bed, When thou shalt charge me with so black a deed?
Throwing his mantle rudely o'er his arm; Will not my tongue be mute, my frail joints shake,
Is madly toss'd between desire and dread; Mine eyes forego their light, my false heart bleed?
Th'o' one sweetly flats, th'o' other feareth harm; The guilt being great, the fear doth still exceed;
But honest fear, bewitch'd with lust's foul charm, And extreme fear can neither fight nor fly,
Doth too oft betake him to retire, But coward-like with trembling terror die.
Beaten away by brain-sick rude desire.

His falshon on a flint he softly smiteth, 'Had Collatinus kill'd my son or sire, 232
That from the cold stone sparks of fire do fly; Or lain in ambush to betray my life,
Whereat a waxen torch forthwith he lighteth, Or were he not my dear friend, this desire
Which must be lode-star to his lustful eye; Might have excuse to work upon his wife,
And to the flame thus speaks advisedly: As in revenge or quittal of such strife: 236
'As from this cold flint I enforc'd this fire, But as he is my kinsman, my dear friend,
So Lucrece must I force to my desire.' The shame and fault finds no excuse nor end.

Here pale with fear he doth premeditate 'Shameful it is; ay, if the fact be known:
The dangers of his loathsome enterprise, 184 Hateful it is; there is no hate in loving: 240
And in his inward mind he doth debate I'll beg her love; but she is not her own:
What following sorrow may on this arise: The worst is but denial and reproving:
Then looking scornfully, he doth despise 187 My will is strong, past reason's weak removing.
His naked armour of still-slaughter'd lust, Who fears a sentence, or an old man's saw,
And justly thus controls his thoughts unjust: Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe.' 245

'Fair torch, burn out thy light, and lend it not Thus graceless, holds he disputation
To darken her whose light excelleth thine: 191 'Tween frozen conscience and hot-burning will,
And die, unhallow'd thoughts, before you blot And with good thoughts makes dispensation,
With your uncleanness that which is divine; Urging the worsrer sense for vantage still; 249
Offer pure incense to so pure a shrine: Which in a moment doth confound and kill
Let fair humanity abhor the deed All pure effects, and doth so far proceed,
That spots and stains love's modest snow-white weed. That what is vile shows like a virtuous deed.

'O shame to knighthood and to shining arms! Thuc he, 'She took me kindly by the hand, 253
O foul dishonour to my household's grave! And gaz'd for tidings in my eager eyes,
O impious act, including all foul harms! Fearing some hard news from the war-like band
A martial man to be soft fancy's slave! Where her beloved Collatinus lies. 256
True valour still a true respect should have; Of how her fear did make her colour rise:
Then my digression is so vile, so base, First red as roses that on lawn we lay,
That it will live engraven in my face. Then white as lawn, the roses took away.
RAPE OF LUCRECE

'And how her hand, in my hand being lock'd,
For'd it to tremble with her loyal fear! 361
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, 264
That had Narcissus seen her as she stood,
Self-love had never drown'd him in the flood.

'Why hunt I then for colour or excuses?
All orators are dumd when beauty pleadeth; 268
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, 273
The coward fights and he does not dismay'd.

'Then, childish fear, avaint! debating, die!
Respect and reason, wait on wrinkled age!
My heart shall never countermand mine eye:
Sad pause and deep regard beseeem the sage; 277
My part is youth, and bears these from the stage.
Desire my pilot is, beauty my prize;
Then who fears sinking where such treasure lies?' 280

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; 284
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 he heavenly image sits, 288
And in the self-same seat sits Collatine:
That eye which looks on her confounds his wits;
That eye which him beholds, as more divine,
Unto a view so false will not incline; 292
But with a pure appeal seeks to the heart,
Which once corrupted, takes the worsest 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; 297
And as their captain, so their pride doth grow,
Pay more slaveish tribute than they owe.
By reprobate desire thus madly led, 300
'The Roman lord marcheth to Lucrce' 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, 304
Which drives the creeping thief to some regard:
The threshold grates the door to have him heard;
Night-wandering weasels shriek to see him there;
They fright him, yet he still pursues his fear.

As each unwilling portal yields him way, 309
Through little vents and cinnaries of the place
The wind wars with his torch to make him stay,
And blows the smoke of it into his face, 312
Extinguishing his conduct in this case;
But his hot heart, which fond desire doth scorched,
Puffs forth another wind that fires the torch:
And being lighted, by the light he spies 316
Lucrcea's glove, wherein her needle sticks:
He takes it from the rushes where it lies,
And gripping it, the need his finger pricks;
As who should say, 'This glove to wanton tricks
Is not inm'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; 324
The door, the wind, the glove, that did delay him,
He takes for accidental things of trial;
Or as those bars which stop the hourly dial,
Who with a ling'ring stay his course doth let,
Till every minutes pays the hour his debt. 329

'So, so,' quoth he, 'these lets attend the time,
Like little frost that sometime threat the spring,
To add a more rejoicing to the prime, 333
And give the snaped 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, are rich at home he lands.' 336

Now is he come unto the chamber door,
That shuts him from the heaven of his thought,
Which with a yielding latch, and with no more,
Hath bar'd him from the blessed thing he sought.
So from himself impety hath wrought,
That for his prey to pray he doth begin,
As if the heavens should countenance his sin.

But in the midst of his unfruitful prayer, 344
Having solicited the eternal power
That his foul thoughts might compass his fair,
And they would stand suspicous 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; 352
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 356
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 asleep fast that this night-owl will catch:
Thus treason works ere traitors be asped.
Who sees the lurking serpent steps aside;
But she, sound sleeping, fearing no such thing,
Lies at the mercy of his mortal sting. 364
RAPE OF LuCRECE

As the grim lion fawneth o’er his prey, 421
Sharp hunger by the conquest satisfied,
So o’er this sleeping soul doth Tarquin stay,
His rage of lust by gazing qualified; 424
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,
Obsdurate vassals fell exploits effecting,
In bloody death and ravishment delighting,
Nor children’s tears nor mothers’ groans respecting,
Swell in their pride, the onset still expecting: 432
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; 436
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 governness and lady lies,
Do tell her she is dreadfully beset,
And fright her with confusion of their cries:
She, much amazed, 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 worse taking, 453
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; 457
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! 464
May feel her heart,—poor citizen,—distress’d
Wounding itself to death, rise up and fall,
Beating her bulk, that his hands shakes withal.
This moves in him more rage, and lesser pity,

To make the breach and enter this sweet city.
RAPE OF LUCRECE

First, like a trumpet, doth his tongue begin
To sound a parley to his heartless foe;
Who o'er the white sheet peers her whitest 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. 472

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: 484
Thy beauty hath ensnared 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 wilt be deaf and hear 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 wings' shade,
Whose crooked beak threats if he mount he dies:
So under his insulting falchion lies
Harmless Lucretia, marking what he tells
With trembling fear, as fowl hear falcon's bells.

'Lucretia,' 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 rimes,
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 desecred 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 gripe's sharp claws,
Pleads in a wilderness where are no laws,
To the rough beast that knows no gentle right,
Nor aught obeys but his foul appetite.

But 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 biding,
Hindering their present fall by this dividing;
So his unhallowed haste her words delays,
And moody Pluto winks while Orpheus plays.

Yet, foul night-waking cat, he doth but daily,
While in his hold-fast 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;
And midst the sentence so her accent breaks,
That twice she doth begin ere once she speaks.

She conjures him by high almighty Jove,
By knighthood, gentry, and sweet friendship's oath,
By her untimely tears, her husband's love,
By holy human law, and common truth,
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
   With such black payment as thou hast pretended.' 576
Mud not the fountain that gave drink to thee;
Mar not the thing that cannot be amended;
End thy ill aim before thy shoot be ended;
He is no woodman that doth bend his bow
To strike a poor unseasonable doe. 581

'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; 584
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. 588

'All which together, like a troubled ocean,
Beat at thy rocky and wrack-threatening heart,
To soften it with their continual motion;
For stones dissolv'd to water do convert. 592
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; 596
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? 604
If in thy hope thou dar'st do such outrage,
What dar'st thou now when once thou art a king?
O! be remembered no outrageous thing
From vassal actors can be win'd away; 608
Then kings' 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 perform'st must bear,
When they in thee the like offences prove. 613
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. 616

'And wilt thou be the school where Lust shall learn?
Must he in thee rend lectures of such shame?
Wilt thou be glass wherein it shall discern
Authority for sin, warrant for blame. 620

To privilege diabolour in thy name?
Thou back'st reproach against long-living land,
And mak'st fair reputation but a bawd.

'Rest thou command? by him that gave it thee,' 624
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, 628
When, pattern'd by thy fault, foul sin may say,
He learn'd to sin, and thou didst teach the way?

