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THE COMPLETE WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

WITH

A LIFE OF THE POET, EXPLANATORY FOOT-NOTES, CRITICAL NOTES, AND A GLOSSARIAL INDEX.


BY THE

REV. HENRY N. HUDSON, LL.D.

IN TWENTY VOLUMES.

VOL. XIX.

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FIRST heard of through an entry in the Stationers' Register by Edward Blount, dated the 20th of May, 1608. The next year, a quarto edition of it was published, the title-page reading as follows: "The late and much admired play, called Pericles, Prince of Tyre: with the true relation of the history, adventures, and fortunes of the said Prince; as also the no less strange and worthy accidents of the birth and life of his daughter Marina. As it hath been divers and sundry times acted by his Majesty's Servants at the Globe on the Bank-side. By William Shakespeare. Imprinted at London for Henry Gosson." The play was issued again in the same form in 1611; also in 1619, 1630, and 1635; but was not included in any collection of the Poet's dramas till the folio of 1664. In all these copies the text is shockingly corrupt and mangled throughout; each later issue being just like the earlier in this respect, only more so.

It is all but certain that the first issue of Pericles was "stolen and surreptitious"; and the state of the text naturally inferred the copy to have been made up, at least in part, from short-hand reports taken at the theatre. Why the play was not included in the folio of 1623, as also how it came to be published by Gosson after being registered by Blount, are questions not likely to be settled. Blount was one of the publishers of the folio, and he may have transferred his right to Gosson, or the latter may have managed to get a copy in advance of the former. As the play was vastly popular on the stage, this would naturally render the company the more unwilling to have it printed, and at the same time sharpen the desire of publishers to get hold of it. And its exclusion from the folio may well have grown from the fact of its being a joint production of several authors. On this point, Collier writes as follows: "Ben Jonson, when printing the volume of his works, in 1616, excluded for this reason The Case is
Altered, and *Eastward Ho!* in the composition of which he had been engaged with others; and when the player-editors of the folio of 1623 were collecting their materials, they perhaps omitted *Pericles* because some living author might have an interest in it; and the fact that the publishers of the folio could not purchase the right of the bookseller, who had then the property in *Pericles*, may have been the real cause of its non-insertion."

As to the time of the writing, we have seen the title-page of 1609 describing *Pericles* as "the late and much admired play." It is also spoken of as "a new play," in a poetical tract entitled *Run Red-cap*, printed in 1609. But the most decisive item of evidence in this behalf is a novel by George Wilkins published in 1608, with a title-page reading as follows: "The Painful Adventures of Pericles, Prince of Tyre; being the true History of the Play of Pericles, as it was lately presented by the worthy and ancient Poet, John Gower." As the novel was thus avowedly founded on the play, the latter could hardly have been written later than 1607; and the great popularity of the drama was probably what induced Wilkins to set forth the matter in another form. The novel, as may be seen from several extracts here given in the notes, is of considerable value in helping to clear up some points in the text of the play. And the greater completeness of some of the speeches, as there given, is further argument that the text of the play has reached us in a mangled and imperfect state.

The story on which *Pericles* was founded is very ancient, and is met with in various forms. It occurs in that old store-house of popular fiction the *Gesta Romanorum*, and its antiquity is shown by the existence of an Anglo-Saxon version. Latin manuscripts of it are said to be extant, dating as far back as the tenth century. The story was accessible to Shakespeare in at least two forms. One of these was a prose translation from the *Gesta Romanorum* by Laurence Twine, first printed in 1576, and again in 1607, with the following title: "The Pattern of Painful Adventures: Containing the most excellent, pleasant, and variable History of the strange accidents that befell unto Prince Apollo-nius, the Lady Lucina his wife, and Tharsia his daughter." The other of these forms was the version of old John Gower, who
rendered it into English verse, and made it a part of his Confessio Amantis, with the title "Appollinus, the Prince of Tyre." Gower, it scarce need be said, lived at the same time with Chaucer, and well deserves to be remembered and studied as one of the masters of English poetry in that age. His Confessio Amantis was first printed by Caxton in 1483. In Shakespeare's day it was very popular; but in later times the author has been well-nigh lost sight of in the outshining brightness of his great contemporary. In the story of Prince Appollinus, Gower avowedly took his incidents from a metrical version in the Pantheon, or Universal Chronicle, of Godfrey of Viterbo, which was made in the latter part of the twelfth century. The fact of the story being so well-known and so popular in Gower's poem was of course the reason why he was made to serve as Chorus in the play.

Touching the authorship of Pericles, there is room for a good deal of discussion. On the one hand, that Shakespeare did not write all, or even half, of the play, is abundantly certain; the style and manner of the most of it being utterly unlike his at any period. On the other hand, that portions of it were written by him, is not doubted. Even if there were no external evidence to the point, his mighty hand is too manifest in some parts to admit of any question on this score. And it is equally evident that wherever his hand is visible, the workmanship is clearly that of the master, not of the apprentice; the characteristics being the same as those of his other plays known to have been written between 1605 and 1610. But whether the whole were written by him and another person or other persons working together; or whether his part were written by way of altering and completing what had been done by others; or whether his part were written first, and then taken in hand by others, and interwoven with their own vastly inferior workmanship; — these are questions about which there have been, and will most likely continue to be, various opinions.

Of these three alternatives, Mr. F. G. Fleay takes the latter decidedly; and his judgment proceeds upon so close, so minute, and so exhaustive a study of the subject, that it may well challenge, if not carry, our full assent. I can but condense his pre-
sentation of the matter, retaining, as nearly as practicable his own language.

With regard to the authorship of this play, we may take for granted that the first two Acts are not Shakespeare's; this having been so long admitted by all critics of note, that it is not worth the while to repeat the evidence in detail. In order, however, to extinguish any lingering doubt, he gives the metrical evidence. The play consists of verse scenes, prose scenes, and the Gower chorus. Taking only the verse scenes, we find so marked a difference between the first two Acts and the last three, as to render it astonishing that they should ever have been supposed the work of one author. Total number of lines in the first two Acts, 835; of rhyme lines, 195; of double endings, 72: total number of lines in the last three Acts, 827; of rhyme lines, 14; of double endings, 106. The differences in the other items are of themselves conclusive; but the difference in the number of rhymes is such that the most careless critic ought long since to have noticed it. With regard to this main question, then, there can be no doubt: the last three Acts alone can be Shakespeare's; the other part is by some one of a different school. But we have minor questions of some interest to settle. The first of these is, Who wrote the scenes in the brothel, the second, fifth, and sixth of Act iv.? Not Shakespeare, decidedly; for these are totally unlike Shakespeare's in feeling on such matters. He would not have indulged in the morbid anatomy of such loathsome characters: he would have covered the ulcerous sores with a film of humour, if it were a necessary part of his moral surgery to treat them at all: above all, he would not have married Marina to a man whose acquaintance she had first made in a public brothel, to which his motives of resort were not recommendatory, however involuntary her sojourn there may have been. A still stronger argument is the absence of any allusion in the after-scenes to these three.

But, if these scenes are not Shakespeare's, the clumsy Gower chorus is not his either; and this brings us to the only theory that explains all the difficulties of the play. The usual theory has been that Shakespeare finished a play begun by some one else; that is, that he deliberately chose a story of incest, which, hav-
ing no tragic horror in it, would have been rejected by Ford or Massinger; and grafted on to this a filthy story, which, being void of humour, would even have been rejected by Fletcher. This arises from a fallacy caused by the inveterate habit of beginning criticism from the first pages of a book, instead of from the easiest and most central standpoint. The theory which I propose as certain, is this: Shakespeare wrote the story of Marina, in the last three Acts, minus the prose scenes and the Gower. This gives a perfect artistic and organic whole; and, in my opinion, ought to be printed as such in every edition of Shakespeare. But this story was not enough for filling the necessary five Acts from which Shakespeare never deviated; he therefore left it unfinished. The unfinished play was put into the hands of another of the "poets" attached to the same theatre, and the greater part of the present play was the result; this poet having used the whole story as given in Gower and elsewhere.

The late Sidney Walker, writing in 1843, has the following: "This play was the work of three hands. I am not able at present to assign each particular scene to its author; but the truth of my position may be tested by comparing the scenes at the Court of Simonides with the storm-scene, or that wherein Pericles recognizes his daughter, (both of which latter are incontestably Shakespeare's;) and, again, both the above with the dialogues in the brothel,—vigorous certainly, but not Shakespeareian, either in the subject, or in the kind of power they display."

And Mr. Fleay in 1874 gave the same as his opinion, though he was not then aware of Walker's position; his main argument to the point being as follows: "The Gower parts in the fourth and fifth Acts are in lines of five measures, and not of four, as those in the earlier Acts are. Observe, also, that the brothel-scenes, though far from reaching to Shakespeare's excellence, are certainly superior to any thing in the first two Acts, so far as mere literature is concerned, and it will be almost certain that three authors were concerned in this play. The first author wrote the first two Acts, and arranged the whole so as to incorporate the Shakespeare part. The second wrote the five-measure Gower parts and the brothel-scenes in Acts iv. and v. in order
to lengthen out the play to the legitimate five Acts; and it was probably in order to make up for the want of poetic invention that the long dumb-show performances were introduced into the Gower parts."

The fact of George Wilkins being the avowed author of the novel founded on the play might naturally point him out as having had a hand in the latter; and I believe all are now agreed that such was the case. On this point, Mr. Fleay gives the following as the result of his examination:

"The general manager and supervisor of the whole work was, as Delius says, George Wilkins: he made the play as far as he wrote it, from Twine's novel: he calls it 'a poor infant of my brain'; he plumes himself on the arrangement of the Gower choruses as his own invention. In this, Delius is undoubtedly right. In confirmation of this theory, I give an analysis of the metre of the only play of G. Wilkins which we possess—The Miseries of Inforced Marriage,—which will be found to coincide very closely with that of Acts i. ii. of Pericles, and which is more like it than that of any other play among the hundreds I have tabulated. There are in this play 526 rhyming lines, 155 double endings, 15 Alexandrines, 102 short lines, 14 rhyming lines of less than five measures, and a good deal of prose, which, seeing that the play is about three times the length of the first two Acts of Pericles, gives a marvellously close agreement in percentage.

"The second author was, I think, unquestionably William Rowley. A comparison of the prose with that of A Match at Midnight, and of the verse with that of the plays he wrote in conjunction with Fletcher and Massinger, assures me absolutely of the truth of this conjecture. Indeed, the quantity of verse in the Pericles by Rowley is too small to build a tabulation on. One peculiarity of his work, however, gives us a strong confirmation; it is always detached, and splits off from his coadjutor's with a clean cleavage. In Fletcher's Maid of the Mill, the work of the two men might be published as two separate plays: so it is here. Rowley's scenes are useful for no dramatic purpose, and might be cut out as cleanly as his characters have been from the list of the actors' names."

Writing at a somewhat later time, Mr. Fleay adds the follow-
ing: "I find that, just about the time when *Pericles* was written, George Wilkins was joined with John Day and William Rowley in writing 'The Travels of the Three English Brothers, Sir Thomas, Sir Anthony, and Sir Robert Shirley, an Historical Play, printed in Quarto, 1607.' This makes assurance doubly sure, that Rowley and Wilkins were also joint-writers in the *Pericles*.

Here the question may, I think, be safely allowed to rest, though a good deal more might easily be said upon it. — There remains but to add, that in several of the preceding plays I have distinguished by asterisks the portions judged not to be Shakespeare's; but, in the present instance, as the Shakespeare portions are much smaller than the others, I reverse the previous order, leaving the Wilkins and Rowley portions unstarred. This has been to me a very easy task, Mr. Fleay having printed the Shakespeare portions by themselves, and these being withal so easily identified that there can hardly be any difference of judgment respecting them.
PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ANTIOCHUS, King of Antioch.
PERICLES, Prince of Tyre.
HELICANUS, Lords of Tyre.
ESCANES,
SIMONIDES, King of Pentapolis.
CLEON, Governor of Tarsus.
LYSIMACHUS, Governor of Mitylene.
CERIMON, a Lord of Ephesus.
THALIARD, a Lord of Antioch.
PHILEMON, Servant to Cerimon.
LEONINE, Servant to Dionyz. A Marshal.
A Pandar, and his Wife.
BOULT, their Servant.
GOWER, as Chorus.
The Daughter of Antiochus.
DIONYZ, Wife to Cleon.
THAISA, Daughter to Simonides.
MARINA, Daughter to Pericles and Thaisa.
LYCHORIDA, Nurse to Marina.
DIANA.

Lords, Ladies, Knights, Gentlemen, Sailors, Pirates, Fishermen, and Messengers, &c.

SCENE. — Dispersely in various Countries. 1

ACT I.

Enter Gower.

Before the Palace of Antioch.

To sing a song that old 2 was sung,
From ashes ancient Gower is come;

1 To show into how many regions the scene is dispersed, it may be observed that Antioch was the metropolis of Syria; Tyre, a city of Phoenicia in Asia; Tarsus, the metropolis of Cilicia, a country of Asia Minor; Mitylene, the city of Lesbos, an island in the Ægean sea; Ephesus, the capital of Ionia, a country of the Lesser Asia.

2 Old here means anciently, or, as we should say, of old.
Assuming man's infirmities,
To glad your ear and please your eyes.
It hath been sung at festivals,
On ember-eves and holy-ales; ⁹
And lords and ladies in their lives
Have read it for restoratives:
The purchase ⁴ is to make men glorious;
\[ Et bonum quo antiquius, eo melius. \]
If you, born in these latter times,
When wit's more ripe, accept my rhymes,
And that to hear an old man sing
May to your wishes pleasure bring,
I life would wish, and that I might
Waste it for you, like taper-light.
This Antioch, then, Antiochus the Great
Built up, this city, for his chiepest seat;
The fairest in all Syria,—
I tell you what mine authors say:
This King unto him took a fere, ⁵
Who died and left a female heir,
So buxom, blithe, and full of face, ⁶
As Heaven had lent her all his grace;
With whom the father liking took,
And her to incest did provoke:
Bad child; worse father! to entice his own
To evil should be done by none:
By custom, what they did begin
Was with long use account ⁷ no sin.
The beauty of this sinful dame

⁹ Holy-ales was the name of certain rural festivals; sometimes also called church-ales. See vol. i. page 194, note 3.
⁴ Purchase was sometimes used in the sense of gain or profit.
⁵ Fere is an old word for mate or companion; here meaning wife.
⁶ That is, completely beautiful.
⁷ Account for accounted. Many preterites were so formed.
Made many princes thither frame, 8
To seek her as a bed-fellow,
In marriage-pleasures play-fellow;
Which to prevent he made a law,—
To keep her still, and men in awe,—
That whoso ask’d her for his wife,
His riddle told not, lost his life:
So for her many a wight did die,
As yon grim looks do testify. 9
What now ensues, to th’ judgment of your eye
I give, my cause who 10 best can justify.  [Exit.

Scene I.—Antioch.  A Room in the Palace.

Enter Antiochus, Pericles, and Attendants.

Ant. Young Prince of Tyre, 1 you have at large received
The danger of the task you undertake.

Per. I have, Antiochus, and, with a soul
Embolden’d with the glory of her praise,
Think death no hazard in this enterprise.

Ant. Bring in our daughter, clothèd like a bride,
For the embraces even of Jove himself;
At whose conception, till Lucina reign’d,
Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence,
The senate-house of planets all did sit. 2

8 That is, shape or direct their course thither.
9 Referring to the heads of the unsuccessful suitors set up over the palace-gate, which is supposed to be in the sight of the audience.
10 Who for which, referring to eye, or to “ judgment of your eye.”
11 It does not appear that the father of Pericles is living. By prince, therefore, throughout this play, we are to understand prince regnant. In the Gesta Romanorum, Apollonius is king of Tyre; in Twine’s translation he is repeatedly called prince of Tyrus, as he is in Gower.
2 The words whose and her refer to the daughter of Antiochus. “Till Lucina reign’d” is till the time of birth. The construction is, “ Nature this
To knit in her their best perfections.

Music. Enter the Daughter of Antiochus.

Per. See where she comes, apparell’d like the Spring, Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king Of every virtue gives renown to men! Her face the book of praises, where is read Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence Sorrow were ever razed, and testy wrath Could never be in her mild company.— You gods that made me man, and sway in love, That have inflamed desire in my breast To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree, Or die in the adventure, be my helps, As I am son and servant to your will, To compass such a boundless happiness!

Ant. Prince Pericles,—

Per. That would be son to great Antiochus.

Ant. — Before thee stands this fair Hesperides, With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch’d; For death, like dragons, here affrights thee hard: Her face, like heaven, enticeth thee to view Her countless glory, which desert must gain; And which, without desert, because thine eye Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must die.

dowry gave, that the senate-house of planets all should sit," &c. The leading thought may have been taken from Sidney’s Arcadia: “The senate-house of the planets was at no time to set, for the decreeing of perfection in man”; that is, because of decreeing.

8 “The Graces are her subjects, and her thoughts the sovereign of every virtue that gives renown to men.”

4 Hesperides is here put for the garden in which the golden apples were kept. See vol. ii. page 69, note 32.

5 Heap for bulk, body, or person. An antithesis was probably intended: “Thy whole body must suffer for the offence of a part, the eye."
Yon sometime-famous princes, like thyself,  
Drawn by report, adventurous by desire,  
Tell thee, with speechless tongues and semblance pale,  
That, without covering, save yon field of stars,  
Here they stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars;  
And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist  
For going on death's met,\(^6\) whom none resist.

_Per._ Antiochus, I thank thee, who hast taught  
My frail mortality to know itself,  
And by those fearful objects to prepare  
This body, like to them, to what I must;\(^7\)  
For death remember'd should be like a mirror,  
Who tells us life's but breath; to trust it, error.  
I'll make my will, then; and, as sick men do,  
Who know the world, see Heaven, but, feeling woe,  
Gripe not at earthly joys, as erst they did;  
So I bequeath a happy peace to you  
And all good men, as every prince should do;  
My riches to the earth from whence they came; —  
[To the Princess.] But my unspotted fire of love to you.  
Thus, ready for the way of life or death,  
I wait the sharpest blow.

_Ant._ Scorning advice, read the conclusion, then;  
Which read and not expounded, 'tis decreed,  
As these before thee, thou thyself shalt bleed.

_Daugh._ Of all 'say'd yet,\(^8\) mayst thou prove prosperous!

---

\(^6\) _For going_ means for _fear of going, or lest you should go._ _Met_, from the Latin _meta_, is _boundary or limit_. So in the _Mirror for Magistrates_, quoted by Nares:

> Untimely never comes the lives last _met_,  
> In cradle death may rightly claime his det.

\(^7\) "To prepare this body for that state to which I must _come_."

\(^8\) That is, of all who have yet _assayed, or made the trial_. She means that of all her suitors thus far, he is the only one to whom she has wished suc-

cess.
Of all 'say'd yet, I wish thee happiness!

Per. Like a bold champion, I assume the lists,
Nor ask advice of any other thought
But faithfulness and courage.⁹

[Reads the riddle.]

I am no viper, yet I feed
On mother's flesh, which did me breed.
I sought a husband, in which labour
I found that kindness in a father:
He's father, son, and husband mild;
I mother, wife, and yet his child.
How this may be, and yet in two,
As you will live, resolve it you.

Sharp physic is the last:¹⁰ but, O you powers
That give heaven countless eyes to view men's acts,
Why cloud they not their sights perpetually,
If this be true, which makes me pale to read it?—
Fair glass of light, I loved you, and could still,

[Takes hold of the hands of the Princess.]

Were not this glorious casket stored with ill:
But I must tell you, now my thoughts revolt;
For he's no man on whom perfections wait¹¹
That, knowing sin within, will touch the gate.
You're a fair viol, and your sense' the strings;
Who, finger'd to make man his lawful music,
Would draw heaven down, and all the gods, to hearken;
But, being play'd upon before your time,
Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime.
Good sooth, I care not for you.

⁹ So in Sidney's Arcadia: "Asking advice of no other thought but faithfulness and courage, he presently lighted from his own horse."
¹⁰ The intimation in the last line of the riddle, that his life depends on resolving it.
¹¹ He is no perfect or honest man, that knowing, &c.
Ant. Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy life, For that's an article within our law, As dangerous as the rest. Your time's expired: Either expound now, or receive your sentence.

Per. Great King, Few love to hear the sins they love to act; 'Twould braid yoursel' too near for me to tell it. Who has a book of all that monarchs do, He's more secure to keep it shut than shown: For vice repeated is like the wandering wind, Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself; And yet the end of all is bought thus dear, The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear To stop the air would hurt them. The blind mole casts Copp'd hills towards heaven, to tell the Earth is throng'd By man's oppression; and the poor worm doth die for't. Kings are earth's gods; in vice their law's their will; And, if Jove stray, who dares say Jove doth ill? It is enough you know; and it is fit,

13 This is a stroke of nature. The incestuous king cannot bear to see a rival touch the hand of the woman he loves.

13 To braid was sometimes used with the sense of to upbraid. So in Sir Thomas More's Works: "He bringeth to the mater neither any substaun- ciall learning, nor yet anye proofe of reason or natural wytte, but onely a rashe, malicious, frantick be rade."

14 "The man who knows the ill practices of princes is unwise if he reveals what he knows; for the publisher of vicious actions resembles the wind, which, while it passes along, blows dust into men's eyes. When the blast is over, the eyes that have been affected by the dust, though sore, see clear enough to stop for the future the air that would annoy them."

15 "Copp'd hills" are hills rising in a conical form, something of the shape of a sugar-loaf. Thus in Hornum's Vulgaria, 1519: "Sometime men wear copp'd caps like a sugar loaf." So Baret: "To make copp'd, or sharpe at top; cacumino." —The mole is called poor worm as a term of commiseration. In The Tempest, Prospero, speaking to Miranda, says, "Poor worm, thou art infected." The mole remains secure till it has thrown up those hillocks which betray his course to the mole-catcher.
What being more known grows worse, to smother it.
All love the womb that their first being bred,
Then give my tongue like leave to love my head.

_Ant._ [Aside.] Heaven, that I had thy head! he has found
the meaning:
But I will gloze \(^{16}\) with him. — Young Prince of Tyre,
Though by the tenour of our strict edict,
Your exposition misinterpreting,
We might proceed to cancel of your days;
Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree
As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise.
Forty days longer we do respite you;
If by which time our secret be undone,
This mercy shows we'll joy in such a son;
And until then your entertain shall be
As doth befit our honour and your worth.

_[Exeunt all but Pericles._

_Per._ How courtesy would seem to cover sin,
When what is done is like an hypocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in sight!
If it be true that I interpret false,
Then were it certain you were not so bad
As with foul incest to abuse your soul;
Where \(^{17}\) now you're both a father and a son
By your untimely clasplings with your child,
Which pleasure fits a husband, not a father;
And she an eater of her mother's flesh
By the defiling of her parent's bed;
And both like serpents are, who though they feed
On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.
Antioch, farewell! for wisdom sees, those men

\(^{16}\) To _gloze_, to _wheedle_, to _flatter_ are among the old meanings of to _gloze_.
See vol. x. page 161, note 2.

\(^{17}\) _Where_ for _whereas_. The two were often used indiscriminately.
Blush not in actions blacker than the night,
Will shun no course to keep them from the light.\(^{18}\)
One sin, I know, another doth provoke;
Murder's as near to lust as flame to smoke:
Poison and treason are the hands of sin,
Ay, and the targets, to put off the shame:
Then, lest my life be cropp'd to keep you clear,
By flight I'll shun the danger which I fear.  

\[Exit.\]

Re-enter Antiochus.

**Ant.** He hath found the meaning, for the which we mean
To have his head.
He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,
Nor tell the world Antiochus doth sin
In such a loathèd manner;
And therefore instantly this Prince must die;
For by his fall my honour must keep high.—
Who attends us there?

**Enter Thaliard.**

**Thal.** Doth your Highness call?

**Ant.** Thaliard,
You're of our chamber, and our mind partakes
Her private actions to your secrecy;\(^{19}\)
And for your faithfulness we will advance you.
Thaliard, behold, here's poison, and here's gold;
We hate the Prince of Tyre, and thou must kill him:
It fits thee not to ask the reason why,
Because we bid it. Say, is't done?

**Thal.** My lord,
'Tis done.

\(^{18}\) The language is elliptical: "For wisdom sees that those men who do not blush to commit actions blacker than the night, will not shun any course to keep them from being known."

\(^{19}\) To partake in the sense of to impart. See vol. vii. page 267, note 8.
Ant. Enough.—

Enter a Messenger.

Let your breath cool yourself, telling your haste.

Mess. My lord, Prince Pericles is fled. [Exit.

Ant. As thou Wilt live, fly after; and, like 20 an arrow shot From a well-experienced archer hits the mark His eye doth level at, so thou ne'er return Unless thou say Prince Pericles is dead.

Thal. My lord, If I can get him within my pistol's length, I'll make him sure enough: so, farewell to your Highness.

Ant. Thaliard, adieu! [Exit Thal.] Till Pericles be dead My heart can lend no succour to my head. [Exit.

Scene II. — Tyr. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Pericles.

Per. [To Lords without.] Let none disturb us.—Why should this charge of thoughts,1 The sad companion, dull-eyed melancholy, Be my so-used a guest, as 2 not an hour In the day's glorious walk or peaceful night — The tomb where grief should sleep—can breed me quiet? Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes shun them, And danger, which I fear'd, is at Antioch, Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here: Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,

20 Like is here equivalent to as. See vol. iii. page 72, note 15.

1 Thought or thoughts was often used for grief. See vol. v. page 178, note 12. — Charge, here, is burden or weight.

2 As for that. The two were used indifferently.
Nor yet the other's distance comfort me.
Then it is thus: The passions of the mind,
That have their first conception by mis-dread,
Have after-nourishment and life by care;
And what was first but fear what might be done,
Grows elder now, and cares it be not done.
And so with me: The great Antiochus—
'Gainst whom I am too little to contend,
Since he's so great can make his will his act—
Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence;
Nor boots it me to say I honour him,
If he suspect I may dishonour him:
And what may make him blush in being known,
He'll stop the course by which it might be known;
With hostile forces he'll o'erspread the land,
And with th' ostent 3 of war will look so huge,
Amazement shall drive courage from the State;
Our men be vanquish'd ere they do resist,
And subjects punish'd that ne'er thought offence:
Which care of them, not pity of myself,—
Who am no more but as the tops of trees,
Which fence the roots they grow by, and defend them,—
Makes both my body pine and soul to languish,
And punish that before that he would punish.

Enter Helicanus and other Lords.

1 Lord. Joy and all comfort in your sacred breast!
2 Lord. And keep your mind, till you return to us,
Peaceful and comfortable!

Hel. Peace, peace! and give experience tongue.
They do abuse the King that flatter him:
For flattery is the bellows blows up sin;
The thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark,

3 Ostent is show or display. See vol. iii. page 145, note 34.
To which that blast gives heat and stronger glowing;
Whereas reproof, obedient, and in order,
Fits kings, as they are men, for they may err.—
When Signior Sooth⁴ here does proclaim a peace,
He flatters you, makes war upon your life.
Prince, pardon me, or strike me, if you please;
I cannot be much lower than my knees.

_Per._ All leave us else; but let your cares o'erlook
What shipping and what lading's in our haven,
And then return to us. [Exeunt Lords.]—Helicanus, thou
Hast movéd us: what see'st thou in our looks?

_Hel._ An angry brow, dread lord.

_Per._ If there be such a dart in princes' frowns,
How durst thy tongue move anger to our face?

_Hel._ How dare the plants look up to Heaven, from
whence
They have their nourishment?

_Per._ Thou know'st I've power
To take thy life from thee.

_Hel. [Kneeling._] I've ground the axe myself;
Do you but strike the blow.

_Per._ Rise, pr'ythee, rise.
Sit down: thou art no flatterer;
I thank thee for it: and Heaven forbid
That kings should let their ears hear their faults chid!⁵
Fit counsellor and servant for a prince,
Who by thy wisdom makest a prince thy servant,
What wouldst thou have me do?

_Hel._ With patience bear
Such griefs as you yourself lay on yourself.

⁴ Signior Sooth is a near kinsman of a gentleman mentioned in _The Winter's Tale_: "And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by Sir Smile."

⁵ "Should prevent or hinder their ears from hearing their faults chid."

The old _let_, now obsolete.
Per. Thou speak'st like a physician, Helianus,
That minister'st a potion unto me
That thou would'st tremble to receive thyself.
Attend me, then: I went to Antioch,
Where, as thou know'st, against the face of death,
I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty,
From whence an issue I might propagate,
Are arms to princes, and bring joys to subjects.⁶
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder;
The rest — hark in thine ear — as black as incest;
Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father
Seem'd not to strike, but smooth:⁷ but thou know'st this,
'Tis time to fear when tyrants seem to kiss.
Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled,
Under the covering of a careful night,
Who seem'd my good protector; and, being here,
Bethought me what was past, what might succeed.
I knew him tyrannous; and tyrants' fears
Decrease not, but grow faster than their years:
And should he doubt⁸ it, — as no doubt he doth, —
That I should open to the listening air
How many worthy princes' bloods were shed,
To keep his bed of blackness unlaid ope,—
To lop that doubt, he'll fill this land with arms,
And make pretence of wrong that I have done him;

⁶ The meaning is, "From whom I might propagate such issue as bring strength to princes, and joy to their subjects."
⁷ To smooth is to soothe, coax, or flatter. So in King Richard III.: "Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog." And in Titus Andronicus: "Yield to his humour, smooth, and speak him fair." The verb to smooth is frequently used in this sense by our elder writers; for instance, by Stubbes in his Anatomic of Abuses, 1583: "If you will learn to deride, scoffe, mock, and flowl, to flatter and smooth," &c.
⁸ To doubt in its old sense of to fear or suspect. So the noun a little after.
When all, for mine, if I may call't offence,
Must feel war's blow, who spares not innocence:
Which love to all, — of which thyself art one,
Who now reprovest me for it, —

Hel. Alas, sir!

Per. — Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from my cheeks,
Musings into my mind, with thousand doubts
How I might stop this tempest, ere it came;
And, finding little comfort to relieve them,
I thought it princely charity to grieve them.

Hel. Well, my lord, since you've given me leave to speak,
Freely will I speak. Antiochus you fear,
And justly too, I think, you fear the tyrant,
Who either by public war or private treason
Will take away your life.
Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while,
Till that his rage and anger be forgot,
Or till the Destinies do cut his thread of life.
Your rule direct to any; if to me,
Day serves not light more faithful than I'll be.

Per. I do not doubt thy faith;
But, should he wrong my liberties in my absence,—

Hel. We'll mingle our bloods together in the earth,
From whence we had our being and our birth.

Per. Tyre, I now look from thee, then, and to Tarsus
Intend my travel, — where I'll hear from thee;
And by whose letters I'll dispose myself.
The care I had and have of subjects' good
On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear it.
I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath:
Who shuns not to break one will sure crack both:
But in our orbs⁹ we'll live so round and safe,

⁹ Orbs for orbits; a frequent usage. See vol. xviii. page 148, note 29.
'That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince,\textsuperscript{10}
Thou show'dst a subject's shine, I a true prince.  \textit{[Exeunt.}

\textbf{Scene III. — Tyre. An Ante-chamber in the Palace.}

\textit{Enter Thaliard.}

\textit{Thal.} So, this is Tyre, and this the Court. Here must I kill King Pericles; and, if I do it not, I am sure to be hang'd at home: 'tis dangerous. Well, I perceive he was a wise fellow and had good discretion, that, being bid to ask what he would of the king, desired he might know none of his secrets:\textsuperscript{1} now do I see he had some reason for't; for, if a king bid a man be a villain, he's bound by the indenture of his oath to be one. Hush! here come the lords of Tyre.

\textit{Enter Helicanus, Escaes, and other Lords.}

\textit{Hel.} You shall not need, my fellow peers of Tyre, Further to question me of your King's departure:
His seal'd commission, left in trust with me,
Doth speak sufficiently he's gone to travel.

\textit{Thal. [Aside.]} How! the King gone!

\textit{Hel.} If further yet you will be satisfied,
Why, as it were unlicensed of your loves,
He would depart, I'll give some light unto you.
Being at Antioch, —

\textit{Thal. [Aside].} What from Antioch?

\textit{Hel.} — Royal Antiochus — on what cause I know not — Took some displeasure at him, — at least he judged so;

\textsuperscript{10} \textit{Convince} here means \textit{overcome}.  See vol. xvii. page 38, note 17.

\textsuperscript{1} Who this wise fellow was may be known from the following passage in Barnabie Riche's \textit{Souldiers Wishe to Briton's Welfare, 1604:} "I will therefore commend the poet Philipides, who being demanded by King Lisimachus, what favour he might doe unto him for that he loved him, made this answere to the king, That your majesty would never impart unto me \textit{any of your secrets."}
And, doubting lest that he had err'd or sinn'd,
To show his sorrow, he'd correct himself;
So puts himself unto the shipman's toil,
With whom each minute threatens life with death.

*Thal.* [Aside.] Well, I perceive
I shall not be hang'd now, although I would;
But, since he's gone, the King's ears it must please,
He 'scaped the land, to perish at the sea.
I'll present myself. — Peace to the lords of Tyre!

*Ili.* Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome.

*Thal.* From him I come
With message unto princely Pericles;
But since my landing I have understood
Your lord has betook himself to unknown travels:
My message must return from whence it came.

*Hel.* We have no reason to inquire of it,
Commended to our master, not to us:
Yet, ere you shall depart, this we desire,
As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre.       [Exeunt.

**Scene IV.** — *Tarsus.* *A Room in the Governor's House.*

*Enter Cleon, Dionyzia, and Attendants.*

*Cle.* My Dionyzia, shall we rest us here,
And, by relating tales of others' griefs,
See if 'twill teach us to forget our own?

*Dio.* That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it;
For who digs hills because they do aspire
Throws down one mountain to cast up a higher.
O my distress'd lord, even such our griefs:
Here they are felt and seen with misery's eyes;
But, like to groves, being lopp'd, they higher rise.

*Cle.* O Dionyzia,
Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it,
Or can conceal his hunger till he famish?
Our tongues do sound our sorrows and deep woes
Into the air; our eyes do weep, till lungs
Fetch breath that may proclaim them louder; that,
If Heaven slumber while their creatures want,
They may awake their helps to comfort them.
I'll, then, discourse our woes, felt several years;
And, wanting breath to speak, help me with tears.

_Dio._ I'll do my best, sir.

_Cle._ This Tarsus, o'er which I have government,
A city on whom Plenty held full hand;
Where Riches strew'd herself even in the streets;
Whose towers bore heads so high they kiss'd the clouds,
And strangers ne'er beheld but wonder'd at;
Whose men and dames so jetted and adorn'd,
Like one another's glass to trim them by:
Their tables were stored full, to glad the sight,
And not so much to feed on as delight;
All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great,
The name of help grew odious to repeat.

_Dio._ O, 'tis too true.

_Cle._ But see what Heaven can do! By this our change,
Those mouths whom but of late, earth, sea, and air,
Were all too little to content and please,
Although they gave their creatures in abundance,
As houses are defiled for want of use,
They are now starved for want of exercise:
Those palates who, not yet two Summers younger,

1 _Their_ refers to _Heaven_, which is here a collective noun.
2 That is, "Riches poured herself out even in the streets." _Riches_ is here used as a noun singular, like the French _richesse_. The usage was common. So in the Poet's 87th Sonnet: "And for _that riches_ where is my deserving?"
3 To _jet_ is to _walk proudly, to strut_. See vol. xviii. page 67, note 1.
Must have inventions to delight the taste,
Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it:
Those mothers who, to nousle 4 up their babes,
Thought nought too curious, are ready now
To eat those little darlings whom they loved.
So sharp are hunger’s teeth, that man and wife
Draw lots who first shall die to lengthen life:
Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping;
Here many sink, yet those which see them fall
Have scarce strength left to give them burial.
Is not this true?

Dio. Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness it.

Cle. O, let those cities that of Plenty’s cup
And her prosperities so largely taste,
With their superfluous riots, heed these tears!
The misery of Tarsus may be theirs.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Where’s the lord governor?

Cle. Here.

Speak out thy sorrows which thou bring’st in haste,
For comfort is too far for us t’ expect.

Lord. We have descried, upon our neighbouring shore,
A portly sail of ships make hitherward.

Cle. I thought as much.

One sorrow never comes but brings an heir,
That may succeed as his inheritor;
And so in ours: some neighbouring nation,
Taking advantage of our misery,
Hath stuff’d these hollow vessels with their power,

4 To nousle is an old word for to nurse. So in The Faerie Queene, i.
6, 23:

Whom, till to ryper years he gan aspyre,
He nousled up in life and maners wilde.
To beat us down, the which are down already;
And make a conquest of unhappy men,
Whereas no glory's got to overcome.

Lord. That's the least fear; for, by the semblance
Of their white flags display'd, they bring us peace,
And come to us as favourers, not as foes.

Cle. Thou speak'st like him's untutor'd to repeat:
Who makes the fairest show means most deceit.
But, bring they what they will, and what they can,
What need we fear?
The ground's the lowest, and we're half-way there.
Go tell their general we attend him here,
To know for what he comes, and whence he comes,
And what he craves.

