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THE WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

IN TWELVE VOLUMES

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THE WORKS OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

VOLUME EIGHT



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VOL. VIII.

SONNETS AND POEMS

Venus and Adonis.

The Rape of Lucrece.

Sonnets.

Minor Poems.

KING HENRY VIII.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

First printed in Quarto in 1593.
The poem is composed of 199 6-line stanzas, and contains 1194 lines.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY WRIOTHESLY,

EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON AND BARON OF TITCHFIELD.

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

VENUS AND ADONIS.

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

VEN as the sun with purple-coloured face
Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping morn,
Rose-cheeked Adonis hied him to the chase;
Hunting he loved, but love he laughed to scorn:
Sick-thoughted Venus makes amain unto him,
And like a bold-faced suitor 'gins to woo him.

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

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

6

I 2

"And yet not cloy thy lips with loathed 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."

24

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 enraged, desire doth lend her force,
Courageously to pluck him from his horse.

30

Over one arm the lusty courser's rein,
Under her other was the tender boy,
Who blushed 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.

36

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 pushed him, as she would be thrust,
And governed him in strength, though not in lust. 42

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

Venus and Adonis.

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.

54

48

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 stuffed or prey be gone;
Even so she kissed his brow, his cheek, his chin,
And where she ends she doth anew begin.

60

Forced 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 dewed with such distilling showers.

Look how a bird lies tangled in a net,
So fastened in her arms Adonis lies;
Pure shame and awed 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.

72

Still she entreats and prettily entreats,
For to a pretty ear she tunes her tale;
Still is he sullen, still he lours and frets,
'Twixt crimson shame and anger ashy pale;
Being red, she loves him best; and being white,
Her best is bettered with a more delight.

78

Look how he can, she cannot choose but love;
And by her fair immortal hand she swears
From his soft bosom never to remove,
Till he take truce with her contending tears,
Which long have rained, making her cheeks all wet;
And one sweet kiss shall pay this countless debt. 8

Upon this promise did he raise his chin, Like a dive-dapper peering through a wave, Who, being looked on, ducks as quickly in; So offers he to give what she did crave; But when her lips were ready for his pay, He winks and turns his lips another way.

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

Venus and Adonis.

96

"I have been wooed, as I entreat thee now,
Even by the stern and direful god of war,
Whose sinewy neck in battle ne'er did bow,
Who conquers where he comes in every jar;
Yet hath he been my captive and my slave,
And begged for that which thou unasked shalt have. 102

"Over my altars hath he hung his lance,
His battered shield, his uncontrolled crest,
And for my sake hath learned to sport and dance,
To toy, to wanton, dally, smile and jest;
Scorning his churlish drum and ensign red,
Making my arms his field, his tent my bed.

108

114

"Thus he that overruled I overswayed,
Leading him prisoner in a red-rose chain:
Strong-tempered steel his stronger strength obeyed,
Yet was he servile to my coy disdain.
O be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,
For mastering her that foiled the god of fight!

"Touch but my lips with those fair lips of thine,
Though mine be not so fair, yet are they red,
The kiss shall be thine own as well as mine:—
What seest thou in the ground? hold up thy head;
Look in mine eyeballs, there thy beauty lies.
Then why not lips on lips, since eyes in eyes?

I 20

"Art thou ashamed to kiss? then wink again,
And I will wink, so shall the day seem night:
Love keeps his revels where there are but twain;
Be bold to play, our sport is not in sight:
These blue-veined violets whereon we lean
Never can blab nor know not what we mean.

126

"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 gathered in their prime Rot and consume themselves in little time.

132

"Were I hard-favoured, foul or wrinkled, old, Ill-nurtured, crooked, churlish, harsh in voice, O'er-worn, despised, rheumatic, and cold, Thick-sighted, barren, lean, and lacking juice, Then might'st thou pause, for then I were not for thee; But having no defects, why dost abhor me?

"Thou canst not see one wrinkle in my brow; Mine eyes are grey and bright and quick in turning, My beauty as the spring doth yearly grow, My flesh is soft and plump, my marrow burning; My smooth moist hand, were it with thy hand felt, Would in thy palm dissolve or seem to melt.

Venus and Adonis.

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

150

"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 should'st think it heavy unto thee? 156

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

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

"Upon the earth's increase why 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,
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 sprite,
And with a heavy, dark, disliking eye,
His louring brows o'erwhelming his fair sight,
Like misty vapours when they blot the sky,
Souring his cheeks, cries, "Fie, no more of love!
The sun doth burn my face; I must remove." 186

"Ay me," quoth Venus, "young and so unkind!
What bare excuses mak'st thou to be gone!
I'll sigh celestial breath, whose gentle wind
Shall cool the heat of this descending sun;
I'll make a shadow for thee of my hairs;
If they burn too, I'll quench them with my tears. 192

Venus and Adonis.

"The sun that shines from heaven shines but warm,
And lo, I lie between that sun and thee:
The heat I have from thence doth little harm,
Thine eye darts forth the fire that burneth me:
And were I not immortal, life were done,
Between this heavenly and earthly sun.

"Art thou obdurate, flinty, hard as steel?

Nay, more than flint, for stone at rain relenteth:

Art thou a woman's son and canst not feel

What 'tis to love? how want of love tormenteth?

O had thy mother borne so hard a mind,

She had not brought forth thee but died unkind. 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.

"Fie, lifeless picture, cold and senseless stone,
Well-painted idol, image dull and dead,
Statue contenting but the eye alone,
Thing like a man, but of no woman bred;
Thou art no man, though of a man's complexion,
For men will kiss even by their own direction." 216

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

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

"Fondling," she saith, "since I have hemmed 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."

Venus and Adonis.

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;

Foreknowing well if there he came to lie,

Why there Love lived and there he could not die.

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

252

Now which way shall she turn? what shall she say? Her words are done, her woes the more increasing, The time is spent, her object will away, And from her twining arms doth urge releasing:

"Pity," she cries, "some favour, some remorse—"
Away he springs and hasteth to his horse.

258

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

264

Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,
And now his woven girths he breaks asunder;
The bearing earth with his hard hoof he wounds,
Whose hollow womb resounds like heaven's thunder;
The iron bit he crusheth 'tween his teeth,
Controlling what he was controlled with.

His ears up-pricked; his braided hanging mane Upon his compassed 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.

276

Sometime he trots, as if he told the steps,
With gentle majesty and modest pride;
Anon he rears upright, curvets and leaps,
As who should say, "lo! thus my strength is tried;
And this I do to captivate the eye
Of the fair breeder that is standing by."
282

What recketh he his rider's angry stir,
His flattering "holla," or his "Stand, I say"?
What cares he now for curb or pricking spur?
For rich caparisons or trappings gay?
He sees his love and nothing else he sees,
Nor nothing else with his proud sight agrees.

Venus and Adonis.

Look, when a painter would surpass the life, In limning out a well-proportioned steed, His art with nature's workmanship at strife,

As if the dead the living should exceed;
So did this horse excel a common one,
In shape, in courage, colour, pace and bone.

294

288

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

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

He looks upon his love and neighs unto her; She answers him as if she knew his mind: Being proud, as females are, to see him woo her, She puts on outward strangeness, seems unkind; Spurns at his love and scorns the heat he feels, Beating his kind embracements with her heels.

312

Then, like a melancholy malcontent,
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.

318

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

324

All swoln with chasing, 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 barred the aidance of the tongue.

An oven that is stopped or river stayed, 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.

Venus and Adonis.

336

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

342

O, what a sight it was, wistly to view How she came stealing to the wayward boy! To note the fighting conflict of her hue! How white and red each other did destroy! But now her cheek was pale, and by and by It flashed forth fire, as lightning from the sky.

348

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

Venus and Adonis.

O what a war of looks was then between them!

Her eyes, petitioners, to his eyes suing;

His eyes saw her eyes as they had not seen them;

Her eyes wooed still, his eyes disdained the wooing:

And all this dumb play had his acts made plain

Full gently now she takes him by the hand,
A lily prisoned in a gaol of snow,
Or ivory in an alabaster band;
So white a friend engirts so white a foe:

With tears, which, chorus-like, her eyes did rain. 360

This beauteous combat, wilful and unwilling, Showed like two silver doves that sit a billing.

366

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

"Give me my hand," saith he, "why dost thou feel it?"

"Give me my heart," saith she, "and thou shalt have it;
O give it me lest thy hard heart do steel it,
And being steeled, soft sighs can never grave it;
Then love's deep groans I never shall regard,
Because Adonis' heart hath made mine hard."

378

"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."

Venus and Adonis.

384

Thus she replies: "Thy palfrey, as he should,
Welcomes the warm approach of sweet desire.
Affection is a coal that must be cooled;
Else suffered, 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 mastered 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.

396

"Who sees his true love in her naked bed, Feaching 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."

408

"I know not love," quoth he, "nor will not know it,
Unless it be a boar, and then I chase it:

'Tis much to borrow and I will not owe it;
My love to love is love but to disgrace it;
For I have heard it is a life in death
That laughs and weeps and all but with a breath. 414

"Who wears a garment shapeless and unfinished?
Who plucks the bud before one leaf put forth?
If springing things be any jot diminished,
They wither in their prime, prove nothing worth:
The colt that's backed and burthened being young
Loseth his pride and never waxeth strong.

420

"You hurt my hand with wringing; let us part,
And leave this idle theme, this bootless chat:
Remove your siege from my unyielding 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." 426

"What! canst thou talk?" quoth she, "hast thou a Venus and tongue?

Adonis.

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 pressed with bearing:
Melodious discord, heavenly tune harsh sounding,
Ear's deep-sweet music and heart's deep-sore wounding.

432

"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.

438

"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 stillatory of thy face excelling
Comes breath perfumed, that breedeth love by smelling.

444

"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-coloured portal opened, Which to his speech did honey passage yield; Like a red morn, that ever yet betokened Wreck to the seaman, tempest to the field, Sorrow to shepherds, woe unto the birds, Gusts and foul flaws to herdmen and to herds.

456

This ill presage advisedly she marketh: Even as the wind is hushed 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.

462

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

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

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

Venus and Adonis.

..80

The night of sorrow now is turned to day:
Her two blue windows faintly she upheaveth,
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 illumined with her eye;

486

Whose beams upon his hairless face are fixed,
As if from thence they borrowed all their shine.
Were never four such lamps together mixed,
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.

492

"O, where am I?" quoth she, "in earth or heaven Or in the ocean drenched, or in the fire? What hour is this? or morn or weary even? Do I delight to die or life desire? But now I lived 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 murdered 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!
That the star-gazers, having writ on death,
May say the plague is banished by thy breath.

510

"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?
Say, for non-payment that the debt should double,
Is twenty hundred kisses such a trouble?"

522

"Fair queen," quoth he, "if any love you owe me,
Measure my strangeness with my unripe years,
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 plucked is sour to taste.

528

Venus and Adonis.

"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.

534

"Now let me say 'good night,' and so say you;
If you will say so, you shall have a kiss."
"Good-night," quoth she; and, ere he says "adieu,"
The honey fee of parting tendered is:
Her arms do lend his neck a sweet embrace;
Incorporate then they seem; face grows to face. 540

Till, breathless, he disjoined, 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 pressed, she faint with dearth,
Their lips together glued, fall to the earth,

Now quick desire hath caught the yielding prey,
Adonis.

And glutton-like she feeds, yet never filleth;
Her lips are conquerors, his lips obey,
Paying what ransom the insulter willeth;
Whose vulture thought doth pitch the price so high,
That she will draw his lips' rich treasure dry.

552

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,
Forgetting shame's pure blush and honour's wrack.

Hot, faint and weary, with her hard embracing,
Like a wild bird being tamed with too much handling,
Or as the fleet-foot roe that's tired with chasing,
Or like the froward infant stilled with dandling,
He now obeys and now no more resisteth,
While she takes all she can, not all she listeth.

What wax so frozen but dissolves with tempering,
And yields at last to every light impression?
Things out of hope are compassed oft with venturing,
Chiefly in love, whose leave exceeds commission;
Affection faints not like a pale-faced 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 sucked.
Foul words and frowns must not repel a lover;
What though the rose have prickles, yet 'tis plucked:
Were beauty under twenty locks kept fast,

Yet love breaks through and picks them all at last.

Venus and Adonis.

For pity now she can no more detain him;
The poor fool prays her that he may depart:
She is resolved 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.

582

"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.

588

"The boar!" quoth she; whereat a sudden pale, Like lawn being spread upon the blushing rose, Usurps her cheeks; she trembles at his tale, And on his neck her yoking arms she throws:

She sinketh down, still hanging by his neck, He on her belly falls, she on her back.

Venus and Adonis.

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.

600

Even so poor birds, deceived with painted grapes,
Do surfeit by the eye and pine the maw,
Even so she languisheth in her mishaps,
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 assayed as much as may be proved;

Her pleading hath deserved a greater fee;

She's Love, she loves, and yet she is not loved.

"Fie, fie," he says, "you crush me; let me go;

You have no reason to withhold me so."

612

012

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

O be advised! thou know'st not what it is

With javelin's point a churlish swine to gore,

Whose tushes never sheathed 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 threat his foes;
His eyes like glowworms shine when he doth fret;
His snout digs sepulchres where'er he goes;
Being moved, he strikes whate'er is in his way,
And whom he strikes his crooked tushes slay.

Venus and Adonis.

624

"His brawny sides, with hairy bristles armed,
Are better proof than thy spear's point can enter;
His short thick neck cannot be easily harmed;
Being ireful on the lion he will venture:
The thorny brambles and embracing bushes,
As fearful of him, part; through whom he rushes. 630

"Alas, he nought esteems that face of thine,
To which Love's eyes pay tributary gazes;
Nor thy soft hands, sweet lips, and crystal eyne,
Whose full perfection all the world amazes;
But having thee at vantage, wondrous dread
Would root these beauties as he roots the mead. 636

"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 feared thy fortune and my joints did tremble.

642

Venus and Adonis. "Didst thou not mark my face? Was it not white? Saw'st thou not signs of fear lurk in mine eye? Grew I not faint? And fell I not downright? Within my bosom whereon thou dost lie,

My boding heart pants, beats, and takes no rest,
But, like an earthquake, shakes thee on my breast. 648

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

"This sour informer, this bate-breeding spy,
This canker that eats up love's tender spring,
This carry-tale, dissentious Jealousy,
I hat 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:

660

654

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

"What should I do, seeing thee so indeed,
That tremble at the imagination?
The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed,
And fear doth teach it divination:
I prophesy thy death, my living sorrow,
If thou encounter with the boar to-morrow,
672

Venus and Adonis.

"But if thou needs wilt hunt, be ruled by me;
Uncouple at the timorous flying hare,
Or at the fox, which lives by subtlety,
Or at the roe, which no encounter dare:
Pursue these fearful creatures o'er the downs,
And on thy well-breathed horse keep with thy hounds.

"And when thou hast on foot the purblind hare,
Mark the poor wretch, to overshoot his troubles,
How he outruns the wind, and with what care
He cranks and crosses with a thousand doubles:
The many musits through the which he goes
Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes

684

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

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

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

702

"Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch
Turn and return, indenting with the way;
Each envious briar his weary legs do scratch,
Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay:
For misery is trodden on by many,
And being low never relieved by any.

708

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

"Where did I leave?" "No matter where," quoth he; Venus and "Leave me and then the story aptly ends:

The night is spent." "Why, what of that?" quoth she.

"I am," quoth he, "expected of my friends,

And now 'tis dark and going I shall fall."

"In night," quoth she, "desire sees best of all.

"But if thou fall, O then imagine this,
The earth, in love with thee, thy footing trips,
And all is but to rob thee of a kiss.
Rich preys 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 condemned of treason,
For stealing moulds from heaven that were divine,
Wherein she framed thee, in high heaven's despite,
To shame the sun by day and her by night.
732

"And therefore hath she bribed the Destinies,
To cross the curious workmanship of nature,
To mingle beauty with infirmities,
And pure perfection with impure defeature;
Making it subject to the tyranny
Of mad mischances and much misery;

Venus and Adonis. "As burning fevers, agues pale and faint,
Life-poisoning pestilence and frenzies wood,
The marrow-eating sickness, whose attaint
Disorder breeds by heating of the blood:
Surfeits, imposthumes, grief, and damned despair,
Swear Nature's death for framing thee so fair.

"And not the least of all these maladies,
But in one minute's fight brings beauty under:
Both favour, savour, hue, and qualities,
Whereat the impartial gazer late did wonder,
Are on the sudden wasted, thawed, and done,
As mountain-snow melts with the midday sun.

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

756

750

"What is thy body but a swallowing grave,
Seeming to bury that posterity
Which by the rights of time thou needs must have,
If thou destroy them not in dark obscurity?
If so, the world will hold thee in disdain,
Sith in thy pride so fair a hope is slain.

"So in thyself thyself art made away;
A mischief worse than civil home-bred strife,
Or theirs whose desperate hands themselves do slay,
Or butcher-sire, that reaves his son of life.
Foul cankering rust the hidden treasure frets,
But gold that's put to use more gold begets."

Venus and Adonis.

768

"Nay, then," quoth Adon, "you will fall again
Into your idle over-handled theme;
The kiss I gave you is bestowed in vain,
And all in vain you strive against the stream;
For by this black-faced night, desire's foul nurse,
Your treatise makes me like you worse and worse. 774

'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 barred of rest.
No, lady, no; my heart longs not to groan,
But soundly sleeps, while now it sleeps alone.

Venus and Adonis. "What have you urged that I cannot reprove? The path is smooth that leadeth on to danger; I hate not love but your device in love, That lends embracements unto every stranger. You do it for increase; O strange excuse! When reason is the bawd to lust's abuse.

792

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

798

"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."

With this he breaketh from the sweet embrace
Of those fair arms which bound him to her breast,
And homeward through the dark laund runs apace;
Leaves Love upon her back deeply distressed.
Look how a bright star shooteth from the sky,
So glides he in the night from Venus' eye;

Venus and Adonis.

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

822

816

Whereat amazed, as one that unaware
Hath dropped a precious jewel in the flood,
Or 'stonished 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 moans;
Passion on passion deeply is redoubled:
"Ay me!" she cries, and twenty times "woe, woe!"
And twenty echoes twenty times cry so.

834

Venus and Adonis.

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 pleased 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-tongued 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

846

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, The cedar-tops and hills seem burnished 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 sucked an earthly mother,
May lend thee light, as thou dost lend to other." 864

Venus and Adonis.

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.

870

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.

876

By this she hears the hounds are at a bay, Whereat she starts, like one that spies an adder Wreathed up in fatal folds, just in his way,

The fear whereof doth make him shake and shudder; Even so the timorous yelping of the hounds

Appals her senses, and her spirit confounds.

Venus and Adonis.

For now she knows it is no gentle chase,
But the blunt boar, rough bear, or lion proud,
Because the cry remaineth in one place,
Where fearfully the dogs exclaim aloud:

Finding their enemy to be so curst, They all strain courtesy who shall cope him first. 888

This dismal cry rings sadly in her ear,
Through which it enters to surprise her heart,
Who, overcome by doubt and bloodless fear,
With cold-pale weakness numbs each feeling part:
Like soldiers, when their captain once doth yield,
They basely fly and dare not stay the field.

894

Thus stands she in a trembling ecstasy;
Till, cheering up her senses sore-dismayed,
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; 900

Whose frothy mouth, bepainted all with red,
Like milk and blood being mingled both together,
A second fear through all her sinews spread,
Which madly hurries her she knows not whither:
This way she runs and now she will no further,
But back retires, to rate the boar for 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, Like the proceedings of a drunken brain, Full of respects, yet nought at all respecting, In hand with all things, nought at all effecting.

Venus and Adonis.

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

When he hath ceased his ill-resounding noise,
Another flap-mouthed 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 scratched ears, bleeding as they go. 924

Look, how the world's poor people are amazed At apparitions, signs and prodigies, Whereon with fearful eyes they long have gazed, Infusing them with dreadful prophecies:

So she at these sad signs draws up her breath, And, sighing it again, exclaims on Death.

Venus and Adonis.

"Hard-favoured tyrant, ugly, meagre, lean, Hateful divorce of love," thus chides she Death, "Grim-grinning ghost, earth's worm, what dost thou mean

To stifle beauty, and to steal his breath, Who when he lived, 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. Thy mark is feeble age; but thy false dart Mistakes that aim, and cleaves an infant's heart.

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

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 Those eyes that taught all other eyes to see? Now Nature cares not for thy mortal vigour, Since her best work is ruined with thy rigour."

Here overcome, as one full of despair,
She vailed her eyelids, who, like sluices, stopped
The crystal tide that from her two cheeks fair
In the sweet channel of her bosom dropped;
But through the floodgates 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!

Her eye seen in the tears, tears in her eye;

Both crystals, where they viewed 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. 966

Variable passions throng her constant woe,
As striving who should best become her grief;
All entertained, 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.

972

By this, far off she hears some huntsman holloa: A nurse's song ne'er pleased 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.

Venus and Adonis. Whereat her tears began to turn their tide,
Being prisoned 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 drowned. 984

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 makes thee ridiculous:
The one doth flatter thee in thoughts unlikely,
In likely thoughts the other kills thee quickly.

Now she unweaves the web that she hath wrought;
Adonis lives and Death is not to blame;
It was not she that called him all to nought:
Now she adds honours to his hateful name;
She clepes him king of graves and grave for kings,
Imperious supreme of all mortal things.

990

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

"'Tis not my fault; the boar provoked my tongue; Be wreaked on him, invisible commander: 'Tis he, foul creature, that hath done thee wrong: I did but act, he's author of thy slander: Grief hath two tongues, and never woman vet Could rule them both, without ten women's wit."

Venus and Adonis.

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. 1014

"O Jove," quoth she, "how much a fool was I, To be of such a weak and silly mind, To wail his death who lives and must not die, Till mutual overthrow of mortal kind! For he being dead, with him is beauty slain, And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again. 1020

"Fie, fie, fond love, thou art as full of fear As one with treasure laden, hemmed 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.

Venus and Adonis.

As falcons 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 murdered with the view,
Like stars ashamed of day, themselves withdrew.

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

Where they resign their office and their light To the disposing of her troubled brain; Who bids them still consort with ugly night. And never wound the heart with looks again; Who, like a king perplexed in his throne, By their suggestion gives a deadly groan.

1044

1038

Whereat each tributary subject quakes:
As when the wind, imprisoned 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 opened, threw unwilling light
Upon the wide wound that the boar had trenched
In his soft flank; whose wonted lily white
1053
With purple tears, that his wound wept, was drenched:
No flower was nigh, no grass, herb, leaf, or weed,
But stole his blood, and seemed with him to bleed.

Venus and Adonis.

This solemn sympathy poor Venus noteth;
Over one shoulder doth she hang her head;
Dumbly she passions, franticly she doteth;
She thinks he could not die, he is not dead.
Her voice is stopped, her joints forget to bow;
Her eyes are mad that they have wept till now. 1062

Upon his hurt she looks so steadfastly,
That her sight dazzling makes the wound seem three;
And then she reprehends her mangling eye 1065
That makes more gashes where no breach should be:
His face seems twain, each several limb is doubled;
For oft the eye mistakes, the brain being troubled.

"My tongue cannot express my grief for one,
And yet," quoth she, "behold two Adons dead!
My sighs are blown away, my salt tears gone,
Mine eyes are turned 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.

Wenus and Adonis. "Alas, poor world, what treasure hast thou lost! What face remains alive that's worth the viewing? Whose tongue is music now? what canst thou boast Of things long since, or any thing ensuing?

The flowers are sweet, their colours fresh and trim

But true-sweet beauty lived and died with him. 1080

"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 lived, sun and sharp air
Lurked like two thieves to rob him of his fair; 1080

"And therefore would he put his bonnet on,
Under whose brim the gaudy sun would peep;
The wind would blow it off, and being gone,
Play with his locks; 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 walked along
Behind some hedge, because he would not fear him:
To recreate himself, when he hath sung,
The tiger would be tame and gently hear him:
If he had spoke the wolf would leave his prey,
And never fright the silly lamb that day.

"When he beheld his shadow in the brook, The fishes spread on it their golden gills; When he was by, the birds such pleasure took That some would sing, some other in their bills 1102 Would bring him mulberries and ripe-red cherries; He fed them with his sight, they him with berries.

Venus and Adonis.

"But this foul, grim, and urchin-snouted boar, Whose downward eye still looketh for a grave, Ne'er saw the beauteous livery that he wore: Witness the entertainment that he gave; If he did see his face, why then I know 1100 He thought to kiss him, and hath killed him so.

"'Tis true, 'tis true; thus was Adonis slain; He ran upon the boar with his sharp spear, Who did not whet his teeth at him again, But by a kiss thought to persuade him there; And nuzzling in his flank the loving swine Sheathed, unaware, the tusk in his soft groin. 1116

" Had I been toothed like him, I must confess With kissing him I should have killed him first. But he is dead, and never did he bless My youth with his; the more am I accurst." With this she falleth in the place she stood, And stains her face with his congealed blood.

She looks upon his lips, and they are pale;
She takes him by the hand, and that is cold;
She whispers in his ears a heavy tale,
As if they heard the 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 excelled,
And every beauty robbed of his effect:
"Wonder of time," quoth she, "this is my spite,
That thou being dead the day should yet be light.

"Since thou art dead, lo! here I prophesy,
Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend;
It shall be waited on with jealousy,
Find sweet beginning but unsavoury end;
Ne'er settled equally, but high or low;
That all love's pleasure shall not match his woe. 1140

"It shall be fickle, false, and full of fraud;
Bud and be blasted in a breathing while;
The bottom poison, and the top o'erstrawed
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,
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.

1152

Venus and Adonis.

"It shall suspect where is no cause of fear;
It shall not fear where it should most mistrust;
It shall be merciful, and too severe,
And most deceiving when it seems most just;
Perverse it shall be where it shows most toward,
Put fear to valour, courage to the coward.

"It shall be cause of war and dire events,
And set dissension 'twixt the son and sire;
Subject and servile to all discontents,
As dry combustious matter is to fire;
Sith in his prime death doth my love destroy,
They that love best their loves shall not enjoy." 1164

By this the boy that by her side lay killed
Was melted like a vapour from her sight,
And in his blood that on the ground lay spilled,
A purple flower sprung up, chequered with white,
Resembling well his pale cheeks and the blood
Which in round drops upon their whiteness stood.

Venus and Adonis.

She bows her head, the new-sprung flower to smell, Comparing it to her Adonis' breath;
And says, within her bosom it shall dwell,
Since he himself is reft from her by death:
She crops the stalk and in the breach appears
Green-dropping sap, which she compares to tears.

"Poor flower," quoth she, "this was thy father's guise, Sweet issue of a more sweet-smelling sire,
For every little grief to wet his eyes:
To grow unto himself was his desire,
And so 'tis thine; but know, it is as good
To wither in my breast as in his blood.

"Here was thy father's bed, here in my breast;
Thou art the next of blood, and 'tis thy right:
Lo! in this hollow cradle take thy rest,
My throbbing heart shall rock thee day and night:
There shall not be one minute in an hour
Wherein I will not kiss my sweet love's flower." 1188

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 conveyed,
Holding their course to Paphos, where their queen
Means to immure herself and not be seen.

FINIS.

NOTES.

[The text is based almost entirely on that of Q, which is very correct and accurate. The differences between Q, and the other Qq., are slight and unimportant.]

1. 632. —pay.] Malone. Paies or payes, Qq. (some with singular subject, some plural).

l. 680. —overshoot.] Dyce. Ouer-shut, or ouershut, Qq.

l. 1115. —nuzzling.] Nousling, Qq.

GLOSSARY.

noun in -ing, viz., a billing, 36**0**. Affected (with prep. to), in love with, 157. Aidance, assistance, 330. Alight (vb. trans.), alight from, 13. Amain, swiftly, 5. Apt, easily impressed, 354. As, as if, 323, 357, 473. Backed, mounted, ridden, 419. Base, bid a; challenge to a chase; base (as in prisoner's base) is a game, and is probably a corruption of bars, 303. Battle, an armed array, 619. Bereft (vb. trans.), bereft of, 381. Bottom-grass, grass growing in low-lying lands: hence, rich pasture, 236. Bow-back, bowed or arched back, 619. Broken, broken with emotion, 47.

A, used as a prep. with verbal

Butcher-sire, one that butchers his own child, 766.

Cabinet, dwelling, 854. Clepes, calls, 995. Coasteth, makes in the direction of, 870. Compassed, arched, 272. Content, acquiesce, 61. Cope (vb. trans.), meet, 888.

Direction, aim, desire, 216. Disliking, showing disapproval, 182. Dive-dapper [didapper], dabchick, 86.

Drouth [drought], want of drink, thirst, 544.

Fault, cold; cold scent, failure of scent, 694. Flap-mouthed, having hanging lips (applied to a hound), 920. Fond, foolish, 1021.

Fondling, darling, 229.

Venus and Adonis. Glossary. Forceless, strengthless, 152. Fret, be angry, 69, 75, 621.

Gave [given], 571.

Get, beget, 168.

Glisters, shines, 275.

Grave, makes an impression upon, 376.

Hard-favoured, ugly, 133. Hie, hasten, 3, 323, 1189. His [its], 1132. Him, of him, 1037.

Imposthumes, abscesses, 743.
Insinuate with, make favour with, 1012.
Intendments, intentions, purposes, 222.

Jennet, orig. a small Spanish horse, later a name for "horse" generally, 260.

Juice, sap, vigour, 136.

Laund, glade, 813. Limit, confine, 235. List, desire, 154. Livelihood, liveliness, spirit, 26.

Miss, wrong-doing, misbehaviour, 53.

Musits [musets], loop-holes, openings in fences, etc., 683.

Neighbours, is near at hand, 259.

Nuzzling, thrusting the nose in, 1115.

Overfly, overtake in flying, 324. Overlook, look down over, 178.

Pale, paleness, 589. Presented, now offered, 405. Prove, try, 40.

Rank, brimful, 71.
Reaves, robs, 766.
Rein (notice the use with to),
14.

Sharp, eager, 55.
Sick-thoughted, full of love thoughts, 5.
Silly, simple, foolish, 467, 1016; harmless, 1098; helpless, 1163.
Sith [since], 762, 1163.
So, so that, 66.
Stay (vb. trans.), remain in, 894.
Stillatory, a vessel for distillation, 443.

Teen, vexation, grief, 808. This [thus], 205. Tires, seize and tear, 56. Told, counted, 277. Treatise, manner of talk, 774. Tushes [tusks], 617, 624.

Unapt, not inclined, 34. Unbacked, never ridden, 320. Unkina, without child, 204.
Urchin-snouted, with the snout of a hedge-hog, 1105.

Vailed, lowered, 314, 956. Vulture (adj.), vulture-like, 551.

When as [when], 999.

Whe'r, whether, 304.
Who [which], 306, 956.
Welkin, heaven, sky, 921.
Wink, shut the eyes, 90, 121, 122.

Venus and

Adonis.

Glossary.

Wistly, attentively, 343. Wood, mad, raging, 740.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

First printed in Quarto in 1594.

The poem is composed of 265 7-lined stanzas, and contains 1855 lines.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY WRIOTHESLY,

EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON OF TITCHFIELD.

The love I dedicate to your Lordship is without end; whereof this pamphlet, without beginning, is but a superfluous moiety. The warrant I have of your honourable disposition, not the worth of my untutored lines, makes it assured of acceptance. What I have done is yours, what I have to do is yours; being part in all I have, devoted yours. Were my worth greater my duty would show greater: meantime, as it is, it is bound to your Lordship, to whom I wish long life, still lengthened with all 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 murdered, and, contrary to the Roman laws and customs, not requiring or staying for the people's suffrages, had possessed himself of the kingdom, went, accompanied with his sons and other noblemen of Rome, to besiege Ardea. During which siege, the principal men of the army meeting one evening at the tent of Sextus Tarquinius, the king's son, in their discourses after supper, every one commended the virtues of his own wife; among whom, Collatinus extolled the incomparable chastity of his wife Lucretia. In that pleasant humour they all posted to Rome; and intending by their secret and sudden arrival, to make trial of that which every one had before avouched, only Collatinus finds his wife, though it were late in the night, spinning amongst her maids: the other ladies were all found dancing and revelling, or in several disports. Whereupon the noblemen yielded Collatinus the victory, and his wife the fame. At that time Sextus Tarquinius, being inflamed with Lucrece's beauty, yet smothering his passions for the present, departed with the rest back to the camp; from whence he shortly after privily withdrew himself, and was, according to his estate, royally entertained and lodged by Lucrece at Collatium. The same night he treacherously stealeth into her chamber, violently ravished her, and early in the morning speedeth away. Lucrece, in this lamentable plight, hastily dispatcheth messengers, one to Rome for her father, another to the camp They came, the one accompanied with Junius Brutus, the for Collatine. other with Publius Valerius; and, finding Lucrece attired in mourning habit, demanded the cause of her sorrow. She, first taking an oath of them for her revenge, revealed the actor and whole manner of his dealing, and withal suddenly stabbed herself. Which done, with one consent they all vowed to root out the whole hated family of the Tarquins; and, bearing the dead body to Rome, Brutus acquainted the people with the doer and manner of the vile deed, with a bitter invective against the tyranny of the king; wherewith the people were so moved, that with one consent and a general acclamation the Tarquins were all exiled, and the state government changed from kings to consuls.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

FROM the besieged Ardea all in post, Borne by the trustless wings of false desire, Lust-breathed Tarquin leaves the Roman host, And to Collatium bears the lightless fire Which, in pale embers hid, lurks to aspire And girdle with embracing flames the waist Of Collatine's fair love, Lucrece the chaste.

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

For he the night before, in Tarquin's tent, Unlocked the treasure of his happy state, What priceless wealth the heavens had him lent In the possession of his beauteous mate; Reckoning his fortune at such high-proud rate, That kings might be espoused to more fame, But king nor peer to such a peerless dame.

2 I

The Rape of Lucrece.

O happiness enjoyed but of a few!

And, if possessed, as soon decayed and done
As is the morning's silver-melting dew

Against the golden splendour of the sun!

An expired date, cancelled ere well begun:

Honour and beauty, in the owner's arms,

Are weakly fortressed from a world of harms.

28

Beauty itself doth of itself persuade
The eyes of men without an orator;
What needeth then apologies be made
To set forth that which is so singular?
Or why is Collatine the publisher
Of that rich jewel he should keep unknown
From thievish ears, because it is his own?

35

Perchance his boast of Lucrece' 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 [vaunt,
His high-pitched thoughts, that meaner men should
That golden hap which their superiors want.

42

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, wrapped in repentant cold,
Thy hasty spring still blasts, and ne'er grows old! 49

When at Collatium this false lord arrived,
Well was he welcomed by the Roman dame,
Within whose face beauty and virtue strived
Which of them both should underprop her fame:
When virtue bragged, beauty would blush for shame;
When beauty boasted blushes, in despite
Virtue would stain that o'er with silver white.

56

The Rape of Lucrece.

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
Their silver cheeks, and called it then their shield;
Teaching them thus to use it in the fight,
When shame assailed, the red should fence the white.

This heraldry in Lucrece' face was seen,
Argued by beauty's red and virtue's white:
Of either's colour was the other queen,
Proving from world's minority their right:
Yet their ambition makes them still to fight;
The sovereignty of either being so great,
That oft they interchange each other's seat.

70

This silent war of lilies and of roses
Which Tarquin viewed in her fair face's field,
In their pure ranks his traitor eye encloses;
Where, lest between them both it should be killed,
The coward captive vanquished doth yield
To those two armies that would let him go,
Rather than triumph in so false a foe.

The Rape of Lucrece.

Now thinks he that her husband's shallow tongue, The niggard prodigal that praised her so, In that high task hath done her beauty wrong, Which far exceeds his barren skill to show:

Therefore that praise which Collatine doth owe, Enchanted Tarquin answers with surmise, In silent wonder of still-gazing eyes.

84

QI

This earthly saint, adored by this devil,
Little suspecteth the false worshipper;
For unstained thoughts do seldom dream on evil;
Birds never limed no secret bushes fear:
So guiltless she securely gives good cheer
And reverend welcome to her princely guest,
Whose inward ill no outward harm expressed:

For that he coloured with his high estate,
Hiding base sin in plaits of majesty;
That nothing in him seemed inordinate,
Save sometime too much wonder of his eye,
Which, having all, all could not satisfy;
But, poorly rich, so wanteth in his store,
That, cloyed with much, he pineth still for more. 98

But she, that never coped with stranger eyes,
Could pick no meaning from their parling looks,
Nor read the subtle-shining secrecies
Writ in the glassy margents of such books;
She touched no unknown baits nor feared no hooks;
Nor could she moralize his wanton sight,
More than his eyes were opened to the light.

He stories to her ears her husband's fame,
Won in the fields of fruitful Italy;
And decks with praises Collatine's high name,
Made glorious by his manly chivalry
With bruised arms and wreaths of victory;
Her joy with heaved-up hand she doth express,
And wordless so greets heaven for his success.

The Rape of Lucrece.

I I 2

IIQ

Far from the purpose of his coming thither He makes excuses for his being there. No cloudy show of stormy blustering weather Doth yet in his fair welkin once appear; Till sable Night, mother of Dread and Fear, Upon the world dim darkness doth display, And in her vaulty prison stows the day.

For then is Tarquin brought unto his bed,
Intending weariness with heavy sprite;
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,

125
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 proposed,

132
Though death be adjunct, there's no death supposed.

Those that much covet are with gain so fond
That what they have not, that which they possess
They scatter and unloose it from their bond,
And so, by hoping more, they have but less;
Or gaining more, the profit of excess
Is but to surfeit and such griefs sustain,
That they prove bankrupt in this poor-rich gain. 140

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;
As life for honour in fell battles' rage;
Honour for wealth; and oft that wealth doth cost
The death of all and all together lost.

So that in venturing ill we leave to be
The things we are for that which we expect;
And this ambitious foul infirmity,
In having much, torments us with defect
Of that we have: so then we do neglect
The thing we have and all for want of wit,
Make something nothing by augmenting it.

Such hazard now must doting Tarquin make,
Pawning his honour to obtain his lust;
And for himself himself he must forsake:
Then where is truth if there be no self-trust?
When shall he think to find a stranger just,
When he himself himself confounds, betrays
To slanderous tongues and wretched hateful days?

Now stole upon the time the dead of night,
When heavy sleep had closed up mortal eyes;
No comfortable star did lend his light,
No noise but owls' and wolves' death-boding cries;
Now serves the season that they may surprise
The silly lambs; pure thoughts are dead and still,
While lust and murder wake to stain and kill.

168

The Rape of Lucrece.

And now this lustful lord leaped from his bed,
Throwing his mantle rudely o'er his arm;
Is madly tossed between desire and dread;
The one sweetly flatters, the other feareth harm;
But honest fear, bewitched with lust's foul charm,
Doth too too oft betake him to retire,
Beaten away by brain-sick rude desire.

175

His falchion on a flint he softly smiteth,
That from the cold stone sparks of fire do fly,
Whereat a waxen torch forthwith he lighteth,
Which must be lode-star to his lustful eye;
And to the flame thus speaks advisedly:

"As from this cold flint I enforced this fire,
So Lucrece must I force to my desire."

182

Here pale with fear he doth premeditate
The dangers of his loathsome enterprise,
And in his inward mind he doth debate
What following sorrow may on this arise;
Then looking scornfully, he doth despise
His naked armour of still-slaughtered lust,
And justly thus controls his thoughts unjust:

"Fair torch, burn out thy light and lend it not
To darken her whose light excelleth thine!
And die unhallowed thoughts, before you blot
With your uncleanness that which is divine!
Offer pure incense to so pure a shrine:
Let fair humanity abhor the deed
That spots and stains love's modest snow-white weed.

203

210

"O shame to knighthood and to shining arms!
O foul dishonour to my household's grave!
O impious act, including all foul harms!
A martial man to be soft fancy's slave;
True valour still a true respect should have;
Then my digression is so vile, so base,
That it will live engraven in my face.

"Yea, though I die, the scandal will survive, And be an eyesore in my golden coat; Some loathsome dash the herald will contrive, To cipher me how fondly I did dote; That my posterity, shamed with the note, Shall curse my bones and hold it for no sin To wish that I their father had not been.

"What win I, if I gain the thing I seek?
A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy:
Who buys a minute's mirth to wail a week?
Or sells eternity to get a toy?
For one sweet grape who will the vine destroy?
Or what fond beggar, but to touch the crown,
Would with the sceptre straight be strucken down?

"If Collatinus dream of my intent, Will he not wake and in a desperate rage Post hither, this vile purpose to prevent? This siege that hath engirt his marriage, This blur to youth, this sorrow to the sage, This dying virtue, this surviving shame, Whose crime will bear an ever-during blame?	224	The Rape of Lucrece
"O what excuse can my invention make When thou shalt charge me with so black a deed? Will not my tongue be mute, my frail joints shake? Mine eyes forego their light, my false heart bleed? The guilt being great, the fear doth still exceed; And extreme fear can neither fight nor fly, But coward-like with trembling terror die.	231	
"Had Collatinus killed my son or sire, Or lain in ambush to betray my life, Or were he not my dear friend, this desire Might have excuse to work upon his wife; As in revenge or quittal of such strife: But as he is my kinsman, my dear friend, The shame and fault finds no excuse nor end.	238	
"Shameful it is; ay, if the fact be known: Hateful it is; there is no hate in loving; I'll beg her love; but she is not her own; The worst is but denial and reproving: My will is strong, past reason's weak removing. Who fears a sentence or an old man's saw Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe." 73	24 5	

Thus, graceless, holds he disputation
'Tween frozen conscience and hot-burning will,
And with good thoughts makes dispensation,
Urging the worser sense for vantage still;
Which in a moment doth confound and kill
All pure effects, and doth so far proceed,
That what is vile shows like a virtuous deed.

252

Quoth he, "She took me kindly by the hand, And gazed for tidings in my eager eyes, Fearing some hard news from the warlike band Where her beloved Collatinus lies. O how her fear did make her colour rise! First red as roses that on lawn we lay,

259

"And how her hand, in my hand being locked, Forced it to tremble with her loyal fear; Which struck her sad and then it faster rocked, Until her husband's welfare she did hear; Whereat she smiled with so sweet a cheer, That had Narcissus seen her as she stood, Self-love had never drowned him in the flood.

Then white as lawn, the roses took away.

266

"Why hunt I then for colour or excuses?
All orators are dumb when beauty pleadeth;
Poor wretches have remorse in poor abuses;
Love thrives not in the heart that shadows dreadeth;
Affection is my captain and he leadeth;
And when his gaudy banner is displayed,
The coward fights, and will not be dismayed.

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

As corn o'ergrown by weeds, so heedful fear
Is almost choked by unresisted lust.
Away, he steals with open listening ear,
Full of foul hope and full of fond mistrust;
Both which, as servitors to the unjust,
So cross him with their opposite persuasion,
That now he vows a league and now invasion.

Within his thought her heavenly image sits,
And in the selfsame seat sits Collatine:
That eye which looks on her confounds his wits;
That eye which him beholds, as more divine,
Unto a view so false will not incline;
But with a pure appeal seeks to the heart,
Which once corrupted takes the worser part;

And therein heartens up his servile powers,
Who, flattered by their leader's jocund show,
Stuff up his lust, as minutes fill up hours;
And as their captain, so their pride doth grow,
Paying more slavish tribute than they owe.
By reprobate desire thus madly led,
The Roman lord marcheth to Lucrece' bed.

287

The Rape of Lucrece

The locks between her chamber and his will,
Each one by him enforced retires his ward;
But as they open they all rate his ill,
Which drives the creeping thief to some regard;
The threshold grates the door to have him heard;
Night-wandering weasels shriek to see him there;
They fright him, yet he still pursues his fear.