'Think but how vie a spectacle it were,
To view thy present trespass in another. 632
Men's faults do seldom to themselves appear;
Their own transgressions partially they mother:
This guilt would seem death-worthy in thy brother.
O! how are they wrapp'd in with infamies 636
That from their own misdeeds askance their eyes.

'To thee, to thee, my heav'd-up hands appeal,
Not to seducing lust, thy rash relish:
I sue for exil'd majesty's repeal; 640
Let him return, and flatter'd thoughts retire:
His true respect will prison false desire,
And wipe the dim mist from thy doting eye;
That thou shalt see thy state and pity mine.

'Have done,' quoth he; 'my uncontrolled tide
Turns not, but swims the higher by this let.
Small lights are soon blown out, huge fires abide,
And with the wind in greater fury fret: 648
The petty streams that pay a daily debt
To their salt sovereign, with their fresh falls hast
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, 656
Thy sea within a puddle's womb is heard'st,
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; 660
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, 664
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, 668
Instead of love's coy touch, shall rudely tear thee;
That done, despitefully I mean to bear thee
Unto the base bed of some rascal groom,
To be thy partner in this shameful doom.' 672
RAPE OF LUCRECE

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 control'd
Entombs her outcry in her lips' sweet fold:

For with the nightly linen that she wears
He pens her pitious clamours in her head,
Cooling his hot face in the chastest tears
That ever modest eyes with sorrow shed.
Oh! that prone lust should stain so pure a bed,
The spots whereof could weeping purify, 685
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 rife 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.

Oh! deeper sin than bottomless conceit
Can comprehend in still imagination;
Drunk'en 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 discoulour'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 mustero 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 foresight could not forestall their will.

Even in this thought through the dark night he stealth,
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 burden of a guilty mind.

He like a thievish dog creeps sadly thence,
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 castaway;
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.
Frantic 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, vaporous, and foggy Night!
Since thou art guilty of my curseless 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;
And let thy misty vapours march so thick,
That in their smoky ranks his smoother'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 desil'd,
Through Night's black bosom should not peep again:
So should I have co-partners in my pain;
And fellowship in woe doth woe assuage,
As palmers' chat makes short their pilgrimage.

'Where 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 insamy;
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-seeking 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 sepulchred in thy shade.

'Make me not object to the tell-tale Day!
The light will show, character'd in my brow,
The story of sweet chastity's decay,
The impious breach of holy wedlock vow:
Yes, the illiterate, that know not how
To cipher what is writ in learned books,
Will quote 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, turning 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 unsotted:
If that be made a theme for disputation,
The branches of another root are rotted,
And undeserved reproach to him allotted
That is as clear from this attaint of mine,
As I er was pure to Collatine.

'O unseen shame! invisible disgrace!
O unfelt sore! crest-wounding, private scar!

Reproach is stamp'd in Collatine's face,
And Tarquin's eye may read the not afar,
How he in peace is wounded. not in war.
Alas! how many bear such shameful blows,
Which not themselves, but 20 that gives them known.

'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 rob'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 guilty of thy honour's wrack;
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 weakness he did complain,
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 fountains with venom mud?
Or tyrant folly lurk in gentle breasts?
Or kings be breakers of their own behoves?
But no perfection is so absolute,
That some impurity doth not pollute.

'The aged man that coffers-up his gold
Is plag'd with cramps and gouts and painful fits;
And scarce hath eyes his treasure to behold,
But like still-pining Tantalus he sits,
And useless burns 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 sours
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 execute'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 spur'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.
RAPE OF LUCREC

"Thou mak'st the vestal violate her oath;
Thou blow'st the fire when temperance is thaw'd;" 984
Thou smoother'st honesty, thou murder'st truth;
Thou foul abettor! thou notorious bawd!
Thou plantest scandal and displaceth laud;
Thou ravishest, thou traitor, thou false thief,
Thy honey turns to gall, thy joy to grief!" 889

"Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame,
Thy private feasting to a public fast,
Thy smoothing titles to a ragged name, 892
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 suppliants' friend,
And bring him where his suit may be obtain'd?
When wilt thou sort an hour great striifes to end?
Or free that soul which wretchedness hath chain'd?" 900
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.

"The patient dies while the physician sleeps; 904
The orphan pines while the oppressor feeds;
Justice is feasting while the widows weep;
Advice is sporting while infection breeds:
Thou grant'st no time for charitable deeds; 908
Wrath, envy, treason, rape, and murder's rage,
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: 912
They buy thy help; but Sin ne'er gives a fee.
Her grat'is comes; and thou art well apprais'd
As well to hear as grant what he hath said.
My Collatine would else have come to me;" 916
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." 924

"Mis-shapen 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 pack-horse, virtue's snare;" 928
Thou nurseth 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, 932
Betray'd the hours thou gav'st me to repose?
Cancel'd my fortunes, and enchanted me
To endless date of never-ending woes?

Time's office is to fine the hate of foes; 936
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, 941
To wake the morn and sentinel the night,
To wrong the wronger till he render right,
To ruinate proud buildings with thy hour,
And smear with dust their glittering golden towers;" 945

"To fill with worm-holes stately monuments,
To feed oblivion with decay of things,
To blot old books and alter their contents, 948
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;" 952

"To show the beldam 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, 956
To mock the subtle, in themselves beguillé,
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 couldst return to make amends?
One poor retiring minute in an age
Would purchase thee a thousand thousand friends,
Lending him wit that to bad debtors lends: 964
O! this dread night, wouldst thou one hour come back,
I could prevent this storm and shun thy wrath.

"Thou ceaseless lackey to eternity,
With some mischance cross Tarquin in his flight:" 968
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 dread groans;
Let there bechance him pitiful mischances 976
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, 981
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, 984
Let him have time a beggar's orts to crave,
And time to see one that by alms doth live
Olsdaim to him disdained scraps to give.
RAPE OF LUCRECE

"In vain, quoth she, "I live, and seek in vain
Some happy mean to end a hapless life:" 1043
I fear'd by Tarquin's falchion to be slain,
Yet for the self-same purpose seek a knife:
But when I fear'd I was a loyal wife: 1048
So am I now: O no! that cannot be;
Of that true type hath Tarquin rified me.

"O! that is gone for which I sought to live,
And therefore now I need not fear to die. 1052
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 stol'n away,
To burn the guiltless casket where it lay? 1057

"Well, well, dear Collatine, thou shalt not know
The stained taste of violated troth;
I will not wrong thy true affection so, 1060
To flatter thee with an infringed oath;
This bastard graft shall never come to growth;
He shall not boast who did thy stock pollute
That thou art doing father of his fruit. 1064

"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 stol'n 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 attain't, 1072
Nor fold my fault in cleanly-coind' excusses;
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
shunes, 1076
As from a mountain-spring that feeds a dale,
Shall gush pure streams to purge my impure tale.'

By this, lamenting Philomel had ended 1079
The well-turn'd wareble 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. 1085

Revealing day through every cranny spies,
And seems to point her out where she sits weeping;
To whom she sobbing speaks: 'O eye of eyes!
Why pry'st thou through my window? leave thy peeping;
Mock with thy tickling beams eyes that are sleepin';
Brand not my forehead with thy piercing light,
For day hath nought to do what's done by night.' 1089
RAPE OF LUCRECE

Thus cavils she with everything she sees:
True grief is fond 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, rosy
I Like an unpractic'd swimmer plunging still,
With too much labour drowns for want of skill.

So she, deep-drenched in a sea of care, holds
disputation with each thing she views,
And to herself all sorrow doth compare;
No object but her passion's strength renewes,
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 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'erflow;
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 heart is discord loves no stop nor rest;
A woeful hostess brooks not merry guests;

Relish your nimble notes to pleasing ears;
Distress like dams 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 the languishment,
So I at each sad strain will strain a tear,
And with deep groans the dispasion bear;

For burthen-wise I'll hum on Tarquin still
While thou on Tereus descant'st better skill.

'And whilst against a thorn thou bear'st thy part
To keep thy sharp woes wakening, 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 freets upon an instrument,
Shall tune our heart-strings to true languishment.

'And for, poor bird, thou sing'st not in the day.
As shaming any eye should these behold,
Some dark deep desert, seat'd from the way,

That knows nor parching heat nor freezing cold.
We will find out; and there we will unfold

To creatures stern sad tunes, to change their kinds:
Since men prove beasts, let beasts bear gentle minds.'

As the poor fliught 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'd 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?
Ay 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 engrit with daring infamy:
Then let it not be call'd implyet,
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 breast.

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.

'Mine honour I'll bequeath unto the knife
That wounds my body so dishonoured;
'Tis honour to deprive dishonour'd life;
The one will live, the other being dead:
So of shame's ashes shall my fame be bred;
For in my death I murder shameful scorn:
My shame so dead, mine honour is new-born.