Lord. I go, my lord. [Exit.

Cle. Welcome is peace, if he on peace consist;
If wars, we are unable to resist.

Enter Pericles with Attendants.

Per. Lord governor, for so we hear you are,
Let not our ships and number of our men
Be like a beacon fired t' amaze your eyes.
We've heard your miseries as far as Tyre,
And seen the desolation of your streets:
Nor come we to add sorrow to your hearts,
But to relieve them of their heavy load;
And these our ships, you happily may think
Are like the Trojan horse was stuff'd within
With bloody veins, expecting overthrow,
Are stored with corn to make your needy bread,
And give them life whom hunger starved half dead.

All. The gods of Greece protect you!
And we'll pray for you.

Per. Rise, I pray you, rise:
We do not look for reverence, but for love,
And harbourage for ourself, our ships, and men.

Cle. The which when any shall not gratify,
Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought,
Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves,
The curse of Heaven and men succeed their evils!
Till when, — the which I hope shall ne'er be seen, —
Your Grace is welcome to our town and us.

Per. Which welcome we'll accept; feast here awhile,
Until our stars that frown lend us a smile. [Exeunt.

ACT II.

Enter Gower.

Gow. Here have you seen a mighty king
His child, I wis, to incest bring;
A better prince, and benign lord,
That will prove awful both in deed and word.
Be quiet, then, as men should be,
Till he hath pass'd necessity.
I'll show you those in troubles reign,

think to be like the Trojan horse which was stuff'd with living men, are," &c. Happily was often used for hapy, when the verse wanted a trisyllable.

"Bloody veins" for veins filled with blood.

9 Succeed in the Latin sense of follow; a frequent usage.

1 Awful is full of awe, that is, reverent. The force of you have seen is continued over a better prince.
Losing a mite, a mountain gain.
The good in conversation —
To whom I gave my benison —
Is still at Tarsus, where each man
Thinks all is writ he spoken can;²
And, to remember what he does,
Build his statue to make him glorious:
But tidings to the contrary
Are brought your eyes; what need speak I?

Dumb-Show.

Enter, from one side, Pericles, talking with Cleon; their
Trains with them. Enter, from the other side, a Gentle-
man, with a letter to Pericles; who shows the letter to
Cleon; then gives the Messenger a reward, and knights
him. Exeunt severally Pericles and Cleon, with their
Trains.

Good Helicane hath stay'd at home,
Not to eat honey like a drone
From others' labours, though³ he strive
To killen bad, keep good alive;
And, to fulfil his Prince' desire,
Sends word of all that haps in Tyre:
How Thaliard came full bent with sin
And hid intent to murder him;
And that in Tarsus was not best
Longer for him to make his rest.
He, knowing so, put forth to seas,

² "The good prince (on whom I bestow my blessing) is still at Tarsus, where every man pays as much respect to all he can speak, as if it were holy writ." Conversation is conduct, or behaviour, as in the Bible.
³ Though was not unfrequently used for since, for, because, or inasmuch as; and Shakespeare has it repeatedly in that sense. So that "though he strives" is simply equivalent to "since he strives," or "for he strives." See vol. xvii. page 230, note 13.
Where when men been, there's seldom ease;
For now the wind begins to blow;
Thunder above and deeps below
Make such unquiet, that the ship
Should house him safe is wreck'd and split;
And he, good prince, having all lost,
By waves from coast to coast is tost:
All perishen of man, of pelf,
Ne aught escapen but himself;
Till fortune, tired with doing bad,
Threw him ashore, to give him glad:
And here he comes. What shall be next,
Pardon old Gower; this 'longs the text.4 [Exit.

**Scene I. — Pentapolis. An open Place by the Sea-side.**

*Enter* Pericles, wet.

Per. Yet cease your ire, you angry stars of heaven!
Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly man
Is but a substance that must yield to you;
And I, as fits my nature, do obey you.
Alas, the sea hath cast me on the rocks,
Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left me breath
Nothing to think on but ensuing death:
Let it suffice the greatness of your powers
To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes;
And, having thrown him from your watery grave,
Here to have death in peace is all he'll crave.

*Enter three Fishermen.*

1 Fish. What, ho, Pilch!1

4 "Pardon old Gower from telling what ensues: that belongs to the text, not to his part as Chorus."

1 Pilch is a leathern coat; of course here put for the wearer; as Patch-breech is just after.
SCENE I.

PRINCE OF TYRE.

2 Fish. Ho, come and bring away the nets!
1 Fish. What, Patch-breech, I say!
3 Fish. What say you, master?
1 Fish. Look how thou stirrest now! come away, or I'll fetch thee with a wanion.²
3 Fish. Faith, master, I am thinking of the poor men that were cast away before us even now.
1 Fish. Alas, poor souls, it grieved my heart to hear what pitiful cries they made to us to help them, when, well-a-day, we could scarce help ourselves.
3 Fish. Nay, master, said not I as much when I saw the porpus, how he bounced and tumbled? they say they're half-fish, half-flesh: a plague on them, they ne'er come but I look to be wash'd.³ Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.
1 Fish. Why, as men do a-land; the great ones eat up the little ones. I can compare our rich misers to nothing so fitly as to a whale; 'a plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before him, and at last devours them all at a mouthful: such whales have I heard on o' the land, who never leave gaping till they've swallow'd the whole parish, church, steeple, bells, and all.

Per. [Aside.] A pretty moral.
3 Fish. But, master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry.
2 Fish. Why, man?
3 Fish. Because he should have swallow'd me too; and, when I had been in his belly, I would have kept such a jangling of the bells, that he should never have left, till he

² This expression, which is equivalent to with a mischief, or with a vengeance, is of very frequent occurrence in old writers.
³ Sailors have observed, that the playing of porpoises round a ship is a certain prognostic of a violent gale of wind.
⁴ "Because he should" is old language for in order that he might. Shakespeare has it several times so. See vol. xvi. page 268, note 21.
cast bells, steeple, church, and parish, up again. But, if the
good King Simonides were of my mind,—

Per. [Aside.] Simonides!

3 Fish. — he would purge the land of these drones, that
rob the bee of her honey.

Per. [Aside.] How from the finny subjects of the sea
These fishers tell th' infirmities of men;
And from their watery empire recollect
All that may men approve or men detect!—
Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen!

2 Fish. Honest! good fellow, what's that? If it be a
day fits you, steal't out of the calendar, and nobody'll look
after it.

Per. You see the sea hath cast me on your coast.

2 Fish. What a drunken knave was the sea to cast thee
in our way!

Per. A man whom both the waters and the wind,
In that vast tennis-court, have made the ball
For them to play upon, entreats you pity him;
He asks of you, that never used to beg.

1 Fish. No, friend, cannot you beg? Here's them in
our country of Greece gets more with begging than we can
do with working.

2 Fish. Canst thou catch any fishes, then?
Per. I never practised it.

2 Fish. Nay, then thou wilt starve, sure; for here's noth-
ing to be got now-a-days, unless thou canst fish for't.

Per. What I have been I have forgot to know;

5 The **lucky** and **unlucky** days were formerly marked down in almanacs;
and Farmer thinks there may be an allusion in the text to the **dies honestissimus** of Cicero.

6 So in Sidney's *Arcadia*: "In such a shadow mankind lives, that neither
they know how to foresee, nor what to feare, and are, like *tenis bals, tossed by
the racket of the higher powers.*"
But what I am, want teaches me to think on;
A man throng'd up with cold: my veins are chill,
And have no more of life than may suffice
To give my tongue that heat to ask your help;
Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead,
For that I am a man, pray see me buried.

1 Fish. Die quoth-a? Now gods forbid! I have a gown
here: come, put it on; keep thee warm. Now, afore me, a
handsome fellow! Come, thou shalt go home, and we'll
have flesh for holidays, fish for fasting-days, and moreover
puddings and flap-jacks; and thou shalt be welcome.

Per. I thank you, sir.

2 Fish. Hark you, my friend: you said you could not
beg.

Per. I did but crave.

2 Fish. But crave! Then I'll turn craver too, and so I
shall 'scape whipping.

Per. Why, are all your beggars whipp'd, then?

2 Fish. O, no, not all, my friend, not all; for, if all your
beggars were whipp'd, I would wish no better office than to
be beadle.—But, master, I'll go draw up the net.

[Exit with Third Fisherman.

Per. [Aside.] How well this honest mirth becomes their
labour!

1 Fish. Hark you, sir: do you know where ye are?
Per. Not well.

1 Fish. Why, I'll tell you: this is called Pentapolis, and
our King the good Simonides.

Per. The good King Simonides, do you call him?

1 Throng'd up, probably means pressed or crushed, as a man in a crowd.
So in i. 1: "To tell the earth is throng'd by man's oppression."

6 Flap-jacks are pancakes. So in Taylor's Jack-a-Lent: "Until at last,
by the skill of the cooke, it is transformed into the form of a flap-jack, which,
in our translation, is cald a pancake." The word is still used in New England.
1 Fish. Ay, sir; and he deserves so to be call'd for his peaceable reign and good government.

Per. He is a happy king, since he gains from his subjects the name of good by his government. How far is his Court distant from this shore?

1 Fish. Marry, sir, half a day's journey: and I'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and to-morrow is her birth-day; and there are princes and knights come from all parts of the world to just and tourney for her love.

Per. Were my fortunes equal to my desires, I could wish to make one there.

1 Fish. O, sir, things must be as they may; and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for — his wife's soul.⁹

Re-enter Second and Third Fishermen, drawing up a net.

2 Fish. Help, master, help! here's a fish hangs in the net, like a poor man's right in the law; 'twill hardly come out. Ha! bots on't,¹⁰ 'tis come at last, and 'tis turn'd to a rusty armour.

Per. An armour, friends! I pray you, let me see it. — Thanks, Fortune, yet, that, after all my crosses, Thou givest me somewhat to repair myself; An-though¹¹ it was mine own, part of my heritage, Which my dead father did bequeath to me, With this strict charge, even as he left his life, Keep it, my Pericles; it hath been a shield 'Twixt me and death: and pointed to this brace,¹²— For that it saved me, keep't; in like necessity,—

⁹ "Things must be as they are appointed to be; and what a man is not sure to accomplish, he may nevertheless attempt." The conclusion of this speech passes my comprehension. The text is probably mutilated.

¹⁰ A comic execration; bots being a well-known disease of horses.

¹¹ An-though is an old equivalent for although. Pericles thanks Fortune for casting the armour in his way, although the armour is his own.

¹² Brace is armour for the arm. See vol. xvi. page 226, note 42.
Which gods protect thee from! — it may defend thee.
It kept where I kept, I so dearly loved it;
Till the rough seas, that spare not any man,
Took it in rage, though calm’d have given’t again:
I thank thee for’t; my shipwreck now’s no ill,
Since I have here my father’s gift in’s will.

1 Fish. What mean you, sir?

Per. To beg of you, kind friends, this coat of worth,
For it was sometime target to a king;
I know it by this mark. He loved me dearly,
And for his sake I wish the having of it;
And that you’d guide me to your sovereign’s Court,
Where with’t I may appear a gentleman;
And, if that ever my low fortunes better,
I’ll pay your bounties; till then rest your debtor.

1 Fish. Why, wilt thou tourney for the lady?

Per. I’ll show the virtue I have borne in arms.

1 Fish. Why, do ye take it, and the gods give thee good on’t!

2 Fish. Ay, but hark you, my friend; ’twas we that made up this garment through the rough seams of the waters: there are certain condolements, certain ’vails. I hope, sir, if you thrive, you’ll remember from whence you had it.

Per. Believe’t, I will.

Now, by your furtherance, I am clothed in steel;
And, spite of all the rapture of the sea,
This jewel holds his biding on my arm:
Unto the value I will mount myself
Upon a courser, whose delightful steps
Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread.

13 “It lodged where I lodged,” or dwelt. Kept was often used so.
14 Condolements here seems to mean sharings, doles or dolings in common;
and ’vails is perquisites or avails.
15 Rapture was used for any violent seizure.
PERICLES,  

 Only, my friends, I yet am unprovided  
Of a pair of bases.  

 2 Fish. We'll sure provide thee: thou shalt have my best  
gown to make thee a pair: and I'll bring thee to the Court  
myself.  

Per. Then honour be but goal unto my will,  
This day I'll rise, or else add ill to ill.  

[Exeunt.

SCENE II. — The Same. A public Way or Platform leading  
to the Lists. A Pavilion by the side of it for the reception  
of the King, Princess, Lords, &c.

Enter Simonides, Thaisa, Lords, and Attendants.

Sim. Are the knights ready to begin the triumph?  

1 Lord. They are, my liege;  
And stay your coming to present themselves.  

Sim. Return them, we are ready;¹ and our daughter,  
In honour of whose birth these triumphs are,  
Sits here, like beauty's child, whom Nature gat  
For men to see, and seeing wonder at.  

[Exit a Lord.

Thai. It pleaseth you, my royal father, to express  
My commendations great, whose merit's less.  

Sim. It's fit it should be so; for princes are  
A model, which Heaven makes like to itself:  
As jewels lose their glory if neglected,  
So princes their renown if not respected.  
'Tis now your honour, daughter, to explain  
The labour of each knight in his device.  

Thai. Which, to preserve mine honour, I'll perform.

¹ Bases is thus explained by Nares: "A kind of embroidered mantle  
which hung down from about the middle to about the knees or lower, worn  
by knights on horseback." So in Massinger's Picture: "It appears, your  
petticoat serves for bases to this warrior."

¹ Meaning "return them word that we are ready."
Enter a Knight; he passes over, and his Squire presents his shield to the Princess.

Sim. Who is the first that doth prefer himself?

Thai. A knight of Sparta, my renowned father; And the device he bears upon his shield Is a black Æthiop reaching at the Sun; The word,\(^9\) *Lux tua vita mihi.*

Sim. He loves you well that holds his life of you.

[The Second Knight passes over.

Who is the second that presents himself?

Thai. A prince of Macedon, my royal father; And the device he bears upon his shield Is an arm’d knight that’s conquer’d by a lady; The motto thus, in Spanish, *Piu por dulsura que por fuerza.*\(^3\)

[The Third Knight passes over.

Sim. And what’s the third?

Thai. The third of Antioch; And his device, a wreath of chivalry; The word, *Me poma provexit apex.*\(^4\)

[The Fourth Knight passes over.

Sim. What is the fourth?

Thai. A burning torch that’s turnèd upside down; The word, *Quod me alit, me extinguit.*\(^5\)

Sim. Which shows that beauty hath his power and will, Which can as well inflame as it can kill.

[The Fifth Knight passes over.

---

\(^9\) The word is the mot, or motto inscribed on the shield. Here the motto is, "Thy light is life to me."

\(^3\) "More by sweetness than by force." — The first word of this motto is Italian; the rest Spanish. "That the author," says Dyce, "should commence his Spanish motto with an Italian word will appear strange only to such readers as are not aware how frequently our early writers jumble those two languages together."

\(^4\) "A crown of honour carries me onward."

\(^5\) "I am extinguished by that which nourishes me."
Tai. The fifth, an hand environèd with clouds,
Holding out gold that's by the touchstone tried;
The motto thus, *Sic spectanda fides.*

[The Sixth Knight (Pericles) passes over.

Sim. And what's
The sixth and last, the which the knight himself
With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd?

Tai. He seems to be a stranger; but his present is
A wither'd branch, that's only green at top;
The motto, *In hac spe vivo.*

Sim. A pretty moral;
From the dejected state wherein he is,
He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.

1 Lord. He had need mean better than his outward show
Can any way speak in his just commend;
For, by his rusty outside, he appears
T' have practised more the whipstock than the lance.

2 Lord. He well may be a stranger, for he comes
To an honour'd triumph strangely furnishèd.

3 Lord. And on set purpose let his armour rust
Until this day, to scour it in the dust.

Sim. Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan
The outward habit by the inward man.
But stay, the knights are coming: we'll withdraw
Into the gallery.

[Exeunt.

[Great shouts within, all crying The mean knight!

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6 "So fidelity is to be tested."
7 "In this hope do I live."
8 "That makes us scan the inward man by the outward habit," is the
meaning. Such inversions are not uncommon in old writers.
Scene III. — The Same. A Hall of State; a Banquet prepared.

Enter Simonides, Thaisa, Ladies, Lords, Knights, and Attendants.

Sim. Knights,
To say you're welcome were superfluous.
To place upon the volume of your deeds,
As in a title-page, your worth in arms,
Were more than you expect, or more than's fit,
Since every worth in show commends itself.
Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast:
You are princes and my guests.

Thai. But you, my knight and guest;
To whom this wreath of victory I give,
And crown you king of this day's happiness.

Per. 'Tis more by fortune, lady, than by merit.

Sim. Call it by what you will, the day is yours;
And here, I hope, is none that envies it.
In framing an artist, art hath thus decreed,
To make some good, but others to exceed;
And you're her labour'd scholar. — Come, queen o' the feast,

For, daughter, so you are, — here take your place. —
Marshal the rest, as they deserve their grace.

Knights. We're honour'd much by good Simonides.

Sim. Your presence glads our days: honour we love;
For who hates honour hates the gods above.

Marshal. Sir, yonder is your place.

Per. Some other is more fit.

1 Knight. Contend not, sir; for we are gentlemen
That neither in our hearts nor outward eyes
Envy the great nor do the low despise.
Per. You are right courteous knights.

Sim. Sit, sir, sit. —

By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,
These cates resist me, he but thought upon. 1

Thai. By Juno, that is queen
Of marriage, all viands that I eat
Do seem unsavoury, wishing him my meat.
Sure, he's a gallant gentleman.

Sim. He's but a country gentleman;
Has done no more than other knights have done;
Has broken a staff or so; so let it pass.

Thai. To me he seems like diamond to glass.

Per. Yon King's to me like to my father's picture,
Which tells me in that glory once he was;
Had princes sit, like stars, about his throne,
And he the sun, for them to reverence;
None that beheld him, but, like lesser lights,
Did vail 2 their crowns to his supremacy:
Where 3 now his son's like glow-worm in the night,
The which hath fire in darkness, none in light;
Whereby I see that Time's the king of men,
For he's their parent, and he is their grave,
And gives them what he will, not what they crave.

Sim. What, are you merry, knights?

1 Knight. Who can be other in this royal presence?

1 The meaning is, "I cannot eat, for thinking on the stranger knight"; he referring to Pericles: So in Wilkins's novel: "As it were by some divine operation, both king and daughter at one instant were so strucks in love with the noblenesse of his woorth, that they could not spare so much time to satisfie themselves with the delicacie of their viands, for talking of his prayses."

2 To vail is to lower, to let fall. See vol. xviii. page 253, note 14.

3 Where, again, for whereas. — This, also, is in the novel: "Pericles, on the other side, observing the dignity wherein the king sate, that so many princes came to honour him, so many peeres stoode ready to attend him, hee was strucke with present sorrow by remembering the losse of his owne."
Sim. Here, with a cup that's stored unto the brim,—
As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips,—
We drink this health to you.

Knights. We thank your Grace.

Sim. Yet pause awhile:
Yon knight doth sit too melancholy,
As if the entertainment in our Court
Had not a show might countervail his worth.—
Note it not you, Thaisa?

Thai. What is it
To me, my father?

Sim. O, attend, my daughter:
Princes, in this, should live like gods above,
Who freely give to every one that comes
To honour them:
And princes not doing so are like to gnats,
Which make a sound, but still ne'er wonder'd at.
Therefore, to make his entertain more sweet
Here, say we drink this standing-bowl of wine to him.

Thai. Alas, my father, it befits not me
Unto a stranger knight to be so bold:
He may my proffer take for an offence,
Since men take women's gifts for impudence.

Sim. How!
Do as I bid you, or you'll move me else.

Thai. [Aside.] Now, by the gods, he could not please me better.

Sim. And further tell him, we desire to know
Of whence he is, his name and parentage.

Thai. The King my father, sir, has drunk to you;—

Per. I thank him.

Thai. —Wishing it so much blood unto your life.

Per. I thank both him and you, and pledge him freely.

Thai. And further he desires to know of you,
Of whence you are, your name and parentage.

_Per._ A gentleman of Tyre; my name is Pericles;
My education's been in arts and arms;
Who, looking for adventures in the world,
Was by the rough seas rest of ships and men,
And, after shipwreck, driven upon this shore.

_Thai._ He thanks your Grace; names himself Pericles,
A gentleman of Tyre, who only by
Misfortune of the sea has been bereft
Of ships and men, and cast upon this shore.

_Sim._ Now, by the gods, I pity his misfortune,
And will awake him from his melancholy.—
Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,
And waste the time, which looks for other revels.
Even in your armours, as you are address'd,4
Will very well become a soldier's dance.
I will not have excuse, with saying this
Loud music is too harsh for ladies' heads,
Since they love men in arms as well as beds.

_[The Knights dance._

So, this was well ask'd, 'twas so well perform'd. —
_[To Pericles._] Come, sir;
Here is a lady that wants breathing5 too:  
And I have heard, you knights of Tyre
Are excellent in making ladies trip;
And that their measures are as excellent.

_Per._ In those that practise them they are, my lord.

_Sim._ O, that's as much as you would be denied
Of your fair courtesy.—

_[The Knights and Ladies dance._

Unclap, unclasp:
Thanks, gentlemen, to all; all have done well, —

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4 As you are prepared for combat. A frequent use of address'd.
5 Breathing is exercise. Often so. See vol. xiv. page 307, note 36.
SCENE IV. PRINCE OF TYRE.

[To PERICLES.] But you the best. — Pages and lights, to conduct
These knights unto their several lodgings! — [To PERICLES.]
Yours, sir,
We’ve given order to be next our own.

Per. I am at your Grace’s pleasure.

Sim. Princes, it is too late to talk of love;
And that’s the mark I know you level at:
Therefore each one betake him to his rest;
To-morrow all for speeding do their best. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. — Tyre. A Room in the Governor’s House.

Enter HELICANUS and ESCANES.

Hel. No, Escanes; know this of me,
Antiochus from incest lived not free:
For which, the most high gods not minding longer
To withhold the vengeance that they had in store,
Due to this heinous capital offence,
Even in the height and pride of all his glory,
When he was seated in a chariot of
Inestimable value, and his daughter with him,
A fire from heaven came, and shrivell’d up
Their bodies, even to loathing; for they so stunk,
That all those eyes adored them ere their fall
Scorn now their hand should give them burial.

Esca. ’Twas very strange.

Hel. And yet but justice; for, though
This King were great, his greatness was no guard
To bar Heaven’s shaft, but sin had his reward.

Esca. ’Tis very true.

Enter two or three Lords.

1 Lord. See, not a man in private conference
Or council has respect with him but he.

2 Lord. It shall no longer grieve without reproof.

3 Lord. And cursed be he that will not second it.

1 Lord. Follow me, then. — Lord Helicane, a word.

Hel. With me? and welcome. — Happy day, my lords!

1 Lord. Know that our griefs are risen to the top,
And now at length they overflow their banks.

Hel. Your griefs! for what? wrong not the Prince you love.

1 Lord. Wrong not yourself, then, noble Helicane;
But, if the Prince do live, let us salute him,
Or know what ground’s made happy by his breath.
If in the world he live, we’ll seek him out;
If in his grave he rest, we’ll find him there;
And be resolved ¹ he lives to govern us,
Or, dead, gives cause to mourn his funeral,
And leaves us to our free election.

2 Lord. Whose death’s indeed the strongest in our censure:

And, knowing this kingdom, if without a head,—
Like goodly buildings left without a roof,—
Will soon to ruin fall, your noble self,
That best know’st how to rule and how to reign,
We thus submit unto, — our sovereign.

All. Live, noble Helicane!

Hel. For honour’s cause, forbear your suffrages:
If that you love Prince Pericles, forbear.
Take I your wish, I leap into the seat,
Where’s hourly trouble for a minute’s ease.
A twelvemonth longer, let me you entreat
Still to forbear the absence of your King;

¹ Resolved is assured or satisfied. Often so.
² Here, as usual, censure is judgment or opinion. Strongest for most probable.
If in which time expired he not return,
I shall with agèd patience bear your yoke.
But, if I cannot win you to this love,
Go search like noblemen, like noble subjects,
And in your search spend your adventurous worth;
Whom if you find, and win unto return,
You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.

1 Lord. To wisdom he's a fool that will not yield;
And, since Lord Helicane enjoineth us,
We with our travels will endeavour it.

Hel. Then you love us, we you, and we'll clasp hands:
When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. — Pentapolis. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Simonides, reading a letter: the Knights meet him.

1 Knight. Good morrow to the good Simonides.

Sim. Knights, from my daughter this I let you know,
That for this twelvemonth she'll not undertake
A married life.
Her reason to herself is only known,
Which yet from her by no means can I get.

2 Knight. May we not get access to her, my lord?

Sim. Faith, by no means; she hath so strictly tied her
To her chamber, that it is impossible.
One twelve moons more she'll wear Diana's livery;
This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd,
And on her virgin honour will not break it.

3 Knight. Loth to bid farewell, we take our leaves.

Sim. So,
They're well dispatch'd; now to my daughter's letter.
She tells me here, she'll wed the stranger knight,
Or never more to view nor day nor light.

[Exeunt Knights.
Mistress, 'tis well; your choice agrees with mine;
I like that well: nay, how absolute she's in't,
Not minding whether I dislike or no!
Well, I do commend her choice;
And will no longer have it be delay'd.
Soft! here he comes: I must dissemble it.

Enter Pericles.

Per. All fortune to the good Simonides!
Sim. To you as much, sir! I'm beholding to you
For your sweet music this last night: I do
Protest, my ears were never better fed
With such delightful pleasing harmony.

Per. It is your Grace's pleasure to commend;
Not my desert.

Sim. Sir, you are music's master.
Per. The worst of all her scholars, my good lord.
Sim. Let me ask you one thing:
What do you think of my daughter, sir?

Per. A most virtuous princess.

Sim. And she is fair too, is she not?

Per. As a fair day in Summer,—wondrous fair.

Sim. Sir, my daughter thinks very well of you;
Ay, so well, that you must be her master,
And she will be your scholar: therefore look to it.

Per. I am unworthy for her schoolmaster.

Sim. She thinks not so; peruse this writing else.

Per. [Aside.] What's here?
A letter, that she loves the knight of Tyre?
'Tis the King's subtlety to have my life.—
O, seek not to entrap me, gracious lord,
A stranger and distress'd gentleman,
That never aim'd so high to love your daughter,
But bent all offices to honour her.
Sim. Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter, and thou art
A villain.

Per. By the gods, I have not:
Never did thought of mine levy offence;
Nor never did my actions yet commence
A deed might gain her love or your displeasure.

Sim. Traitor, thou liest.

Per. Traitor!

Sim. Ay, traitor.

Per. Even in his throat — unless it be the King —
That calls me traitor, I return the lie.

Sim. [Aside.] Now, by the gods, I do applaud his courage.

Per. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
That never relish'd of a base descent.
I came unto your Court for honour's cause,
And not to be a rebel to your State;
And he that otherwise accounts of me,
This sword shall prove he's honour's enemy.

Sim. No?

Here comes my daughter, she can witness it.

Enter Thaisa.

Per. Then, as you are as virtuous as fair,
Resolve your angry father, if my tongue
Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe
To any syllable that made love to you.

Thai. Why, sir, say if you had,
Who takes offence at that would make me glad?

Sim. Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory? —
[Aside.] I am glad on't with all my heart.—
I'll tame you; I'll bring you in subjection.
Will you, not having my consent,
Bestow your love and your affections
Upon a stranger?—[Aside.] who, for aught I know, 
May be—nor can I think the contrary—
As great in blood as I myself.—
Therefore hear you, mistress: Either frame
Your will to mine,—and you, sir, hear you,
Either be ruled by me, or I will make you—
Man and wife.
Nay, come, your hands and lips must seal it too;
And, being join'd, I'll thus your hopes destroy;—
And, for a further grief,—God give you joy!—
What, are you both pleased?

_Thai._ Yes,—if you love me, sir.
_Per._ Even as my life, or blood that fosters it.
_Sim._ What, are you both agreed?
_Both._ Yes, if't please your Majesty.
_Sim._ It pleaseth me so well, that I will see you wed;
Then with what haste you can get you to bed. [_Exeunt._

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**ACT III.**

**Enter Gower.**

_Gow._ Now sleep yslakèd hath the rout;
No din but snores the house about,
Made louder by the o'er-fed breast
Of this most pompous marriage-feast.
The cat, with eyne of burning coal,
Now couches 'fore the mouse's hole;
And crickets sing at th' oven's mouth,
Aye the blither for their drouth.
Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,
Where, by the loss of maidenhead,
A babe is moulded. Be attent,
And time that is so briefly spent
With your fine fancies quaintly eche: ¹
What's dumb in show I'll plain with speech.

DUMB-SHOW.

Enter, from one side, PERICLES and SIMONIDES with Attendants; a Messenger meets them, kneels, and gives PERICLES a letter: he shows it to SIMONIDES; the Lords kneel to PERICLES.² Then enter THAISA with child, and LYCHORIDA. SIMONIDES shows his Daughter the letter; she rejoices: she and PERICLES take leave of her Father, and depart with LYCHORIDA and their Attendants. Then exeunt SIMONIDES and the rest.

By many a dern and painful perch,³
Of Pericles the careful search,
By the four opposing coigns ⁴
Which the world together joins,
Is made with all due diligence
That horse and sail and high expense
Can stead the quest.⁵ At last from Tyre —

¹ *Eche* is an old form of *eke*, found in Gower and Chaucer. Of course the meaning is *eke out.

² The lords kneel to Pericles, because they are now, for the first time, informed by this letter, that he is King of Tyre. By the death of Antiochus and his daughter, Pericles has also succeeded to the throne of Antioch, in consequence of having rightly interpreted the riddle proposed to him.

³ *Dearn* signifies *lonely, solitary*. A perch is a measure of five yards and a half. But I cannot see that the word has any use or meaning here, except to rhyme with *search*.

⁴ *Coignes* is *corners*: so used twice by Shakespeare. The four corners of the world are here supposed to be joined or held together by what is between them, as the four corners of a building are. The meaning of the passage, reduced to plain English is, that a careful search after Pericles is made in all quarters of the world, and with all the diligence that art and nature furnish means for, or render possible.

⁵ *Quest* is *search*. To *stead* is to *serve, to befriend, to aid.*
Fame answering the most strange inquire
To th’ Court of King Simonides
Are letters brought, the tenour these:
Antiochus and his daughter dead;
The men of Tyrus on the head
Of Helicanus would set on
The crown of Tyre, but he will none:
The mutiny he there hastes t’ oppress;⁶
Says to ’em, if King Pericles
Come not home in twice six moons,
He, obedient to their dooms,
Will take the crown. The sum of this,
Brought hither to Pentapolis,
Yravishèd the regions round,
And every one with claps can ⁷ sound,
_Our heir-apparent is a king!_
_Who dream’d, who thought of such a thing?_
Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre:
His Queen with child makes her desire—
Which who shall cross?—along to go:
Omit we all their dole and woe:
Lychorida, her nurse, she takes,
And so to sea. Their vessel shakes
On Neptune’s billow; half the flood
Hath their keel cut: but fortune’s mood
Varies again; the grisly North
Disgorges such a tempest forth,
That, as a duck for life that dives,
So up and down the poor ship drives:
The lady shrieks, and, well-a-near!⁸

⁶ To _oppress_ here means to _repress or put down_; to _quell._
⁷ _Can_, in the sense of _gan_ or _began_, was going out of use in _Shakespeare’s_ time; but Spenser has it repeatedly.
⁸ An exclamation equivalent to _well-a-day._
Does fall in travail with her fear; 
And what ensues in this fell storm 
Shall for itself itself perform. 
I ill relate, action may 
Conveniently the rest convey; 
Which might not what by me is told. 
In your imagination hold 
This stage the ship,9 upon whose deck 
The sea-tost Pericles appears, to speak.  

[Exit.

*SCENE I. — On Shipboard.

*Enter Pericles.

*Per. Thou god of this great vast,1 rebuke these surges, 
*Which wash both heaven and hell! and thou, that hast 
*Upon the winds command, bind them in brass, 
*Having recall'd them from the deep! O, still 
*Thy deafening, dreadful thunders! gently quench 
*Thy nimble, sulphurous flashes! — O, how, Lychorida, 
*How does my Queen? — Thou stormest venomously; 
*Wilt thou spit all thyself?2 — The seaman's whistle 
*Is as a whisper in the ears of death, 
*Unheard. — Lychorida! — Lucina, O 
*Divinest patroness and midwife gentle 
*To those that cry by night, convey thy deity

9 It is clear from these lines that, when the play was originally performed, no attempt was made to exhibit either a sea or a ship.
1 It should be remembered that Pericles is supposed to speak from the deck. Lychorida, on whom he calls, is supposed to be in the cabin beneath. — "This great vast" is this wide waste or void; like the Latin vastus. See vol. vii. page 140, note 4. — After the dull and dreary scenes that precede, how refreshing it is at last to strike upon a vein of genuine Shakespeare!
2 "Spit all thyself" is equivalent to "spit forth thyself altogether; that is, spend thy rage entirely. Such is not unfrequently the force of all. See vol. xv. page 137, note 10.
Aboard our dancing boat; make swift the pangs
Of my Queen's travail! —

*Enter Lychorida, with an Infant.

*Now, Lychorida!

*Lyc. Here is a thing too young for such a place,
*Who, if it had conceit, would die, as I
*Am like to do: take in your arms this piece
*Of your dead Queen.

*Per. How, how, Lychorida!

*Lyc. Patience, good sir! do not assist the storm.
*Here's all that is left living of your Queen, —
*A little daughter: for the sake of it,
*Be manly, and take comfort.

*Per. O you gods!
*Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,
*And snatch them straight away? We here below
*Recall not what we give, and therein may
*Vie honour with you. 4

*Lyc. Patience, good sir,
*Even for this charge.

*Per. Now, mild may be thy life!
*For a more blusterous birth had never babe:
*Quiet and gentle thy conditions! 5 for
*Thou art the rudeliest welcome to this world
*That e'er was prince's child. Happy what follows!
*Thou hast as chiding a nativity
*As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can make,
*To herald thee from the womb: 6 even at the first

8 Conceit, here, is thought, knowledge, or consciousness.
4 "Contend with or rival you in honour." See vol. ii. page 184, note 15.
Also, vol. xvi. page 147, note 12.
5 Conditions are qualities, dispositions of mind.
6 A part of this most Shakespearian passage is found in the novel. The
words in Italic will show that one of the Poet's most characteristic expres-
Scene I.     Prince of Tyre.

*Thy loss is more than can thy portage quit,*
*With all thou canst find here. — Now, the good gods*
*Throw their best eyes upon't!

*Enter two Sailors.

*1 Sail. What courage, sir? God save you!*
*Per. Courage enough: I do not fear the flaw;*
*It hath done to me the worst. Yet, for the love*
*Of this poor infant, this fresh-new seafarer,
*I would it would be quiet.
*1 Sail. Slack the bolins there! —
*Thou wilt not, wilt thou? Blow, and split thyself!*
*2 Sail. But sea-room, an
*The brine and cloudy billow kiss the Moon
*I care not.
*1 Sail. Sir, your Queen must overboard:
*The sea works high, the wind is loud, and will not
*Lie till the ship be clearèd of the dead.
*Per. That is your superstition.
*1 Sail. Pardon us, sir:
*With us at sea it hath been still observed;
*And we are strong in custom: therefore briefly
*Yield her, for she must o'erboard straight.

sions has been lost out of the text: "Poor inch of nature! quoth he, thou
art as rudely welcome to the world, as ever princess' babe was; and hast as
chiding a nativity, as fire, air, earth, and water can afford thee."

That is, "thou hast already lost more by the death of thy mother, than
thy safe arrival at the port of life can requite, with all to boot that we can
give thee." Portage is here used for conveyance into life; and quit for require
is very frequent.

7 A flaw is a stormy gust of wind. See vol. xviii. page 315, note 7.

8 B The bolins, or bowlines, are the ropes by which the sails of a ship are
governed when the wind is unfavourable: they are slackened when it is
high. — "Blow, and split thyself," refers to the old pictorial representation
of the winds, which was an image of a man with his cheeks puffed out
almost to cracking. So in King Lear, iii, 2: "Blow, winds, and crack your
cheeks!" See, also, vol. vii. page 10, note 3.
*Per.* As you
*Think meet. — Most wretched Queen!
  *Lyc.* Here she lies, sir.
  *Per.* A terriblechildbed hast thou had, my dear;
*No light, no fire: th' unfriendly elements
*Forgot thee utterly; nor have I time
*To give thee hallow'd to thy grave, but straight
*Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the ooze;
*Where, for a monument upon thy bones,
*And aye-remaining lamps, the belching whale
*And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse,
*Lying with simple shells. —* O Lychorida,
*Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink and paper,
*My casket and my jewels; and bid Nicander
*Bring me the satin coffer: lay the babe
*Upon the pillow: hie thee, whiles I say
*A priestly farewell to her;
*Suddenly, woman. [Exit Lychorida.
  *2 Sail.* Sir, we have a chest
*Beneath the hatches, caulk'd and bitumed ready.
  *Per.* I thank thee. Mariner, say what coast is this?
  *2 Sail.* We are near Tarsus.
  *Per.* Thither, gentle mariner,
*Alter thy course for Tyre. When canst thou reach it?
  *2 Sail.* By break of day, if the wind cease.
  *Per.* O, make for Tarsus! —
*There will I visit Cleon, for the babe
*Cannot hold out to Tyrus: there I'll leave it
*At careful nursing.— Go thy ways, good mariner:
*I'll bring the body presently. [Exeunt.