As each unwilling portal yields him way,
Through little vents and crannies of the place
The wind wars with his torch to make him stay,
And blows the smoke of it into his face,
Extinguishing his conduct in this case;
But his hot heart, which fond desire doth scorch,
Puffs forth another wind that fires the torch;

And being lighted, by the light he spies
Lucretia's glove, wherein her needle sticks;
He takes it from the rushes where it lies,
And griping it, the neeld his finger pricks:
As who should say, "this glove to wanton tricks
Is not inured; return again in haste;
Thou seest our mistress' ornaments are chaste."

But all these poor forbiddings could not stay him; He in the worst sense construes their denial: The doors, the wind, the glove that did delay him, He takes for accidental things of trial; Or as those bars which stop the hourly dial, Who with a lingering stay his course doth let, Till every minute pays the hour his debt.

329

315

"So, so," quoth he, "these lets attend the time,
Like little frosts that sometime threat the spring,
To add a more rejoicing to the prime,
And give the sneaped birds more cause to sing.
Pain pays the income of each precious thing;
Hugerocks, high winds, strong pirates, shelves and sands,
The merchant fears, ere rich at home he lands."
336

The Rape of Lucrece

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 barred him from the blessed thing he sought.
So from himself impiety hath wrought,
That for his prey to pray he doth begin,
As if the heavens should countenance his sin.

343

But in the midst of his unfruitful prayer,
Having solicited the eternal power,
That his foul thoughts might compass his fair fair,
And they would stand auspicious to the hour,
Even there he starts: quoth he, "I must deflower;
The powers to whom I pray abhor this fact,
How can they then assist me in the act?

350

"Then Love and Fortune be my gods, my guide! My will is backed with resolution:
Thoughts are but dreams till their effects be tried,
The blackest sin is cleared with absolution;
Against love's fire fear's frost hath dissolution.
The eye of heaven is out and misty night
Covers the shame that follows sweet delight."

This said, his guilty hand plucked up the latch,
And with his knee the door he opens wide:
The dove sleeps fast that this night-owl will catch;
Thus treason works ere traitors be espied.
Who sees the lurking serpent steps aside;
But she, sound sleeping, fearing no such thing,
Lies at the mercy of his mortal sting.

Into the chamber wickedly he stalks,
And gazeth on her yet unstained bed.
The curtains being close, about he walks,
Rolling his greedy eyeballs in his head:
By their high treason is his heart misled;
Which gives the watchword to his hand full soon,
To draw the cloud that hides the silver moon.

Look, as the fair and fiery-pointed sun,
Rushing from forth a cloud, bereaves our sight;
Even so, the curtain drawn, his eyes begun
To wink, being blinded with a greater light:
Whether it is that she reflects so bright,
That dazzleth them or else some shame supposed;
But blind they are and keep themselves enclosed. 378

O, had they in that darksome prison died,
Then had they seen the period of their ill!
Then Collatine again by Lucrece' side
In his clear bed might have reposed still:
But they must ope, this blessed league to kill;
And holy-thoughted Lucrece to their sight
Must sell her joy, her life, her world's delight.

385

Her lily hand her rosy cheek lies under, Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss; Who therefore angry, seems to part in sunder, Swelling on either side to want his bliss; Between whose hills her head entombed is: Where, like a virtuous monument, she lies, To be admired of lewd unhallowed eyes.

The Rape of Lucrece.

Without the bed her other fair hand was, On the green coverlet; whose perfect white Showed like an April daisy on the grass, With pearly sweat, resembling dew of night. Her eyes, like marigolds, had sheathed their light, And canopied in darkness sweetly lay, Till they might open to adorn the day.

399

392

Her hair, like golden threads, played with her breath; O modest wantons! wanton modesty! Showing life's triumph in the map of death, And death's dim look in life's mortality: Each in her sleep themselves so beautify, As if between them twain there were no strife, But that life lived in death and death in life.

406

Her breasts, like ivory globes circled with blue, A pair of maiden worlds unconquered, Save of their lord no bearing yoke they knew, And him by oath they truly honoured. These worlds in Tarquin new ambition bred: Who like a foul usurper went about From this fair throne to heave the owner out.

What could he see but mightily he noted? What did he note but strongly he desired? What he beheld on that he firmly doted, And in his will his wilful eye he tired. With more than admiration he admired Her azure veins, her alabaster skin, Her coral lips, her snow-white dimpled chin.

420

As the grim lion fawneth o'er his prey, Sharp hunger by the conquest satisfied, So o'er this sleeping soul doth Tarquin stay, His rage of lust by gazing qualified; Slacked not suppressed; for standing by her side, His eye, which late this mutiny restrains, Unto a greater uproar tempts his veins:

427

And they, like straggling slaves for pillage fighting, Obdurate vassals fell exploits effecting, In bloody death and ravishment delighting, Nor children's tears nor mother's groans respecting, Swell in their pride, the onset still expecting: Anon his beating heart, alarum striking, 433 Gives the hot charge and bids them do their liking.

His drumming heart cheers up his burning eye, His eye commends the leading to his hand; His hand, as proud of such a dignity, Smoking with pride, marched on to make his stand On her bare breast, the heart of all her land; Whose ranks of blue veins, as his hand did scale. Left their round turrets destitute and pale.

They, mustering to the quiet cabinet
Where their dear governess and lady lies,
Do tell her she is dreadfully beset,
And fright her with confusion of their cries:
She much amazed, breaks ope her locked-up eyes,
Who, peeping forth this tumult to behold,
Are by his flaming torch dimmed and controlled. 448

The Rape of Lucrece.

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 worser taking,
From sleep disturbed, heedfully doth view
The sight which makes supposed terror true.

455

Wrapped and confounded in a thousand fears,
Like to a new-killed bird she trembling lies;
She dares not look; yet winking, there appears
Quick-shifting antics, ugly in her eyes:
Such shadows are the weak brain's forgeries:
Who, angry that the eyes fly from their lights,
In darkness daunts them with more dreadful sights.

His hand, that yet remains upon her breast, Rude ram, to batter such an ivory wall! May feel her heart, poor citizen, distressed, Wounding itself to death, rise up and fall, Beating her bulk, that his hand shakes withal. This moves in him more rage and lesser pity, To make the breach and enter this sweet city.

First, like a trumpet, doth his tongue begin
To sound a parley to his heartless foe,
Who o'er the white sheet peers her whiter chin,
The reason of this rash alarm to know,
Which he by dumb demeanour seeks to show;
But she with vehement prayers urgeth still
Under what colour he commits this ill.

476

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-conquered fort; the fault is thine,
For those thine eyes betray thee unto mine.

483

"Thus I forestall thee, if thou mean to chide:
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.

490

"I see what crosses my attempt will bring;
I know what thorns the growing rose defends;
I think the honey guarded with a sting:
All this beforehand counsel comprehends:
But will is deaf and hears no heedful friends;
Only he hath an eye to gaze on beauty,
And dotes on what he looks, 'gainst law or duty. 497

"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."

The Rape of Lucrece.

This said, he shakes aloft his Roman blade,
Which, like a falcon towering in the skies,
Coucheth the fowl below with his wing's shade,
Whose crooked beak 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.

"Lucrece," quoth he, "this night I must enjoy thee:
If thou deny, then force must work my way,
For in thy bed I purpose to destroy thee;
That done, some worthless slave of thine I'll slay,
To kill thine honour with thy life's decay;
And in thy dead arms do I mean to place him,
Swearing I slew him, seeing thee embrace him.
518

"So thy surviving husband shall remain
The scornful mark of every open eye;
Thy kinsmen hang their heads at this disdain,
Thy issue blurred with nameless bastardy:
And thou, the author of their obloquy,
Shalt have thy trespass cited up in rhymes,
And sung by children in succeeding times.

"But if thou yield I rest thy secret friend:
The fault unknown is as a fault unacted;
A little harm, done to a great good end,
For lawful policy remains enacted.
The poisonous simple sometime is compacted
In a pure compound; being so applied,
His venom in effect is purified.

532

"Then, for thy husband and thy children's sake,
Tender my suit: bequeath not to their lot
The shame that from them no device can take,
The blemish that will never be forgot;
Worse than a slavish wipe or birth-hour's blot:
For marks descried in men's nativity
Are nature's faults, not their own infamy."

539

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.

546

553

But when a black-faced 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 dally,
While in his holdfast foot the weak mouse panteth;
Her sad behaviour feeds his vulture folly,
A swallowing gulf that even in plenty wanteth:
His ear her prayers admits but his heart granteth
No penetrable entrance to her plaining:

559
Tears harden lust, though marble wear with raining.

The Rape of Lucrece.

Her pity-pleading eyes are sadly fixed
In the remorseless wrinkles of his face;
Her modest eloquence with sighs is mixed,
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.

567

She conjures him by high almighty Jove,
By knighthood, gentry and sweet friendship's oath,
By her untimely tears, her husband's love,
By holy human law and common troth,
By heaven and earth and all the power of both,
That to his borrowed bed he make retire,
And stoop to honour, not to foul desire.

574

Quoth she, "Reward not hospitality
With such black payment as thou hast pretended;
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.

"My husband is thy friend, for his sake spare me;
Thyself art mighty, for thine own sake leave me;
Myself a weakling, do not then ensnare me;
Thou look'st not like deceit; do not deceive me;
My sighs, like whirlwinds, labour hence to heave thee.
If ever man were moved 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 dissolved to water do convert.

O, if no harder than a stone thou art,
Melt at my tears and be compassionate!
Soft pity enters at an iron gate.

595

"In Tarquin's likeness I did entertain thee;
Hast thou put on his shape to do him shame?
To all the host of heaven I complain me,
Thou wrong'st his honour, wound'st his princely name.
Thou art not what thou seem'st; and if the same,
Thou seem'st not what thou art, a god, a king;
For kings like gods should govern everything.

602

"How will thy shame be seeded in thine age,
When thus thy vices bud before thy spring!
If in thy hope thou dar'st do such outrage,
What dar'st thou not when once thou art a king!
O be remembered, no outrageous thing
From vassal actors can be wiped away;
Then kings' misdeeds cannot be hid in clay.

"This deed will make thee only loved for fear,
But happy monarchs still are feared for love:
With foul offenders thou perforce must bear,
When they in thee the like offences prove:
If but for fear of this thy will remove:
For princes are the glass, the school, the book,
Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do look.

The Rape of Lucrece.

"And wilt thou be the school where Lust shall learn?
Must he in thee read lectures of such shame:
Wilt thou be glass, wherein it shall discern
Authority for sin, warrant for blame,
To privilege dishonour in thy name?
Thou back'st reproach against long-living laud,
And mak'st fair reputation but a bawd.

623

"Hast thou command? by him that gave it thee,
From a pure heart command thy rebel will:
Draw not thy sword to guard iniquity,
For it was lent thee all that brood to kill.
Thy princely office how canst thou fulfil,
When, patterned by thy fault, foul Sin may say,
He learned to sin and thou didst teach the way? 630

"Think but how vile a spectacle it were
To view thy present trespass in another.
Men's faults do seldom to themselves appear;
Their own transgressions partially they smother:
This guilt would seem death-worthy in thy brother.
O how are they wrapped in with infamies,

That from their own misdeeds askance their eyes!

The	Rape
	ICTECE

"To thee, to thee, my heaved-up hands appeal, Not to seducing lust, thy rash relier; I sue for exiled majesty's repeal; Let him return and flattering thoughts retire: His true respect will prison false desire, And wipe the dim mist from thy doting eyne, That thou shalt see thy state and pity mine."

644

"Have done," quoth he; "my uncontrolled tide
Turns not but swells the higher by this let.
Small lights are soon blown out, huge fires abide,
And with the wind in greater fury fret:
The petty streams that pay a daily debt
To their salt sovereign, with their fresh falls' haste,
Add to his flow but alter not his taste."

651

"Thou art," quoth she, "a sea, a sovereign king; And lo, there falls into thy boundless flood Black lust, dishonour, shame, misgoverning, Who seek to stain the ocean of thy blood. If all these petty ills shall change thy good, Thy sea within a puddle's womb is hearsed, And not the puddle in thy sea dispersed.

658

"So shall these slaves be king and thou their slave;
Thou nobly base, they basely dignified;
Thou their fair life and they thy fouler grave;
Thou loathed in their shame, they in thy pride:
The lesser thing should not the greater hide;
The cedar stoops not to the base shrub's foot,
But low shrubs wither at the cedar's root.

"So let thy thoughts, low vassals to thy state"— The Rape of Lucrece. "No more," quoth he; "by heaven, I will not hear thee; Yield to my love; if not, enforced hate, Instead of love's coy touch, shall rudely tear thee; That done, despitefully I mean to bear thee Unto the base bed of some rascal groom, To be thy partner in this shameful doom." 672

This said, he sets the 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 seized his prey, the poor lamb cries Till with her own white fleece her voice controlled Entombs her outcry in her lips' sweet fold. 679

For with the nightly linen that she wears He pens her piteous clamours in her head; Cooling his hot face in the chastest tears That ever modest eyes with sorrow shed. O, that prone lust should stain so pure a bed! The spots whereof could weeping purify, Her tears should drop on them perpetually. 686

But she hath lost a dearer thing than life, And he hath won what he would lose again. This forced league doth force a further strife, This momentary joy breeds months of pain, This hot desire converts to cold disdain: Pure Chastity is rifled of her store,

And Lust, the thief, far poorer than before.

Look, as the full-fed hound or gorged hawk,
Unapt for tender smell or speedy flight,
Make slow pursuit or altogether balk
The prey wherein by nature they delight;
So surfeit-taking Tarquin fares this night:
His taste delicious, in digestion souring,
Devours his will that lived by foul devouring.

700

O deeper sin than bottomless conceit
Can comprehend in still imagination!
Drunken desire must vomit his receipt,
Ere he can see his own abomination.
While Lust is in his pride no exclamation
Can curb his heat or rein his rash desire,
Till, like a jade, Self-will himself doth tire.

707

And then with lank and lean discoloured 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.

714

So fares it with this faultful lord of Rome,
Who this accomplishment so hotly chased;
For now against himself he sounds this doom,
That through the length of times he stands disgraced:
Besides, his soul's fair temple is defaced;

To whose weak ruins muster troops of cares, To ask the spotted princess how she fares.

She says, her subjects with foul insurrection
Have battered 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.

The Rape of Lucrece.

728

Even in this thought through the dark night he stealeth, A captive victor that hath lost in gain;
Bearing away the wound that nothing healeth,
The scar that will, despite of cure, remain,
Leaving his spoil perplexed in greater pain.
She bears the load of lust he left behind,
And he the burthen of a guilty mind.

He like a thievish dog creeps sadly thence;
She like a wearied lamb lies panting there;
He scowls and hates himself for his offence;
She, desperate, with her nails her flesh doth tear;
He faintly flies, sweating with guilty fear;
She stays, exclaiming on the direful night;
He runs and chides his vanished, loathed delight. 742

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 practised 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."

756

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:

763

"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-tongued treason and the ravisher!

770

"O hateful, vaporous and foggy night,
Since thou art guilty of my cureless crime,
Muster thy mists to meet the eastern light,
Make war against proportioned 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 exhaled 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 smothered light, May set at noon and make perpetual night.

The Rape of Lucrece.

784

"Were Tarquin night, as he is but night's child,
The silver-shining queen he would distain;
Her twinkling handmaids too, by him defiled,
Through night's black bosom should not peep again;
So should I have copartners in my pain:
And fellowship in woe doth woe assuage,
As palmers' chat makes short their pilgrimage.

791

"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 infamy;
But I alone alone must sit and pine,
Seasoning the earth with showers of silver brine,
Mingling my talk with tears, my grief with groans,
Poor wasting monuments of lasting moans.

"O night, thou furnace of foul-reeking smoke,
Let not the jealous day behold that face
Which underneath thy black all-hiding cloak
Immodestly lies martyred with disgrace!
Keep still possession of thy gloomy place,
That all the faults which in thy reign are made
May likewise be sepulched in thy shade!

The Rape of Lucrece.	"Make me not object to the tell-tale day! The light will show, charactered in my brow, The story of sweet chastity's decay, The impious breach of holy wedlock vow: Yea, the illiterate, that know not how To cipher what is writ in learned books, Will quote my loathsome trespass in my looks.	812
	"The nurse, to still her child, will tell my story, And fright her crying babe with Tarquin's name; The orator, to deck his oratory, Will couple my reproach to Tarquin's shame: Feast-finding minstrels, tuning my defame, Will tie the hearers to attend each line, How Tarquin wronged me, I Collatine.	819
	"Let my good name, that senseless reputation, For Collatine's dear love be kept unspotted: If that be made a theme for disputation, The branches of another root are rotted, And undeserved reproach to him allotted, That is as clear from this attaint of mine As I, ere this, was pure to Collatine.	826
	"O unseen shame! invisible disgrace! O unfelt sore! crest-wounding, private scar! Reproach is stamped in Collatinus' face, And Tarquin's eye may read the mot afar, How he in peace is wounded, not in war.	
	Alas, how many bear such shameful blows, Which not themselves but he that gives them kno	832 ows!

"If, Collatine, thine honour lay in me, The Rape From me by strong assault it is bereft. of Lucrece. My honey lost, and I, a drone-like bee, Have no perfection of my summer left, But robbed and ransacked by injurious theft: In thy weak hive a wandering wasp hath crept, And sucked the honey which thy chaste bee kept. 840 "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 weariness he did complain him, And talked of virtue: O, unlooked for evil, When virtue is profaned in such a devil! 847 "Why should the worm intrude the maiden bud? Or hateful cuckoos hatch in sparrows' nests? Or toads infect fair founts with venom mud? Or tyrant folly lurk in gentle breasts? Or kings be breakers of their own behests? But no perfection is so absolute, That some impurity doth not pollute. 854 "The aged man that coffers up his gold Is plagued with cramps and gouts and painful fits, And scarce hath eyes his treasure to behold, But like still-pining Tantalus he sits, And useless barns the harvest of his wits; Having no other pleasure of his gain

861

But torment that it cannot cure his pain.

"So then he hath it, when he cannot use it,
And leaves it to be mastered 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.

868

"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.

875

"O Opportunity! thy guilt is great:

'Tis thou that execut'st the traitor's treason;

Thou sett'st the wolf where he the lamb may get;

Whoever plots the sin, thou 'point'st the season;

'Tis thou that spurn'st at right, at law, at reason;

And in thy shady cell, where none may spy him,

Sits Sin, to seize the souls that wander by him.

882

"Thou mak'st the vestal violate her oath;
Thou blow'st the fire when temperance is thawed;
Thou smother'st honesty, thou murther'st troth;
Thou foul abettor! thou notorious bawd!
Thou plantest scandal and displacest laud:
Thou ravisher, thou traitor, thou false thief,
Thy honey turns to gall, thy joy to grief!

"Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame,
Thy private feasting to a public fast;
Thy smoothing titles to a ragged name;
Thy sugared 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 he the humble suppliant's frien

The Rape of Lucrece.

896

"When wilt thou be the humble suppliant's friend,
And bring him where his suit may be obtained?
When wilt thou sort an hour great strifes to end?
Or free that soul which wretchedness hath chained?
Give physic to the sick, ease to the pained?
The poor, lame, blind, halt, creep, cry out for thee;
But they ne'er meet with Opportunity.

"The patient dies while the physician sleeps;
The orphan pines while the oppressor feeds;
Justice is feasting while the widow weeps;
Advice is sporting while infection breeds;
Thou grant'st no time for charitable deeds:
Wrath, envy, treason, rape, and murder's rages,
Thy heinous hours wait on them as their pages.

"When truth and virtue have to do with thee, A thousand crosses keep them from thy aid; They buy thy help: but Sin ne'er gives a fee, He gratis comes; and thou art well appayed As well to hear as grant what he hath said.

My Collatine would else have come to me When Tarquin did, but he was stayed by thee.

9 I **7**

The Rape of Lucrece.	"Guilty thou art of murder and of thett; Guilty of perjury and subornation; Guilty of treason, forgery and shift; Guilty of incest, that abomination: An accessary 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 packhorse, virtue's snare; Thou nursest all and murth'rest all that are. O hear me then, injurious, shifting Time! Be guilty of my death, since of my crime.	931
	"Why hath thy servant, Opportunity, Betrayed the hours thou gav'st me to repose? Cancelled my fortunes and enchained me To endless date of never-ending woes? Time's office is to fine the hate of foes; To eat up errors by opinion bred, Not spend the dowry of a lawful bed.	938
	"Time's glory is to calm contending kings, To unmask falsehood and bring truth to light, To stamp the seal of time in aged things, To wake the morn and sentinel the night,	

To wrong the wronger till he render right;
To ruinate proud buildings with thy hours,
And smear with dust their glittering golden towers:

"To fill with worm-holes stately monuments,
To feed oblivion with decay of things,
To blot old books and alter their contents,
To pluck the quills from ancient ravens' wings,
To dry the old oak's sap and cherish springs;
To spoil antiquities of hammered steel,
And turn the giddy round of Fortune's wheel;

The Rape of Lucrece.

952

959

"To show the beldame daughters of her daughter, To make the child a man, the man a child, To slay the tiger that doth live by slaughter, To tame the unicorn and lion wild, To mock the subtle in themselves beguiled;

To cheer the ploughman with increaseful crops, And waste huge stones with little water-drops.

"Why work'st thou mischief in thy pilgrimage,
Unless thou could'st return to make amends?
One poor retiring minute in an age
Would purchase thee a thousand thousand friends,
Lending him wit that to bad debtors lends:
O, this dread night, would'st thou one hour come back,
I could prevent this storm and shun thy wrack!

"Thou ceaseless lackey to eternity,
With some mischance cross Tarquin in his flight:
Devise extremes beyond extremity,
To make him curse this cursed crimeful night:
Let ghastly shadows his lewd eyes affright,
And the dire thought of his committed evil
Shape every bush a hideous shapeless devil.

"Disturb his hours of rest with restless trances,
Afflict him in his bed with bedrid groans;
Let there bechance him pitiful mischances,
To make him moan, but pity not his moans:
Stone him with hardened hearts, harder than stones;
And let mild women to him lose their mildness,
Wilder to him than tigers in their wildness.

987

994

"Let him have time to tear his curled hair, Let him have time against himself to rave, Let him have time of Time's help to despair, Let him have time to live a loathed slave, Let him have time a beggar's orts to crave; And time to see one that by alms doth live Disdain to him disdained scraps to give.

"Let him have time to see his friends his foes,
And merry fools to mock at him resort;
Let him have time to mark how slow time goes
In time of sorrow and how swift and short
His time of folly and his time of sport:
And ever let his unrecalling crime
Have time to wail the abusing of his time.

"O Time, thou tutor both to good and bad,
Teach me to curse him that thou taught'st this ill!
At his own shadow let the thief run mad!
Himself himself seek every hour to kill!
Such wretched hands such wretched blood should spill:
For who so base would such an office have
As slanderous deathsman to so base a slave?

"The baser is he, coming from a king,
To shame his hope with deeds degenerate.
The mightier man, the mightier is the thing
That makes him honoured or begets him hate;
For greatest scandal waits on greatest state.
The moon being clouded presently is missed,
But little stars may hide them when they list.

The Rape of Lucrece.

"The crow may bathe his coal-black wings in mire,
And unperceived fly with the filth away,
But if the like the snow-white swan desire,
The stain upon his silver down will stay.
Poor grooms are sightless night, kings glorious day.
Gnats are unnoted whereso'er they fly,
But eagles gazed upon with every eye.

"Out, idle words, servants to shallow fools!
Unprofitable sounds, weak arbitrators!
Busy yourselves in skill-contending schools,
Debate where leisure serves with dull debaters;
To trembling clients be you mediators:
For me, I force not argument a straw,
Since that my case is past the help of law.

1022

1008

"In vain I rail at Opportunity,
At Time, at Tarquin, and uncheerful Night;
In vain I cavil with mine infamy,
In vain I spurn at my confirmed despite:
This helpless smoke of words doth me no right.
The remedy indeed to do me good,
Is to let forth my foul defiled blood.

"Poor hand, why quiver'st thou at this decree? Honour thyself to rid me of this shame; For if I die my honour lives in thee, But if I live thou liv'st in my defame: Since thou couldst not defend thy loyal dame, And wast afeared to scratch her wicked foe, Kill both thyself and her for yielding so."

1036

This said, from her betumbled couch she starteth, To find some desperate instrument of death:
But this no slaughterhouse no tool imparteth,
To make more vent for passage of her breath,
Which thronging through her lips so vanisheth
As smoke from Ætna, that in air consumes,
Or that which from discharged cannon fumes.

1043

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

1050

"O! that is gone for which I sought to live,
And therefore now I need not fear to die.
To clear this spot by death, at least I give
A badge of fame to slander's livery;
A dying life to living infamy;
Poor helpless help, the treasure stolen away,
To burn the guiltless casket where it lay!

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

The Rape of Lucrece.

"Nor shall he smile at thee in secret thought,
Nor laugh with his companions at thy state;
But thou shalt know thy interest was not bought
Basely with gold, but stolen from forth thy gate.
For me, I am the mistress of my fate,
And with my trespass never will dispense,

Till life to death acquit my forced offence.

1071

1064

"I will not poison thee with my attaint,
Nor fold my fault in cleanly-coined excuses;
My sable ground of sin I will not paint,
To hide the truth of this false night's abuses:
My tongue shall utter all; mine eyes like sluices,
As from a mountain-spring that feeds a dale,
Shall gush pure streams to purge my impure tale."

By this, lamenting Philomel had ended
The well-tuned warble of her nightly sorrow,
And solemn night with slow-sad gait descended
To ugly hell; when lo, the blushing morrow
Lends light to all fair eyes that light will borrow:
But cloudy Lucrece shames herself to see,
And therefore still in night would cloistered 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 through my window? leave thy peeping;
Mock with thy tickling beams eyes that are sleeping:
Brand not my forehead with thy piercing light,
For day hath nought to do what's done by night." 1092

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,
Like an unpractised swimmer plunging still
With too much labour drowns for want of skill. 1099

So she, deep-drenched in a sea of care,
Holds disputation with each thing she views,
And to herself all sorrow doth compare;
No object but her passion's strength renews;
And as one shifts, another straight ensues:
Sometime her grief is dumb and hath no words;
Sometime 'tis mad and too much talk affords.

The little birds that tune their morning's joy
Make her moans mad with their sweet melody.
For mirth doth search the bottom of annoy;
Sad souls are slain in merry company:
Grief best is pleased with grief's society:
True sorrow then is feelingly sufficed
When with like semblance it is sympathized.

'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 stopped, the bounding banks o'er-flows:
Grief dallied with nor law nor limit knows.

"You mocking birds," quoth she, "your tunes entomb Within your hollow-swelling feathered breasts, And in my hearing be you mute and dumb! My restless discord loves no stops nor rests; A woeful hostess brooks not merry guests:

Relish your nimble notes to pleasing ears;

Distress like dumps when time is kept with tears. 1127

"Come, Philomel, that sing'st of ravishment,
Make thy sad grove in my dishevelled hair.
As the dank earth weeps at thy languishment,
So I at each sad strain will strain a tear,
And with deep groans the diapason bear:
For burthen-wise I'll hum on Tarquin still,
While thou on Tereus descant'st better skill.

"And whiles against a thorn thou bear'st thy part,
To keep thy sharp woes waking, wretched I,
To imitate thee well, against my heart
Will fix a sharp knife, to affright mine eye;
Who, if it wink, shall thereon fall and die.
These means, as frets upon an instrument,
Shall tune our heartstrings to true languishment. 1141

"And for, poor bird, thou sing'st not in the day,
As shaming any eye should thee behold,
Some dark deep desert, seated from the way,
That knows not 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 frighted deer, that stands at gaze,
Wildly determining which way to fly,
Or one encompassed 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 shamed, and Death reproach's debtor.

"To kill myself," quoth she, "alack! what were it, But with my body my poor soul's pollution? They that lose half with greater patience bear it Than they whose whole is swallowed in confusion. That mother tries a merciless conclusion

Who having two sweet babes, when death takes one, Will slay the other and be nurse to none.

"My body or my soul, which was the dearer,
When the one pure, the other made divine?
Whose love of either to myself was nearer,
When both were kept for heaven and Collatine?
Ah me! the bark peeled from the lofty pine,
His leaves will wither and his sap decay;
So must my soul, her bark being peeled away.

"Her house is sacked, her quiet interrupted, The Rape of Lucrece. Her mansion battered by the enemy; Her sacred temple spotted, spoiled, corrupted, Grossly engirt with daring infamy: Then let it not be called impiety, If in this blemished fort I make some hole 1175 Through which I may convey this troubled soul. "Yet die I will not till my Collatine Have heard the cause of my untimely death; That he may vow, in that sad hour of mine, Revenge on him that made me stop my breath. My stained blood to Tarquin I'll bequeath, Which by him tainted shall for him be spent, And as his due writ in my testament. 1183 "My honour I'll bequeath unto the knife That wounds my body so dishonoured. 'Tis honour to deprive dishonoured 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: For shame so dead, mine honour is new-born. 1190 "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 revenged mayst be. How Tarquin must be used, read it in me: Myself, thy friend, will kill myself, thy foe;

1197

And, for my sake, serve thou false Tarquin so.

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

"Thou, Collatine, shalt oversee this will;
How was I overseen that thou shalt see it!
My blood shall wash the slander of mine ill;
My life's foul deed my life's fair end shall free it.
Faint not, faint heart, but stoutly say, 'so be it.'
Yield to my hand; my hand shall conquer thee;
Thou dead, both die, and both shall victors be.' 1211

This plot of death when sadly she had laid,
And wiped the brinish pearl from her bright eyes,
With untuned tongue she hoarsely calls her maid,
Whose swift obedience to her mistress hies;
For fleet-winged duty with thought's feathers flies.
Poor Lucrece' cheeks unto her maid seem so

1217
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,
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-washed with woe. 1225

But as the earth doth weep, the sun being set,
Each flower moistened like a melting eye;
Even so the maid with swelling drops gan wet
Her circled eyne, enforced by sympathy
Of those fair suns, set in her mistress' sky,
Who in a salt-waved ocean quench their light,
Which makes the maid weep like the dewy night.

A pretty while these pretty creatures stand,
Like ivory conduits coral cisterns filling:
One justly weeps; the other takes in hand
No cause, but company, of her drops spilling;
Their gentle sex to weep are often willing;
Grieving themselves to guess at others' smarts,
And then they drown their eyes or break their hearts.

For men have marble, women waxen minds,
And therefore are they formed as marble will;
The weak oppressed, the impression of strange kinds
Is formed in them by force, by fraud, or skill:
Then call them not the authors of their ill,
No more than wax shall be accounted evil,
Wherein is stamped the semblance of a devil.

Their smoothness, like a goodly champaign plain,
Lays open all the little worms that creep;
In men, as in a rough-grown grove, remain
Cave-keeping evils that obscurely sleep:
Through crystal walls each little mote will peep:
Though men can cover crimes with bold stern looks,
Poor womens' faces are their own faults' books. 1253

No man inveigh against the withered flower,
But chide rough winter that the flower hath killed!
Not that devoured, but that which doth devour
Is worthy blame. O, let it not be hild
Poor women's faults that they are so fulfilled
With men's abuses! those proud lords, to blame,
Make weak-made women tenants to their shame.

The precedent whereof in Lucrece view,
Assailed by night with circumstances strong
Of present death and shame that might ensue
By that her death, to do her husband wrong:
Such danger to resistance did belong,
That dying fear through all her body spread;
And who cannot abuse a body dead?

By this, mild patience bid fair Lucrece speak
To the poor counterfeit of her complaining:
"My girl," quoth she, "on what occasion break
Those tears from thee, that down thy cheeks are raining?
If thou dost weep for grief of my sustaining,
Know, gentle wench, it small avails my mood: 1273
If tears could help, mine own would do me good.

1267

"But tell me, girl, when went,"—and there she stayed
Till after a deep groan, "Tarquin from hence?"
"Madam, ere I was up," replied the maid,
"The more to blame my sluggard negligence:
Yet with the fault I thus far can dispense:
Myself was stirring ere the break of day,
And, ere I rose, was Tarquin gone away.

1281

"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 called a hell,
When more is felt than one hath power to tell. 1288

"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:

1294
The cause craves haste, and it will soon be writ."

Her maid is gone, and she prepares to write,
First hovering o'er the paper with her quill:
Conceit and grief an eager combat fight;
What wit sets down is blotted straight with will;
This is too curious-good, this blunt and ill:
Much like a press of people at a door,
Throng her inventions, which shall go before.

At last she thus begins:—" Thou worthy lord
Of that unworthy wife that greeteth thee,
Health to thy person! next vouchsafe to afford,
If ever, love, thy Lucrece thou wilt see,
Some present speed to come and visit me:
So I commend me from our house in grief;
My woes are tedious, though my words are brief."

Here folds she up the 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,
1315
Ere she with blood had stained her stained 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 1323
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 sealed and on it writ,
"At Ardea to my lord with more than haste;"
The post attends and she delivers it,
Charging the sour-faced 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 villain courtesies 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 blushed to see her shame;

The Rape of Lucrece.

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
Pawned honest looks but laid no words to gage. 1351

His kindled duty kindled her mistrust,
That two red fires in both their faces blazed;
She thought he blushed as knowing Tarquin's lust,
And, blushing with him, wistly on him gazed;
Her earnest eye did make him more amazed:

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. 1365

At last she calls to mind where hangs a piece
Of skilful painting, made for Priam's Troy;
Before the which is drawn the power of Greece,
For Helen's rape the city to destroy,
Threatening cloud-kissing Ilion with annoy;
Which the conceited painter drew so proud,
As heaven, it seemed, to kiss the turrets bowed. 1372

A thousand lamentable objects there,
In scorn of Nature, Art gave lifeless life;
Many a dry drop seemed a weeping tear,
Shed for the slaughtered husband by the wife:
The red blood reeked to show the painter's strife;
And dying eyes gleamed forth their ashy lights,
Like dying coals burnt out in tedious nights.

There might you see the labouring pioneer
Begrimed with sweat and smeared all with dust;
And from the towers of Troy there would appear
The very eyes of men through loopholes 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. 13

In great commanders grace and majesty
You might behold, triumphing in their faces;
In youth, quick bearing and dexterity;
And here and there the painter interlaces
Pale cowards, marching on with trembling paces;
Which heartless peasants did so well resemble, 1392
That one would swear he saw them quake and tremble.

1400

In Ajax and Ulysses, O what art
Of physiognomy might one behold!
The face of either ciphered either's heart;
Their face their manners most expressly told:
In Ajax' eyes blunt rage and rigour rolled;
But the mild glance that sly Ulysses lent
Showed 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 is beguiled attention, charmed the sight:
In speech, it seemed, his beard all silver white
Wagged up and down and from his lips did fly
Thin winding breath, which purled up to the sky. 1407

About him were a press of gaping faces,
Which seemed 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 seemed to mock the mind.

Here one man's hand leaned on another's head, His nose being shadowed by his neighbour's ear; Here one being thronged bears back, all bollen and red; Another smothered seems to pelt and swear; And in their rage such signs of rage they bear, As, but for loss of Nestor's golden words, It seemed they would debate with angry swords. 1421

For much imaginary work was there; Conceit deceitful, so compact, so kind, That for Achilles' image stood his spear, Griped 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.

1428

And from the walls of strong-besieged Troy
When their brave hope, bold Hector, marched 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 stained, a kind of heavy fear. 1435

And from the strond of Dardan where they fought,
To Simois' reedy banks, the red blood ran,
Whose waves to imitate the battle sought
With swelling ridges; and their ranks began
To break upon the galled shore and than
Retire again, till meeting greater ranks
They join and shoot their foam at Simois' banks. 1442

To this well-painted piece is Lucrece come,
To find a face where all distress is stelled.

Many she sees where cares have carved some,
But none where all distress and dolour dwelled,
Till she despairing Hecuba beheld,
Staring on Priam's wounds with her old eyes,
Which bleeding under Pyrrhus' proud foot lies. 1449

In her the painter had anatomized
Time's ruin, beauty's wrack and grim care's reign;
Her cheeks with chaps and wrinkles were disguised;
Of what she was no semblance did remain:
Her blue blood, changed to black in every vein,
Wanting the spring that those shrunk pipes had fed,
Showed life imprisoned in a body dead.

1456

On this sad shadow Lucrece spends her eyes,
And shapes her sorrow to the beldam's woes,
Who wothing wants to answer her but cries,
And bitter words to ban her cruel foes:
The painter was no god to lend her those;
And therefore Lucrece swears he did her wrong,
To give her so much grief and not a tongue.

1463

"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.

1470

"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 moe? Let sin, alone committed, light alone Upon his head that hath trangressed 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

"Lo, here weeps Hecuba, here Priam dies,
Here manly Hector faints, here Troilus swounds;
Here friend by friend in bloody channel lies,
And friend to friend gives unadvised wounds,
And one man's lust these many lives confounds:
Had doting Priam checked his son's desire,
Troy had been bright with fame and not with fire."

Here feelingly she weeps Troy's painted woes:
For sorrow, like a heavy-hanging bell,
Once set on ringing, with his own weight goes;
Then little strength rings out the doleful knell:
So Lucrece set a-work sad tales doth tell
To pencilled pensiveness and coloured sorrow;
1497
She lends them words and she their looks doth borrow.

She throws her eyes about the painting round,
And who she finds forlorn she doth lament;
At last she sees a wretched image bound,
That piteous looks to Phrygian shepherds lent;
His face, though full of cares, yet showed content:
Onward to Troy with the blunt swains he goes,
So mild that Patience seemed to scorn his woes.

In him the painter laboured with his skill
To hide deceit and give the harmless show
An humble gait, calm looks, eyes wailing still,
A brow unbent, that seemed 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.

The Rape of Lucrece.

1512

But like a constant and confirmed devil,
He entertained a show so seeming just,
And therein so ensconced his secret evil,
That jealousy itself could not mistrust
False-creeping craft and perjury should thrust
Into so bright a day such black-faced storms,
Or blot with hell-born sin such saint-like forms. 1519

The well-skilled workman this mild image drew
For perjured Sinon, whose enchanting story
The credulous old Priam after slew;
Whose words, like wildfire, burnt the shining glory
Of rich-built Ilion, that the skies were sorry,
And little stars shot from their fixed places,

1525
When their glass fell wherein they viewed their faces.

This picture she advisedly perused,
And chid the painter for his wondrous skill;
Saying, some shape in Sinon's was abused,
So fair a form lodged not a mind so ill;
And still on him she gazed and gazing still,
Such signs of truth in his plain face she spied,
That she concludes the picture was belied.

I533

"It cannot be," quoth she, "that so much guile,"
She would have said, "can lurk in such a look;"
But Tarquin's shape came in her mind the while,
And from her tongue "can lurk" from "cannot" took;
"It cannot be" she in that sense forsook,
And turned it thus: "It cannot be, I find,
But such a face should bear a wicked mind:

"For even as subtle Sinon here is painted,
So sober-sad, so weary and so mild,
As if with grief or travail he had fainted,
To me came Tarquin armed; so beguiled
With outward honesty, but yet defiled
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 borrowed tears that Sinon sheds.
Priam, why art thou old and yet not wise?
For every tear he falls a Trojan bleeds;
His eye drops fire, no water thence proceeds;
Those round clear pearls of his that move thy pity
Are balls of quenchless fire to burn thy city.

1554

1547

"Such devils steal effects from lightless hell;
For Sinon in his fire doth quake with cold,
And in that cold hot-burning fire doth dwell;
These contraries such unity do hold
Only to flatter fools and make them bold;
So Priam's trust false Sinon's tears doth flatter,
That he finds means to burn his Troy with water."

Here, all enraged, such passion her assails,
That patience is quite beaten from her breast.
She tears the senseless Sinon with her nails,
Comparing him to that unhappy guest
Whose deed hath made herself herself detest;
At last she smilingly with this gives o'er;
"Fool! fool!" quothshe, "his wounds will not be sore."

The Rape of Lucrece.

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 overslipped her thought, That she with painted images hath spent; Being from the feeling of her own grief brought By deep surmise of others' detriment; Losing her woes in shows of discontent.

It easeth some, though none it ever cured, To think their dolour others have endured.

1582

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 streamed, like rainbows in the sky These water-galls, in her dim element Foretell new storms to those already spent

1589

Which when her sad-beholding husband saw,
Amazedly in her sad face he stares:
Her eyes, though sod in tears, looked red and raw,
Her lovely colour killed with deadly cares.
He hath no power to ask her how she fares,
But stood like old acquaintance in a trance,
Met far from home, wondering each other's chance.

At last he takes her by the bloodless hand,
And thus begins: "What uncouth ill event
Hath thee befallen, that thou dost trembling stand?
Sweet love, what spite hath thy fair colour spent?
Why art thou thus attired in discontent?
Unmask, dear dear, this moody heaviness,
And tell thy grief, that we may give redress."
1603

Three times with sighs she gives her sorrow fire,
Ere once she can discharge one word of woe:
At length addressed to answer his desire,
She modestly prepares to let them know
Her honour is ta'en prisoner by the foe;
While Collatine and his consorted lords
With sad attention long to hear her words.

And now this pale swan in her watery nest
Begins the sad dirge of her certain ending:
"Few words," quoth she, "shall fit the trespass best,
Where no excuse can give the fault amending:
In me more woes than words are now depending;
And my laments would be drawn out too long,
To tell them all with one poor tired tongue.

"Then be this all the task it hath to say: The Rape Dear husband, in the interest of thy bed of Lucrece. 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. 1624 "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. 1631 "'For some hard-favoured groom of thine,' quoth he, 'Unless thou yoke thy liking to my will, I'll murder straight, and then I'll slaughter thee, And swear I found you where you did fulfil The loathsome act of lust and so did kill The lechers in their deed: this act will be My fame, and thy perpetual infamy.' 1638 "With this I did begin to start and cry, And then against my heart he set his sword, Swearing, unless I took all patiently, I should not live to speak another word: So should my shame still rest upon record, And never be forgot in mighty Rome 1645 The adulterate death of Lucrece and her groom

"Mine enemy was strong, my poor self weak,
And far the weaker with so strong a fear:
My bloody judge forbad my tongue to speak;
No rightful plea might plead for justice there:
His scarlet lust came evidence to swear
That my poor beauty had purloined his eyes,
And when the judge is robbed, the prisoner dies. 1652

"O teach me how to make my own excuse!
Or, at the least, this refuge let me find;
Though my gross blood be stained with this abuse,
Immaculate and spotless is my mind;
That was not forced; that never was inclined
To accessory yieldings, but still pure
Doth in her poisoned closet yet endure."
1659

Lo here, the hopeless merchant of this loss,
With head declined, and voice dammed up with woe,
With sad-set eyes and wretched arms across,
From lips new-waxen pale begins to blow
The grief away that stops his answer so:
But wretched as he is he strives in vain;
What he breathes out his breath drinks up again.

As through an arch the violent roaring tide
Outruns the eye that doth behold his haste;
Yet in the eddy boundeth in his pride
Back to the strait that forced him on so fast;
In rage sent out, recalled in rage, being past:
Even so he sighs, his sorrows make a saw,
To push grief on and back the same grief draw. 1673

1680

Which speechless woe of his, poor she attendeth,
And his untimely frenzy thus awaketh:
"Dear lord, thy sorrow to my sorrow lendeth
Another power; no flood by raining slaketh.
My woe too sensible thy passion maketh
More feeling-painful: let it then suffice
To drown one woe, one pair of weeping eyes.

"And for my sake, when I might charm thee so,
For she that was thy Lucrece—now attend me;
Be suddenly revenged on my foe,
Thine, mine, his own; suppose thou dost defend me
From what is past: the help that thou shalt lend me
Comes all too late, yet let the traitor die;
For sparing justice feeds iniquity.

1687

"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:

1693
Knights, by their oaths, should right poor ladies' harms.

At this request, with noble disposition

Each present lord began to promise aid,

As bound in knighthood to her imposition,

Longing to hear the hateful foe bewrayed.