'Dear lord of that dear jewel I have lost,
What legacy shall I bequeath to thee?
My resolution, love, shall be thy boast,
By whose example thou mayst 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.
RAPE OF LUCRECE

1099

"This brief abridgment of my will I make:
My soul and body to the skies and ground;
My resolution, husband, do thou take; 1200
Mine honour be the knife's that makes my wound;
My shame be his that did my fame confound;
And all my fame that lives disbursed be
to those that live, and think no shame of me.

'Thou, Collatine, shalt oversee this will; 1209
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 thine; and both shall victors be.'

This plot of death when sadly she had laid, 1212
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.

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, 1221
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-wave'ed 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, 1237
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, 1244
No more than wax shall be accounted evil
Wherein is stamp'd the semblance of a devil.

Their smoothness, like a goodly champagne 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 hold.

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, 1265
That dying fear through all her body spread;
And who cannot abuse a body dead?

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 checks 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 a stay'd
Till after a deep groan—'Tarquin for 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, 1280
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.
RAPE OF LUCRECE

'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 t' afford, If ever, love, thy Lucrece thou wilt see, Some present speed to come and visit me. So I commend me from our house in grief: My woes are tedious, though my words are brief.'

Here folds she up the tenour of her woe, Her certain sorrow writ uncertainly, By this short schedule Collatine may know Her grief, but not her grief's true quality: She dares not thereof make discovery, Lest he should hold it her own gross abuse, Ere she with blood had stain'd her stain'd excuse.

Besides, the life and feeling of her passion She hoards, to spend when he is by to hear her; When sighs, and groans, and tears may grace the fashion Of her disgrace, the better so to clear her From that suspicion which the world might bear her. To shun this blot, she would not blot the letter With words, till action might become them better.

To see sad sights moves more than hear them told; 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 villein curtsies to her low; And, blushing on her, with a steadfast eye Receives the scroll without or yea or no, And forth with bashful innocence doth hie; But they whose guilt within their bosoms lie Imagine every eye beholds their blame; For Lucrece thought he blush'd to see her shame:

When, silly groom! God wot, it was defect Of spirit, life, and bold audacity. Such harmless creatures have a true respect To talk in deeds, 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 their 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, Threat'ning cloud-kissing Ilion with annoy; Which the conceited 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 plowman, Begrim'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, triumphing in their faces;
In youth quick bearing and dexterity; 1389
And here and there the painter interspersed
Pale cowards, marching on with trembling
paces;
Which he 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; 1396
Their face their manners most expressly told:
In Ajax' eyes blunt rage and rigour roll'd;
But the mild glance that sly Ulysses lent
Show'd deep regard and smiling government.

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 pur'd up to the
sky.

About him were a press of gaping faces, 1408
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 thro'ng bears back, all boll'n
And a;
Another smother'd, seems to pelt and sweat;
And in their rage such signs of rage they bear,
As, but for loss of Nestor's golden words, 1420
It seem'd they would debate with angry
swords.

For much imaginary work was there;
Conceit deceitful, so compact, so kind,
That for Achilles' image stood his spear, 1424
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-besieg'd 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 strand of Dardan, where they
fought,
To Simois' reedy banks the red blood ran,
Whose waves to imitate the battle sought
With swelling ridges; and their ranks began
To break upon the galled shore, and than 1440
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. 1444
Many she sees where cares have carved some,
But none where all distress and doleur 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 wrack, 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 beldam's woes,
Who nothing wants to answer her but cries,
And bitter words to ban her cruel foes: 1460
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 public plague of many more?
Let sin, alone committed, light alone.
Upon his head that hath transgress'd 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?' 1484
RAPE OF LUCRCECE

‘Lo! here weeps Hecuba, here Priam dies,
Here manly Hector faints, here Trojan wounds,
Here friend by friend in bloody channel lies,
And friend to friend gives unavised wounds,
And one man’s last 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; 1503
For sorrow, like a heavy-hanging bell, 1493
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 1496
To pencil’d pensiveness and colour’d sorrow;
She sends 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, 1501
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 1506
To hide deceit, and give the harmless show
An humble gait, calm looks, eyes wailing still,
A brow unbent that seem’d to welcome woe;
Cheeks neither red nor pale, but mingled so
That blushing red no guilty instance gave,
Nor ashy pale the fear that false hearts have.

But, like a constant and confirmed devil, 1513
He entertain’d a show so seeming-just,
And therein so ensconc’d his secret evil,
That jealousy itself could not mistrust 1516
False-creeping craft and perjury should trust
Into so bright a day such black-fac’d storms,
Or blot with hell-born sin such saint-like forms.

The well-skill’d workman this mild image drew
For perjurd Simon, 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, 1544
And little stars shot from their fixed places,
When their glass fell wherein they view’d their faces.

This picture she advisedly perus’d,
And chid the painter for his wondrous skill, 1548
Saying, some shape in Simon’s was abus’d;
So fair a form lodg’d not a mind so ill:
And still on him she gaz’d, and gazing still,
Such signs of truth in his plain face she spied,
That she concludes the picture was belied.

‘It cannot be,’ quoth she, ‘that so much gule,’—
She would have said,—‘can lurk in such a look;’

But Tarquin’s shape came in her mind the while, 1536
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 Simon here is painted, 1541
So sober-sad, so weary, and so mild,
And if with grief or travail he had faint’d,
To me came Tarquin armed; so beguil’d 1544
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 Simon 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, 1553
Are balls of quenchless fire to burn thy city.

‘Such devils steal effects from lightless hell;
For Simon in his fire doth quake with cold, 1556
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 Simon’s tears doth flatter,
That he finds means to burn his Troy with water.’

Here, all enrag’d, such passion her assail’d
That patience is quite beaten from her breast.
She tears the senseless Simon with her nails,
Comparing him to that unhappy guest 1565
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.’ 1568

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 overspill’d her thought, 1576
That she with painted images hath spent;
Being from the feeling of her own grief brought
By deep surmise of others’ detriment;
Losing her woe in shows of discontent. 1580
It easeth some, though none it ever cur’d.
To think their doleur others have endured.
RAPE OF LUCRECE

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:
Foreswear 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:
Both stood like old acquaintance in a trance,
Met far from home, wondering each other's chance.

At last he takes her by the bloodless hand,
And thus begins: 'What uncouth ill event
Hath thee befall'n, that thou dost trembling stand?
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.'

Three times with sighs she gives her sorrow fire,
Ere once she can discharge one word of woe:
At length address'd to answer his desire,
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,' quo thin, 'shalt fit the trespass best,
Where no excuse can give the fault amending:
In me more woe 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,
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,' quo thin,
"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.'
RAPE OF LUCRECE

‘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 impostion,
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-decayed honour to advance?
May any terms acquit me from this chance?
The poison’s 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 uttereth, ‘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 ball it from the deep unrest
Of that polluted place where it breath’d;
Her contrite sighs unto the clouds beceath’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’s 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,
Hers blood, in poor revenge, held it in chase;

And bumbling from her breast, it deth divide
In two slow rivers, that the crimson blood
Circles her body in on every side,

Who, like a late-sack’d island, vastly stood,
Bare and unpeopled in this fearful flood.
Some of her blood still pure and red remain’d,
And some look’d black, and that false Tarquin stain’d.

About the mourning and congealed face,
Of that black blood a watery rigol goes,
Which seems to weep upon the tainted place:
And ever since, as pitying Lucrece’s woes,
Corrupted blood some watery token shows;
And blood untainted still doth red abide,
Blushing at that which is so putrified.

‘Daughter, dear daughter!’ old Lucretius cries,
That life was mine which thou hast here depriv’d.
If in the child the father’s image lies,
Where shall I live now Lucrece is unliv’d?
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 new born;
But now that fair fresh mirror, dim and old,
Shows me a bare-bon’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 Lucreces bleeding stream
He falls, and bathes the pale fear in his face,
And counterfeit with her wither’d space;
Till many 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 late 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,
Wherin 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?
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,
By our strong arms from forth her fair streets chas'd.

'Now, by the Capitol that we adore,
And by this chaste blood so unjustly stain'd,
By heaven's fair sun that breeds the fat earth's store,
By all our country rights in Rome maintain'd,
And by chaste Lucrece' soul, that late complain'd
Her wrongs to us, 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:
Then jointly to the ground their knees they bow;
And that deep vow, which Brutus made before,
He doth again repeat, and that they swore.

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

TO THE ONLIE BEGETTER OF THESE INSUING SONNETS,
Mr. W. H., ALL HAPPINESSE
AND THAT ETERNITIE
PROMISED
BY
OUR EVER-LIVING POET
WISHETH
THE WELL-WISHING
ADVENTURER IN
SETTING
FORTH.