10 This is in accordance with the usages of ancient sepulture: within old monuments, lamps were supposed to be kept ever burning.— "For a monument" is instead of a monument.
11 "Change thy course, which is now for Tyre, and go to Tarsus."
SCENE II. — Ephesus. A Room in Cerimon’s House.

*Enter Cerimon, a Servant, and some Persons who have been shipwrecked.

*Cer. Philemon, ho!

*Enter Philemon.

*Phil. Doth my lord call?
*Cer. Get fire and meat for these poor men:
*T has been a turbulent and stormy night.
*Serv. I’ve been in many; but such a night as this,
*Till now, I ne’er endured.
*Cer. Your master will be dead ere you return;
*There’s nothing can be minister’d to nature
*That can recover him. — [To Philemon.] Give this to th’
’pothecary,
*And tell me how it works. [Exeunt all but Cerimon.

*Enter two Gentlemen.

*1 Gent. Good morrow, sir.
*2 Gent. Good morrow to your lordship.
*Cer. Gentlemen,

*Why do you stir so early?
*1 Gent. Sir,
*Our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea,
*Shook as the earth did quake;
*The very principals ¹ did seem to rend,
*And all to-topple: pure surprise and fear
*Made me to quit the house.
*2 Gent. That is the cause we trouble you so early;
*Tis not our husbandry.²

¹ The principals are the strongest timbers in a building, such as the corner-posts. — In all to-topple both all and to are merely intensive or augmentative. See vol. vi. page 90, note 6.
² Husbandry is thrift or economy; time-saving. Repeatedly so.
*Cer.* O, you say well.

*1 Gent.* But, I much marvel that your lordship, having

*Rich tire about you, should at these early hours

*Shake off the golden slumber of repose.

*Tis most strange,

*Nature should be so conversant with pain,

*Being thereto not compell'd.

*Cer.* I held it ever,

*Virtue and cunning*\(^3\) *were endowments greater

*Than nobleness and riches: careless heirs

*May the two latter darken and expend;

*But immortality attends the former,

*Making a man a god. *Tis known, I ever

*Have studied physic, through which secret art,

*By turning o'er authorities, I have —

*Together with my practice — made familiar

*To me and to my aid the blest infusions

*That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones;

*And I can speak of the disturbances

*That Nature works, and of her cures; which gives me

*A more*\(^4\) *content in course of true delight

*Than to be thirsty after tottering honour,

*Or tie my treasure up in silken bags,

*To please the Fool and Death.\(^5\)

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*Wisdom, knowledge, skill are among the old senses of cunning.*

*More for greater was a common usage. See vol. x. page 19, note 5.*

*Steevens had seen an old Flemish print in which Death was exhibited in the act of plundering a miser of his bags, and the Fool (discriminated by his bauble, &c.) was standing behind and grinning at the process. The Dance of Death appears to have been anciently a popular exhibition. A venerable and aged clergyman informed Steevens that he had once been a spectator of it. The dance consisted of Death's contrivances to surprise the Merry-Andrew, and of the Merry-Andrew's efforts to elude the stratagems of Death, by whom at last he was overpowered; his finale being attended with such circumstances as mark the exit of the Dragon of Wantley.*
SCENE 11.

PRINCE OF TYRE.

*2 Gent. Your honour has
*Through Ephesus pour'd forth your charity;
*And hundreds call themselves your creatures, who
*By you have been restored; and not your knowledge,
*Your personal pain, but even your purse, still-open,
*Hath built Lord Cerimon such strong renown
*As time shall never raze.

*Enter two or three Servants with a chest.

*1 Serv. So; lift there.
*Cer. What is that?
*1 Serv. Sir, even now
*Did the sea toss upon our shore this chest:
*Tis of some wreck.
*Cer. Set't down, let's look upon't.
*2 Gent. 'Tis like a coffin, sir.
*Cer. Whate'er it be,
'Tis wonderous heavy. Wrench it open straight:
*If the sea's stomach be o'ercharged with gold,
*It is a good constraint of fortune, that
*It belches upon us.
*2 Gent. 'Tis so, my lord.
*Cer. How close 'tis caulk'd and bitumed! Did the sea
*Cast it up?
*1 Serv. I never saw so huge a billow, sir,
*As toss'd it upon shore.
*Cer. Wrench't open; soft!
*It smells most sweetly in my sense.
*2 Gent. A delicate odour.
*Cer. As ever hit my nostril. So, up with it. —
*O you most potent gods! what's here? a corse!
*1 Gent. Most strange!

* Not is here put for not only. See vol. xviii. page 275, note 7.
*Cer. Shrouded in cloth of state; balm'd and entreasured
*With bags of spices full! A passport too! —
*Apollo, perfect me i' the characters! [*Reads from a scroll.]

*Here I give to understand, —
*If e'er this coffin drive a-land, —
*I, King Pericles, have lost
*This Queen, worth all our mundane cost.
*Who finds her, give her burying;
*She was the daughter of a king:
*Besides this treasure for a fee,
*The gods requite his charity!

*If thou livest, Pericles, thou hast a heart
*That even cracks for woe! — This chanced to-night.

*I Gent. Most likely, sir.

*Cer. Nay, certainly to-night;
*For look how fresh she looks! They were too rough
*That threw her in the sea. Make fire within:
*Fetch hither all my boxes in my closet. — [*Exit a Servant.
*Death may usurp on nature many hours,
*And yet the fire of life kindle again
*The o'erpress'd spirits. I heard of an Egyptian
*That had nine hours lien dead,
*Who was by good appliances recover'd. —

*Re-enter the Servant, with boxes, napkins, and fire.

*Well said, well said; 7 the fire and cloths. —
*The rough and woeful music that we have,
*Cause it to sound, beseech you.
*The viol once more; — how thou stirr'st, thou block! —
*The music there! — I pray you, give her air. —
*Gentlemen, this Queen will live: nature awakes;
*A warmth breathes out of her: she hath not been

7 Well said is a phrase of frequent occurrence for well done.
•Entranced above five hours: see how she 'gins
•To blow into life's flower again!
  *1 Gent. The Heavens,
•Through you, increase our wonder, and set up
•Your fame for ever.
  *Cer. She's alive! behold,
•Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels
•Which Pericles hath lost, begin to part
•Their fringes of bright gold; the diamonds
•Of a most prized water do appear,
•To make the world twice rich. — O, live, and make
•Us weep to hear your fate, fair creature,
•Rare as you seem to be! [She moves.
  *Thai. O dear Diana,
•Where am I? Where's my lord? What world is this?
  *2 Gent. Is not this strange?
  *1 Gent. Most rare.
  *Cer. Hush, gentle neighbours!
•Lend me your hands; to the next chamber bear her.
•Get linen: now this matter must be look'd to,
•For her relapse is mortal. Come, come;
•And Aesclusapius guide us! [Exeunt, carrying out Thaisa.

*Sscene III.—Tarsus. A Room in the Governor's House.

*Enter Pericles, Cleon, Dionyza, and Lychorida with Marina in her arms.

*Per. Most honour'd Cleon, I must needs be gone:
•My twelve months are expired, and Tyrus stands
•In a litigious peace. You, and your lady,
•Take from my heart all thankfulness! The gods
•Make up the rest upon you!
  *Cle. Your shafts of fortune, though they hurt you mortally,
Yet glance full wanderingly on us.

*Dion.* O your sweet Queen!

That the strict Fates had pleased you had brought her
hither,

*T’ have bless’d mine eyes with her!

*Per.* We cannot but obey

The powers above us. Could I rage and roar

As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end

Must be as ’tis. My gentle babe Marina—whom,

For she was born at sea, I’ve named so—here

I charge your charity withal, leaving her

The infant of your care; beseeching you

To give her princely training, that she may be

Manner’d as she is born.

*Cle.* Fear not, my lord, but think

Your Grace, that fed my country with your corn,—

For which the people’s prayers still fall upon you,—

Must in your child be thought on. If neglect

Should therein make me vile, the common body,

By you relieved, would force me to my duty:

But if to that my nature need a spur,

The gods revenge it upon me and mine,

To th’ end of generation!

*Per.* I believe you;

Your honour and your goodness teach me to’t,

Without your vows.—Till she be married, madam,

By bright Diana, whom we honour, all

Unscissar’d shall this hair of mine remain,

Though I show ill in’t. So I take my leave.

Good madam, make me blessèd in your care

In bringing up my child.

*Dion.* I’ve one myself,

Who shall not be more dear to my respect

Than yours, my lord.
SCENE IV.   PRINCE OF TYRE.  63

*Per.  Madam, my thanks and prayers.
*Cle.  We'll bring your Grace e'en to the edge o' the shore,
*Then give you up to the vast Neptune and
*The gentlest winds of heaven.
*Per.  I will embrace
*Your offer. — Come, dearest Madam. — O, no tears,
*Lychorida. no tears!
*Look to your little mistress, on whose grace
*You may depend hereafter. — Come, my lord.  [Exeunt.

*SCENE IV. — Ephesus.  A Room in Cerimon's House.

*Enter Cerimon and Thaisa.

*Cer.  Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels,
*Lay with you in your coffer; which are now
*At your command.  Know you the character?
*Thai.  It is my lord's.
*That I was shipp'd at sea, I well remember,
*Even on my eaning time; but whether there
*I was deliver'd, by the holy gods,
*I cannot rightly say.  But, since King Pericles,
*My wedded lord, I ne'er shall see again,
*A vestal livery will I take me to,
*And never more have joy.
*Cer.  Madam, if this you purpose as ye speak,
*Diana's temple is not distant far,
*Where, till your date expire, you may abide.
*Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine
*Shall there attend you.
*Thai.  My recompense is thanks, that's all;
*Yet my good-will is great, though the gift small.  [Exeunt.
ACT IV.

Enter Gower.

Gow. Imagine Pericles arrived at Tyre, Welcomed and settled to his own desire. His woeful Queen we leave at Ephesus, Unto Diana there a votaress. Now to Marina bend your mind, Whom our fast-growing scene must find At Tarsus, and by Cleon train'd In music, letters; who hath gain'd Of education all the grace, Which makes her both the heart and place Of general wonder. But, alack, That monster envy, oft the wrack Of earned praise, Marina's life Seeks to take off by treason's knife, And in his kind.¹ Cleon doth own One daughter, and a wench full grown, Even ripe for marriage-rite; this maid Hight ² Philoten: and it is said For certain in our story, she Would ever with Marina be: Be't when she weaved the sleided silk ³ With fingers long, small, white as milk; Or when she would with sharp neeld wound

¹ His for its, referring to envy. In his kind means, apparently, as its manner is, or according to its nature. Kind in the sense of nature occurs repeatedly. See vol. xvi. page 156, note 31.
² Hight is an old word for is called. See vol. iii. page 82, note 13.
³ Sleided silk, according to Percy, is "untwisted silk, prepared to be used in the weaver's sley or sley."
The cambric, which she made more sound
By hurting it; or when to th' lute
She sung, and made the night-bird mute,
That still records with moan; or when
She would with rich and constant pen
Vail to her mistress Dian; still
This Philoten contends in skill
With absolute Marina: so
With the dove of Paphos might the crow
Vie feathers white. Marina gets
All praises, which are paid as debts,
And not as given. This so darks
In Philoten all graceful marks,
That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,
A present murderer does prepare
For good Marina, that her daughter
Might stand peerless by this slaughter.
The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,
Lychorida, our nurse, is dead:
And cursèd Dionyza hath
The pregnant instrument of wrath
Prest for this blow. Th' unborn event
I do commend to your content: 8
Only I carry wingèd time
Post on the lame feet of my rhyme;

4 The reference is to the nightingale; and records is sings, or warbles. See vol. i. page 239, note 1.
6 Vail, here, probably means do homage; a sense kindred to that in which it has occurred before. See page 42, note 2.
6 That is, highly accomplished, perfect. So in Green's Tu Quoque: "From an absolute and most complete gentleman, to a most absurd, ridiculous, and fond lover."
7 Pregnant here means prompt or apt. Prest is ready.
8 Content for contentment. The meaning seems to be, "I recommend you to be satisfied with the final result."
Which never could I so convey,
Unless your thoughts went on my way.
Dionyzia does appear,
With Leonine, a murderer.  

[Exit.

*Scene I. — Tarsus. An open Place near the Sea-shore.

*Enter Dionyzia and Leonine.

*Dion. Thy oath remember; thou hast sworn to do't:
*Tis but a blow, which never shall be known.
*Thou canst not do a thing i' the world so soon,
*To yield thee so much profit. Let not conscience,
*Which is but cold, enforcing law, thy bosom
*Inform too nicely;¹ nor let pity, which
*Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be
*A soldier to thy purpose.

*Leon. I'll do't; but yet she is a goodly creature.

*Dion. The fitter, then, the gods should have her. Here
*She comes still weeping her old nurse's death.
*Thou art resolved?

*Leon. I am resolved.

*Enter Marina, with a basket of flowers.

*Mar. No, no, I will rob Tellus of her weed,"²
*To strew thy green with flowers; the yellows, blues,
*The purple violets, and marigolds,
*Shall, as a chaplet, hang upon thy grave,
*While summer-days do last. — Ah me! poor maid,
*Born in a tempest, when my mother died,
*This world to me is like a lasting storm,

¹ "Too nicely" is too scrupulously, or too squeamishly.
² Weed is garment or dress; meaning the flowers.
SCENE I.

PRINCE OF TYRE.

*Whirring® me from my friends.
*Dion. How now, Marina! why keep you alone?
*How chance my daughter is not with you? Do not
*Consume your blood with sorrowing: you have
*A nurse of me. Lord, how your favour's® changed
*With this unprofitable woe! Come, come,
*Give me your flowers: on the sea-margent walk
*With Leonine; the air is quick there, and
*It pierces, and will sharp the stomach.® — Come,
*Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her.

*Mar. No, I pray you;
*I'll not bereave you of your servant.

*Dion. Come, come;
*I love the King your father and yourself
*With more than foreign heart. We every day
*Expect him here: when he shall come, and find
*Our paragon to all reports® thus blasted,
*He will repent the breadth of his great voyage;
*Blame both my lord and me, that we have taken
*No care to your best courses. Go, I pray you,
*Walk, and be cheerful once again; reserve®
*That excellent complexion, which did steal
*The eyes of young and old. Care not for me;
*I can go home alone.

*Mar. Well, I will go;
*But yet I've no desire to it.

*Dion. Come, come,
*I know 'tis good for you. —
*Walk half an hour, Leonine, at the least:
*Remember what I've said.

*Leon. I warrant you, madam.
*Dion. I'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a while.

*Pray you, walk softly, do not heat your blood:
*What! I must have a care of you.

*Mar. My thanks, sweet madam.—

*[Exit Dionyza.

*Is this wind westerly that blows?

*Leon. South-west.

*Mar. When I was born, the wind was north.

*Leon. Was't so?

*Mar. My father, as nurse said, did never fear,
*But cried Good seamen! to the sailors, galling
*His kingly hands with haling of the ropes;
*And, clasping to the mast, endured a sea
*That almost burst the deck.

*Leon. When was this?

*Mar. When I was born:
*Never was waves nor wind more violent;
*And from the ladder-tackle washes off
*A canvas-climber.8 Ha! says one, wilt out?
*And with a dropping industry they skip
*From stem to stern: the boatswain whistles, and
*The master calls, and trebles their confusion.

*Leon. Come, say your prayers.

*Mar. What mean you?

*Leon. If you require a little space for prayer,
*I grant it: pray; but be not tedious, for
*The gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn
*To do my work with haste.

8 A sailor; one who climbs the mast to furl or unfurl the canvas.
SCENE I. PRINCE OF TYRE.

*Mar.* Why will you kill me?

*Leon.* To satisfy my lady.

*Mar.* Why would she have me kill'd?

*Now, as I can remember, by my troth,
*I never did her hurt in all my life:
*I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn
*To any living creature: believe me, la,
*I never kill'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly:
*I trod upon a worm once 'gainst my will,
*But I wept for it. How have I offended,
*Wherein my death might yield her profit, or
*My life imply her danger?

*Leon.* My commission

*Is not to reason of the deed, but do it.

*Mar.* You will not do't for all the world, I hope.

*You are well-favour'd, and your looks foreshow
*You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately,
*When you caught hurt in parting two that fought:
*Good sooth, it show'd well in you: do so, now
*Your lady seeks my life; come you between,
*And save poor me, the weaker.

*Leon.* I am sworn,

*And will dispatch.

*Enter Pirates, whilst Marina is struggling.

*1 Pirate.* Hold, villain! [Leonine runs away.

*2 Pirate.* A prize! a prize!

*3 Pirate.* Half-part, mates, half-part. Come, let's have
*her aboard suddenly. [Execunt Pirates with Marina.

*Re-enter Leonine.

*Leon.* These roving thieves serve the great pirate Valdes;[9

*The Spanish Armada perhaps furnishes this name. Don Pedro de
Valdes was an admiral in that fleet, and had the command of the great
*And they have seized Marina. Let her go:
*There's no hope she'll return. I'll swear she's dead,
*And thrown into the sea. But I'll see further:
*Perhaps they will but please themselves upon her,
*Not carry her aboard. If she remain,
*Whom they have ravish'd must by me be slain. [Exit.

Scene II. — Mytilene. A Room in a Brothel.

Enter Pander, Bawd, and Boult.

Pand. Boult, —
Boult. Sir?
Pand. Search the market narrowly; Mytilene is full of
gallants. We lost too much money this mart by being too
wrenchless.

Bawd. We were never so much out of creatures. We
have but poor three, and they can do no more than they can
do; and they with continual action are even as good as
rotten.

Pand. Therefore let's have fresh ones, whate'er we pay
for them. If there be not a conscience to be used in every
trade, we shall never prosper.

Bawd. Thou say'st true: 'tis not our bringing up of poor
bastards,—as, I think, I have brought up some eleven,—

Boult. Ay, to eleven; and brought them down again.¹
But shall I search the market?

Bawd. What else, man? The stuff we have, a strong
wind will blow it to pieces, they are so pitifully sodden.

galleon of Andalusia. His ship being disabled, he was taken by Sir Francis
Drake on the 22d of July, 1588, and sent to Dartmouth. This play was not
written, we may conclude, till after that period. The making one of this
Spaniard's ancestors a pirate was probably relished by the audience in those
days. There is a particular account of this Valdes in Robert Greene's
Spanish Masquerado, 1589. He was then prisoner in England.
¹ Brought them up to the age of eleven, and then ruined them.
Pand. Thou say'st true; they're too unwholesome o' conscience. The poor Transylvanian is dead, that lay with the little baggage.

Boult. Ay, she quickly poop'd him; she made him roast-meat for worms. But I'll go search the market. [Exit.

Pand. Three or four thousand chequins were as pretty a proportion to live quietly, and so give over.

Bawd. Why to give over, I pray you? is it a shame to get when we are old?

Pand. O, our credit comes not in like the commodity, nor the commodity wages not with the danger: therefore, if in our youths we could pick up some pretty estate, 'twere not amiss to keep our door hatch'd. Besides, the sore terms we stand upon with the gods will be strong with us for giving over.

Bawd. Come, other sorts offend as well as we.

Pand. As well as we! ay, and better too; we offend worse. Neither is our profession any trade; it's no calling. But here comes Boult.

Re-enter Boult, with Marina and the Pirates.

Boult. [To Marina.] Come your ways. — My masters, you say she's a virgin?

Pirate. O, sir, we doubt it not.

Boult. Master, I have gone through for this piece, you see: if you like her, so; if not, I have lost my earnest.

2 To poop is a nautical term; used of a ship that has been struck in the stern by another ship's stem.

3 The chequin, or zecchino, so called from secca, was a gold coin of Venice, equal to about two dollars.

4 Does not stand in just proportion to the danger; that is, is not equal to it. See vol. xvi. page 139, note 5.

5 "Keep our door hatch'd" here means shut up shop, or give over our trade.

6 Through for thorough, which is but another form of the same word. Boult means that he has bid a high price.
Bawd. Boult, has she any qualities?

Boult. She has a good face, speaks well, and has excellent good clothes: there's no further necessity of qualities can make her be refused.

Bawd. What's her price, Boult?

Boult. It cannot be bated one doit of a thousand pieces.

Pand. Well, follow me, my masters, you shall have your money presently. — Wife, take her in; instruct her what she has to do, that she may not be raw in her entertainment.

[Exeunt Pander and Pirates.

Bawd. Boult, take you the marks of her, — the colour of her hair, complexion, height, age, with warrant of her virginity; and cry, He that will give most shall have her first. Such a maidenhead were no cheap thing, if men were as they have been. Get this done as I command you.

Boult. Performance shall follow. [Exit.

Mar. Alack, that Leonine was so slack, so slow! He should have struck, not spoke; or that these pirates — Not enough barbarous — had not o'erboard thrown me For to seek my mother!

Bawd. Why lament you, pretty one?

Mar. That I am pretty.

Bawd. Come, the gods have done their part in you.

Mar. I accuse them not.

Bawd. You are light into my hands, where you are like to live.

Mar. The more my fault?

To 'scape his hands where I was like to die.

Bawd. Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.

Mar. No.

Bawd. Yes, indeed shall you, and taste gentlemen of all fashions: you shall fare well; you shall have the difference of all complexions. What! do you stop your ears?

7 Fault here means misfortune. See vol. vi. page 11, note 12.
MAR. Are you a woman?

BAWD. What would you have me be, an I be not a woman?

MAR. An honest woman, or not a woman.

BAWD. Marry, whip thee, gosling: I think I shall have something to do with you. Come, you're a young foolish sapling, and must be bow'd as I would have you.

MAR. The gods defend me!

BAWD. If it please the gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men must stir you up. Boult's return'd.—

Re-enter BOULT.

Now, sir, hast thou cried her through the market?

BOULT. I have cried her almost to the number of her hairs; I have drawn her picture with my voice.

BAWD. And I pr'ythee tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort?

BOULT. Faith, they listen'd to me as they would have hearken'd to their father's testament. There was a Spaniard's mouth so water'd, that he went to bed to her very description.

BAWD. We shall have him here to-morrow with his best ruff on.

BOULT. To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do you know the French knight that cowsers 8 i' the hams?

BAWD. Who, Monsieur Veroles?

BOULT. Ay: he offer'd to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.

BAWD. Well, well; as for him, he brought his disease

8 To cowes is to sink or crouch down. So a coward is, properly, one who has cowes'd before an enemy.
hither: here he does but repair it. I know he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun.⁹

Boult. Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this sign.

Bawd. [To Marina.] Pray you, come hither awhile. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me: you must seem to do that fearfully which you commit willingly; despise profit where you have most gain. To weep, that you live as you do, makes pity in your lovers: seldom but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere¹⁰ profit.

Mar. I understand you not.

Boult. O, take her home, mistress, take her home: these blushes of hers must be quench'd with some present practice.

Bawd. Thou say'st true; 'tis faith, so they must; for your bride goes to that with shame which is her way to go with warrant.

Boult. Faith, some do, and some do not. But, mistress, if I have bargain'd for the joint,—

Bawd. Thou mayst cut a morsel off the spit.

Boult. I may so.

Bawd. Who should deny it?—Come, young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

Boult. Ay, by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

Bawd. Boult, spend thou that in the town: report what a sojourner we have; you'll lose nothing by custom. When Nature framed this piece, she meant thee a good turn; therefore say what a paragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.

⁹ The allusion is to the French coin écus de soleil, crowns of the sun. The meaning of the passage is merely this, that the French knight will seek the shade of their house to scatter his money there.

¹⁰ Mere in its old sense of absolute or entire; a frequent usage.
SCENE III. PRINCE OF TYRE. 75

_Boylt._ I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels[11] as my giving out her beauty stir up the lewdly-inclined. I’ll bring home some to-night.

_Bawd._ Come your ways; follow me.

_Mar._ If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep, Untied I still my virgin knot will keep.— Diana, aid my purpose!

_Bawd._ What have we to do with Diana? Pray you, will you go with us? [Exeunt.

*SCENE III.—Tarsus. A Room in the Governor’s House.*

*Enter Cleon and Dionyza.*

*Dion._ Why, are you foolish? Can it be undone?
*Cle._ O Dionyza, such a piece of slaughter
*The Sun and Moon ne’er look’d upon!
*Dion._ I think
*You’ll turn a child again.
*Cle._ Were I chief lord of all this spacious world
*I’d give it to undo the deed.— O lady,
*Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess
*To equal any single crown o’ the Earth
*I’ the justice of compare!— O villain Leonine!
*Whom thou hast poison’d too:
*If thou hadst drunk to him,[1] ’t had been a kindness

[11] Thunder was supposed to have the effect of rousing eels from the mud, and so render them more easy to take in stormy weather. Marston alludes to this in his _Satires_:

They’re nought but eels, that never will appeare
Till that tempestuous winds, or thunder, teare
Their slimy beds.

1 “If thou hadst drunk of the cup first.” To _drink to him_ is here used with an implied allusion to the office of taster at royal tables in old times.— _Fact._ here, is, strictly, _deed_, but is equivalent to _crime_. Repeatedly so. See vol. vi. page 209, note 16.
*Becoming well thy fact: what canst thou say
*When noble Pericles shall demand his child?
  *Dion. That she is dead. Nurses are not the Fates,
*To foster it, nor ever to preserve.
*She died at night; I'll say so. Who can cross it?
*Unless you play the pious innocent,
*And for an honest attribute cry out
*She died by foul play.
  *Cle. O, go to. Well, well,
*Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods
*Do like this worst.
  *Dion. Be one of those that think
*The pretty wrens of Tarsus will fly hence,
*And open this to Pericles. I do shame
*To think of what a noble strain you are,
*And of how coward a spirit.
  *Cle. To such proceeding
*Who ever but his approbation added,
*Though not his prime consent, he did not flow
*From honourable sources.
  *Dion. Be't so, then:
*Yet none does know, but you, how she came dead,
*Nor none can know now, Leonine being gone.
*She did distain my child, and stood between
*Her and her fortunes: none would look on her,
*But cast their gazes on Marina's face;
*Whilst ours was blurted at, and held a malkin,
*Not worth the time of day. It pierced me through;
*And though you call my course unnatural,

---

2 Strain is stock, lineage, or descent. See vol. xiv. page 109, note 11.
3 To distain was often used in the sense of to sully by contrast, to eclipse, or to throw into the shade.
4 A coarse wench, not worth a good-morrow. See vol. xviii. page 297, note 23.
*You not your child well loving, yet I find
*It greets me ⁵ as an enterprise of kindness
*Perform’d to our sole daughter.
  *Cle.  Heavens forgive it!
  *Dion. And as for Pericles,
*What should he say? We wept after her hearse,
*And yet we mourn: her monument
*Is almost finish’d, and her epitaphs
*In glittering golden characters express
*A general praise to her, and care in us
*At whose expense ’tis done.
  *Cle.  Thou’rt like the harpy,
*Which, to betray, doth use an angel’s face,
*Then seize with eagle’s talons.
  *Dion. You are like one that superstitiously
*Doth swear to th’ gods that Winter kills the flies: ⁶
*But yet I know you’ll do as I advise.  [Exeunt.

Enter Gower, before the monument of Marina at Tarsus.

Gow. Thus time we waste, and longest leagues make short;
Sail seas in cockles; have, an wish but for’t; ⁷
Making — to take imagination —
From bourn to bourn, region to region.
By you being pardon’d, we commit no crime
To use one language in each several clime

⁵ "It greets me" is it salutes me, or is grateful to me.
⁶ "You are so affectedly humane, that you would appeal to Heaven against the cruelty of Winter in killing the flies."
⁷ That is, we but wish a wide change of place, and we have it. — In The Taming of the Shrew, iv. 3, Petruchio, speaking of the cap that has been made for Catharine, says, "Why, ’tis a cockle, or a walnut-shell." — Making is the same as in the sea-phrase still in use, "making so many knots an hour." — To take the imagination answers exactly to the present phrase, "to take one’s fancy."
Where our scenes seem to live. I do beseech you
To learn of me, who stand i' the gaps to teach you,
The stages of our story. Pericles
Is now again thwarting the wayward seas,8
Attended on by many a lord and knight,
To see his daughter, all his life's delight.
Old Helicanus goes along: behind
Is left to govern it,9 you bear in mind,
Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late
Advanced in Tyre to great and high estate.
Well-sailing ships and bounteous winds have brought
This King to Tarsus (think his pilot thought;10
So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow on)
To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone.11
Like motes and shadows see them move awhile;
Your cars unto your eyes I'll reconcile.

**Dumb-Show.**

Enter, from one side, Pericles with his Train; from the
other, Cleon and Dionyza. Cleon shows Pericles the
tomb of Marina; whereas Pericles makes lamentation,
puts on sackcloth, and in a mighty passion12 departs. Then
execut Cleon and Dionyza.

See how belief may suffer by foul show!

---

8 *Going athwart the seas,* or crossing them. So in *King Henry V.*:
"Heave him away upon your winged thoughts *athwart the seas.*"

9 "To govern it" here means simply to *govern*, it being used absolutely.
So, in *The Taming of the Shrew,* we have *bride it for be a bride,* also, in
*The Winter's Tale,* *queen it for be a queen,* and, in *King Lear,* *monsters it
for be a monster.* See vol. xi. page 102, note 18.

10 "His pilot thought" is the thought that pilots him, that shapes or di-
rects his course. The meaning seems to be, "Keep in mind his master-
purpose, and then your thoughts will readily proceed whither he is steering,
and accompany him in his voyage."

11 Is gone from Tarsus before her father starts in quest of her.

12 *Passion* in its Greek sense, *suffering, anguish, distress.*
This borrow'd passion stands for true old woe;
And Pericles, in sorrow all devour'd,
With sighs shot through and biggest tears o'ershower'd,
Leaves Tarsus, and again embarks. He swears
Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs;
He puts on sackcloth, and to sea. He bears
A tempest, which his mortal vessel ¹³ tears,
And yet he rides it out. Now please you wit ¹⁴
The epitaph is for Marina writ
By wicked Dionyza.

[Reads the inscription on Marina's monument.]

The fairest, sweepest, and best lies here,
Who wither'd in her spring of year.
She was of Tyrus the King's daughter,
On whom foul death hath made this slaughter;
Marina was she call'd; and at her birth,
Thetis, being proud, swallow'd some part o' the earth:
Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erflow'd,
Hath Thetis' birth-child on the Heavens bestow'd:
Wherefore she does — and swears she'll never stint —
Make raging battery upon shores of flint.¹⁵

No visor doth become black villainy
So well as soft and tender flattery.
Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead,
And bear his courses to be order'd

¹³ His mortal vessel is the same that Cleopatra calls her mortal house; that is, his body.

¹⁴ Wit, for understand, or know. Thus in Gower:

In which the lorde hath to him writte,
That he would understande and witre.

¹⁵ The author ascribed the swelling of the sea to the pride which Thetis felt at the birth of Marina in her element; and supposes that the earth, being afraid to be overflowed, bestowed this birth-child of Thetis on the Heavens; and Thetis, in revenge, makes raging battery against the shores. — Mason.
By Lady Fortune; while our scene must play
His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day
In her unholy service. Patience, then,
And think you now are all in Mytilen. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—Mytilene. A Street before the Brothel.

Enter, from the brothel, two Gentlemen.

1 Gent. Did you ever hear the like?
2 Gent. No, nor never shall do in such a place as this, she being once gone.
1 Gent. But to have divinity preach'd there! did you ever dream of such a thing?
2 Gent. No, no. Come, I am for no more bawdy-houses. Shall's go hear the vestals sing?
1 Gent. I'll do any thing now that is virtuous; but I am out of the road of rutting for ever. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—The Same. A Room in the Brothel.

Enter Pander, Bawd, and Boult.

Pand. Well, I had rather than twice the worth of her she had ne'er come here.

Bawd. Fie, fie upon her! she's able to freeze the god Priapus, and undo a whole generation. We must either get her ravish'd or be rid of her. When she should do for clients her fitment, and do me the kindness of our profession, she has me her quirks, her reasons, her master reasons, her prayers, her knees; that she would make a puritan of the Devil, if he should cheapen¹ a kiss of her.

Boult. Faith, I must ravish her, or she'll disfurnish us of all our cavaliers, and make all our swearers priests.

¹ To cheapen is, properly, to trade, to purchase, or bargain for.
Scene V. Prince of Tyre. 81

Pand. Now, the pox upon her green-sickness for me!

Bawd. Faith, there's no way to be rid on't but by the way to the pox.—Here comes the Lord Lysimachus disguised.

Boult. We should have both lord and lown, if the peevish baggage would but give way to customers.

Enter Lysimachus.

Lys. How now! How a dozen of virginities?²

Bawd. Now, the gods to-bless³ your Honour!

Boult. I am glad to see your Honour in good health.

Lys. You may so; 'tis the better for you that your ressorters stand upon sound legs. How now, wholesome iniquity! Have you that a man may deal withal, and defy the surgeon?

Bawd. We have here one, sir, if she would— but there never came her like in Mytilene.

Lys. If she'd do the deed of darkness, thou wouldst say.

Bawd. Your Honour knows what 'tis to say well enough.

Lys. Well, call forth, call forth. [Exit Boult.

Bawd. For flesh and blood, sir, white and red, you shall see a rose; and she were a rose indeed, if she had but—

Lys. What, pr'ythee?

Bawd. O, sir, I can be modest.

Lys. That dignifies the renown of a bawd, no less than it gives a good report to a maiden to be chaste.

Bawd. Here comes that which grows to the stalk; never pluck'd yet, I can assure you.

Re-enter Boult with Marina.

Is she not a fair creature?

² This is Justice Shallow's mode of asking the price of a different sort of commodity: "How a score of ewes now?"

³ Another instance of the usage explained page 57, note 1.
Lys. Faith, she would serve after a long voyage at sea. Well, there's for you: leave us.

Bawd. I beseech your Honour, give me leave: a word, and I'll have done presently.

Lys. I beseech you, do.

Bawd. [To Marina.] First, I would have you note, this is an honourable man.

Mar. I desire to find him so, that I may worthily note him.

Bawd. Next, he's the governor of this country, and a man whom I am bound to.

Mar. If he govern the country, you are bound to him indeed; but how honourable he is in that, I know not.

Bawd. Pray you, without any more virginal fencing, will you use him kindly? He will line your apron with gold.

Mar. What he will do graciously, I will thankfully receive.

Lys. Ha' you done?

Bawd. My lord, she's not paced yet: you must take some pains to work her to your manage.—Come, we will leave his Honour and her together.—Go thy ways.

[Exeunt Bawd, Pander, and Boult.

Lys. Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade?

Mar. What trade, sir?

Lys. Why, I cannot name't but I shall offend.

Mar. I cannot be offended with my trade. Please you to name it.

Lys. How long have you been of this profession?

Mar. E'er since I can remember.

Lys. Did you go to't so young? Were you a gamester at five or at seven?

Mar. Earlier too, sir, if now I be one.

4 A term from the equestrian art, but often applied to persons, chiefly in a bad sense, as in thorough-paced.
SCENE V.  PRINCE OF TYRE.

Lys. Why, the house you dwell in proclaims you to be a creature of sale.

Mar. Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into't? I hear say you are of honourable parts, and are the governor of this place.

Lys. Why, hath your principal made known unto you who I am?

Mar. Who is my principal?

Lys. Why, your herb-woman; she that sets seeds and roots of shame and iniquity. O, you have heard something of my power, and so stand aloof for more serious wooing. But I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else look friendly upon thee. Come, bring me to some private place; come, come.

Mar. If you were born to honour, show it now; If put upon you, make the judgment good That thought you worthy of it.5

Lys. How's this? how's this? Some more; be sage.6

Mar. For me,

That am a maid, though most ungentle fortune Have placed me in this sty, where, since I came, Diseases have been sold dearer than physic,—

5 The corresponding passage in Wilkins's novel is in such a strain, that we may well wish there were more of it in the play: "If the eminence of your place came unto you by descent and the royalty of your blood, let not your life prove your birth bastard: if it were thrown upon you by opinion, make good that opinion which was the cause to make you great. What reason is there in your justice, who hath power over all, to undo any? If you take from me mine honour, you are like him that makes a gap into forbidden ground, after whom many enter, and you are guilty of all their evils. My life is yet unspotted, my chastity unstain'd in thought: then, if your violence deface this building, the workmanship of Heaven, made up for good, and not to be the exercise of sin's intemperance, you do kill your own honour, abuse your own justice, and impoverish me."

6 Lysimachus must be supposed to say this sneeringly: "Proceed with your fine moral discourse."
O, that the gods
Would set me free from this unhallow'd place,
Though they did change me to the meanest bird
That flies i' the purer air!

*Lys.* I did not think
Thou couldst have spoke so well; ne'er dream'd thou couldst.
Had I brought hither a corrupted mind,
Thy speech had alter'd it. Hold, here's gold for thee:
Perséver in that clear way thou goest,
And the gods strengthen thee!