But she, that yet her sad task hath not said,

The protestation stops. "O speak," quoth she, 1700

"How may this forced stain be wiped from me?

What is the quality of mine offence,
Being constrained with dreadful circumstance?
May my pure mind with the foul act dispense,
My low-declined honour to advance?
May any terms acquit me from this chance?
The poisoned fountain clears itself again;
And why not I from this compelled stain?"

1708

With this, they all at once began to say,
Her body's stain her mind untainted clears;
While with a joyous smile she turns away
The face, that map which deep impression bears.
Of hard misfortune, carved in it with tears.
"No, no," quoth she, "no dame, hereafter living,
By my excuse shall claim excuse's giving."

Here with a sigh, as if her heart would break,
She throws forth Tarquin's name: "He, he," she says,
But more than "he" her poor tongue could not speak;
Till after many accents and delays,
Untimely breathings, sick and short assays,
She utters this: "He, he, fair lords, 'tis he,
That guides this hand to give this wound to me."

Even here she sheathed in her harmless breast
A harmful knife, that thence her soul unsheathed:
That blow did bail it from the deep unrest
Of that polluted prison where it breathed:
Her contrite sighs unto the clouds bequeathed
Her winged sprite and through her wounds doth fly
Life's lasting date from cancelled destiny.

1729

Stone-still, astonished with this deadly deed,
Stood Collatine and all his lordly crew;
Till Lucrece' father that beholds her bleed,
Himself on her self-slaughtered body threw;
And from the purple fountain Brutus drew
The murderous knife and as it left the place,
Her blood, in pure revenge, held it in chase;
1736

The Rape of Lucrece.

And bubbling from her breast, it doth divide
In two slow rivers, that the crimson blood
Circles her body in on every side,
Who like a late-sacked island vastly stood
Bare and unpeopled, in this fearful flood.
Some of her blood still pure and red remained, 1742
And some looked black and that false Tarquin stained.

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' woes,
Corrupted blood some watery token shows;
And blood untainted still doth red abide,
Blushing at that which is so putrefied.

1750

"Daughter, dear daughter," old Lucretius cries,
That life was mine which thou hast here deprived.
If in the child the father's image lies,
Where shall I live now Lucrece is unlived?
Thou wast not to this end from me derived.
If children predecease progenitors,
We are their offspring and they none of ours.

1757

"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 bareboned death by time outworn,
O, from thy cheeks my image thou hast torn!
And shivered all the beauty of my glass,
That I no more can see what once I was.

1764

"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!"

1771

By this starts Collatine as from a dream,
And bids Lucretius give his sorrow place;
And then in key-cold Lucrece' bleeding stream
He falls and bathes the pale fear in his face,
And counterfeits to die with her a space;
Till manly shame bids him possess his breath,
And live, to be revenged on her death.

1778

The deep vexation of his inward soul
Hath served 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: The son and father weep with equal strife. 1791 Who should weep most for daughter or for wife.

The Rape of Lucrece.

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 wailed by Collatine." 1799

"O," quoth Lucretius, "I did give that life Which she too early and too late hath spilled." "Woe, woe," quoth Collatine, "she was my wife, I owed her, and 'tis mine that she hath killed." 1803 "My daughter!" and "My wife!" with clamours filled The dispersed air, who, holding Lucrece' life, Answered their cries, "My daughter!" and "My wife!"

Brutus, who plucked 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. 129

But now he throws that shallow habit by,
Wherein deep policy did him disguise;
And armed his long-hid wits advisedly,
To check the tears in Collatinus' eyes.
"Thou wronged lord of Rome," quoth he, "arise,
Let my unsounded self, supposed a fool,
Now set thy long-experienced wit to school. 1820

"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. 1827

"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 disgraced,
By our strong arms from forth her fair streets chased.

"Now, by the Capitol that we adore,
And by this chaste blood so unjustly stained,
By heaven's fair sun that breeds the fat earth's store,
By all our country rights in Rome maintained,
And by chaste Lucrece' soul that late complained
Her wrongs to us and by this bloody knife,
We will revenge the death of this true wife."

1841

This said, he struck his hand upon his breast,
And kissed the fatal knife to end his vow;
And to his protestation urged 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.

The Rape of Lucrece.

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.

£85**5**

1848

NOTES.

[The text is based on that of Q, (1594.)]

- 1. 56. -o'er.] Gildon. Ore Q_{i-3} ; or'e Q_4 ; o're Q_{5-7}

 - l. 93. —plaits.] Ewing. —pleats Qq. l. 459. —antics.] Camb. —antiques Qq. l. 550. —blow.] Malone. —blows Qq.
- 1.711. —bankrupt.] Gildon. —banckrout (or) bankerout Qq.

 - l. 883. —mak'st.] Gildon. —makest Qq. l. 884. —blow'st.] Gildon. —blowest Qq.
 - l. 907. —advice.] Gildon. —advise Qq.
- 1. 909. —murder's.] Malone. —murthers (or', murther Qq.
- l. 918. —murder.] Gildon. —murther Qq. So passim for the sb., and except under special circumstances for the verb.
 - 1. 975. —bedrid.] —bedred Qq.
 - l. 1134. —descant'st.] Sewell. —descants Qq.
- 1. 1163-6. —dearer, —divine? —nearer, Collatine?] as by Dyce. —dearer —deuine, —nearer? —Colatine: Qq.

The Rape of Lucrece. Notes.

1. 1261. —precedent.] Gildon. —president Qq.
1. 1486. —swounds.] Malone. —sounds Qq.
1. 1544. —armed; so beguiled.] Malone and Gildon. —armed to beguild (beguil'd) Qq.
1. 1768. —faltering.] Malone. —foultring Qq.

GLOSSARY.

A (with verbal noun in -ing), Abstaining (sb.), refraining from the gratification of desire, 130. Abuse, put to a bad (or wrong) use, 864, 994, 1529. Accessory (adj.), of such a nature aid and abet crime, to 1658. Accidental, incidental, 326. Addressed, ready, 1606. Advised (adj.), deliberate, 1849. Affection (personified), love, 271; inclination, desire, 500. All-hiding, concealing all, 801. Antics, fantastic forms, 459. Appayed, paid, satisfied, 914. Arrive (vb. trans.), reach, 781. As, as if, 1143. Askance (vb. trans.), to turn aside; hence askance their eyes, look with indifference on, 637. Aspect, look, air, 452. Aspects (astronomical term), the ways in which the stars look

Assays, attempts, 1720. Attend, accompany, 330; attend (vb. trans.), attend to, 818, 1682; attends, is in waiting, attendeth, perceives, 1333; 1674. Balk, neglect, 696. Barns (vb. trans.), lays up (as in a barn), 859. Bateless, not to be blunted, 9. Bechance (vb. trans.), befall, happen to, 976. Bedrid (adj.), such as would come from one bedridden, 975. Behaviour, gesture and expression, 556. Beldame, grandmother, 953, 1458. Betumbled (adj.), disordered, 1037. Birth-hour's, of or pertaining to the hour of birth, 537. Blur, blot, stain, 222.

upon the earth, hence their

influence, 14.

The Rape of Lucrece. Glossary.

Bollen, swollen, 1417.
Bottomless, fathomless, 701.
Brooks, endures, 1125.
Burthen [burden], 735.
Burthen-wise, in the manner of a refrain, 1133.

Ceaseless, everlasting, 967. Champaign (adj.), open, level, 1247. Cheer, expression of countenance, 264. Hence, good cheer = welcome, 89. Cipher, decipher, 811, 207, 1396. Cleanly-coined, probably used with the double meaning of (1) chastely- or purely-coined, (2) cleverly- or adroitly-coined, 1073. Close-tongued, silent, 770. Cloud-eclipsed, eclipsed or covered by clouds, 1224. Cloud-kissing, reaching to the clouds, 1370. Coat, coat of arms, 205. Compatted, combined so as to form part of, 530. Complain (vb. refl.), make complaint, 598, 845. Compare, comparison, 40. Conceit, mind, 701, 1298; fanciful thought, 1423. Conceited, imaginative, 1371. Conduct, guide, 313. Consorted lords, lords that accompanied (him), 1609.

Convertite, convert, 743. Coped-with, had to do with, 99. Copesmate, companion, 925. Country (adj.), of or belonging to a country, 1838. Coucheth, makes to couch, 507. Cozening, cheating, 387. Crest-wounding, injuring the coatarmour, hence disgraceful, 828. Crimeful, full of wickedness, 970. Curious-good, exactly careful, nice. 1300. Cursed-blessed (both words are used adjectively), made of eviland good-fortune, 866.

Darksome [dark], 379. Dash, infamous mark, 206. Date, duration, 935. Death-boding, foreboding death, 165. Death-worthy, worthy of death, 635. Debate (vb. intrans.), fight, 1421. Deceitful, delusive, 1423. Deep-drenched, submerged, 1100. Defect of, want of, 151, 1345. Defame (sb.), that which defames, infamy, 768, 817, 1033. Deflower, ravish, 348. Distain, stain, defile, 786. Drumming (heart), beating, 435.

Ensconced, hid, 1515.
Ensue (vb. trans.), follow after, 502.

Entertain (vb. intrans.), pass, spend, 1361. Entertained, maintained, 1514. Ever-during, everlasting, 224. Eyne [eyes], 643, 1229.

False-creeping, moving insidiously, 1517. Fast, deed (evil-deed), 349. Faultful, guilty, criminal, 715. Feast-finding, attending banquets, 817. Feeling-painful, causing deep pain, 1679 Field, used metaphorically for the surface of an heraldic shield, 58. Fine (vb. trans.), put an end to, 936. Following (adj. used predicatively), 186. Fond, foolish, 134, 216, 1094; slight, trifling, 284. Fondly, foolishly, 207. For [for that], because, 1142. Forbiddings, obstacles, hindrances, 323. Force (vb. trans.), value, 1021. Forego (vb. trans.), forfeit, 228. Forgot [forgotten], 1645. Fortressed, fortified, guarded, 28. Frets, the stops on a stringed instrument, 1140. Fright [frighten], 308, 445, 814, 1149.

Gage, lay to; leave in pledge, 1351.

Gouts (notice the plural form), The Rape 856. Graff (sb.), scion, 1062. Grates (vb. caus.), makes to grate or creak, 306. Greets, looks up to with reverence, II2. Gripe, griffin, 543. Gripe, seizing, 319, 1425.

of Lucrece.

Glossary.

Hap, fortune, 42. Hapless, unfortunate, 1045. Hard-favoured, ill-looking, 1632. Heartens up, encourages, 295. Heaved-up (adj.), uplifted, 638. Heavy-hanging, hanging down ponderously, 1493. Heartless, frightened, without heart, 471, 1392. Helpless, irremediable, 756. Hie, hasten, 1334, 1341. High-pitched, aspiring, 41, High-proud, very proud, 19. Hild [held], perf. ind., 1257. His [its], 389. Holdfast (adj.), firmly holding, 555. Hot-burning, lustful, 247; has literal sense in 1557. Hourly, marking the hours, 327. Hovering, waiting irresolutely, 1297.

Ill-annexed, badly acquired or obtained, 874. Images, conceptions, ideas, 1577 Imaginary, fanciful, 1422.

The Rape of Lucrece. Glossary.

Immodestly, impurely, 802.

Imposition, charge, injunction, 1697.

Income, coming in, 334.
Increaseful, plentiful, rich, 958.
Instance, sign, symptom, 1511.
Intending, pretending, 121.
Intituled, having a title or claim,
57.
Intrude (vb. trans.), intrude upon,

Intrude (vb. trans.), intrude upon invade, 848.

Inventions, thoughts, ideas, 1302.

Ken, eyeshot, sight, 1114.

Languishment, pining in sorrow, 1141.

Leave, cease, 148.

Let, forbear, leave off, 10; hinder, 328.

Let, hindrance, 330, 646.

Long-experienced, tried by long experience, 1820.

Long-living, lasting long, 622.

Low-declined, fallen, 1705.

Lust-breathed, animated by lust, 3.

Margents, margins, borders, 102.
Mindful, careful, 1583.
Misgoverning, ill control, 654.
Moe [more], 1479.
Moralize, interpret, explain, 104.
Mot [motto], legend, device, 830.
Mud (vb. caus.), make muddy,
577.

Murther'st [murder'st], 885, murth'rest [murd'rest], 929.

Neeld [needle], 319.
Nice, precise, accurate, 1412.
Night-waking, being awake in the night, 554.
Note, brand, stigma, 208.

Obscurely, out of sight, 1250.
Ope (adj.) [open], 446.
Oversee, see carried out, 1205.
Overseen, confounded, 1206.
Over-washed, completely washed or moistened, 1225.
Owe (vb. trans.), bound to pay 82; owed, possessed, owned, 1803.

Parling, speaking, 100. Patterned, having an example for, 629. Pelt, throw out words, hence curse, 1418. Pensiveness, thoughtfulness sorrow, 1497. Period, limit, end, 380, 565. Pity-pleading, pleading for pity. 561. Plaining (sb.), complaining, 559. Plausibly, willingly, readily, 1854. 'Point'st, appoint'st, 879. Poorly, in indigence, 97. Premeditate (vb. trans.), meditate upon, 183. Present (adj. used predicatively), who was present, 1696.

Present (adj.), immediate, 1307. Presently, immediately, 864, 1007. Prime, spring of the year, 332. Proportioned, regular, orderly, 774. Purled, ran in circles, 1407.

Quick-shifting, rapidly changing, 459. Quittal, requital, 236. Quote, perceive, read, 812.

Rate (vb. trans.), chide, blame, 304. Relier (sb.), one too confident, 639. Relish, give as refreshment, 1126. Requiring (vb. trans.), asking for, Arg. 3. Retires, draws back, 303. Revealing (adj.), that discloses or lays open, 1086. Rigol, circle, 1745. Ruinate (vb. trans.), bring to ruin, 944.

Scale (vb. intrans.), 440. Scapes, transgressions, 747. Seated, situated, 1144. Secrecies, secrets, 101. Securely, confidently, without anxiety or care, 89. Seeaed, matured, 603. Self-slaughtered, killed by oneself, 1733. Senseless, not subject to the senses, unbodied, 820.

Sentinel (vb. trans.), watch, guard, The Rape 942. Several, separate, distinct, 1410. Glossary. Silly, harmless, innocent, 167; simple, 1345; poor (pity), 1812. Simple, unmixed substance or element, applied technically to a medicinal herb, 530. Sneaped, pinched, nipped, 333. Sod (p.p. of seethe), 1592. Sort, find, 899; adapt, fit, 1221. Sours (sb. plural), 867. Spends, employs, 1457. Sprite [spirit], 121, 451, 1728. Stay (vb. trans.), check, 1364. Stelled, placed, fixed, 1444. Stop (vb. trans.), mark, 327. Stories (vb. trans.), relates, 106. Strond [strand], bank, 1436. Strucken [struck], 217. Surcease, cease entirely, 1766. Surfeit-taking, surfeiting, cloyed, 698. Surviving (adj. used predicatively), that survives, 223, 519. Swounds [swoons], 1486.

of Lucrece.

Taking, condition or state (of alarm), 453. Tender (vb. trans.), regard kindly, Temperance, chastity, 884. Than [then], 1440. Thorough [through], 1851. Threat [threatens], 508.

The Rape of Lucrece. Glossary.

Timeless, unseasonable, hence unseemly, 44.
Trustless, that cannot be trusted,

Tuning, give utterance to, proclaiming, 817.

Unapt, unfit, 695.
Unbent, not frowning, 1509.
Uncertainly, not definitely, 1311.
Uncheerful, joyless, 1024.
Unhaply, unhappily, 8.
Unlived, deprived of life, 1754.
Unrecalling, not capable of being recalled, 993.
Unresisted, irresistible, 282.
Unseasonable, lean, out of season, 581.
Untimely, inopportune, 1675.
Useless (adv.) uselessly, 859.

Vantage, superiority, 249. Vastly, far and wide, 1740.

Venge [avenge], 1691. Villain, servant, 1338. Vulture (adj.), vulture-like, 556.

Want (vb. intrans.), lack, 42, 97. Weak-built, ill founded, 130. Whiles [whilst], 1135. Who (neuter), 296, 328. Wink, close the eyes, 375, 458, 1139. Wipe, brand, 537. Wistly, attentively, 1355. Wit, understanding, judgment, 1299, 1809. Withal, therewith, 467. Without, outside, 393. Worn-out, past, gone, 1350. Worser [worse], 294, 453. Wot, knows, 1345. Wrack [wreck], 590, 841, 966, 1451. Wronger [wrong], 943.

SONNETS.

First printed in Quarto in 1609.

There are 154 poems, all but two of which are composed of 14 lines (the normal number for a sonnet); No. XCIX is composed of 15 lines and No. CXXVI of 12 lines.

In No. CXLV the lines are of 4 measures, in all the others of 5 measures.

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.

SONNETS.

I.

ROM 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. 8 Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament And only herald to the gaudy spring, Within thine own bud buriest thy content And, tender churl, mak'st waste in niggarding. I 2 Pity the world, or else this glutton be, To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.

Sounets.

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field, Thy youth's proud livery, so gazed on now, Will be a tattered weed, of small worth held: Then being asked 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. 8 How much more praise deserved 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! I 2 This were to be new made when thou art old, And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it cold.

11.

Sonnets. III. III. Look in thy glass and tell the face thou viewest, Now is the time that face should form another: Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest, Thou dost beguile the world, unbless some mother. For where is she so fair whose uneared womb Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry? Or who is he so fond will be the tomb Of his self-love, to stop posterity? 8 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. 13 But if thou live, rememb'red not to be, Die single, and thine image dies with thee.

Sonnets. IV.

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? 8 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? 12 Thy unused beauty must be tombed with thee, Which, used, lives th' executor to be.

v. Sonnets.

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 checked with frost and lusty leaves quite gone,
Beauty o'ersnowed and bareness everywhere:
8
Then, were not summer's distillation left,
A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,
Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,
Nor it, nor no remembrance what it was.

But flowers distilled, though they with winter meet,
Leese but their show; their substance still lives sweet.

Sonnets. VI. VI.

Then let not winter's ragged hand deface In thee thy summer, ere thou be distilled: Make sweet some vial; treasure thou some place With beauty's treasure, ere it be self-killed. 4 That use is not forbidden usury, Which happies those that pay the willing loan; That's for thyself to breed another thee, Or ten times happier, be it ten for one; 8 Ten times thyself were happier than thou art, If ten of thine ten times refigured thee: Then what could death do, if thou shouldst depart, Leaving thee living in posterity? I 2 Be not self-willed, for thou art much too fair To be death's conquest and make worms thine heir.

VII.		Sonnets. 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;	4	
And having climbed the steep-up heavenly hill,		
Resembling strong youth in his middle age,		
Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,		
Attending on his golden pilgrimage;	8	
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:	12	
So thou, thyself outgoing in thy noon,		
Unlooked on diest, unless thou get a son.		

Sonnets. VIII. VIII.

Music to hear, 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 unions married, do offend thine ear, They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds In singleness the parts that thou shouldst bear. 8 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: T 2 Whose speechless song, being many, seeming one, Sings this to thee: "Thou single wilt prove none."

ıx.		Sonnets. IX.
Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye		
That thou consum'st thyself in single life?		
Ah! if thou issueless shalt hap to die,		
The world will wail thee, like a makeless wife:	4	
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.	8	
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 unused, the user so destroys it.	12	
No love toward others in that bosom sits,		
That on himself such murderous shame commits.		

For shame! deny that thou bear'st love to any, Who for thyself art so unprovident. Grant, if thou wilt, thou art beloved of many, But that thou none lov'st is most evident; 4 For thou art so possessed 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 lodged than gentle love? Be, as thy presence is, gracious and kind, Or to thyself, at least, kind-hearted prove: 12 Make thee another self, for love of me, That beauty still may live in thine or thee.

Sonnets.

As fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou grow'st
In one of thine, from that which thou departest;
And that fresh blood which youngly thou bestow'st,
Thou may'st call thine, when thou from youth convertest.
Herein lives wisdom, beauty and increase;
5
Without this folly, age and cold decay:
If all were minded so the times should cease,
And threescore 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 endowed she gave the more;
Which bounteous gift thou should'st in bounty cherish:
She carved thee for her seal and meant thereby
Thou should'st print more, not let that copy die.

Sonnets. XII. 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 silvered o'er with white; 4 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; 8 Then of thy beauty do I question make, That thou among the wastes of time must go, Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake. And die as fast as they see others grow; 12 And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defence Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee hence.

XIII. Sonnets.
XIII.

O that you were yourself! but, love, you are
No longer yours than you yourself here live:
Against this coming end you should prepare,
And your sweet semblance to some other give.
So should that beauty which you hold in lease
Find no determination: then you were
Yourself again, after yourself's decease,
When your sweet issue your sweet form should bear.
Who lets so fair a house fall to decay,
Which husbandry in honour might uphold
Against the stormy gusts of winter's day
And barren rage of death's eternal cold?
O, none but 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 season's quality: Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell, Pointing to each his thunder, rain and wind, Or say with princes if it shall go well, By oft predict that I in heaven find: 8 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:" 12 Or else of thee this I prognosticate, "Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date."

xv.		Sonnets. XV.
When I consider every thing that grows		
Holds in perfection but a little moment,		
That this huge state presenteth nought but shows		
Whereon the stars in secret influence comment;	4	
When I perceive that men as plants increase,		
Cheered and checked even by the self-same sky;		
Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease,		
And wear their brave state out of memory;	8	
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;	12	
And all in war with Time for love of you,		
As he takes from you, I engraft you new.		

But wherefore do not you a mightier way Make war upon this bloody tyrant, Time? And fortify yourself in your decay With means more blessed than my barren rhyme? Now stand you on the top of happy hours; And many maiden gardens, yet unset, With virtuous wish would bear you living flowers Much liker than your painted counterfeit: 8 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. I 2 To give away yourself keeps yourself still; And you must live, drawn by your own sweet skill.

XVII.

Sonnets. XVII.

Who will believe my verse in time to come, If it were filled 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 touched earthly faces." 8 So should my papers, yellowed with their age, Be scorned, like old men of less truth than tongue; And your true rights be termed a poet's rage, And stretched metre of an antique song: 12 But were some child of yours alive that time, You should live twice,—in it and in my rhyme.

21

Sonnets. XVIII.

XVIII.

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day? Thou art more lovely and more temperate: Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May, And summer's lease hath all too short a date: Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines, And often is his gold complexion dimmed; And every fair from fair sometime declines, By chance or nature's changing course untrimmed; 8 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; 12 So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see, So long lives this, and this gives life to thee

XIX.

Sonnets. XIX.

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,
And make the earth devour her own sweet brood;
Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,
And burn the long-lived phænix in her blood;
Make glad and sorry seasons, as thou fleet'st,
And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,
To the wide world and all her fading sweets;
But I forbid thee one most heinous crime:
O carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen;
Him in thy course untainted do allow
For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.
Yet, do thy worst, old Time: despite thy wrong,
My love shall in my verse ever live young.

12

8

23

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.
8 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 pricked thee out for women's pleasure,
Mine be thy love and thy love's use their treasure.

XXI. Sonnets. XXI.

So is it not with me as with that Muse, Stirred 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 rondure hems. 8 O let me, true in love, but truly write, And then believe me, my love is as fair As any mother's child, though not so bright As those gold candles fixed in heaven's air: 12 Let them say more that like of hearsay well; I will not praise that purpose not to sell.

Sonnets. XXII. XXII.

8

I 2

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 thou art? O therefore, love, be of thyself so wary As I, not for myself, but for thee will; Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary As tender nurse her babe from faring ill.

Presume not on thy heart when mine is slain; Thou gav'st me thine, not to give back again.

XXIII.

Sonnets.

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'ercharged with burthen of mine own love's might.
8
O, let my books be then the eloquence
And dumb presagers of my speaking breast;
Who plead for love, and look for recompense
More than that tongue that more hath more expressed.
O learn to read what silent love hath writ;
To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

Sonnets. XXIV.

XXIV.

Mine eye hath played the painter and hath stelled 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. 4 For through the painter must you see his skill, To find where your true image pictured lies, Which in my bosom's shop is hanging still, That hath his windows glazed with thine eyes. 8 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; 12 Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art, They draw but what they see, know not the heart.

our with their stars, oud titles boast, of such triumph bars.

4

8

12

Let those who are in favour with their stars, Of public honour and proud titles boast, Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars, Unlooked for joy in that I honour most. Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread But as the marigold at the sun's eye; And in themselves their pride lies buried, For at a frown they in their glory die. The painful warrior famoused for might, After a thousand victories once foiled, Is from the book of honour razed quite, And all the rest forgot for which he toiled:

Then happy I, that love and am beloved Where I may not remove nor be removed.

Sonnets. XXVI.

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: 8 Till whatsoever star that guides my moving, Points on me graciously with fair aspect, And puts apparel on my tattered loving, To show me worthy of thy sweet respect: I 2 Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee, Till then, not show my head where thou mayst proveme.

XXVII.

Sonnets. XXVII.

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed, The dear repose for limbs with travel tired; But then begins a journey in my head, To work my mind, when body's work's expired: 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: 8 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. **T 2** Lo, thus, by day my limbs, by night my mind, For thee and for myself no quiet find.

Sonnets. XXVIII.

XXVIII.

How can I then return in happy plight, That am debarred the benefit of rest? When day's oppression is not eased by night, But day by night and night by day oppressed? And each, though enemies to either's reign, Do in consent shake hands to torture me, The one by toil, the other to complain How far I toil, still farther off from thee. 8 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-complexioned night; When sparkling stars twire not, thou gild'st the even. But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer, And night doth nightly make grief's strength seem stronger.

XXIX.

Sonnets.

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,
Featured like him, like him with friends possessed,
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 remembered, such wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

XXX.

Sonnets. XXX.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought I summon up remembrance of things past, I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought, And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste: Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow, For precious friends hid in death's dateless night, And weep afresh love's long-since cancelled woe, And moan the expense of many a vanished sight. 8 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. 12 But if the while I think on thee, dear friend, All losses are restored and sorrows end.

XXXI.		Sonnets. 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.	4		
How many a holy and obsequious tear			
Hath dear religious love stolen from mine eye,			
As interest of the dead, which now appear			
But things removed, that hidden in thee lie!	8		
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:	12		
Their images I loved I view in thee,			
And thou, all they, hast all the all of me.			

Sonners. XXXII.

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, 4 Compare them with the bettering of the time; And though they be outstripped by every pen, Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme, Exceeded by the height of happier men. 8 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: I 2 But since he died and poets better prove, Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his love."

XXXIII. Sonnets. 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 visage hide, Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace: 8 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 masked him from me now. I 2 Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth; Suns of the world may stain when heaven's sun staineth.

Sonnets. XXXIV.

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 sorrow lends but weak relief
To him that bears the strong offence's cross,

Ah! but those tears are pearl which thy love sheeds,
And they are rich and ransom all ill deeds.

Sonnets. XXXV. XXXV. No more be grieved 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. 4 All men make faults, and even I in this, Authorising thy trespass with compare, Myself corrupting, salving thy amiss, Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are: 8 For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense, Thy adverse party is thy advocate, And 'gainst myself a lawful plea commence: Such civil war is in my love and hate, 12 That I an accessary needs must be To that sweet thief which sourly robs from me.

Sonnets. XXXVI.

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 kindness honour me,
Unless thou take that honour from thy name:
But do not so; I love thee in such sort,
As, thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

8

I 2

XXXVII.

Sonnets. 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; 4 For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit, Or any of these all, or all, or more, Entitled in thy parts do crowned sit, I make my love engrafted to this store: 8 So then I am not lame, poor, nor despised, Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give That I in thy abundance am sufficed, And by a part of all thy glory live. 12 Look, what is best, that best I wish in thee; This wish I have; then ten times happy me!

Sonnets. XXXVIII.

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? 4 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? 8 Be thou the tenth Muse, ten times more in worth Than those old nine which rhymers invocate; And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth Eternal numbers to outlive long date. I 2 If my slight Muse do please these curious days, The pain be mine, but thine shall be the praise.

XXXIX.

Sonnets. XXXIX.

8

12

O, how thy worth with manners may I sing,
When thou art all the better part of me?
What can mine own praise to mine own self bring?
And what is't but mine own when I praise thee?
Even for this let us divided live,
And our dear love lose name of single one,
That by this separation I may give
That due to thee which thou deserv'st alone.
O absence, what a torment 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.

4

8

12

Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all;
What hast thou then more than thou hadst before?
No love, my love, that thou 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;
But yet be blamed, 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.

Sonnets. XLI.

8

12

Those pretty wrongs that liberty commits When I am sometime absent from thy heart, Thy beauty and thy years full well befits, For still temptation follows where thou art. Gentle thou art and therefore to be won, Beauteous thou art, therefore to be assailed; And when a woman woos, what woman's son Will sourly leave her till she have prevailed? Ay me! but yet thou mightst my seat forbear, And chide thy beauty and thy straying youth, Who lead thee in their riot even there Where thou art forced to break a twofold truth; Hers, by thy beauty tempting her to thee, Thine, by thy beauty being false to me.

That thou hast her, it is not all my grief, And yet it may be said I loved her dearly; That she hath thee, is of my wailing chief, A loss in love that touches me more nearly. Loving offenders, thus I will excuse ye: Thou dost love her, because thou know'st I love her; And for my sake even so doth she abuse me, Suffering my friend for my sake to approve her. 8 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: 12 But here's the joy; my friend and I are one; Sweet flattery! then she loves but me alone.

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! 8 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? 12 All days are nights to see till I see thee, And nights bright days when dreams do show thee me.

Sonnets. XLIV.

XLIV.

If the dull substance of my flesh were thought
Injurious distance should not stop my way;
For then, despite of space, I would be brought
From limits far remote, where thou dost stay.
No matter then, although my foot did stand
Upon the farthest earth removed from thee,
For nimble thought can jump both sea and land,
As soon as think the place where he would be.
But, ah, thought kills me that I am not thought,
To leap large lengths of miles when thou art gone,
But that, so much of earth and water wrought,
I must attend time's leisure with my moan;
Receiving nought by elements so slow
But heavy tears, badges of either's woe:

8

XLV.

Sonnets. 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, oppressed with melancholy;
Until life's composition be recured
By those swift messengers returned from thee,
Who even but now come back again, assured
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.

4

8

Sonnets. XLVI.

XLVI.

Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war, How to divide thy conquest of thy sight; Mine eye my heart thy picture's sight would bar, My heart mine eye the freedom of that right. 4 My heart doth plead that thou in him dost lie, A closet never pierced with crystal eyes, But the defendant doth that plea deny, And says in him thy fair appearance lies. 8 To 'cide this title is impannelled 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: 12 As thus; mine eye's due is thine outward part, And my heart's right thine inward love of heart.

XLVII.

Sonnets.

4

8

12

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took,
And each doth good turns now unto the other:
When that mine eye is famished for a look,
Or heart in love with sighs himself doth smother,
With my love's picture then my eye doth feast,
And to the painted banquet bids my heart;
Another time mine eye is my heart's guest,
And in his thoughts of love doth share a part:
So, either by thy picture or my love,
Thyself away art present still with me;
For thou not farther than my thoughts canst move,
And I am still with them and they with thee;
Or if they sleep, thy picture in my sight
Awakes my heart to heart's and eye's delight.

Sonnets. XLVIII.

XLVIII.

How careful was I when I took my way,
Each trifle under truest bars to thrust,
That to my use it might unused stay
From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of trust!

But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are,
Most worthy comfort, now my greatest grief,
Thou, best of dearest and mine only care,
Art left the prey of every vulgar thief.

Thee have I not locked 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; 12
And even thence thou wilt be stolen, I fear,
For truth proves thievish for a prize so dear.

XLIX. Sonnets. XLIX. Against that time, if ever that time come, When I shall see thee frown on my defects. Whenas thy love hath cast his utmost sum, Called to that audit by advised 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; 8 Against that time do I ensconce me here Within the knowledge of mine own desart, 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.

Sonnets.

L.

How heavy do I journey on the way, When what I seek, my weary travel's end, Doth teach that ease and that repose to say, "Thus far the miles are measured from thy friend!" 4 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 loved not speed, being made from thee: 8 The bloody spur cannot provoke him on That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide, Which heavily he answers with a groan, More sharp to me than spurring to his side; I 2 For that same groan doth put this in my mind, My grief lies onward and my joy behind.

LI.

Sonnets. LI.

Thus can my love excuse the slow offence Of my dull bearer, when from thee I speed: From where thou art why should I haste me thence? Till I return, of posting is no need. O what excuse will my poor beast then find, When swift extremity can seem but slow? Then should I spur, though mounted on the wind; In winged speed no motion shall I know: 8 Then can no horse with my desire keep pace; Therefore desire, of perfect'st love being made, Shall neigh, no dull flesh in his fiery race; But love, for love, thus shall excuse my jade; 12 "Since from thee going he went wilful slow, Toward's thee I'll run and give him leave to go."

Sonnets. LII.

LII.

So am I as the rich, whose blessed key Can bring him to his sweet up-locked treasure, The which he will not every hour survey, For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure. Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare, Since seldom coming, in the long year set, Like stones of worth they thinly placed are, Or captain jewels in the carcanet. So is the time that keeps you as my chest, Or as the wardrobe which the robe doth hide, To make some special instant special blest, By new unfolding his imprisoned pride. I 2 Blessed are you whose worthiness gives scope, Being had, to triumph; being lacked, to hope.

LIII.		Sonnets. LIII.
What is your substance, whereof are you made,		
That millions of strange shadows on you tend? Since every one hath, every one, one shade,		
And you, but one, can every shadow lend.	4	
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:	8	
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.	13	
In all external grace you have some part,		
But you like none, none you, for constant heart.		

Sonnets. LIV. LIV.

O how much more doth beauty beauteous seem,
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
The canker-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 unwooed and unrespected fade;
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made:
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
When that shall vade, by verse distils your truth.

LV. Sonnets.

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme; But you shall shine more bright in these contents Than unswept stone, besmeared with sluttish time. 4 When wasteful war shall statues overturn, And broils root out the work of masonry, Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn The living record of your memory. 8 '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 judgement that yourself arise, You live in this and dwell in lovers' eyes.

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 allayed, To-morrow sharpened 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. 8 Let this sad int'rim like the ocean be Which parts the shore, where two contracted new Come daily to the banks, that, when they see Return of love, more blest may be the view; I 2 So call it winter, which, being full of care, Makes summer's welcome thrice more wished, more rare.

LVII.		Sonnets. 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.	4	
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;	8	
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.	12	
So true a fool is love, that in your will, Though you do anything, he thinks no ill.		

Sonnets. LVIII

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 imprisoned 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 to 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.

Sonnets.

If there be nothing new, but that which is Hath been before, how are our brains beguiled, Which, labouring for invention, bear amiss The second burthen of a former child!

O, that record could with a backward look, Even of five hundred courses of the sun, Show me your image in some antique book, Since mind at first in character was done!

That I might see what the old world could say To this composed wonder of your frame; Whether we are mended, or whe'r better they, Or whether revolution be the same.

O, sure I am, the wits of former days

To subjects worse have given admiring praise.

8

Sonnets. LX. 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 crowned, Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight, And Time that gave doth now his gift confound. 8 Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth, And delves the parallels in beauty's brow, Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth, And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow. I 2 And yet to times in hope my verse shall stand, Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

LXI

Sonnets. LXI.

Is it thy will thy image should keep open My heavy eyelids to the weary night? Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken, While shadows, like to thee, do mock my sight? 'Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee So far from home into my deeds to pry, To find out shames and idle hours in me, The scope and tenor of thy jealousy? 8 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: I 2 For thee watch I, whilst thou dost wake elsewhere From me far off, with others all too near.

Sonnets. LXII. 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, And for myself mine own worth do define, As I all other in all worths surmount. 8 But when my glass shows me myself indeed, Beated and chopped with tanned antiquity, Mine own self-love quite contrary I read, Self so self-loving were iniquity. 12 'Tis thee, myself, that for myself I praise, Painting my age with beauty of thy days.

LXIII.

Sonnets.

Against my love shall be, as I am now, With Time's injurious hand crushed and o'er-worn; When hours have drained his blood and filled his brow With lines and wrinkles; when his youthful morn Hath travelled on to age's steepy night; And all those beauties whereof now he's king Are vanishing or vanished out of sight, Stealing away the treasure of his spring; 8 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. 12 His beauty shall in these black lines be seen, And they shall live, and he in them still green.

Sonnets. LXIV

LXIV.

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced The rich-proud cost of outworn buried age; When sometime lofty towers I see down-razed, 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; 8 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. I 2 This thought is as a death, which cannot choose But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

LXV.

Sonnets. LXV.

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea, But sad mortality o'ersways their power, How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea, Whose action is no stronger than a flower? 4 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? 8 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? 12 O, none, unless this miracle have might, That in black ink my love may still shine bright,

Sonnets. LXVI.

LXVI.

Tired with all these, for restful death I cry, As, to behold desert a beggar born, And needy nothing trimmed in jollity, And purest faith unhappily forsworn, And gilded honour shamefully misplaced, And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted, And right perfection wrongfully disgraced, And strength by limping sway disabled, 8 And art made tongue-tied by authority, And folly, doctor-like, controlling skill, And simple truth miscalled simplicity, And captive good attending captain ill: I 2 Tired with all these, from these would I be gone, Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

LXVII. Sonnets. LXVII. Ah, wherefore with infection should he live And with his presence grace impiety, That sin by him advantage should achieve And lace itself with his society? Why should false painting imitate his cheek, And steal dead seeing of his living hue? Why should poor beauty indirectly seek Roses of shadow, since his rose is true? 8 Why should he live, now Nature bankrupt is, Beggared of blood to blush through lively veins? For she hath no exchequer now but his, And, proud of many, lives upon his gains. I 2 O, him she stores, to show what wealth she had In days long since, before these last so bad.

Sonnets. LXVIII.

LXVIII.

Thus is his cheek the map of days outworn, When beauty lived 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: 8 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; 12 And him as for a map doth Nature store, To show false Art what beauty was of yore.

LXIX.

Sonnets.

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 crowned; 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. 8 They look into the beauty of thy mind, And that, in guess, they measure by thy deeds; Then, churls, their thoughts, although their eyes were kind, To thy fair flower add the rank smell of weeds: I 2 But why thy odour matcheth not thy show, The solve is this, that thou dost common grow.

Sonnets. LXX.

LXX.

That thou art blamed 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 wooed of time; For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love, And thou present'st a pure unstained prime. 8 Thou hast passed by the ambush of young days, Either not assailed or victor being charged; Yet this thy praise cannot be so thy praise, To tie up envy evermore enlarged: I 2 If some suspect of ill masked not thy show, Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts shouldst owe,

LXXI.

Sonnets.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell Give warning to the world that I am fled From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell: Nay, if you read this line, remember not The hand that writ it; for I love you so, That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot, If thinking on me then should make you woe. 8 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: 12 Lest the wise world should look into your moan, And mock you with me after I am gone,

Sonnets. LXXII.

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: 8 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. **I 2** For I am shamed by that which I bring forth, And so should you, to love things nothing worth.

LXXIII.

Sonnets. 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 ruined 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 his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire.
Consumed with that which it was nourished by.

This thou perceiv'st which makes thy love more strong,
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

Sonnets. LXXIV. LXXIV.

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But be contented: when that fell arrest
Without all bail shall carry me away,
My life hath in this line some interest,
Which for memorial still with thee shall stay.
When thou reviewest this, thou dost review
The very part was consecrate to thee.
The earth can have but earth, which is his due;
My spirit is thine, the better part of me:
So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,
The prey of worms, my body being dead;
The coward conquest of a wretch's knife,
Too base of thee to be remembered.
The worth of that is that which it contains,
And that is this, and this with thee remains.

LXXV.

Sonnets.

So are you to my thoughts as food to life, Or as sweet-seasoned showers are to the ground; And for the peace of you I hold such strife As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found: Now proud as an enjoyer, and anon Doubting the filching age will steal his treasure; Now counting best to be with you alone, Then bettered that the world may see my pleasure: 8 Sometime, all full with feasting on your sight, And by and by clean starved for a look; Possessing or pursuing no delight, Save what is had or must from you be took. 12 Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day, Or gluttoning on all, or all away.

Sonnets.

LXXVI.

Why is my verse so barren of new pride, So far from variation or quick change? Why with the time do I not glance aside To new-found methods and to compounds strange? Why write I still all one, ever the same, And keep invention in a noted weed, That every word doth almost tell my name, Showing their birth and where they did proceed? 8 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; 12 For as the sun is daily new and old, So is my love still telling what is told.

LXXVII.

Sonnets. 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 eternity.
Look, what thy memory cannot contain
Commit to these waste blanks, and thou shalt find
Those children nursed, delivered from thy brain,
To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.
These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,
Shall profit thee and much enrich thy book.

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Sonnets.

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 aloft to fly, Have added feathers to the learned's wing, And given grace a double majesty. 8 Yet be most proud of that which I compile, Whose influence is thine and born of thee: In others' works thou dost but mend the style, And arts with thy sweet graces graced be; I 2 But thou art all my art and dost advance As high as learning my rude ignorance.

LXXIX.		Sonnets. LXXIX.
Whilst I alone did call upon thy aid,		
My verse aione had all thy gentle grace;		
But now my gracious numbers are decayed,		
And my sick Muse doth give another place.	4	
I grant, sweet love, thy lovely argument		
Deserves the travail of a worthier pen;		
Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent		
He robs thee of, and pays it thee again.	8	
He lends thee virtue, and he stole that word		
From thy behaviour; beauty doth he give,		
And found it in thy cheek; he can afford		
No praise to thee but what in thee doth live.	12	
Then thank him not for that which he doth say,		
Since what he owes thee thou thyself dost pay.		

Sonnets.

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! 4 But since your worth, wide as the ocean is, The humble as the proudest sail doth bear, My saucy bark, inferior far to his, On your broad main doth wilfully appear. 8 Your shallowest help will hold me up affoat, Whilst he upon your soundless deep doth ride; Or, being wracked, 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. Sonnets. 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. 8 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; T 2 You still shall live, such virtue hath my pen,— Where breath most breathes, even in the mouths of men.

Sonnets.

LXXXII.

I grant thou wert not married to my Muse,
And therefore mayst without attaint o'erlook
The dedicated words which writers use
Of their fair subject, blessing every book.
Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue,
Finding thy worth a limit past my praise;
And therefore art enforced to seek anew
Some fresher stamp of the time-bettering days.
And do so, love; yet when they have devised
What strained touches rhetoric can lend,
Thou truly fair were cruly 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 abused.

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LXXXIII.

Sonnets. LXXXIII.

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: 4 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 doth grow. 8 This silence for my sin you did impute, Which shall be most my glory, being dumb; For I impair not beauty being mute, When others would give life and bring a tomb. 12 There lives more life in one of your fair eyes Than both your poets can in praise devise.

Sonnets. LXXXIV.

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? 4 Lean penury within that pen doth dwell That to his subject lends not some small glory; But he that writes of you, if he can tell That you are you, so dignifies his story, 8 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.

Sonnets, LXXXV,

My tongue-tied Muse in manners holds her still, While comments of your praise, richly compiled, Rehearse thy character with golden quill, And precious phrase by all the muses filed. I think good thoughts, whilst other write good words, And, like unlettered clerk, still cry "Amen" To every hymn that able spirit affords, In polished form of well-refined pen. 8 Hearing you praised, 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, 13 Me for my dumb thoughts, speaking in effect.

Sonnets. LXXXVI.

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? 4 Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write Above a mortal pitch, that struck me dead? No, neither he, nor his compeers by night Giving him aid, my verse astonished. 8 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, I 2 But when your countenance filled up his line, Then lacked I matter; that enfeebled mine.

LXXXVII.

Sonnets. 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?
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
And so my patent back again is swerving.

8
Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then not knowing,
Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking;
So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,
Comes home again, on better judgement making.
Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,
In sleep a king, but waking no such matter.

Sonnets. LXXXVIII.