T. T.

I
From fairest creatures we desire increase,
That thereby beauty's rose might never die,
But as the riper should by time decease,
His tender heir might bear his memory:
But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes,
Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel,
Making a famine where abundance lies,
Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel.
Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament
And only herald to the gaudy spring,
Within thine own bud buriesth 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 gaudy 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 couldst 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, unlesse some mother,
For where is she so fair whose unear'd womb
Daisnais the tillage of thy husbandry?
Or who is he so fond 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,
And being frank, she lends to those are free:
Then, beauteous niggard, why dost thou abuse
The bounteous largess given thee to give?
Profitless usurer, why dost thou use
So great a sum of sums, yet canst not live?
For having traffic with thyself alone,
Thou of thyself thy sweet self dost deceive:
Then how, when Nature calls thee to be gone,
What acceptable audit canst thou leave?
Thy unus'd beauty must be tomb'd with thee,
Which used, lives th' executor to be.

V
Those hours, that with gentle work did frame
The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell,
Will play the tyrants to the very same
And that unfair which fairly doth excel;
For never-resting time leads summer on
To hideous winter, and confounds him there;
Sap check'd with frost, and lusty leaves quite gone
Beauty o'eranow'd and bareness every where:
Then, were not summer's distillation left,
A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,
Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,
Nor is, nor no remembrance what it was:
But flowers distill'd, though they with winter meet,
Leese but their show; their substance still lives sweet.

VI
Then let not winter's ragged hand deface
In thee thy summer, ere thou be distill'd:
Make sweet some vial; treasure thou some place
With beauty's treasure, ere it be self-kill'd.
That use is not forbidden usury,  
Which happens 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 thou art happier than thou art,  
If ten of thine ten times regius'd thee;  
Then what could death do, if thou shouldst 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 highmost pitch, with weary car,  
Like feeble age, he reeleth from the day,  
The eyes, 'fore duteous, now converted are  
From his low tract, and look another way:  
So thou, thyself outgoing in thy noon,  
Unlook'd on diest, unless thou get a son.

VIII

Music to bear, why hear'st thou music sadly?  
Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy:  
Why lov'st thou that which thou receiv'st not gladly,  
Or else receiv'st with pleasure thine annoy?  
If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,  
By unisons married, do offend thine ear;  
They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds  
In singleness the parts that thou shouldst 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 singest will 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 rail thee, like a makeless wife;  
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 unprovided.  
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 mayst call thine when thou from youth convertest.  
Herein lives wisdom, beauty and increase;  
Without this, foily, age and cold decay:  
If all were minded so, the times should cease.  
And three score year would make the world away.  
Let those whom Nature hath not made for store,  
Harsh, featureless and rude, barrenly perish:  
Look, whom she best endow'd she gave the more;  
Which bounteous gift thou shouldst in bounty cherish:  
She carv'd thee for her seal, and meant thereby  
Thou shouldst 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 sweet's and beauties do themselves forsake  
And die as fast as they see others grow;  
And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defence  
Save breed, to brave him 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;
SONNETS

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 unthrifts. Dear my love, you know
You had a father: let your son say so.

Not from the stars do I my judgment pluck;
And yet methinks I have astronomy,
But not to tell of good or evil luck;
Of plagues, of dearths, or seasons' quality;
Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,
Pointing to each his thunder, rain, and wind;
Or say with princes if it shall go well,
By oft predict 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 wouldst convert;
Or else of thee this I prognosticate:
'Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date.'

When I consider every thing that grows
Holds in perfection but a little moment,
That this huge stage presenteth nought but shows
Whereon the stars in secret influence comment;
When I perceive that men as plants increase,
Cheered and check'd as 'tis by the self-same sky;
Vuelted 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 engrant you new.

But wherefore do you a mightier way
Make war upon this bloody tyrant, Time?
And fortify yourself in your decay
With means more blessed than my barren rime?
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:
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,
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.

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 rime.

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:
Sometimes 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 untrimm'd:
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st,
Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st:
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

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 phoenix in her blood;
Make glad and sorry seasons as thou list,
And do what' er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,
To the wide world and all her fading sweets;
But I forbid thee one most heinous crime:
O! carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen;
In thy best course untaint if thy man.
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.

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'd 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
Sturr'd by a painted beauty to his verse,
Who heaven itself for ornament doth use
And every fair with his fair doth rehearse,
Making a couplement 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 this huge rondeau hem's.
Oh! 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.
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 art thou?
Oh! therefore, love, be of thyself so wary
As I, not for myself, but for thee will:
Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary
As tender nurse her babe from faring ill.
Presume not on thy heart when mine is slain;
Thou gav'st me thine, not to give back again.

XXIII
As an unperfect actor on the stage,
Who with his fear is put besides his part,
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 burden of mine own love's might.
Oh! 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 express'd.
Oh! 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'd
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:
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 public honour and proud titles boast,
Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,
Unlook'd for joy in that I honour most.
Great princes' favours 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,
After a thousand victories once foill'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,
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 my moving
Points me graciously with fair aspect,
And puts apparel on my tatter'd loving,
To show me worthy of thy sweet regarding:
Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee;
Till then not show my head where thou mayst prove me.

XXVII
Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed,
The dear repos for limbs with travel tired;
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:
SONNETS

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 further 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 twiere not thou gild'st the even.
  But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer,
And night doth nightly make grief's strength seem stronger.

XXXIX

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes
I all alone beweep 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,
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 vanished sight:
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
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 obsequious tear
Hath dear religious love stol'n from mine eye,
As interest of the dead, which now appear
But things remov'd that hidden in thee lie!
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 time,
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 alchemy;
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
  And from the forlorn world his brightness 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 physic to my grief;
Though thou repent, yet I have still the loss:
The offender's sorrows lends but weak relief
To him that bears the strong offence's cross. 12
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,
Authorising thy trespass with compare,
Myself corrupting, salving thy amiss,
Exceeding thy sins more than thy sins are;
For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense,—
Thy adverse party is thy advocate,
And against myself a lawful plea commence:
Such civil war is in my love and hate,
That an accessory need 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,
Which, though it alter not love's sole effect,
Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's delight.
I may not evermore acknowledge thee,
Lest my bewailed guilt should do thee shame,
Nor thou with public kindred honour me, 11
Unless thou take that honour from thy name:
But do not so; I love thee in such sort
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

XXXVII
As a decrepit father takes delight
To see his active child do deeds of youth,
So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spite,
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,
Entitling in thy parts do crown'd 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
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 rimeres invoke;
And be that calls on thee, let him bring forth
Eternal numbers to outlive long date. 12
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 deservst alone.
O absence! what a torment wouldst thou prove,
Were it not thy sour leisure gave sweet leave
To entertain the time with thoughts of love,
Which time and thoughts so sweetly doth deceive,
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 hast before?
No love, my love, that thou mayst 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; 6
But yet be blam'd, if thou thyself deceivest
By wilful taste of what thyself refusest.
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 sometimes absent from thy heart,
Thy beauty and thy years full well belith,
For still temptation follows where thou art.
Genteel thou art, and therefore to be won,
Beauteous thou art, therefore to be assail'd; 6
And when a woman woos, what woman's son
Will sourly leave her till she have prevail'd?
Ay me! but yet thou might'st my seat forbear,
And chide thy beauty and thy straying youth,
Who lead thee in their riot even there.
Where thou art forc'd to break a twofold truth:
Hers, by thy beauty tempting her to thee,
Thine, by thy beauty being false to me.
SONNETS

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 exclaim:
Thou dost love her, because thou know'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;
But when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee,
And darkly bright, are bright in dark directed.
Then thou, whose shadow shadows doth make bright,
How would thy shadow's form form happy show
To the clear day with thy much clearer light,
When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so!
How would, I say, mine eyes be blessed made
By looking on thee in the living day,
When in dead night thy fair imperfect shade
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 furthest earth remotest from thee;
Nor 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,
I must attend time's leisure with my moan;
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 sweet messengers return'd from thee,
Who even but now come back again, assurance
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 'cide this title is impammed
A quest of thoughts, all tenants to the heart;
And by their verdict is determined
The clear eye's moiety 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 further from 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 trustest 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,
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 mayst come and part;
And even thence thou wilt be stol'n, 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,
When as 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 enconce me here
Within the knowledge of mine own desert,
And this my hand against myself uprear,
To guard the lawful reasons on thy part: 12
To leave poor me thou hast the strength of laws,
Since why to love I can allege no cause.

LI
How heavy do I journey on the way,
When what I seek, my weary travel's end,
Doth teach that ease and that repose to say,
'Thus far the miles are measur'd from thy friend!' 12
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 side,
Which heavily he answers with a groan
More sharp to me than spurring to his side; 12
For that same groan doth put this in my mind:
My grief lies onward, and my joy behind.

LII
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? 6
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; 12
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.'

LIII
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 bliss
By new unfolding his imprison'd pride.
Blessed are you, whose worthiness gives scope,
Being had, to triumph; being lack'd, to hope.

LIV
What is your substance, whereof are you made,
That millions of strange shadows on you tend?
Since every one hath, every one, one shade,
And you, but one, can every shadow lend.
Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit
Is poorly imitated after you;
On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set,
And you in Grecian tires are painted new:
Speak of the spring and foison 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. 12
In all external grace you have some part,
But you like none, none you, for constant heart.