*Mar.* The good gods preserve you!

*Lys.* For me, be you thoughten
That I came with no ill intent; for to me
The very doors and windows savour vilely.
Fare thee well. Thou art a piece of virtue, and
I doubt not but thy training hath been noble.
Hold, here's more gold for thee.
A curse upon him, die he like a thief,
That robs thee of thy goodness! If thou dost
Hear from me, it shall be for thy good.

*Re-enter Boult.*

*Boult.* I beseech your Honour, one piece for me.

*Lys.* Avaunt, thou damned doorkeeper!
Your house, but for this virgin that doth prop it,
Would sink, and overwhelm you. Away! [*Exit.*

*Boult.* How's this? We must take another course with
you. If your peevish chastity, which is not worth a break-
fast in the cheapest country under the cope, shall undo a
whole household, let me be gelded like a spaniel. Come
your ways.

*Mar.* Whither would you have me?

7 That is, under the cope or canopy of heaven.
SCENE V. PRINCE OF TYRE.

Boult. I must have your maidenhead taken off, or the common hangman shall execute it. Come your ways. We'll have no more gentlemen driven away. Come your ways, I say.

Re-enter Bawd.

Bawd. How now! what's the matter?

Boult. Worse and worse, mistress; she has here spoken holy words to the Lord Lysimachus.

Bawd. O abominable!

Boult. She makes our profession as it were to stink afore the face of the gods.

Bawd. Marry, hang her up for ever!

Boult. The nobleman would have dealt with her like a nobleman, and she sent him away as cold as a snowball; saying his prayers too.

Bawd. Boult, take her away; use her at thy pleasure: crack the glass of her virginity, and make the rest malleable.8

Boult. An if she were a thornier piece of ground than she is, she shall be plough'd.

Mar. Hark, hark, you gods!

Bawd. She conjures: away with her! Would she had never come within my doors!—Marry, hang you!—She's born to undo us.—Will you not go the way of women-kind? Marry, come up, my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays!9

[Exit.

8 Steevens thinks that there may be some allusion here to a fact recorded by Dion Cassius, and by Pliny. A skilful workman, who had discovered the art of making glass malleable, carried a specimen of it to Tiberius, who asked him if he alone was in possession of the secret. He replied in the affirmative; on which the tyrant ordered his head to be struck off immediately, lest his invention should have proved injurious to the workers in gold, silver, and other metals. The same story, however, is told in the Gesta Romanorum.

9 Anciently many dishes were served up with this garniture, during the season of Christmas. The Bawd means to call her a piece of ostentatious virtue.
Boult. Come, mistress; come your ways with me.
Mar. Whither wilt thou have me?
Boult. To take from you the jewel you hold so dear.
Mar. Pr'ythee, tell me one thing first.
Boult. Come now, your one thing.
Mar. What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?
Boult. Why, I could wish him to be my master, or rather, my mistress.
Mar. Neither of these are so bad as thou art, Since they do better thee in their command.
Thou hold'st a place, for which the pained'st fiend
Of Hell would not in reputation change:
Thou art the damned doorkeeper to every Coistrel that comes inquiring for his Tib; ¹⁰
To the choleric fistig of every rogue
Thy ear is liable; thy food is such
As hath been belch'd on by infected lungs.
Boult. What would you have me do? go to the wars, would you? where a man may serve seven years for the loss of a leg, and have not money enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?
Mar. Do any thing but this
Thou doest. Empty old receptacles,
Or common sewers, of filth; serve by indenture 'To th' common hangman: any of these ways Are better yet than this; for that which thou Professest here, a baboon, could he speak, Would own a name too dear.¹¹ O, that the gods Would safely from this place deliver me!
Here, here is gold for thee.
If that thy master would make gain by me,

¹⁰ A coistrel is a low mean person. Tib was a common name for strumpet.
¹¹ A baboon would think his name disgraced by such a profession.
Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance,  
With other virtues, which I'll keep from boast;  
And I will undertake all these to teach.  
I doubt not but this populous city will  
Yield many scholars.

Boult. But can you teach all this you speak of?  
Mar. Prove that I cannot, take me home again,  
And prostitute me to the basest groom  
That doth frequent your house.

Boult. Well, I will see what I can do for thee: if I can  
place thee, I will.


Boult. Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst them.  
But, since my master and mistress have bought you, there's  
no going but by their consent: therefore I will make them  
aquainted with your purpose, and I doubt not but I shall  
find them tractable enough. Come, I'll do for thee what I  
can; come your ways.

[Exeunt.

ACT V.

Enter Gower.

Gow. Marina thus the brothel 'scapes, and chances  
Into an honest house, our story says.  
She sings like one immortal, and she dances  
As goddess-like to her admired lays;  
Deep clerks she dulls;¹ and with her need composes  
Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or berry,  
That even her art sisters the natural roses;

¹ We have the verb to dumb again in Antony and Cleopatra: "That what  
I would have spoke was beastly dumb'd by him."
Her inkle,² silk, twin with the rubied cherry:  
That pupils lacks she none of noble race,  
Who pour their bounty on her; and her gain  
She gives the cursed bawd. Here we her place;  
And to her father turn our thoughts again:  
We left him on the sea; we there him lost:  
Whence, driven before the winds, he is arrived  
Here where his daughter dwells; and on this coast  
Suppose him now at anchor. The city strived  
God Neptune's annual feast to keep: from whence  
Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies,  
Her banners sable, trimm'd with rich expense;  
And to him in his barge with fervour hies.  
In your supposing once more put your sight;³  
Of heavy Pericles think this the bark;  
Where what is done in action, more, if might,  
Shall be discover'd;⁴ please you, sit, and hark.  

[Exit.

*Scene I.—On board Pericles' Ship, off Mytilene. A  
Pavilion on deck, with a curtain before it; Pericles  
within it, reclined on a couch. A barge lying beside the  
Tyrian vessel.  

*Enter two Sailors, one belonging to the Tyrian vessel, the  
other to the barge; to them Helicanus.  

*Tyr. Sail. [To the Sailor of Mytilene.] Where is Lord  
Helicane? he can resolve you.  
*O, here he is.—  
*Sir, there's a barge put off from Mytilene,

² Inkle is a species of tape; but here it seems to mean a particular kind of silk thread or worsted used in embroidery.  
³ "Make your eyes once more the organs of your imagination."  
⁴ "Where all that may be displayed in action shall be exhibited; and more should be shown, if our stage would permit."
Scene I. PRINCE OF TYRE.

And in it is Lysimachus the governor,
Who craves to come aboard. What is your will?
*Hel. That he have his. Call up some gentlemen.
*Tyr. Sail. Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.

*Enter two or three Gentlemen.

*I Gent. Doth your lordship call?
*Hel. Gentlemen, there's some of worth would come
*aboard:
*I pray ye, greet them fairly.

*The Gentlemen and the two Sailors descend, and
*go on board the barge.

*Enter, from thence, LYSIMACHUS and Lords, with the Gen-
tlemen and the two Sailors.

*Tyr. Sail. Sir,
This is the man that can, in aught you would,
Resolve you.
*Lys. Hail, reverend sir! the gods preserve you!
*Hel. And you, sir, to outlive the age I am,
And die as I would do.
*Lys. You wish me well.

Being on shore, honouring of Neptune's triumphs,
Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,
I made to it, to know of whence you are.
*Hel. First, what is your place?
*Lys. I am the governor of this place you lie before.
*Hel. Sir,
Our vessel is of Tyre, in it the King;
A man who for this three months hath not spoken
To any one, nor taken sustenance
But to prorogue ¹ his grief.
*Lys. Upon what ground is his distemperrease?

¹ To lengthen or prolong his grief.
*Hel. ’Twould be too tedious to repeat;
*But the main grief springs from the loss
*Of a beloved daughter and a wife.
*Lys. May we not see him?
*Hel. You may;
*But bootless is your sight; he will not speak
*To any.
*Lys. Yet let me obtain my wish.
*Hel. Behold him. [*Draws the curtain, and discovers
*Pericles.] This was a goodly person,
*Till the disaster that, one mortal night,
*Drove him to this.
*Lys. Sir King, all hail! the gods preserve you!
*Hail, royal sir!
*Hel. It is in vain; he will not speak to you.
*1 Lord. Sir,
*We have a maid in Mytilene, I durst wager,
*Would win some words of him.
*Lys. ’Tis well bethought.
*She, questionless, with her sweet harmony
*And other chosen attractions, would allure,
*And make a battery through his deafen’d parts,
*Which now are midway stopp’d:
*She is all happy as the fair’st of all,
*And, with her fellow maids, is now upon
*The leafy shelter 3 that abuts against
*The island’s side. [*Whispers First Lord; who goes off in
*the barge of Lysimachus.

*Hel. Sure, all’s effectless; yet nothing we’ll omit
*That bears recovery’s name. But, since your kindness
*We’ve stretch’d thus far, let us beseech you

2 Mortal is here used for deadly, destructive.
3 "The leafy shelter" probably is the spot shaded by foliage.
Scene I. Prince of Tyre.

*That for our gold we may provision have,
*Wherein we are not destitute for want,
*But weary for the staleness.

*Lys. O, sir, a courtesy
*Which if we should deny, the most just gods
*For every graff would send a caterpillar,
*And so afflict our province. Yet once more
*Let me entreat to know at large the cause
*Of your King’s sorrow.

*Hel. Sit, sir; I’ll recount it to you
*But, see, I am prevented.

*Re-enter, from the barge, First Lord, with Marina and a young Lady.

*Lys. O, here is
*The lady that I sent for. — Welcome, fair one! —
*Is’t not a goodly presence?

*Hel. She’s a gallant lady.

*Lys. She’s such a one, that, were I well assured
*She came of gentle kind and noble stock,
*I’d wish no better choice, and think me rarely wed. —
*Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty
*Expect even here, where is a kingly patient:
*If that thy prosperous-artificial feat
*Can draw him but to answer thee in aught,
*Thy sacred physic shall receive such pay
*As thy desires can wish.

*Mar. Sir, I will use
*My utmost skill in his recure, provided
*That none but I and my companion maid
*Be suffer’d to come near him.

*Lys. Come, let’s leave her;

4 “Thy prosperous-artificial feat” means the successful exertion of thy skill or art. See vol. xv. page 197, note 9.
*And the gods make her prosperous! [Marina sings.]
*Lys. Mark'd he your music?
*Mar. No, nor look'd on us.
*Lys. See, she will speak to him.
*Mar. Hail, sir! my lord, lend ear.
*Per. Hum, ha!
*Mar. I am a maid,
*My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,
*But have been gazed on like a comet: she speaks,
*My lord, that, may be, hath endured a grief
*Might equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd.
*Though wayward fortune did malign my state,
*My derivation was from ancestors
*Who stood equivalent with mighty kings:
*But time hath rooted out my parentage,
*And to the world and awkward 6 casualties

6 The following is Marina's song as given in the novel:

Amongst the harlots foul I walk,
Yet harlot none am I:
The rose amongst the thorns doth grow,
And is not hurt thereby.

The thief that stole me, sure I think,
Is slain before this time.
A bawd me bought, yet am I not
Defiled by fleshly crime.

Nothing were pleasanter to me
Than parents mine to know:
I am the issue of a king;
My blood from kings doth flow.

In time the Heavens may mend my state,
And send a better day;
For sorrow adds unto our griefs,
And helps not any way.

Show gladness in your countenance,
Cast up your cheerful eyes:
That God remains that once of nought
Created earth and skies.

6 *Awkward* is here used in its primitive sense of *wrong* or *pervasive*. So
SCENE I.
PRINCE OF TYRE. 93

*Bound me in servitude.—[Aside.] I will desist;
*But there is something glows upon my cheek,
*And whispers in mine ear, Not till he speak.

*Per. My fortunes—parentage—good parentage—
*To equal mine!—was it not thus? what say you?
*Mar. I said, my lord, if you did know my parentage,
*You would not do me violence.7

*Per. I think so. Pray you, turn your eyes upon me.
*You are like something that—What countrywoman?
*Here of these shores?
*Mar. No, nor of any shores:
*Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am
*No other than I appear.

*Per. I'm great with woe, and shall deliver weeping.
*My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one
*My daughter might have been: my Queen's square brows;
*Her stature to an inch; as wand-like straight;
*As silver-voiced; her eyes as jewel-like,
*And cased as richly; in pace another Juno;
*Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry,
*The more she gives them speech.—Where do you live?
*Mar. Where I am but a stranger: from the deck
*You may discern the place.

*Per. Where were you bred?
*And how achieved you these endowments which
*You make more rich to owe?8

in Udall's translation of St. Matthew, v: "They with aukewarde judgement
put the chiefe poynct of godliness in outward thynges." And again: "O
blynde guydes, whiche, being of an aukward religion, do streyne out a gnat,
and swalowe up a camell." See, also, vol. viii. page 194, note 3.

7 This probably refers to something that has got lost out of the text. And
afterwards, Pericles says to Marina, "Didst thou not say, when I did push
thee back, thou camest from good descending?" In the Confessio Amantis,
and in the Painful Adventures, the discovery of Marina is not made till
Pericles has broken forth into violence against her person.

8 To owe is equivalent to by owning. The meaning is, "These endow-
*Mar.* If I should tell my history, 'twould seem
*Like lies disdain'd in the reporting.

*Per.* Pr'ythee, speak:

*Falseness cannot come from thee; for thou look'st
*Modest as Justice, and thou seem'st a palace
*For the crown'd Truth to dwell in: I'll believe thee,
*And make my senses credit thy relation
*To points that seem impossible; for thou look'st
*Like one I loved indeed. What were thy friends?
*Didst thou not say, when I did push thee back,—
*Which was when I perceived thee,—that thou camest
*From good descending?

*Mar.* So indeed I did.

*Per.* Report thy parentage. I think thou said'st
*Thou hadst been toss'd from wrong to injury,
*And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal mine,
*If both were open'd.

*Mar.* Some such thing
*I said, and said no more but what my thoughts
*Did warrant me was likely.

*Per.* Tell thy story:

*If thine consider'd prove the thousandth part
*Of my endurance, thou'rt a man, and I
*Have suffer'd like a girl: yet thou dost look
*Like Patience gazing on kings' graves, and smiling
*Extremity out of act.  What were thy friends?
*How lost thou them? Thy name, my most kind virgin?
*Recount, I do beseech thee: come, sit by me.

*Mar.* My name is Marina.

*Per.* O, I am mock'd,

---

9 Extremity for the extreme or utmost pitch of suffering. Act for action or effect. "Smiling agony into happiness" is the meaning.
And thou by some incensèd god sent hither
To make the world to laugh at me.
*Mar. Patience, good sir,
Or here I'll cease.
*Per. Nay, I'll be patient.
Thou little know'st how thou dost startle me,
To call thyself Marina.
*Mar. The name
Was given me by one that had some power,—
My father, and a king.
*Per. How! a king's daughter?
And call'd Marina?
*Mar. You said you would believe me;
But, not to be a troubler of your peace,
I will end here.
*Per. But are you flesh and blood?
Have you a working pulse? and are no fairy?
No motion? 10 Well; speak on. Where were you born?
And wherefore call'd Marina?
*Mar. Call'd Marina
For I was born at sea.
*Per. At sea! what mother?
*Mar. My mother was the daughter of a king;
Who died the very minute I was born,
As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft
Deliver'd weeping.
*Per. O, stop there a little! —
[Aside.] This is the rarest dream that e'er dull sleep
Did mock sad fools withal: this cannot be:
My daughter's buried — Well; where were you bred?
I'll hear you more, to th' bottom of your story,
And never interrupt you.

10 A puppet-show was called a motion. See vol. vii. page 209, note 21.
*Mar.* You'll scarce believe me;
*Twere best I did give o'er.
*Per.* I will believe you by the syllable
*Of what you shall deliver. Yet, give me leave:
*How came you in these parts? where were you bred?
*Mar.* The King my father did in Tarsus leave me;
*Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,
*Did seek to murder me: and having woo'd
*A villain to attempt it, who having drawn to do't,
*A crew of pirates came and rescued me;
*Brought me to Mytilene. But, good sir,
*Whither will you have me? Why do you weep? It may be,
*You think me an impostor: no, good faith;
*I am the daughter to King Pericles,
*If good King Pericles be.
*Per.* Ho, Helicanus!
*Hel.* Calls my lord?
*Per.* Thou art a grave and noble counsellor,
*Most wise in general: tell me, if thou canst,
*What this maid is, or what is like to be,
*That thus hath made me weep?
*Hel.* I know not; but
*Here is the regent, sir, of Mytilene
*Speaks nobly of her.
*Lys.* She would never tell
*Her parentage; being demanded that,
*She would sit still and weep.
*Per.* O Helicanus, strike me, honour'd sir;
*Give me a gash, put me to present pain;
*Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me
*O'erbear the shores of my mortality,
*And drown me with their sweetness.—O, come hither,
*Thou that begett'st him that did thee beget;
*Thou that wast born at sea, buried at Tarsus,
And found at sea again! — O Helicanus,
Down on thy knees, thank th' holy gods as loud
As thunder threatens us: this is Marina! —
What was thy mother's name? tell me but that,
For truth can never be confirm'd enough,
Though doubts did ever sleep.

*Mar. First, sir, I pray,

What is your title?
*Per. I'm Pericles of Tyre: but tell me now
My drown'd Queen's name, (as in the rest you've said
Thou hast been godlike perfect,) and thou art
The heir of kingdoms, and another life
To Pericles thy father.

*Mar. Is it no more to be your daughter than
To say my mother's name was Thaisa?
Thaisa was my mother, who did end
The minute I began.

*Per. Now, blessing on thee! rise; thou art my child. —
Give me fresh garments. — Mine own, Helicanus;
She is not dead at Tarsus, as she should have been,
By savage Cleon: she shall tell thee all;
When thou shalt kneel, and justify in knowledge
She is thy very Princess. Who is this?

*Hel. Sir, 'tis the governor of Mytilene,
Who, hearing of your melancholy state,
Did come to see you.

*Per. I embrace you, sir. —
Give me my robes. — I'm wild in my beholding. —
O Heavens, bless my girl! — But, hark, what music? —
Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him
O'er, point by point, for yet he seems to doubt,
How sure you are my daughter. But, what music?

*Hel. My lord, I hear none.
*Per. None!
*The music of the spheres! — List, my Marina.
*Lys. It is not good to cross him; give him way.
*Per. Rarest sounds! Do ye not hear?
*Lys. Music, my lord?
*Per. I hear most heavenly music:
*It nips me unto listening, and thick slumber
*Hangs upon mine eyes: let me rest. [Sleeps.
*Lys. A pillow for his head. —
*So, leave him, all. — Well, my companion friends,
*If this but answer to my just belief,
*I'll well remember you. [Exeunt all but PERICLES.

*Diana appears.

*Dia. My temple stands in Ephesus: hie thee thither,
*And do upon mine altar sacrifice.
*There, when my maiden priests are met together,
*Before the people all,
*Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife:
*To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's, call,
*And give them repetition to the life.
*Perform my bidding, or thou livest in woe;
*Do't, and be happy, by my silver bow:
*Awake, and tell thy dream. [Disappears.
*Per. Celestial Dian, goddess argentine,¹¹
*I will obey thee. — Helicanus!

*Re-enter Helicanus, Lysimachus, Marina, &c.

*Hel. Sir?
*Per. My purpose was for Tarsus, there to strike
*Th' inhospitable Cleon; but I am
*For other service first: toward Ephesus

¹¹ That is, regent of the silver Moon. In the language of alchemy, which was well understood when this play was written, Luna or Diana means silver, as Sol does gold.
**Turn our blown sails;**[12] eftsoons I'll tell thee why. —
**[To Lysim.]** Shall we refresh us, sir, upon your shore,
**And give you gold for such provision
**As our intents will need?**
**Lys.** Sir,
**With all my heart; and, when you come ashore,
**I have another suit.**
**Per.** You shall prevail,
**Were it to woo my daughter; for it seems
**You have been noble towards her.**
**Lys.** Sir, lend me your arm.
**Per.** Come, my Marina. [Exeunt.

_Emer Gower, before the Temple of Diana at Ephesus._

_Gow._ Now our sands are almost run;
More a little, and then dumb.
This my last boon, pray you, give me,—
For such kindness must relieve me,—
That you aptly will suppose
What pageantry, what feats, what shows,
What minstrelsy, and pretty din,
The regent made in Mytilin,
To greet the King. So he thrived,
That he is promised to be wived
To fair Marina; but in no wise
Till he has done his sacrifice,[13]
As Dian bade: whereto being bound,
The interim, pray you, all confound.[14]
In feather'd briefness[15] sails are fill'd,

---

12 "Our blown sails" is "our swollen sails."
13 "Till Pericles has done his sacrifice." The use of _he_ twice, referring
to different persons, somewhat darkens the passage.
14 _Confound for destroy or consume;_ a frequent usage.
15 "In feather'd briefness" is _with winged swiftness, or quickness._
And wishes fall out as they're will'd.
At Ephesus, the temple see,
Our King, and all his company.
That he can hither come so soon,
Is by your fancies' thankful boon.\textsuperscript{16} 

[Exit.

\textit{Scene II. — The Temple of Diana at Ephesus; Thaisa}
*standing near the altar, as High-priestess; a number of
*Virgins on each side; Cerimon and other Inhabitants of
*Ephesus attending.

*Enter Pericles, with his Train; Lysimachus, Helicanus, Marina, and a Lady.

*Per. Hail, Dian! to perform thy just command,
*I here confess myself the King of Tyre;
*Who, frightened from my country, did wed
*The fair Thaisa at Pentapolis.
*At sea in childbirth died she, but brought forth
*A maid-child call'd Marina; who, O goddess,
*Wears yet thy silver livery.\textsuperscript{1} She at Tarsus
*Was nursed with Cleon; whom at fourteen years
*He sought to murder: but her better stars
*Brought her to Mytilene; 'gainst whose shore
*Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard us,
*Where, by her own most clear remembrance, she
*Made known herself my daughter.

*Thai. Voice and favour!\textsuperscript{2} —
*You are, you are — O royal Pericles! —

\textsuperscript{16} Thankful is used here in the sense of thankful. Such interchanges of the subject and the object were common.

\textsuperscript{1} That is, her white robes of innocence, as being yet under the protection of the goddess of chastity.

\textsuperscript{2} Favour, of course, is countenance, looks.
SCENE II. PRINCE OF TYRE.

*Per. What means the nun? she dies! help, gentlemen!
*Cer. Noble sir,
*If you have told Diana's altar true,
*This is your wife.
*Per. Reverend appearer, no;
*I threw her o'erboard with these very arms.
*Cer. Upon this coast, I warrant you.
*Per. 'Tis most certain.
*Cer. Look to the lady: O, she's but o'erjoy'd. —
*Early one blustering morn this lady was
*Thrown upon this shore. I oped the coffin,
*Found there rich jewels; recover'd her, and placed her
*Here in Diana's temple.
*Per. May we see them?
*Cer. Great sir, they shall be brought you to my house,
*Whither I invite you. — Look, Thaisa is
*Recover'd.
*Thai. O, let me look!
*If he be none of mine, my sanctity
*Will to my sense bend no licentious ear,
*But curb it, spite of seeing. — O, my lord,
*Are you not Pericles? Like him you speak,
*Like him you are: did you not name a tempest,
*A birth, and death?
*Per. The voice of dead Thaisa!
*Thai. That Thaisa am I, supposed dead
*And drown'd.
*Per. Immortal Dian!
*Thai. Now I know you better.
*When we with tears parted 3 Pentapolis,
*The King my father gave you such a ring. [Shows a ring.

3 Here, as often, parted is departed. And the word is used transitively; the sense being, departed from, or left.
*Per. This, this: no more, you gods! your present kindness
*Makes my past miseries sport: you shall do well,
*That on the touching of her lips I may
*Melt, and no more be seen.—O, come, be buried
*A second time within these arms.
*Mar. My heart
*Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.

*Kneels to Thaisa.

*Per. Look, who kneels here! Flesh of thy flesh, Thaisa;
*Thy burden at the sea, and call'd Marina,
*For she was yielded there.
*Thai. Bless'd, and mine own!
*Hel. Hail, madam, and my Queen!
*Thai. I know you not.
*Per. You've heard me say, when I did fly from Tyre,
*I left behind an ancient substitute:
*Can you remember what I call'd the man?
*I've named him oft.
*Thai. 'Twas Helicanus then.
*Per. Still confirmation:
*Embrace him, dear Thaisa; this is he.
*Now do I long to hear how you were found;
*How possibly preserved; and whom to thank,
*Besides the gods, for this great miracle.
*Thai. Lord Cerimon, my lord; this is the man,
*Through whom the gods have shown their power, that can
*From first to last resolve you.
*Per. Reverend sir,
*The gods can have no mortal officer
*More like a god than you. Will you deliver
*How this dead Queen re-lives?
*Cer. I will, my lord.
'Beseech you, first go with me to my house,
Where shall be shown you all was found with her;
How she came placed here in the temple;
No needful thing omitted.

*Per. Pure Dian, bless thee for thy vision! I
Will offer night-oblations to thee.—Thaisa,
This Prince, the fair-betrothed of your daughter,
Shall marry her at Pentapolis.—And now,
This ornament,
Makes me look dismal, will I clip to form;
And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd,
To grace thy marriage-day, I'll beautify.

*Thai. Lord Cerimon hath letters of good credit, sir,
My father's dead.

*Per. Heavens make a star of him! Yet there, my
Queen,
We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves
Will in that kingdom spend our following days:
Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus reign.—
Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay
To hear the rest untold: sir, lead's the way.    [Exeunt.

Enter Gower.

Gow. In Antiochus and his daughter you have heard
Of monstrous lust the due and just reward:
In Pericles, his Queen and daughter, seen,
Although assail'd with fortune fierce and keen,
Virtue preserved from fell destruction's blast,
Led on by Heaven, and crown'd with joy at last:
In Helianus may you well descry
A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty:
In reverend Cerimon there well appears

* This notion is borrowed from the ancients, who expressed their mode of conferring divine honours and immortality on men, by placing them among the stars.
The worth that learnèd charity aye wears:
For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame
Had spread their cursèd deed, and honour'd name
Of Pericles, to rage the city\(^6\) turn,
That him and his they in his palace burn;
The gods for murder seemèd so content
To punish them,—although not done, but meant.
So, on your patience evermore attending,
New joy wait on you! Here our play has ending.

\[^{\text{Exit}}\]

\(^6\) City as a collective noun, for the aggregate of citizens.
CRITICAL NOTES.

ACT I., GOWER.

Page 12. On ember-eves and holy-ales. — The old copies have “holy dayes.” Corrected by Farmer.


P. 12. This King unto him took a fere. — The old copies have Peere. No doubt a misprint for Pheere.

P. 12. By custom, what they did begin
Was with long use account no sin. — In the first of these lines, the old copies have “But custom,” and, in the second, account’d, accounted, and counted, for account.

ACT I., SCENE I.

P. 13. Bring in our daughter, clothèd like a bride,
For the embracements even of Jove himself. — The old copies read “Musicke bring in,” &c.; where no doubt a stage-direction crept into the text; Musicke being an order from Antiochus to have the music in readiness. I follow the arrangement of Dyce, who makes the music strike up when the Daughter enters. In the second line, the old copies omit the.

P. 14. As from thence
Sorrow were ever razed, and testy wrath
Could never be in her mild company. — The old copies read “Could never be her mild companion.” The correction is Mr. P. A. Daniel’s.

P. 14. To compass such a boundless happiness! — The old copies have boundlesse. Corrected by Rowe.
P. 14. For death, like dragons, here affrights thee hard. — The old copies have affright instead of affrights. The line is commonly printed, "For death-like dragons here affright thee hard." But what can be the meaning of "death-like dragons"? The correction is Mr. P. A. Daniel's. Walker thinks that affright is "certainly wrong"; and proposes affront. As affront was often used in the sense of confront, I have little doubt that we ought to read affronts.

P. 14. And which, without desert, because thine eye
Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must die. — The old copies have "all the whole heap." Corrected by Malone. See foot-note 5.

P. 15. And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist
For going on death's met, whom none resist. — The old copies have met instead of net, which is Mr. P. A. Daniel's correction. See foot-note 6.

P. 15. Thus, ready for the way of life or death,
I wait the sharpest blow. — The old copies read "I wayt the sharpest blow (Antiochus)"; the name having been doubtless meant as a prefix to the next speech. Corrected by Malone.

P. 16. How this may be, and yet in two, &c. — The old copies read "How they may be." The correction is made from Wilkins's novel.

P. 19. Will shun no course to keep them from the light. — So Malone. The old copies have shew instead of shun.

P. 19. He hath found the meaning, for the which we mean
To have his head. — So Malone. The old copies have "for which we mean," &c. It has been proposed anonymously to read "found the meaning out." Rightly, I suspect.

ACT 1., SCENE 2.

P. 20. Why should this charge of thoughts,
The sad companion, dull-eyed melancholy,
Be my so-used a guest, as not an hour, &c. — The old copies have "this change of thoughts," and "By me so usde a guest." The first correction was proposed by Steevens; the other is made by Dyce. See foot-note 1.
CRITICAL NOTES.

P. 21. Nor boot it me to say I honour him. — The old copies omit him. Supplied by Rowe.

P. 21. And with th' ostent of war will look so huge, &c. — The old copies read "And with the stint of warre." The happy correction is Tyrwhitt's, and is confirmed by the following passage in Dekker's Entertainment to King James I., 1604: "And why you bear alone th' ostent of warre." Again in Chapman's translation of Homer's Batracomachia: "Both heralds bearing the ostents of war."

P. 21. Who am no more but as the tops of trees, &c. — Farmer's correction. The old copies read "Who once no more," &c.

P. 21. The thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark,
To which that blast gives heat, &c. — So Mason. Instead of blast, the old copies have sparke. Doubtless an accidental repetition from the line above.


P. 22. And Heaven forbid
That kings should let their ears hear their faults chid! — So Dyce. The old copies have hid instead of chid. See foot-note 5.

P. 22. With patience bear
Such griefs as you yourself lay on yourself. — The old copies read "To bear with patience," and "as you yourself do lay upon yourself." The first correction was made by Steevens, who also omits the first yourself.

P. 23. From whence an issue I might propagate,
Are arms to princes, and bring joys to subjects. — Walker conjectures that, between these two lines, a line is lost, somewhat thus: "Worthy to heir my throne; for kingly boys," &c. Such may well be the case; for the text of this play is shockingly mutilated in many places. See, however, foot-note 6.

P. 23. Bethought me what was past, &c. — The old copies omit me. Inserted by Rowe.

P. 23. And tyrants' fears
Decrease not, but grow faster than their years:
And should he doubt it,—as no doubt he doth, &c.—The old copies have feare instead of fears, and "faster then the yeares." In the third line, also, they have doo't and thinke instead of doubt it. The last correction is Malone's.

P. 24. When all, for mine, if I may call't offence,

Must feel war's blow, &c.—So Malone. The old copies have "may call offence."

P. 24. But in our orbs we'll live so round and safe, &c.—The old copies have "will live" and "we live." I suspect we ought to read sound for round.

ACT 1., SCENE 3.

P. 26. With whom each minute threatens life with death.—So Mr. P. A. Daniel. The old copies read "threatens life or death."

P. 26. But since he's gone, the King's ears it must please,

He 'scape'd the land, to perish at the sea.—So Dyce, except that he has Seas instead of sea. The old copies read "the King's Seas must please"; &c.

P. 26. We have no reason to inquire of it,

Commended to our master, not to us:

Yet, ere you shall depart, this we desire, &c.—The old copies read "no reason to desire it." Walker thought the first desire should be inquire. And it seems to me that both sense and metre ask that of be inserted.

ACT 1., SCENE 4.

P. 26. O my distressed lord, even such our griefs:

Here they are felt and seen with misery's eyes;

But, like to groves, being lopp'd, they higher rise.—In the first of these lines, the old copies read "such our griefes are." Steevens omits are, which is merely in the way. In the second line, "Here they are but felt and scene with mischiefes eyes." The substitution of misery's for mischief's is Walker's. In the third line, topp'd instead of lopp'd, which the context seems to require. With the old reading, I can get no meaning at all out of the passage.
CRITICAL NOTES.

P. 27. Our tongues do sound our sorrows and deep woes
Into the air; our eyes do weep, till lungs
Fetch breath that may proclaim them louder; &c. — The old copies give the first line thus: “Our tongues and sorrowes do sound deepe our woes.” They also have toungs instead of lungs in the second line. The latter correction was made by Steevens.

P. 27. If Heaven slumber while their creatures want,
They may awake their helps to comfort them. — So Malone.
The old copies have helpers instead of helps. See foot-note 1.

P. 27. This Tarsus, o'er which I have government,
A city on whom Plenty held full hand;
Where Riches strew'd herself even in the streets; &c. — In the first of these lines, the old copies read “I have the government,” and in the third line For instead of Where, which is Walker's correction. See foot-note 2.

P. 27. Those palates who, not yet two Summers younger, &c. — The old copies read “not yet too savers younger.” Mason conjectured the reading in the text, which has since been confirmed by the discovery of Wilkins's novel: “That this their city, who, not two Summers younger, did so excell in pompe,” &c.

P. 28. With their superfluous riots, heed these tears! — So Collier.
The old copies have hear instead of heed.

P. 28. Hath stuff'd these hollow vessels with their power. — The old copies read “That stuff't the hollow vessels.” Corrected by Rowe and Malone.

P. 29. And make a conquest of unhappy men,
Whereas no glory's got to overcome. — So Malone. The old copies have me instead of men.

P. 29. Nor come we to add sorrow to your hearts,
But to relieve them of their heavy load. — The old copies have tears instead of hearts. Walker's correction.
ACT II., GOWER.

P. 31. Is still at Tarsus, where each man
Thinks all is writ he spoken can. — The old copies have spoken.
Corrected by White.

P. 31. Good Helicane hath stay'd at home,
    Not to eat honey like a drone
From others' labours, though he strive
    To killen bad, keep good alive. — In the first of these lines, the
old copies have that instead of hath, and in the third for though. Hath
is Malone's correction. Singer changes for though into for-thy, an old
word for therefore: but this overfills the line,—a thing which the
author could hardly have intended in these octo-syllabic couplets. He
probably first wrote for, and then substituted though, and the two got
printed together. With for, the verb would have to be strives, which
would not rhyme with alive. See foot-note 3.

P. 31. Sends word of all that haps in Tyre. — So Steevens. The
old copies have Sav'd one for Sends word.

P. 31. He, knowing so, put forth to seas. — So Steevens. The old
copies have doing instead of knowing.

ACT II., SCENE 1.

P. 32. Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left me breath. — The
old copies read "left my breath." Malone's correction.

P. 32. 1 Fish. What, ho, Pilch!
    2 Fish. Ho, come and bring away the nets! — The old
copies read "What, to Pelch?" and "Ha, come," &c. Corrected, the
first by Malone, the other by Steevens. See foot-note 1.

P. 33. Who never leave gaping till they've swallow'd the whole parish,
&c. — The old copies have they for they've. Corrected by Malone.

P. 34. He would purge the land of these drones. — So Dyce. The
old text has we instead of He.
CRITICAL NOTES.

P. 34. How from the finny subjects of the sea
These fishers tell th' infirmities of men; &c.—The old copies have finny subject. Corrected from Wilkins: “Prince Pericles wondering that from the finny subjects of the sea these poore country people learned the infirmities of men.”

P. 34. Honest! good fellow, what’s that? If it be a day fits you, steal’t out of the calendar, and nobody’ll look after it.—The old copies have search instead of steal’t, and “nobody looke.” Malone reads scratch it, and “nobody will look.” Steal’t was proposed anonymously. The text seems to be mutilated here beyond all hope of restoration. See foot-note 5.

P. 34. You see the sea hath cast me on your coast.—The quartos read “May see the sea hath cast upon your coast”; the third folio, “Y’ may see the sea hath cast me upon your coast.” Staunton reads “You may see”; but the speech was evidently meant to be metrical. No doubt something preceding the line has dropped out.

P. 35. We'll have flesh for holidays, fish for fasting-days, and moreover puddings and flap-jacks.—The old copies have all day for holidays, and more; or instead of moreover. Corrected by Malone.

P. 35. O, no, not all, my friend, not all; &c.—So Walker. The old copies are without no.

P. 36. Thanks, Fortune, yet, that, after all thy crosses, &c.—The old copies omit thy. Supplied from Wilkins.

P. 37. In like necessity,—
Which gods protect thee from!—it may defend thee.—The old copies read “The which the gods protect thee; Fame defend thee.” Corrected by Steevens.

P. 37. I hope, sir, if you thrive, you’ll remember from whence you had it.—So Malone. The old copies have them instead of it. It has been proposed anonymously to read “whence you had the means.” With them or it, the reference must be to the armour.
P. 37. Now, by your furtherance, I am clothed in steel;
And, spite of all the rapture of the sea,
This jewel holds his bidding on my arm:
Unto the value I will mount myself, &c.—In the first of these
lines, the old copies lack Now; in the second they have rapture for
rapture; in the third, building for biding; and in the fourth, “Unto
thy value.” Steevens proposed the first correction; Wilkins’s novel gives
the second, telling us how Pericles got to land “with a jewel, whom all
the raptures of the sea could not bereave from his arm”; the third is
Malone’s; and the fourth Walker’s. Dyce pronounces Malone’s
correction “a wanton and unnecessary change,” and takes building as
meaning fixture. But where else is building used for fixture? It has
been proposed anonymously to read binding, and I am inclined to
prefer that to biding.