LXXXVIII.

When thou shalt be disposed 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. 4 With mine own weakness being best acquainted, Upon thy part I can set down a story Of faults concealed, wherein I am attainted; That thou, in losing me, shall win much glory: 8 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.

Sonnets. LXXXIX.

Say that thou didst forsake me for some fault, And I will comment upon that offence: Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt; Against thy reasons making no defence. Thou canst not, love, disgrace me half so ill, To set a form upon desired change, As I'll myself disgrace: knowing thy will, I will acquaintance strangle and look strange; 8 Be absent from thy walks; and in my tongue Thy sweet-beloved name no more shall dwell, Lest I, too much profane, should do it wrong, And haply of our old acquaintance tell. 12 For thee, against myself I'll vow debate, For I must ne'er love him whom thou dost hate.

Sonnets. XC.

XC.

Then hate me when thou wilt; it 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: 4 Ah, do not, when my heart hath scaped this sorrow, Come in the rearward of a conquered woe; Give not a windy night a rainy morrow, To linger out a purposed overthrow. 8 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; 12 And other strains of woe, which now seem woe, Compared with loss of thee will not seem so.

XCI.

Sonnets. 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, 5 Wherein it finds a joy above the rest; But these particulars are not my measure, All these I better in one general best. 8 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.

Sonnets.

XCII.

But do thy worst to steal thyself away, For term of life thou art assured mine; And life no longer than thy love will stay, For it depends upon that love of thine. Then need I not to fear the worst of wrongs, When in the least of them my life hath end. I see a better state to me belongs Than that which on thy humour doth depend. 8 Thou canst not vex me with inconstant mind, Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie. O what a happy title do I find, Happy to have thy love, happy to die! 12 But what's so blessed-fair that fears no blot? Thou mayst be false, and yet I know it not.

XCIII. Sonnets. XCIII.

So shall I live, supposing thou art true,
Like a deceived husband; so love's face
May still seem love to me, though altered new;
Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place:
For there can live no hatred in thine eye,
Therefore in that I cannot know thy change.
In many's looks the false heart's history
Is writ in moods and frowns and wrinkles strange;
But heaven in thy creation did decree
That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell;
Whate'er thy thoughts or thy heart's workings be,
Thy looks should nothing thence but sweetness tell.
How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow
If thy sweet virtue answer not thy show!

They that have power to hurt and will do none, That do not do the thing they most do show, Who, moving others, are themselves as stone, Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow; They rightly do inherit heaven's graces, And husband nature's riches from expense; They are the lords and owners of their faces, Others but stewards of their excellence. The summer's flower is to the summer sweet, Though to itself it only live and die; But if that flower with base infection meet, The basest weed outbraves his dignity: For sweetest things turn sourcest by their deeds: Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

8

I 2

xcv.		Sonnets. XCV.
How sweet and lovely dost thou make the shame,		
Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,		
Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name! O, in what sweets dost thou thy sins enclose!		
That tongue that tells the story of thy days	4	
Making lascivious comments on thy sport,		
Cannot dispraise but in a kind of praise:		
Naming thy name blesses an ill report.	8	
O, what a mansion have those vices got		
Which for their habitation chose out thee,		
Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot		
And all things turns to fair, that eyes can see!	I 2	
Take heed, dear heart, of this large privilege;		
The hardest knife ill-used doth lose his edge.		

Sonnets. XCVI.

XCVI.

Some say, thy fault is youth, some wantonness;
Some say, thy grace is youth and gentle sport;
Both grace and faults are loved of more and less:
Thou makest faults graces that to thee resort.
As on the finger of a throned queen
The basest jewel will be well esteemed;
So are those errors that in thee are seen
To truths translated, and for true things deemed.
How many lambs might the stern wolf betray,
If like a lamb he could his looks translate!
How many gazers mightst thou lead away,
If thou wouldst use the strength of all thy state!
But do not so; I love thee in such sort,
As, thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

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12

XCVII. Sonnets. 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 burthen of the prime, Like widowed wombs after their lords' decease: 8 Yet this abundant issue seemed to me But hope of orphans and unfathered 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.

Sonnets. XCVIII.

XCVIII.

From you have I been absent in the spring, When proud-pied April, dressed in all his trim Hath put a spirit of youth in everything, That heavy Saturn laughed and leaped with him. 4 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 lily'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 seemed it winter still, and you, away, As with your shadow I with these did play.

XCIX.

Sonnets. XCIX.

4

The forward violet thus did I chide; Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet that smells, If not from my love's breath? The purple pride Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells, In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dyed. The lily I condemned for thy hand, And buds of marjoram had stolen thy hair: The roses fearfully on thorns did stand, One blushing shame, another white despair; A third, nor red nor white, had stolen of both. And to his robbery had annexed 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 stolen from thee

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Sonnets.

C.

Where art thou, Muse, that thou forgett'st so long To speak of that which gives thee all thy might? Spend'st thou thy fury on some worthless song, Darkening thy power to lend base subjects light? Return, forgetful Muse, and straight redeem In gentle numbers time so idly spent; Sing to the ear that doth thy lays esteem And gives thy pen both skill and argument. 8 Rise, resty 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 everywhere. 12 Give my love fame faster than Time wastes life; So thou prevent'st his scythe and crooked knife.

4

CI.	Sonnets CI.	١.
O truat Muse, what shall be thy amends		
For thyneglect of truth in beauty dyed?		
Both truh and beauty on my love depends;		
So dost tou too, and therein dignified.	4	
Make anver, Muse: wilt thou not haply say,		
"Truth reds no colour with his colour fixed,		
Beauty no encil, beauty's truth to lay;		
But best is est, if never intermixed?"	8	
Because he leds no praise, wilt thou be dumb?		
Excuse not since so; for't lies in thee		
To make himnuch outlive a gilded tomb,		
And to be praid of ages yet to be.	12	
Then do thy ffice, Muse; I teach thee how		
To make himeem long hence as he shows now.		

CII.

My love is strengthened, though more weak irseeming; I love not less, though less the show appear; That love is merchandized whose rich esteening The owner's tongue doth publish everywher-4 Our love was new, and then but in the sprig, When I was wont to greet it with my lays As Philomel in summer's front doth sing. And stops her pipe in growth of riper de: 8 Not that the summer is less pleasant no Than when her mournful hymns did hh the night, But that wild music burthens every both, And sweets grown common lose their ear delight. I 2 Therefore, like her, I sometime h! my tongue, Because I would not dull you wi my song.

сии.		Sonnets. 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!	4	
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.	8	
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 glass shows you, when you look in it.		

4

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I 2

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
For as you were when first your eye I eyed,
Such seems your beauty still. Three winters' cold
Have from the forests shook three summers' pride,
Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turned
In process of the seasons have I seen;
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burned,
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 perceived;
So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,
Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceived.
For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred,
Ere you were born, was beauty's summer dead.

Let not my love be called idolatry,

Nor my beloved as an idol show,

Since all alike my songs and praises be,

To one, of one, still such, and ever so.

Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,

Still constant in a wondrous excellence;

Therefore my verse, to constancy confined,

One thing expressing, leaves out difference.

"Fair, kind, and true," is all my argument,

"Fair, kind, and true," varying to other words;

And in this change is my invention spent,

Three themes in one, which wondrous scope affords.

"Fair, kind, and true," have often lived alone,

Which three till now never kept seat in one.

Sonnets. CVI. CVI.

When in the chronicle of wasted time I see descriptions of the fairest wights, And beauty making beautiful old rhyme, In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights, Then in the blazon of sweet beauty's best, Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow, I see their antique pen would have expressed Even such a beauty as you master now. 8 So all their praises are but prophecies Of this our time, all you prefiguring; And, for they looked but with divining eyes, They had not skill enough your worth to sing: 12 For we, which now behold these present days, Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

CVII.		Sonnets. 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, Supposed as forfeit to a confined doom.	4	
The mortal moon hath her eclipse endured, And the sad augurs mock their own presage; Incertainties now crown themselves assured, And peace proclaims olives of endless age.	8	
Now with the drops of this most balmy time My love looks fresh and Death to me subscribes, Since spite of him I'll live in this poor rhyme, While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes. And thou in this shalt find thy monument, When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent.	12	

Sonnets. CVIII.

CVIII.

What's in the brain that ink may character Which hath not figured to thee my true spirit? What's new to speak, what new to register, That may express my love, or thy dear merit? 4 Nothing, sweet boy; but yet, like prayers divine, I must each day say o'er the very same; Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine, Even as when first I hallowed thy fair name. 8 So that eternal love in love's fresh case Weighs not the dust and injury of age, Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place, But makes antiquity for aye his page; 12 Finding the first conceit of love there bred, Where time and outward form would show it dead.

Sonnets. CIX. CIX. O, never say that I was false of heart, Though absence seemed my flame to qualify. As easy might I from myself depart As from my soul, which in thy breast doth lie: That is my home of love: if I have ranged, Like him that travels, I return again; Just to the time, not with the time exchanged, So that myself bring water for my stain. 8 Never believe, though in my nature reigned All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood, That it could so preposterously be stained, To leave for nothing all thy sum of good; 12 For nothing this wide universe I call, Save thou, my rose; in all thou art my all.

113 H

Alas 'tis true, I have gone here and there, And made myself a motley to the view, Gored mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear, Made old offences of affections new. Most true it is that I have looked on truth Askance and strangely; but, by all above, These blenches gave my heart another youth, And worse essays proved thee my best of love. 8 Now all is done, have 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 confined. I 2 Then give me welcome, next my heaven the best, Even to thy pure and most most loving breast.

CXI. Sonnets. 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 breeds. 4 Thence comes it that my name receives a brand, And almost thence my nature is subdued To what it works in, like the dyer's hand: Pity me then and wish I were renewed; 8 Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink Potions of eysell, '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.

Your love and pity doth the impression fill Which vulgar scandal stamped upon my brow; For what care I who calls me well or ill, So you o'ergreen my bad, my good allow? 4 You are my all-the-world, and I must strive To know my shames and praises from your tongue; None else to me, nor I to none alive, That my steeled sense or changes right or wrong. 8 In so profound abysm I throw all care Of others' voices, that my adder's sense To critic and to flatterer stopped are. Mark how with my neglect I do dispense; I 2 You are so strongly in my purpose bred, That all the world besides methinks they're dead.

CXIII.

Sonnets. CXIII.

4

8

I 2

Since I left you, mine eye is in my mind;
And that which governs me to go about
Doth part his function and is partly blind,
Seems seeing, but effectually is out;
For it no form delivers to the heart
Of bird, of flower, or shape, which it doth latch;
Of his quick objects hath the mind no part,
Nor his own vision holds what it doth catch;
For if it see the rud'st or gentlest sight,
The most sweet favour or deformed'st creature,
The mountain or the sea, the day or night,
The crow or dove, it shapes them to your feature.
Incapable of more, replete with you,
My most true mind thus maketh mine untrue.

Or whether doth my mind being crowned 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? 8 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: 12 If it be poisoned, 'tis the lesser sin That mine eye loves it and doth first begin.

Sonnets. 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 millioned accidents
Creep in 'twixt vows, and change decrees of kings,
Tan sacred beauty, blunt the sharp'st intents,
Divert strong minds to the course of altering things;
Alas, why, fearing of Time's tyranny,
Might I not then say, "Now I love you best,"
When I was certain o'er incertainty,
Crowning the present, doubting of the rest?

Love is a babe; then might I not say so,
To give full growth to that which still doth grow?

Sonnets. CXVI.

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 proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

CXVII.

Sonnets.

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; 4 That I have frequent been with unknown minds, And given to time your own dear-purchased right; That I have hoisted sail to all the winds Which should transport me farthest from your sight. 8 Book both my wilfulness and errors down, And on just proof surmise accumulate, Bring me within the level of your frown, But shoot not at me in your wakened hate: 12 Since my appeal says, I did strive to prove The constancy and virtue of your love.

Sonnets. CXVIII.

CXVIII.

4

8

I 2

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 your ne'er-cloying sweetness,
To bitter sauces did I frame my feeding;
And sick of welfare found a kind of meetness
To be diseased, ere that there was true needing.
Thus policy in love, to anticipate
The ills that were not, grew to faults assured,
And brought to medicine a healthful state,
Which, rank of goodness, would by ill be cured
But thence I learn, and find the lesson true,
Drugs poison him that so fell sick of you.

CXIX.

Sonnets, CXIX.

What potions have I drunk of Siren tears, Distilled from limbers 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! 8 O benefit of ill! now I find true That better is by evil still made better; And ruined love, when it is built anew, Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater. 12 So I return rebuked to my content, And gain by ills thrice more than I have spent.

CXX.

Sonnets.

That you were once unkind befriends me now,
And for that sorrow which I then did feel
Needs must I under my transgression bow,
Unless my nerves were brass or hammered steel.
For if you were by my unkindness shaken,
As I by yours, you've passed a hell of time;
And I, a tyrant, have no leisure taken
To weigh how once I suffered 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 tendered
The humble salve which wounded bosoms fits!
But that your trespass now becomes a fee;
Mine ransoms yours and yours must ransom me.

8

I 2

CXXI.

Sonnets. CXXI.

'Tis better to be vile than vile esteemed, When not to be receives reproach of being, And the just pleasure lost, which is so deemed Not by our feeling, but by others' seeing. For why should others' false adulterate eyes Give salutation to my sportive blood? Or on my frailties why are frailer spies, Which in their wills count bad what I think good? 8 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, 13 All men are bad and in their badness reign,

Sonnets. CXXII.

CXXII.

Thy gift, thy tables, are within my brain Full charactered with lasting memory, Which shall above that idle rank remain, Beyond all date, even to eternity: 4 Or at the least so long as brain and heart Have faculty by nature to subsist; Till each to razed oblivion yield his part Of thee, thy record never can be missed. 8 That poor retention could not so much hold, Nor need I tallies thy dear love to score; Therefore to give them from me was I bold, To trust those tables that receive thee more: 12 To keep an adjunct to remember thee, Were to import forgetfulness in me.

CXXIII.

Sonnets.

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.

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T2

Sonnets. CXXIV.

CXXIV.

If my dear love were but the child of state, It might for Fortune's bastard be unfathered, As subject to Time's love or to Time's hate, Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers gathered. No, it was builded far from accident; 5 It suffers not in smiling pomp, nor falls Under the blow of thralled discontent, Whereto the inviting time our fashion calls: 8 It fears not policy, that heretic, Which works on leases of short-numbered 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, 13 Which die for goodness, who have lived for crime.

CXXV. Sonnets. CXXV. Were't aught to me I bore the canopy, With my extern the outward honouring, Or laid great bases for eternity, Which proves more short than waste or ruining? 4 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? 8 No, let me be obsequious in thy heart, And take thou my oblation, poor but free, Which is not mixed with seconds, knows no art, But mutual render, only me for thee. 12 Hence, thou suborned informer! a true soul When most impeached stands least in thy control.

Sonnets. CXXVI.

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 delayed, answered must be,
And her quietus is to render thee.

8

12

CXXVII.

Sonnets. CXXVII.

In the old age black was not counted fair, Or if it were, it bore not beauty's name; But now is black beauty's successive heir, And beauty slandered with a bastard shame: For since each hand hath put on Nature's power, Fairing the foul with Art's false borrowed face, Sweet beauty hath no name, no holy bower, But is profaned, if not lives in disgrace. 8 Therefore my mistress' eyes are raven black, Her eyes so suited, and they mourners seem At such who, not born fair, no beauty lack, Slandering creation with a false esteem: 12 Yet so they mourn, becoming of their woe, That every tongue says beauty should look so.

Sonnets, CXXVIII.

CXXVIII.

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 wiry 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 that harvest reap, At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand! 8 To be so tickled, they would change their state And situation with those dancing chips, O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait, Making dead wood more blessed than living lips, 12 Since saucy jacks so happy are in this, Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

CXXIX. Sonnets.

The expense of spirit in a waste of shame

Is lust in action; and till action, lust

Is perjured, murderous, bloody, full of blame,

Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust;

Enjoyed no sooner but despised straight;

Past reason hunted; and no sooner had,

Past reason hated, as a swallowed 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 proved, a very woe;

Before, a joy proposed; behind, a dream:

All this the world well knows; yet none knows well

To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

Sonnets. CXXX.

CXXX.

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun; Coral is far more red than her lips' red: If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun; If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head. 4 I have seen roses damasked, 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. 8 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; 12 And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare As any she belied with false compare.

CXXXI. Sonnets. CXXXI. Thou art as tyrannous, so as thou art, As those whose beauties proudly make them cruel; For well thou know'st to my dear doting heart Thou art the fairest and most precious jewel. Yet, in good faith, some say that thee behold, Thy face hath not the power to make love groan: To say they err I dare not be so bold, Although I swear it to myself alone. 8 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. 12 In nothing art thou black save in thy deeds, And thence this slander, as I think, proceeds.

Sonnets. CXXXII.

CXXXII.

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, 8 As those two mourning eyes become thy face: O, let it then as well beseem thy heart To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee grace, And suit thy pity like in every part. 12 Then will I swear beauty herself is black, And all they foul that thy complexion lack.

CXXXIII.

Sonnets. CXXXIII.

8

12

Beshrew that heart that makes my heart to groan
For that deep wound it gives my friend and me!
Is't not enough to torture me alone,
But slave to slavery my sweet'st friend must be?
Me from myself thy cruel eye hath taken,
And my next self thou harder hast engrossed;
Of him, myself, and thee, I am forsaken;
A torment thrice three-fold thus to be crossed.
Prison my heart in thy steel bosom's ward,
But then my friend's heart let my poor heart bail;
Who e'er keeps me, let my heart be his guard;
Thou canst not then use rigour in my gaol:
And yet thou wilt; for I, being pent in thee,
Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.

Sonnets. CXXXIV

CXXXIV.

So now I have confessed that he is thine, And I myself am mortgaged 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 learned but surety-like to write for me, Under that bond that him as fast doth bind. 8 The statute of thy beauty thou wilt take, Thou usurer, that putt'st forth all to use, And sue a friend came debtor for my sake; So him I lose through my unkind abuse. I 2 Him have I lost; thou hast both him and me; He pays the whole and yet am I not free.

CXXXV. Sonnets. CXXXV. Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy Will, And Will to boot, and Will in over-plus; More than enough am I that vex thee still, To thy sweet will making addition thus. Wilt thou, whose will is large and spacious, Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine? Shall will in others seem right gracious, And in my will no fair acceptance shine? 8 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. 12 Let no unkind, no fair beseechers kill;

Think all but one, and me in that one Will.

Sonnets.

CXXXVI.

If thy soul check thee that I come so near, Swear to thy blind soul that I was thy Will, And will, thy soul knows, is admitted there; Thus far for love, my love-suit, sweet, fulfil. Will will fulfil the treasure of thy love, Ay, fill it full with wills, and my will one. In things of great receipt with ease we prove Among a number one is reckoned none. 8 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; I 2 Make but my name thy love, and love that still, And then thou lovest me, for my name is Will.

CXXXVII.

Thou blind fool, Love, what dost thou to mine eyes, That they behold, and see not what they see? They know what beauty is, see where it lies, Yet what the best is take the worst to be. If eyes, corrupt by over-partial looks, Be anchored in the bay where all men ride, Why of eye's falsehood hast thou forged hooks, Whereto the judgment of my heart is tied? 8 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? I 2 In things right true my heart and eyes have erred, And to this false plague are they now transferred.

Sonnets.

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 untutored 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 supprest. But wherefore says she not she is unjust? And wherefore say not I that I am old? O, love's best habit is in seeming trust, And age in love loves not to have years told:

Therefore I lie with her, and she with me, And in our faults by lies we flattered be.

8

O, call not me to justify the wrong That thy unkindness lays upon my heart; Wound me not with thine eye, but with thy tongue; Use power with power, and slay me not by art. Tell me thou lov'st elsewhere; but in my sight, Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eye aside. What need'st thou wound with cunning, when thy might Is more than my o'erpress'd defence can 'bide? Let me excuse thee: ah! my love well knows Her pretty looks have been mine enemies; And therefore from my face she turns my foes, That they elsewhere might dart their injuries: 12 Yet do not so: but since I am near slain, Kill me outright with looks, and rid my pain.

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; 8 For, if I should despair, I should grow mad, And in my madness might speak ill of thee: Now this ill-wresting world is grown so bad, Mad slanderers by mad ears believed be. 12 That I may not be so, nor thou belied, Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart go wide.

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 pleased to dote. Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tune delighted: Nor tender feeling, to base touches prone, Nor taste nor smell, desired to be invited To any sensual feast with thee alone: 8 But my five wits nor my five senses can Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee, Who leaves unswayed the likeness of a man, Thy proud heart's slave and vassal wretch to be: 12 Only my plague thus far I count my gain, That she that makes me sin, awards me pain.

Sonnets. CXLII.

CXLII.

8

12

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 profaned their scarlet ornaments
And sealed false bonds of love as oft as mine,—
Robbed 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. Sonnets. CXLIII. Lo, as a careful housewife runs to catch One of her feathered creatures broke away, Sets down her babe, and makes all swift 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 prizing her poor infant's discontent; 8 So runn'st thou 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: 12 So will I pray that thou mayst have thy Will, If thou turn back and my loud crying still.

Sonnets. CXLIV.

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, coloured ill. To win me soon to hell, my female evil Tempteth my better angel from my side, And would corrupt my saint to be a devil, Wooing his purity with her foul pride. 8 And whether that my angel be turned fiend, Suspect I may, yet not directly tell; But being both from me, both to each friend, I guess one angel in another's hell. 12 Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt, Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

CXLV.	Sonnets.
Those lips that Love's own hand did make	· · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·
Breathed forth the sound that said, "I hate,"	
To me that languished for her sake:	
But when she saw my woeful state,	ŀ
Straight in her heart did mercy come,	
Chiding that tongue, that ever sweet	
Was used in giving gentle doom;	
And taught it thus anew to greet:	3
"I hate," she altered with an end	
That followed it as gentle day	
Doth follow night, who, like a fiend,	
From heaven to hell is flown away.	3
"I hate" from hate away she threw,	
And saved my life, saying—" not you."	

Sonnets. CXLVI.

CXLVI.

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth, Pressed 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? 8 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: 12 So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men, And, Death once dead, there 's no more dying then.

CXLVII.

Sonnets. CXLVII.

My love is as a fever, longing still

For that which longer nurseth the disease;

Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,

The uncertain sickly appetite to please.

My reason, the physician to my love,

Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,

Hath left me, and I desperate now approve,

Desire is death, which physic did except.

Past cure I am, now reason is past care,

And frantic mad with evermore unrest;

My thoughts and my discourse as mad men's are,

At random from the truth vainly expressed;

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 censures falsely what they see aright? If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote, What means the world to say it is not so? If it be not, then love doth well denote Love's eye is not so true as all men's: no, 8 How can it? O how can Love's eye be true, That is so vexed with watching and with tears? No marvel then though I mistake my view; The sun itself sees not till heaven clears. 12 O cunning Love! with tears thou keep'st me blind, Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should find.

CXLIX. Sonnets. 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 forgot Am of myself, all tyrant, for thy sake? Who hateth thee that I do call my friend? On whom frown'st thou that I do fawn upon? Nay, if thou lour'st on me, do I not spend Revenge upon myself with present moan? 8 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? 12 But, love, hate on, for now I know thy mind: Those that can see thou lov'st, and I am blind.

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8

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? Who taught thee how to make me love thee more, The more I hear and see just cause of hate? O, though I love what others do abhor, With others thou shouldst not abhor my state; 12 If thy unworthiness raised love in me, More worthy I to be beloved of thee.

Sonnets. CLI. 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 farther reason; 8 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. 12 No want of conscience hold it that I call Her "love" for whose dear love I rise and fall.

Sonnete, CLIL 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 perjured 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 perjured I,
To swear against the truth so foul a lie!

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12

Sonnets. CLIII. 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 borrowed 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. 8 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 distempered guest, 12 But found no cure: the bath for my help lies Where Cupid got new fire, my mistress' eyes.

Sonnets. CLIV.

CLIV.

The little love-god lying once asleep Laid by his side his heart-inflaming brand, Whilst many nymphs that vowed chaste life to keep Came tripping by; but in her maiden hand The fairest votary took up that fire Which many legions of true hearts had warmed; And so the general of hot desire Was sleeping by a virgin hand disarmed. 8 This brand she quenched in a cool well by, Which from Love's fire took heat perpetual, Growing a bath and healthful remedy For men diseased; but I, my mistress' thrall, 12 Came there for cure, and this by that I prove, Love's fire heats water, water cools not love.

NOTES.

Sonnet II. 4. Tattered tottered, Q. Sonnet VII. 9. —pitch] pich, Q. Sonnet XII. 4. —all silvered o'er Malone. or siluer'd ore, Q. Sonnet XVII. 12. —metre] miter, Q. Sonnet XX. 2. —hast] ed. 1640. Haste, Q. Sonnet XXV. 9. —might | Capell. worth, Q. Sonnet XXVI. 11. —tattered] tottered, Q. Sonnet XXVI. 12. —thy] Malone. their, Q. Sonnet XXVIII. 12 —gild'st] guil'st, Q. Sonnet XXXI. 8. -thee lie] Gildon. there lie, Q. Sonnet XXXVII. 7. —thy parts Malone. their parts, Q. Sonnet XXXIX. 12. —doth] Malone. dost, Q. Sonnet XL. 7. —thyself] this selfe, Q. Sonnet XLIII. 11. —thy] their, Q. Sonnet XLIV. 13. —nought] naughts, Q. Sonnet XLV. 12. —thy] their, Q. Sonnet XLVI. 3. —thy] their, Q. Sonnet XLVI. 13, 14. —thine—thine] their their, Q. Sonnet XLVII. 10. —art] Malone. are, Q. Sonnet XLVII. 11. —not] ed. 1640. nor, Q. 159

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Sonnet L. 6. —dully] ed. 1640. duly, Q.
Sonnets.
            Sonnet LI. 10. —perfect'st] perfects, Q.
Notes.
            Sonnet LVI. 5. -to-day Malone. too daie. O.
            Sonnet LVI. 13. So Ed. As, Q.
            Sonnet LXIX. 3. —that due] Malone.
          end, Q.
            Sonnet LXIX. 5. Thy Malone.
                                              Their, Q.
            Sonnet LXIX. 14. —solve] Malone. Soyle, Q.
            Sonnet LXXIII. 4. -ruined choirs ruin'd quires,
          ed. 1640. Bare rn'wd quieres, O.
            Sonnet LXXVI. 7. -tell] Malone. fel, Q.
            Sonnet LXXVII. 10. —blanks] Theobald. blacks, Q.
            Sonnet LXXXV. 3. Rehearse thy Anon. conj.
          Reverse their, Q.
            Sonnet LXXXVI. 13r —filled] fild, Q.
            Sonnet XCI. 9. —better] ed. 1640. bitter, Q. Sonnet XCIX. 9. One] Sewell. Our, Q.
            Sonnet CII. 7. —her] Housman. his, Q.
            Sonnet CVI. 12. —skill] Malone. still, Q.
            Sonnet CVIII. 3. —new—now] Malone. new—
          now, Q.
            Sonnet CXI. 1. —with] Gildon. wish, Q.
            Sonnet CXII. 14. —methinks they've] Dyce. me-
          thinks y'are, Q.
            Sonnet CXIII. 6. —latch] Malone. lack, Q.
            Sonnet CXVI. 8. —height | higth, Q.
            Sonnet CXVII. 10. —surmise accumulate] Malone.
          surmise, accumilate, Q.
            Sonnet CXVIII. 5. —ne'er-cloying Malone. nere
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cloying, Q.

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Sonnet CXVIII. 10. —were not,] Gildon. were, Sonnets.
not, Q.
  Sonnet CXX. 6. -you've y'have, Q.
  Sonnet CXXV. 7. —sweet foregoing] Malone.
sweet; forgoing. O.
  Sonnet CXXVI. 8. —minutes] Malone. mynuet, Q. Sonnet CXXVII. 2. —were] weare, Q.
  Sonnet CXXVIII. 11. —thy] Gildon. their, Q.
  Sonnet CXXIX. 9. -madj Gildon. made, Q.
  Sonnet CXXIX. 11. —proved, a very] Sewell.
proved and very, Q.
  Sonnet CXXXII. 2. —torments] ed. 1640. tor-
ment, Q.
  Sonnet CXXXII. 9. -mourning] Gildon. morning,
  Sonnet CXLIV. 6. -side] "Passionate Pilgrim."
sight, Q.
  Sonnet CXLVI. 2. [Pressed by] Dowden. my
sinful earth, Q.
  Sonnet CXLVII. 12. —random] random, Q.
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Sonnet CLII. 13. I] Sewell. eye, Q.

Notes.

GLOSSARY.

Abuse, treat badly, xlii. 7. Accessary [accessory], xxxv. 13. Acquaintance, to take a new . . . of thy mind; thy mind will become acquainted fresh with lxxvii. 12. AE, in, in reality, clii. 3. Adder's sense, an allusion to the alleged deafness of the adder, cxii. 10. Admire, wonder at, cxxiii. 5. Adulterate [adulterous], cxxi. 5. Advantage, opportunity, cliii. 2. Advised respects, reasons wellthought-out, xlix. 4. After-loss, a loss sustained after and in consequence of a previous one, xc. 4. Aggravate, increase, cxlvi. 10. Alchemy, one of the special aims of alchemy was to transmute other metals to gold, xxxiii. 4. Allow, approve, cxii. 4. All they, those, i.e., thou art all they, xxxi. 14. Ambush of young days, the unexpected attacks of youthful vices, lxx. 9.

Amiss (sb.), fault, cli. 3. Annoy (sb.) [annoyance], viii. 4. Approve, prove, lxx. 5; find by trying, cxlvii. 7. April, spring-time; first bloom, iii. 10. Argument, subject-matter, *xxviii. 3; c111. 3; cv. 9. Array, clothe, bedeck. This is the probable meaning; it suits Prof. Dowden's emendation. Ingleby's suggested emendation "Leagued with," requires "array" to be interpreted "illtreat," cxlvi. 2. Art or Arts, learning, lxvi. 9; lxxviii. 12; lxxviii. 13. As, for example, lxvi. 2; that, lxxviii. 3. Astronomy [astrology], xiv. 2. Attaint, discredit, lxxxii. 2. Attend, await, xliv. 12. Authorising, sanctioning, xxxv. 6.

Bail (vb. in trans.), go free, cxxxiii. 10.

Bare, all, pure and simple, ciii. 3.

Sonnets. Glossary.

Base, low, xxxiii. 5; xxxiv. 3; worthless, c. 4; lascivious, cxli. 6. Bases, foundations, cxxv. 3. Bears it out, endures, cxvi. 12. Beated, battered, lxii. 10. Becoming of, making comely, cxxvii. 13; cl. 5. Befits [befit], xli. 3. Begetter, inspirer. Dedic. According to some editors it means "getter," or "obtainer," the sonnets being dedicated to the man who procured them for publication. Bequest, trust, iv. 3. Bereft, lost, v. 11. Besides, put — his part, put out, XXIII. 2. Better, improve upon, xci. 8. Bestow, shelter and equip, xxvi. Bevel, not perpendicular, cxxi. II. Beweep, lament, xxix. 2. Blanks, blank pages. Theobald's emendation for "blacks," lxxvii. 10. Blenches, aberrations, cx. 7. Bonds, claims, lxxxvii. 4. Bootless, vain, unavailing, xxix. Brave (vb. trans.), defy, xii. 14. Brave (adj.), beautiful, xii. 2. Bravery, splendour, xxxiv. 4. Breathers of this world, present generation, lxxxi. 12.

Bred, incorporated, cxii. 13. Breed, children, xii. 14. Broke [broken], cxliii. 2. Burthens [burdens], cii. 11.

Canker, canker-worm, xxxv. 4; XCV. 2. Canker vice, canker-worm vice, figurative for "slander," or "envy," lxx, 7. Canker-blooms, dog-roses, liv. 5. Captain (adj.), chief, lii. 8. Carcanet, necklace, lii. 8. Case, condition, cviii. 9. Censures, judges, exlviii. 4. Ceremony, perfect, complete expression, xxiii. 6. Character, delineate, cviii. 1; cxxii. 2. Charged, attacked, lxx. 10. Charter of thy worth, the deed in which thy worth is registered, lxxxvii. 3. Chest, Time's, the grave, lxv. 10. Chide, restrain the influence of, xli. 10. Chopped, made rough, lxii. 10. Choirs, bare ruined, the poet is comparing the bare trees of autumn or winter with the ruined choirs of church-buildings, lxxiii. 4. 'Cide, decide, xlvi. 9. Clean, completely, lxxv. 10. Closure, enclosure, xlviii. 11. Compare, comparison, xxi. 5; CXXX. 14.

Compeers by night, probably an allusion to Chapman's Shadow of Night, lxxxvi. 7. Compile, compose, lxxviii. 9. Composed wonder, extraordinary beauty of composition, lix. 10. Compounds strange, possibly a reference to Chapman's manner of coining compounds, especially in his Homer, lxxvi. Conceit, conception, xv. 9; xxvi. 7; cviii. 13. Confound, make worthless, lx. 8; lxix. 7. Confounding, destroying, nullifying, lxiii. 10. Content, i.e., thy powers and possibilities, i. II. Contents, these, the contents of these writings, lv. 3. Contracted, betrothed, i. 5. Converted, turned away, vii. 11. Convertest, turnest away, xi. 4. Copy, design, xi. 14. Cost, expenditure, lxiv. 2. Counterfeit, portrait, xvi, 8; liii. Couplement, union, xxi. 5. Crawls to maturity, indicating slow and abject progress to maturity, lx. 6. Grooked, indicating adverse circumstances, lx. 7. Curious, critical, xxxviii. 13. Date, limit, xiv. 14.

Dateless, endless, xxx. 6; eternal, Sonnets. Glossary. cliii. 6. Dates, terms of existence, exxiii. 5. Debate, quarrel, lxxxix. 13. Decays, cause to decay, lxv. 8. Decay (sb.), cause of ruin, lxxx. Dedicated words, words of dedication, lxxxii. 3. Defett [defects], cxlix. 11. Delves the parallels, makes the furrows, lx. 10. Desart [desert], xlix. 10. Determinate, ended, lxxxvii. 4. Determination, limit, xiii. 6. Directed, i.e., directed towards thee, xliii. 4. Distillation, perfumes distilled from flowers, v. 9. Distilled, give up (thy) perfume, Double-vantage, benefit doubly or twofold, lxxxviii. 12. Doubting, suspecting, lxxv. 6. Down-razed, razed to the ground, lxiv. 3. Dressings, trimmings up, cxxiii. 4. Eager, sharp, acid, cxviii. 2. Embassage, message, xxvi. 3.

Eager, sharp, acid, cxviii. 2.
Embassage, message, xxvi. 3.
Enlarged, at liberty, lxx. 12.
Essays, attemps, cx. 8.
Esteem, valuation, cxxvii. 12.
Esteeming, estimation, cii. 3.
Estimate, value, lxxxvii. 2.
Evermore (adj.), everlasting, cxlvii. 10.

Sonnets. Glossary. Example (vb. trans.), exemplify, lxxxiv. 4.

Except, object to, cxlvii. 8.

Expiate, bring to a close, xxii. 4.

Extern, external show, cxxv. 2.

Extremity swift, the extreme of swiftness, li. 6.

Fair, beauty, xvi. 11; xviii. 10;

lxviii. 3; lxxxiii. 2.

Fairing, making fair, exxvii. 6. Fame, make famous, lxxxiv. 11. Famoused, renowned, celebrated, xxv. 9. Favour, outward appearance, cxiii. 10; cxxv. 5. Fearful, full of fear, lxv. 9. Fester, corrupt, xciv. 14. Filed, polished and elaborated, lxxxv. 4. Fits, suits, CXX. I2. Fitted, started by paroxysms, cxix. 7. Five wits, given by Stephen Hawes (Graunde Amour, &c.) as "common wit, imagination, fantasy, estimation, and memory." cxli. 9. Flattery, self-deception, cxiv. 2, 9. Foison, plenty, liii. 9. Foist, try to pass off, cxxiii. 6. Fond, foolish, iii. 7. Fond on, dote on, lxxxiv. 14. For, for fear of, lii. 4; because, liv. 9; xcix. 6; cvi. 11. Fore, before, vii. 11.

Foregone, previously endured, xxx. 9.

Forgot [forgotten], lxxi. 7.

Form, good appearance, lxxxix. 6.

Frequent, intimate, cxvii. 5.

Front, beginning, cii. 7.

Fulfil, fill to the full, cxxxvi. 4, 5.

Fury, poetic fire, c. 3.

Gaze, appearance, v. 2,
General, chief cause, cliv. 7.
Go wide, i.e., depart from virtue,
cxl. 14.
Gored mine own thoughts, wounded
my self-respect, cx. 3.
Gracious, full of grace and beauty,
lxii. 5.
'Greeing is, agrees, cxiv. 11.
Gust, taste, cxiv. 11.

Happies, makes happy, vi. 6.
Haply, by good luck, xxix. 10.
Hearsay (sb.), common talk, xxi.
13.
Heavy, morose, xcviii. 4.
Height, altitude, cxvi. 8.
His [its], ix. 10; lvi. 4; xci. 5; xciv. 12; xcv. 14; cxiii. 3, 7.
Holds, remains, xv. 2.
Husbandry, economy, xiii. 10.

Idle rank, poor dignity, cxxii. 3. Ill-wresting, putting an evil construction on anything, cxl. 11. Image, likeness, iii. 14. Imaginary, imaginative, xxvii. 9. Impannelled, placed on the pane or list, xlvi. 9

Import, imply, cxxii. 14. Imprisoned absence of your liberty, separation from you which is proper to your state of freedom, but which to me is imprisonment " (Dowden), lviii. 6. Incertainties [uncertainties], cvii. 7. Inconstant, unconstant, xv. 9. Indigest, formless, cxiv. 5. Indirectly, artificially, lxvii. 7. Inhabit, dwell, Ixviii. 4. Inhearse, entomb, lxxxvi. 3. Injurious, hostile, xliv. 2. Insults o'er, triumphs over, cvii. Intend, direct, xxvii. 6. Interest, rightful claim, xxxi. 7. Inviting time, time that invites to, cxxiv. 8. Inward (sb.), inside, cxxviii. 6.

Jacks, keys of the virginal, CXXVIII. 5, 13.

Lace, embellish, lxvii. 4. Lameness, probably metaphorical, lxxxix. 3. Latch, catch, cxiii. 6. Leave, give-to go; dismiss, li. 14. Leese, lose, v. 14. Level, aim, cxxi. 9. Light, lightly, lxxxviii. 1. Like, alike, cxxxii. 12. Like as, just as, cxviii. 1. Like of, like, xxi. 13.

Liker, more like, xvi. 8. distilling Glossary. Limbecs, alembics, vessels, cxix. 2. Main of light, mighty expanse of light, metaphor for the "world," lx. 5. Makeless, without a 'make' [mate], ix. 4. Many's, of many, xciii. 7. Map, pattern, lxviii. 1. Matter, no such, nothing of the kind, lxxxvii. 14. Memory, memorials, cxxii. 2. Merchandised, made common, cii. 3. Methinks, it seems to me, xiv. 2; lxii. 5; civ. 11; cxii. 14. Millioned, innumerable, cxv. 5. Mind, thought, lix. 8. Misprision, mistake, lxxxvii. 11. Moan (vb. trans.), bemoan, xxx. 8. More (sb.), greater gift, xi. 11; xxiii. 12 (1st and 3rd). More (sb.), addition, xl. 4; more and less, i.e., high and low, xcvi. 3. More (adj.), better, xxiii. 12 (2nd). Mortal, deadly, hence destructive, lxiv. 4. Motion, sense of progress or advance, li. 8. Motley, fool, jester, cx. 2. Mouthed graves, all devouring graves, lxxvii. 6. New, afresh, xciii. 3.

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New-fangled ill, new fashioned but unsuitable, xci. 3. New-found, cf. modern, lxxvi. 4. Niggard, strict, lxxii. 8. Niggarding, being miserly, i. 12. Noted, familiar, well-known, lxxvi. 6. Noon, meridian of life, vii. 13. Numbers, verse, xvii. 6; xxxviii. 12. Obsequious, dutiful, xxxi. cxxv. 9. Odeur, reputation, lxix. 13. O'ergreen, cover as with leaves, embellish, cxii. 4. O'erlook, peruse, lxxxii. 2. O'erpressed, overstrained, cxxxix. 8. Old excuse, excuse of oldness, ii. Overgoes, transcends, ciii. 7. Owe, possess. xviii. 10; lxx. 14. Painful, toilsome, laborious, xxv. Parallels, lines, lx. 10. Partake, with thee, take thy part, cxlix. 2. Particulars, particular things, xci. 7. Pass, issue, ciii. II. Peace of you, peace that comes of possessing you, lxxv. 3. Perspective, the power of looking through; there is probably allusion to the science of perspective, xxiv. 4.

Pitch, height, vii. 9. Pluck, derive, xiv. 1. Poverty, poverty in composition, ciii. I. Predict (sb.), prediction, xiv. 8. Presagers, interpreters, xxiii. 10. Privilege (vb. trans.), authorise the use of, lviii. 10. not; not regarding, Prising, cxliii. 8. Proud full sail, probably refers to the fourteen-syllable lines of Chapman's "Iliad" (Minto), lxxxvi. 1. *Proud-pied*, gorgeously variegated, xcviii. 2. Prove, become, viii. 14; find, lxxii. 4; cliii. 7. Pyramids, metaphor for things great and grand, exxiii. 2.

Quest, jury (cf. inquest), xlvi.10. Quick objetts, objetts perceived in swift succession, as the eye moves, cxiii. 7. Quietus, acquittance, cxxvi. 12.

Rack, dark floating clouds, xxxiii.
6.
Ragged, rugged, rough, vi. 1.
Ranged, roamed, cix. 5.
Rank, sick, cxviii. 12; evil
cxxi. 12.
Rarities, i.e.. rare things and
therefore excellent, lx. 11.
Receipt, capacity, cxxxvi. 7.
Recured, restored, xlv. 9.

Reeks, exhales, comes forth, cxxx. 8. Refuse of thy deeds, worst of thy actions, cl. 6. Region (adj.), belonging to the region above, xxxiii. 12. Remembered, reminded, cxx. 9. Remover, he who changes his affection, cxvi. 4. Remove, change one's affection, fall away, cxvi. 4. Render mutual, give and take, CXXV. 12. Render, surrender, cxxvi. 12. Renewed, thoroughly changed, cxi. 8. Reserve, still keep, xxxii. 7. Respects, reasons, xlix. 4. Resty, indolent, c. 9. Retention, method of keeping facts in memory, cxxii. 9. Right of sepulchres, what was due to the sepulchre, lxviii. 6. Rotten, damp, xxxiv. 4. Rondure, circumference, xxi. 8. Ruinate, ruin, x. 7.

Salve, healing apology, cxx. 12. Satire, be a — to, satirise, c. 11. Scaped, escaped from, xc. 5. Seconds, second quality in flour, CXXV. II. Seldom (adj.), rare, lii. 4. Set, esteem, lxxxviii. 1. Several plot, "on enclosed field," CXXXVI. 9. Shadow, image, xxvii. 10; xxxvii.

10; external appearance, lxvii. Sonnets. Sheeds [sheds], xxxiv. 13. Solve, solution, lxix. 14. Sort, manner, xxxvi. 13; xcvi. 13. Sourly, harshly, xxxv. 14; xli. 8. Spites [spite], xl. 14. Stain, grow dim (with play on literal meaning), xxxiii. 14. Stand against, endure, xxxviii. 6. State, condition, lxiv. 9; magnificence, lxiv. 10; power cxxiv. I. Stelled, placed, fixed, xxiv. 1. Store, made for, reserved for sowing. xi. 9. Straight, straightway, lxxxix. 3; c. 5; cxlv. 5. Strange shadows, shadows of other persons, liii. 2. Strange, estranged, lxxxix. 8. Strength, support, xlix. 13. Successive, by right of succession, cxxvii. 3. Sufferance, suffering, lviii. 7. Suggest, tempt, cxliv. 2. Sum, compute, ii. 11. Suspect, suspicion, lxx. 3, 13. Surly, gloomy, lxxi. 2. Sweet (sb.) sweetness, xcix. 14. Swift extremity, extreme of swift-

Glossary.