LV
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-blooms 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 discloses:
But, for their virtue only is their show,
They live unwoo'd, and unregretted 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 vade, my verse distils your truth.

LVI
Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful time;
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Than unswept stone, besmear'd with sluttish time.
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And crowds root out the work of masonry,
Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn
The living record of your memory.
'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find room
Even in the eyes of all posterity
That wear this world out to the ending doom. 12
So, till the judgment that yourself arise,
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

NB
SONNETS

LVI

Sweet love, renew thy force; be it not said
Thy edge should blunter be than appetite,
Which but to-day by feeding is allay'd,
To-morrow sharpen'd in his former might:
So, love, be thou; although to-day thou fill
Thy hungry eyes, even till they wink with fulness,
To-morrow see again, and do not kill
The spirit of love with a perpetual dulness.
Let this sad interim like the ocean be
Which parts the shore, where two contracted new
Come daily to the banks, that, when they see
Return of love, more bless'd may be the view;¹²
Or call it winter, which, being full of care,
Makes summer's welcome thrice more wish'd,
more rare.

LVII

Being your slave, what should I do but tend
Upon the hours and times of your desire?
I have no precious time at all to spend,
Nor services to do, till you require.
Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour
Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you.
Nor think the bitterness of absence sour
When you have bid your servant once adieu;
Nor dare I question with my jealous thought
Where you may be, or your affairs suppose,
But, like a sad slave, stay and think of nought,
Save, where you are how happy you make those.
So true a fool is love that in your will,
Though you do anything, he thinks no ill.

LVIII

That god forbid that made me first your slave,
I should in thought control your times of pleasure,
Or at your hand the account of hours to crave,
Being your vassal, bound to stay your leisure!
O! let me suffer, being at your beck,
The imprison'd absence of your liberty;
And patience, tame to sufferance, bide each check,
Without accusing you of injury.
Be where you list, your charter is so strong
That you yourself may privilege your time
To what you will; to you it doth belong
Yourself in pardon of self-doing crime.¹²
I am to wait, though waiting so be hell,
Not blame your pleasure, be it ill or well.

LIX

If there be nothing new, but that which is
Hath been before, how are our brains beguill'd,
Which, labouring for invention, bear amiss
The second burden of a former child!
O! that record could with a backward look,
Even of five hundred courses of the sun,
Show me your image in some antique book,
Since mind at first in character was done!

1114

That I might see what the old world could say
To this composed wonder of your frame;
Whe'r we are mended, or whe'r better they,
Or whether revolution be the same.
O! I sure I am, the wits of former days
To subjects worse have given admiring praise.

LX

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end;
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
Nativity, once in the main of light,
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
And Time that gave doth now his gift confound.
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow,
Seeks the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow:
Yet to times in hope my verse shall stand,
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

LXI

Is it thy will thy image should keep open
My heavy eyelids to the weary night?
Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,
While shadows, like to thee, do mock my sight?
Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee
So far from home, into my deeds to pry,
To find out shame and idle hours in me,
The scope and tenour of thy jealousy?
O, no! thy love, though much, is not so great:
It is my love that keeps mine eye awake;
Mine own true love that doth my rest defeat,
To play the watchman ever for thy sake:
For thee watch I whilst thou dost wake elsewhere,
From me far off, with others all too near.

LXII

Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye
And all my soul and all my every part;
And for this sin there is no remedy,
It is so grounded inward in my heart.
Methinks no face so gracious is as mine,
No shape so true, no truth of such account;¹²
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.
Against my love shall be, as I am now,
With Time's injurious hand crush'd and o'er-
worn;
When hours have drain'd his blood and fill'd
his brow
With lines and wrinkles; when his youthful
morn
Hath travel'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,
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.

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-raz'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 watery 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 ruminate—
That Time will come and take my love away. 12
This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless
sea,
But sad mortality o'erwears 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 wrackful 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.

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: 12
Tir'd with all these, from these would I be gone,
Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

Ah! wherefore with infection should he live,
And with his presence grace impiety,
That sin by him advantage should achieve,
And lace itself with his society?
Why should false painting imitate his cheek,
And steal dead seeing of his living hue? 6
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. 12
O! him she stores, to show what wealth she had
In days long since, before these last so bad.

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 born,
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.

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.
Thy 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,—chur's,—their thoughts, although their eyes were kind. 12
To thy fair flower add the rank smell of weeds:
But why thy odour matcheth not thy show,
The soil is this, that thou dost common grow.
SONNETS

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,
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 ranker 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:
If some suspect of ill mask'd not thy show,
Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts shouldst owe.

LXXI
No longer mourn for me as 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 lived 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,
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 mayst 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 see'st 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 see'st the glowing of such fire
That on the ashes of thy 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 fall 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 fitching 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 bad 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 pot 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
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 mayst thou taste.
The wrinkles which thy glass will truly show
Of mouthed graves will give thee memory;
Thou by thy dial's shady stealth mayst know
Time's thievish progress to eternily.
Look! what thy memory cannot contain,
Commit to these waste blanks, and thou shalt find
Those children nursed, deliver'd from thy brain,
To take a new acquaintance of thy mind. 12
These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,
Shall profit thee and much enrich thy book.

LXXVIII
So oft have I invoked 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 afloat 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 art with thy sweet graces grac'd 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 lofty argument
Deserves the travail of a worthier pen;
Yet what of thee 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 in thy cheek; he can afford
No praise to thee but what in thee doth live. 12
Then thank him not for that which he doth say,
Since what he owes thee thou thyself dost pay.

LXXX
O! how I faint when I of you do write,
Knowing a better spirit doth use your name,
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, 6
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: 12
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.
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.

LXXII
I grant thou wert not married to my Muse,
And therefore mayst without attainst 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 spirit past my praise; 6
And therefore art enforcing to seek anew
Some fresher stamp of the time-bettering days.
And do so, love; yet when they have devis'd
What strained touches rhetoric can lend,
Thou truly fair wert truly sympathized
In true plain words by thy true-telling friend;
And their gross painting might be better used
Where cheeks need blood; in thee it is abus'd.

LXXIII
I never saw that you did painting need,
And therefore to your fair no painting set;
I found, or thought I found, you did exceed
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 modern quill doth come too short,
Speaking of worth, what worth in you dost grow.
This silence for my sin you did impute Which shall be most my glory, being dumb;
For I impair not beauty being mute, 11
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 puerity 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 counterpart shall fame his wit,
Making his style admired everywhere. 12
You to your beauteous blessings add a curse,
Being fond on praise, which makes your praises worse.
LXXXV
My tongue-tied Muse in manners holds her still,
Whilst comments of your praise, richly compli’d,
Deserve their character with golden quill,
And precious phrase by all the Muses fill’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? 5
No, neither he, nor his compeers by night;
Giving him aid, my verse astonished.
He, nor that affable familiar ghost
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,
As victors of my silence cannot boast;
I was not sick of any fear from thence:
But when your countenance fill’d up his line,
Then lack’d I matter; that eufcelbed 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.
For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?
And for that riches where is my deserving? 6
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 knowing,
Or me, to whom thou gav’st it, else mistaking;
So thy great gift, upon misprision growing, 11
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.
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 loving 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. 12
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 strange, and look’st strange;
Be absent from thy walks; and in thy 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; 6
Give not a windy night a rainey 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 wox,
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: 6
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: 12
Wretched in this alone, that thou mayst take
All this away, and me most wretched make.
Then need I not to fear the worst of wrongs,
When in the least of them my life hath end. 6
I see a better state to me belongs
Than that which on thy humour doth depend:
Those might 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: 12
But what's so blessed-fair that fears no blot?
Thou mayst be false, and yet I know it not.

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 everywhere!
And yet this time removed was summer's time;
The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,
Bearing the wanton burden of the prime,
Like widow'd wombs after their lords' decease:
Yet this abundant issue seemed 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: 12
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 lilly's 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. 12
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 dwell'd
In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dy'd.
The lily I condemned for thy hand,
And buds of marjoram had stol'n thy hair;
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
One blushing shame, another white despair;
SONNETS

A third, nor red nor white, had stol’n of both,
And to his robbery had annex’d thy breath;
But, for his theft, in pride of all his growth 12
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.
More flowers I noted, yet I none could see
But sweet or colour it had stol’n from thee.

C
Where art thou, Muse, that thou forget’st so long
To speak of that which gives thee all thy might?
Spent’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. 12
Give my love fame faster than Time wastes life;
So thou prevent’st his scythe and crooked knife.