P. 38. We’ll sure provide thee.—So Walker. The old copies omit
thee.

P. 38. Then honour be but goal unto my will, &c.—Dyce’s con-
jecture. The old copies read “be but a goal to my will.”

ACT II., SCENE 2.

P. 38. Return them, we are ready; and our daughter,
In honour of whose birth these triumphs are,
Sits here, like beauty’s child, &c.—In the first line, the old copies
read “and our daughter heere.” Malone’s correction.

P. 38. So princes their renown if not respected.—The old copies
have Renownes. Corrected by Malone.

P. 38. ’Tis now your honour, daughter, to explain
The labour of each knight in his device.—The old copies have
entertaine instead of explain. Steevens’s correction.

ACT II., SCENE 3.

P. 41. To place upon the volume of your deeds, &c.—So the fourth
folio. The earlier editions have “I place.”
CRITICAL NOTES.

P. 42. *These cates resist me, he but thought upon.* — The old copies have *not* instead of *but*. See foot-note 1.

P. 42. *Where now his son's like glow-worm in the night,* &c. — The old copies have "his sone like a Glo-worme."

P. 43. *Here, with a cup that's stored unto the brim,* &c. — Instead of *stored*, the old copies have *stur'd* and *stirr'd*. Steevens's correction.

P. 43. *And princes not doing so are like to gnats,*

Which make a sound, but still ne'er wonder'd at. — The old copies read "but *kill'd* are wonder'd at." The present reading is Mr. P. A. Daniel's. It gives at least a sense; but I cannot conceive what is meant by saying that "gnats when *killed* are wondered at."

P. 43. *Therefore, to make his entertain more sweet,* &c. — So Walker. The old copies have *entrance* and *entrance* instead of *entertain.*

P. 43. *And further tell him, we desire to know*

Of whence he is, &c. — The old copies read "And *furthermore* tell him, we desire to know of him," &c. The reading in the text is Malone's.

P. 44. *A gentleman of Tyre; my name is Pericles;*

*My education's been in arts and arms.* — The old copies omit *is, and have "My education been."

P. 44. *A gentleman of Tyre, who only by*

*Misfortune of the sea has been bereft*

*Of ships and men, and cast upon this shore.* — So Malone. The old copies give the three lines in two, thus:

*"A gentleman of Tyre, who only by misfortune of the seas,*

*Bereft of ships and men, cast on the shore.*

**ACT II., SCENE 4.**

P. 45. *When he was seated in a chariot of*

*Inestimable value, and his daughter with him,*

*A fire from heaven came, and shriveil'd up*

*Their bodies, &c.* — The old copies read "a chariot Of an in-

*estimable value," and have *Those* instead of *Their.* The latter corrected by Steevens.
PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

P. 46. Your griefs! for what? wrong not the Prince you love.—So Steevens. The old copies have "wrong not your Prince," &c.

P. 46. And, knowing this kingdom, if without a head,—
Like goodly buildings left without a roof,—
Will soon to ruin fall, &c.—The old copies read "this Kingdom is without a head," and "Soone fall to ruine." Corrected, the first by Malone, the other by Steevens.

P. 46. For honour's cause, forbear your suffrages.—So Dyce. The old copies have "Try honour's cause."

P. 46. Take I your wish, I leap into a seat,
Where's hourly trouble for a minute's ease.—So Malone. The old copies have seas instead of seat.

P. 46. A twelvemonth longer let me you entreat
Still to forbear the absence of your King; &c.—The old copies read "let me entreat you," and are without Still.

P. 47. Go search like noblemen, like noble subjects, &c. — So Steevens. The old copies have nobles instead of noblemen.

P. 47. We with our travels will endeavour it.—So Malone. The old copies lack it.

ACT II., SCENE 5.

P. 48. Mistress, 'tis well; your choice agrees with mine.—So Steevens. The old copies read 'Tis well, mistress.

P. 49. And not to be a rebel to your State.—So Walker. The old copies have her instead of your.

P. 50. And, for a further grief, — God give you joy! — The old copies omit a. Inserted by Malone.

ACT III., GOWER.

P. 50. Now sleep yslacked hath the rout;
No din but snores the house about, &c.—The old copies read about the house. Corrected by Malone.
CRITICAL NOTES.

P. 50. The cat, with eyne of burning coal,
     Now couches 'fore the mouse's hole;
     And crickets sing at th' oven's mouth,
     Aye the blither for their drouth.—The old copies have from
     instead of 'fore, Cricket instead of crickets, and Are instead of Aye.
     The first corrected by Malone, the last by Dyce.

P. 51. By the four opposing coignes.—The old copies have Cringes.
     Rowe's correction.

P. 52. But fortune's mood
     Varies again.—So Steevens. The old copies have fortune
     mov'd, or moov'd.

ACT III., SCENE 1.

P. 53. Thou god of this great vast, rebuke these surges, &c.—
     old copies have The instead of Thou. Corrected by Rowe.

P. 53. Bind them in brass,
     Having recall'd them from the deep!—So Dyce. The old
     copies have cald instead of recall'd. Dyce justly remarks that the
     latter "is demanded both by the sense and the metre."

P. 53. Thou stormest venomously;
     Wilt thou spit all thyself?—So Dyce. The old copies read
     "Then storme venomously."

P. 53. Divinest patroness and midwife gentle, &c.—The old copies
     have my wife instead of midwife, which is Steevens's correction.

P. 54. Make swift the pangs
     Of my Queen's travail!—So Dyce. The old copies have
     travayles.

P. 54. We here below
     Recall not what we give, and therein may
     Vie honour with you.—So Mason and Walker. The old
     copies have Use instead of Vie.

P. 55. Pardon us, sir:
     With us at sea it hath been still observed;
     And we are strong in custom: therefore briefly
Yield her, for she must o'erboard straight.

Per. As you

Think meet — Most wretched Queen! — The old copies read “for we are strong in easterne.” They also end the Sailor’s speech with “briefly yield her,” and give the speech of Pericles thus: “As you think meet; for she must over board straight; Most wretched Queene.”

P. 56. Must cast thee, scarcely coffin’d, in the ooze;

Where, for a monument upon thy bones,

And aye-remaining lamps, &c. — In the first of these lines, the old copies have in care for in the oose. Corrected by Steevens. In the third, “The ayre remayning lampes.” Corrected by Malone.

P. 56. And bid Nicander

Bring me the satin coffer. — So Malone. The old copies have Coffin.

ACT III., SCENE 2.

P. 57. Good morrow, Sir. — The old copies omit sir, which was added by Steevens.

P. 58. And I can speak of the disturbances

That Nature works, and of her cures; which gives me

A more content, &c. — The old copies omit I, and read “which doth give me.” Malone’s corrections.

P. 58. Or tie my treasure up in silken bags, &c. — The old copies have pleasure instead of treasure. Corrected by Steevens.

P. 59. Hath built Lord Cerimon such strong renown

As time shall never raze. — So Dyce. And so the first quarto, except that it lacks the word rase. Other old copies read “as never shall decay.”

P. 59. If the sea’s stomach be o’ercharged with gold

It is a good constraint of fortune, that

It belches upon us. — The old copies print the last two lines as one, thus: “’Tis a good constraint of fortune it belches upon us.” Corrected by Malone and Steevens.
CRITICAL NOTES.

P. 59. How close 'tis caul'd and bitumed. — The old copies have bottom'd. In the preceding scene, the same "chest" is said to be "caulk and bitumed ready."

P. 60. Shrouded in cloth of state! balm'd and entreasured
With bags of spices full! — So Steevens. The old copies read "with full bags of spices."

P. 60. Death may usurp on nature many hours,
And yet the fire of life kindle again
The o'erpress'd spirits. I heard of an Egyptian
That had nine hours lien dead,
Who was by good appliances recover'd. — So the old copies, except that they have appliance instead of appliances. The text is badly mutilated, and perhaps cannot be set right by any legitimate arts of reconstruction. The corresponding passage of Wilkins's novel is as follows: "I have read of some Egyptians who, after four hours death, (if a man may call it so,) have raised impoverished bodies, like to this, unto their former health." This shows that in the text the sense is quite as much disordered as the language. Perhaps the author's meaning may be given something thus:

And yet the fire of life kindle again
The o'erpress'd spirits. Of an Egyptian I
Have heard, who had by good appliances
Recover'd bodies nine hours lying dead.

P. 60. Gentlemen, this Queen will live: nature awakes;
A warmth breathes out of her. — So Steevens. The first quarto reads "Nature awakes a warmth breath out of her." The other old copies have "Nature awakes a warm breath out of her."

P. 61. The diamonds
Of a most prized water do appear,
To make the world twice rich. — O, live, and make
Us weep to hear your fate, &c. — The old copies have "most praised water doth appeare," and are without O, which Malone inserted.

ACT III., SCENE 3.

P. 61. Your shafts of fortune, though they hurt you mortally,
Yet glance full wanderingly on us. — So Steevens. The old copies have shakes for shafts, hant, haunt, and hate for hurt, and wonderingly for wonderingly.
P. 62. By bright Diana, whom we honour, all
Unscissar'd shall this hair of mine remain,
Though I show ill in't. — The old copies have unsisterd instead of unscissar'd, and will instead of ill. The former was corrected by Steevens, the latter by Malone; and both are approved by the corresponding passage of Wilkins's novel: "Vowing solemnly by othe to himselfe, his head should grow unscisserd, his beard untrimmed, himselfe in all uncomely," &c.

P. 63. Then give you up to the vast Neptune and
The gentlest winds of heaven. — The old copies have "the mask'd Neptune." But why mask'd? or how can that epithet be here explained to any fitting sense? Walker proposes moist. Dyce conjectures vast, and quotes from Timon of Athens, v. 4: "Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye," &c. To which I may add, from an earlier scene of this play, "Thou god of this great vast, rebuke these surges," &c.

ACT III., SCENE 4.

P. 63. Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels,
Lay with you in your coffer; which are now
At your command. — So Malone. The old copies are without now.

P. 63. That I was shipp'd at sea, I well remember,
Even on my eaning time; but whether there
I was deliver'd, by the holy gods,
I cannot rightly say. — The old copies, till the third folio, have learning instead of eaning. The words I was are not in any of the old copies. Conjectured by Dyce.

P. 63. Where, till your date expire, you may abide. — The old text reads "Where you may abide till your date expire." This quite upsets the metre of the line. Malone prints "Where you may 'bide until your date expire." The reading in the text is Mr. Fleay's.

ACT IV., GOWER.

P. 64. Which makes her both the heart and place
Of general wonder. — The old copies have hie and high instead of her, and arti instead of heart. Steevens's correction.
CRITICAL NOTES.

P. 64. That monster envy, oft the wreck
Of earned praise, Marina's life
Seeks to take off by treason's knife,
And in his kind. Cleon doth own
One daughter, and a wench full grown,
Even ripe for marriage-rite; &c. — In the fourth of these lines, the old copies read "And in this kind," and connect these words with what follows. I can see no fitness, nor even sense in them so printed. The old copies also have our Cleon hath instead of Cleon doth own, and full growne wench instead of wench full grown. Also, in the last line, sight instead of rite. Mr. P. A. Daniel proposed the reading and pointing here given, except in case of his, which I take as standing for its, and referring to envy. See foot-note 1. The common reading is as follows:

Seeks to take off by treason's knife.
And in this kind hath our Cleon
One daughter, and a wench full grown, &c.

P. 64. Bet when she weaved the sleeled silk. — The old copies have they instead of she. Corrected by Malone.

P. 64. Or when she would with sharp neeld wound
The cambric, &c. — The old copies have needle instead of neeld. The latter was in common use, and is required here for the metre. Malone's correction.

P. 65. She sung, and made the night-bird mute. — The old copies have the "night bed mute." Malone's correction.

P. 65. With the dove of Paphos might the crow
Vie feathers white. — The old copies read "The Dove of Paphos might with the crow," &c. Mason's correction.

P. 65. Only I carry winged time, &c. — The old copies have carried. Corrected by Steevens.

ACT IV., SCENE I.

P. 66. Let not conscience,
Which is but cold, enforcing law, thy bosom
Inform too nicely. — In parts of this scene, again, the text is dreadfully mangled. Here the old copies read "Let not conscience,
which is but cold, in flaming thy love bosome inflame too nicely.” Some of them have the trifling variation, inflaming thy love,” &c. The common reading is, “inflaming love in thy bosom, Inflame too nicely.” But who would ever speak of conscience as cold and at the same time as inflaming love in one’s bosom? Collier proposed Inform for Inflame.

P. 67. The fitter, then, the gods should have her. Here
She comes still weeping her old nurse’s death. — The old copies read “comes weeping for her only mistress death.” As Marina is in fact supposed to be weeping for the death of her old nurse, Lychorida, surely Percy was right in proposing to substitute old nurse for only mistress.

P. 67. No, no, I will rob Tellus of her weed.—So Walker. The old copies lack the second no.

P. 67. The yellows, blues,
The purple violets, and marigolds,
Shall, as a chaplet, hang upon thy grave, &c. — So Malone. The old copies have carpet instead of chaplet.


P. 67. Lord, how your favour’s changed
With this unprofitable woe! Come, come,
Give me your flowers: on the sea-margent walk
With Leonine; the air is quick there, and
It pierces, and will sharp the stomach. — In the second of these lines, the old copies are without the second come, which was supplied by Malone. The old copies have the third line thus: “Give me your flowers, ere the sea mar it”; which, besides being nonsense in itself, gives nothing for there, in the next line, to refer to. A great variety of changes has been proposed. Shakespeare has sea-marge in The Tempest, and “the beached margent of the sea” in A Midsummer-Night’s Dream. In the last line, again, the old copies read “it pierces and sharps the stomach.” Walker proposes sharps, and shows that such was the form often used. It seems to me that sense, as well as metre, requires the insertion of will.
CRITICAL NOTES.

P. 68. Pray you, walk softly, do not heat your blood.—So Malone. The old copies omit you after Pray.

P. 68. My father, as nurse said, did never fear,
But cried Good seamen! to the sailors, galling
His kingly hands with haling of the ropes; &c.—In the first of these lines, the old copies have ses and saith instead of said. I give the third line as amended by Malone. The old copies read “His kingly hands, haling ropes.”

P. 68. And with a dropping industry they ship
From stem to stern.—The old copies have “from sterne to sterne.” Corrected by Malone.

P. 69. Wherein my death might yield her profit, or
My life imply her danger.—So Steevens. The old copies have any before profit, and also before danger.

P. 69. These roving thieves serve the great pirate Valdes.—So Steevens, adopting Malone’s conjecture. The old copies have roving instead of roving.

ACT IV., SCENE 2.

P. 72. Bawd. What’s her price, Boult?
    Boult. It cannot be bated one doit of a thousand pieces.—The old copies have / instead of It.

ACT IV., SCENE 3.

P. 75. If thou hadst drank to him, ’t had been a kindness
    Becoming well thy damned fact.—So Dyce. The old copies have face instead of fact.

P. 76. Unless you play the pious innocent, &c.—Mason’s conjecture, which has since been confirmed by Wilkins’s novel: “If such a pious innocent as yourselfe do not reveale it unto him.” The old copies read “play the impious innocent,” and “play the innocent.”

P. 76. Though not his prime consent, he did not flow
    From honourable sources.—So Dyce. The old copies have prince and whole instead of prime, and courses instead of sources.
P. 76. Yet none does know, but you, how she came dead,
   Nor none can know now, Leonine being gone. — So Walker.
The old copies omit now, which, as Walker says, "the logic of the
   passage, as well as the rhythm, requires."

P. 76. She did distain my child, and stood between
   Her and her fortunes. — So Singer, adopting Steevens's con-
   jecture. The old copies have disdain instead of distain. See foot-
   note 3.

P. 77. It greets me as an enterprise of kindness
   Perform'd to our sole daughter. — So Walker. The old copies
   have your instead of our.

P. 77. Thou'rt like the harpy,
   Which, to betray, doth use an angel's face,
   Then seize with eagle's talons. — The old copies read:

   Which, to betray, dost with thine angel's face
   Seize with thine eagle's talents.

P. 77. Sail seas in cockles; have, an wish but for't;
   Making, — to take imagination —
   From bourn to bourn, &c. — So Malone. The old copies have
   "to take our imagination."

P. 78. Old Helicanus goes along: behind
   Is left to govern it, you bear in mind,
   Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late
   Advanced in Tyre to great and high estate. — The old copies
   have time instead of Tyre, which is Walker's correction. I here adopt
   the pointing proposed by Mr. P. A. Daniel. The old copies have
   nothing between along and behind, but set a comma after behind, and a
   colon after govern it. This makes odd work with the sense. The
   common reading, adopted even by the Cambridge Editors, is as follows:

   Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late
   Advanced in time to great and high estate,
   Is left to govern. Bear you it in mind,
   Old Helicanus goes along behind.

This is certainly taking a pretty large freedom with the text; yet I
think it does not make nearly so good sense as Mr. Daniel's reading.
See foot-note 9.
CRITICAL NOTES.

P. 78. Well-sailing ships and bounteous winds have brought
This King to Tarsus (think his pilot thought;
So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow on)
To fetch his daughter, &c. — In the second of these lines, the
old copies have this instead of his, and in the third grone instead of
grow on. Corrected by Malone.

P. 80. While our scene must play
His daughter's woe, &c. — The old copies have steare instead
of scene. The correction is Malone's.

ACT IV., SCENE 5.

P. 81. Bawd. For flesh and blood, sir, white and red, &c. — To this,
and also to the next speech but one, the old copies prefix "Boult."
Wrong, surely. Corrected by White.

P. 81. That signifies the renown of a bawd, no less than it gives a
good report to a maiden to be chaste. — Instead of maiden the old copies
have number, which seems absolutely meaningless. The correction
was proposed anonymously.

P. 82. Why, I cannot name't but I shall offend. — So the third folio.
The earlier editions have "cannot name but."

P. 83. O, you have heard something of my power, and so stand aloof
for more serious wooing. — The old copies have aloft instead of aloof.
Corrected by Rowe.

P. 85. She makes our profession as it were to stink, &c. — The old
copies have He instead of She. Rowe's correction.

P. 86. Do any thing but this
Thou dost. Empty old receptacles,
Or common sewers, of filth; serve by indenture
To th' common hangman: any of these ways
Are better yet than this; for that which thou
Professest here, a baboon, could he speak,
Would own a name too dear. O, that the gods
Would safely from this place deliver me! — I here adopt, sub-
stannially, the reading and arrangement proposed by Walker. The old copies give the passage as follows:

Do any thing but this thou doest. Empty
Old receptacles, or common shores, of filth;
Serve by indenture to the common hangman:
Any of these ways are yet better than this;
For what thou professest, a baboon, could he speak,
Would own a name too dear. O, that the gods
Would safely deliver me from this place!

P. 86. If that thy master would make gain by me,
Proclaim that I can sing, &c.—The old copies read "would gain by me."

P. 87. And I will undertake all these to teach.—The old copies omit I. Inserted by Rowe.

ACT V., GOWER.

P. 87. Deep clerks she dumbs; and with her neeld composes
Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, &c.—Here, again, the old copies have needle instead of neeld.

P. 88. Her inkle, silk, twin with the rubied cherry: &c.—The old copies have Twine instead of twin. Malone's correction.

P. 88. And to her father turn our thoughts again:
We left him on the sea; we there him lost:
Whence, driven before the winds, he is arrived
Here where his daughter dwells; &c.—In the first three quartos, the second and third of these lines are given as follows:

Where wee left him on the Sea, wee there him left
Where driven before the windes, he is arrivde.

The other old copies have a different reading, thus:

Where we left him at sea, tumbled and tost,
And driven before the winde, he is arrivde.

P. 88. Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies,
Her banners sable, trimm'd with rich expense.—So Walker.
The old copies have His instead of Her.

P. 88. Of heavy Pericles think this the bark.—So Malone. The old copies read "thinke this his bark."
CRITICAL NOTES.

ACT V., SCENE 1.

P. 89. I pray ye, greet them fairly.—So Rowe. The old copies omit ye.

P. 89. Lys. Hail, reverend sir! the gods preserve you!
Hel. And you, sir, to outlive the age I am, &c.—The old copies omit sir in the last speech. Supplied by Malone.

P. 90. Till the disaster that, one mortal night,
Drove him to this.—The old copies have wight instead of night. Corrected by Malone.

P. 90. And make a battery through his deafen’d parts, &c.—The first quarto has defend,—probably an old spelling of deafend. The other old copies have defended.

P. 90. She is all happy as the fair’st of all,
And with her fellow-maids is now upon
The leafy shelter, &c.—So Malone. The old copies lack with and is in the second line.

P. 90. Sure, all’s effectless; &c.—The old copies have “all effectless.” Malone’s correction.

P. 91. Which if we should deny, the most just gods
For every graff would send a caterpillar,
And so afflict our province.—In the first of these lines, the old copies have God instead of gods. Corrected by Walker. In the third line, they have inflict for afflict.

P. 91. Is’t not a goodly presence? — The old copies have present? Corrected by Malone.

P. 91. She’s such a one, that, were I well assured
She came of gentle kind, &c. — The old copies omit She in the second line, and read “Came of a gentle kinde,” &c.

P. 91. Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty
Expect even here, &c. — The old copies have beautie for bounty. Steevens’s correction.
P. 91. If that thy prosperous-artificial feat
   Can draw him, &c. — So Steevens and Walker. The old copies read "thy prosperous and artificiall fate." Shakespeare has many similar compounds, such as dismal-fatal, mortal-staring, childish-foolish, &c.

P. 91. Sir, I will use
   My utmost skill in his recure, provided
   That none but I, &c. — So Walker. The old copies have recovery instead of recure.

P. 93. I think so. Pray you, turn your eyes upon me. — The old copies read "I do thinke so."

P. 93. You are like something that — What countrywoman?
   Here of these shores?
   Mar. No, nor of any shores. — The old copies read "what Countrey-women heare of these shewes? and have shewes again in Marina's reply. The happy emendation is Lord Charlemont's.

P. 94. Didst thou not say, when I did push thee back, &c. — The old copies have stay instead of say. Corrected by Malone.

P. 94. What were thy friends?
   How lost thou them? Thy name, &c. — The old copies read "how lost thou thy name." Corrected by Malone.

P. 95. Have you a working pulse? and are no fairy?
   No motion? Well; speak on. Where were you born? — So Steevens. The old copies omit No before motion, and punctuate the passage in various ways. Dyce prints "Motion!" and takes it as an exclamation of Pericles after feeling Marina's pulse. I cannot see it so.

P. 95. Who died the very minute I was born, &c. — So Malone. The old copies omit very.

P. 96. You'll scarce believe me. — The old copies read "you scorne, believe me." Corrected by Malone.

P. 96. She would never tell
   Her parentage, &c. — The old copies read "She never would tell." Corrected by Steevens.
CRITICAL NOTES.

P. 97. I'm Pericles of Tyre: but tell me now
My drown'd Queen's name, (as in the rest you've said
Thou hast been godlike perfect,) and thou art
The heir of kingdoms, and another life
To Pericles thy father. — In the second of these lines, the old copies read "the rest you said"; in the third, they lack the words and thou art; and in the fourth have like instead of life. The latter correction is Mason's.

P. 97. I embrace you, sir. — Here, again, the old copies omit sir. Supplied by Steevens.

P. 98. Per. Rarest sounds! Do ye not hear?
Lys. Music, my lord?
Per. I hear most heavenly music:
It nips me into listening, &c. — I here adopt the arrangement proposed by the Cambridge Editors. The oldest copies give the second speech thus: "Musicke my lord? I hear." Dyce prints Music as a stage-direction, and is followed by several, and even by the Cambridge Editors themselves; who, however, justly observe in a note as follows: "No music is mentioned in Wilkins's novel, and any music of earth would be likely to jar with that 'music of the spheres' which was already lulling Pericles to sleep."

P. 98. And give them repetition to the life.
Perform my bidding, or thou livest in woe; &c. — So Malone. Here, again, the old copies have like for life; and also read "Or perform my bidding."

P. 99. With all my heart; and, when you come ashore,
I have another suit. — The old copies have sleight for suit. Corrected by Malone.

P. 99. This my last boon, pray you, give me,—
For such kindness must relieve me,—
That you, &c. — The old copies are without the words pray you in the first of these lines. See, further on, "The interim, pray you, all confound."

P. 100. That he can hither come so soon,
Is by your fancies thankful boon. — So Steevens. — The old copies have doom instead of boon.
ACT V., SCENE 2.

P. 100. The fair Thaisa at Pentapolis. — The old copies have "At Pentapolis the fair Thaisa." Malone's correction.

P. 101. What means the nun? — Instead of nun, the old copies have num and woman. Corrected by Collier. Wilkins's novel shows beyond question that nun is right.

P. 101. Early one blustering morn, &c. — So Malone. The old copies have in for one.

P. 102. Lord Cerimon, my lord; this is the man, &c. — So Walker. The old copies read "this man."

P. 103. Pure Dian, bless thee for thy vision! I

Will offer night-oblations to thee. — So Malone. The old copies omit I.

P. 103. Virtue preserved from fill destruction's blast. — The old copies have preferd for preserved. Corrected by Malone.

P. 104. Had spread their cursed deed, and honour'd name

Of Pericles, &c. — So the third folio. The earlier editions have the instead of and.

P. 104. To punish crime, — although not done, but meant. — So Malone. The old copies omit crime.
THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

FIRST printed in 1634, with the following in the title-page:
"THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN: Presented at the Black-friars by the King's Majesty's Servants, with great applause. Written by the memorable Worthies of their time, Mr. JOHN FLETCHER and Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, Gentlemen." This was nine years after the death of Fletcher, and eighteen years after that of Shakespeare. The play was included in the third folio of Shakespeare, 1664, also in the folio of Beaumont and Fletcher, 1679. Its appearance with Shakespeare's name in 1634, and in the folio of 1664, is by no means decisive as to the authorship; for several plays were put forth as Shakespeare's during his lifetime, and also included in the same collection, which he most certainly had no hand in writing. On the other hand, however, in 1634 the popularity of Shakespeare had so far declined, or been eclipsed by later writers, as to leave little motive, apparently, for publishers to forge his name. There was also a strong and steady tradition of the play's having been written by Shakespeare and Fletcher in conjunction.

But Shakespeare's participation in The Two Noble Kinsmen was not fully established till our own time, and the argument to that end proceeds mainly on internal evidence. In the first place, the play itself bears clear and unmistakable tokens of two widely-different hands; so much so as to put the ascribing of the whole to one and the same author quite out of the question. In the second place, in certain portions the cast of thought, the manner of expression, the mode of conceiving and unfolding character, in short, the whole texture and grain of the workmanship, are so totally diverse from the Fletcherian idiom, and so vastly beyond any thing else of Fletcher's known writing, that we are in effect forced to admit the presence of a far mightier
hand than his: and whose but Shakespeare's "own sweet and cunning hand" can that be? In the third place, in proportion as the characteristics of thought and diction draw away from the Fletcherian idiom, in the same proportion they draw towards the Shakespearian, as we taste them in the acknowledged workmanship of Shakespeare's latest period.

Accordingly we find Coleridge saying, in 1833, "I have no doubt whatever that the first Act and the first scene of the second Act are Shakespeare's." Sidney Walker, also, declares that the whole of the first Act bears indisputable marks of Shakespeare's hand"; that in the first scene we have "surely aut Shakespeareus aut Diabolus!" and that the first scene of the fifth Act "surely is Shakespeare's also." Mr. J. Spalding also, a very acute critic, writes that "the whole of the first Act may be safely pronounced to be Shakespeare's"; that "in the fifth Act we again feel the presence of the master of the spell"; and that "several passages in this portion are marked by as striking tokens of his art as any thing we read in Macbeth or Coriolanus." Last, not least, Dyce observes, "I believe that Shakespeare wrote all those portions of the play which Mr. Spalding assigns to him; though I conceive that in some places they may have been altered and interpolated by Fletcher."

But the fullest and ablest discussion of the matter appeared in The Westminster and Foreign Quarterly Review, April, 1847; from the pen of the late Mr. Samuel Hickson, the same judicious critic whom we met with in connection with King Henry the Eighth. Mr. Hickson's criticism is chiefly aesthetic in its scope and method, but works so near the core of the subject, that I have deemed it advisable to throw considerable portions of it into the form of foot-notes, and so print them in what seemed the most appropriate places. I must here, however, give one mark-worthy passage, which applies equally to all the verse parts of the play: "Of all the writers of blank-verse, Shakespeare is the most musical. His verses flow into each other with the most perfect harmony; never monotonous, but seldom rugged. His words seem rather to fall naturally into verse than to be measured out into lines; and his varied pauses break, without disjointing, the longest passages, so that none can be said to be
long-winded, nor to add to their untiring effect. But Shake-
ppeare, without feeling them a restraint, is always attentive to the
laws of metre; he uses redundant syllables very sparingly; and
even the common license of double endings he resorts to but
occasionally. On the other hand, the measure of Fletcher's
verse is extremely peculiar: double and triple endings, and re-
dundant syllables, may be said to form the character of his sys-
tem; so much so that the line is frequently eked out with an
expletive, after the verse is complete. The result of this is,
that what was introduced for the sake of variety, and which has
that effect when Shakespeare uses it, in Fletcher becomes exces-
sively monotonous, giving something of a sing-song effect."

Mr. Hickson sums up the result of his inquiry as follows:
"The whole of the first Act, with the exception of some twenty
or thirty lines, appears to be by Shakespeare; likewise the first
scene of the second Act; the first and second scenes of the third
Act; the last scene of the fourth Act; and, with the exception
of the second scene, the whole of the fifth Act. As a conse-
quence of this it follows, that, with the partial exception of Ar-
cite, every character, even to the Doctor who makes his first ap-
pearance at the end of the fourth Act, was introduced by Shake-
ppeare. We have here, then, not only the framework of the
play, but the groundwork of every character; in each case we
find that Shakespeare goes first, and Fletcher follows; and even
then we find that the latter is most successful in the parts where
he had Chaucer for a guide. "With regard to the particular in-
fluence of Shakespeare upon the underplot, the same principle
appears. (The first appearance of the Jailer's Daughter, with the
first signs of her love for Palamon,—the first symptom of her
madness,—and the first opinion given by the Doctor, embo-
ying a discriminating view of the case, with directions for its
treatment, are all by him.) Fletcher takes up the following scene
to each of these instances, and unsuccessfully. And, indeed,
excepting these three scenes, and one by Fletcher, (the first of
the fourth Act,) the rest of the underplot is trash; want of ob-
servation and inexperience are evident in it throughout, and it is
inconceivably dull."

Touching the Fletcher portions of the play, Mr. Hickson de-
livers himself more in detail as follows: "The whole of the first Act, and the first scene of the second, being the invention of Shakespeare, Fletcher is not even then suffered to go alone, but has the assistance of the same scene in Chaucer. So with the commencement of the next scene: in the continuation of which, however, he tries his invention for the first time, and finds the difficulty of being humorous. Two of the scenes which follow endeavour to carry out Shakespeare's view of the character of the Jailer's Daughter, and another gives a version of the meeting of Arcite and Theseus. The first scene of the third Act is by Shakespeare, which Fletcher follows in a similar scene (the third) in the same Act; and in the same way a scene by the former, showing the first approach to madness in the Jailer's Daughter, is followed by the latter in the fourth scene. The only original introduction by Fletcher hitherto is in the third scene of the second Act. The fifth scene of the third Act is a sort of continuation, with the addition of his sole attempt at character,—a dull imitation of Holofernes. The sixth scene continues the subject of the third. The first scene of the fourth Act is again an original one of Fletcher's,—that is, it is not led to by a previous one of Shakespeare's. Yet, viewing the latter as the directing mind, we think the subject may have been suggested by him; the execution is anything but original. So of the next; the concluding part of which runs parallel to Chaucer. In the last scene of this Act, Shakespeare gives another copy of madness for his associate to work by, and introduces a new character, the Doctor. This scene is again followed in the fifth Act by Fletcher, as we have pointed out. The rest of the fifth Act is by Shakespeare. In all that is essential to the plot, the other contributed nothing in which he was not assisted by a previous draught, either in his associate or in Chaucer."

More recently, Mr. F. G. Fleay has taken the matter in hand, and applied to it his figures and metrical tests. "This play," says he, "has been already so conclusively shown to be a joint production of Shakespeare and Fletcher, and the portion written by each author has been so accurately assigned, that I should not have thought it necessary to re-open the question, were it not that every instance in which the results of critical examina-
tions based on different grounds can be obtained is valuable, not only as to the immediate end in view, but also as a test of the worth and power of the methods employed. So in this instance: if the examination as to authorship based on considerations of an aesthetic nature coincides with that based on metrical criticism, we shall have not only an enormously strong addition to the evidence of Fletcher's share in this work, but also a remarkable example of the value of metrical tests.

"In this play there are two prose scenes, ii. 1, and iv. 3. Both these belong to the underplot. In my paper on Fletcher I have shown that Fletcher never wrote prose in any of his plays. I should therefore assign these two prose scenes in the *The Two Noble Kinsmen* to Shakespeare. Mr. Hickson has given strong reasons for the same course, on other considerations.

"Looking next to the number of rhymes, we find no aid towards discriminating these authors. Except in the masque, there are only five in the whole play; two in the parts we assign to Shakespeare, three in the Fletcher parts. Not only does this agree with Fletcher's usual practice, but it enables us to say with confidence that Shakespeare's part of this play was written as late as 1610; as only in *The Tempest* and *The Winter's Tale* do we find that he had given up rhymes to any thing like such an extent as here."

Mr. Fleay then proceeds to tabulate the Shakespeare and Fletcher portions, each by itself, and bases his conclusion on the relative number of double endings and of incomplete lines of four measures, which he says are "the most important metrical means of distinguishing between these writers." Of course the two prose scenes, which he holds to be Shakespeare's, do not enter into his computation. In the Shakespeare portion, the whole number of lines is 1124: of double endings, 321; of four-measure lines, 1. In the Fletcher portion, the whole number of lines is 1398: of double endings, 771; of four-measure lines, 19. He then adds the following:

"It will be seen that the metrical evidence confirms the results of the higher criticism in the strongest manner. The average number of double endings in the Shakespeare parts is exactly that of the latter part of his career; the number in the Fletcher
part exactly agrees with that deduced in my paper on Fletcher from all his undoubted works. Moreover, the imperfect four-measure lines occur in the Fletcher parts in the proportion of 19 to 1 in the Shakespeare parts. There is, therefore, not only the strongest confirmation of the conclusions of the best critics as to this play, but also the firmest ground for confidence in our metrical arguments."

As implied in some of the forecited matter, The Two Noble Kinsmen was founded on The Knight's Tale of Chaucer. In the Shakespeare part, the borrowing is mainly in the form of hints and ideas; in the Fletcher parts, it is much more in the way of incidents and details.

As regards the time of writing, I can add nothing to what has been said by Mr. Fleay. It appears that the work of the two authors holds about the same proportion in this play as in King Henry the Eighth. This, to be sure, need not infer that the two plays were written in immediate succession; yet I think it may lend some support to the belief that for a certain period the two authors worked together; nor can I perceive any marked differences of style in the Shakespeare portions of the two plays; such differences, I mean, as would infer any wide interval in the times of writing; though I should reckon The Two Noble Kinsmen to be somewhat the earlier of the two. And so the non-appearance of The Two Noble Kinsmen in the folio of 1623 may well have grown from an arrangement for dividing between the authors the fruit of their joint labours. It is considerable, also, that in this play, as in King Henry the Eighth, some of the scenes assigned to Fletcher, especially the second in the fourth Act, perhaps also the second in the second Act, and the sixth in the third Act, have passages rising so much above the usual plane of Fletcher's poetry as to suggest, at least, the presence of the master's correcting and improving hand. Certainly some parts of the scene first specified are beyond any thing that author has elsewhere given us. And in this instance, as in others, Fletcher's attempts at humour are exceedingly flat and futile; for, in truth, he had nothing of that choice and delectable element in his composition.

Suffice it to add, that the portions ascribed to Fletcher are here distinguished by asterisks set before all the lines.
THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

THESEUS, Duke of Athens.
PIRITHOUS, an Athenian General.
ARTESIUS, an Athenian Captain.
PALAMON, Nephews to Creon, King
ARCITE, of Thebes.
VALERIUS, a Theban Nobleman.
Six Knights.
A Herald.
A Jailer.
Wooer to the Jailer's Daughter.
A Doctor.

Brother to the Jailer.
Friends
A Gentleman.
GERROLD, a Schoolmaster.

HIPPOLYTA, Bride to Theseus.
EMILIA, her Sister.
Three Queens.
The Jailer's Daughter.
Waiting-woman to Emilia.

Countrymen, Messengers, a Man personating Hymen, Boy, Executioner, Guard, and Attendants. Country Wenches, and Women personating Nymphs.

SCENE. — Athens and the neighbourhood, except in part of the first Act, where it is Thebes and the neighbourhood.

*PROLOGUE.