Table, tablet, xxiv. 2; cxxii. 1, 12. Tallies, notches cut on sticks for keeping accounts, exxii. 10. Tell o'er, recount, xxx. 10,

ness, li. 6.

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Tender, offer, lxxxiii. 4. That, so that, xcviii. 4. Thrall, slave, cliv. 12. Thralled, kept down, held in subjection, cxxiv. 7. *Think*, think of, xliv. 8. Time, society, cxvii. 6. Times, ages, xi. 7; Times in hope, ages to come, lx. 13. Tires, head-dresses, liii. 8. Transfix the flourish youth, destroy youthful beauty, lx. 9. Truth, fidelity, cx. 5. T. T., Thomas Thorpe, the publisher, Dedic. Twire, twinkle, xxviii. 12. Tyrant, all; complete tyrant, cxlix. 4.

Unbless, fail to make happy, iii. 4. Under, that is under (i.e., below), vii. 2. Uneared, unploughed, iii. 5. *Unfair*, make unfair, v. 4. *Unfathered*, having no father, xcvii. 10; cxxiv. 2. Unperfect, not perfect (in his part), xxiii. 1. Unrespected, without paying attention, xliii. 2; unregarded, liv. 10. Untainted, not faded, xix. 11. Unthrift, prodigal, ix. 9. Untrue, untruly, lxxii. 10. Unprovident, reckless of the future. x. 2. User, possessor, ix. 12.

Vade [fade], liv. 10.
Vantage (vb. trans.), profit, advantage, lxxxviii. 12.
Vaunt, mount upwards, xv. 7.
Vengeful, revengeful, vindictive, xcix. 13.

Warrantise, evidence, cl. 7. Wasteful, devastating, lv. 5. W. H. Numerous explanations of these initials have been suggested; only two are worth consideration. (1) W. H.= William Herbert, Earlof Pembroke, to whom the first folio of Shakespeare's plays was dedicated. (2) W.H. inverted for H.W. = Henry Wriothesly, Earl of Southampton, to whom "Venus and Adonis" and "Lucrece" were dedicated. For the detailed evidence, see the editions of the Sonnets by Prof. Dowden and Mr. Thomas The evidence is not Tyler. completely convincing for either; the matter is therefore See Begetter. still open. Dedic.

Whenas, when, xlix. 3.
Whe'r [whether], lix. 11.
Will, notice the play on "will"
and "wish;" these sonnets
have greater point if the name
of the poet's friend is "Will."
(see W. H.) cxxxv, cxxxvi,
cxliii.

Wink, close the eyes, xliii.1; lvi.6.
Wooed of time, ... slander, slander
made mild by the influence of
time, lxx. 6.
Wit, wise conduct, cxl. 5.
With, together with, v. 11.
Without all bail, i.e., allowing no
bail, lxxiv. 2.

Wrack [wreck], cxxvi. 5.
Wracked [wrecked], lxxxii.
11.
Wrackful, destructive, lxv. 6.

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Youngly, in the time of youth, xi. 3.

THE MINOR POEMS.

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

First printed at the end of the Sonnets in the Quarto of 1609. It is not mentioned on the title-page; it begins on page 70 with the heading, "A Louers complaint. By William Shake-speare."

The poem is composed of 47 7-line stanzas and contains 329 lines.

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

ROM 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-tuned 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 carcase of a beauty spent and done. Time had not scythed all that youth begun, Nor youth all quit; but, spite of heaven's fell rage, Some beauty peeped through lattice of seared age.

14

3I

Oft did she heave her napkin to her eyne, Which on it had conceited characters, Laundering the silken figures in the brine That seasoned woe had pelleted in tears, And often reading what contents it bears; As often shrieking undistinguished woe, In clamours of all size, both high and low.

A Lover's Complaint. Sometimes her levelled eyes their carriage ride, As they did battery to the spheres intend; Sometimes diverted their poor balls are tied To the orbed earth: sometimes they do extend Their view right on; anon their gazes lend To every place at once, and nowhere fixed, The mind and sight distractedly commixed.

28

Her hair, nor loose, nor tied in formal plat, Proclaimed in her a careless hand of pride; For some, untucked, descended her sheaved hat, Hanging her pale and pined cheek beside; Some in her threaden fillet still did bide, And, true to bondage, would not break from thence, Though slackly braided in loose negligence.

35

A thousand favours from a maund she drew Of amber, crystal, and of bedded jet, Which one by one she in a river threw, Upon whose weeping margent she was set; Like usury, applying wet to wet, Or monarch's hands that lets not bounty fall Where want cries "some," but where excess begs all. 42

Of folded schedules had she many a one, Which she perused, sighed, tore, and gave the flood; Cracked many a ring of posied gold and bone, Bidding them find their sepulchres in mud; Found yet moe letters sadly penned in blood, With sleided silk feat and affectedly Enswathed and sealed to curious secresy.

49

These often bathed she in her fluxive eyes,
And often kissed and often gave to tear;
Cried, "O false blood, thou register of lies,
What unapproved witness dost thou bear!
Ink would have seemed 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 grazed 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 fastly drew; And, privileged by age, desires to know In brief, the grounds and motives of her woe.

So slides he down upon his grained bat, 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 promised 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. 70

63

A Lover's

Complaint.

77

A Lover's Complaint. "But woe is me! too early I attended A youthful suit, it was to gain my grace, Of one by nature's outwards so commended, That maiden's eyes stuck over all his face: Love lacked a dwelling and made him her place; And when in his fair parts she did abide, She was new lodged and newly deified.

84

"His browny locks did hang in crooked curls; And every light occasion of the wind Upon his lips their silken parcels hurls. What's sweet to do, to do will aptly find: Each eye that saw him did enchant the mind; For on his visage was in little drawn, What largeness thinks in paradise was sawn.

91

"Small show of man was yet upon his chin; His phœnix down began but to appear, Like unshorn velvet, on that termless skin, Whose bare out-bragged the web it seemed to wear; Yet showed his visage by that cost more dear; And nice affections wavering stood in doubt If best were as it was, or best without.

98

105

"His qualities were beauteous as his form,
For maiden-tongued he was, and thereof free;
Yet, if men moved 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 authorized youth
Did livery falseness in a pride of truth.

,

"Well could he ride, and often men would say
That horse his mettle from his rider takes:
Proud of subjection, noble by the sway,
What rounds, what bounds, what course, what stop he
And controversy hence a question takes,
[makes!
Whether the horse by him became his deed,
Or he his manage by the well-doing steed.

"But quickly on this side the verdict went;
His real habitude gave life and grace
To appertainings and to ornament,
Accomplished in himself, not in his case.
All aids, themselves made fairer by their place,
Came for additions; yet their purposed trim
Pieced not his grace, but were all graced by him.

"So on the tip of his subduing tongue
All kind of arguments and question deep,
All replication prompt and reason strong,
For his advantage still did wake and sleep:
To make the weeper laugh, the laugher weep,
He had the dialect and different skill
Catching all passions in his craft of will;

"That he did in the general bosom reign Of young, of old, and sexes both enchanted, To dwell with him in thoughts, or to remain In personal duty, following where he haunted: Consents bewitched, ere he desire, have granted; And dialogued for him, what he would say, Asked their own wills and made their wills obey.

133

119

126

A Lover's Complaint

A Lover's Complaint.

"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 assigned;
And labouring in moe pleasures to bestow them,
Than the true gouty landlord which doth owe them: 140

"So many have, that never touched his hand, Sweetly supposed them mistress of his heart. My woeful self, that did in freedom stand, And was my own fee-simple, not in part, What with his art in youth, and youth in art, Threw my affections in his charmed power, Reserved the stalk and gave him all my flower.

"Yet did I not, as some my equals did, Demand of him, nor being desired yielded; Finding myself in honour so forbid, With safest distance I mine honour shielded: Experience for me many bulwarks builded Of proofs new-bleeding, which remained the foil Of this false jewel, and his amorous spoil.

"But ah! who ever shunned by precedent The destined ill she must herself assay? Or forced examples, 'gainst her own content, To put the by-passed perils in her way? Counsel may stop awhile what will not stay; For when we rage, advice is often seen By blunting us to make our wits more keen.

161

147

154

"Nor gives it satisfaction to our blood, A Lover's That we must curb it upon others' proof, Complaint. To be forbad the sweets that seem so good, For fear of harms that preach in our behoof. O appetite, from judgment stand aloof! The one a palate hath that needs will taste, Though reason weep, and cry 'It is thy last.' **168** "For further I could say, 'This man's untrue,' And knew the patterns of his foul beguiling; Heard where his plants in others' orchards grew, Saw how deceits were gilded in his smiling; Knew vows were ever brokers to defiling; Thought characters and words, merely but art, And bastards of his foul adulterate heart. 175 "And long upon these terms I held my city, Till thus he 'gan besiege me: 'Gentle maid, Have of my suffering youth some feeling pity, And be not of my holy vows afraid: That's to ye sworn to none was ever said; For feasts of love I have been called unto, Till now did ne'er invite, nor never vow. 182 "'All my offences that abroad you see Are errors of the blood, none of the mind; Love made them not; with acture they may be,

189

They sought their shame that so their shame did find;

Where neither party is nor true nor kind:

And so much less of shame in me remains, By how much of me their reproach contains. A Lover's Complaint. "'Among the many that mine eyes have seen, Not one whose flame my heart so much as warmed, Or my affection put to the smallest teen, Or any of my leisures ever charmed: Harm have I done to them, but ne'er was harmed; Kept hearts in liveries, but mine own was free, And reigned, commanding in his monarchy.

106

210

"'Look here what tributes wounded fancies sent me, Of pallid 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 encrimsoned mood; Effects of terror and dear modesty, Encamped in hearts, but fighting outwardly.

"'And lo! behold the talents of their hair, With twisted metal amorously impleached, I have received from many a several fair, Their kind acceptance weepingly beseeched, With the annexions of fair gems enriched, And deep-brained sonnets that did amplify Each stone's dear nature, worth and quality.

"'The diamond, why 'twas beautiful and hard, Whereto his invised properties did tend; The deep-green emerald, in whose fresh regard Weak sights their sickly radiance do amend; The heaven-hued sapphire and the opal blend With objects manifold; each several stone, With wit well blazoned, smiled or made some moan. 217

"'Lo! all these trophies of affections hot, Of pensived and subdued desires the tender, Nature hath charged 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.

A Lover's Complaint.

"'O then advance of yours that phraseless hand, Whose white bears down the airy scale of praise; Take all these similes to your own command, Hallowed 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.

224

"' Lo! this device was sent me from a nun, Or sister sanctified of holiest note; Which late her noble suit in court did shun, Whose rarest havings made the blossoms dote; For she was sought by spirits of richest coat, But kept cold distance, and did thence remove, To spend her living in eternal love 231

"But O, my sweet, what labour is't to leave The thing we have not, mastering what not strives, Playing the place which did no form receive, Playing patient sports in unconstrained gyves? She that her fame so to herself contrives, The scars of battle 'scapeth by the flight, And makes her absence valiant, not her might.

A Lover's Complaint. "'O pardon me, in that my boast is true; The accident which brought me to her eye, Upon the moment did her force subdue, And now she would the caged cloister fly: Religious love put out religion's eye: Not to be tempted, would she be immured, And now, to tempt all, liberty procured.

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 congest, As compound love to physic your cold breast.

259

"'My parts had power to charm a sacred nun. Who, disciplined, ay, dieted in grace, Believed 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.

266

"" 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 And sweetens, in the suffering pangs it bears, [shame, The aloes of all forces, shocks, and fears.

"'Now all these hearts that do on mine depend, Feeling it break, with bleeding groans they pine, And supplicant their sighs to you extend, To leave the battery that you make 'gainst mine, Lending soft audience to my sweet design, And credent soul to that strong-bonded oath, That shall prefer and undertake my troth.'

A Lover's Complaint.

"This said, his watery eyes he did dismount,
Whose sights till then were levelled on my face;
Each cheek a river running from a fount,
With brinish current downward flowed apace:
O how the channel to the stream gave grace!
Who, glazed with crystal, gate the glowing roses
That flame through water which their hue encloses. 287

280

"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 extincture hath!

294

"For lo! his passion, but an art of craft, Even there resolved my reason into tears; There my white stole of chastity I daffed, 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 poisoned me, and mine did him restore.

A Lover's Complaint. "In him a plenitude of subtle matter, Applied to cautels, all strange forms receives, Of burning blushes or of weeping water, Or swounding 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;

308

"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, veiled in them, did win whom he would maim: Against the thing he sought he would exclaim; When he most burned in heart-wished luxury, He preached pure maid, and praised cold chastity.

315

"Thus merely with the garment of a Grace The naked and concealed fiend he covered, That the unexperient gave the tempter place, Which, like a cherubin, above them hovered. Who, young and simple, would not be so lovered? Ah me! I fell; and yet do question make What I should do again for such a sake.

322

"O, that infected moisture of his eye, O, that false fire which in his cheek so glowed, O, that forced thunder from his heart did fly, O, that sad breath his spongy lungs bestowed, O, all that borrowed motion, seeming owed, Would yet again betray the fore-betrayed, And new pervert a reconciled maid!"

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

This miscellany of 20 Songs and Sonnets was first published in 1599. The words "By W. Shakespeare" are on the title-pages of the 1599 and 1612 editions. Of the twenty poems only five are certainly by Shakespeare, viz., I., II., III., V., XVI. The probable authors of four others (VIII, XI, XIX, XX) are indicated above the respective poems; the authors of the remaining eleven are still unknown.

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

I.

(Cf. Sonnet 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 untutored 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, Outfacing faults in love with love's ill rest. 8 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. I2 Therefore I'll lie with love, and love with me, Since that our faults in love thus smothered be.

II.

(Cf. Sonnet CXLIV.)

Two loves I have, of comfort and despair, That like two spirits do suggest me still; My better angel is a man right fair, My worser spirit a woman coloured ill. 4 To win me soon to hell, my female evil Tempteth my better angel from my side, And would corrupt my saint to be a devil, Wooing his purity with her fair pride. 8 And whether that my angel be turned fiend, Suspect I may, yet 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.

(Cf. "Love's Labour's Lost," iv. 3, 57-70.)

The Passionate Pilgrim.

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
'Gainst whom the world could not hold argument,
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?
Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.
A woman I forswore; but I will prove,
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;
Thy grace being gained cures all disgrace in me.
My vow was breath, and breath a vapour is;
Then, thou fair sun, that on this earth doth shine,
Exhale this vapour vow; in thee it is:
If broken, then it is no fault of mine.
If by me broke, what fool is not so wise
To break an oath, to win a paradise?

4

8

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; To win his heart, she touched him here and there: Touches so soft still conquer chastity. 8 But whether unripe years did want conceit, Or he refused to take her figured 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.

(Cf. "Love's Labour's Lost," iv. 2, 103-116.)

The Passionate Pilgrim.

If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?

O never faith could hold, if not to beauty vowed:

Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll constant prove;

Those thoughts, to me like oaks, to thee like osiers bowed.

Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes, Where all those pleasures live that art can comprehend. If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice; Well learned is that tongue that well can thee commend; 8 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.

21 N

VI.

Scarce had the sun dried up the dewy morn, And scarce the herd gone to the hedge for shade, When Cytherea, all in love forlorn, A longing tarriance for Adonis made, Under an osier growing by a brook, A brook where Adon used to cool his spleen. Hot was the day; she hotter that did look For his approach, that often there had been. 8 Anon he comes, and throws his mantle by, And stood stark naked on the brook's green brim; The sun looked on the world with glorious eye, Yet not so wistly as this queen on him: 12 He, spying her, bounced in, whereas he stood; "O Jove," quoth she, "why was not I a flood?"

The VII. Passionate Fair is my love, but not so fair as fickle, Pilgrim. 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 falser to deface her. Her lips to mine how often hath she joined, Between each kiss her oaths of true love swearing! 8 How many tales to please me hath she coined, Dreading my love, the loss whereof still fearing! Yet in the midst of all her pure protestings, Her faith, her oaths, her tears, and all were jestings. 12 She burnt with love, as straw with fire flameth, She burnt out love, as soon as straw out burneth; She framed the love and yet she foiled the framing, She bade love last, and yet she fell a turning. 16 Was this a lover, or a lecher whether?

Bad in the best, though excellent in neither.

VIII.

(First printed in Richard Barnfield's "Poems in Divers Humors," 1598.)

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 lov'st the one and I the other. 4 Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch Upon the lute doth ravish human sense; Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such, As passing all conceit needs no defence. 8 Thou lov'st to hear the sweet melodious sound That Phœbus' lute, the queen of music, makes; And I in deep delight am chiefly drowned, 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,

The Passionate Pilgrim.

8

Paler for sorrow than her milk-white dove,
For Adon's sake, a youngster proud and wild;
Her stand she takes upon a steep-up hill:
Anon Adonis comes with horn and hounds;
She, silly queen, with more than love's good will,
Forbade the boy he should not pass those grounds:
"Once," quoth she, "did I see a fair sweet youth
Here in these brakes deep-wounded with a boar,
Deep in the thigh, a spectacle of ruth!
See in my thigh," quoth she, "here was the sore."
She showed hers; he saw more wounds than one,
And blushing fled, and left her all alone.

X,

Sweet rose, fair flower, untimely plucked, soon vaded, Plucked in the bud and vaded in the spring!
Bright orient pearl, alack! too timely shaded!
Fair creature, killed too soon by death's sharp sting!
Like a green plum that hangs upon a tree,
And falls through wind before the fall should be.

I weep for thee and yet no cause I have;
For why thou left'st me nothing in thy will.
And yet thou left'st me more than I did crave;
For why I craved nothing of thee still:
O yes, dear friend, I pardon crave of thee;
Thy discontent thou didst bequeath to me.

(Printed with slight variations in Griffin's "Fidessa, more chaste than kind," 1596.)

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, she fell to him.

"Even thus," quoth she, "the warlike god embraced me;"
And then she clipped Adonis in her arms:
"Even thus," quoth she, "the warlike god unlaced me;"
As if the boy should use like loving charms.

"Even thus," quoth she, "he seized on my lips,"
And with her lips on his did act the seizure;
And as she fetched breath, away he skips,
And would not take her meaning nor her pleasure.

Ah, that I had my lady at this bay,
To kiss and clip me till I run away!

XII.

Crabbed age and youth cannot live together;
Youth is full of pleasance, age is full of care:
Youth like summer morn, age like winter weather;
Youth like summer brave, age like winter bare.
Youth is full of sport, age 's breath is short;
Youth is nimble, age is lame;
Youth is hot and bold, age is weak and cold;
Youth is wild, and age is tame.

Age, I do abhor thee, youth, I do adore thee;
O, my love, my love is young!
Age, I do defy thee; O sweet shepherd, hie thee,
For methinks thou stay'st too long.

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good, A shining gloss that vadeth 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.	4	The Passionate Pilgrim.
And as goods lost are seld or never found, As vaded gloss no rubbing will refresh, As flowers dead lie withered on the ground, As broken glass no cement can redress, So beauty, blemished once, for ever lost,	8	
In spite of physic, painting, pain, and cost.	12	

XIV.

Good night, good rest. Ah, neither be my share: She bad good night that kept my rest away; And daffed me to a cabin hanged with care, To descant on the doubts of my decay. "Farewell," quoth she, "and come again to-morrow;" Fare well I could not, for I supped with sorrow.

Yet at my parting sweetly did she smile, In scorn of friendship, nill I construe whether: 'T may be, she joyed to jest at my exile, 'T may be, again to make me wander thither: "Wander," a word for shadows like myself, As take the pain, but cannot pluck the pelf. 12

8

Lord, how mine eyes throw gazes to the east! My heart doth charge the watch; the morning rise Doth cite each moving sense from idle rest. Not daring trust the office of mine eyes, 16 While Philomela sits and sings, I sit and mark, And wish her lays were tuned like the lark;

For she doth welcome daylight with her ditty,
And drives away dark dismal-dreaming night:
The night so packed, I post unto my pretty;
Heart hath his hope and eyes their wished sight;
Sorrow changed to solace and solace mixed with sorrow;
For why; she sighed, and bade me come to-morrow. 24

Were I with her, the night would post too soon;
But now are minutes added to the hours;
To spite me now, each minute seems a moon;
Yet not for me, shine sun to succour flowers!
Pack night, peep day; good day, of night now borrow;
Short, night, to-night, and length thyself to-morrow.

XV.

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.

The XVI. Passionate (Ct "Love's Labour's Lost," iv. 3, 98—117.) Pilgrim. On a day, alack the day! Love, whose month was ever May, Spied a blossom passing fair Playing in the wanton air. Through the velvet leaves the wind, 5 All unseen 'gan passage find; That the lover, sick to death, Wished himself the heaven's breath. "Air," quoth he, "thy cheeks may blow; Air, would I might triumph so! 10 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 15 Juno but an Ethiope were; And deny himself for Jove, Turning mortal for thy love.

XVII.

The Passionate Pilgrim

(First printed in Weekes's "Madrigals," 1597.)

My flocks feed not, my ewes breed not, My rams speed not, all is amiss: Love's denying, faith's defying, Heart's renying, causer of this. All my merry jigs are quite forgot, All my lady's love is lost, God wot: Where her faith was firmly fixed in love, There a nay is placed without remove. One silly cross wrought all my loss;

O frowning Fortune, cursed, fickle dame! 10 For now I see, inconstancy

More in women than in men remain.

In black mourn I, all fears scorn I, Love hath forlorn me, living in thrall: Heart is bleeding, all help needing, O cruel speeding, fraughted with gall. My shepherd's pipe can sound no deal, My wether's bell rings doleful knell; My curtail dog, that wont to have played, Plays not at all, but seems afraid;

20

15

With sighs so deep, procures to weep, The Passionate In howling-wise, to see my doleful plight. Pilgrim. How sighs resound through heartless ground, Like a thousand vanquished men in bloody fight! Clear wells spring not, sweet birds sing not, 25 Green plants bring not forth their dye: Herds stands weeping, flocks all sleeping, Nymphs back peeping fearfully. All our pleasure known to us poor swains, All our merry meetings on the plains, 30 All our evening sport from us is fled, All our love is lost, for Love is dead. Farewell, sweet lass, thy like ne'er was For a sweet content, the cause of all my moan:

35

Poor Corydon must live alone;

Other help for him I see that there is none.

XVIII.

Whenas thine eye hath chose the dame,
And stalled the deer that thou shouldst strike,
Let reason rule things worthy blame,
As well as fancy, partial might:
Take counsel of some wiser head,
Neither too young nor yet unwed.

6

And when thou comest thy tale to tell, Smooth not thy tongue with filed talk, Lest she some subtle practice smell; A cripple soon can find a halt:

But plainly say thou lovest her well, And set thy person forth to sell.

I 2

What though her frowning brows be bent, Her cloudy looks will calm ere night; And then too late she will repent, That thus dissembled her delight; And twice desire, ere it be day, That which with scorn she put away.

What though she strive to try her strength, And ban and brawl, and say thee nay, Her feeble force will yield at length, When craft hath taught her thus to say:

"Had women been so strong as men, In faith you had not had it then."

The Passionate Pilgrim.

And to her will frame all thy ways;
Spare not to spend, and chiefly there
Where thy desert may merit praise,
By ringing in thy lady's ear:
The strongest castle, tower and town,
The golden bullet beats it down.

30

24

Serve always with assured trust,
And in thy suit be humble true;
Unless thy lady prove unjust,
Press never thou to choose anew:
When time shall serve, be thou not slack
To proffer, though she put thee back.

36

The wiles and guiles that women work,
Dissembled with an outward show,
The tricks and toys that in them lurk,
The cock that treads them shall not know.
Have you not heard it said full oft,
A woman's nay doth stand for nought?

Think women still to strive with men,
To sin and never for to saint:
There is no heaven, by holy then,
When time with age shall them attaint.
Were kisses all the joys in bed,
One woman would another wed.

48

But soft; enough,—too much I fear, Lest that my mistress hear my song; She will not stick to round me on th' ear, To teach my tongue to be so long: Yet will she blush, here be it said, To hear her secrets so bewrayed.

		an.
xix.		The Passionate
(Cf. Marlowe's "Come live with me and be my love.")		Pilgrim.
Live with me and be my love, And we will all the pleasures prove That hills and valleys, dales and fields, And all the craggy mountains yields.	4	
There will we sit upon the rocks, And see the shepherds feed their flocks, By shallow rivers, by whose falls Melodious birds sing madrigals.	8	
There will I make thee a bed of roses, With a thousand fragrant posies, A cap of flowers and a kirtle Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle.	12	
A belt of straw and ivy buds, With coral clasps and amber studs; And if these pleasures may thee move, Then live with me and be my love.	16	
Love's Answer. If that the world and love were young, And truth in every shepherd's tongue, These pretty pleasures might me move To live with thee and be thy love.		
20	20	

(First printed in Barnsield's "Poems in Divers Humors," 1598.)

As it fell upon a day, In the merry month of May, Sitting in a pleasant shade Which a grove of myrtles made, Beasts did leap and birds did sing, 5 Trees did grow and plants did spring. Everything did banish moan, Save the nightingale alone: She, poor bird, as all forlorn, Leaned her breast up-till a thorn, 10 And there sung the dolefull'st ditty, That to hear it was great pity: "Fie, fie, fie," now would she cry, "Teru, Teru," by and by: That to hear her so complain, 15 Scarce I could from tears refrain; For her griefs so lively shown, Made me think upon mine own. Ah, thought I, thou mourn'st in vain, None take pity on thy pain: 20 Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee; Ruthless bears, they will not cheer thee. King Pandion, he is dead; All thy friends are lapped in lead; All thy fellow birds do sing, 25 Careless of thy sorrowing.

Whilst as fickle fortune smiled, Thou and I were both beguiled.		The Passionate Pilgrim.
Every one that flatters thee Is no friend in misery.	20	
Words are easy like the wind;	30	
Faithful friends are hard to find.		
Every man will be thy friend,		
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend;		
But if store of crowns be scant,	35	
No man will supply thy want.	00	
If that one be prodigal,		
Bountiful they will him call:		
And with such-like flattering,		
"Pity but he were a king."	40	
If he be addict to vice,		
Quickly him they will entice;		
If to women he be bent,		
They have at commandement;		
But if Fortune once do frown,	45	
Then farewell his great renown:		
They that fawned on him before,		
Use his company no more.		
He that is thy friend indeed,		
He will help thee in thy need;	50	
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	5 5	
Faithful friend from flattering foe.		

THE PHŒNIX AND TURTLE.

First printed in 1601 among the additional poems at the end of Chester's "Love's Martyr: or Rosalin's Complaint." Shakespeare's name is appended to this poem.

Edited from Dr. Grosart's "Loves Martyr."

THE PHŒNIX AND TURTLE.

LET the bird of loudest lay,
On the sole Arabian tree,
Herald sad and trumpet be,
To whose sound chaste wings obey.

But thou shrieking harbinger, Foul pre-currer of the fiend, Augur of the fever's end, To this troop come thou not near!

8

I 2

16

20

From this session interdict Every fowl of tyrant wing, Save the eagle, feathered king: Keep the obsequy so strict.

Let the priest in surplice white, That defunctive music can, Be the death-divining swan, Lest the requiem lack his right.

And thou, treble-dated crow, That thy sable gender mak'st With the breath thou giv'st and tak'st, 'Mongst our mourners shalt thou go.

The Phœnix and Turtle.	Here the anthem doth commence Love and constancy is dead; Phænix and the Turtle fled In a mutual flame from hence.	24
	So they loved, 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 Phænix' sight: Either was the other's mine.	36
	Property was thus appalled, That the self was not the same; Single nature's double name Neither two nor one was called.	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."	The Phænix and Turtle.
Whereupon it made this threne To the Phænix 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 enclosed in cinders lie.	55
Death is now the Phœnix' nest; And the Turtle's loyal breast To eternity doth rest,	
Leaving no posterity:— 'Twas not their infirmity, It was married chastity.	60
Truth may seem, but cannot be: Beauty brag, but 'tis not she; Truth and beauty buried be.	
To this urn let those repair That are either true or fair; For these dead birds sigh a prayer.	65

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NOTES.

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

- 7. —sorrow's wind.] Sewell. —sorrowes, wind, O.
- 31. —sheav'd Camb. —sheaved, Sewell (ed. I). -sheu'd, Q.

 - 80. —of one] Malone. —O one, Q.
 118. —came] Sewell. —can, Q.
 164. —seem.] Gildon. —seemes, Q.
 228. Hallowed.] Sewell. Hollowed, Q.
 242. —gyves?] Camb. —quies, Q.
- 251, 2. —immured—procured Gildon, enur'd procure, Q.
 - 261. —disciplined, ay, dieted.] Dyce. —disci-

plin'd I dieted, Q.

305. —swounding.] Camb. —sounding, Q. (So also in 308.)

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

[It is printed here almost exactly as in edition 1599, although only certain sections are by Shakespeare.]

- IV. 5. —ear.] Malone. —eares, ed. 1599.
- 1x. 2. Omitted line first indicated by Malone.
- x. 8, 9. —left'st.] Malone. —lefts, ed. 1519
- xi. i. —young.] Griffin. Om., Q.

The Minor Poems. The Passionate Pilgrim. Notes.

xII. 12. —stay'st] Ewing. —staies, ed. 1599. xIII. 10. —cement] Sewell. —symant, ed. 1599. xiv. 15, 16. —rest. Not—eyes,] Malone. —rest, not-eies, ed. 1509. xiv. 27. —a moon.] Malone. —an houre, Q. Between xIV. and xV. in edition 1599 is found a second title: "Sonnets. To sundry notes of Musicke." xv. 3. —fair'st.] Dyce. —fairest, ed. 1599. xvi. 12. -thorn.] Malone. -throne, ed. 1599. xvII. 3. Love's denying.] Malone. "England's Helicon," Love is denying.) Love is dying, ed. 1599. xvII. 34. —moan.] "England's Helicon." —woe, ed. 1599. xvIII. 4. —partial might.] Malone. (1780.) —party all might, ed. 1599. xvIII. 12. —thy — sell] Malone. —her—sale, ed. 1599. xvIII. 51. th'ear] Gildon. th' are, ed. 1599.

GLOSSARY.

Accorded, assented, agreed, Comp., A&, play on, (1). Perpetrate, commit, (2), incite to, urge to, P.P., xi. 10. Acture, action, Comp., 185. Additt [addicted], P.P., xx. 41. Aloes, bitterness, Comp., 273. Annexions, additions, Comp., 208. Aptness, tendency, Comp., 306. Assay, try, Comp., 156. Assured, certain, confident, P.P., xviii. 31. Attended, turned my mind to, Comp., 78. Authorized, that gave authority or justification, Comp., 104.

Ban, curse, P.P., xviii. 20.
Bare, bareness, Comp., 95.
Bat, staff, Comp., 64.
Bedded, stratified, Comp., 37.
Blazoned, displayed, Comp., 217.
Blusterer, swaggerer, braggart,
Comp., 58.

Gan, knows, Ph., 14.

Carriage, course, Comp., 22. Case, outward appearance, dress, Comp., 116. Cautels, deceits, Comp., 303. Charge, blame, P.P., xiv. 14. Characters, figures, Comp., 16. Cherubin [cherub], Comp., 319. Cleft, two-fold, Comp., 293. Clip, embrace, P.P., xi. 14. Comely-distant, at a becoming distance, Comp., 65. Conceit, understanding, P.P., iv. 9; viii. 7, 8. Conceited, imaginative, Comp., 16. Consents, acts of consenting, Comp., 131. Contrives, devises, Comp., 243. Controversy, dispute, Comp., 110. Credent, credulous, Comp., 279. Curious, careful, Comp., 49. Curtail dog, common dog, not for sport, P.P., xvii. 19. Cytherea, Venus, vi. 3.

Minor Poems. Glossary.

Deal, no; not at all, P.P., xvii. 17. Deceit, deception, Comp. 172. Defunctive, funereal, Ph., 14. Descant, comment, discourse, P.P., xiv. 4. Descended, hung down from, Comp., 31. of speech, Dialett, manner Comp., 125. Different, distinct, Comp., 125. Dismount, lower, Comp., 281. Distincts, individuals, Ph., 27. Distract, separated, divided, Comp., 231. Dowland, John D. (1562-1615?), a famous musician, and especially lutenist, who published in 1597, 1600, 1603, his Three Books of Songs or Airs, and in 1612 "A Pilgrim's Solace," P.P., viii. 5. Doubts, fears, P.P., xiv. 4.

Ecstasy, excitement, Comp., 69.
Encrimsoned, having a crimson tinge, Comp., 201.
Empatron me, are my patron, Comp., 224.
Enswathed, enwrap, Comp., 49.
Extincture, extinction, Comp., 294.

Fastly, quickly, Comp., 61.
Fancy, imagination, Comp. 61;
P.P., xviii. 4.
Feat, dexterously, Comp., 48.

Fee-simple, absolute property, Comp., 144. Figured, shown by signs, P.P., iv. 10. Figuring, showing by signs, Comp., 199. Fluxive, flowing, Comp., 50. Foil, setting, Comp., 153. Foiled, spoiled, P.P., vii. 15.

Gate, close in, Comp., 286.

Gave to tear, shed tears, Comp.,
51.

Grained, rough, showing the
grain, Comp., 64.

Habitude, manners, Comp., 114. Havings, accomplishments, Comp., 235. Hie, hasten, P.P., xii. 11.

Impleached, entwined, Comp., 205.
Invised, unseen, Comp., 212.

Lapped, wrapped, P.P., xx. 24.
Largeness, comprehensiveness of view, Comp., 91.
Laundering, wetting, Comp., 17.
Lecher, one given up to lewdness, P.P., vii. 17.
Lets, sing. vb., with pl. subject, Comp., 41.
Level, aim, Comp., 309.
Levelled, directed, Comp., 282.
List, listen to, Comp., 4.

Livery, dress as in livery, Comp., 105.
Lovered, beloved, Comp., 320.

Man, manhood, Comp., 92.

Manage, management, Comp., 112.

Margent, bank, Comp., 39.

Maund, hand-basket, Comp., 36.

Mickle, great, P.P., xv. 9.

Moe [more], Comp., 47, 139.

Motives, causes, Comp., 63.

Napkin, handkerchief, Comp., 15.
Nill, will not, P.P., xiv. 8.

Observed, watched, Comp., 60. Out-bragged, surpassed, Comp., 95. Owe, own, Comp., 140. Owed, owned, Comp., 327.

Pack, begone, P.P., xiv. 29.
Parcels, groups, Comp., 87.
Pelletted, rounded, Comp., 18.
Pensived [pensive], Comp., 219.
Philomela, the nightingale, P.P., xiv. 17.
Phænix (adj.), rare, scanty, Comp., 93.
Phraseless, indescribable, Comp., 225.
Pieced, increased, Comp., 119.
Plaintful, plaintive, Comp., 2.
Posied, inscribed with posies, Comp., 45.

Proffer, offer, P.P., iv. 10.

Quit, departed, Comp., 13.

Minor Poems. Glossary.

Rents [rends], Comp., 55.
Renying, refusing, P.P., xvii. 4.
Re-worded, re-echoed, Comp., 1.
Replication, repartee, Comp., 122.
Rise, rising, P.P., xiv. 14.
Round, strike, P.P., xviii. 51.
Ruffle, brawl, Comp., 58.
Ruth, pity, P.P., ix. 11.

Sake, reason, Comp., 322. Sawn, sown, Comp., 91. Schedules, papers, Comp., 43. Seld, seldom, P.P., xiii. 7. Self-applied, applied to myself, Comp., 76. Senseless, without the senses, P.P., xx. 21. Several, individual, separate, Comp., 206, 216. Silly, innocent, P.P., xvii. 9. Sistering, neighbouring, Comp., Sleided, untwisted, Comp., 48. Sole, single, only, Ph., 2. Spongy, cellular, Comp., 326. Suffering, that is suffered, Comp., Suggest, tempt, P.P., ii. 2. Supplicant, suppliant, Comp., 276. Swiftest hours, i.e., the prime of life, Comp., 60.

Minor Poems. Glossary. Swound [swoon], Comp., 305, 308.

Talents, lockets made of hair, Comp., 204. Tarriance, tarrying, delay, P.P., vi. 4. Teen, pain, Comp., 192. Termless, indescribable, Comp., 94. Threaden, made of thread. Comp., 33. Threne, lamentation, Ph. 49. Top, height, Comp., 55. Toward, forward, bold, P.P., iv. Trim, arrangement, Comp., 118.

Unexperient, inexperienced, Comp., 318.

Unlaced, undressed, P.P., xi. 7.
Unmeet, unsuitable P.P., xvi.
13.
Untucked, released, loosened,
Comp., 31.

Vaded [faded], P.P., x. 1, 2. xiii. 2, 6, 8.

What, that which, Comp., 91.
Whenas, when, P.P., viii. 12;
P.P., xviii. 1.
Whereas, where, P.P., vi. 13.
Whether, which of the two, P.P..
vii., 17.
Who, which, Comp., 286.
Wistly, wistfully, P.P., vi. 12.
Wot, knows, P.P., xvii. 6.

KING HENRY VIII.

First printed in the Folio of 1623.

The play contains Prologue, Epilogue, 5 Acts, 16 Scenes, and 2,809 lines.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.

CARDINAL WOLSEY.

CARDINAL CAMPEIUS.

CAPUCIUS, Ambassador from the Emperor Charles the Fifth.

CRANMER, Archbishop of Canterbury.

Duke of Norfolk.

DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

EARL OF SURREY.

Lord Chamberlain.

Lord Chancellor.

GARDINER, Bishop of Winchester.

BISHOP OF LINCOLN.

LORD ABERGAVENNY.

LORD SANDS.

SIR HENRY GUILDFORD.
SIR ANTHONY DENNY

SIR THOMAS LOVELL. SIR NICHOLAS VAUX.

Secretaries to Wolsey.

Cromwell, Servant to Wolsey.

GRIFFITH, Gentleman-Usher to Queen Katharine.

Three other Gentlemen.

Garter King-at-Arms.

DR. BUTTS, Physician to the King.

Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.

Brandon, and a Sergeant-at-Arms.

Door-keeper of the Council-chamber. Porter, and his Man. Page to Gardiner. A Crier.

QUEEN KATHARINE, Wife to King Henry, afterwards divorced.

Anne Bullen, her Maid of Honour, afterwards Queen.

An old Lady, friend to Anne Bullen.

PATIENCE, Woman to Queen Katherine.

Several Lords and Ladies in the Dumb-shows; Women attending upon the Queen; Spirits, which appear to her; Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other attendants.

Scene: London and Westminster; once, at Kimbolton.

THE FAMOUS HISTORY OF THE LIFE OF KING HENRY VIII.

PROLOGUE.

I COME no more to make you laugh: things now That bear a weighty and a serious brow, Sad, high and working, full of state and woe, Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow, We now present. Those that can pity, here May, if they think it well, let fall a tear; The subject will deserve it. Such as give Their money out of hope they may believe, May here find truth too. Those that come to see Only a show or two and so agree The play may pass, if they be still and willing, I'll undertake, may see away their shilling Richly in two short hours. Only they That come to hear a merry, bawdy play, A noise of targets, or to see a fellow In a long motley coat guarded with yellow, Will be deceived; for, gentle hearers, know.

10

15

King Henry
VIII.

Prologue.

As fool and fight is, beside forfeiting
Our own brains and the opinion that we bring
To make that only true we now intend,
Will leave us never an understanding friend.
Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you are known
The first and happiest hearers of the town,
Be sad, as we would make ye: think, ye see

20

25

30

The very persons of our noble story,
As they were living; think, you see them great
And followed with the general throng and sweat
Of thousand friends; then in a moment see
How soon this mightiness meets misery!
And if you can be merry then, I'll say
A man may weep upon his wedding day.

ACT I.

Scene I.—London. An Antechamber in the Palace.

Enter the Duke of Norfolk, at one door; at the other, the Duke of Buckingham and the Lord Abergavenny.

Buckingham.

GOOD morrow, and well met. How have ye done, Since last we saw in France?

Nor. I thank your grace:

Healthful; and ever since a fresh admirer Of what I saw there.

Buck. An untimely ague
Stayed me a prisoner in my chamber, when
Those suns of glory, those two lights of men,
Met in the vale of Andren.

5

Nor. 'Twixt Guynes and Arde:
I was then present, saw them salute on horseback;
Beheld them, when they lighted, how they clung
In their embracement as they grew together;
Which had they, what four throned ones could have weighed

King Henry Such a compounded one?

VIII. Buck. All the whole time

I. I. I was my chamber's prisoner.

Nor. Then you lost The view of earthly glory: men might say, Till this time pomp was single, but now married 15 To one above itself. Each following day Became the next day's master, till the last Made former wonders its. To-day, the French, All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods, Shone down the English: and to-morrow, they 20 Made Britain, India; every man that stood Their dwarfish pages were Showed like a mine. As cherubins, all gilt: the madams too, Not used to toil, did almost sweat to bear The pride upon them, that their very labour 25 Was to them as a painting. Now this masque Was cried incomparable; and the ensuing night Made it a fool and beggar. The two kings, Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst, As presence did present them; him in eye 30 Still him in praise: and being present both, 'Twas said they saw but one, and no discerner Durst wag his tongue in censure. When these suns, For so they phrase 'em, by their heralds challenged The noble spirits to arms, they did perform 35 Beyond thought's compass; that former fabulous story, Being now seen possible enough, got credit, That Bevis was believed.

Buck.

O, you go far

Nor. As I belong to worship and affect In honour honesty, the tract of everything Would by a good discourser lose some life,	40	King Henry VIII. I. 1.
Which action's self was tongue to. All was royal; To the disposing of it nought rebelled,		
Order gave each thing view; the office did		
Distinctly his full function.		
Buck. Who did guide?	45	
I mean, who set the body and the limbs		
Of this great sport together, as you guess?		
Nor. One, certes, that promises no element		
In such a business.		
Buck. I pray you, who, my lord?		
Nor. All this was ordered by the good discretion	50	
Of the right reverend Cardinal of York.		
Buck. The devil speed him! no man's pie is freed		
From his ambitious finger. What had he		
To do in these fierce vanities? I wonder		
That such a keech can with his very bulk	55	
Take up the rays o' the beneficial sun, And keep it from the earth.		
Nor. Surely, sir,		
There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends:		
For, being not propped by ancestry, whose grace		
Chalks successors their way, nor called upon	60	
For high feats done to the crown; neither allied		
To eminent assistants; but, spider-like,		
Out of his self-drawing web, a gives us note,		
The force of his own merit makes his way,		
A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys	65	
7		

	A place next to the king.	
VIII. I. 1.	Aber. I cannot tell	
1. 1.	What heaven hath given him; let some graver eye	
	Pierce into that; but I can see his pride	
	Peep through each part of him: whence has he that?	
	, , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , ,	70
	Or has given all before, and he begins	
	A new hell in himself.	
	Buck. Why the devil,	
	Upon this French going out, took he upon him,	
	Without the privity o' the king, to appoint	
	TT71 1 11 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	75
	Of all the gentry; for the most part such	
	To whom as great a charge as little honour	
	He meant to lay upon: and his own letter,	
	The honourable board of council out,	
	Must fetch him in he papers.	
	Aber. I do know	80
	Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have	
	By this so sickened their estates, that never	
	They shall abound as formerly.	
	Buck. O, many	
	Have broke their backs with laying manors on 'em	
	For this great journey. What did this vanity,	35
	But minister communication of	Ĭ
	A most poor issue?	
	Nor. Grievingly I think,	
•	The peace between the French and us not values	
	The cost that did conclude it.	
	Buck. Every man,	

After the hideous storm that followed, was A thing inspired, and not consulting broke Into a general prophecy; That this tempest, Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded The sudden breach on 't.