Cl
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 dignified.
Make answer, Muse: wilt thou not haply say, 5
‘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 ’t lies in thee
To make him much outlive a gilded tomb
And to be praise’d of ages yet to be. 12
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 everywhere.
Our love was new, and then but in the spring,
When I was wont to greet it with my lays; 6
As Philomel in summer’s front doth sing,
And stops her 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 music burthen 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! 6
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; 12
And more, much more, than in my verse can sit,
Your own sweet 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: 12
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; 6
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.
12
‘Fair, kind, and true,’ have oft 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 sights,
And beauty making beautiful old rime,
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, 11
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, 6
Incertainties now crown themselves assur'd,
And peace proclaims olives of endless age.
Now with the drops of this most balmive time
My love looks fresh, and Death to me subscribes.
Since, spite of him, I'll live in this poor rime,
While he insults o'er dull 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?
What's new to speak, what new 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; 6
Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,
Even as when I first hallow'd thy fair name.
So that eternal love in love's fresh case
Weights not the dust and injury of age,
Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place,
But makes antiquity for aye his page; 12
Finding the first conceit of love there bred,
Where time and outward form would show it dead.

CX
Alas! 'tis true I have gone here and there,
And made myself a motley to the view,
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, 6
These bleaches 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. 12
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 public means which public manners breed.
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
And almost thence my nature is sub'd 6
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand:
Pity me, then, and wish I were renew'd;
Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink
Potions of ills 'gainst my strong infection;
No bitterness that I will bitter think,
Nor double penance, to correct correction. 12
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?
You are my all-the-world, and I must strive
To know my shames and praises from your tongue; 6
None else to me, nor I to none alive,
That my steel'd sense or changes right or wrong.
In so profound abyss I throw all care
Of other's voices, that my adder's sense
To critic and to flatterer stopped are,
Mark how with my neglect I do dispense: 12
You are so strongly in my purpose bred,
That all the world besides methinks are dead.

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 5
Of bird, of flower, or shape, which it doth catch:
Of his quick objects hath the mind no part,
Nor his own vision holds what it doth catch;
SONNETS

For it see the rudest or gentlest sight,
The most sweet favour or deformed creature,
The mountain or the sea, the day or night,
The crow or dove, it shapes them to your feature:
Incappable of more, replete with you,
My most true mind thus maketh mine untrue.

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 alchemy,
To make of monsters and things indigest
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 sharpest 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.

CVII

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 furthest from your sight.
Book both my willfulness 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.

CVIII

Like as, to make our appetites more keen,
With eager compounds we our palate urge;
As, to prevent our maladies unseen,
We sicken to shun sickness when we purge;
Even so, being full of thy ne'er-cloying sweetness,
To bitter sauces did I frame my feeding;
And, sick of welfare, found a kind of meetness
To be diseas'd, ere that there was true needing.
Thus policy in love, to anticipate
The ills that were not, grew to faults assur'd,
And brought to medicine a healthful state,
Which, rank of goodness, would by ill be cur'd;
But thence I learn, and find the lesson true,
Drugs poison him that so fell sick of you.

CIX

What potions have I drunk of Siren tears,
Distill'd from limbecks foul as hell within,
Applying fears to hopes, and hopes to fears,
Still losing when I saw myself to win!
What wretched errors hath my heart committed,
Whilst it hath thought itself so blessed never!
How have mine eyes out of their spheres been fitted,
In the distraction of this madding fever!
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 befriended 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've 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 remembered,
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 ransoms 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
Give salutation to my sportive blood?
Or on my frailties why are tailor 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;
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,
Nor need I tally 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 doth 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;
Whereeto the inviting time our fashion calls:
It fears not policy, that heretic,
Which works on leases of short number'd hours,
But all alone stands hugely politic,
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't taught 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, knows no art,
But mutual render, only me for thee.
Hence, thou suborn'd informer! a true soul
When most impeach'd stands least in thy control.

CXXVI
O thou, my lovely boy, 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,
If it were, it bore not beauty's name;
But now is black beauty's successive heir,
And beauty slander'd with a bastard's 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 bower,
But is profan'd, if not lives in disgrace.
Therefore my mistress' brows are raven black,
Her eyes so suited, and they mourners seem
At such who, not born fair, no beauty lack,
Lauding creation with a false esteem.
Yet so they mourn, becoming of their woe,
That every tongue says beauty should look so.
CXXXVIII
How oft, when thou, my music, music play'st,
Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds
With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway'st
The wry concord that mine ear confounds,
Do I envy those jacks that nimble leap
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,
Whilst my poor lips, which should have that harvest reap,
At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand!
To be so tick'd, I they would change their state
And situation with those dancing chips.
O'er whom thy fingers walk with gaiety gait,
Making dead wood more bless'd than living lips.
Since sancy jacks so happy are in this,
Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

CXXXIX
The expense 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 despis'd straight;
Past reason hunted; and no sooner had,
Past reason hated, as a swallow'd bait,
On purpose laid to make the taker mad:
Mad in pursuit, 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.

CXL
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 music 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 belied with false compare.

CXLI
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 grow:
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.

CXLII
Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,
Knowing thy heart torments 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 beseech thine 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.

CXLIII
Beashrew 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 threefold thus to be cross'd.
Prison my heart in thy steel bosom's ward,
But then my friend's heart let my poor heart bail;
Who'er keeps me, let my heart be his guard;
Thou canst not then use rigour in my jail:
And yet thou wilt; for I, being pent in thee,
Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.

CXLIV
So, now I have confess'd that he is thine,
And I myself am mortgag'd to thy will,
Myself I'll forfeit, so that other mine
Thou wilt restore, to be my comfort still:
But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,
For thou art covetous and he is kind;
He learn'd but surety-like to write for me,
Under that bond that him as fast doth bind.
The statute of thy beauty thou wilt take,
Thou usurer, that put'st forth all to use,
And sue a friend came debtor for my sake;
So him I lose through my unkind abuse.
Him have I lost; thou hast both him and me:
He pays the whole, and yet am I not free.

CXLI
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 graciously,
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 not 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,  
Sware 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 reckoned 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,  
Being anchor’d in the bay where all men ride,  
Who of eyes falsehood hath thou forg’d hooks,  
Whereto the judgment of my heart is tied?  
Why should my heart think that a several plot  
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;  
That she might think me some untutor’d youth,  
Unlearned in the world’s false subtleties.  
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,  
Although she knows my days are past the best,  
Simply I credit her false-speaking tongue:  
On both sides thus is simple truth suppress’d.  
But wherefore says she not she is unjust?  
And wherefore say not I that I am old?  
O! love’s best habit is in seeming trust,  
And age in love loves not to have years told:  
Therefore I lie with her, and she with me,  
And in our faults by lies we flatter’d be.

CXXXIX
O! call not me to justify the wrong  
That thy unkindness lays upon my heart;  
Wound me not with thine eye, but with thy tongue:  
Use power with power, and slay me not by art.

Tell me thou lovest elsewhere; but in my sight,  
Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eye aside:  
What need’st thou wound with cunning, when  
yth might  

Is more than my o’erpress’d defence can sile?  
Let me excuse thee; ah! my love well knows  
Her pretty looks have been my 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 outright with looks, and rid my pain.

CXL
Be wise as thou art cruel; do not press  
My tongue-tied 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-wrestling world is grown so bad,  
Mad slanderers by bad ears believed be.  
That I may not be so, nor thou belled,  
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 dots.  
Nor are mine ears with thy tongue’s tune deliighted;  
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 unsay’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 o’er as mine,  
Robby’d others’ beds’ revenues of their rents.  
Be it lawful I love thee, as thou lov’st those  
Whom thine eyes woo as mine importune thee:  
Root pity in thy heart, that when it grows,  
Thy pity may deserve to pitied be.  
If thou dost seek to have what thou dost hide,  
By self-example mayst thou be denied!
CXLIII

Lo, as a careful housewife runs to catch
One of her feather'd creatures broke away,
Sets down her babe, and makes all quick dispatch
In pursuit of the thing she would have stay;
Whilst her neglected child holds her in chase,
Cries to catch her whose busy care is bent.
To follow that which flies before her face,
Not prizeing her poor infant's discontent:
So must she after that which flies from thee,
Whilst I thy babe chase 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 mayst 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 suggest 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 did 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, but 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
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, the centre of my sinful earth,
Fool'd by these 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.

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 madmen's are,
At random from the truth vainly express'd:
For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee bright,
Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.