*New plays and maidenheads are near akin;
*Much follow'd both, for both much money gi'en,
*If they stand sound and well: and a good play,
*Whose modest scenes blush on his marriage-day,
*And shake to lose his honour, is like her
*That, after holy tie and first night's stir,
*Yet still is modesty, and still retains
*More of the maid to sight than husband's pains.
We pray our play may be so; for I'm sure
It has a noble breeder and a pure,
A learned, and a poet never went
More famous yet 'twixt Po and silver Trent:
Chaucer, of all admired, the story gives;
There constant to eternity it lives.
If we let fall the nobleness of this,
And the first sound this child hear be a hiss,
How will it shake the bones of that good man,
And make him cry from under ground, O, fan
From me the witless chaff of such a writer
That blasts my bays, and my famed works makes lighter
Than Robin Hood! This is the fear we bring;
For, to say truth, it were an endless thing,
And too ambitious, to aspire to him.
Weak as we are, and almost breathless swim
In this deep water, do but you hold out
Your helping hands, and we shall tack about,
And something do to save us: you shall hear
Scenes, though below his art, may yet appear
Worth two hours' travail. To his bones sweet sleep!
Content to you! — If this play do not keep
A little dull time from us we perceive
Our losses fall so thick, we must needs leave. [Flourish.

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ACT I.


Enter Hymen with a torch burning; a Boy, in a white robe, before, singing and strewing flowers; after Hymen, a Nymph, encompassed in her tresses, bearing a wheaten garland; then Theseus, between two other Nymphs with
wheaten chaplets on their heads; then Hippolyta, the bride, led by Pirithous, and another holding a garland over her head, her tresses likewise hanging; after her, Emilia, holding up her train; Artesius and Attendants.

*Song by the Boy.*

*Roses, their sharp spines being gone,
*Not royal in their smells alone,
*But in their hue;
*Maiden pinks, of odour faint,
*Daisies smell-less, yet most quaint,
*And sweet thyme true;

*Primrose, first-born child of Ver,
*Merry spring-time’s harbinger,
*With hare-bells dim;
*Oxlips¹ in their cradles growing,
*Marigolds on death-beds blowing,
*And larks’-heels trim;

*All dear Nature’s children sweet,
*Lie ’fore bride and bridegroom’s feet,
*Blessing their sense! [Strewing flowers.
*Not an angel of the air,²
*Bird melodious or bird fair,
*Be absent hence!

*The crow, the slanderous cuckoo, nor
*The boding raven, nor chough hoar,
*Nor chattering pie,

¹ The oxlip is a plant like the cowslip, but larger and stronger, and blooms in April and May. See vol. vii. page 216, note 17.
² Angel is here a Grecism; for messenger, as it was applied to birds of augury. In the Poet’s time the word was often used as equivalent to bird. In Massinger’s Virgin Martyr, the eagle is called “the Roman angel.”
May on our bride-house perch or sing,
Or with them any discord bring,
But from it fly!  

Enter three Queens, in black, with veils stained, and wearing imperial crowns. The first Queen falls down at the foot of Theseus; the second falls down at the foot of Hippolyta; the third before Emilia.

1 Queen. For pity's sake and true gentility's,
Hear, and respect me!

2 Queen. For your mother's sake,
And as you wish your womb may thrive with fair ones,
Hear, and respect me!

3 Queen. Now, for the love of him whom Jove hath mark'd
The honour of your bed, and for the sake
Of clear virginity, be advocate
For us and our distresses! This good deed
Shall raze you out o' the book of trespasses
All you are set down there.

Thes. Sad lady, rise.

Hip. Stand up.

Emi. No knees to me:

What woman I may stead that is distress'd
Does bind me to her.

Thes. What's your request? deliver you for all.

1 Queen. We are three queens, whose sovereigns fell before
The wrath of cruel Creon; who  endure
The beaks of ravens, talons of the kites,

8 Is the epithalamium broken off by the entrance of the Queens? It seems unfinished; and it is more natural, I think, that it should be interrupted. —Walker.

4 Who refers to sovereigns, not to queens.
And pecks of crows, in the foul field of Thebes:
He will not suffer us to burn their bones,
To urn their ashes, nor to take th' offence
Of mortal loathsomeness from the blest eye
Of holy Phœbus, but infects the winds
With stench of our slain lords. O, pity, Duke!
Thou purger of the Earth, draw thy fear'd sword,
That does good turns to th' world; give us the bones
Of our dead kings, that we may chapel them;
And, of thy boundless goodness, take some note
That for our crown'd heads we have no roof
Save this, which is the lion's and the bear's,
And vault to every thing!

Thes. Pray you, kneel not:
I was transported with your speech, and suffer'd
Your knees to wrong themselves. I've heard the fortunes
Of your dead lords, which gives me such lamenting
As wakes my vengeance and revenge for 'em.

King Capanēus was your lord: the day
That he should marry you, at such a season
As now it is with me, I met your groom
By Mars's altar: you were that time fair,
Not Juno's mantle fairer than your tresses,
Nor in more bounty spread; your wheaten wreath
Was then nor thresh'd nor blasted; Fortune at you
Dimpled her cheek with smiles; Hercules our kinsman—
Then weaker than your eyes—laid by his club;
He tumbled down upon his Nemean hide,
And swore his sinews thaw'd. O, grief and time,
Fearful consumers, you will all devour!

1 Queen. O, I hope some god,
Some god hath put his mercy in your manhood,
Whereto 5 he'll infuse power, and press you forth

5 Whereto here has the force of in addition to which. Shakespeare uses
Our undertaker!

_Thes._ O, no knees, none, widow!
Unto the helmeted Bellona use them,
And pray for me, your soldier. —
Troubled I am. [Turns away.

_2 Queen._ Honour'd Hippolyta,
Most dreaded Amazonian, that hast slain
The scythe-tusk'd boar; that, with thy arm as strong
As it is white,⁶ wast near to make the male
To thy sex captive, but that this thy lord —
Born to uphold creation in that honour
First Nature styled it in — shrunk thee into
The bound thou wast o'erflowing, at once subduing
Thy force and thy affection; soldieress,
That equally canst poise sternness with pity;
Who now, I know, hast much more power on him
Than e'er he had on thee; who owest⁷ his strength
And his love too, who⁸ is a servant to
The tenor of thy speech; dear glass⁹ of ladies,
Bid him that we, whom flaming War doth scorch,
Under the shadow of his sword may cool us;
Require him he advance it o'er our heads:
Speak't in a woman's key, like such a woman
As any of us three; weep ere you fail;
Lend us a knee;
But touch the ground for us no longer time
Than a dove's motion, when the head's pluck'd off;

_thereto_ in the same way. See vol. xviii. page 115, note ⁹. The sense of _I hope_ is continued over _he'll infuse, &c._

⁶ The construction is, "thy arm as strong as it is white."

⁷ _Owe_, as usual, for _have, own, or possess._

⁸ There is some confusion of relatives here. This _who_ must be understood as referring to _strength_. _Who_ and _which_ were often used indiscriminately. So in the Bible.

⁹ _Glass_ for _pattern or model_, as in _Hamlet_, "The glass of fashion."
Tell him, if he i' the blood-sized\(^{10}\) field lay swoln,
Showing the Sun his teeth, grinning at th' Moon,
What you would do!

_Hip._

Poor lady, say no more:
I had as lief trace\(^{11}\) this good action with you
As that whereto I'm going, and ne'er yet
Went I so willing way. My lord is taken
Heart-deep with your distress: let him consider;
I'll speak anon.

3 _Queen._ [To _Emilia._] O, my petition was
Set down in ice, which, by hot grief uncandied,\(^{12}\)
Melts into drops; so sorrow, wanting form,
Is press'd with deeper matter.\(^{13}\)

\(^{10}\) _Sised_, here, is _stained_ or _coated_; now used thus as a term in art. And
so in _Hamlet_, ii. 2: "Roasted in wrath and fire, and thus o'er-sised with
coagulate gore."

\(^{11}\) To _trace_ was sometimes used in the sense of to _follow._

\(^{12}\) _Uncandied_ is _thatved_, as _candied_ is _crystallized_. Shakespeare uses
discandy in the same sense. See vol. xvi. page 104, note 19.—Here I may
fitly quote from Mr. Hickson: "On one point all are agreed: That two
writers, of dissimilar and unequal powers, were engaged in this play, there
appears to be quite sufficient internal evidence. In illustration of this we
would call attention to the purely dramatic character of the first scene; a
scene merely suggested by Chaucer, from whom the story of the play is
taken. Whether we observe the pity of Theseus, giving the first intimation
of irresolution, his struggles against it, the arguments of the three Queens,
his expostulation, their appeal to Hippolyta and Emilia, and his final yield-
ing: or, passing these over, direct our observation to the nicely discrimi-
nated characters of the three Queens,—from the first, with her direct and
earnest appeal to Theseus, to the third, whose petition was 'set down in
ice, which, by hot grief uncandied, melts in drops,' &c.; from one whose
arguments are ever ready to combat every objection, to her whose sorrow
almost chokes her utterance,—whose 'extremity,' she complains, 'that
sharpens sundry wits' makes her 'a fool';—no doubt can remain upon the
mind, that it is the work of an experienced dramatist, of a delineator of
character; and that, looking to the germ that produced it, in point of mere
invention it must take high rank."

\(^{13}\) The meaning is rather obscure; but appears to be, "so sorrow be-
comes the deeper for having no fitting or adequate language to express
Emi. Pray, stand up:
Your grief is written in your cheek.

3 Queen. O, woe!
You cannot read it there; there, through my tears,
Like wrinkled pebbles in a glassy stream,
You may behold it. Lady, lady, alack,
He that will all the treasure know o' the Earth
Must know the centre too; he that will fish
For my least minnow, let him lead his line
To catch one at my heart. O, pardon me!
Extremity, that sharpens sundry wits,
Makes me a fool.

Emi. Pray you, say nothing; pray you:
Who cannot feel nor see the rain, being in't,
Knows neither wet nor dry. If that you were
The ground-piece of some painter, I would buy you,
T' instruct me 'gainst a capital grief indeed;—
Such heart-pierced demonstration!—but, alas,
Being a natural sister of our sex,
Your sorrow beats so ardently upon me,
That it shall make a counter-reflect 'gainst
My brother's heart, and warm it to some pity,
Though it were made of stone: pray, have good comfort.

Thes. Forward to th' temple! leave not out a jot
O' the sacred ceremony.

1 Queen. O, this celebration
Will longer last, and be more costly, than
Your suppliant's war! Remember that your fame

itself." So, in her next speech, she says, "Extremity, that sharpens sundry wits, makes me a fool."

14 Rather obscure again. Heath explains thus: "You cannot read my grief there in my countenance; indeed, you may behold it there dimly, and through a troubled medium, my tears, just like pebbles that appear wrinkled and distorted through the curling waters that cover them."
Knolls in the ear o’ the world: what you do quickly
Is not done rashly; your first thought is more
Than others’ labour’d meditate; your premeditating
More than their actions: but—O Jove!—your actions,
Soon as they move, as ospreys do the fish,
Subdue before they touch:15 think, dear Duke, think
What beds our slain kings have!

2 Queen. What grieves our beds,
That our dear lords have none!

3 Queen. None fit for th’ dead!
Those that with cords, knives, drams, precipance,16
Weary of this world’s light, have to themselves
Been death’s most horrid agents, human grace
Affords them dust and shadow.

1 Queen. But our lords
Lie blistering ’fore the visitating 17 Sun,
And were good kings when living.

Thes. ’Tis true; and I will give you comfort,
To give18 your dead lords graves: the which to do
Must make some work with Creon.

1 Queen. And that work now presents itself to th’ doing;
Now ’twill take form; the heats are gone to-morrow:
Then bootless toil must recompense itself
With its own sweat: now he’s secure,19

15 The osprey is the sea-eagle. Shakespeare has other allusions to its
supposed power of subduing fish as by magic or enchantment. See vol. xviii.
page 302, note 1.
16 Precipance here means throwing one’s self down a precipice.—Dram
is drug, poison.
17 Of course visitating is the same as visiting, which is repeatedly used
by the Poet in the sense of inspecting, surveying, or beholding. The form
visitating does not occur again in Shakespeare.
18 That is, by giving; the infinitive being here, as often, used gerundively.
See vol. vi. page 181, note 7.
19 Secure in the Latin sense; over-confident, negligent, unguarded. A
very frequent usage.
Nor dreams we stand before your puissance,
Rinsing our holy begging in our eyes,
To make petition clear.

2 Queen. Now you may take him
Drunk with his victory.

3 Queen. And his army full
Of bread and sloth.

Thes. Artesius, that best know'st
How to draw out, fit to this enterprise
The primest for this proceeding, and the number
To carry such a business; forth and levy
Our worthiest instruments; whilst we dispatch
This grand act of our life, this daring deed
Of fate in wedlock.

1 Queen. Dowagers, take hands;
Let us be widows to our woes; delay
Commends us to a famishing hope.

All the Queens. Farewell!

2 Queen. We come unseasonably; but when could grief
Cull forth, as unpang'd judgment can, fitt'st time
For best solicitation?

Thes. Why, good ladies,
This is a service, whereto I am going,
Greater than any war; it more imports 20 me
Than all the actions that I have foregone,
Or futurely can cope.

1 Queen. The more proclaiming
Our suit shall be neglected: when her arms,
Able to lock Jove from a synod, shall
By warranting moonlight corslet thee, O, when
Her twinning cherries shall their sweetness fall 21

20 "It more imports me" means "it is of more importance to me"; or it is of greater concernment. See vol. xvii. page 188, note 37.
21 Fall is here used transitively; let fall. Often so.
Upon thy tasteful lips, what wilt thou think
Of rotten kings or blubber'd queens? what care
For what thou feel'st not, what thou feel'st being able
To make Mars spurn his drum? O, if thou couch
But one night with her, every hour in't will
Take hostage of thee for a hundred, and
Thou shalt remember nothing more than what
That banquet bids thee to!

_Hip. [Kneeling._ Though much I like You should be so transported, as much sorry
I should be such a suitor; yet I think,
Did I not by th' abstaining of my joy,
Which breeds a deeper longing, cure their surfeit 22
That craves a present medicine, I should pluck
All ladies' scandal on me: therefore, sir,
As I shall here make trial of my prayers,
Either presuming them to have some force,
Or sentencing for aye their vigour dumb, 23
Prorogue this business we are going about, and hang
Your shield afore your heart, about that neck
Which is my fee, and which I freely lend
To do these poor queens service.

_All the Queens._ [To Emilia._ O, help now!
Our cause cries for your knee.

_Emi._ [Kneeling._ If you grant not
My sister her petition, in that force,
With that celerity and nature which
She makes it in, from henceforth I'll not dare
To ask you any thing, nor be so hardy
Ever to take a husband.

_Thes._ Pray, stand up: [They rise.

22 That is, their surfeit or _excess of sorrow._ Referring to the Queens.
23 Or _concluding_ them to be for ever _without force_, or no better than speechless.
I am entreatting of myself to do
That which you kneel to have me.— Pirithous,
Lead on the bride: get you and pray the gods
For success and return; omit not any thing
In the pretended [24] celebration.— Queens,
Follow your soldier.— [To Artesius.] As before, [25] hence you,
And at the banks of Ilissë [26] meet us with
The forces you can raise, where we shall find
The moiety of a number, for a business
More bigger-look’d.— Since that our theme is haste,
I stamp this kiss upon thy current lip; [Kisses Hippolyta.
Sweet, keep it as my token.— Set you forward;
For I will see you gone. — [Exit Artesius.
Farewell, my beauteous sister.— Pirithous,
Keep the feast full; bate not an hour on’t.

Pir.
Sir,
I’ll follow you at heels: the feast’s solemnity
Shall wait till your return.

Thes.
Cousin, I charge you
Budge not from Athens; we shall be returning
Ere you can end this feast, of which, I pray you,
Make no abatement.— Once more, farewell all.

[Hippolyta, Emilia, Pirithous, Hymen, Boy, Nymphs,
and Attendants enter the temple.

[24] Pretended for intended, the two being used interchangeably in the Poet’s time. See vol. xvii. page 53, note 51.
[25] That is, “As I said before.” Referring to his previous speech, where he ordered Artesius to draw out troops for the enterprise.
[26] Ilisse for Ilissus, the name of a small river in Attica, having its source in Mount Hymettus, and flowing through the east side of Athens. Readers of Milton can hardly forget the passage in Paradise Regained, iv. 247–50:

There flowery hill Hymettus, with the sound
Of bees’ industrious murmur, oft invites
To studious musing; there Ilissus rolls
His whispering stream.
SCENE II.  THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

1 Queen. Thus dost thou still make good
The tongue o' the world.

2 Queen. And earn'st a deity 27
Equal with Mars.

3 Queen. If not above him; for
Thou, being but mortal, makest affections bend
To godlike honours: they themselves, some say,
Groan under such a mastery.

This. As we are men,
Thus should we do; being sensually subdued,
We lose our human title. Good cheer, ladies!
Now turn we towards your comforts. 28 [Flourish. Exeunt.

SCENE II. — Thebes. The Court of the Palace.

Enter Palamon and Arcite.

Arc. Dear Palamon, dearer in love than blood,
And our prime cousin, yet unharden'd in
The crimes of nature; let us leave the city
Thebes, and the temptings in't, before we further

27 Deity for deification, apotheosis, or enrollment among the gods.

28 The first thing that seems to indicate the presence of the mind of Shakespeare, is the clearness with which, in the first scene, we are put in possession of the exact state of affairs at the opening of the play, without any circumlocution, or long-winded harangues, but naturally and dramatically. And, indeed, one of the most striking characteristics of Shakespeare is, if we may so express it, the downright honesty of his genius, that disdains anything like trick or mystery. This is almost peculiar to Shakespeare. Where, in his works, as much is revealed at the very opening as is necessary to the understanding of the plot, we find, in the works of other dramatists, as much kept back as possible; and we are continually greeted with some surprise, or startled with some unexpected turn in the conduct of the piece. Throughout the entire range of the plays of Shakespeare, there is not a single instance of a character turning up, in the unravelling of the plot, whose existence was not at least implied, and whose appearance might not reasonably be looked for. — HICKSON.
Sully our gloss of youth:
And here to keep in abstinence were shame
As in incontinence; for not to swim
I' the aid o' the current, were almost to sink,
At least to frustrate striving; and to follow
The common stream, 'twould bring us to an eddy
Where we should turn or drown; if labour through,
Our gain but life and weakness.

_Pal._
Your advice
Is cried up with example. What strange ruins,
Since first we went to school, may we perceive
Walking in Thebes! scars and bare weeds,
The gain o' the martialist, who did propound
To his bold ends honour and golden ingots,
Which, though he won, he had not; and now flurted
By peace, for whom he fought! Who, then, shall offer
To Mars's so-scorn'd altar? I do bleed
When such I meet, and wish great Juno would
Resume her ancient fit of jealousy,
To get the soldier work, that peace might purge
For her repletion, and reclaim anew
Her charitable heart, now hard, and harsher
Than strife or war could be.

_Arc._
Are you not out?
Meet you no ruin but the soldier in
The cranks and turns of Thebes? You did begin
As if you met decays of many kinds:
Perceive you none that do arouse your pity,
But th' unconsider'd soldier?

_Pal._
Yes; I pity

---

1 "To swim in the aid of the current" is, apparently, to swim as the current aids us; the opposite of swimming against the current.
2 _Flurt_ is an old form of _fert_; to snap the fingers at in derision.
3 _Cranks_ is windings or bendings. See vol. xviii. page 190, note 9.
Decays where'er I find them; but such most
That, sweating in an honourable toil,
Are paid with ice to cool 'em.

_Arc._  'Tis not this
I did begin to speak of; this is virtue
Of no respect in Thebes: I spake of Thebes,
How dangerous, if we will keep our honours,
It is for our residing; where every evil
Hath a good colour; where every seeming good's
A certain evil; where not to be even jump;
As they are here, were to be strangers, and
Such things to be mere monsters.

_Pal._  'Tis in our power —
Unless we fear that apes can tutor's — to
Be masters of our manners. What need I
Affect another's gait, which is not catching
Where there is faith? or to be fond upon
Another's way of speech, when by mine own
I may be reasonably conceived, saved too,
Speaking it truly? Why am I bound
By any generous bond to follow him
Follows his tailor, haply so long until
The follow'd make pursuit? or let me know
Why mine own barber is unblest, with him
My poor chin too, for 'tis not scissor'd just
To such a favourite's glass? what canon is there
That does command my rapier from my hip,
To dangle't in my hand, or to go tip-toe
Before the street be foul? Either I am

---

4 *Jump* is exactly, coincident with. See vol. xiv. page 147, note 14.
5 Alluding to the efficacy, real or supposed, of faith as an amulet against infection. In a moral sense the position is most true: he who has strong faith in truth and right is proof against the corrupting fashions and popularities of the day; is so shielded, that he can walk unharmed amid the moral infections of the time.
The fore-horse in the team, or I am none
That draw i' the sequent trace. These poor slight sores
Need not a plaintain; that which rips my bosom,
Almost to th' heart, 's—

Arc. Our uncle Creon.

Pal. He,

A most unbounded tyrant, whose successes
Make Heaven unfear'd, and villainy assured
Beyond its power there's nothing; almost puts
Faith in a fever, and deifies alone
Voluble chance; who only attributes
The faculties of other instruments
To his own nerves and act; commands men's service,
And what they win in't, boot and glory too;
That fears not to do harm; good dares not. Let
The blood of mine that's sib to him be suck'd
From me with leeches; let them break and fall
Off me with that corruption!

Arc. Clear-spirited cousin,

Let's leave his Court, that we may nothing share
Of his loud infamy; for our milk
Will relish of the pasture, and we must

6 The general idea seems to be, that the success and impunity of so bad
a man have the effect of persuading others that goodness is not the law of
the Divine administration; that Heaven either cares not for the right, or
has not the power to punish wrong.

7 Who is understood as the subject of puts, the clause being evidently in
the same construction with "who only attributes," &c. — Here, as often,
fever is used for sickness or disease in general, and is of course to be taken
in a moral sense: who almost builds his faith on falsehood and wrong.—
"Voluble chance" is uncertain, fickle, shifting, skittish fortune.

8 That is, ascribes or appropriates to himself all the virtue and fruit of
other men's actions; insists on their having no mind of their own, and serv-
ing but as the passive organs of his will. A masterly description of a tyrant!

9 Sib is an old word for kindred or kin. So the original form of our word
gossip was God-sib. See vol. vii. page 177, note 5.
Be vile or disobedient; not his kinsmen
In blood, unless in quality.

_Pal._ Nothing truer:
I think the echoes of his shames have deaf'd
The ears of heavenly justice: widows' cries
Descend again into their throats, and have not
Due audience of the gods.—Valerius!

_Enter Valerius._

_Val._ The King calls for you; yet be leaden-footed,
Till his great rage be off him: Phœbus, when
He broke his whipstock, and exclam'd against
The horses of the Sun, but whisper'd, to
The loudness of his fury.

_Pal._ Small winds shake him:
But what's the matter?

_Val._ Theseus—who where he threats appals—hath sent
Deadly defiance to him, and pronounces
Ruin to Thebes; who is at hand to seal
The promise of his wrath.

_Arc._ Let him approach:
But that we fear the gods in him, he brings not
A jot of terror to us: yet what man
Thirds his own worth ¹⁰—the case is each of ours—
When that his action's dregg'd with mind assured
'Tis bad he goes about?

_Pal._ Leave that unreason'd;
Our services stand now for Thebes, not Creon:
Yet, to be neutral to him were dishonour,
Rebellious to oppose; therefore we must
With him stand to the mercy of our fate,
Who hath bounded our last minute.

_Arc._ So we must.—

¹⁰ "What man is a third part of his true and proper self, when," &c.
Is't said this war's afoot? or it shall be, 
On fail of some condition?

Val. 'Tis in motion; 
Th' intelligence of State came in the instant 
With the defier.

Pal. Let's to th' King: were he 
A quarter-carrier of that honour which 
His enemy comes in, the blood we venture 
Should be as for our health; which were not spent, 
Rather laid out for purchase: 11 but, alas, 
Our hands advanced before our hearts, what will 
The fall o' the stroke do damage? 12

Arc. Let th' event, 
That never-erring arbitrator, tell us 
When we know all ourselves; and let us follow 
The becking of our chance. 13

[Exeunt.

SCENE III. — Before the Gates of Athens.

Enter Pirithous, Hippolyta, and Emilia.

Pir. No further!

Hip. Sir, farewell: repeat my wishes

11 Purchase for gain, profit, advantage. See page 12, note 4.
12 "When our hands are upheaved to strike, what hurt, what execution can our strokes do?"
13 The whole of the part of Palamon in this scene is strikingly characteristic of Shakespeare. Palamon is in a marked degree the superior of the two cousins; he has a strong will and an original understanding; whereas a string of negatives will give the character of Arcite. There appears to us, in this, something more than the mere difference of character; the one has a character, the other has none. And this, added to the difference we perceive in the measure and diction, leads us to a conclusion that possibly the reader may have anticipated. We think that either Shakespeare and Fletcher wrote the scene in conjunction, or that it was originally written by Fletcher, and afterwards revised and partly re-written by Shakespeare. From the entrance of Valerius, however, it appears to be entirely by the latter. — HICKSON.
To our great lord, of whose success I dare not
Make any timorous question; yet I wish him
Excess and overflow of power, an't might be,
To dare ill-dealing fortune.\(^1\) Speed to him;
Store never hurts good governors.

\textit{Pir.} \hspace{1cm} Though I know
His ocean needs not my poor drops, yet they
Must yield their tribute there. — My precious maid,
Those best affections that the Heavens infuse
In their best-temper pieces, keep enthroned
In your dear heart!

\textit{Emi.} \hspace{1cm} Thanks, sir. Remember me
To our all-royal brother; for whose speed\(^2\)
The great Bellona I'll solicit; and
Since, in our terrene state, petitions are not
Without gifts understood, I'll offer to her
What I shall be advised she likes. Our hearts
Are in his army, in his tent.

\textit{Hip.} \hspace{1cm} In's bosom.
We have been soldiers, and we cannot weep
When our friends don their helms, or put to sea,
Or tell of babes broach'd on the lance, or women that
Have sod their infants in the brine they wept
At killing 'em, and after eat them: then, if
You stay to see of us such spinsters, we
Should hold you here for ever.

\textit{Pir.} \hspace{1cm} Peace be to you,

\(^1\) The words \textit{excess and overflow of power} relate not to the success of
Theseus just before mentioned, but to the reinforcement Pirithous was on
the point of leading to join his army. And the sense is, “Though I dare
not question the success of my lord even with the troops he has, yet I wish
him rather excess and overflow of power, more force than is necessary, that,
if possible, he may defy fortune to disappoint him.” — \textit{Heath}.

\(^2\) \textit{Speed}, here, is \textit{success} or \textit{good fortune}. So the old writers not unfre-
quently use it. And so in the phrase still current; “God \textit{speed you}.”
As I pursue this war! which shall be then
Beyond further requiring. 3

_Emi._

How his longing
Follows his friend! since his depart, his sports, 4
Though craving seriousness and skill, pass’d slightly
His careless execution, where nor gain
Made him regard, or loss consider; but
Playing one business in his hand, another
Directing in his head, his mind nurse equal
To these so differing twins. Have you observed him
Since our great lord departed?

_Hip._

With much labour;
And I did love him for’t. They two have cabin’d
In many as dangerous as poor a corner,
Peril and want contending; they have skiff’d
Torrents whose roaring tyranny and power
I’ the least of these was dreadful; 5 and they have
Fought out together, where death’s self was lodged;
Yet fate hath brought them off. Their knot of love
Tied, weaved, entangled, with so true, so long,
And with a finger of so deep a cunning, 6
May be out-worn, never undone. I think
Theseus cannot be umpire to himself,
Cleaving his conscience into twain, and doing
Each side like justice, which he loves best. 7

---

8 This passage is oddly expressed; but the meaning is, “Peace be to you as long as I pursue this war! when that is ended, we shall not need to pray for it.” — MASON.

4 Depart for departure. Shakespeare has many words shortened in a similar way. — The first his refers to friend, the other to Pirithous.

5 That is, they have passed in as light bark over torrents whose roaring tyranny and power, even when at the minimum of fury, was dreadful. — WEBER.

6 Cunning in its old sense of skill. The construction is, “with a finger so true, so long, and of so deep a cunning.”

7 Hippolyta’s meaning seems to be, that Theseus, dividing his conscience
Emi. Doubtless.
There is a best, and reason has no manners
To say it is not you. I was acquainted
Once with a time, when I enjoy'd a playfellow:
You were at wars when she the grave enrich'd,
Who made too proud the bed, took leave o' the Moon—
Which then look'd pale at parting—when our count
Was each eleven.8

Hip. 'Twas Flavina.

Emi. Yes.
You talk of Pirithous' and Theseus' love:
Theirs has more ground, is more maturely season'd,
More buckled with strong judgment, and their needs
The one of th' other may be said to water
Their intertangled roots of love; but I,
And she I sigh'd and spoke of, were things innocent,
Loved for we did,9 and, like the elements
That know not what nor why, yet do effect
Rare issues by their operance, our souls
Did so to one another: what she liked
Was then of me approved; what not, condemn'd,
No more arraignment:10 the flower that I would pluck
And put between my breasts,—then but beginning
To swell about the blossom,—she would long
Till she had such another, and commit it
To the like innocent cradle, where, phoenix-like,
They died in perfume; on my head no toy

between his bride and his friend, and trying his best to be impartial, cannot
judge or decide for himself, which of the two he loves most.
8 Meaning, simply, "when we were each eleven years of age."
9 That is, loved because we loved, and not because we knew of any reason
for doing so. What is sometimes called "a woman's reason."
10 Her not liking a thing was enough to condemn it, without any further
arraignment or trial.
But was her pattern; her affections — pretty,
Though happily her careless wear — I follow’d
For my most serious decking: had mine ear
Stol’n some new air, or at adventure humm’d one
From musical coinage, why, it was a note
Whereon her spirits would sojourn, — rather dwell on, —
And sing it in her slumbers. This rehearsal —
Which, every innocent wots well, comes in
Like old importment’s bastard — has this end,
That the true love ’tween maid and maid may be
More than in sex dividual.

_Hip._
You’re out of breath;
And this high-speeded pace is but to say,
That you shall never, like the maid Flavina,
Love any that’s call’d man.

_Emi._
I’m sure I shall not.

_Hip._ Now, alack, weak sister,
I must no more believe thee in this point —
Though in’t I know thou dost believe thyself —
Than I will trust a sickly appetite,
That loathes even as it longs. But, sure, my sister,
If I were ripe for your persuasion, you
Have said enough to shake me from the arm
Of the all-noble Theseus; for whose fortunes
I will now in and kneel, with great assurance

11 “Her affections” is her likings, the things she fancied or affected.—
“But was her pattern” means “but was patterned after her.”
12 “Musical coinage” is what we call _improvised music._
13 “Like old importment’s bastard” seems to mean, like a _false image_
or _semblance_ of the old _meaning_ or _import_. Weber explains the passage as
follows: “This rehearsal of our affections (which every innocent soul well
knows comes in like the mere bastard, the faint shadow of the true import,
the real extent of our natural affections) has this end or purpose, to prove
that the love between two virgins may be stronger than that between persons
of different sexes.”
That we, more than his Pirithous, possess
The high throne in his heart.

_Emi._ I am not
Against your faith; yet I continue mine.  

_[Exeunt._

SCENE IV.—_A Field before Thebes._ Dead bodies lying on
the ground; among them Palamon and Arcite.

_A battle struck within; then a retreat; then a flourish._

_Then enter Theseus, Victor, Herald, and Attendants._

_The three Queens meet Theseus, and fall on their faces
before him._

1_Queen._ To thee no star be dark!

2_Queen._ Both Heaven and Earth
Friend thee for ever!

3_Queen._ All the good that may
Be wish'd upon thy head, I cry Amen to't!

_Thes._ Th' impartial gods, who from the mounted heavens
View us their mortal herd, behold who err,
And in their time chastise. Go, and find out
The bones of your dead lords, and honour them

---

14 Of the third scene it will be sufficient to say, that in its introduction is
manifest the judgment of Shakespeare. It shows the precise line of dis-
tinction, in one particular, between him and an ordinary writer. The
friendship of Theseus and Pirithous becomes a natural introduction to the
subject of friendship in general, and female friendship in particular; and,
in this light, the character of Emilia is shown so simple, so pure, yet so
serving, that we justify and account for her irresolution, and inability to
decide between the rivals, both of whom she admires, without actually
loving either. It is a scene, in fact, necessary to that perfection of character,
and consistency of purpose, which but one writer of the age attained. Struck
out, the play would still be intelligible, as no part of the action would thereby
be lost. But Emilia would straightway sink into one of those conventional
characters that strange circumstances throw into the power of the drama-
ist; and, judged by any other than his own peculiar standard, would
certainly have little claim upon our respect.—_HICKSON._
With treble ceremony: rather than a gap
Should be in their dear rites, we would supply't.
But those we will depute which shall invest
You in your dignities, and even each thing
Our haste does leave imperfect. So, adieu,
And Heaven's good eyes look on you! — [Exeunt Queens.

What are those?

_Herald._ Men of great quality, as may be judged
By their appointment;² some of Thebes have told's
They're sisters' children, nephews to the King.

_Thes._ By th' helm of Mars, I saw them in the war —
Like to a pair of lions smear'd with prey —
Make lanes in troops aghast: I fix'd my note
Constantly on them; for they were a mark
Worth a god's view. What was't that prisoner told me,
When I inquired their names?

_Herald._ We learn they're call'd
Arcite and Palamon.

_Thes._ 'Tis right; those, those.
They are not dead?

_Herald._ Nor in a state of life: had they been taken
When their last hurts were given, 'twas possible
They might have been recover'd; yet they breathe,
And have the name of men.

_Thes._ Then like men use 'em:
The very lees of such, millions of rates
Exceed the wine of others: all our surgeons
Convent in their behoof; our richest balms,
Rather than niggard, waste: their lives concern us
Much more than Thebes is worth: rather than have 'em
Freed of this plight, and in their morning state,

---

1 To even a thing is to finish it, to set it right, to make it go in accordance or even with the purpose. See vol. iv. page 25, note a.

2 Appointment is equipment or accoutrement. Often so.
Sound and at liberty, I would 'em dead;  
But, forty thousand fold, we had rather have 'em  
Prisoners to us than death. Bear 'em speedily  
From our kind air, — to them unkind, — and minister  
What man to man may do; for our sake, more.  
Since I have known fight's fury, friends' behests,  
Love's provocations, zeal in misery's task,  
Desire of liberty, a fever, madness,  
Sickness in will, or wrestling strength in reason,  
They've set a mark which nature could not reach to,  
Without some imposition. For our love,  
And great Apollo's mercy, all our best  
Their best skill tender! Lead into the city;  
Where, having bound things scatter'd, we will post  
To Athens 'fore our army.  

[Flourish. Exeunt; Attendants carrying Palamon  
and Arcite.]

8 Imposition is injunction, order, any thing imposed. "Sickness in will" is not used here in a sense implying weakness, but rather the reverse, — morbid action; and in antithesis to the healthy strugglings of vigorous reason. The idea running through the passage seems to be, that the several things mentioned, from "fight's fury" to "strength in reason," all crave or aim at something higher than man's natural powers can accomplish, unless specially stimulated thereto by moral and religious incitements. So Theseus proceeds to urge upon his subordinates "our love and great Apollo's mercy," as motives for outdoing themselves in order to effect the matter in question.

4 The fourth scene, in which Theseus returns victor, bears the marks of Shakespeare's hand too strongly to be mistaken. The internal evidence of the fifth scene, which is a dirge, is not so strong; it is the only scene throughout the entire play with regard to which we entertain doubt; but we incline to the belief that it is by Shakespeare. The concluding couplet is probably better known than the source from whence it sprung. — Hickson.
Scene V. — Another Part of the Field, more remote from Thebes.

Enter the three Queens with the hearse of their Husbands in a funeral solemnity, &c.

Song.

Urns and odours bring away!
Vapours, sighs, darken the day!
Our dole more deadly looks than dying;
Balms, and gums, and heavy cheers,\(^5\)
Sacred vials fill'd with tears,
And clamours through the wide air flying!

Come, all sad and solemn shows,
That are quick-eyed pleasure's foes!
We convert nought else but woes;
We convert, &c.

3 Queen. This funeral path brings to your household's grave:
Joy seize on you again! Peace sleep with him!
2 Queen. And this to yours.
1 Queen. Yours this way. Heavens lend
A thousand differing ways to one sure end.
3 Queen. This world's a city full of straying streets,
And death's the market-place, where each one meets.

[Exeunt severally.

\(^5\) Cheer is countenance, aspect, look. See vol. iii. page 181, note 45.
ACT II.

SCENE I.—Athens. A Garden, with a Castle in the background.

Enter Jailer and Wooer.

Jailer. I may depart 1 with little, while I live; something I may cast to you, not much. Alas, the prison I keep, though it be for great ones, yet they seldom come: before one salmon, you shall take a number of minnows. I am given out to be better lined than it can appear to me report is a true speaker: I would I were really that I am delivered to be. Marry, what I have—be it what it will—I will assure upon my daughter at the day of my death.