90 King Henry VIII. I. 1.

Nor. Which is budded out; For France hath flawed the league, and hath attached 95 Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.

Aber. Is it therefore

The ambassador is silenced?

Nor. Marry, is't.

Aber. A proper title of a peace; and purchased At a superfluous rate!

Buck. Why, all this business

Our reverend cardinal carried.

Like it your grace, 100 The state takes notice of the private difference Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you, And take it from a heart that wishes towards you Honour and plenteous safety, that you read The cardinal's malice and his potency 105 Together: to consider further that What his high hatred would effect wants not A minister in his power. You know his nature, That he's revengeful, and I know his sword Hath a sharp edge: it's long and 'tmay be said, 110 It reaches far; and where 'twill not extend, Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel, You'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes that rock That I advise your shunning.

King Henry Enter CARDINAL WOLSEY, the purse borne before him, certain of the Guard, and two Secretaries, with papers. VIII. I. I. The CARDINAL in his passage fixeth his eye on BUCKINGHAM, and BUCKINGHAM on him, both full of disdain. Wol. The Duke of Buckingham's surveyor; ha? 115 Where's his examination? First Sec. Here, so please you. Wol. Is he in person ready? First Sec. Ay, please your grace. Wol. Well, we shall then know more; and Buckingham Shall lessen this big look. Exeunt Wolsey and train. Buck. This butcher's cur is venom-mouthed, and I Have not the power to muzzle him; therefore best Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book Outworths a noble's blood. Nor. What, are you chafed? Ask God for temperance; that's the appliance only Which your disease requires. I read in's looks Buck 125 Matter against me; and his eye reviled Me, as his abject object: at this instant He bores me with some trick: he's gone to the king; I'll follow and outstare him. Nor. Stay, my lord, And let your reason with your choler question 130 What 'tis you go about: to climb steep hills Requires slow pace at first: anger is like A full-hot horse, who being allowed his way, Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England

Can advise me like you: be to yourself	135	King Henry
As you would to your friend.		VIII.
Buck. I'll to the king:		I. 1.
And from a mouth of honour quite cry down		
This Ipswich fellow's insolence; or proclaim		
There's difference in no persons.		
Nor. Be advised.		
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot	140	
That it do singe yourself: we may outrun,		
By violent swiftness, that which we run at,		
And lose by over-running. Know you not		
The fire that mounts the liquor till 't run o'er,		
In seeming to augment it wastes it? Be advised:	145	
I say again, there is no English soul		
More stronger to direct you than yourself,		
If with the sap of reason you would quench,		
Or but allay, the fire of passion.		
Buck. Sir,		
I am thankful to you: and I'll go along	150	
By your prescription: but this top-proud fellow,		
Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but		
From sincere motions, by intelligence,		
And proofs as clear as founts in July, when		
We see each grain of gravel, I do know	155	
To be corrupt and treasonous.		
Nor. Say not "treasonou	ıs."	
Buck. To the king I'll say 't; and make my vo	ouch	
as strong		
As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,		
Or wolf, or both, for he is equal ravenous		

King Henry
VIII.
As able to perform 't: his mind and place
I. 1.
Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally,
Only to show his pomp as well in France
As here at home, suggests the king our master
To this last costly treaty, the interview,
That swallowed so much treasure, and like a glass
Did break i' the rinsing.

Nor
Faith and so it did.

Nor. Faith, and so it did.

Buck. Pray, give me favour, sir. This cunning cardinal

The articles o' the combination drew As himself pleased; and they were ratified, 170 As he cried, "Thus let it be:" to as much end, As give a crutch to the dead: but our count-cardinal Has done this, and 'tis well; for worthy Wolsey, Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows, Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy 175 To the old dam, treason, Charles the emperor, Under pretence to see the queen his aunt, For 'twas, indeed, his colour, but he came To whisper Wolsey, here makes visitation: His fears were, that the interview betwixt 180 England and France might, through their amity, Breed him some prejudice: for from this league, Peeped harms that menaced him. He privily Deals with our cardinal; and, as I trow,— Which I do well; for I am sure the emperor 185 Paid ere he promised; whereby his suit was granted Ere it was asked; but when the way was made,

And paved with gold, the emperor thus desired, King Henry VIII. That he would please to alter the king's course, I. 1. And break the foresaid peace. Let the king know, 190 As soon as he shall by me, that thus the cardinal Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases, And for his own advantage. Nor. I am sorry To hear this of him; and could wish he were Something mistaken in 't. No, not a syllable: Buck. 195 I do pronounce him in that very shape He shall appear in proof. Enter Brandon, a Sergeant at Arms before him, and two or three of the Guard. Bran. Your office, sergeant; execute it. Sir, Serg. My lord the Duke of Buckingham, and Earl Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I 200 Arrest thee of high treason, in the name Of our most sovereign king. Buck. Lo you, my lord, The net has fallen upon me; I shall perish Under device and practice. Bran. I am sorry To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on 205 The business present: 'tis his highness' pleasure You shall to the Tower. It will help me nothing Buck. To plead mine innocence; for that dye is on me,

King Henry Which makes my whitest part black. The will of heaven Be done in this and all things! I obey. VIII. 210 I. I. O my Lord Abergany, fare you well. The king Bran. Nay, he must bear you company. [To Abergavenny. Is pleased you shall to the Tower, till you know How he determines further. As the duke said. Aber. The will of heaven be done, and the king's pleasure 215 By me obeyed. Here is a warrant from Bran. The king, to attach Lord Montacute; and the bodies Of the duke's confessor, John de la Car, One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor,-Buck. So, so; These are the limbs o' the plot: no more, I hope. Bran. A monk o' the Chartreux. O, Michael Hopkins? Ruck. Bran. He. Buck. My surveyor is false; the o'er-great cardinal Hath showed him gold: my life is spanned already: I am the shadow of poor Buckingham; Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on, 225 By darkening my clear sun.—My lords, farewell.

[Exeunt.

King Henry VIII

5

Cornets. Enter KING HENRY, leaning on the CAR- I. 2. DINAL'S shoulder, the Nobles and SIR THOMAS LOVELL. The CARDINAL places bimself under the King's feet on his right side.

K. Hen. My life itself and the best heart of it. Thanks you for this great care: I stood i' the level Of a full-charged confederacy and give thanks To you that choked it. Let be called before us That gentleman of Buckingham's: in person I'll hear him his confessions justify: And point by point the treasons of his master

He shall again relate.

A noise within, crying, Room for the Queen! Enter the QUEEN, ushered by the DUKES OF NORFOLK and SUF-FOLK: she kneels. The King riseth from his State, takes her up, kisses, and placeth her by him.

Q. Kath. Nay, we must longer kneel; I am a suitor. K. Hen. Arise and take place by us. Half your suit Never name to us; you have half our power; The other moiety, ere you ask, is given;

Repeat your will and take it.

2. Kath. Thank your majesty. That you would love yourself, and in that love, Not unconsidered leave your honour, nor 15 The dignity of your office, is the point Of my petition.

K. Hen. Lady mine, proceed.

King Henry	Q. Kath. I am solicited, not by a few,	
VIII.	And those of true condition, that your subjects	
I. 2.	Are in great grievance: there have been commission	1S 20
	Sent down among 'em, which hath flawed the heart	
	Of all their loyalties: wherein, although,	
	My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches	
	Most bitterly on you, as putter-on	
	Of these exactions, yet the king our master,	25
	Whose honour heaven shield from soil! even he esca	apes
	not	•
	Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks	
	The sides of loyalty, and almost appears	
	In loud rebellion.	
	Nor. Not almost appears,	
	It doth appear: for, upon these taxations,	30
	The clothiers all, not able to maintain	<i>3</i> -
	The many to them 'longing, have put off	
	The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,	
	Unfit for other life, compelled by hunger	
	And lack of other means, in desperate manner	35
	Daring the event to the teeth, are all in uproar,	3 3
	And danger serves among them.	
	K. Hen. Taxation!	
	Wherein? and what taxation?—My lord cardinal,	
	You that are blamed for it alike with us,	
	Know you of this taxation?	
	Wol. Please you, sir,	4C
	I know but of a single part, in aught	-
	Pertains to the state; and front but in that file	
	Where others tell steps with me.	
	16	

2. Kath. No, my lord, King Henry You know no more than others? But you frame I. 2. Things, that are known alike, which are not wholesome To those which would not know them and yet must 46 Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are Most pestilent to the hearing, and to bear 'em, The back is sacrifice to the load. They say 50 They are devised by you; or else you suffer Too hard an exclamation.

K. Hen. Still exaction! The nature of it,—in what kind, let's know, Is this exaction?

D. Kath. I am much too venturous In tempting of your patience; but am boldened 55 Under your promised pardon. The subject's grief Comes through commissions, which compels from each The sixth part of his substance, to be levied Without delay, and the pretence for this Is named, your wars in France: this makes bold mouths: 60

Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze Allegiance in them; their curses now Live where their prayers did; and it's come to pass, This tractable obedience is a slave To each incensed will. I would your highness Would give it quick consideration, for There is no primer baseness. K. Hen. By my life,

This is against our pleasure.

17

65

VIII.

And for me, Wol. King Henry I have no further gone in this, than by VIII. 1 2. A single voice; and that not passed me, but 70 By learned approbation of the judges. If I am Traduced by ignorant tongues, which neither know My faculties nor person, yet will be The chronicles of my doing; let me say 'Tis but the fate of place and the rough brake 75 That virtue must go through. We must not stint Our necessary actions, in the fear To cope malicious censurers; which ever, As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow That is new-trimmed; but benefit no further 80 Than vainly longing. What we oft do best, By sick interpreters, once weak ones, is Not ours or not allowed; what worst, as oft Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up For our best act. If we shall stand still, 85 In fear our motion will be mocked or carped at, We should take root here where we sit, or sit State-statues only. K. Hen. Things done well, And with a care, exempt themselves from fear; Things done without example, in their issue 90 Are to be feared. Have you a precedent Of this commission? I believe not any. We must not rend our subjects from our laws, And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each? A trembling contribution! Why, we take 95

From every tree, lop, bark, and part o' the timber;

And, though we leave it with a root, thus hacked The air will drink the sap. To every county, Where this is questioned, send our letters, with Free pardon to each man that has denied The force of this commission. Pray, look to't;

King Henry VIII. I. 2.

100

110

115

120

I put it to your care.

A word with you. [To the Secretary. Wol.Let there be letters writ to every shire, Of the king's grace and pardon. The grieved commons Hardly conceive of me; let it be noised, 105 That through our intercession this revokement And pardon comes: I shall anon advise you Further in the proceeding. [Exit Secretary.

Enter Surveyor.

Q. Kath. I am sorry that the Duke of Buckingham Is run in your displeasure.

It grieves many: K. Hen. The gentleman is learned, and a most rare speaker, To nature none more bound; his training such That he may furnish and instruct great teachers, And never seek for aid out of himself. When these so noble benefits shall prove Not well disposed, the mind growing once corrupt, They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly Than ever they were fair. This man so complete, Who was enrolled 'mongst wonders and when we, Almost with ravished listening, could not find His hour of speech a minute; he, my lady, Hath into monstrous habits put the graces

King Henry VIII. I. 2.	That once were his, and is become as black As if besmeared in hell. Sit by us; you shall hear, This was his gentleman in trust, of him Things to strike honour sad. Bid him recount
	The fore-recited practices; whereof We cannot feel too little, hear too much.
	Wol. Stand forth; and with bold spirit relate what you
	Most like a careful subject, have collected r ₃ :
	Out of the Duke of Buckingham.
	K. Hen. Speak freely.
	Surv. First, it was usual with him, every day
	It would infect his speech, that if the king
	Should without issue die, he'll carry it so
	To make the sceptre his. These very words 13
	I've heard him utter to his son-in-law,
	Lord Abergany; to whom by oath he menaced
	Revenge upon the cardinal.
	Wol. Please your highness, not
	This dangerous conception in this point.
	Not friended by his wish, to your high person 14
	His will is most malignant; and it stretches
	Beyond you, to your friends.
	2. Kath. My learned lord cardinal
	Deliver all with charity.
	K. Hen. Speak on:
	How grounded he his title to the crown,
	Upon our fail? to this point hast thou heard him 14
	At any time speak aught?
	Surv. He was brought to this
	By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Henton.

K. Hen. What was that Henton? Sir, a Chartreux friar, VIII. Surv. His confessor; who fed him every minute With words of sovereignty. K. Hen. How know'st thou this? 150 Surv. Not long before your highness sped to France, The duke being at the Rose, within the parish Saint Lawrence Poultney, did of me demand What was the speech among the Londoners Concerning the French journey: I replied, 155 Men feared the French would prove perfidious, To the king's danger. Presently the duke Said, 'twas the fear, indeed, and that he doubted 'Twould prove the verity of certain words Spoke by a holy monk: "that oft," says he, 160 "Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit John de la Car, my chaplain, a choice hour To hear from him a matter of some moment: Whom after under the confession's seal He solemnly had sworn, that, what he spoke, 165 My chaplain to no creature living, but To me, should utter, with demure confidence, This pausingly ensued—Neither the king, nor's heirs, Tell you the duke, shall prosper: bid him strive To gain the love of the commonalty; the duke 170 Shall govern England." 2. Kath. If I know you well, You were the duke's surveyor and lost your office On the complaint o' the tenants: take good heed

King Henry

You charge not in your spleen a noble person,

King Henry	And spoil your nobler soul! I say, take heed; 175
VIII.	Yes, heartily beseech you.
ĺ. 2.	K. Hen. Let him on:—
	Go forward.
	Surv. On my soul, I'll speak but truth.
	I told my lord the duke, by the devil's illusions
	The monk might be deceived; and that 'twas dangerous
	for him
	To ruminate on this so far, until
	It forged him some design, which, being believed,
	It was much like to do. He answered, "Tush!
	It can do me no damage:" adding further,
	That had the king in his last sickness failed,
	The cardinal's and Sir Thomas Lovell's heads . 185
	Should have gone off.
	K. Hen. Ha! what, so rank? Ah, ha!
	There's mischief in this man: canst thou say further?
	Surv. I can, my liege.
	K. Hen. Proceed.
	Surv. Being at Greenwich,
	After your highness had reproved the duke
	About Sir William Blumer,—
	V 11
	Of such a time;—being my sworn servant,
	The duke retained him his. But on; what hence?
	Surv. "If," quoth he, "I for this had been committed,
	As, to the Tower, I thought, I would have played
	The part my father meant to act upon 195
	The usurper Richard; who, being at Salisbury,
	Made suit to come in's presence; which if granted,

As he made semblance of his duty, would Have put his knife into him."

King Henry VIII I. 3.

K. Hen. A giant traitor!

Wol. Now, madam, may his highness live in freedom, And this man out of prison?

2. Kath. God mend all! K. Hen. There's something more would out of thee?

what says't?

Surv. After "the duke his father" with "the knife," He stretched him, and with one hand on his dagger, Another spread on's breast, mounting his eyes, 205 He did discharge a horrible oath; whose tenour Was,—were he evil used, he would outgo His father, by as much as a performance Does an irresolute purpose.

K. Hen. There's his period, To sheathe his knife in us. He is attached: 210 Call him to present trial: if he may Find mercy in the law, 'tis his; if none, Let him not seek't of us: by day and night, He's traitor to the height. [Exeunt.

Scene III. The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain and LORD SANDS. Cham. Is't possible the spells of France should juggle Men into such strange mysteries? Sands. New customs,

Though they be never so ridiculous,

King Henry	Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are followed.	
VIIĬ. ´	60 A C T 11.1 1 TO 15.1	5
I. 3.	Have got by the late voyage is but merely	,
	A fit or two o' the face; but they are shrewd ones;	
	For when they hold 'em, you would swear directly	
	Their very noses had been counsellors	
	To Domin on Clothamine there bear at the	_
	Sands They have all new less and lame ones an	
	Sands. They have all new legs, and lame ones; one	E
	would take it,	
	That never saw 'em pace before, the spavin	
	Or springhalt reigned among 'em.	
	Cham. Death! my lord,	
	Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,	4
	That, sure, they've worn out christendom. How now	
	Enter SIR THOMAS LOVELL.	
	What news, Sir Thomas Lovell?	
	Lov. Faith, my lord,	
	I hear of none, but the new proclamation	
	That's clapped upon the court-gate.	
	Cham. What is't for?	
	Lov. The reformation of our travelled gallants,	
	200. The reformation of our travelled gallants,	

Cham. I am glad 'tis there; now I would pray our monsieurs

To think an English courtier may be wise,
And never see the Louvre.

Lov. They must either,
For so run the conditions, leave those remnants

That fill the court with quarrels, talk and tailors.

Of fool and feather, that they got in France,

20

With all their honourable points of ignorance, King Henry Pertaining thereunto, as fights and fireworks; VIII. I. 3. Abusing better men than they can be, Out of a foreign wisdom, renouncing clean The faith they have in tennis and tall stockings, 30 Short blistered breeches, and those types of travel, And understand again like honest men; Or pack to their old playfellows: there, I take it, They may, cum privilegio, wear away The lag end of their lewdness, and be laughed at. 35 Sands. 'Tis time to give 'em physic, their diseases Are grown so catching. What a loss our ladies Cham. Will have of these trim vanities! Lov. Ay, marry, There will be woe indeed, lords; the sly whoresons Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies; 40 A French song and a fiddle, has no fellow. Sands. The devil fiddle 'em! I am glad they are going; For, sure, there's no converting of 'em; now, An honest country lord, as I am, beaten A long time out of play, may bring his plain-song, 45 And have an hour of hearing; and by'r lady, Held current music too. Cham. Well said, Lord Sands; Your colt's tooth is not cast yet. No, my lord; Sands. Nor shall not, while I have a stump. Cham. Sir Thomas, Whither were you a going?

To the cardinal's; Low. King Henry 50 VIII. Your lordship is a guest too. l. 3. O. 'tis true: Cham. This night he makes a supper and a great one, To many lords and ladies; there will be The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you. Lov. That churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed, A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us; His dews fall everywhere. No doubt he's noble: Cham. He had a black mouth that said other of him. Sands. He may, my lord; 'has wherewithal: in him, Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doctrine: Men of his way should be most liberal, They are set here for examples. Cham. True, they are so; But few now give so great ones. My barge stays; Your lordship shall along: come, good Sir Thomas, We shall be late else; which I would not be, 65 For I was spoke to with Sir Henry Guildford, This night to be comptrollers.

Sands. I am your lordship's.

[Exeunt.

Scene IV. The Presence-Chamber in York Place.

Hauthoys. A small table under a state for the CARDINAL, a longer table for the guests. Then enter Anne Bullen, and divers other Ladies and Gentlemen, as guests at one door; at another door, enter SIR HENRY GUILDFORD.

Guild. Ladies, a general welcome from his grace Salutes ye all: this night he dedicates
To fair content and you: none here, he hopes,
In all this noble bevy, has brought with her
One care abroad: he would have all as merry
As, first, good company, good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people. O, my lord, you're tardy;

King Henry VIII. I. 4.

Enter Lord Chamberlain, LORD SANDS, and SIR THOMAS LOVELL.

The very thought of this fair company Clapped wings to me.

Cham. You are young, Sir Harry Guildford?

Sands. Sir Thomas Lovell, had the cardinal

But half my lay thoughts in him, some of these
Should find a running banquet ere they rested,
I think would better please 'em: by my life,
They are a sweet society of fair ones.

Lov. O, that your lordship were but now confessor To one or two of these!

Sands. I would I were; 16

They should find easy penance.

Lov. Faith, how easy?

Sands. As easy as a down-bed would afford it.

Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit? Sir Harry,
Place you that side, I'll take the charge of this:

His grace is entering. Nay, you must not freeze;
Two women placed together makes cold weather:

My Lord Sands, you are one will keep 'em waking;
Pray, sit between these ladies.

By my faith, Sands. King Henry VIII. And thank your lordship. By your leave, sweet ladies: I. 4. If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me; I had it from my father. Anne. Was he mad, sir? Sands. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too: But he would bite none; just as I do now, He would kiss you twenty with a breath. Well said, my lord. Cham. So now you're fairly seated. Gentlemen, 31 The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies Pass away frowning. Sands. For my little cure, Let me alone. Hautboys. Enter CARDINAL WOLSEY; and takes his state. Wol. You're welcome, my fair guests; that noble lady, 35 Or gentleman, that is not freely merry, Is not my friend. This, to confirm my welcome, And to you all good health. Sands. Your grace is noble: Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks, And save me so much talking. Wol. My lord Sands, 40 I am beholding to you: cheer your neighbours. Ladies, you are not merry; gentlemen, Whose fault is this?

The red wine first must rise,

Sands.

In their fair cheeks, my lord; then we shall have 'em King Henry Talk us to silence. VIII.

I. 4. Anne 45 You are a merry gamester,

My Lord Sands.

Sands. Yes, if I make my play.

Here's to your ladyship, and pledge it, madam, For 'tis to such a thing.

You cannot show me. Anne.

Sands. I told your grace they would talk anon.

[Drum and trumpet: Chambers discharged.

Wol.

What's that?

[Exit Servant. Cham. Look out there, some of ye. Wol What warlike voice?

And to what end is this? Nav, ladies, fear not; By all the laws of war you're privileged.

Re-enter Servant.

Cham. How now? what is't?

A noble troop of strangers; Serv. For so they seem; they've left their barge and landed; And hither make, as great ambassadors 55

From foreign princes.

 W_{ol} . Good lord chamberlain. Go, give 'em welcome, you can speak the French tongue! And, pray, receive 'em nobly and conduct 'em Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty Shall shine at full upon them. Some attend him. Exit Chamberlain, attended. All rise, and

tables removed.

You have now a broken banquet; but we'll mend it.

King Henry	A good digestion to you all: and once more
	I shower a welcome on ye; welcome all.
Ĭ. 4.	z one wez w werestill y any warrante

Hautboys. Enter King and others, as maskers, habited like shepherds; ushered by the Lord Chamberlain. They pass directly before the CARDINAL and gracefully salute him.

A noble company! what are their pleasures?

Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they prayed

65

To tell your grace; that, having heard by fame
Of this so noble and so fair assembly
This night to meet here, they could do no less,
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,
But leave their flocks; and, under your fair conduct, 70
Crave leave to view these ladies and entreat
An hour of revels with 'em.

Wol. Say, lord chamberlain, They have done my poor house grace; for which I pay 'em A thousand thanks, and pray 'em take their pleasures.

[Ladies chosen for the dance. The King chooses Anne Bullen.

K. Hen. The fairest hand I ever touched! O, beauty, Till now I never knew thee! [Music. Dance.

Wol. My lord.

Cham. Your grace?

77

Wol. Pray, tell 'em thus much from me: There should be one amongst 'em, by his person, More worthy this place than myself; to whom, If I but knew him, with my love and duty

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I would surrender it.
                                                        King Henry
                                             [Whisper. VIII.
   Cham.
                       I will, my lord.
   Wol. What say they?
   Cham
                          Such a one, they all confess,
There is, indeed; which they would have your grace
Find out, and he will take it.
  Wol.
                               Let me see then.—
                                  [Comes from his state.
By all your good leaves, gentlemen; here I'll make
My royal choice.
             Ye have found him, cardinal: [Unmasking.
  K. Hen.
You hold a fair assembly; you do well, lord:
You are a churchman, or I'll tell you, cardinal,
I should judge now unhappily.
  W_{al}.
                                I am glad
                                                     90
Your grace is grown so pleasant.
  K. Hen.
                                  My lord chamberlain,
Prithee, come hither: what fair lady's that?
  Cham. An't please your grace, Sir Thomas Bullen's
       daughter,
The Viscount Rochford, one of her highness' women.
  K. Hen. By heaven, she is a dainty one.—Sweetheart,
I were unmannerly to take you out,
                                                     96
And not to kiss you.—A health, gentlemen,
Let it go round.
  Wol. Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready
I' the privy chamber?
  Lav.
                       Yes, my lord.
  Wol.
                                      Your grace, 100
I fear, with dancing is a little heated.
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King Henry

K. Hen. I fear, too much.

VIII.

Wol.

There's fresher air, my lord,

In the next chamber.

K. Hen. Lead in your ladies, every one. Sweet partner, I must not yet forsake you. Let's be merry; 105 Good my lord cardinal, I have half a dozen healths.

To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure To lead 'em once again, and then let's dream Who's best in favour. Let the music knock it.

[Exeunt, with trumpels.

ACT II.

Scene I .- A Street.

Enter two Gentlemen at several doors.

First Gentleman.

ITHER away so fast? Sec. Gent. O, God save ye! Even to the hall, to hear what shall become Of the great Duke of Buckingham. First Gent. I'll save you That labour, sir. All's now done, but the ceremony Of bringing back the prisoner. Sec. Gent. Were you there? First Gent. Yes indeed, was I. Sec. Gent. Pray speak what has happened. First Gent. You may guess quickly what. Sec. Gent. Is he found guilty? First Gent. Yes, truly is he and condemned upon't. Sec. Gent. I am sorry for't. First Gent. So are a number more. Sec. Gent. But, pray, how passed it? 10 First Gent. I'll tell you in a little. The great duke Came to the bar; where to his accusations

King Henry VIII. II. 1.	He pleaded still, not guilty, and alleged Many sharp reasons to defeat the law. The king's attorney, on the contrary, Urged on the examinations, proofs, confessions Of divers witnesses; which the duke desired
	To have brought, viva voce, to his face:
	At which appeared against him, his surveyor;
	Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor and John Car, 20
	Confessor to him; with that devil-monk,
	Hopkins, that made this mischief.
	Sec. Gent. That was he
	That fed him with his prophecies?
	First Gent. The same.
	All these accused him strongly: which he fain
	Would have flung from him, but indeed, he could not:
	And so his peers, upon this evidence, 26
	Have found him guilty of high treason. Much
	He spoke and learnedly, for life; but all
	Was either pitied in him or forgotten.
	Sec. Gent. After all this, how did he bear himself? 30
	First Gent. When he was brought again to the bar,
	to hear
•	His knell rung out, his judgment, he was stirred
	With such an agony, he sweat extremely,
	And something spoke in choler, ill, and hasty:
	But he fell to himself again and sweetly 35
	In all the rest showed a most noble patience.
	Sec. Gent. I do not think he fears death.
	First Gent. Sure, he does not,
	He never was so womanish; the cause
	_

He may a little grieve at. Certainly. Sec. Gent. The cardinal is the end of this. 'Tis likely, First Gent. 40 By all conjectures. First, Kildare's attainder, Then deputy of Ireland; who removed, Earl Surrey was sent thither and in haste too, Lest he should help his father. That trick of state Sec. Gent. Was a deep envious one. At his return. First Gent. 45 No doubt he will requite it. This is noted, And generally, whoever the king favours, The cardinal instantly will find employment, And far enough from court too. All the commons Sec. Gent. Hate him perniciously, and o' my conscience, 50 Wish him ten fathoms deep: this duke as much They love and dote on; call him bounteous Buckingham The mirror of all courtesy.

King Henry

VIII.

П. т.

Enter Buckingham from his arraignment. Tipstaves before him; the axe with the edge towards him; halberds on each side; accompanied with Sir Thomas Lovell, Sir Nicholas Vaux, Sir William Sands, and common people.

First Gent. Stay there, sir,
And see the noble ruined man you speak of.

Sec. Gent. Let's stand close, and behold him.

Buck. All good people,

King Henry VIII. II. 1.	Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me. I have this day received a traitor's judgment, And by that name must die; yet, heaven bear witness	
	And if I have a conscience let it sink me, Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful! The law I bear no malice for my death, 'T has done, upon the premisses, but justice:	60
	But those that sought it I could wish more christians	:
	Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em:	65
	Yet let 'em look they glory not in mischief, Nor build their evils on the graves of great men; For then my guiltless blood must cry against 'em.	
	For further life in this world I ne'er hope,	
	Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies More than I dare make faults. You few that loved m	70 1e.
	And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,	,
	His noble friends and fellows, whom to leave	
*	Is only bitter to him, only dying,	
	Go with me, like good angels, to my end; And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,	7 5
	Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,	
	And lift my soul to heaven. Lead on, o' God's nam Lov. I do beseech your grace, for charity,	e.
	TC 11 1	80
	Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly. Buck. Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you	••
	As I would be forgiven: I forgive all:	
	There cannot be those numberless offences	
		85
	36	

No black envy shall make my grave. Commend me to his grace; And if he speak of Buckingham, pray tell him, You met him half in heaven: my vows and prayers Yet are the king's; and till my soul forsake, 90 Shall cry for blessings on him. May he live Longer than I have time to tell his years! Ever beloved and loving, may his rule be! And when old time shall lead him to his end, Goodness and he fill up one monument! 95 Lov. To the water-side I must conduct your grace; Then give my charge up to Sir Nicholas Vaux, Who undertakes you to your end. Prepare there, Vaux. The duke is coming; see the barge be ready; And fit it with such furniture as suits 100 The greatness of his person. Buck. Nay, Sir Nicholas, Let it alone; my state now will but mock me. When I came hither I was lord high constable, And Duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward Bohun: Yet I am richer than my base accusers, 105 That never knew what truth meant: I now seal it: And with that blood will make 'em one day groan for't. My noble father, Henry of Buckingham, Who first raised head against usurping Richard, Flying for succour to his servant Banister, 110 Being distressed, was by that wretch betraved. And without trial fell; God's peace be with him! Henry the Seventh succeeding, truly pitying

King Henry VIII.

II. L

King Henry My father's loss, like a most royal prince, VIII. Restored me to my honours, and out of ruins, 115 II. 1. Made my name once more noble. Now his son, Henry the Eighth, life, honour, name, and all That made me happy, at one stroke has taken For ever from the world. I had my trial, And must needs say, a noble one; which makes me 120 A little happier than my wretched father: Yet thus far we are one in fortunes: both Fell by our servants, by those men we loved most; A most unnatural and faithless service! Heaven has an end in all: yet, you that hear me, This from a dying man receive as certain: Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels, Be sure you be not loose; for those you make friends, And give your hearts to, when they once perceive The least rub in your fortunes, fall away 130 Like water from ye, never found again But where they mean to sink ye. All good people, Pray for me! I must now forsake ye; the last hour Of my long weary life is come upon me. Farewell, and when you would say something that is sad, 135 Speak how I fell. I have done; and God forgive me! Exeunt Buckingham and Train. First Gent. O, this is full of pity! Sir, it calls, I fear, too many curses on their heads That were the authors. If the duke be guiltless, Sec. Gent. Tis full of woe: yet I can give you inkling 140 Of an ensuing evil, if it fall, King Henry VIII. Greater than this. II. I. First Gent. Good angels keep it from us! What may it be? You do not doubt my faith, sir? Sec. Gent. This secret is so weighty, 'twill require A strong faith to conceal it. First Gent. Let me have it: 145 I do not talk much. Sec. Gent. I am confident: You shall, sir: did you not of late days hear A buzzing of a separation Between the king and Katharine? Yes, but it held not: First Gent. For when the king once heard it, out of anger 150 He sent command to the lord mayor, straight To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues That durst disperse it. Sec. Gent. But that slander, sir, Is found a truth now: for it grows again Fresher than e'er it was; and held for certain 155 The king will venture at it. Either the cardinal, Or some about him near, have, out of malice To the good queen, possessed him with a scruple That will undo her. To confirm this too. Cardinal Campeius is arrived and lately; 160 As all think, for this business. 'Tis the cardinal; First Gent. And merely to revenge him on the emperor, For not bestowing on him, at his asking, The archbishopric of Toledo, this is purposed.

King Henry Sec. Gent. I think you have hit the mark: but is't not VIII.

That she should feel the smart of this? The cardinal Will have his will and she must fall.

First Gent. 'Tis woeful.

We are too open here to argue this; Let's think in private more.

Exeunt.

10

Scene II. An Antechamber in the Palace.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain, reading a letter.

Cham. "My lord—The horses your lordship sent for, with all the care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden and furnished. They were young and handsome; and of the best breed in the north. When they were ready to set out for London, a man of my lord cardinal's, by commission and main power, took 'em from me; with this reason;—His master would be served before a subject, if not before the king; which stopped our mouths, sir."

I fear, he will, indeed: well, let him have them: He will have all, I think.

Enter to the Lord Chamberlain the DUKES OF NORFOLK

Nor. Well met, my lord chamberlain. Cham. Good day to both your graces. Suf. How is the king employed?

Cham. I left him private. King Henry Full of sad thoughts and troubles. What's the cause? II. 2. Nor. Cham. It seems the marriage with his brother's wife Has crept too near his conscience. Suf. No, his conscience 16 Has crept too near another lady. 'Tis so: Nor. This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal, That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune, Turns what he list. The king will know him one day. Suf. Pray God he do! he'll never know himself else. Nor. How holily he works in all his business! And with what zeal! For, now he has cracked the league Between us and the emperor, the queen's great nephew, He dives into the king's soul, and there scatters 25 Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience, Fears and despairs and all these for his marriage: And out of all these to restore the king, He counsels a divorce: a loss of her That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years 30 About his neck, yet never lost her lustre: Of her that loves him with that excellence That angels love good men with; even of her That when the greatest stroke of fortune falls Will bless the king: and is not this course pious? Cham. Heaven keep me from such counsel! 'Tis most true These news are everywhere; every tongue speaks 'em,

King Henry VIII. T. 2.	And every true heart weeps for't: all that dare Look into these affairs see this main end, The French king's sister. Heaven will one day ope The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon This bold bad man. Suf. And free us from his slavery.	n 41
	Nor. We had need pray,	
	And heartily, for our deliverance;	
	Or this imperious man will work us all	45
	From princes into pages: all men's honours	
	Lie like one lump before him, to be fashioned	
	Into what pitch he please.	
	Suf. For me, my lords,	
	I love him not, nor fear him; there's my creed:	
	As I am made without him, so I'll stand,	50
	If the king please; his curses and his blessings	
	Touch me alike, they're breath I not believe in.	
	I knew him and I know him; so I leave him	
	To him that made him proud, the pope.	
	Nor. Let's in;	
	And, with some other business, put the king	55
	From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon his	n:
	My lord, vou'll bear us company?	
	Cham. Excuse me;	
	The king has sent me otherwhere: besides,	
	You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him:	
		60
	Nor. Thanks, my good lord chamberlain.	
	[Exit Lord Chamberland	
	[The King is discovered sitting, and reading pensive	y.

Suf. How sad he looks! sure he is much afflicted. King Henry VIII. K. Hen. Who s there? ha? II. 2. Nor. Pray God he be not angry. K. Hen. Who's there, I say? How dare you thrust vourselves Into my private meditations? 65 Who am I? ha? Nor. A gracious king, that pardons all offences, Malice ne'er meant: our breach of duty, this way, Is business of estate; in which, we come To know your royal pleasure. K. Hen. Ye are too bold: 70 Go to; I'll make ye know your times of business: Is this an hour for temporal affairs? ha? Enter Wolsey and Campeius, with a commission. Who's there? my good lord cardinal? O my Wolsey, The quiet of my wounded conscience, Thou art a cure fit for a king. You're welcome, To Campeius. Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom; Use us, and it. My good lord, have great care [To Wolsey. I be not found a talker. Wol. Sir, you cannot. I would your grace would give us but an hour Of private conference. K. Hen. We are busy; go. 80 [To Norfolk and Suffolk. Nor. [Aside.] This priest has no pride in him? Suf. [Aside.] Not to speak of:

Wol. Your grace has given a precedent of wisdom
Above all princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom:
Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?
The Spaniard, tied by blood and favour to her,
Must now confess, if they have any goodness, 90
The trial just and noble. All the clerks,
I mean the learned ones, in christian kingdoms,
Have their free voices. Rome, the nurse of judgment,
Invited by your noble self, hath sent
One general tongue unto us, this good man, 95
This just and learned priest, Cardinal Campeius;
Whom, once more, I present unto your highness.
K. Hen. And once more, in mine arms I bid him
welcome,
And thank the holy conclave for their loves;
They have sent me such a man I would have wished for.
Cam. Your grace must needs deserve all strangers'
loves,
You are so noble: to your highness' hand
I tender my commission; by whose virtue,
The court of Rome commanding, you, my lord
Cardinal of York, are joined with me their servant, 105
In the unpartial judging of this business.
44

King Henry I would not be so sick though for his place:

If it do,

I another.

[Exeunt Norfolk and Suffolk.

But this cannot continue.

I'll venture one have-at-him.

Nor.

Suf.

VIII.

K. Hen. Two equal men. The queen shall be King Henry VIII. acquainted II. 2. Forthwith, for what you come. Where's Gardiner? Wol. I know your majesty has always loved her So dear in heart, not to deny her that 110 A woman of less place might ask by law, Scholars allowed freely to argue for her. K. Hen. Ay, and the best she shall have; and my favour To him that does best; God forbid else. Cardinal, Prithee call Gardiner to me, my new secretary; I find him a fit fellow. [Exit Wolsey. Re-enter Wolsey, with GARDINER. Wol. Give me your hand: much joy and favour to you; You are the king's now. But to be commanded Gard. For ever by your grace, whose hand has raised me. 119 [Aside. K. Hen. Come hither, Gardiner. [They converse apart.

Cam. My Lord of York, was not one Doctor Pace In this man's place before him?

Wol. Yes, he was,

Cam. Was he not held a learned man?

Wol.Yes, surely.

Cam. Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread then Even of yourself, lord cardinal.

Wol.How! of me? 125 King Henry And fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous, Kept him a foreign man still; which so grieved him, VIIÍ. II. 2. That he ran mad and died.

> W_{0l} Heaven's peace be with him! That's christian care enough: for living murmurers 130 There's places of rebuke. He was a fool; For he would needs be virtuous. That good fellow, If I command him, follows my appointment; I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother, We live not to be griped by meaner persons. 135

K. Hen. Deliver this with modesty to the queen.

[Exit Gardiner.

5

The most convenient place that I can think of, For such receipt of learning, is Blackfriars; There ye shall meet about this weighty business: My Wolsey, see it furnished. O my lord, 140 Would it not grieve an able man to leave So sweet a bedfellow? But, conscience, conscience,— O, 'tis a tender place, and I must leave her. [Exeunt.

Scene III. An Antechamber in the Queen's Apartments.

Enter Anne Bullen and an old Lady. Anne. Not for that neither: here's the pang that pinches:

His highness having lived so long with her; and she So good a lady, that no tongue could ever Pronounce dishonour of her; by my life, She never knew harm-doing,—O, now after

46

So many courses of the sun enthroned, King Henry Still growing in a majesty and pomp, the which VIII. II. 3. To leave, a thousand-fold more bitter than 'Tis sweet at first to acquire,—after this process, To give her the avaunt! it is a pity 10 Would move a monster. Old L. Hearts of most hard temper Melt and lament for her. O, God's will! much better She ne'er had known pomp: though 't be temporal, Yet, if that quarrel, fortune, do divorce It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance panging I As soul and body's severing. Old I.. Alas, poor lady! She's a stranger now again. Anne. So much the more Must pity drop upon her. Verily, I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born, And range with humble livers in content, 20 Than to be perked up in a glistering grief, And wear a golden sorrow. Old L. Our content Is our best having. By my troth and maidenhead, Anne. I would not be a queen. Old L. Beshrew me, I would, And venture maidenhead for't; and so would you, For all this spice of your hypocrisy: You, that have so fair parts of woman on you, Have too a woman's heart: which ever yet

	Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty;
VIII.	Which, to say sooth, are blessings, and which gifts, 30
II. 3.	Saving your mincing, the capacity
	Of your soft cheveril conscience would receive
	If you might please to stretch it.
	Anne. Nay, good troth,—
	Old L. Yes, troth and troth, you would not be a queen?
	Anne. No, not for all the riches under heaven. 35
	Old L. 'Tis strange: a three-pence bowed would
	hire me,
	Old as I am, to queen it: but, I pray you,
	What think you of a duchess? have you limbs
	To bear that load of title?
	Anne. No, in truth. 39
	Old L. Then you are weakly made: pluck off a little;
	I would not be a young count in your way,
	For more than blushing comes to: if your back
	Cannot vouchsafe this burden, 'tis too weak
	Ever to get a boy.
	Anne. How you do talk!
	I swear again, I would not be a queen 45
	For all the world.
	Old L. In faith, for little England
	You'd venture an emballing: I myself
	Would for Carnarvonshire, although there 'longed
	No more to the crown but that. Lo, who comes here?
	Enter the Lord Chamberlain.
	Cham. Good morrow, ladies. What were't worth to

know

The secret of your conference? Anne. My go Not your demand; it values not your a Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying. Cham. It was a gentle business, and	C	King Henry VIII. II. 3.
The action of good women: there is he	ope 55	
All will be well.	1 00	
Anne. Now I pray God, am	ien!	
Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and h		
Follow such creatures. That you may		
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high no		
Ta'en of your many virtues, the king's		1
Commends his good opinion of you to		
Does purpose honour to you no less flo		
Than Marchioness of Pembroke; to w		
A thousand pound a year, annual suppo	ort,	
Out of his grace he adds.	_	
Anne. I do not kn		
What kind of my obedience I should to		
More than my all is nothing; nor my		
Are not words duly hallowed, nor my		
More worth than empty vanities; yet p	rayers and wisnes	
Are all I can return. Beseech your lo)
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks and my As from a blushing handmaid to his hi		
Whose health and royalty I pray for.	gimess;	
Cham.	Lady,	
I shall not fail to approve the fair conce		
The king hath of you. I have perused	her well: [Aside	
Beauty and honour in her are so mingl		
49	_	•
ту	D	

King Henry That they have caught the king: and who knows VIII. yet II. 3. But from this lady may proceed a gem To lighten all this isle! I'll to the king, And say, I spoke with you. My honoured lord. Anne. [Exit Lord Chamberlain. Old L. Why, this it is: see, see! I have been begging sixteen years in court, Am yet a courtier beggarly, nor could Come pat betwixt too early and too late, For any suit of pounds: and you, O fate! 85 A very fresh-fish here, fie, fie, fie upon This compelled fortune! have your mouth filled up, Before you open it. This is strange to me. Anne. Old L. How tastes it? is it bitter? forty pence, no. There was a lady once, 'tis an old story, go That would not be a queen, that would she not, For all the mud in Egypt: have you heard it? Anne. Come, you are pleasant. Old L. With your theme, I could O'ermount the lark. The Marchioness of Pembroke! A thousand pounds a-year! for pure respect, 95 No other obligation! By my life, That promises moe thousands: honour's train. Is longer than his foreskirt. By this time, I know, your back will bear a duchess; say, Are you not stronger than you were? Anne. Good lady, 100

Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy, And leave me out on't. Would I had no being If this salute my blood a jot; it faints me To think what follows. King Henry VIII. II. 4.

105

The queen is comfortless and we forgetful In our long absence: pray, do not deliver What here you've heard, to her.

Old I... What do you

What do you think me?

Scene IV. A Hall in Blackfriars.

Trumpets, sennet, and cornets. Enter Two Vergers, with short silver wands; next them, two Scribes, in the habit of doctors; after them, the Archbishop of CANTERBURY alone; after him, the BISHOPS OF LINCOLN, ELY, ROCHESTER, and SAINT ASAPH; next them, with some small distance, follows a Gentleman bearing the purse, with the great seal, and a cardinal's hat; then two Priests, bearing each a silver cross; then a Gentleman-Usher bare-headed, accompanied with a Sergeant at Arms, bearing a silver mace; then two Gentlemen, bearing two great silver pillars; after them, side by side, the two CARDINALS; two Noblemen with the sword and mace. The King takes place under the cloth of state; the two CARDINALS sit under him as judges. The Queen takes place some distance from the King. The Bishops place themKing Henry VIII. II. 4 selves on each side the court, in a manner of a consistory; below them, the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The rest of the Attendants stand in convenient order about the stage.