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 censureth falsely what they see aight?
If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,
What means the world to say it is not so?
If it be not, then love doth well denote
Love's eye is not so true as all men's: no.
How can it? O! how can Love's eye be true,
That is so vex'd with watching and with tears?
No marble then, though I mistake my view;
The sun itself sees not till heaven clears.
O cunning Love! with tears thou keepest 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?
Do I not think on thee, when I forget
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 lourest on me, do I not spend
Revenge upon myself with pre'-ent mean?
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,
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?
SONNETS

CLI

Love is too young to know what conscience is;
Yet who knows not conscience is born of love?
Then, gentle cheater, urge not my amiss,
Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove:
For, thou betraying me, I do betray
My nobler part to my gross body's treason;
My soul doth tell my body that he may
Triumph in love; flesh stays no further 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;
In act thy bed-vow broke, and new faith torn,
In vowing new hate after new love bearing.
But why of two oaths' breach do I accuse thee,
When I break twenty? I am perjur'd most;
For all my vows are oaths but to misuse thee,
And all my honest faith in thee is lost:
For I have sworn deep oaths of thy deep kindness,
Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy constancy;
And, to enlighten thee, gave eyes to blindness,
Or made them swear against the thing they see:
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-fired,
The boy for trial needs would touch my breast;
I, sick withal, the help of bath desired,
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 band
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 quench'd 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 sistering vale,
My spirits to attend this double voice accorded,
And down I laid to list the sad-tun'd tale;
Ere long espied 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 carcass 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 eye,
Which on it had conceited characters,
Laundering the silken figures in the brine
That season'd woe had pelleted in tears,
And often reading what content it bears;
As often shrieking undistinguish'd woe
In clamours of all size, both high and low.

Sometimes her levell'd eyes their carriage ride,
As they did battery to the spheres intend;
Sometimes diverted, their poor balls are tied
To the orb'd earth; sometimes they do extend
Their view right on; anon their gazes lend
To every place at once, and nowhere fix'd,
The mind and sight distractedly commix'd.

Her hair, nor loose nor tied in formal plat,
Proclaim'd in her a careless hand of pride;
For some, untuck'd, descended her sheav'd hat,
A LOVER'S COMPLAINT

Hanging her pale and plumed cheek beside;
Some in her threaden fillet still did ride,
And true to bondage would not break from thence;
Though slackly braided in loose negligence.

A thousand favours from a maund she drew
Of amber, crystal, and of beaded jet,
Which one by one 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,
Bidding them find their sepulchres in mud;
Found yet more letters sadly penn'd in blood,
With sealed silk feat 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 'gan 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 fancy hastily 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,
And comely-distant sits he by her side;
When he again desires her, being sat,
Her grievance with his hearing to divide:
If that from him there may be aught 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 commend'd,
That maidens' 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 defiled.'

'His browny locks did hang in crooked curls,
And every light occasion of the wind
Upon his lips their silken parcels hurled.
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 sown.

'Small show of man was yet upon his chin;
His phoenix down began but to appear.
Like unshorn velvet on that termess skin
Whose bare out-bragg'd the web it seem'd to wear;
Yet shew'd his visage by that cost more dear,
And nice affections wavering stood in doubt
If best were as it was, or best without.

'His qualities were beauteous as his form,
For maiden-tongu'd 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
Died livry 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 habitue 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 grace 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 letcher 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, theirs in thought assign'd;
A LOVER'S COMPLAINT

"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,
Or any of my pleasures ever charm'd:
Harm have I done to them, but ne'er was harm'd;
Kept hearts in livers, but mine own was free,
And reign'd, commanding in his monarchy.

"Look here, what tributes wounded fancies
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,
With twisted metal amorously implant'd,
I have receiv'd from many a several fair,
Their kind acceptance weepingly beseech'd,
With the annexions of fair gems enrich'd,
And deep-brain'd sonnets, that did amplify
Each stone's dear nature, worth, and quality.

"The diamond; why, 'twas beautiful and hard,
Whereeto his invis'd properties did tend;
The deep-green emerald, in whose fresh regard
Weak sights their sickly radiance do amend;
The heaven-hu'd sapphire and the opal blend
With objects manifold: each several stone,
With wit well blazon'd, smil'd or made some moan.

"'Tis all these trophies of affections hot,
Of pensiv'd and subdu'd desires the tender,
Nature hath charg'd me that I hoard them not,
But yield them up where I myself must render,
That is, to you, my origin and ender;
For these, of force, must your oblations be,
Since I their altar, you enpatron me.

"O! then, advance of yours that phraseless hand,
Whose white weight doth 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.

"Lo! this device was sent me from a man,
Or sister sanctified, of holiest note;
Which late her noble suit in court did shew,
Whose rarest havings made the blossoms close;
For she was sought by spirits of richest coat,
But kept cold distance, and did thence remove,
To spend her living in eternal love.
A LOVER'S COMPLAINT

"But, O my sweet! what labour is 't to leave
The thing we have not, mastering what not
strives,
240
Paling 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,
244
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,
Religious love put out Religion's eye:
Not to be tempted, would she be immur'd,
And now, to tempt, all liberty procur'd.
252

"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 congerst,
As compound love to physic your cold breast.

"My parts had power to charm a sacred nun,
Who, disciplin'd, ay, dieterd 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 impressest, 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!
Love's arms are peace, 'gainst rule, 'gainst sense, 'gainst shame,
And sweetens, in the suffering yangs it bears,
The aloys 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." 273

"This said, his watery eyes he did dismount,
Whose sights till then were level'd on my face;
Each cheek a river running from a fount
With brinishing current downward flow'd space.
O! how the channel to the stream gave grace;
Who glaz'd with crystal gate the glowing roses
That flame through water which their hue encloses.

'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 civil 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 plenitude of subtle matter,
Applied to cautels, all strange forms receives,
Of burning blushes, or of weeping water,
Or wounding 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 swound at tragic shows:

'That not a heart which in his level came
Could 'scape the hail of his all-hurting aim,
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 exclain;
When he most burn'd in heart-wish'd luxury,
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 unexperienced gave the tempter place,
Which like a cherubin above them hover'd.
Who, young and simple, would not be so lover'd?

Ay 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 fore'd thunder from his heart did fly,
O! that sad breath his spongy lungs bestrow'd,
O! that all that borrow'd motion seeming ow'd,
Would yet again betray the fore-betray'd,
And new pervert a reconciled maid.'
THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM

WHEN my love swears that she is made of
truth,
I do believe her, though I know she lies,
That she might think me some un tutor’d
youth,
Unskilful in the world’s false forgeries.
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
Although I know my years be past the best,
I smiling credit her false-speaking tongue,
Out-facing faults in love with love’s ill rest.
But wherefore says my love that she is young?
And wherefore say not I that I am old?
O! love’s best habit is a soothing tongue,
And age, in love, loves not to have years told. 12
Therefore I’ll lie with love, and love with me,
Since that our faults in love thus smoother’d
be.

II

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,
Which like two spirits do suggest 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 a saint to be a devil,
Wooing his purity with her fair pride:
And whether that my angel be turn’d fiend
Suspect I may, but not directly tell;
For being both to me, both to each friend,
I guess one angel in another’s hell.
12
The truth I shall not know, but live in doubt,
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

III

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
‘Gainst whom the world could not hold argu-
ment,
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: 6
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 dost
shine,
Exhale this vapour vow; in thee it is:
If broken, then it is no fault of mine.
12
If by me broke, what fool is not so wise
To break an oath, to win a paradise?

IV

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 showed him favours to allure his eye; 6
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 refused to take her figure proffer,
The tender nibbler would not touch the bait,
But smile and jest at every gentle offer: 12
Then fell she on her back, fair queen, and
toward:
He rose and ran away; ah! fool too froward.

V

If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to
love?
O! never faith could hold, if not to beauty
vow’d:
Though to myself forsworn, to thee I’ll con-
stant prove;
Those thoughts, to me like oaks, to thee like
osiers bow’d.
Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine
eyes,
Where all those pleasures live that art can com-
prehend. 6

If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall
suffice;
Well learned is that tongue that well can thee
commend;
All ignorant that soul that sees thee without
wonder;
Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts
admire:
Thine eye Jove’s lightning seems, thy voice his
dreadful thunder,
Which, not to anger bent, is music and sweet
fire,
Celestial as thou art, O! do not love that
wrong,
To sing heaven’s praise with such an earthly
tongue.

VI

Scarcely 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 tarryance for Adonis made
Under an osier growing by a brook;
A brook where Adonis’ heart did cool his spleen: 6
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: 12
He, spying her, bounc’d in, whereas he
stood:
‘O Jove’, quoth she, ‘why was not I a flood!’
THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM

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:
A lily pale, with damask dye to grace her,
None fairer, nor none fairer to debase her. 6

Her lips to mine how oft 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. 12

She burn'd with love, as straw with fire flameth;
She burn'd out love, as soon as straw outburneth;
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 joker whether? 17
Bad in the best, though excellent in neither.

VIII

If music 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 lovest me all and I the other.
Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch
Upon the lute doth ravish human sense; 6
Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such
As, passing all conceit, needs no defence.
Thou lovest to hear the sweet melodious sound
That Phoebus' lute, the queen of music, makes;
And I in deep delight am chiefly drown'd
Whenas himself to singing he betakes. 12
One god is god of both, as poets feign;
One knight loves both, and both in thee remain.

IX

Fair was the morn when the fair queen of love,

Paler for sorrow than her milk-white dove.
For Adon's sake, a younger proud and wild;
Her stand she takes upon a steep-up hill:
Anon Adonis comes with horn and hounds; 6
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! 17
See, in my thigh,' quoth she, 'there was the sore.
She showed hers; he saw more wounds than one,
And blushing fled, and left her all alone.