Wooer. Sir, I demand no more than your own offer; and I will estate your daughter in what I have promised.

Jailer. Well, we will talk more of this when the solemnity is past. But have you a full promise of her? when that shall be seen, I tender my consent.

Wooer. I have, sir. Here she comes.

Enter Jailer's Daughter with strewings.

Jailer. Your friend and I have chanced to name you here upon the old business; but no more of that now: so soon as the court-hurry is over, we will have an end of it: i' the mean time, look tenderly to the two prisoners; I can tell you they are princes.

Daugh. These strewings are for their chamber. 'Tis pity they are in prison, and 'twere pity they should be out. I do think they have patience to make any adversity ashamed:

1 Depart for part; the two being used interchangeably. See vol. x. page 40, note 58.
the prison itself is proud of 'em; and they have all the world
in their chamber.

Jailer. They are famed to be a pair of absolute men.

Daugh. By my troth, I think fame but stammers 'em; they stand a grise above the reach of report.

Jailer. I heard them reported in the battle to be the only doers.

Daugh. Nay, most likely; for they are noble sufferers. I marvel how they would have looked, had they been victors, that with such a constant nobility enforce a freedom out of bondage, making misery their mirth, and affliction a toy to jest at.

Jailer. Do they so?

Daugh. It seems to me they have no more sense of their captivity than I of ruling Athens: they eat well, look merrily, discourse of many things, but nothing of their own restraint and disasters. Yet sometime a divided sigh, martyred as 'twere i' the deliverance, will break from one of them; when the other presently gives it so sweet a rebuke, that I could wish myself a sigh to be so chid, or at least a sigher to be comforted.

Wooer. I never saw 'em.

Jailer. The Duke himself came privately in the night, and so did they: what the reason of it is, I know not.

Palamon and Arcite appear at a window of a tower.

Look, yonder they are! that's Arcite looks out.

Daugh. No, sir, no; that's Palamon: Arcite is the lower of the twain; you may perceive a part of him.

Jailer. Go to! leave your pointing: they would not make us their object: out of their sight!

2 Absolute for finished or perfect. See page 65, note 6.
3 Grise is step or degree. See vol. xv, page 255, note 6.
4 The Jailer is giving the reason why the wooer had not seen the prisoners: Theseus came to Athens in the night, and they with him.
Daugh. It is a holiday to look on them. Lord, the difference of men!

[Exeunt.

*Scene II. — A Room in the Prison.

*Enter Palamon and Arcite.

*Pal. How do you, noble cousin?
*Arc. How do you, sir?
*Pal. Why, strong enough to laugh at misery,
*And bear the chance of war yet. We are prisoners,
*I fear, for ever, cousin.
*Arc. I believe it;
*And to that destiny have patiently
*Laid up my hour to come.
*Pal. O, cousin Arcite,
*Where is Thebes now? where is our noble country?

It is our settled conviction that this scene was written by Shakespeare. In the first place, the scene is in prose; and although Shakespeare frequently writes long scenes of this kind in prose, Fletcher seldom or never does so. In the next place, there is not a single gross word or thought in the whole scene; and, indeed, nothing can be more delicately managed. Moreover, it seems certain that this scene could not have been written by the writer of the following one, which is allowed by all to be by Fletcher: for, although, in the first scene, the Jailer’s Daughter says, distinctly enough, “They have no more sense of their captivity than I of ruling Athens: they eat well, look merrily, discourse of many things, but nothing of their own restraint and disasters”; in the second scene, they are represented as the reverse of all this, and discoursing of nothing but “their own restraint and disasters.” The arrangement of the scene is Shakespeare’s: it is quite in his manner to commence, as it does, in the very middle of the conversation between the Jailer and his daughter’s suitor. Shakespeare never gives us occasion to say, with Sneer in The Critic, “How came he not to ask that question before?” In the following scene by Fletcher, when the two cousins begin by asking each other how they do, Sneer’s question does rise to our lips. The style of composition is quite of the same character as we find in such plays as The Winter’s Tale, where prose is used in scenes of a serious nature.—HICKSON.
Where are our friends and kindreds? Never more
Must we behold those comforts; never see
The hardy youths strive for the games of honour,
Hung with the painted favours of their ladies,
Like tall ships under sail; then start amongst 'em,
And, as an east wind, leave 'em all behind us
Like lazy clouds, whilst Palamon and Arcite,
Even in the wagging of a wanton leg,
Outstripp'd the people's praises, won the garlands,
Ere they had time to wish 'em ours. O, never
Shall we two exercise, like twins of honour,
Our arms again, and feel our fiery horses
Like proud seas under us! Our good swords now,—
Better the red-eyed god of war ne'er ware,—
Ravish'd our sides, like age, must run to rust,
And deck the temples of those gods that hate us;
These hands shall never draw 'em out like lightning,
To blast whole armies, more!

Arc. No, Palamon,
Those hopes are prisoners with us: here we are,
And here the graces of our youths must wither,
Like a too-timely Spring; here age must find us,
And, which is heaviest, Palamon, unmarried;
The sweet embraces of a loving wife,
Loaden with kisses, arm'd with thousand Cupids,
Shall never clasp our necks; no issue know us,
No figures of ourselves shall we e'er see,
To glad our age, and like young eagles teach 'em
Boldly to gaze against bright arms, and say
Remember what your fathers were, and conquer!
The fair-eyed maids shall weep our banishments,
And in their songs curse ever-blinded Fortune,
Till she for shame see what a wrong she has done
To youth and nature. This is all our world;
We shall know nothing here but one another;
Hear nothing but the clock that tells our woes:
The vine shall grow, but we shall never see it;
Summer shall come, and with her all delights,
But dead-cold Winter must inhabit here still.

*Pal. 'Tis too true, Arcite. To our Theban hounds,
That shook the aged forest with their echoes,
No more now must we holla; no more shake
Our pointed javelins, whilst the angry swine
Flies like a Parthian quiver from our rages,
Stuck with our well-steel'd darts: all valiant uses—
The food and nourishment of noble minds—
In us two here shall perish; we shall die—
Which is the curse of honour—lazily,
Children of grief and ignorance.

*Arc. Yet, cousin,
Even from the bottom of these miseries,
From all that fortune can inflict upon us,
I see two comforts rising, two mere 2 blessings,
If the gods please to hold here,—a brave patience,
And the enjoying of our griefs together.
Whilst Palamon is with me, let me perish
If I think this our prison!

*Pal. Certainly
'Tis a main goodness, cousin, that our fortunes
Were twined together: 'tis most true, two souls
Put in two noble bodies, let 'em suffer
The gall of hazard, so they grow together,
Will never sink; they must not; say they could,
A willing man dies sleeping, and all's done.

*Arc. Shall we make worthy uses of this place,
That all men hate so much?

1 That is, a wild-boar stuck as full of arrows as a Parthian quiver.
2 Here, as often, mere is absolute, entire; a sense near akin to pure.
*Pal.

*Arc. Let's think this prison holy sanctuary,
*To keep us from corruption of worse men:
*We're young, and yet desire the ways of honour,
*That liberty and common conversation,
*The poison of pure spirits, might, like women,
*Woo us to wander from. What worthy blessing
*Can be, but our imaginations
*May make it ours? and here being thus together,
*We are an endless mine to one another;
*We're one another's wife, ever begetting
*New births of love; we're father, friends, acquaintance;
*We are, in one another, families;
*I am your heir, and you are mine: this place
*Is our inheritance; no hard oppressor
*Dare take this from us: here, with a little patience,
*We shall live long, and loving; no surfeits seek us;
*The hand of war hurts none here, nor the seas
*Swallow their youth. Were we at liberty,
*A wife might part us lawfully, or business;
*Quarrels consume us; envy of ill men
*Grave our acquaintance; I might sicken, cousin,
*Where you should never know it, and so perish
*Without your noble hand to close mine eyes,
*Or prayers to the gods: a thousand chances,
*Were we from hence, would sever us.

*Pal.

You've made me—
*I thank you, cousin Arcite—almost wanton
*With my captivity: what a misery
*It is to live abroad, and everywhere!
*Tis like a beast, methinks: I find the Court here,

8 Meaning, bury our acquaintance, or be its grave, its death. So in Timon of Athens, iv. 3: "And ditches grave you all."
I’m sure, a more content; and all those pleasures
That woo the wills of men to vanity
I see through now; and am sufficient
To tell the world ’tis but a gaudy shadow,
That old Time, as he passes by, takes with him.
What had we been, old in the Court of Creon,
Where sin is justice, lust and ignorance
The virtues of the great ones? Cousin Arcite,
Had not the loving gods found this place for us,
We had died as they do, ill old men, unwept,
And had their epitaphs, the people’s curses.
Shall I say more?

Arc.
I’d hear you still.

Pal.
Ye shall.

Is there record of any two that loved
Better than we do, Arcite?

Arc.
Sure, there cannot.

Pal. I do not think it possible our friendship
Should ever leave us.

Arc.
Till our deaths it cannot;
And after death our spirits shall be led
To those that love eternally. Speak on, sir.

Enter Emilia and Waiting-woman below.

Emi. This garden has a world of pleasures in’t.\(^5\)
What flower is this?

Wait. ’Tis call’d narcissus, madam.

Emi. That was a fair boy certain, but a fool.

To love himself: were there not maids enough?

\(^4\) A greater contentment than the Court could yield. More in the sense of greater occurs repeatedly. See page 58, note 4.

\(^5\) Emilia is supposed to be now in the same position, relatively to the prisoners, as the Jailer and the Wooer were in the preceding scene; that is, in a garden overlooked by the prison.
*Arc. Pray, forward.  
*Pal. Yes.  
*Emi. Or were they all hard-hearted?  
*Wait. They could not be to one so fair.  
*Emi. Thou wouldst not.  
*Wait. I think I should not, madam.  
*Emi. That's a good wench!

*But take heed to your kindness though!  
*Wait. Why, madam?  
*Emi. Men are mad things.  
*Arc. Will ye go forward, cousin?  
*Emi. Canst not thou work such flowers in silk, wench?  
*Wait. Yes.  
*Emi. I'll have a gown full of 'em; and of these;  
*This is a pretty colour: will't not do  
*Rarely upon a skirt, wench?  
*Wait. Dainty, madam.  
*Arc. Cousin, cousin! how do you, sir? why, Palamon!  
*Pal. Never till now I was in prison, Arcite.  
*Arc. Why, what's the matter, man?  
*Pal. Behold, and wonder!

*By Heaven, she is a goddess!  
*Arc. Ha!  
*Pal. Do reverence;  
*She is a goddess, Arcite!  
*Emi. Of all flowers,  
*Methinks, a rose is best.  
*Wait. Why, gentle madam?  
*Emi. It is the very emblem of a maid:  
*For, when the west wind courts her gently,  
*How modestly she blows, and paints the sun

6 "Proceed with what you were going to say." Palamon, instead of speaking, as he had intended, stands mute with wonder. So afterwards: "Will ye go forward, Cousin?"
SCENE II. THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

*With her chaste blushes! when the north comes near her,
*Rude and impatient, then, like chastity,
*She locks her beauties in her bud again,
*And leaves him to base briers.
  *Wait. Yet, good madam,
*Sometimes her modesty will blow so far
*She falls for it: a maid,
*If she have any honour, would be loth
*To take example by her.
  *Emi. Thou art wanton.
  *Arc. She's wondrous fair!
  *Pal. She's all the beauty extant!
  *Emi. The Sun grows high; let's walk in. Keep these
    *flowers;
*We'll see how near art can come to their colours.
*I'm wondrous merry-hearted; I could laugh now.
  *Wait. I could lie down, I'm sure.
  *Emi. And take one with you?
  *Wait. That's as we bargain, madam.
  *Emi. Well, agree then.
  *[Exit with Waiting-woman.

*Pal. What think you of this beauty?
  *Arc. 'Tis a rare one.
  *Pal. Is't but a rare one?
  *Arc. Yes, a matchless beauty.
  *Pal. Might not a man well lose himself, and love her?
  *Arc. I cannot tell what you have done; I have,
*Beshrew mine eyes for't! Now I feel my shackles.
  *Pal. You love her, then?
  *Arc. Who would not?
  *Pal. And desire her?
  *Arc. Before my liberty.
  *Pal. I saw her first.
  *Arc. That's nothing.
*Pal. But it shall be.

*Arc. I saw her too.

*Pal. Yes; but you must not love her.

*Arc. I will not, as you do, to worship her,

As she is heavenly and a blessèd goddess;

*I love her as a woman, to enjoy her:

*So both may love.

*Pal. You shall not love at all.

*Arc. Not love at all! who shall deny me?

*Pal. I, that first saw her; I, that took possession

*First with mine eye of all those beauties in her

*Reveal'd to mankind. If thou lovèst her,

Or entertain'st a hope to blast my wishes,

Thou art a traitor, Arcite, and a fellow

*False as thy title to her: friendship, blood,

*And all the ties between us, I disclaim,

*If thou once think upon her!

*Arc. Yes, I love her;

*And, if the lives of all my name lay on it,

*I must do so; I love her with my soul.

*If that I will lose ye, farewell, Palamon! I say

*Again, I love her; and, in loving her, maintain

*I am as worthy and as free a lover,

*And have as just a title to her beauty,

*As any Palamon, or any living

*That is a man's son.

*Pal. Have I call'd thee friend?

*Arc. Yes, and have found me so. Why are you moved

*thus?

*Let me deal coldly with you: Am not I

*Part of your blood, part of your soul? you've told me

*That I was Palamon, and you were Arcite.

*Pal. Yes.

*Arc. Am not I liable to those affections,
SCENE II. THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN. 171

*Those joys, griefs, angers, fears, my friend shall suffer?
*Pal. Ye may be.
*Arc. Why, then, would you deal so cunningly,
*So strangely, so unlike a noble kinsman,
*To love alone? Speak truly: do you think me
*Unworthy of her sight?
*Pal. No; but unjust
*If thou pursue that sight.
*Arc. Because another
*First sees the enemy, shall I stand still,
*And let mine honour down, and never charge?
*Pal. Yes, if he be but one.
*Arc. But say that one
*Had rather combat me?
*Pal. Let that one say so,
*And use thy freedom: else, if thou pursuest her,
*Be as that cursèd man that hates his country,
*A branded villain!
*Arc. You are mad.
*Pal. I must be,
*Till thou art worthy, Arcite; it concerns me;
*And, in this madness, if I hazard thee
*And take thy life, I deal but truly.
*Arc. Fie, sir!
*You play the child extremely: I will love her,
*I must, I ought to do so, and I dare;
*And all this justly.
*Pal. O, that now, that now
*Thy false self and thy friend had but this fortune,
*To be one hour at liberty, and grasp
*Our good swords in our hands! I'd quickly teach thee
*What 'twere to filch affection from another!
*Thou art baser in it than a cutpurse:
*Put but thy head out of this window more,
*And, as I have a soul, I'll nail thy life to't!
*Aec. Thou darest not, fool; thou canst not; thou art 
*feeble.
*Put my head out! I'll throw my body out,
*And leap the garden, when I see her next,
*And pitch between her arms, to anger thee.
*Pal. No more! the keeper's coming: I shall live
*To knock thy brains out with my shackles.
*Aec. 

*Enter Jailer.

*Jailer. By your leave, gentlemen.
*Pal. Now, honest keeper?
*Jailer. Lord Arcite, you must presently to th' Duke:
*The cause I know not yet.
*Aec. I'm ready, keeper.
*Jailer. Prince Palamon, I must awhile bereave you 
*Of your fair cousin's company.
*Pal. And me too,
*Even when you please, of life.—

*Exeunt Jailer and Arcite.

*Why is he sent for?

*It may be, he shall marry her; he's goodly,
*And like enough the Duke hath taken notice 
*Both of his blood and body. But his falsehood! 
*Why should a friend be treacherous? if that 
*Get him a wife so noble and so fair,
*Let honest men ne'er love again. Once more

7 Upon this part of the scene, Weber remarks as follows: "There is considerable difficulty how the conversation of the Jailer is to be carried on. In the ancient theatres this was easily accomplished by the platform of the stage representing a garden, and the permanent gallery at the back, the inside of the tower in which Palamon and Arcite were immured." Dyce says "the two prisoners were no doubt supposed to appear at the window; and in all probability they entered on the raised platform or upper-stage. It is most probable that the Jailer entered there also."
I would but see this fair one. — Blessèd garden,
And fruit and flowers more blessèd, that still blossom
As her bright eyes shine on ye! Would I were,
For all the fortune of my life hereafter,
Yon little tree, yon blooming apricot!
How I would spread, and fling my wanton arms
In at her window! I would bring her fruit
Fit for the gods to feed on; youth and pleasure,
Still as she tasted, should be doubled on her;
And, if she be not heavenly, I would make her
So near the gods in nature, they should fear her;
And then I'm sure she would love me.—

*Re-enter Jailer.

*How now, keeper!

Where's Arcite?

*Jailer. Banish'd. Prince Pirithous
Obtain'd his liberty; but never more,
Upon his oath and life, must he set foot
Upon this kingdom.

*Pal. [Aside.] He's a blessèd man!

He shall see Thebes again, and call to arms
The bold young men that, when he bids 'em charge,
Fall on like fire: Arcite shall have a fortune,
If he dare make himself a worthy lover,
Yet in the field to strike a battle for her;
And, if he lose her then, he's a cold coward.
How bravely may he bear himself to win her,
If he be noble Arcite, thousand ways!
Were I at liberty, I would do things
Of such a virtuous greatness, that this lady,
This blushing virgin, should take manhood to her,
And seek to ravish me.

*Jailer. My lord, for you
*I have this charge too —
*Pal. To discharge my life?
*Jailer. No; but from this place to remove your lordship:
*The windows are too open.
*Pal. Devils take 'em
*That are so envious to me! Pr'ythee, kill me.
*Jailer. And hang for't afterward?
*Pal. By this good light,
*Had I a sword, I'd kill thee.
*Jailer. Why, my lord?
*Pal. Thou bring'st such pelting \(^8\) scurvy news continually,
*Thou art not worthy life. I will not go.
*Jailer. Indeed, you must, my lord.
*Pal. May I see the garden?
*Jailer. No.
*Pal. Then I'm resolved I will not go.
*Jailer. I must
*Constrain you, then; and, for you're dangerous,
*I'll clap more irons on you.
*Pal. Do, good keeper:
*I'll shake 'em so, ye shall not sleep;
*I'll make ye a new morris.\(^9\) Must I go?
*Jailer. There is no remedy.
*Pal. [Aside.] Farewell, kind window;
*May rude wind never hurt thee!—O my lady,
*If ever thou hast felt what sorrow was,
*Dream how I suffer!—Come, now bury me.\(^{10}\) [Exeunt.

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\(^8\) *Pelting* is *paltry, contemptible*. See vol. xvi. page 305, note 32.

\(^9\) *Morris* is here put for what was called a *morris-dance*, which seems to have been a rather noisy exercise. See vol. iv. page 46, note 5.

\(^{10}\) In this scene, we find the two noble kinsmen, united in the closest bonds of friendship, proving their triumph over the hard lot that had befallen them by the consolations of philosophy. They persuade themselves that their friendship is all in all; that, though they may never know "the sweet embraces of a loving wife," they are "one another's wife"; they are
Scene III. — The Country near Athens.

Enter Arcite.

Arc. Banish'd the kingdom? 'tis a benefit,
A mercy, I must thank 'em for; but banish'd
The free enjoying of that face I die for,
O, 'twas a studied punishment, a death
Beyond imagination! such a vengeance,
That, were I old and wicked, All my sins
Could never pluck upon me. — Palamon,
Thou hast the start now: thou shalt stay, and see
Her bright eyes break each morning 'gainst thy window,
And let in life unto thee; thou shalt feed

"father, friends, acquaintance": that, were they at liberty, "a wife might part," or "quarrels consume," or "a thousand chances would sever" them. There is something very touching in this description of their friendship. And when we regard the one chance in the thousand that actually does sever them, and the dispute between them that ensues, we feel at once that it is an incident susceptible of considerable dramatic effect. Yet, with all its beautiful poetry, it does not exhibit dramatic power. Between the characters of Palamon and Arcite there is positively no distinction; and the speeches of one might be given to the other without the least injury to the plot. There is, however, a marked distinction between their characters in the first scene in which they appear, where Palamon is manifestly the superior. Arcite is anxious to "leave the city, Thebes, and the temptings in it," before they sully their "gloss of youth." Palamon has more reliance in himself. If the latter leave Thebes, it will not be because there "every evil hath a good colour," "every seeming good's a certain evil"; — "'tis in our power," says he, "to be masters of our manners"; — "these poor slight sores need not a plantain"; — and, after an eloquent and indignant protest against the successes of the tyrant, Creon, when news is brought of the defiance of Theseus, he pithily and patriotically replies to the qualms of Arcite as to the justice of their quarrel, "leave that unreason'd; our services stand now for Thebes, not Creon." — There can be no doubt of the fact, that in the above scenes we are considering the work of different writers, in which the individuality of character drawn by one author was not preserved by the other. It is further obvious, that the one writer was a delineator of character, and the other not so. — HICKSON.
*Upon the sweetness of her noble beauty,
*That Nature ne'er exceeded, nor ne'er shall.
*Good gods, what happiness has Palamon!
*Twenty to one, he'll come to speak to her;
*And, if she be as gentle as she's fair,
*I know she's his; he has a tongue will tame
*Tempeets, and make the wild rocks wanton. Come what
can come,
The worst is death; I will not leave the kingdom:
*I know mine own is but a heap of ruins,
*And no redress there: if I go, he has her.
*I am resolved: another shape shall make me,¹
*Or end my fortunes; either way, I'm happy:
*I'll see her, and be near her, or no more.

*Enter four Countrymen; one with a garland before them.

  *1 Coun. My masters, I'll be there, that's certain.
  *2 Coun. And I'll be there.
  *3 Coun. And I.
  *4 Coun. Why, then have with ye, boys! 'tis but a chiding:

*Let the plough play to-day; I'll tickle't out
*Of the jades' tails to-morrow.

  *1 Coun. I am sure
*To have my wife as jealous as a turkey:
*But that's all one; I'll go through, let her mumble.
  *2 Coun. Clap her aboard to-morrow night, and stow her,
*And all's made up again.

  *3 Coun. Ay, do but put
*A fescue² in her fist, and you shall see her

¹ That is, set me up, or make my fortune; the opposite of what is said in the next clause. See vol. vii. page 55. note 9. — By another shape Arcite means a disguise; seeming another person.

² A fescue was a small wire or stick used by teachers for pointing out the letters to the pupils.
SCENE III.  THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

*Take a new lesson out, and be a good wench.
*Do we all hold against the Maying?
*4 Coun.  Hold!
*What should ail us?
*3 Coun.  Arcas will be there.
*2 Coun.  And Sennois,
*And Rycas; and three better lads ne'er danced
*Under green tree; and ye know what wenches, ha!
*But will the dainty domine, the schoolmaster,
*Keep touch,⁸ do you think? for he does all, ye know.
*3 Coun.  He' ll eat a hornbook, ere he fail: go to!
*The matter is too far driven between
*Him and the tanner's daughter, to let slip now;
*And she must see the Duke, and she must dance too.
*4 Coun.  Shall we be lusty?
*2 Coun.  All the boys in Athens
*Blow winds i' the breech on us; and here I' ll be,
*And there I' ll be, for our town, and here again,
*And there again: ha, boys, heigh for the weavers!
*1 Coun.  This must be done i' the woods.
*4 Coun.  O, pardon me!⁴
*2 Coun.  By any means; our thing of learning says so;
*Where he himself will edify the Duke
*Most parlously⁵ in our behalts: he's excellent i' the woods;
*Bring him to th' plains, his learning makes no cry.⁶
*3 Coun.  We'll see the sports; then every man to's tackle!
*And, sweet companions, let's rehearse by any means,
*Before the ladies see us, and do sweetly,

⁸ Keep touch is be true or stick to his promise.
⁴ "Pardon me" is excuse me. The speaker means it as a sort of protest
against having their performance in the woods. And the next speaker puts
in a counter protest: "By all means, we must have it in the woods."
⁶ Parlous was a vulgar, or humorous, corruption of perilous. Here the
adverb appears to mean amazingly.
⁶ Makes no noise, raises no wind; passes for nothing.
*And God knows what may come on't.

*4 Coun. Content: the sports

*Once ended, we'll perform. Away, boys, and hold!

*Arc. By your leaves, honest friends; pray you, whither
*go you?

*4 Coun. Whither! why, what a question's that!

*Arc. Yes, 'tis a question

*To me that know not.

*3 Coun. To the games, my friend.

*2 Coun. Where were you bred, you know it not?

*Arc. Not far, sir.

*Are there such games to-day?

*1 Coun. Yes, marry, are there;

*And such as you ne'er saw: the Duke himself

*Will be in person there.

*Arc. What pastimes are they?

*2 Coun. Wrestling and running. — 'Tis a pretty fellow.

*3 Coun. Thou wilt not go along?

*Arc. Not yet, sir.

*4 Coun. Well, sir,

*Take your own time. — Come, boys.

*1 Coun. My mind misgives me

*This fellow has a vengeance-trick o' the hip; 7

*Mark how his body's made for't.

*2 Coun. I'll be hang'd though,

*If he dare venture; hang him, plum-porridge!

*He wrestle? he roast eggs! Come, let's be gone, lads.

* [*Exeunt Countrymen.

*Arc. This is an offer'd opportunity

*I durst not wish for. Well I could have wrestled,

*The best men call'd it excellent; and run

7 The speaker means that Arcite is well made for wrestling; has the strength or the knack to catch his antagonist by the hip with a vengeance.
Sc. 4. The Two Noble Kinsmen.

*Swifter than wind upon a field of corn,
*Curling the wealthy ears, e’er flew. I’ll venture,
*And in some poor disguise be there: who knows
*Whether my brows may not be girt with garlands,
*And happiness prefer me to a place
*Where I may ever dwell in sight of her?

*Sc. 4.—Athens. A Room in the Prison.

*Enter Jailer’s Daughter.

*Daugh. Why should I love this gentleman? ’tis odds
*He never will affect me: I am base,
*My father the mean keeper of his prison,
*And he a prince: to marry him is hopeless,
*To be his whore is witless. Out upon’t!
*What pushes are we wenches driven to,
*When fifteen once has found us! First, I saw him,
*And, seeing, thought he was a goodly man;
*He has as much to please a woman in him—
*If he please to bestow it so— as ever
*These eyes yet look’d on: next I pitied him;
*And so would any young wench, o’ my conscience,
*That ever dream’d, or vow’d her maidenhood
*To a young handsome man: then I loved him,
*Extremely loved him, infinitely loved him;
*And yet he had a cousin, fair as he too;
*But in my heart was Palamon, and there,
*Lord, what a coil he keeps!1 To hear him
*Sing in an evening, what a heaven it is!
*And yet his songs are sad ones. Fairer spoken
*Was never gentleman: when I come in

1 To keep a coil is to make a stir, fuss, or ado. See vol. iv. page 37. note 4.
*To bring him water in a morning, first
*He bows his noble body, then salutes me, thus:
*Fair, gentle maid, good morrow: may thy goodness
*Get thee a happy husband! Once he kiss'd me;
*I loved my lips the better ten days after:
*Would he would do so every day! He grieves much,
*And me as much to see his misery.
*What should I do, to make him know I love him?
*For I would fain enjoy him: say I ventured
*To set him free? what says the law, then?
*Thus much for law, or kindred! I will do it;
*And this night or to-morrow he shall love me.2

2 It is hardly necessary to repeat that the prison scene, the second in this
Act, is by Fletcher. Here the two friends first see Emilia. Arcite is now
set free, and banished. He appears in the next scene, also by Fletcher, and
falls in with four country-people, who are going a-maying. The scene with
these latter, though intended to be humorous, does not exhibit a single
spark of wit or humour. The fourth scene is also by the same hand: it is
simply a soliloquy of the Jailer's Daughter, who is now in love with Pala-
mon, and determined to set him at liberty. It is very different in quality,
however, from the scene of her first appearance. Shakespeare, for instance,
would hardly have given her the following line: “And yet he had a cousin,
fair as he, too.” The fact may have been so; but she was not the person
to make the discovery; or, her love, in that case, being merely sensual,
Palamon might have remained in prison to the end of his days. The next
scene is also by Fletcher. Arcite, having in disguise joined the games of
the country people, is chosen by Theseus to attend on Emilia. The sixth
and last scene of this Act is another soliloquy of the Jailer's Daughter; she
has now set Palamon at liberty. The marks of Fletcher's hand are as dis-

tinct in this as in the several preceding scenes (all but the first) of this
Act. — HICKSON.
Scene V. —An open Place in Athens. A short flourish of cornets, and shouts within.

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Pirithous, Emilia; Arcite disguised, wearing a garland; and Countrymen.

Thes. You have done worthily; I have not seen, Since Hercules, a man of tougher sinews:
Whate'er you are, you run the best, and wrestle,
That these times can allow.

Arc. I'm proud to please you.

Thes. What country bred you?

Arc. This; but far off, Prince.

Thes. Are you a gentleman?

Arc. My father said so;

And to those gentle uses gave my life.

Thes. Are you his heir?

Arc. His youngest, sir.

Thes. Your father,

Sure, is a happy sire, then. What proves you?¹

Arc. A little of all noble qualities:

I could have kept a hawk, and well have holla'd
To a deep cry of dogs; I dare not praise
My feat in horsemanship, yet they that knew me
Would say it was my best piece; last and greatest,
I would be thought a soldier.

Thes. You are perfect.

Pir. Upon my soul, a proper² man!

Emi.

Pir. How do you like him, lady?

Hip. I admire him:

¹ "What proves you to be, as you have said, a gentleman?"
² Proper is handsome, fine-looking. Generally so.
I have not seen so young a man so noble,
If he say true, of his sort.

Believe me,
His mother was a wondrous handsome woman;
His face methinks goes that way.  

But his body
And fiery mind illustrate a brave father.

Mark how his virtue, like a hidden sun,
Breaks through his baser garments!

He's well got, sure.

What made you seek this place, sir?

Noble Theseus,
To purchase name, and do my ablest service
To such a well-found wonder as thy worth;
For only in thy Court, of all the world,
Dwells fair-eyed Honour.

All his words are worthy.

Sir, we are much indebted to your travel,
Nor shall you lose your wish. — Pirithous,
Dispose of this fair gentleman.

Thanks, Theseus. —
Whate'er you are, you're mine; and I shall give you
To a most noble service, — to this lady,
This bright young virgin: pray, observe her goodness.
You've honour'd her fair birthday with your virtues,
And, as your due, you're hers; kiss her fair hand, sir.

Sir, you're a noble giver. — [To Emilia.] Dearest
beauty,
Thus let me seal my vow'd faith: [Kisses her hand.] when
your servant —
Your most unworthy creature — but offends you,
Command him die, he shall.  

His face argues or infers that he had a handsome mother.
SCENE V. THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

*Emi. That were too cruel.
*If you deserve well, sir, I shall soon see't:
*You're mine; and somewhat better than your rank
*I'll use you.
*Pir. I'll see you furnish'd; and, because you say
*You are a horseman, I must needs entreat you
*This afternoon to ride; but 'tis a rough one.
*Arc. I like him better, Prince; I shall not, then,
*Freeze in my saddle.
*Thes. Sweet, you must be ready,—
*And you, Emilia,—and you, friend,—and all,—
*To-morrow, by the sun, to do observance
*To flowery May, in Dian's wood.—Wait well, sir, 
*Upon your mistress.—Emily, I hope
*He shall not go a-foot

*Emi. That were a shame, sir,
*While I have horses.—Take your choice; and what
*You want at any time, let me but know it:
*If you serve faithfully, I dare assure you
*You'll find a loving mistress.

*Arc. If I do not,
*Let me find that my father ever hated,—
*Disgrace and blows.
*Thes. Go, lead the way; you've won it;
*It shall be so: you shall receive all dues
*Fit for the honour you have won; 'twere wrong else.—
*Sister, beshrew my heart, you have a servant,
*That, if I were a woman, would be master:
*But you are wise.

*Emi. I hope too wise for that, sir.

*[Flourish. Exeunt.

4 "Do observance" was the old phrase for celebrating May-day. See vol. iii. page 14, note 22.
*Scene VI. — Athens. Before the Prison.

*Enter Jailer’s Daughter.

*Daugh. Let all the dukes and all the devils roar,
*He is at liberty: I’ve ventured for him;
*And out I’ve brought him to a little wood
*A mile hence: I have sent him, where a cedar,
*Higher than all the rest, spreads like a plane,
*Fast by a brook; and there he shall keep close,⁵
*Till I provide him files and food; for yet
*His iron bracelets are not off. O Love,
*What a stout-hearted child thou art! My father
*Durst better have endured cold iron than done it.
*I love him beyond love and beyond reason,
*Or wit, or safety; I have made him know it:
*I care not; I am desperate: if the law
*Find me, and then condemn me for’t, some wenches,
*Some honest-hearted maids will sing my dirge,
*And tell to memory my death was noble,
*Dying almost a martyr. That way he takes,
*I purpose is my way too: sure he cannot
*Be so unmanly as to leave me here:
*If he do, maids will not so easily
*Trust men again: and yet he has not thank’d me
*For what I’ve done; no, not so much as kiss’d me;
*And that, methinks, is not so well; nor scarcely
*Could I persuade him to become a freeman,
*He made such scruples of the wrong he did
*To me and to my father. Yet, I hope,
*When he considers more, this love of mine
*Will take more root within him: let him do

⁶ Close is secret or hidden. So the word was commonly used.
ACT III.

SCENE I. — A Forest near Athens. Cornets in sundry places: noise and hallooing as of People a-Maying.

Enter Arcite.

Arc, The Duke has lost Hippolyta; each took A several laund. This is a solemn rite
They owe bloom'd May, and the Athenians pay it To th' heart of ceremony.—
O Queen Emilia, fresher than May, sweeter Than her gold buttons on the boughs, or all Th' enamell'd knacks o' the mead or garden! yea,

6 An equivocation was doubtless intended in kindly. We have a like instance in King Lear. See vol. iii. page 131, note 15, and vol. xv. page 46, note 5.

1 Lawnd is an old word for lawn: here standing for what is sometimes called a glade, that is, a natural opening or open ground in a forest. See vol. ix. page 47, note 1.

2 That is, pay it in good earnest; carry out the observance to the fullest extent.

3 Knacks, here, seems to mean about the same as our knick-knacks.
We challenge too the bank of any nymph,
That makes the stream seem flowers; thou, O jewel
O' the wood, o' the world, hast likewise bless'd a place
With thy sole presence! In thy rumination
That I, poor man, might eftsoons come between,
And chop on some cold thought? thrice-blessèd chance,
To drop on such a mistress, expectation
Most guiltless on't. Tell me, O Lady Fortune,—
Next after Emily my sovereign,—how far
I may be proud. She takes strong note of me,
Hath made me near her, and this beauteous morn,
The primest of all the year, presents me with
A brace of horses: two such steeds might well
Be by a pair of kings back'd, in a field
That their crowns' titles tried. Alas, alas,
Poor cousin Palamon, poor prisoner! thou
So little dream'st upon my fortune, that
Thou think'st thyself the happier thing, to be
So near Emilia; me thou deem'st at Thebes,
And therein wretched although free: but, if
Thou knew'st my mistress breathed on me, and that
I ear'd her language, lived in her eye, O coz,
What passion would enclose thee!

Enter Palamon out of a bush, with his shackles: he bends his fist at Arcite.

---

4 To chop was sometimes used in the sense of an abrupt or sudden change. So Dryden, in The Hind and Panther: "Every hour your form is chopp'd and changed, like winds before a storm." In the text, it appears to have the sense of our word to pop; to light suddenly upon. Arcite is uttering a wish; "Would that I might presently chop on some cold thought!" And turn it to a warm one, is probably his meaning. There is some obscurity in what follows. Arcite had not the least expectation of lighting upon such a treasure as Emilia; so he regards it as a most lucky chance, and makes Fortune second only to Emilia in his thoughts, she has been so kind to him.

5 A battle-field where their titles to their crowns were to be tried.
Pal.
Thou shouldst perceive my passion, if these signs
Of imprisonment were off me, and this hand
But owner of a sword. By all oaths in one,
I, and the justice of my love, would make thee
A confess'd traitor! O thou most perfidious
That ever gently look'd! the void'st of honour
That e'er bore gentle token! falsest cousin
That ever blood made kin! call'st thou her thine?
I'll prove it in my shackles, with these hands
Void of appointment, that thou liest, and art
A very thief in love, a chaffy lord,
Not worth the name of villain! Had I a sword,
And these house-clogs away,—

Arc.
Dear cousin Palamon,—

Pal. Cozener Arcite, give me language such
As thou hast show'd me seat!