Wol. Whilst our commission from Rome is read, Let silence be commanded.

K. Hen. What's the need?

It hath already publicly been read,

And on all sides the authority allowed;

You may then spare that time.

Wol. Be't so: proceed. 5 Scribe. Say, Henry King of England, come into the

court. Crier. Henry King of England, &c.

K. Hen. Here.

Scribe. Say, Katharine Queen of England, come into the court.

Crier. Katharine Queen of England, &c. 10
[The Queen makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the court, comes to the King and kneels at his feet; then speaks.

Q. Kath. Sir, I desire you, do me right and justice, And to bestow your pity on me: for I am a most poor woman and a stranger, Born out of your dominions; having here No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir, In what have I offended you? what cause Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure, That thus you should proceed to put me off, King Henry And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness, VIII. II. 4. I have been to you a true and humble wife, At all times to your will conformable: Ever in fear to kindle your dislike, Yea, subject to your countenance; glad or sorry, As I saw it inclined. When was the hour, 25 I ever contradicted your desire, Or made it not mine too? Or which of your friends Have I not strove to love, although I knew He were mine enemy? What friend of mine That had to him derived your anger, did I 30 Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice He was from thence discharged? Sir, call to mind That I have been your wife in this obedience, Upward of twenty years, and have been blest With many children by you. If, in the course 35 And process of this time, you can report, And prove it too, against mine honour aught, My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty, Against your sacred person, in God's name, Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt 40 Shut door upon me, and so give me up To the sharp'st kind of justice. Please you, sir, The king, your father, was reputed for A prince most prudent, of an excellent And unmatched wit and judgment: Ferdinand, 45 My father, king of Spain, was reckoned one The wisest prince, that there had reigned by many A year before. It is not to be questioned

King Henry VIII. II. 4.	Who deemed our marriage lawful: wherefore I humble Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may Be by my friends in Spain advised; whose counsel I will implore; if not, i' the name of God,	so ly
	And of your choice, these reverend fathers; men	55
	Of singular integrity and learning, Yea, the elect o' the land, who are assembled To plead your cause. It shall be therefore bootless,	
	PPS1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	0
	For your own quiet, as to rectify	0
	What is unsettled in the king.	
	Cam. His grace	
	Hath spoken well and justly: therefore, madam,	
	It's fit this royal session do proceed;	
	1	5
	Be now produced and heard.	2
	2. Kath. Lord cardinal,	
	To you I speak.	
	Wol. Your pleasure, madam?	
	Q. Kath. Sir,	
	I am about to weep; but, thinking that	
	We are a queen, or long have dreamed so, certain	
	The daughter of a king my drama of towns	v
	I'll turn to sparks of fire.	•
	Wol. Be patient yet.	
	2. Kath. I will, when you are humble; nay, before,	
	<u>•</u> •	

Or God will punish me. I do believe, King Henry VIII. Induced by potent circumstances, that II. 4. You are mine enemy; and make my challenge 75 You shall not be my judge: for it is you Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me, Which God's dew quench! Therefore, I say again, I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul Refuse you for my judge: whom, yet once more, 80 I hold my most malicious foe, and think not At all a friend to truth. Wol. I do profess You speak not like yourself; who ever yet Have stood to charity and displayed the effects Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom 85 O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you do me wrong: I have no spleen against you; nor injustice For you or any: how far I have proceeded, Or how far further shall, is warranted By a commission from the consistory, 90 Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge me That I have blown this coal: I do deny it: The king is present: if it be known to him That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound, And worthily, my falsehood? yea, as much 95 As you have done my truth. If he know That I am free of your report, he knows I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him It lies to cure me: and the cure is, to

King Henry
VIII.
You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking,
And to say so no more.

Q. Kath. My lord, my lord, I am a simple woman, much too weak

To oppose your cunning. You're meek and humblemouthed:

You sign your place and calling in full seeming
With meekness and humility: but your heart
Is crammed with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.
You have by fortune, and his highness' favours,
Gone slightly o'er low steps; and now are mounted
Where powers are your retainers: and your words,
Domestics to you, serve your will, as't please
Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,
You tender more your person's honour than
Your high profession spiritual; that again
I do refuse you for my judge; and here,
Before you all, appeal unto the pope,
To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,
And to be judged by him.

[She curtsies to the King and offers to depart.

Cam. The queen is obstinate, Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and 120 Disdainful to be tried by it; 'tis not well. She's going away.

K. Hen. Call her again.

Crier. Katharine, Queen of England, come into the court.

Grif. Madam, you are called back.

Q. Kath. What need you note it? pray you, keep King Henry 125 VIII. your way: II. 4. When you are called, return. Now the Lord help, They vex me past my patience! pray you, pass on: I will not tarry: no, nor ever more, Upon this business, my appearance make In any of their courts. [Exeunt Queen and her Attendants. K. Hen. Go thy ways, Kate: 130 That man i' the world who shall report he has A better wife, let him in nought be trusted, For speaking false in that: thou art alone,— If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness, Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government, 135 Obeying in commanding, and thy parts Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out,— The queen of earthly queens: she's noble born; And, like her true nobility, she has Carried herself towards me. Wol. Most gracious sir, 140 In humblest manner I require your highness, That it shall please you to declare, in hearing Of all these ears, for where I am robb'd and bound, There must I be unloosed; although not there At once and fully satisfied, whether ever I 145 Did broach this business to your highness; or Laid any scruple in your way, which might Induce you to the question on't? or ever Have to you, but with thanks to God for such

King Henry Be to the prejudice of her present state,
VIII.
Or touch of her good person?
K. Hen. My lord cardinal,

I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour,
I free you from't. You are not to be taught
That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are so, but, like to village curs,
Bark when their fellows do: by some of these
The queen is put in anger. You're excused:
But will you be more justified? you ever
Have wished the sleeping of this business; never
desired

It to be stirred; but oft have hindered, oft
The passages made toward it: on my honour,
I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,
And thus far clear him. Now, what moved me
to't.

I will be bold with time and your attention: 165
Then mark the inducement. Thus it came; give heed
to't:

My conscience first received a tenderness,
Scruple and prick, on certain speeches uttered
By the bishop of Bayonne, then French ambassador;
Who had been hither sent on the debating
A marriage, 'twixt the Duke of Orleans and
Our daughter Mary: i' the progress of this business,
Ere a determinate resolution, he
I mean the bishop did require a respite;
Wherein he might the king his lord advertise
Whether our daughter were legitimate,

Respecting this our marriage with the dowager, Sometimes our brother's wife. This respite shook The bosom of my conscience, entered me, Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble 180 The region of my breast; which forced such way, That many mazed considerings did throng, And pressed in with this caution. First, methought, I stood not in the smile of heaven; who had Commanded nature, that my lady's womb, 185 If it conceived a male child by me, should Do no more offices of life to't, than The grave does to the dead: for her male issue Or died where they were made, or shortly after This world had aired them. Hence I took a thought This was a judgment on me; that my kingdom, 191 Well worthy the best heir o' the world, should not Be gladded in't by me: then follows, that I weighed the danger which my realms stood in By this my issue's fail: and that gave to me 195 Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling in The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer Toward this remedy, whereupon we are Now present here together; that's to say, I meant to rectify my conscience, which 200 I then did feel full sick and yet not well, By all the reverend fathers of the land, And doctors learned. First, I began in private With you, my Lord of Lincoln; you remember How under my oppression I did reek, 205 When I first moved you.

King Henry

King Henry VIII. II. 4.	Lin. Very well, my liege. K. Hen. I have spoke long; be pleased yourself say	f to
	How far you satisfied me.	
	Lin. So please your highness,	
	The question did at first so stagger me,	
	Bearing a state of mighty moment in't,	210
	And consequence of dread, that I committed	
	The daring'st counsel which I had, to doubt;	
	And did entreat your highness to this course,	
	Which you are running here.	
	K. Hen. I then moved you,	
	My lord of Canterbury; and got your leave	215
	To make this present summons: unsolicited	
	I left no reverend person in this court;	
	But by particular consent proceeded,	
	Under your hands and seals. Therefore, go on;	
	For no dislike i' the world against the person	220
	Of the good queen, but the sharp thorny points	
	Of my alleged reasons, drives this forward:	
	Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life,	
	And kingly dignity, we are contented	
	To wear our mortal state to come with her,	225
	Katharine our queen, before the primest creature	
	That's paragoned o' the world.	
	Cam. So please your highn	ess,
	The queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness,	
	That we adjourn this court till further day:	
	Meanwhile must be an earnest motion	230
	Made to the queen, to call back her appeal	

She intends unto his holiness. [They rise to depart. King Henry K. Hen. I may perceive Aside. VIII. These cardinals trifle with me: I abhor
This dilatory sloth and tricks of Rome.
My learned and well-beloved servant, Cranmer, 235
Prithee, return! with thy approach I know
My comfort comes along. Break up the court:
I say, set on. [Execunt in manner as they entered.

ACT III.

Scene I. London.—The Queen's apartments.

The QUEEN and her Women as at work.

Queen Katharine.

TAKE thy lute, wench: my soul grows sad with troubles:

Sing and disperse 'em if thou canst: leave working.

SONG.

5

10

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops that freeze,
Bow themselves, when he did sing:
To his music, plants and flowers
Ever sprung; as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring,

Everything that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art:
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or hearing die.

62

Enter a Gentleman.

King Henry VIII.

Q. Kath. How now?

Gent. An't please your grace, the two great cardinals III. 1.

Wait in the presence.

2. Kath. Would they speak with me?

Gent. They willed me to say so, madam.

Q. Kath. Pray their graces To come near. [Exit Gent.] What can be their business With me, a poor weak woman, fallen from favour? 20 I do not like their coming. Now I think on't, They should be good men, their affairs as righteous: But all hoods make not monks.

Enter the two Cardinals Wolsey and Campeius.

Wol. Peace to your highness!

Q. Kath. Your graces find me here part of a housewife; I would be all, against the worst may happen. 25 What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords?

Wol. May it please you, noble madam, to withdraw Into your private chamber, we shall give you

The full cause of our coming.

Q. Kath. Speak it here;
There's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience, 30
Deserves a corner: would all other women
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!
My lords, I care not, so much I am happy
Above a number, if my actions
Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw 'em,
Envy and base opinion set against 'em,
I know my life so even. If your business

King Henry	Seek me out, and that way I am wife in,	
VIII.	Out with it boldly: truth loves open dealing.	
III. I.	Wol. Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, regi	ina
	serenissima,—	40
	Q. Kath. O good my lord, no Latin;	•
	I am not such a truant since my coming,	
	As not to know the language I have lived in:	
	A strange tongue makes my cause more strang suspicious:	ge,
	Pray speak in English: here are some will thank you,	45
	If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake;	
	Believe me she has had much wrong. Lord cardinal,	
	The willing'st sin I ever yet committed	
	May be absolved in English.	
	<i>Wol.</i> Noble lady,	
	I am sorry my integrity should breed,	50
	And service to his majesty and you,	
	So deep suspicion where all faith was meant.	
	We come not by the way of accusation,	
	To taint that honour every good tongue blesses;	
	Nor to betray you any way to sorrow;	55
	You have too much, good lady: but to know	
	How you stand minded in the weighty difference	
	Between the king and you; and to deliver,	
	Like free and honest men, our just opinions,	
	And comforts to your cause.	
	Cam. Most honoured madam, of	60
	My Lord of York, out of his noble nature,	
	Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace,	
	Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure	

Both of his truth and him, which was too far,— King Henry 65 VIII. Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace, His service and his counsel. 2. Kath. To betray me. My lords, I thank you both for your good wills; Ye speak like honest men; pray God, ye prove so! But how to make ye suddenly an answer, In such a point of weight, so near mine honour, 70 More near my life, I fear, with my weak wit, And to such men of gravity and learning, In truth, I know not. I was set at work Among my maids; full little, God knows, looking Either for such men, or such business, 75 For her sake that I have been, for I feel The last fit of my greatness, good your graces, Let me have time, and counsel for my cause; Alas! I am a woman, friendless, hopeless. Wol. Madam, you wrong the king's love with these fears: 80 Your hopes and friends are infinite. Q. Kath. In England But little for my profit: can you think, lords, That any Englishman dare give me counsel? Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness' pleasure 85

But little for my profit: can you think, lords, That any Englishman dare give me counsel? Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness' pleasu Though he be grown so desperate to be honest, And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friends, They that must weigh out my afflictions, They that my trust must grow to, live not here: They are, as all my other comforts, far hence, In mine own country, lords.

65

]

I would your grace 90 King Henry Cam. Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel. VIII. III. 1. How, sir? Q. Kath. Cam. Put your main cause into the king's protection; He's loving and most gracious; 'twill be much Both for your honour better, and your cause; For, if the trial of the law o'ertake ye, 95 You'll part away disgraced. IValHe tells you rightly. Q. Kath. Ye tell me what ye wish for both, my ruin: Is this your christian counsel? Out upon ye! Heaven is above all yet; there sits a Judge That no king can corrupt. Your rage mistakes us. 100 Cam. Q. Kath. The more shame for ye; holy men I thought ye, Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues; But cardinal sins and hollow hearts, I fear ye: Mend 'em, for shame, my lords. Is this your comfort? The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady? 105 A woman lost among ye, laughed at, scorned? I will not wish ye half my miseries, I have more charity. But say, I warned ye; Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest at once The burthen of my sorrows fall upon ye. 110 Wol. Madam, this is a mere distraction; You turn the good we offer into envy. Q. Kath. Ye turn me into nothing. Woe upon ye, And all such false professors! Would you have me,—

66

115

If you have any justice, any pity;

If ye be anything but churchmen's habits—
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?
Alas! 'has banished me his bed already;
His love, too long ago. I am old, my lords,
And all the fellowship I hold now with him
Is only my obedience. What can happen
To me above this wretchedness? All your studies
Make me a curse like this.

King Henry

III. 1.

Cam. Your fears are worse.

Q. Kath. Have I lived thus long, let me speak myself, Since virtue finds no friends—a wife, a true one? 125 A woman, I dare say, without vain-glory, Never yet branded with suspicion? Have I with all my full affections Still met the king? loved him next heaven? obeyed him? Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him? 130 Almost forgot my prayers to content him? And am I thus rewarded? 'tis not well, lords. Bring me a constant woman to her husband, One that ne'er dreamed a joy beyond his pleasure; And to that woman, when she has done most, Yet will I add an honour, a great patience.

Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.

Q. Kath. My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty, To give up willingly that noble title Your master wed me to: nothing but death
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

Wol. Pray, hear me.

2. Kath. Would I had never trod this English earth, Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!

67

King Henry Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows your hearts. VIII. What will become of me now, wretched lady? 145 III. T. I am the most unhappy woman living. Alas! poor wenches, where are now your fortunes? To her Women. Shipwracked upon a kingdom, where no pity, No friends, no hope; no kindred weep for me; Almost no grave allowed me: like the lily, 150 That once was mistress of the field and flourished. I'll hang my head and perish. Wal. If your grace Could but be brought to know our ends are honest, You'd feel more comfort: why should we, good lady, Upon what cause, wrong you? alas! our places, The way of our profession is against it; We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow 'em. For goodness' sake, consider what you do; How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly Grow from the king's acquaintance, by this carriage. 160 The hearts of princes kiss obedience, So much they love it; but to stubborn spirits They swell, and grow as terrible as storms. I know you have a gentle, noble temper, A soul as even as a calm: pray, think us 165 Those we profess, peace-makers, friends and servants. Cam. Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong your virtues With these weak women's fears. A noble spirit. As yours was put into you, ever casts Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king loves you;

Beware, you lose it not: for us, if you please

To trust us in your business, we are ready To use our utmost studies in your service.

King Henry VIII. III. 2.

5

Q. Kath. Do what ye will, my lords, and pray, forgive me.

If I have used myself unmannerly;
You know, I am a woman, lacking wit
To make a seemly answer to such persons.
Pray, do my service to his majesty:
He has my heart yet, and shall have my prayers,
While I shall have my life. Come, reverend fathers,
Bestow your counsels on me: she now begs,
That little thought, when she set footing here,
She should have bought her dignities so dear. [Exeunt.

Scene II .- Antechamber to the King's Apartment.

Enter the Duke of Norfolk, Duke of Suffolk, the EARL of Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlain.

Nor. If you will now unite in your complaints
And force them with a constancy, the cardinal
Cannot stand under them: if you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promise
But that you should sustain moe new disgraces,
With these you bear already.

Sur. I am joyful To meet the least occasion, that may give me Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke, To be revenged on him.

King Henry	Suf. Which of the peers	
VIII.		10
III. 2.	Strangely neglected? when did he regard	
	The stamp of nobleness in any person,	
	Out of himself?	
	Cham. My lords, you speak your pleasures	s :
	What he deserves of you and me I know;	
	3371 . 1 . 1	15
	Gives way to us, I much fear. If you cannot	•
	Bar his access to the king, never attempt	
	Anything on him; for he hath a witchcraft	
	Over the king in's tongue.	
	Nor. O, fear him not:	
	The small in that is such that him hat found	20
	Matter against him, that for ever mars	
	The honey of his language. No, he's settled,	
	Not to come off, in his displeasure.	
	Sur. Sir,	
	I should be glad to hear such news as this	
	Once every hour.	
	Nor. Believe it, this is true,	25
	In the divorce, his contrary proceedings	Ī
	Are all unfolded; wherein he appears,	
	As I would wish mine enemy.	
	Sur. How came	
	His practices to light?	
	Suf. Most strangely.	
	Sur. O, how, how	v ?
	Suf. The cardinal's letters to the pope miscarried,	30
	And came to the eye o' the king: wherein was read,	-
	70	
	· ·	

How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness King Henry To stay the judgment o' the divorce: for if VIII. III. 2. It did take place, "I do," quoth he, " perceive. My king is tangled in affection to 35 A creature of the queen's, Lady Anne Bullen." Sur. Has the king this? Believe it. Suf. Sur. Will this work? Cham. The king in this perceives him, how he coasts, And hedges his own way. But in this point All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic 40 After his patient's death; the king already Hath married the fair lady. 'Would he had! Sur. Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my lord! For, I profess, you have it. Now, all my joy Sur. Trace the conjunction! My amen to't! Suf. Nor. All men's! 45 Suf. There's order given for her coronation: Marry, this is yet but young and may be left To some ears unrecounted. But, my lords, She is a gallant creature and complete In mind and feature: I persuade me, from her 50 Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall In it be memorized. Sur. But, will the king Digest this letter of the cardinal's? The Lord forbid!

King Henry	Nor.	Marry, amen!	
VIII. III. 2.	Suf.	No, no;	
		that buzz about his nose,	55
	Will make this sting	the sooner. Cardinal Campeius	•
	Is stolen away to Ror	ne: hath ta'en no leave;	
		the king unhandled; and	
	Is posted, as the agen	t of our cardinal,	
	To second all his plot		60
	The king cried, "ha	!" at this.	
	Cham.	Now, God incense him,	
	And let him cry "ha		
	Nor.	But, my lord,	
	When returns Cranm		
	Suf. He is returned	d in his opinions; which	
	Have satisfied the kir		65
	Together with all fam		
		m: shortly, I believe,	
	His second marriage	shall be published, and	
	Her coronation. Ka		
	Shall be called queen;	but princess dowager,	70
	And widow to Prince		•
	Nor.	This same Cranmer's	
	A worthy fellow, and	hath ta'en much pain	
	In the king's business	•	
	Suf.	He has; and we shall see him	1,
	For it, an archbishop.		
	Nor.	So I hear.	
	Suf.	'Tis so.	
	The cardinal—		

Enter Wolsey and Cromwell.	King Henry
Nor. Observe, observe he's moody. 75	VIII.
Wol. The packet, Cromwell, gave't you the king?	III. 2.
Crom. To his own hand, in's bedchamber.	
Wol. Looked he o' the inside of the paper?	
Crom. Presently	
He did unseal them: and the first he viewed	
He did it with a serious mind; a heed 80	
Was in his countenance: you, he bad	
Attend him here this morning.	
Wol. Is he ready	
To come abroad?	
Crom. I think, by this he is.	
Wol. Leave me a while. [Exit Cromwell.	
It shall be to the Duchess of Alençon, 85	
The French king's sister: he shall marry her.—	
Anne Bullen! No; I'll no Anne Bullens for him:	
There is more in't than fair visage.—Bullen!	
No, we'll no Bullens. Speedily I wish 89	
To hear from Rome. The Marchioness of Pembroke!	
Nor. He's discontented.	
Suf. May be, he hears the king	
Does whet his anger to him.	
Sur. Sharp enough,	
Lord, for thy justice!	
Wol. The late queen's gentlewoman; a knight's	}
daughter,	
To be her mistress' mistress! the queen's queen!— 95	;
This candle burns not clear; 'tis I must snuff it;	
Then, out it goes. What though I know her virtuous,	

King Henry
VIII.
A spleeny Lutheran; and not wholesome to
Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of
Our hard-ruled king. Again, there is sprung up
An heretic, an arch one, Cranmer; one
Hath crawled into the favour of the king,
And is his oracle.

Nor.

He is vexed at something.

Nor. He is vexed at something.

Suf. I would 'twere something that would fret the string,

The master-cord on's heart!

Enter the King, reading of a schedule; and Lovell. Suf.

The king, the king!

K. Hen. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated To his own portion! and what expense by the hour Seems to flow from him! How, i' the name of thrift, Does he rake this together? Now, my lords,

Saw you the cardinal?

Nor. My lord, we have

Stood here observing him. Some strange commotion

Is in his brain: he bites his lips and starts;

Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,

Then, lays his finger on his temple; straight,

Springs out into fast gait; then, stops again,

Strikes his breast hard and anon he casts

His eye against the moon: in most strange postures

We have seen him set himself.

K. Hen. It may well be:
There is a mutiny in's mind. This morning

Papers of state he sent me to peruse, King Henry VIII. As I required: and wot you what I found III. 2. There, on my conscience, put unwittingly? Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing, The several parcels of his plate, his treasure, 125 Rich stuffs and ornaments of household; which I find at such proud rate, that it out-speaks Possession of a subject. Nor. It's heaven's will: Some spirit put this paper in the packet To bless your eye withal. K. Hen. If we did think 130 His contemplation were above the earth, And fixed on spiritual object, he should still Dwell in his musings: but, I am afraid, His thinkings are below the moon, not worth His serious considering. [King takes his seat, and whispers Lovell, who goes to Wolsey. Wol. Heaven forgive me! 135 Ever God bless your highness! K. Hen. Good, my lord, You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inventory Of your best graces in your mind; the which You were now running o'er; you have scarce time To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span 140 To keep your earthly audit: sure, in that I deem you an ill husband: and am glad To have you therein my companion. Wol. Sir,

King Henry VIII. III. 2.	I bear i' the state; and nature does require Her times of preservation, which perforce,	45
	I, her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal, Must give my tendance to. K. Hen. You have said well, Wol. And ever may your highness yoke together, As I will lend you cause, my doing well With my well saying.	149
	K. Hen. 'Tis well said again; And 'tis a kind of good deed to say well: And yet words are no deeds. My father loved you:	· 5 5
٠.	Wol. What should this mean? I Sur. The Lord increase this business! [Asia K. Hen. Have I not made you have found true: And, if you may confess it, say withal,	de.
	TC 1 1 1 TTT1	65

Have ever come too short of my desires, 170 King Henry VIII. Yet—filled with my abilities: mine own ends III. 2. Have been mine, so that evermore they pointed To the good of your most sacred person, and The profit of the state. For your great graces Heaped upon me, poor undeserver, I 175 Can nothing render but allegiant thanks; My prayers to heaven for you; my loyalty, Which ever has and ever shall be growing, Till death, that winter, kill it. K. Hen. Fairly answered; A loyal and obedient subject is 180 Therein illustrated: The honour of it Does pay the act of it; as, i' the contrary, The foulness is the punishment. I presume That as my hand has opened bounty to you, 184 My heart dropped love, my power rained honour, more On you, than any; so your hand and heart, Your brain and every function of your power, Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty, As 'twere in love's particular, be more To me, your friend, than any. I do profess Wal. 190 That for your highness' good I ever laboured More than mine own; that am, have, and will be— Though all the world should crack their duty to you, And throw it from their soul; though perils did Abound, as thick as thought could make 'em, and Appear in forms more horrid, yet my duty, As doth a rock against the chiding flood,

King Henry Should the approach of this wild river break, VIII. And stand unshaken yours. III. 2. 'Tis nobly spoken: K. Hen. Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast, 200 For you have seen him open't. Read o'er this: Giving him papers. And after, this: and then to breakfast, with What appetite you have. [Exit King, frowning upon the Cardinal, the Nubles throng after him, smiling, and whispering. Wol. What should this mean? What sudden anger's this? how have I reaped it? He parted frowning from me, as if ruin 205 Leaped from his eyes: so looks the chafed lion Upon the daring huntsman that has galled him; Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper: I fear the story of his anger. 'Tis so: This paper has undone me: 'tis the account 210 Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the popedom, And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence, Fit for a fool to fall by! What cross devil Made me put this main secret in the packet 215 I sent the king? Is there no way to cure this? No new device to beat this from his brains? I know 'twill stir him strongly; yet I know

Will bring me off again. What's this—"To the Pope"?

219

A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune

The letter, as I live, with all the business

I writ to's holiness. Nay then, farewell!
I have touched the highest point of all my greatness:
And from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting. I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.

King Henry
VI'I.

111. 2.

Enter to Wolsey the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, the EARL OF SURREY, and the Lord Chamberlain, Nor. Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal: who commands vou To render up the great seal presently Into our hands; and to confine yourself 230 To Asher-house, my Lord of Winchester's, Till you hear further from his highness. Wol. Stay, Where's your commission, lords? words cannot carry Authority so weighty. Who dares cross 'em, Suf. Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly? Wol. Till I find more than will, or words to do it. I mean, your malice, know, officious lords, I dare and must deny it. Now I feel Of what coarse metal ye are moulded,—envy. How eagerly ye follow my disgraces, 240 As if it fed ye! and how sleek and wanton Ye appear in everything may bring my ruin! Follow your envious courses, men of malice; You have christian warrant for 'em, and no doubt, In time will find their fit rewards. That seal 245

King Henry	You ask with such a violence, the king,
VIII.	Mine and your master, with his own hand gave me:
III. 2.	Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
	During my life, and to confirm his goodness,
	Tied it by letters-patents: now, who'll take it? 250
	Sur. The king, that gave it.
	Wol. It must be himself then.
	Sur. Thou art a proud traitor, priest.
	Wol. Proud lord, thou liest;
	Within these forty hours Surrey durst better
	Have burnt that tongue than said so.
	Sur. Thy ambition,
	Thou scarlet sin, robbed this bewailing land 255
	Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law:
	The heads of all thy brother cardinals,
	With thee, and all thy best parts bound together,
	Weighed not a hair of his. Plague of your policy!
	You sent me deputy for Ireland: 260
	Far from his succour, from the king, from all
	That might have mercy on the fault thou gavest him;
	Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
	Absolved him with an axe.
	Wol. This and all else
	This talking lord can lay upon my credit, 265
	I answer, is most false. The duke by law
	Found his deserts: how innocent I was
	From any private malice in his end,
	His noble jury and foul cause can witness.
	If I loved many words, lord, I should tell you, 270
	You have as little honesty as honour,
	8o

That in the way of loyalty and truth Toward the king, my ever royal master, Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be And all that love his follies. Sur. By my soul, 275 Your long coat, priest, protects you; thou shouldst My sword i' the life-blood of thee else. My lords, Can ye endure to hear this arrogance? And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet, 280 Farewell nobility; let his grace go forward, And dare us with his cap, like larks. Wol.All goodness Is poison to thy stomach. Sur. Yes, that goodness Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one, Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion; 285 The goodness of your intercepted packets, You writ to the pope, against the king: your goodness, Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious. My Lord of Norfolk, as you are truly noble, As you respect the common good, the state 290 Of our despised nobility, our issues, Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen, Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles Collected from his life: I'll startle you Worse than the sacring bell, when the brown wench Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal. 296 Wol. How much, methinks, I could despise this man,

King Henry VIII.

III. 2.

8 I

But, thus much, they are foul ones. Wol. So much fairer, 300 And spotless, shall mine innocence arise, When the king knows my truth. Sur. This cannot save you: I thank my memory, I yet remember Some of these articles; and out they shall. Now if you can blush and cry guilty, cardinal, 305 You'll show a little honesty. Wol. Speak on, sir; I dare your worst objections: if I blush, It is, to see a nobleman want manners. Sur. I had rather want those than my head. Have at you. First, that without the king's assent or knowledge, You wrought to be a legate; by which power You maimed the jurisdiction of all bishops. Nor. Then, that in all you writ to Rome, or else To foreign princes, Ego et Rex meus Was still inscribed; in which you brought the king 315 To be your servant. Then, that without the knowledge Suf. Either of king or council, when you went Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold To carry into Flanders the great seal. Sur. Item, you sent a large commission 320 To Gregory de Cassado, to conclude, Without the king's will, or the state's allowance,

Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in the king's hand:

King Henry But that I am bound in charity against it!

VIII.

III. 2.

A league between his highness and Ferrara.

Suf. That, out of mere ambition, you have caused

Your holy hat to be stamped on the king's coin. 323

Sur. Then, that you have sent innumerable substance, By what means got, I leave to your own conscience, To furnish Rome and to prepare the ways You have for dignities; to the mere undoing Of all the kingdom. Many more there are;
Which, since they are of you, and odious, I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. O my lord, Press not a falling man too far; 'tis virtue:

His faults lie open to the laws; let them, Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him 335

So little of his great self.

Sur. I forgive him.

Suf. Lord cardinal, the king's further pleasure is,—Because all those things, you have done of late
By your power legative, within this kingdom,
Fall into the compass of a præmunire,—
That therefore such a writ be sued against you;
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be
Out of the king's protection.—This is my charge.

Nor. And so we'll leave you to your meditations 345 How to live better. For your stubborn answer, About the giving back the great seal to us, The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank you So fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.

[Exeunt all but Wolsey.

King Henry VIII.

III. 2.

Wol. So farewell to the little good you bear me. King Henry 350 Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness! This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth The tender leaves of hopes, to-morrow blossoms, And bears his blushing honours thick upon him: The third day comes a frost, a killing frost; 355 And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely His greatness is a ripening, nips his root, And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured. Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders, This many summers in a sea of glory; 360 But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride At length broke under me; and now has left me, Weary, and old with service, to the mercy Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me. Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye; 365 I feel my heart new opened: O, how wretched Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours! There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to, That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin, More pangs and fears than wars or women have; 370 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer, Never to hope again.

VIII. III. 2.

> Enter Cromwell, standing amazed. Why, how now, Cromwell? Crom. I have no power to speak, sir. Wol. What, amazed At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep, 375

I am fallen indeed. King Henry VIII. How does your grace? Crom. Why, well; III. 2. Wol. Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell. I know myself now: and I feel within me A peace above all earthly dignities, 379 A still and quiet conscience. The king has cured me, I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders, These ruined pillars, out of pity, taken A load would sink a navy, too much honour: O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden, Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven. 385 Crom. I am glad your grace has made that right use of it. Wol. I hope I have: I am able now, methinks, Out of a fortitude of soul I feel, To endure more miseries and greater far, Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer. 390 What news abroad? Crom. The heaviest and the worst, Is your displeasure with the king. God bless him! Wol. Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen Lord chancellor in your place. Wol. That's somewhat sudden: May he continue But he's a learned man. 395 Long in his highness' favour and do justice For truth's sake and his conscience; that his bones, When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings, May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em! 85

King Henry	What more?	
VIII.	Crom. That Cranmer is returned with welco	ome,
III. 2	Installed Lord Archbishop of Canterbury.	401
	Wol. That's news indeed.	
	Crom. Last, that the Lady A	nne,
	Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,	
	This day was viewed in open, as his queen,	
	Going to chapel; and the voice is now	405
	Only about her coronation.	
	Wol. There was the weight that pulled me down.	,
	O! Cromwell,	
	The king has gone beyond me; all my glories	
	In that one woman I have lost for ever:	
	No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,	410
	Or gild again the noble troops that waited	
	Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell	l,
	I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now	
	To be thy lord and master: seek the king;	
	That sun, I pray, may never set! I have told him	
	What and how true thou art: he will advance thee	;
	Some little memory of me will stir him,	
	I know his noble nature, not to let	
	Thy hopeful service perish too. Good Cromwell,	
	Neglect him not; make use now and provide	420
	For thine own future safety.	
	Crom. O, my lord,	
	Must I then leave you? must I needs forgo	
	So good, so noble, and so true a master?	
	Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,	
	With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.	425

The king shall have my service; but my pravers For ever and for ever, shall be yours. Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman. 430 Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell; And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be; And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention Of me more must be heard of, say, I taught thee; Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory, 435 And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour, Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in; A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it. Mark but my fall, and that that ruined me. Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition: 440 By that sin fell the angels; how can man then, The image of his Maker, hope to win by it? Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee; Corruption wins not more than honesty. Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace, 445 To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not: Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's, Thy God's and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell, Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king; and,—Prithee lead me in: 450 There take an inventory of all I have, To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe, And my integrity to heaven, is all I dare now call my own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,

King Henry VIII. III. 2.

455

Had I but served my God with half the zeal

King Henry I served my king, he would not in mine age
VIII. Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Crom. Good sir, have patience.

Wol. So I have. Farewell
The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell.

[Exeunt.

ACT IV.

Scene I.—A Street in Westminster.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.

First Gentleman.

VOU'RE well met once again.

Sec. Gent. So are you.

First Gent. You come to take your stand here and behold

The Lady Anne pass from her coronation?

Sec. Gent. 'Tis all my business. At our last encounter,

The Duke of Buckingham came from his trial.

First Gent. 'Tis very true: but that time offered sorrow;

This, general joy.

Sec. Gent. 'Tis well: the citizens,

I am sure, have shown at full their royal minds,

As let 'em have their rights, they are ever forward, In celebration of this day with shows,

Pageants and sights of honour.

First Gent. Never greater,

Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, sir.

Sec. Gent. May I be bold to ask what that contains,

TO

King Henry That pap	er in your hand?	Von lain al	ha liat	
r v 7		Yes; 'tis the		
Of those i	that claim their		,	15
	n of the coronati			
	e of Suffolk is th			
To be hig	h-steward; next	t, the Duke of	Nortolk,	
	earl marshal: yo			_
Sec. Ger	nt. I thank you	, sir; had I n	ot known t	hose
cus	stoms,			20
f I should h	ave been behold	ling to your pa	aper.	
	eech you, what's			
	ess dowager? ho			
	ent. That I can			shop
	bu <mark>ry, acco</mark> mpani			25
Learned as	nd reverend fath	ers of his ord	er.	•
	e court at Dunsi			
	pthill, where the			
	ten cited by the			
	short, for not a			30
	s late scruple, by			30
	e learned men sh			
	ite marriage mad			
	h, she was remov		.ton,	34
	remains now sid		1 1 5~	
Sec. Gen		Alas, good la		
I ne trump	ets sound: stan	a close, the q		
			[Hautb	oys.

THE ORDER OF THE CORONATION.

1. A lively flourish of Trumpets:

2. Then two Judges.

3. Lord Chancellor, with purse and mace before him.

King Henry VIII. IV. 1.

4. Choristers singing. Music.

- 5. Mayor of London bearing the mace. Then Garter, in his coat of arms, and, on his head he wore a gilt copper crown.
- 6. Marquis Dorset, bearing a sceptre of gold, on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With him, the Earl of Surrey, bearing the rod of silver with the dove, crowned with an earl's coronet. Collars of SS.
- 7. Duke of Suffolk, in his robe of estate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as high-steward. With him, the Duke of Norfolk, with the rod of marshalship, a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.
- 8. A canopy born by four of the Cinque-ports; under it, the Queen in her robe; in her hair richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side her, the Bishops of London and Winchester.
- 9. The old Duchess of Norfolk, in a coronal of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the Queen's train.
- 10. Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain circlets of gold without flowers.

They pass over the stage in order and state.

Sec. Gent. A royal train, believe me. These I know; Who's that that bears the sceptre?

First Gent. Marquis Dorset:

And that the Earl of Surrey, with the rod.

Sec. Gent. A bold brave gentleman. That should be 40 The Duke of Suffolk.

'Tis the same; high-steward. First Gent. King Henry Sec. Gent. And that my Lord of Norfolk? VIII. IV. T. Yes. First Gent. Sec. Gent. [Looking on the Queen.] Heaven bless thee ! Thou hast the sweetest face I ever looked on. Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel; Our king has all the Indies in his arms, 45 And more and richer, when he strains that lady; I cannot blame his conscience. First Gent. They that bear The cloth of honour over her, are four barons Of the Cinque-ports. Sec. Gent. Those men are happy; and so are all are near her. 50 I take it, she that carries up the train Is that old noble lady, Duchess of Norfolk. First Gent. It is; and all the rest are countesses. Sec. Gent. Their coronets say so. These are stars, indeed: And sometimes, falling ones. No more of that. First Gent. 55 [Exit procession, and then a great flourish of trumpets.

Enter a Third Gentleman.

God save you, sir! Where have you been broiling?

Third Gent. Among the crowd i' the abbey; where a finger

Could not be wedged in more; I am stifled With the mere rankness of their joy.

King Henry Sec. Gent. You saw the ceremony! That I did. 60 VIII. Third Gent IV I First Gent. How was it? Well worth the seeing. Third Gent. Second Gent. Good sir, speak it to us. Third Gent. As well as I am able. The rich stream Of lords and ladies, having brought the queen To a prepared place in the choir, fell off 65 A distance from her: while her grace sat down To rest a while, some half an hour or so, In a rich chair of state, opposing freely The beauty of her person to the people. Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman 70 That ever lay by man: which when the people Had the full view of, such a noise arose As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest, As loud and to as many tunes: hats, cloaks, Doublets, I think, flew up: and had their faces 75 Been loose this day they had been lost. Such joy I never saw before. Great-bellied women, That had not half a week to go, like rams In the old time of war, would shake the press, And make 'em reel before 'em. No man living 80 Could say, "This is my wife," there; all were woven So strangely in one piece. But what followed? Sec. Gent. Third Gent. At length her grace rose, and with modest paces Came to the altar: where she kneeled and saint-like Cast her fair eyes to heaven, and prayed devoutly.

King Henry	Then rose again and bowed her to the people:
VIII.	When by the Archbishop of Canterbury
IV. 1.	She had all the royal makings of a queen;
	As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,
	The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems, 9
	Laid nobly on her; which performed, the choir
	With all the choicest music of the kingdom,
	Together sung "Te Deum." So she parted,
	And with the same full state paced back again
	To York-place, where the feast is held.
	First Gent. Sir, 9
	You must no more call it York-place, that's past:
	For, since the cardinal fell, that title's lost;
	'Tis now the king's, and called Whitehall.
	Third Gent. I know it:
	But 'tis so lately altered, that the old name
	Is fresh about me.
	Sec. Gent. What two reverend bishops 10
	Were those that went on each side of the queen?
	Third Gent. Stokesley and Gardiner; the one o
	Winchester,
	Newly preferred from the king's secretary,
	The other, London.
	Sec. Gent. He of Winchester
	Is held no great good lover of the archbishop's, 10
	The virtuous Cranmer.
	Third Gent. All the land knows that:
	However, yet there is no great breach; when it comes,
	Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him.
	Sec. Gent. Who may that be, I pray you?

Third Gent.

A man in much esteem with the king, and truly

A worthy friend. The king.

IV. 2.

A worthy friend. The king

Has made him master o' the jewel house, And one, already, of the privy council.

Sec. Gent. He will deserve more.

Third Gent. Yes, without all doubt.

Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way,
Which is to the court, and there ye shall be my guests;
Something I can command. As I walk thither,
I'll tell ye more.

Both. You may command us, sir. [Exeunt.

Scene II.—Kimbolton.

Enter Katharine, Dowager, sick; led between Griffith and Patience.

Grif. How does your grace?

Kath. O, Griffith, sick to death!

My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth, Willing to leave their burden: reach a chair;—So,—now, methinks, I feel a little ease.

Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st me, That the great inild of honour, Cardinal Wolsey, Was dead?

Grif. Yes, madam; but I think your grace, Out of the pain you suffered, gave no ear to't.

Kath. Prithee, good Griffith, tell me how he died: If well, he stepped before me, happily,

King Henry For my example. Well, the voice goes, madam: VIII. Grif. IV. 2. For after the stout Earl Northumberland Arrested him at York, and brought him forward As a man sorely tainted, to his answer, He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill 15 He could not sit his mule. Alas, poor man! Kath Grif. At last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester, Lodged in the Abbey; where the reverend abbot With all his convent, honourably received him; To whom he gave these words, "O father abbot, 20 An old man, broken with the storms of state, Is come to lay his weary bones among ye; Give him a little earth for charity!" So went to bed: where eagerly his sickness Pursued him still; and three nights after this, 25 About the hour of eight, which he himself Foretold should be his last, full of repentance, Continual meditations, tears and sorrows, He gave his honours to the world again, His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace. Kath. So may he rest; his faults lie gently on him! Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him, And yet with charity. He was a man Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking Himself with princes; one that by suggestion 35 Tied all the kingdom: simony was fair play; His own opinion was his law: i' the presence He would say untruths, and be ever double,

Both in his words and meaning: he was never, King Henry But where he meant to ruin, pitiful: 40 VIII. IV 2 His promises were, as he then was, mighty; But his performance, as he is now, nothing. Of his own body he was ill, and gave The clergy ill example. Grif. Noble madam, Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues 45 We write in water. May it please your highness To hear me speak his good now? Kath. Yes, good Griffith; I were malicious else. This cardinal, Grif. Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly Was fashioned to much honour from his cradle. 50 He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one; Exceeding wise, fair spoken and persuading: Lofty and sour to them that loved him not; But to those men that sought him, sweet as summer. And though he were unsatisfied in getting, 55 Which was a sin, yet in bestowing, madam, He was most princely: ever witness for him Those twins of learning, that he raised in you, Ipswich and Oxford! one of which fell with him, Unwilling to outlive the good that did it; 60 The other, though unfinished, yet so famous, So excellent in art and still so rising, That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue. His overthrow heaped happiness upon him; For then, and not till then, he felt himself, 65

G

King Henry And found the blessedness of being little: VIII. And, to add greater honours to his age

IV. 2.

Than man could give him, he died fearing God. Kath. After my death I wish no other herald. No other speaker of my living actions, 70 To keep mine honour from corruption, But such an honest chronicler as Griffith. Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me, With thy religious truth and modesty, Now in his ashes honour: peace be with him! 75 Patience, be near me still; and set me lower: I have not long to trouble thee. Good Griffith, Cause the musicians play me that sad note I named my knell, whilst I sit meditating 79 On that celestial harmony I go to. Sad and solemn music. Grif. She is asleep: good wench, let's sit down quiet. For fear we wake her; softly, gentle Patience.

The vision. Enter, solemnly tripping one after another, six personages, clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of bays, and golden vizards on their faces; branches of bays, or palm, in their hands. They first congee unto her, then dance; and at certain changes, the first two bold a spare garland over her head; at which, the other four make reverent curtsies; then the two that held the garland deliver the same to the other next two, who observe the same order in their changes, and holding the garland over her head: which done, they deliver the same garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same order: at which,

as it were by inspiration, she makes in her sleep signs King Henry of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven: and VIII. so in their dancing vanish, carrying the garland with IV. 2. them. The music continues.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone? And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?

Grif. Madam, we are here.

Kath. It is not you I call for:

Saw ye none enter, since I slept?

Grif. None, madam.

Kath. No? Saw you not even now a blessed troop Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun? They promised me eternal happiness; 90

And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall, assuredly.

Grif. I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams Possess your fancy.

Kath. Bid the music leave:

They are harsh and heavy to me. Music ceases. Pat. Do you note, 95

How much her grace is altered on the sudden?