X

Sweet rose, fair flower, untimely pluck'd, soon vaded,
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. 6

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. 12

XI

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 fell she to him.
'Even thus,' quoth she, 'the war-like god embrac'd me',
And then she clipp'd Adonis in her arms; 6
'Even thus,' quoth she, 'the war-like god unlac'd me',
As if the boy should use like loving charms.
'Even thus,' quoth she, 'he seized on my lips',
And with her lips on his did act the seizure;
And as she fetched breath, away he skips,
And would not take her meaning nor her pleasure. 12
Ah! that I had my lady at this bay,
To kiss and clip me till I ran away.

XII

Crabbed age and youth cannot live together:
Youth is full of pleasure, 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; 6
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. 12

XIII

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good;
A shining gloss that vadieth suddenly;
A flower that dies when first it 'gins to bud;
A brittle glass that's broken presently:
A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,
Lost, vaded, broken, dead within an hour. 6
And as goods lost are seld 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 's for ever lost,
In spite of physic, painting, pain, and cost. 12

XIV

Good night, good rest. Ah! neither be my share:
She bade good night that kept my rest away;
And daff'd me to a cabin hang'd with care,
To descend on the doubts of my decay.
SONNETS TO SUNDRY NOTES OF MUSIC

I
It was a lording's daughter, the fairest one of three,
That liked of her master as well as well might be,
Till looking on an Englishman, the fair'st that eye could see,
Her fancy fell a-turning.

Long was the combat doubtful that love with love did fight,
To leave the master loveless, or kill the gallant knight:
To put in practice either, alas! it was a spite
Unto the silly damsel.

But one must be refused; more mickle was the pain
That nothing could be used to turn them both to gain,
For of the two the trusty knight was wounded with disdain:
Alas! she could not help it.

Thus art with arms contending was victor of the day,
Which by a gift of learning did bear the maid away;
Then lullaby, the learned man hath got the lady gay;
For now my song is ended.

II
On a day, slack the day!
Love, whose month was ever May,
Spied 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.

III
'Aire,' 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,
Thou for whom Jove would swear
Juno but an Ethiope were;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.'
SONNETS TO SUNDRY NOTES

My shepherd's pipe can sound no deal,  
Serve always with assured trust,  
And in thy suit be humble true;  

My wether's bell rings doleful knell;  
Unless thy lady prove unjust,  
Seek never thou to choose anew;  

My curtail dog, that wont to have play'd,  
When time shall serve, be thou not slack  
To proffer, though she put thee back.  

Plays not at all, but seems afraid;  
The wiles and guiles that women work,  
Dissembled with an outward show,  

My sighs so deep  
The tricks and toys that in them lurk,  
The cock that treads them shall not know.  

Procure to weep;  
Have you not heard it said full oft,  
A woman's ray doth stand for nought?  

In howling wise, to see my doleful plight.  
Think, women love to match with men  
And not to live so like a saint:  

How sighs resound  
Here is no heaven; they holy then  
Begin when age doth them attain.  

Through heartless ground,  
Were kisses all the joys in bed,  
One woman would another wed.  

Like a thousand vanquish'd men in  
But, soft! enough! too much, I fear;  
For if my mistress hear my song,  

bloody fight!  
She will not stick to ring my ear,  
To teach my tongue to be so long:  

Clear well spring not,  
Yet will she blush, here be it said,  
To hear her secrets so bewray'd.  

Sweet birds sing not,  
V  
Green plants bring not  
Live with me, and be my love,  

Forth their dye;  
And we will all the pleasures prove  
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,  

Herds stand weeping,  
And all the craggy mountains yields.  

Flocks all sleeping,  
There will we sit upon the rocks,  
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,  

Nymphs back peeping  
By shallow rivers, by whose falls  
Melodious birds sing madrigals.  

Fearfully:  
There will I make thee a bed of roses,  
With a thousand fragrant posies,  

All our pleasure known to us poor swains,  
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle  
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.  

All our merry meetings on the plains,  
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.  
A belt of straw and ivy buds,  

All our evening sport from us is fled,  
With coral clasps and amber studs;  
And if these pleasures may these move,  

All our love is lost, for Love is dead.  
Then live with me and be my love.  

Farewell, sweet last,  

Thy like never was  
LOVE'S ANSWER.  

For a sweet content, the cause of all my  
If that the world and love were young,  
moan:  
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,  

Poor Corydon  
These pretty pleasures might me move,  
Must live alone;  
To live with thee and be thy love.  

Other help for him I see that there is  

none.

IV

Whenas thine eye hath chose the dame,  
Live with me, and be my love,  
And shall'd the deer that thou should'st strike,  
And we will all the pleasures prove  
Let reason rule things worthy blame,  
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,  
As well as fancy, partial wight,  
And all the craggy mountains yields.  
Neither too young nor yet unwed.  

And when thou com'st thy tale to tell,  
There will we sit upon the rocks,  
Smooth not thy tongue with filed talk,  
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,  
Lest she some subtle practice smell;  
By shallow rivers, by whose falls  
A cripple soon can find a balt;  
Melodious birds sing madrigals.  
But plainly say thou lovest her well,  
A belt of straw and ivy buds,  
And set thy person forth to sell.  
With coral clasps and amber studs;  
What though her frowning brows be bent,  
And if these pleasures may these move,  
Her cloudy looks will clear ere night;  
Then live with me and be my love.  
And then too late she will repent  

That thus dissembl'd her delight;  

And twice desire, ere it be day,  
To live with thee and be thy love.  
That thus dissembl'd her delight;  

And twice desire, ere it be day,  

That which with scorn she put away.  
That which with scorn she put away.

What though she strive to try her strength,  
As it fell upon a day  
And ban and brawl, and say thee nay,  
In the merry month of May,  
Her feeble force will yield at length,  
Sitting in a pleasant shade  
When craft hath taught her thus to say.  
Which a grove of myrtles made.  
'Had women been so strong as men,  
Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,  
In faith, you had not had it then.'  
Trees did grow, and plants did spring;  
And fair in the month of May,  
What though she strive to try her strength,  
Every thing did banish moan,  
And ban and brawl, and say thee nay,  
Save the nightingale alone:  
Her feeble force will yield at length,  
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,  
When craft hath taught her thus to say.  
Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn,  
'Had women been so strong as men,  
And there sung the doleful'st ditty,  
In faith, you had not had it then.'  
That to hear it was great pity:  
'Fie, fie, fie!' now would she cry;  
'There was no help like a thorn.'  
'Tereu, Tereu!' by and by;
SONNETS TO SUNDRY NOTES

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,
"Fity 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 commandement:
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.

THE PHOENIX AND THE TURTLE

Let the bird of loudest lay,
On the sole Arabian tree,
Herald sad and trumpet be,
To whose sound chaste wings obey. 4
But thou shrieking harbinger,
Foul precurrer of the fiend,
Augur of the fever's end,
To this troop come thou not near. 8
From this session interdict
Every fowl of tyrant wing,
Save the eagle, feather'd king:
Keep the obsequy so strict. 12
Let the priest in surplice white
That defunctive music can,
Be the death-divining swan,
Lest the requiem lack his right. 16
And the treble-dated crow,
That thy sable gender mak'st
With the breath thou giv'st and tak'st,
'Mongst our mourners shalt thou go. 20
Here the anthem doth commence:
Love and constancy is dead;
Phoensis and the turtle fled
In a mutual flame from hence. 24
So they lov'd, as love in twain
Had the essence but in one;
Two distincts, division none:
Number there in love was slain. 28
Hearts remote, yet not asunder
Distance, and no space was seen
'Twixt the turtle and his queen:
But in them it were a wonder. 32
So between them love did shine,
That the turtle saw his right
Flaming in the phoenix' sight;
Either was the other's mine. 36

Property was thus appall'd,
That the self was not the same;
Single nature's double name
Neither two nor one was call'd. 40
Reason, in itself confounded,
Saw division grow together;
To themselves yet either neither,
Simple were so well compounded, 44
That it cried, 'How true a twain
Seemeth this concordant one!
Love hath reason, reason none,
If what parts can so remain.' 48
Whereupon it made this thren
to the phoensis and the dove,
Co-supremes and stars of love,
As chorus to their tragic scene. 52

THRENOs

Beauty, truth, and rarity
Grace in all simplicity,
Here enclos'd in cinders lie. 55
Death is now the phoenix' nest;
And the turtle's loyal breast
To eternity doth rest, 58
Leaving no posterity:
'Twas not their infirmity,
It was married chastity. 62
Truth may seem, but cannot be;
Beauty brag, but 'tis not she;
Truth and beauty buried be. 64
To this urn let those repair
That are either true or fair;
For these dead birds sigh a prayer. 67