How long her face is drawn! How pale she looks,

And of an earthly cold! Mark her eyes!

Grif. She is going, wench; pray, pray.

Pat. Heaven comfort her!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. An't like your grace,— Kath.

You are a saucy fellow:

To use so rude behaviour: go to, kneel. Mess. I humbly do entreat your highness' pardon; My haste made me unmannerly. There is staying A gentleman, sent from the king, to see you. Kath. Admit him entrance, Griffith: but this fellow	. 6
Cap. Madam, the same; your servant.	0
The times and titles, now are altered strangely With me since first you knew me. But, I pray you,	
Cap. Noble lady, First, mine own service to your grace; the next, The king's request that I would visit you; Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me	5
And heartily entreats you take good comfort. Kath. O my good lord, that comfort comes too late: Tis like a pardon after execution.	
	Grif. Knowing she will not lose her wonted greatness, To use so rude behaviour: go to, kneel. Mess. I humbly do entreat your highness' pardon; My haste made me unmannerly. There is staying A gentleman, sent from the king, to see you. Kath. Admit him entrance, Griffith: but this fellow Let me ne'er see again. [Exeunt Griffith and Messenger Re-enter Griffith, with Capucius. If my sight fail not, You should be lord ambassador from the emperor, My royal nephew, and your name Capucius. Cap. Madam, the same; your servant. Kath. O my lord. The times and titles, now are altered strangely With me since first you knew me. But, I pray you, What is your pleasure with me? Cap. Noble lady, First, mine own service to your grace; the next, The king's request that I would visit you; Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me Sends you his princely commendations, And heartily entreats you take good comfort. Kath. O my good lord, that comfort comes too late: Tis like a pardon after execution: That gentle physic, given in time, had cured me; But now I am past all comforts here but prayers.

Cap. Madam, in good health. King Henry 125 VIII. Kath. So may he ever do! and ever flourish, IV 2 When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name Banished the kingdom! Patience, is that letter I caused you write, yet sent away? Pat. No. madam. [Giving it to Katharine. Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver This to my lord the king. Most willing, madam. 130 Cap. Kath. In which I have commended to his goodness The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter:— The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her!— Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding; She is young, and of a noble modest nature: 135 I hope, she will deserve well; and a little To love her for her mother's sake, that loved him, Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition Is that his noble grace would have some pity Upon my wretched women, that so long 140 Have followed both my fortunes faithfully: Of which there is not one, I dare avow, And now I should not lie, but will deserve, For virtue and true beauty of the soul, For honesty and decent carriage. 145 A right good husband, let him be a noble; And, sure, those men are happy that shall have 'em. The last is, for my men; they are the poorest, But poverty could never draw 'em from me;

150

That they may have their wages duly paid 'em,

King Henry
VIII.

If heaven had pleased to have given me longer life
IV. 2.

And able means, we had not parted thus.

These are the whole contents: and, good my lord,
By that you love the dearest in this world,
As you wish Christian peace to souls departed,
Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the king
To do me this last right.

Cap. By heaven, I will; Or let me lose the fashion of a man!

Kath. I thank you, honest lord. Remember me 160 In all humility unto his highness: Say, his long trouble now is passing Out of this world: tell him, in death I blessed him, For so I will. Mine eyes grow dim. Farewell. My lord. Griffith, farewell.—Nay, Patience, 165 You must not leave me yet. I must to bed; When I am dead, good wench, Call in more women. Let me be used with honour; strew me over With maiden flowers, that all the world may know I was a chaste wife to my grave: embalm me, 170 Then lay me forth: although unqueened, yet like A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me. I can no more. [Exeunt, leading Katharine,

ACT V.

Scene I.—London. A Gallery in the Palace.

Enter GARDINER, Bishop of Winchester, a Page with a torch before him, met by SIR THOMAS LOVELL.

Gardiner.

I T'S one o'clock, boy, is't not?

Boy.

It hath struck.

Gar. These should be hours for necessities, Not for delights; times to repair our nature With comforting repose, and not for us
4 To waste these times. Good hour of night, Sir Thomas! Whither so late?

Lov. Came you from the king, my lord? Gar. I did, Sir Thomas, and left him at primero With the Duke of Suffolk.

Lov. I must to him too,

Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.

Gar. Not yet, Sir Thomas Lovell. What's the matter?

It seems you are in haste; an if there be No great offence belongs to't, give your friend

Some touch of your late business: affairs that walk		
As they say spirits do at midnight, have		
In them a wilder nature than the business 15		
That seeks dispatch by day.		
Lov. My lord, I love you;		
And durst commend a secret to your ear		
Much weightier than this work. The queen's in labour,		
They say, in great extremity; and feared,		
She'll with the labour end.		
Gar. The fruit she goes with, 20		
I pray for heartily; that it may find		
Good time, and live: but for the stock, Sir Thomas,		
I wish it grubbed up now.		
Lov. Methinks, I could		
Cry the amen; and yet my conscience says		
She's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does 25		
Deserve our better wishes.		
Gar. But, sir, sir,—		
Hear me, Sir Thomas: you're a gentleman		
Of mine own way; I know you wise, religious;		
And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,		
'Twill not, Sir Thomas Lovell, take 't of me,— 30		
Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she,		
Sleep in their graves.		
Lov. Now, sir, you speak of two		
The most remarked i' the kingdom. As for Cromwell,		
Beside that of the jewel-house,—is made master		
O' the rolls, and the king's secretary; further, sir, 35		
Stands in the gap and trade of moe preferments,		
With which the time will load him. The archbishop		

Is the king's hand and tongue: and who dare speak King Henry VIII. One syllable against him? V. 1. Gar. Yes, ves, Sir Thomas, There are that dare; and I myself have ventured 40 To speak my mind of him: and indeed this day, Sir, I may tell it you, I think I have Incensed the lords o' the council that he is— For so I know he is, they know he is,— A most arch-heretic, a pestilence That does infect the land: with which they moved, Have broken with the king: who hath so far Given ear to our complaint, of his great grace And princely care, foreseeing those fell mischiefs Our reasons laid before him, hath commanded, 50 To-morrow morning to the council-board He be convented. He's a rank weed, Sir Thomas, And we must root him out. From your affairs I hinder you too long: good night, Sir Thomas. Lov. Many good nights, my lord; I rest your [Exeunt Gardiner and Page. servant.

Enter King and Suffolk.

K. Hen. Charles, I will play no more to-night;
My mind's not on't; you are too hard for me.
Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.
K. Hen. But little, Charles;
Nor shall not, when my fancy's on my play.
Now, Lovell, from the queen what is the news?
Lov. I could not personally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman

King Henry I sent your message; who returned her thanks 64 VIII. In the greatest humbleness, and desired your highness V. 1. Most heartily to pray for her. What say'st thou? ha! K. Hen. To pray for her? what, is she crying out? Lov. So said her woman, and that her sufferance made Almost each pang a death. K. Hen. Alas, good lady! Suf. God safely quit her of her burthen, and 70 With gentle travail, to the gladding of Your highness with an heir! K. Hen. 'Tis midnight, Charles, Prithee, to bed; and in thy prayers remember The estate of my poor queen. Leave me alone; For I must think of that, which company 75 Would not be friendly to. Suf. I wish your highness A quiet night, and my good mistress will Remember in my prayers. K. Hen. Charles, good night. Exit Suffolk.

Enter Sir Anthony Denny.

Well, sir, what follows?

Den. Sir, I have brought my lord the archbishop, 80 As you commanded me.

K. Hen. Ha! Canterbury?

Den. Ay, my good lord.

K. Hen. 'Tis true: where is he, Denny?

Den. He attends your highness' pleasure.

K. Hen. Bring him to us. King Henry [Exit Denny. VIII. Lov. This is about that which the bishop spake; [Aside. I am happily come hither. Re-enter Denny, with Cranmer. K. Hen. Avoid the gallery. Lovell seems to stay. Ha! I have said. Be gone. What !---[Exeunt Lovell and Denny. Cran. [Aside.] I am fearful: wherefore frowns he thus? 'Tis his aspect of terror. All's not well. K. Hen. How now, my lord? You do desire to know Wherefore I sent for you. Cran. [Kneeling.] It is my duty 90 To attend your highness' pleasure. K. Hen. Pray you, arise, My good and gracious Lord of Canterbury. Come, you and I must walk a turn together; I have news to tell you: come, come, give me your hand. Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak, 95 And am right sorry to repeat what follows: I have, and most unwillingly, of late Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,

Grievous complaints of you; which, being considered,

100

Have moved us and our council, that you shall

This morning come before us; where, I know, You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,

King Henry
VIII.

Which will require your answer, you must take
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your house our Tower: you a brother of us.
It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness
Would come against you.

Cran. [Kneeling.] I humbly thank your highness; And am right glad to catch this good occasion Most throughly to be winnowed, where my chaff 110 And corn shall fly asunder: for, I know There's none stands under more calumnious tongues Than I myself, poor man.

K. Hen. Stand up, good Canterbury; Thy truth and thy integrity is rooted
In us, thy friend: give me thy hand, stand up; 115
Prithee, let's walk. Now, by my holidame,
What manner of man are you? My lord, I looked
You would have given me your petition, that
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together
Yourself and your accusers, and to have heard you 120
Without endurance further.

Cran. Most dread liege,
The good I stand on is my truth and honesty;
If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,
Will triumph o'er my person; which I weigh not,
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be said against me.

K. Hen. Know you not
How your state stands i' the world, with the whole
world?

Your enemies are many, and not small; their practices King Henry VIII. Must bear the same proportion; and not ever V. 1. The justice and the truth o' the question carries The due o' the verdict with it: at what ease Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt To swear against you? Such things have been done. You are potently opposed, and with a malice Of as great size. Ween you of better luck, 135 I mean, in perjured witness, than your master, Whose minister you are, whiles here he lived Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to; You take a precipice for no leap of danger, And woo your own destruction. God and your majesty, 140 Cran. Protect mine innocence, or I fall into The trap is laid for me! Be of good cheer; K. Hen. They shall no more prevail, than we give way to. Keep comfort to you; and this morning see You do appear before them. If they shall chance, 145 In charging you with matters, to commit you, The best persuasions to the contrary Fail not to use, and with what vehemency The occasion shall instruct you; if entreaties Will render you no remedy, this ring 150 Deliver them, and your appeal to us There make before them. Look, the good man weeps! He's honest, on mine honour. God's blest mother! I swear he is true-hearted, and a soul None better in my kingdom. Get you gone, 155

King Henry And do as I have bid you.—[Exit Cranmer.] He has VIII. strangled V. 1. His language in his tears.

Enter Old Lady.

Gent. [Within.] Come back. What mean you?

Lady. I'll not come back; the tidings that I bring
Will make my boldness manners. Now, good angels
Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person
Under their blessed wings!

K. Hen. Now, by thy looks guess thy message. Is the queen delivered?

Say, ay; and of a boy.

Lady. Ay, ay, my liege;
And of a lovely boy: the God of heaven
Both now and ever bless her! 'tis a girl,
Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen
Desires your visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger; 'tis as like you
As cherry is to cherry.

K. Hen. Lovell.—

Enter Lovell.

Lov. Sir. 170

K. Hen. Give her an hundred marks. I'll to the queen. [Exit King. Lady. An hundred marks! By this light I'll ha' more.

An ordinary groom is for such payment. I will have more, or scold it out of him. Said I for this the girl is like to him?

175

I will have more, or else unsay 't; and now While it is hot, I'll put it to the issue.

King Henry VII. V. 2.

Scene II .- Before the Council-Chamber.

Enter CRANMER, Archbishop of Canterbury.

Cran. I hope I am not too late; and yet the gentleman

That was sent to me from the council prayed me To make great haste. All fast? what means this? Hoa! Who waits there? Sure you know me?

Enter Keeper.

Keep. Yes, my lord;
But yet I cannot help you.

Cran. Why?

D. Keep. Your grace must wait till you be called for.

Enter Doctor Butts.

Cran. So.

Butts. This is a piece of malice. I am glad,
I came this way so happily: the king
Shall understand it presently. [Exit Butts.]

Cran. [Aside.] 'Tis Butts,
The king's physician: as he passed along,
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me!
Pray heaven, he sound not my disgrace! For certain,
This is of purpose laid by some that hate me,—
God turn their hearts! I never sought their malice,—

King Henry
VIII.
V. 2.

You quench mine honour: they would shame to make me
Wait else at door; a fellow counsellor,
Yhong boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their pleasures
Must be fulfilled, and I attend with patience.

Enter the King and Butts, at a window above. Butts. I'll show your grace the strangest sight,— What's that, Butts? K. Hen. Butts. I think your highness saw this many a day. 20 K. Hen. Body o' me, where is it? Rutts There, my lord: The high promotion of his grace of Canterbury; Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursuivants, Pages, and footboys. K. Hen. Ha! 'tis he, indeed: Is this the honour they do one another? 25 'Tis well there's one above 'em yet. I had thought They had parted so much honesty among 'em At least, good manners, as not thus to suffer A man of his place and so near our favour. To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures, 30 And at the door too, like a post with packets. By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery: Let 'em alone, and draw the curtain close; We shall hear more anon. [Exeunt.

The Council-Chamber.

Enter Lord Chancellor, places himself at the upper end of the table on the left hand; a seat being left void above him, as for Canterbury's seat; Duke of

SUFFOLK, DUKE OF NORFOLK, EARL OF SURREY, King Henry Lord Chamberlain, GARDINER, seat themselves in VIII. order on each side. CROMWELL at lower end as V. 2. secretary. Chan. Speak to the business, master secretary: 35 Why are we met in council? Crom. Please your honours, The chief cause concerns his grace of Canterbury. Gar. Has he had knowledge of it? Yes. Crom. Who waits there? Nor. Keep. Without, my noble lords? Gar. Yes.

Keep. My lord archbishop;
And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures. 40
Chan. Let him come in.

Keep. Your grace may enter now.

Cranmer enters and approaches the council-table.
Chan. My good lord archbishop, I'm very sorry
To sit here at this present and behold
That chair stand empty: but we all are men,
In our own natures frail and capable
Of our flesh; few are angels: out of which frailty
And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us,
Have misdemeaned yourself, and not a little,
Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling
The whole realm, by your teaching and your chaplains,
For so we are informed, with new opinions,
Divers and dangerous; which are heresies,

H

King Henry And, not reformed, may prove pernicious. Gar. Which reformation must be sudden too, My noble lords: for those that tame wild horses 55 Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle; But stop their mouths with stubborn bits and spur 'em Till they obey the manage. If we suffer, Out of our easiness and childish pity To one man's honour, this contagious sickness, 60 Farewell, all physic; and what follows then? Commotions, uproars, with a general taint Of the whole state: as of late days our neighbours, The upper Germany, can dearly witness, Yet freshly pitied in our memories. 65 Cran. My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress Both of my life and office, I have laboured, And with no little study, that my teaching, And the strong course of my authority, Might go one way, and safely; and the end 70 Was ever to do well: nor is there living, I speak it with a single heart, my lords, A man that more detests, more stirs against, Both in his private conscience and his place, Defacers of a public peace, than I do. 75 Pray heaven, the king may never find a heart With less allegiance in it! Men, that make Envy and crooked malice nourishment, Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships, That, in this case of justice, my accusers, 80 Be what they will, may stand forth face to face, And freely urge against me.

VIII.

V. 2.

Suf.	Nay, my lord,		King Henry
That cannot be; you are a			VIII.
And, by that virtue, no man			V. 2.
Gar. My lord, because		f more	
moment,	,, 0 2,,,, 0	85	
We will be short with you.	'Tis his highness' p		
And our consent, for better		•	
From hence you be committed			
Where, being but a private			
You shall know many dare		90	
More than, I fear, you are		,	
Cran. Ah, my good Lord	of Winchester, I tha	nk vou,	
You are always my good fri			
I shall both find your lordsh		,	
You are so merciful. I see		95	
'Tis my undoing. Love an		,,	
Become a churchman better			
Win straying souls with mo			
Cast none away. That I sh			
Lay all the weight ye can u		100	
I make as little doubt, as yo			
In doing daily wrongs. I c			
But reverence to your callin			
Gar. My lord, my lord,			
That's the plain truth; you		vers,	
To men that understand yo	u, words and weakn	ess. 106	
Crom. My Lord of Wind	chester, you are a litt	:le,	
By your good favour, too sl			
However faulty, yet should			
For what they have been: '		110	

King Henry To load a falling man. VIII. Good master secretary, Gar. V. 2. I cry your honour mercy; you may, worst Of all this table, say so. Why, my lord? Crom. Gar. Do not I know you for a favourer Of this new sect? ye are not sound. Not sound? Crom 115 Gar. Not sound, I say. 'Would you were half so honest! Crom. Men's prayers then would seek you, not their fears. Gar. I shall remember this bold language. Do. Crom. Remember your bold life too. Chan. This is too much; Forbear, for shame, my lords. I have done. Gar. Crom. And I. 120 Chan. Then thus for you, my lord; it stands agreed, I take it, by all voices, that forthwith You be conveyed to the Tower a prisoner; There to remain till the king's further pleasure Be known unto us: are you all agreed, lords? 125 All. We are. Cran. Is there no other way of mercy, But I must needs to the Tower, my lords? What other Gar. Would you expect? You are strangely troublesome: Let some o' the guard be ready there.

Enter Guard	l .		King Henry
Cran.	For me?		VIII.
Must I go like a traitor thither?			V. 2.
Gar.	Receive him,	130	
And see him safe i' the Tower.			
Cran.	Stay, good my lore	ds;	
I have a little yet to say. Look	there, my lords;		
By virtue of that ring, I take my	cause		
Out of the gripes of cruel men, a			
To a most noble judge, the king	my master.	135	
Cham. This is the king's ring.			
Sur.	'Tis no counterfo		
Suf. 'Tis the right ring, by her		,	
When we first put this dangerous	stone a rolling,		
'Twould fall upon ourselves.			
	o you think, my lo	ords,	
The king will suffer but the little	e finger	140	
Of this man to be vexed?			
	now too certain:		
How much more is his life in val	lue with him!		
'Would I were fairly out on't.			
	My mind gave me,		
In seeking tales and informations			
Against this man, whose honesty	the devil	145	
And his disciples only envy at,			
Ye blew the fire that burns ye:	now have at ye.		

Enter King, frowning on them; takes bis seat.

Gar. Dread sovereign, how much are we bound to heaven

King Henry VIII. V. 2.	In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince, Not only good and wise, but most religious: One that, in all obedience, makes the church The chief aim of his honour; and, to strengthen That holy duty, out of dear respect,	150
	His royal self in judgment comes to hear,	155 ons,
	They are too thin and base to hide offences.	160
	Thou hast a cruel nature, and a bloody. Good man, [to Cranmer] sit down. Now let me the proudest	se e
	TT 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	165
	Sur May it please your grace,— K. Hen. No, sir, it does not please n I had thought I had had men of some understanding	ne.
	And wisdom of my council; but I find none. Was it discretion, lords, to let this man, This good man, few of you deserve that title,— This honest man, wait like a lousy footboy At chamber-door? and one as great as you are?	70
	Why what a shame was this! Did my some is:	75

Power as he was a counsellor to try him, King Henry Not as a groom. There's some of ye, I see, V. 2. More out of malice than integrity, Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean; 180 Which ye shall never have while I live. Chan. Thus far. My most dread sovereign, may it like your grace To let my tongue excuse all. What was purposed Concerning his imprisonment, was rather If there be faith in men, meant for his trial, 185 And fair purgation to the world, than malice; I'm sure, in me. K. Hen. Well, well, my lords, respect him; Take him and use him well; he's worthy of it, I will say thus much for him, if a prince May be beholding to a subject, I 190 Am, for his love and service, so to him; Make me no more ado, but all embrace him; Be friends, for shame, my lords. My Lord of Canterbury, I have a suit which you must not deny me; That is, a fair young maid that yet wants baptism, You must be godfather, and answer for her. Cran. The greatest monarch now alive may glory In such an honour: how may I deserve it, That am a poor and humble subject to you? 199 K. Hen. Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your spoons; you shall have two noble partners with you; the old Duchess of Norfolk, and Lady Marquis Dorset: ill these please you? Once more, my Lord of Winchester, I charge you,

King Henry Embrace and love this man.

VIII. Gar. With a true heart, 205

And brother-love I do it.

Cran. And let heaven

Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation.

K. Hen. Good man, those joyful tears show thy true heart.

The common voice, I see, is verified 209
Of thee, which says thus, "Do my Lord of Canterbury
A shrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever."
Come, lords, we trifle time away; I long

Come, lords, we trifle time away; I long To have this young one made a christian.

As I have made ye one, lords, one remain;

So I grow stronger, you more honour gain. [Exeunt.

Scene III.—The Palace Yard.

Noise and tumult within. Enter Porter and his Man.

Port. You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals: do you take the court for Parish-garden? ye rude slaves, leave your gaping.

[Within.] Good master porter, I belong to the larder. Port. Belong to the gallows, and be hanged, ye rogue! Is this a place to roar in? Fetch me a dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones; these are but switches to 'em. I'll scratch your heads: you must be seeing christenings? Do you look for ale and cake here, you rude rascals?

Man. Pray, sir, be patient; 'tis as much impossible—

Unless we sweep 'em from the door with cannons— King Henry To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em sleep V. 3. On May-day morning; which will never be: We may as well push against Powle's, as stir 'em. 15 Port. How got they in, and be hanged? Man. Alas, I know not; how gets the tide in? As much as one sound cudgel of four foot— You see the poor remainder could distribute, I made no spare, sir. Port. You did nothing, sir. Man. I am not Samson, nor Sir Guy, nor Colbrand, To mow 'em down before me: but if I spared any That had a head to hit, either young or old, He or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker, Let me ne'er hope to see a chine again; 25 And that I would not for a cow, God save her! [Within.] Do you hear, master porter? Port. I shall be with you presently, good master puppy. Keep the door close, sirrah. Man. What would you have me do? 30 Port. What should you do, but knock 'em down by the dozens? Is this Moorfields to muster in? or have we some strange Indian with the great tool come to court, the women so besiege us? Bless me, what a fry of fornication is at door! On my christian conscience, this one christening will beget a thousand; here will be father, godfather, and all together. Man. The spoons will be the bigger, sir. There is a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a brazier

VIII.

VIII. V. 3.

King Henry days now reign in's nose; all that stand about him are under the line, they need no other penance: that firedrake did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his nose discharged against me; he stands there, like a mortar-piece, to blow us. There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit near him, that railed upon me till her pinked porringer fell off her head, for kindling such a combustion in the state. I missed the meteor once, and hit that woman, who cried out "clubs!" when I might see from far some forty truncheoneers draw to her succour, which were the hope o' the Strand, where she was quartered. They fell on; I made good my place; at length they came to the broomstaff to me; I defied 'em still; when suddenly a file of boys behind 'em, loose shot, delivered such a shower of pebbles, that I was fain to draw mine honour in, and let 'em win the work: the devil was amongst 'em, I think, surely.

Port. These are the youths that thunder at a playhouse and fight for bitten apples; that no audience, but the tribulation of Tower-hill, or the limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some of 'em in Limbo Patrum, and there they are like to dance these three days; besides the running banquet of two beadles, that is to come.

Enter Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Mercy o' me, what a multitude are here! They grow still too, from all parts they are coming, As if we kept a fair here! Where are these porters, These lazy knaves? Ye have made a fine hand, fellows. There's a trim rabble let in: are all these 69 King Henry Your faithful friends o' the suburbs? We shall have VIII. V. 4. Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies, When they pass back from the christening. Port An't please your honour We are but men; and what so many may do, Not being torn a pieces, we have done: An army cannot rule 'em. Cham. As I live. 75 If the king blame me for't, I'll lay ye all By the heels, and suddenly; and on your heads Clap round fines for neglect: ye're lazy knaves; And here ye lie baiting of bombards when Ye should do service. Hark! the trumpets sound; 80 They're come already from the christening: Go, break among the press, and find a way out To let the troop pass fairly, or I'll find A Marshalsea shall hold ye play these two months. Port. Make way there for the princess. You great fellow, Man. Stand close up, or I'll make your head ache. 86 Port. You i' the camlet, get up o' the rail; [Exeunt. I'll peck you o'er the pales else.

Scene IV .- The Palace.

Enter trumpets, sounding; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, CRANMER, DUKE OF NORFOLK, with his marshal's staff, DUKE OF SUFFOLK, two King Henry VIII. V. 4.

Noblemen, bearing great standing-bowis for the christening gifts; then four Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the Duchess of Norfolk, godmother, bearing the child richly habited in a mantle, &c., train borne by a Lady: then follows the Marchioness Dorset, the other godmother, and Ladies. The troop pass once about the stage, and Garter speaks.

Gart. Heaven, from thy endless goodness, send prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty princess of England, Elizabeth!

Flourish. Enter King and Train.

Cran. [Kneeling.] And to your royal grace, and the good queen,

My noble partners, and myself, thus pray;—All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady, Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy, May hourly fall upon ye!

K. Hen. Thank you, good lord archbishop,

What is her name?

Cran. Elizabeth.

K. Hen.

Stand up, lord.—
[The King kisses the child.

5

With this kiss take my blessing: God protect thee! 10 Into whose hand I give thy life.

Cran. Amen.

K. Hen. My noble gossips, ye have been too prodigal: I thank ye heartily; so shall this lady, When she has so much English.

Cran. Let me speak, sir, King Henry 15 VIII. For heaven now bids me; and the words I utter V. 4. Let none think flattery, for they'll find 'em truth. This royal infant, heaven still move about her! Though in her cradle, yet now promises Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings, Which time shall bring to ripeness: she shall be-20 But few now living can behold that goodness— A pattern to all princes living with her, And all that shall succeed: Saba was never More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue, Than this pure soul shall be: all princely graces, 25 That mould up such a mighty piece as this is, With all the virtues that attend the good, Shall still be doubled on her: truth shall nurse her, Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her: She shall be loved, and feared: her own shall bless her: Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn. And hang their heads with sorrow. Good grows with her: In her days every man shall eat in safety Under his own vine, what he plants, and sing The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours: 35 God shall be truly known; and those about her From her shall read the perfect way of honour, And by those claim their greatness, not by blood. Nor shall this peace sleep with her: but as when The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phænix, 40

Her ashes new create another heir, As great in admiration as herself; King Henry So shall she leave her blessedness to one,—
VIII. When heaven shall call her from this cloud of
V. 4. darkness,—

Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour,
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
And so stand fixed. Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,
That were the servants to this chosen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him;
Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
His honour and the greatness of his name,
Shall be, and make new nations: he shall flourish,
And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
To all the plains about him. Our children's children
Shall see this, and bless heaven.

K. Hen. Thou speakest wonders. 55 Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of England, An aged princess; many days shall see her, And yet no day without a deed to crown it. Would I had known no more! but she must die, She must, the saints must have her; yet a virgin, 60 A most unspotted lily, shall she pass

To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

K. Hen. O lord archbishop,
Thou hast made me now a man! never, before
This happy child, did I get anything.
This oracle of comfort has so pleased me,
That when I am in heaven I shall desire
To see what this child does, and praise my Maker.
I thank ye all. To you, my good lord mayor,
And your good brethren, I am much beholding;

65

70

I have received much honour by your presence,
And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way, lords;
Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank ye,
She will be sick else. This day, no man think
'Has business at his house; for all shall stay;
This little one shall make it holiday.

[Exeunt.

King Henry VIII. V. 4.

5

10

EPILOGUE.

'Tis ten to one this play can never please All that are here: some come to take their ease, And sleep an act or two; but those, we fear, We have frighted with our trumpets; so, 'tis clear, They'll say, 'tis nought: others, to hear the city Abused extremely, and to cry, "that's witty!" Which we have not done neither: that, I fear, All the expected good we're like to hear, For this play at this time, is only in The merciful construction of good women; For such a one we showed 'em: if they smile, And say, 'twill do, I know, within a while All the best men are ours; for 'tis ill hap, If they hold when their ladies bid 'em clap.

NOTES.

Act I. Sc. 1, 11. Which—weighed] One line in Rowe. Two lines, ending they and weighed in Ff.

Act I. Sc. 1, 33. —censure. When] Rowe. Censure, when Ff.

Act I. Sc. 1, 42-49. All was—business] Theobald. Buck. All was—together? Nor. As—business. F₁₋₃. In F₄ Buckingham's speech is continued to guess.

Act I. Sc. 1, 63. web, 'a gives us note] Ed. web.

O! gives us note Ff. (F₁ omits!)

Act I. Sc. 1, 219. —chancellor] Capell. Coun-

cellour. and counsellour F1-4.

Act I. Sc. 2, 87, 88. —or sit State-statues] Hanmer. End 87 with we sit; and 88 or sit State-statues F, F₄. F₂ F₃ read we sir; or sir.

Act I. Sc. 2, 91. —precedent president Ff.

Act I. Sc. 2, 139, 140. —point.—wish, to your high person] Capell. point,—wish to your high person; Ff.

Act I. Sc. 2, 156. —feared] Pope. Feare or fear

Act I. Sc. 2, 164. —confession's seal.] Theobald (Holinshed). Commissions Seale, Ff.

Act I. Sc. 2, 177. Go forward] As in Pope. In Ff. at end of 176.

King Henry VIII. Notes. Act I. Sc. 2, 179, 180. dangerous for him To] Capell. dangerous For this to, Ff.

Act I. Sc. 2, 190, 191. I remember—servant] One

line in Ff.

Act I. Sc. 3, 11. As in Pope. Two lines Ff.

Act I. Sc. 3, 12. —saw] Pope. see Ff.

Act I. Sc. 3, 14. —they've] Pope. th' have Ff.

Act I. Sc. 3, 21. As in Pope. Two lines Ff.

Act I. Sc. 3, 42. As in Pope. Two lines Ff.

Act I. Sc. 3, 55. As in Pope. Two lines Ff.

Act I. Sc. 3, 59. As in Rowe. Two lines Ff.

Act I. Sc. 3, 63. As in Rowe. Two lines Ff.

Act I. Sc. 4, 6. As, first, Camb. As first, Ff.

Act I. Sc. 4, 73, 74. As in Pope. Three lines Ff.

Act I. Sc. 4, 93, 94. As in Pope. Three lines Ff.

Act II. Sc. 1, 8. As by Pope. Two lines in Ff.

Act II. Sc. 1, 71. As by Rowe. Two lines in Ff.

Act II. Sc. 1, 75. As by Pope. Two lines in Ff.

Act II. Sc. 1, 136. As by Pope. Two lines in Ff.

Act II. Sc. 1, 165. As by Pope. Two lines in Ff. Act II. Sc. 2, 9, 10. Verse by Theobald. Prose in Qq.

Act II. Sc. 2, 20. As by Pope. Two lines in Ff.

Act II. Sc. 2, 82, 83. I—him] As in Pope. One line in Ff. one have-at-him] Dyce and Staunton. one; have at him, F₁. one have at him. F₂₄.

Act II. Sc. 2, 95. us, this good us. This good Ff.

Act II. Sc. 3, 9. —process,] Processe. Ff.

Act II. Sc. 3, 14.—quarrel, fortune, do] quarrell, King Henry VIII.

Act II. Sc. 3, 59. note's] Theobald. notes Ff.

Act II. Sc. 4, 66, 67. Lord—speak] As in Pope. One line in Ff.

Act II. Sc. 4, 67, 68. Sir,—that] As in Pope. One line in Ff.

Act II. Sc. 4, 167. One line in Pope. Two in Ff. Act II. Sc. 4, 171. A marriage Rowe. And marriage Ff.

Act II. Sc. 4, 216. summons: unsolicited] Theobald. summons unsolicited, Ff.

Act III. Sc. 1, 1. As in Pope. Two lines Ff.

Act III. Sc. 1, stage direction 23. Campeius] Campian Ff.

Act III. Sc. 1, 80. As in Pope. Two lines Ff.

Act III. Sc. 1, 137. As in Rowe. Two lines Ff.

Act III. Sc. 1, 167. As in Pope. Two lines Ff.

Act III. Sc. 1, 174. As in Rowe. Two lines Ff.

A& III. Sc. 2, 77. As in Steevens. Two lines Ff.

Act III. Sc. 2, 82, 83. Is he ready—he is.] As in Hanmer. Three lines Ff.

Act III. Sc. 2, 95. As in Pope. Two lines Ff.

Act III. Sc. 2, 228. As in Pope. Two lines Ff.

Act III. Sc. 2, 276. As in Pope. Two lines Ff.

Act III. Sc. 2, 309. As in Rowe. Two lines Ff.

Act III. Sc. 2, 386, 387. As in Pope. Four lines Ff.

Act IV. Sc. 1, 61, 62. Ed. Separate lines Ff.

Act IV. Sc. 1, 111, 112. Steevens. In Ff. 111 ends master, and 112 jewel-house.

King Henry VIII. Act IV. Sc. 1, 31. As in Pope. Two lines Ff. Act V. Sc. 1, 16. As in Rowe. Two lines Ff. Act V. Sc. 2, 167. —this] Rowe. his Ff.

GLOSSARY.

'A, he, i. 1, 63. Abhor, protest against, ii. 4, 79. Aboded, foreboded, i. 1, 93. Admiration, wondering approbation, v. 4, 42. Admit, permit, iv. 2, 107. Advertise, make known, ii. 4, 175. Advised, be; consider, i. 1, 139. Allegiant, loyal, iii. 2, 176. Allowed, approved, i. 2, 83. An, if, iii. 2, 375; v. 1, 11. An't, if it, iii. 1, 16; v. 3, 72. Anon, immediately, i. 2, 107. Approve, prove, confirm, ii. 3, 74. As, as if, i. 1, 10. Asher, Esher, iii. 2, 231. Attached, seized, i. 1, 95. Attend, await, v. 2, 18. Avaunt, give her the, bid her begone, ii. 3, 10. Avoid, leave, v. 1, 85.

Banquet, running; hasty dessert or refreshment, i. 4, 12.

Beholding [beholden], iv. 1, 21;

v. 4, 70.

Beneficial, beneficent, i. 1, 56. Beside [besides], Prol. 19. Bevis, i.e. Bevis of Hampton or Southampton; he performed wonderful deeds, i. 1, 38. Blistered, flashed, i.e. having small puffings like blisters, i. 3, 31. Bombards, large drinking vessels, v. 3, 79. Bootless, useless, ii. 4, 59. Bosom up, hide in the bosom, i. I, II2. Bowed, bent, i.e. a worthless coin, ii. 3, 36. Brazier, used with double meaning, viz. (1), a pan for holding coals, (2), a worker in brass, v. 3, 39. Broke, [broken], i. 1, 84. Burthen [burden], iii. 1, 110; v. 1, 70.

Camlet, rough cloth made of camel's hair, v. 3, 87.

Capable of, subject to, v. 2, 45.

Carriage, behaviour, iii. 1, 160.

Cause, occasion, iii. 1, 29.

King Henry VIII. Glossary.

Gensure, judgment, i. 1, 33; iii. 1, 63. Censurers, judges, i. 2, 78. Challenge, objection, ii. 4, 75. Cheveril (adj.), like kid-skin, ii. 3, 32. Chine, back-bone, with adjoining parts, generally of beef, v. 3, 25. Choice, chosen, selected, i. 2, 162. Clinquant, glittering, i. 1, 19. Clotharius, King of France (558-561); here referred to as a type of antiquity, i. 3, 10. Coasts, creeps along, iii. 2, 38. Colbrand, the Danish giant slain by Sir Guy, v. 3, 21. Cold, coldness, iv. 2, 98. Colour, pretext, i. 1, 178. Compelled, unsought, ii. 3, 87. Compels, forces, i. 2, 57. Complete, accomplished, i. 2, 118. Conceit, opinion, ii. 3, 74. Conceive of, have an opinion of, i. 2, 105. Confederacy, conspiracy, i. 2, 3. Confident, I am; I trust you, ii. 1, 146. Constancy, fixedness of purpose, iii. 2, 2. Convented, convened, v. 1, 52. Cure, matter entrusted to me, i. 4, 33.

Dare, terrify, iii. 2, 282. Determines, resolves, i. 1, 214. Device, plotting or scheming, i. 1, 204.

Did, founded, iv. 2, 60.

Discovers, reveals, v. 2, 105.

Done, fared, i. 1, 1.

Eagerly, sharply, iv. 2, 24. Element, part, i. 1, 48. Emballing, being invested with the ball, i.e., being crowned, 11. 3, 47. Embracement, [embrace], i. 1, 10. Envied, hated, ii. 2, 126. Envious, inspired by hatred, ii. 1. 45. Envy, hatred, ii. 1, 86; ii. 2, 88. Equal, equally, i. 1, 159; impartial, ii. 2, 107. Estate, condition, v. 1, 74. Even, pure, iii. 1, 37. Exhalation, shooting star, iii. 2, 226.

Fail, failure of issue, i. 2, 145.
Faints, makes faint, ii. 3, 103.
Fancy, thought, v. 1, 60.
File, list, i. 1, 75.
Fit o' the face, grimace, i. 3, 7.
Fit, suitable, ii. 2, 116.
Fit, manifestation, iii. 1, 77.
Fool and feather, things associated in the person of the jester, i. 3, 25.
Force, urge, iii. 2, 2.
Free, freely, ii. 1, 82.
Friended, befriended, i. 2, 140.
Frighted, frightened, Epil., 4.

Front, take a position in the front rank, i. 2, 42.
Full-charged, fully prepared, i. 2, 3.

Gave, my mind—me; I had misgiving, v. 2, 143.
Glad, gladden, ii. 4, 193; v. 1, 71.
Good, good man, iv. 2, 60.
Gossips, sponsors, v. 4, 12.
Grief, grievance, i. 2, 56.
Griped, gripped, ii. 2, 135.
Gripes, grips, v. 2, 134.
Guarded, ornamented, Prol. 16.
Guy, i.e., Sir Guy of Warwick, v. 3, 21.

Halberds, weapons with heads of steel, mounted on poles about five feet long, ii. 1; stagedirection after 53. Happiest, most favourable, Prol. Happily, perchance, iv. 2, 10. Hardly, unfavourably, i. 2, 105. Hard-ruled, hard to rule, iii. 2, IOI. 'Has = he has, i. 3, 59; iii. 1, 118; v. 4, 75. Have-at-him, attack, ii. 2, 84. Have at you, be on your guard, iii. 2, 309; v. 2, 147. Having, possession, ii. 3, 23. Havings, wealth, iii. 2, 159. Heed, look of gravity, iii. 2, 80. His [its], i. 1, 45.

Holidame, by my; by my holy King lady, v. 1, 116.

Henry VIII
Glossary.

Incensed, made to believe, v. 1, 43. Indifferent, impartial, ii. 4, 15. Its, its own, i. 1, 18.

Keech, a roll of fat, applied contemptuously to Wosley, as a butcher's son, i. 1, 55.

Knock it, beat time, i. 4, 109.

Leave, leave off, iv. 2, 94.

Legative, pertaining to a legate, iii. 2, 339.

Let him be, even though he be, iv. 2, 146.

Level, aim, i. 2, 2.

Like it, may it please, i. 1, 100.

Limbo Patrum, the abode of the pre-christian Fathers until the Harrowing of Hell, v. 3, 62.

Little, in a; in a few words, ii. 1, 11.

Maidenhead, maidenhood, ii. 3, 23.

Make, make their way, i. 4, 55.

Manage, training, v. 2, 58.

Mean, means, v. 2, 180.

Memorized, made memorable, iii. 2, 52.

Methinks, it seems to me, ii. 4, 183; iii. 2, 297, 387; v. 1, 23.

Mincing, affectation, ii. 3, 31.

Mistaken, misjudged, i. 1, 195.

King Henry VIII. Glossary.

Mistakes, misjudges, iii. 1, 100.

Moe [more], ii. 3, 97; iii. 2, 5;
v. 1, 36.

Moorfields, the city trainbands

mustered at Moorfields for training, v. 3, 32.

Matient motives i 1 152.

Motions, motives, i. 1, 153.

Noted, noticed, ii. 1, 46. Nothing, not at all, v. 1, 125.

Objections, accusations, iii. 2, 307.
O'er-great, excessively powerful,
i. 1, 222.
Omit, neglect, iii. 2, 3.
On's, of his, iii. 2, 106.
Open, exposed to public view, ii.
1, 168.
Open, in; publicly, iii. 2, 404.
Opposing, placing face to face, iv.
1, 68.
Out, being put out of consideration, i. 1, 79.
Outspeaks, exceeds, iii. 2, 127.
Outworths, exceeds in value, i. 1,

Pain [pains], iii. 2, 72.
Panging, causing pain, ii. 3, 15.
Papers, puts down in a list, i. 1, 80.
Parish-garden or more properly
Paris-garden, the bear-garden on Bankside, v. 3, 2.
Peck, pitch, v. 3, 88.
Pepin, a Carlovingian King of

123.

France. See Clotharius, i. 3, 10. Pillars, columns carried before cardinals as symbols of their support to the church, ii. 4, stage-direction. Plain-song, simple melody, i. 3, 45. Porringer, cap shaped like a porridge bowl, v. 3, 47. Powle's, i.e., St. Paul's Cathedral, v. 3, 15. Practice, plot, i. 1, 204. Presence, presence-chamber, iii. 1, 17; king's presence, iv. 2, 37. Presently, immediately, iii. 2, 78; iii. 2, 229; v. 3, 28; v. 2, 9. Prime, first, iii. 2, 162. Primer, more apparent, i. 2, 67. Primero, a game at cards, v. 1, 7. Private, alone, ii. 2, 13. Privity, concurrence, i. 1, 74. *Proof, in;* in reality, when tested, i. 1, 197.

Queen, play the queen, ii. 3, 37.

Range with, rank with, ii. 3, 20.
Rankness, excess, superfluity, iv.
1, 59.
Reach, rise, v. 2, 160.
Reading of [reading], iii. 2, stage-direction after 106.
Reek, fume, ii. 4, 205.
Respecting, in respect of, ii. 4, 177.

Saba, Queen of Sheba, v. 4, 23. Sacring bell, or sanctus bell; a small bell rung to mark the progress of the eucharistic service, iii. 2, 295. Salute, affect, ii. 3, 103. Saw, met, i. 1, 2. Sectary, dissenter, v. 2, 104. Sennet, a phrase or series of notes on the trumpet, ii. 4, stagedirection. Several, separate, ii. I, stagedirection; iii. 2, 125. Shipwracked, shipwrecked, iii. 1, 148. Simony, trafficking in sacred things, iv. 2, 36. Soil, stain, tarnish, i. 2, 26. Spavin, a disease in horses affecting the hind leg, i. 3, 12. Speeding, speedy, quicky, i. 3, 40. Spinsters, spinners, i. 2, 33. Stomach, pride, iv. 2, 34. Strove [striven], ii. 4, 28. Suddenly, straightway, iii. 1, 69; v. 3, 77. Sued, claimed, iii. 2, 341. Suggestion, craft, iv. 2, 35. Suggests (verb trans.), prompts, induces, i. 1, 164. Superstitious, over scrupulous, iii. 1, 130.

Take, make, ii. 1, 85. King Henry VIII Tell, count, i. 2, 43. Tendance, attention, iii. 2, 149. Glossary. Tender, offer, ii. 2, 103; ii. 3, Throughly, thoroughly, 110. Tipstaves, officers bearing staves tipped with metal, ii. I, stagedirection after 52. Top-proud, excessively proud, i. 1, 151. Trembling, that causes trembling, 1. 2, 95. Unhappily, unfavourably, i. 4, 90. Unpartial, impartial, ii. 2, 106. Unthink, dismiss from your mind, ii. 4, 102. Vacant, empty, v. 1, 125. Values, is worth, i. 1, 88. View, show, i. 1, 44.

Vizards [visors], iv. 2, stagedirection, after 82.

Wag, move, i. 1, 33. Wants, lacks, i, 1, 107. Ween, deem, imagine, v. 1, 135. Where [there], i. 1, 113. Wot, knows, iii. 2, 122. Writ [written], i. 2, 103.

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