Arc.
Not finding in
The circuit of my breast any gross stuff
To form me like your blazon, holds me to

6 “Gentle token” here means token or badge of gentility or gentle birth.
—Here, again, I quote from Mr. Hickson: “With the third Act Shakespere returns again to the work. In the first scene we find once more the characters of Palamon and Arcite distinct from each other. They now meet for the first time since their imprisonment. Palamon, who has not yet got freed from his fetters, surprises, in a wood, Arcite, who, soliloquizing aloud, declares his love for Emilia, and thus reproaches him: ‘O, thou most perfidious,’ &c. Then, in reference to a later part of the scene, he adds the following: “Another writer, aiming at diversity of character, would, in all probability, have been satisfied by the broad division between indignant anger on the one side, and a cool contemptuous self-possession on the other. Fletcher’s art, as evinced by his execution of other parts of this play, was certainly not equal to more; and it is in going beyond this that Shakespere’s characters present themselves as individual inhabitants of this world, as living men and women.”

7 Destitute of armour and weapons. See page 158, note a.

8 “Let your language correspond with your actions.”
This gentleness of answer: 'Tis your passion
That thus mistakes; the which, to you being enemy,
Cannot to me be kind. Honour and honesty
I cherish and depend on, howsoever
You skip them in me; and with them, fair coz,
I'll maintain my proceedings. Pray, be pleased
To show in generous terms your griefs, since that
Your question's with your equal, who professes
To clear his own way with the mind and sword
Of a true gentleman.

_Pal._

That thou durst, Arcite!

_Arc._ My coz, my coz, you have been well advertised
How much I dare: you've seen me use my sword
Against th' advice of fear. Sure, of another
You would not hear me doubted, but your silence
Should break out, though i' the sancuary.

_Pal._

Sir,
I've seen you move in such a place, which well
Might justify your manhood; you were call'd
A good knight and a bold: but the whole week's not fair,
If any day it rain. Their valiant temper
Men lose when they incline to treachery;
And then they fight like compell'd bears, would fly
Were they not tied.9

_Arc._

Kinsman, you might as well
Speak this, and act it in your glass, as to
His ear which now disdains you.

_Pal._

Come up to me:
Quit me of these cold gyves, give me a sword,
Though it be rusty, and the charity
Of one meal lend me; come before me then,
A good sword in thy hand, and do but say

9 "Like compell'd bears, which would fly were they not tied."
That Emily is thine, I will forgive
The trespass thou hast done me, yea, my life,
If then thou carry't: and brave souls in shades,
That have died manly, which will seek of me
Some news from Earth, they shall get none but this,
That thou art brave and noble.

_Arc._

Be content; Again betake you to your hawthorn-house:
With counsel of the night, I will be here
With wholesome viands; these impediments
Will I file off; you shall have garments, and
Perfumes to kill the smell o' the prison; after,
When you shall stretch yourself, and say but, _Arcite,_
_I am in plight_, there shall be at your choice
Both sword and armour.

_Pal._

O you Heavens, dare any
So noble bear a guilty baseness? none
But only Arcite; therefore none but Arcite
In this kind is so bold.

_Arc._

Sweet Palamon,—

_Pal._ I do embrace you and your offer: for
Your offer do't I only, sir; your person,
Without hypocrisy, I may not wish
More than my sword's edge on't. [Horns winded within.

_Arc._

You hear the horns:

Enter your muset,^{10} lest this match between's
Be cross'd ere met. Give me your hand; farewell:
I'll bring you every needful thing: I pray you,
Take comfort, and be strong.

^{10} A _muset_, says Nares, is "the opening in a fence or thicket, through which a hare, or other beast of sport, is accustomed to pass." So Markham, in his _Gentleman's Academie_, 1595: "We terme the place where the hare sitteth, her forme; the places through the which she goes to releefe, her _muset._"
Pal. Pray, hold your promise
And do the deed with a bent brow: most certain
You love me not: be rough with me, and pour
This oil out of your language. By this air,
I could for each word give a cuff; my stomach
Not reconciled by reason.\footnote{Stomach here is anger or resentment: and the meaning is, "if my anger were not appeased by reason." See vol. xvi. page 78, note a.}

Arc. Plainly spoken!
Yet pardon me hard language: when I spur
My horse, I chide him not; content and anger
In me have but one face. [Horns winded again.

Hark, sir! they call
The scatter'd to the banquet: you must guess
I have an office there.

Pal. Sir, your attendance
Cannot please Heaven; and I know your office
Unjustly is achieved.

Arc. I've a good title,
I am persuaded: this question, sick between's,
By bleeding must be cured. I am a suitor
That to your sword you will bequeath this plea,
And talk of it no more.

Pal. But this one word:
You're going now to gaze upon my mistress;
For note you, mine she is,—

Arc. Nay, then,—

Pal. Nay, pray you:
You talk of feeding me to breed me strength;
You're going now to look upon a sun
That strengthen's what it looks on; there you have
A vantage o'er me: but enjoy it till
I may enforce my remedy. Farewell. [Exeunt severally.
SCENE II. — Another Part of the Forest.

Enter Jailer’s Daughter.

Daugh. He has mistook the brake I meant; is gone
After his fancy. ’Tis now well-nigh morning;
No matter: would it were perpetual night,
And darkness lord o’ the world! Hark! ’tis a wolf:
In me hath grief slain fear, and, but one thing,
I care for nothing, and that’s Palamon:
I reck not if the wolves would jaw me, so
He had this file. What if I holla’d for him?
I cannot holla: if I whoop’d, what then?
If he not answer’d, I should call a wolf,
And do him but that service. I have heard
Strange howls this live-long night: why may’t not be
They have made prey of him? he has no weapons;
He cannot run; the jingling of his gyves
Might call fell things to listen, who have in them
A sense to know a man unarmed, and can
Smell where resistance is. I’ll set it down
He’s torn to pieces; they howl’d many together,
And then they fed on him: so much for that!
Be bold to ring the bell; how stand I, then?
All’s chared when he is gone.¹ No, no, I lie;
My father’s to be hang’d for his escape;
Myself to beg, if I priz’d life so much
As to deny my act; but that I would not,
Should I try death by dozens. I am moped:
Food took I none these two days; once, indeed,

¹ The whole work or task is done when he has got free. Here we have
the old word chare used as a verb. See vol. xvi. page 136, note 12.—“Be
bold to ring the bell,” probably refers to the bell of the prison, which will
be rung as an alarm-signal when Palamon is found to have escaped.
I sipp’d some water; have not closed mine eyes,
Save when my lids scour’d off their brine. Alas,
Dissolve, my life! let not my sense unsettle,
Lest I should drown, or stab, or hang myself!
O state of nature, fail together in me,
Since thy best props are warp’d! So, which way now?
The best way is the next way to a grave:
Each errant step beside is torment. Lo,
The Moon is down, the crickets chirp, the screech-owl
Calls in the dawn! all offices are done,
Save what I fail in: but the point is this,
An end, and that is all.4

[Exit.

*SCENE III. — The same Part of the Forest as in Scene I.

*Enter Arcite, with meat, wine, files, &c.

*Arc. I should be near the place.—Ho, cousin Palamon!

*Enter Palamon.

*Pal. Arcite?

3 Next for nearest. Repeatedly so. See vol. xi. page 81, note 31.
8 Errant in the Latin sense of wandering or roving.
4 This scene gives an instance of Shakespeare's judgment. It can hardly
be said to explain any necessary circumstance of the play; and so many
scenes in which this character appears alone are rather injurious to the
action: but it supplies the due gradation between a mind diseased and
madness; and, in connection with another scene at which we shall shortly
arrive, it displays a depth of insight into the psychological character of this
state only excelled by Shakespeare himself, in King Lear. Let our readers
observe in particular the unselfish anxiety of the Jailer's Daughter for Pala-
mon’s safety, and her subsequent terror at her own disordered senses. The
introduction of the popular notion that wild beasts have "a sense to know a
man unarm'd" is quite a Shakespearian illustration; and we do not know
an instance of finer drawing than this of her imagination painting, as abso-
lute reality, the subject of her first fear. From this conviction (of Palamon's
death) we come naturally to the concluding lines, beyond which the next
step is madness. — Hickson.
Scene III. The Two Noble Kinsmen.

*Arc.* The same: I've brought you food and files.
*Come forth, and fear not; here's no Theseus.*
*Pal.* Nor none so honest, Arcite.
*Arc.* That's no matter:
*We'll argue that hereafter. Come, take courage;*
*You shall not die thus beastly: here, sir, drink;*
*I know you're faint; then I'll talk further with you.*
*Pal.* Arcite, thou mightst now poison me.
*Arc.* I might;
*But I must fear you first. Sit down; and, good now,*
*No more of these vain parleys: let us not,*
*Having our ancient reputation with us,*
*Make talk for fools and cowards. To your health!*

*Drinks.*

*Pal.* Do.
*Arc.* Pray, sit down, then; and let me entreat you,
*By all the honesty and honour in you,*
*No mention of this woman! 'twill disturb us;*
*We shall have time enough.*
*Pal.* Well, sir, I'll pledge you.

*Drinks.*

*Arc.* Drink a good hearty draught; it breeds good blood,
*man.*
*Do you not feel it thaw you?*
*Pal.* Stay; I'll tell you
*After a draught or two more.*
*Arc.* Spare it not;
*The Duke has more, coz. Eat now.*
*Pal.* Yes. *Eats.*
*Arc.* I'm glad
*You have so good a stomach.*
*Pal.* I am gladder
*I have so good meat to't.*
*Arc.* Is't not mad lodging
Here in the wild woods, cousin?
*Pal.* Yes, for them

That have wild consciences.
*Arc.* How tastes your victuals?

Your hunger needs no sauce, I see.
*Pal.* Not much:

But, if it did, yours is too tart, sweet cousin.

What is this?
*Arc.* Venison.
*Pal.* 'Tis a lusty meat.

Give me more wine: here, Arcite, to the wenches

We've known in our days! The lord-steward's daughter;

Do you remember her?
*Arc.* After you, coz.
*Pal.* She loved a black-hair'd man.

Arc.* She did so: well, sir?
*Pal.* And I have heard some call him Arcite; and —
*Arc.* Out with it, faith!
*Pal.* She met him in an arbour:

What did she there, coz? play o' the virginals?
*Arc.* Something she did, sir.
*Pal.* Made her groan a month for't;

Or two, or three, or ten.

Arc.* The marshal's sister

Had her share too, as I remember, cousin,

Else there be tales abroad: you'll pledge her?
*Pal.* Yes.

Arc.* A pretty brown wench 'tis: there was a time
When young men went a-hunting, and a wood,
And a broad beech; and thereby hangs a tale.—
Heigh-ho!

Pal.* For Emily, upon my life! Fool,

Away with this strain'd mirth! I say again,
That sigh was breathed for Emily: base cousin,
Scene IV. The Two Noble Kinsmen.

*Darest thou break first?

*Arc. You're wide.

*Pal. By Heaven and Earth,

*There's nothing in thee honest.

*Arc. Then I'll leave you:

*You are a beast now.

*Pal. As thou makest me, traitor.

*Arc. There's all things needful, files, and shirts, and

*Perfumes:

*I'll come again some two hours hence, and bring

*That that shall quiet all.

*Pal. A sword and armour?

*Arc. Fear me not. You are now too foul: farewell:

*Get off your trinkets; you shall want nought.

*Pal. Sirrah,—

*Arc. I'll hear no more. [Exit.

*Pal. If he keep touch, he dies for't.

[Exit.

*Scene IV. Another Part of the Forest.

*Enter Jailer's Daughter.

*Daugh. I'm very cold; and all the stars are out too,

*The little stars, and all that look like aglets: ¹

*The Sun has seen my folly. Palamon!

*Alas, no! he's in Heaven. Where am I now?

*Yonder's the sea, and there's a ship: how't tumbles!

¹ Aglets from the French aiguillettes, were small bright ornaments, worn by men chiefly as tags to their laces, and by ladies as pendants or brilliants in their head-dress. So in The Faerie Queene, ii. 3, 26, describing how Belpheobe was clad:

All in a silken camis lilly whight,
Perfused upon with many a folded plight,
Which all above besprinckled was throughout
With golden ayygulets, that glistred bright,
Like twineckling starres.
*And there's a rock lies watching under water;
*Now, now, it beats upon it; now, now, now,
*There's a leak sprung, a sound one; how they cry!
*Spoom her before the wind, you'll lose all, else;
*Up with a course or two, and tack about, boys:
*Good night, good night; ye're gone. I'm very hungry:
*Would I could find a fine frog! he would tell me
*News from all parts o' the world; then would I make
*A carack of a cockle-shell, and sail
*By east and north-east to the King of Pigmies,
*For he tells fortunes rarely. Now, my father,
*Twenty to one, is truss'd up in a trice
*To-morrow morning: I'll say ne'er a word.

[Sings.] *For I'll cut my green coat a foot above my knee;
   *And I'll clip my yellow locks an inch below mine e'e:
   *Hey, nonny, nonny, nonny.
   *He's buy me a white cut, forth for to ride,
   *And I'll go seek him through the world that is so wide:
   *Hey, nonny, nonny, nonny.

*O for a prick now, like a nightingale,
*To put my breast against! I shall sleep like a top else.7

*[Exit.

---

2 To *spoom* a ship is to make her go right before the wind without any sail. But I suspect the poor mad girl is not very well skilled in the use of nautical terms; for she goes on to say, "Up with a *course* or two," and the *courses* were the lowest and largest sails of a ship. See vol. vii. page 12, note 14.

3 *A carack* is a large ship of burden. See vol. xvii. page 173, note 13.

4 "He's is an abbreviation of *he shall*, still common among the vulgar." So says Weber.

5 *Cut* was a familiar name for a common horse.

6 It was a popular notion that the nightingale sang her sweetest strains while pressing her breast against a thorn.

7 The third scene, without any doubt, is by Fletcher. Arcite brings "*food and files*" to Palamon; and, after some patter of early reminiscences between them, utterly out of character, they separate. The fourth scene introduces
Scene V.—Another Part of the Forest.
*Enter Gerrold, four Countrymen as Morris-dancers, another as the Bavian, five Wenches, and a Taborer.

Ger. Fie, fie!
What tediosity and dissensanity
Is here among ye! Have my rudiments
Been labour'd so long with ye, milk'd unto ye,
And, by a figure, even the very plum-broth
And marrow of my understanding laid upon ye,
And do you still cry Where, and How, and Wherefore?
You most coarse frize capacities, ye jene judgments,

the Jailer's Daughter again: she is now mad. She fancies she sees a ship, and there is some affectation of nautical language, (why, Heaven only knows;) and the rest is mere incoherent nonsense. Now, though this last, indeed, may be the frequent birth of madness, (or rather so seeming, in default of being able to follow the infinitely fine associating links,) it can have no place in poetry, which, whatever it may be, is certainly not a literal transcript of common things in their common aspects. In a subsequent scene we shall find the speeches given to this character full of meaning; the present bears every mark of the hand of Fletcher. So does the next, whatever fault we may find with the execution, which is inferior to any thing else we have met with by that writer. The persons, in the first instance, are the country people whom we have met before,—"two or three wenches," and a terribly dull pedantic schoolmaster, a most spiritless imitation of Holofernes. The next scene is also by Fletcher, but of a much higher character than either of the preceding. Palamon and Arcite meeting to decide their difference by arms, are interrupted by Theseus, who finally decrees that they shall go home and return within a month; and that, in the contest then appointed, the winner shall have the lady, and the loser lose his head.—Hickson.

1 Bavian, also spelt babian and babion, is from the Dutch baviaan, or the German pavian, which means large monkey or baboon. According to Nares, the Bavian was "an occasional, but not a regular character in the old morris-dance. He appears in Act iii. scene 5, of The Two Noble Kinsmen, where his office is to bark, to tumble, to play antics, and exhibit a long tail, with what decency he could."

2 Jene is the old name of a coarse cloth, somewhat like frize; mentioned in The Rates of the Custom-house, 1582, as "Fustian called Jean."
*Have I said *Thus let be*, and *There let be*,
*And *Then let be*, and no man understand me?
*Proh Deum, medius fidius*, ye are all dunces!
*For why here stand I; here the Duke comes; there are you,
*Close in the thicket: the Duke appears; I meet him,
*And unto him I utter learned things
*And many figures: he hears, and nods, and hums,
*And then cries *Rare!* and I go forward; at length
*I fling my cap up; mark there! then do you,
*As once did Meleager and the boar,
*Break comely out before him, like true lovers,
*Cast yourselves in a body decently,
*And sweetly, by a figure, trace and turn, boys.
*1 Coun. And sweetly we will do it, Master Gerrold.
*2 Coun. Draw up the company. Where's the taborer?
*3 Coun. Why, Timothy!
*Tab. Here, my mad boys; have at ye!
*Ger. But I say where's their women?
*4 Coun. Here's Friz and Maudlin.
*2 Coun. And little Luce with the white legs, and bouncing Barbary.
*1 Coun. And freckled Nell, that never fail'd her master.
*Ger. Where be your ribands, maids! swim with your bodies.
*And carry it sweetly and deliverly;
*And now and then a favour and a frisk.
*Nell. Let us alone, sir.
*Ger. Where's the rest o' the music?
*3 Coun. Dispersed as you commanded.
*Ger. Couple, then,
*And see what's wanting. Where's the Bavian? —

* Proh Deum and medius fidius are ancient exclamations equivalent to O Lord and As true as Heaven.
*My friend, carry your tail without offence
*Or scandal to the ladies; and be sure
*You tumble with audacity and manhood;
*And, when you bark, do it with judgment.

*Bav.* Yes, sir.

*Ger.* *Quo usque tandem?* here's a woman wanting.

*4 Coun.* We may go whistle; all the fat's i' the fire.⁴

*Ger.* We have,

*As learnèd authors utter, wash'd a tile;
*We have been *fatuus,* and labour'd vainly.

*2 Coun.* This is that scornful piece, that scurvy hilding,⁵

*That gave her promise faithfully she would
*Be here, Cicely the sempster's daughter:
*The next gloves that I give her shall be dog-skin;
*Nay, an she fail me once.—You can tell, Arcas,
*She swore, by wine and bread, she would not brake.

*Ger.* An eel and woman,

*A learnèd poet says, unless by th' tail
*And with thy teeth thou hold, will either fail.
*In manners this was false position.

*1 Coun.* A fire-ill take her!⁶ does she flinch now?

*3 Coun.* What

*Shall we determine, sir?

*Ger.* Nothing;

*Our business is become a nullity,

---

⁴ An old phrase, meaning, apparently, much the same as "The thing is done for," or "The game has gone up."

⁵ *Hilding* was a common term of reproach or scorn, rather vague and various in meaning. See vol. ii. page 173, note 1.

⁶ "A fire-ill take her!" probably means about the same as another old phrase used by Fletcher in *The Mad Lover*, v. 3: "A wildfire take you!" uttered by Chilax to the Priestess for coming behind her time. He vents other imprecactions on her; such as, "A mouldy mange upon your chops!" Nares, however, says, "'A fire-ill take her' is doubtless equivalent to 'j—s take her.'"
Yea, and a woeful and a piteous nullity.

4 Coun. Now, when the credit of our town lay on it,
Now to be frampal, now to piss o' the nettle!
Go thy ways; I'll remember thee, I'll fit thee!

Enter Jailer's Daughter, and sings.

The George alo\textsuperscript{9} came from the South,
From the coast of Barbary-a;
And there he met with brave gallants of war,
By one, by two, by three-a.

Well hail'd, well hail'd, you jolly gallants!
And whither now are you bound-a?
O, let me have your company
Till we come to the Sound-a!

There was three fools fell out about an howlet;\textsuperscript{10}
The one said it was an owl;
The other he said nay;
The third he said it was a hawk,
And her bells were cut away.

3 Coun. There's a dainty mad woman, master,
Come i' the nick;\textsuperscript{11} as mad as a March hare:
If we can get her dance, we're made again;
I warrant her she'll do the rarest gambols.
1 Coun. A mad woman! we are made, boys.
Ger. And are you mad, good woman?
Daugh. I'd be sorry else.

Give me your hand.

\textsuperscript{7} Frampal is peevish, sroward, perverse. Frampold is another form of the same word. See vol. vi. page 42, note 9.
\textsuperscript{8} To water a nettle, in a peculiar manner, was said proverbially to cause peevish and fretful humour. — NAES.
\textsuperscript{9} Alow is low down; the opposite of aloft.
\textsuperscript{10} Howlet is merely a diminutive of owl.
\textsuperscript{11} As we still say, "Come in the nick of time."
SCENE V. THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN. 201

*Ger. Why?
*Daugh. I can tell your fortune:
*You are a fool. Tell ten. 12 I've posed him. Buzz!
*Friend, you must eat no white bread; if you do,
*Your teeth will bleed extremely. Shall we dance, ho?
*I know you; you're a tinker: sirrah tinker,
*Stop no more holes but what you should.
*Ger. Dii boni! A tinker, damsel!
*Daugh. Or a conjurer:
*Raise me a devil now, and let him play
*Qui passa o' the bells and bones.
*Ger. Go, take her,
*And fluently persuade her to a peace; 13
*Et opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis 14 —
*Strike up, and lead her in.
*2 Coun. Come, lass, let's trip it.
*Daugh. I'll lead.
*3 Coun. Do, do. [Horns winded within.
*Ger. Persuasively and cunningly; away, boys!
*I hear the horns: give me some meditation,
*And mark your cue. — [Exeunt all but Gerrold.
*Pallas inspire me!

*Enter Theseus, Pirithous, Hippolyta, Emilia, Arcite, and
*Train.

*Thes. This way the stag took.
*Ger. Stay and edify.
*Thes. What have we here?
*Pir. Some country sport, upon my life, sir.

12 "Tell ten" is count ten. Tell was continually used thus.
13 Meaning, simply, persuade her to be quiet.
14 From Ovid, Metamorphoses, xv. 871:

  Jamque opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira nec ignis
  Nec poterit ferrum nec edax abolere vetustas.
*Thes.* Well, sir, go forward; we will edify. —
*Ladies, sit down: we'll stay it.*
*Ger.* Thou doughty Duke, all hail! All hail, sweet ladies!
*Thes.* This is a cold beginning. 15
*Ger.* If you but favour, our country pastime made is.
*We are a few of those collected here,*
*That ruder tongues distinguish villager;*
*And, to say verity and not to fable,*
*We are a merry rout, or else a rable,*
*Or company, or, by a figure, choris,* 16
*That 'fore thy dignity will dance a morris.*
*And I, that am the rectifier of all,*
*By title *pedagogus*, that let fall*
*The birch upon the breeches of the small ones,*
*And humble with a ferula the tall ones,*
*Do here present this machine, or this frame:*
*And, dainty Duke, whose doughty dismal fame*
*From Dis to Dædalus, from post to pillar,*
*Is blown abroad, help me, thy poor well-willer,*
*And, with thy twinkling eyes, look right and straight*
*Upon this mighty *morr* — of mickle weight —*
*Is — now comes in, which being glued together*
*Makes *morris*, and the cause that we came hither,*
*The body of our sport, of no small study.*
*I first appear, though rude and raw and muddy,*
*To speak, before thy noble Grace, this tenner;*
*At whose great feet I offer up my penner:*
*The next, the Lord of May and Lady bright,*

16 A play upon the word *hail*. So, in Dekker's *Old Fortunatus*, one of the persons, on being saluted "all *hail!*" says, "There's a *rattling salutation.*" Also in *Love's Labours Lost*, v. 2:

All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of day!
*Prin.* Fair, in all *hail*, is soul, as I conceive.

16 *Rable* and *choris* are accommodations of *rabble* and *chorus*; as, further on, *tenner* also is, of *tenor.*
SCENE V. THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

*The Chambermaid and Servingman, by night
*That seek out silent hanging: 17 then mine Host
*And his fat spouse, that welcome to his cost
*The gallèd traveller, and with a beck'ning
*Inform the tapster to inflame the reck'ning:
*Then the beast-eating Clown, and next the Fool,
*The Bavian, 18 with long long tail and eke long tool;
*Cum multis aliis that make a dance:
*Say Ay, and all shall presently advance.

*Thes. Ay, ay, by any means, dear domine.
*Pir. Produce.
*Ger. Intrate, filii; come forth, and foot it.

*Re-enter the four Countrymen, the Bavian, the five Wenches,
*and the Taborer, accompanied by the Jailer's Daughter, and
*others of both sexes. They dance a morris.

*Ladies, if we have been merry,
*And have pleased ye with a derry,
*And a derry, and a down,
*Say the schoolmaster's no clown. —
*Duke, if we have pleased thee too,
*And have done as good boys should do,
*Give us but a tree or twain
*For a Maypole, and again,
*Ere another year run out,
*We'll make thee laugh, and all this rout.

*Thes. Take twenty, domine. — How does my sweet-
*heart?

*Hip. Never so pleased, sir.

17 That is, hangings, or tapestry, to hide behind, or be secret. So, later in the play: "O, that ever I did it behind the arras!"
18 The Fool and the Bavian are not two persons, but only two titles of one and the same. — "The beast-eating Clown," I take it, is not the Clown that eats beasts, but the Clown that eats like a beast.
*Emi. 'Twas an excellent dance; and, for a preface,
*I never heard a better.
*Thes. Schoolmaster, I thank you. —
*One see 'em all rewarded.
*Pir. And here's something
* [Gives money.

*To paint your pole withal.
*Thes. Now to our sports again.
*Ger. May the stag thou hunt'st stand long,
*And thy dogs be swift and strong!
*May they kill him without lets,
*And the ladies eat his doucets! —

* [Exeunt Theseus, Pirithous, Hippolyta, Emilia, Arcite,
* and Train. Horns winded as they go out.

*Come, we're all made. Dii Deaeque omnes!
*Ye have danced rarely, wenches.
[Exeunt.

*Scene VI. — The same Part of the Forest as in Scene III.

*Enter Palamon from the bush.

*Pal. About this hour my cousin gave his faith
*To visit me again, and with him bring
*Two swords and two good armours: if he fail,
*He's neither man nor soldier. When he left me,
*I did not think a week could have restored
*My lost strength to me, I was grown so low
*And crest-fall'n with my wants: I thank thee, Arcite,
*Thou'rt yet a fair foe; and I feel myself,
*With this refreshing, able once again
*To outdure danger. To delay it longer
*Would make the world think, when it comes to hearing,
*That I lay fatting like a swine, to fight,
*And not a soldier: therefore this blest morning
Scene VI.

The Two Noble Kinsmen.

*Shall be the last; and that sword he refuses,
*If it but hold, I kill him with; 'tis justice:
*So love and fortune for me! —

*Enter Arcite with armours and swords.

*O, good morrow.

*Arc. Good morrow, noble kinsman.
*Pal. I have put you
*To too much pains, sir.
*Arc. That too much, fair cousin,
*Pal. Would you were so in all, sir! I could wish ye
*As kind a kinsman as you force me find
*A beneficial foe,¹ that my embraces
*Might thank ye, not my blows.
*Arc. I shall think either,
*Well done, a noble recompense.
*Pal. Then I shall quit² you.
*Arc. Defy me in these fair terms, and you show
*More than a mistress to me: no more anger,
*As you love anything that's honourable:
*We were not bred to talk, man; when we're arm'd,
*And both upon our guards, then let our fury,
*Like meeting of two tides, fly strongly from us;
*And then to whom the birthright of this beauty
*Truly pertains — without upbraidings, scorns,
*Despisings of our persons, and such poutings,
*Fitter for girls and schoolboys — will be seen,
*And quickly, yours or mine. Wilt please you arm, sir?
*Or, if you feel yourself not fitting yet,
*And furnish'd with your old strength, I'll stay, cousin,
*And every day discourse you into health,

¹ Beneficial in the sense of beneficent. See vol. xii, page 166, note 13.
² Quit for requite; a very frequent usage.
*As I am spared: your person I am friends with;
*And I could wish I had not said I loved her,
*Though I had died; but, loving such a lady,
*And justifying my love, I must not fly from't.
  *Pal. Arcite, thou art so brave an enemy,
*That no man but thy cousin's fit to kill thee:
*I'm well and lusty; choose your arms.
  *Arc. Choose you, sir.
  *Pal. Wilt thou exceed in all, or dost thou do it
*To make me spare thee?
  *Arc. If you think so, cousin,
*You are deceived; for, as I am a soldier,
*I will not spare you.
  *Pal. That's well said.
  *Arc. You'll find it.
  *Pal. Then, as I am an honest man, and love
*With all the justice of affection,
*I'll pay thee soundly. This I'll take.
  *Arc. That's mine, then.
*I'll arm you first. [*Proceeds to put on Palamon's armour. *
  *Pal. Do. Pray thee, tell me, cousin,
*Where gott'st thou this good armour?
  *Arc. 'Tis the Duke's;
*And, to say true, I stole it. Do I pinch you?
  *Pal. No.
  *Arc. Is't not too heavy?
  *Pal. I have worn a lighter;
*But I shall make it serve.
  *Arc. I'll buckle't close.
  *Pal. By any means.
  *Arc. You care not for a grand-guard!^

^Grand-guard is said to have been a piece of armour, screwed on by
nests, to "protect the left side, the edge of the breast, and the left
shoulder." It seems to have been used only in justing, or by mounted
fighters.
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*Pal. No, no; we'll use no horses: I perceive
*You'd fain be at that fight.
*Arc. I am indifferent.
*Pal. Faith, so am I. Good cousin, thrust the buckle
*Through far enough.
*Arc. I warrant you.
*Pal. My casque now.
*Arc. Will you fight bare-arm'd?
*Pal. We shall be the nimbler.
*Arc. But use your gauntlets though: those are o' the least;
*Pr'ythee, take mine, good cousin.
*Pal. Thank you, Arcite.
*How do I look? am I fall’n much away?
*Arc. Faith, very little; Love has used you kindly.
*Pal. I'll warrant thee I'll strike home.
*Arc. Do, and spare not.
*I'll give you cause, sweet cousin.
*Pal. Now to you, sir.

*[Proceeds to put on Arcite's armour.
*Methinks this armour's very like that, Arcite,
*Thou worest that day the three kings fell, but lighter.
*Arc. That was a very good one; and that day,
*I well remember, you outdid me, cousin;
*I never saw such valour: when you charged
*Upon the left wing of the enemy,
*I spurr'd hard to come up, and under me
*I had a right good horse.
*Pal. You had indeed;
*A bright bay, I remember.
*Arc. Yes. But all
*Was vainly labour'd in me; you outwent me,
*Nor could my wishes reach you: yet a little
*I did by imitation.
*Pal. More by virtue;
*You're modest, cousin.
  *Arc. When I saw you charge first,
*Methought I heard a dreadful clap of thunder
*Break from the troop.
  *Pal. But still before that flew
*The lightning of your valour. Stay a little:
*Is not this piece too strait?
  *Arc. No, no; 'tis well.
  *Pal. I would have nothing hurt thee but my sword;
*A bruise would be dishonour.
  *Arc. Now I'm perfect.
  *Pal. Stand off, then.
  *Arc. Take my sword; I hold it better.
  *Pal. I thank ye, no; keep it; your life lies on it:
*Here's one, if it but hold, I ask no more
*For all my hopes. My cause and honour guard me!
  *Arc. And me my love!

  *[They bow several ways; then advance and stand.
  *Is there aught else to say?

  *Pal. This only, and no more: Thou art mine aunt's son,
*And that blood we desire to shed is mutual;
*In me thine, and in thee mine: my sword
*Is in my hand, and, if thou killest me,
The gods and I forgive thee: if there be
*A place prepared for those that sleep in honour,
*I wish his weary soul that falls may win it.
*Fight bravely, cousin: give me thy noble hand.
  *Arc. Here, Palamon: this hand shall never more
*Come near thee with such friendship.
  *Pal. I commend thee.
  *Arc. If I fall, curse me, and say I was a coward;
*For none but such dare die in these just trials.  

  4 Mr. Sympson thinks this a strange sentiment; and indeed it must ap-
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*Once more, farewell, my cousin.
 *Pal. Farewell, Arcite.
 *[They fight. Horns winded within: they stand.
 *Arc. Lo, cousin, lo! our folly has undone us.
 *Pal. Why?
 *Arc. This is the Duke, a-hunting as I told you.
*If we be found, we're wretched: O, retire,
*For honour's sake and safety, presently
*Into your bush again, sir! we shall find
*Too many hours to die in. Gentle cousin,
*If you be seen, you perish instantly
*For breaking prison; and I, if you reveal me,
*For my contempt: then all the world will scorn us,
*And say we had a noble difference,
*But base disposers of it.
 *Pal. No, no, cousin;
*I will no more be hidden, nor put off
*This great adventure to a second trial:
*I know your cunning and I know your cause:
*He that faints now, shame take him! Put thyself
*Upon thy present guard,—
 *Arc. You are not mad?
 *Pal. — Or I will make th' advantage of this hour
*Mine own; and what to come shall threaten me,
*I fear less than my fortune. Know, weak cousin,
*I love Emilia; and in that I'll bury
*Thee, and all crosses else.
 *Arc. Then, come what can come:
*Thou shalt know, Palamon, I dare as well

pear so, till we recollect that our scene lies in the land of knight errantry rather than in Athens; that our authors follow Chaucer, and dress their heroes after the manners of his age, when trials by the sword were thought just, and the conquered always supposed guilty, and held infamous.— Seward.
*Die as discourse or sleep; only this fears me,⁵
*The law will have the honour of our ends.
*Have at thy life!

*Pal. Look to thine own well, Arcite.

*[They fight. Horns winded within.

*Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Emilia, Pirithous, and Train.

*Thes. What ignorant and mad-malicious traitors
*Are you, that, 'gainst the tenour of my laws,
*Are making battle, thus like knights appointed,
*Without my leave, and officers of arms?
*By Castor, both shall die.

*Pal. Hold thy word, Theseus:

*We're certainly both traitors, both despisers
*Of thee and of thy goodness. I am Palamon,
*That cannot love thee, he that broke thy prison;
*Think well what that deserves: and this is Arcite;
*A bolder traitor never trod thy ground,
*A falser ne'er seem'd friend; this is the man
*Was begg'd and banish'd: this is he contemns thee
*And what thou darest do; and in this disguise,
*Against thy own edict, follows thy sister,
*That fortunate bright star, the fair Emilia;
*Whose servant — if there be a right in seeing,
*And first bequeathing of the soul to — justly
*I am; and, which is more, dares think her his.
*This treachery, like a most trusty lover,
*I call'd him now to answer. If thou be'st,
*As thou art spoken, great and virtuous,
*The true decider of all injuries,
*Say Fight again! and thou shalt see me, Theseus,

⁵ To fear was often used thus as a transitive verb. See vol. xvi. page 58, note 3.
SCENE VI.  THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

*Do such a justice thou thyself wilt envy:
*Then take my life; I'll woo thee to’t.

*Pir.  O Heaven,

*What more than man is this!

*Thes.  I've sworn.

*Arc.  We seek not

*Thy breath of mercy, Theseus: 'tis to me
*A thing as soon to die as thee to say it,
*And no more moved. Where this man calls me traitor,
*Let me say thus much: If in love be treason,
*In service of so excellent a beauty;
*As I love most, and in that faith will perish;
*As I have brought my life here to confirm it;
*As I have served her truest, worthiest;
*As I dare kill this cousin that denies it;
*So let me be most traitor, and ye please me.
*For scorning thy edict, Duke, ask that lady
*Why she is fair, and why her eyes command me
*Stay here to love her; and, if she say traitor,
*I am a villain fit to lie unburied.

*Pal. Thou shalt have pity of us both, O Theseus,
*If unto neither thou show mercy; stop,
*As thou art just, thy noble ear against us:
*As thou art valiant, for thy cousin’s soul,
*Whose twelve strong labours crown his memory,
*Let’s die together, at one instant, Duke;
*Only a little let him fall before me,
*That I may tell my soul he shall not have her.

*Thes. I grant your wish; for, to say true, your cousin
*Has ten times more offended, for I gave him
*More mercy than you found, sir, your offences
*Being no more than his. — None here speak for ’em;

* Here, as often, where is used for whereas. See page 18, note 17.
For, ere the Sun set, both shall sleep for ever.

*Hip. Alas, the pity! — Now or never, sister,
*Speak, not to be denied: that face of yours
*Will bear the curses else of after-ages
*For these lost cousins.

*Emi. In my face, dear sister,
*I find no anger to 'em, nor no ruin;
*The misadventure of their own eyes kill 'em:
*Yet, that I will be woman and have pity,
*My knees shall grow to th' ground but I'll get mercy.
*Help me, dear sister: in a deed so virtuous
*The powers of all women will be with us. —
*Most royal brother, —

[They kneel.

*Hip. Sir, by our tie of marriage,—
*Emi. By your own spotless honour,—
*Hip. By that faith,
*That fair hand, and that honest heart you gave me,—
*Emi. By that you would have pity in another,
*By your own virtues infinite,—
*Hip. By valour,
*By all the chaste nights I have ever pleased you,—
*Thes. These are strange conjurings.
*Pir. Nay, then I'll in too: —

*[Kneels.

*By all our friendship, sir, by all our dangers,
*By all you love most, wars, and this sweet lady,—
*Emi. By that you would have trembled to deny
*A blushing maid,—

*Hip. By your own eyes, by strength,
*In which you swore I went beyond all women,
*Almost all men, and yet I yielded, Theseus,—
*Pir. To crown all this, by your most noble soul,
*Which cannot want due mercy, I beg first.
*Hip. Next, hear my prayers.
*Emi.* Last, let me entreat, sir.

*Pir.* For mercy.

*Hip.* Mercy.

*Emi.* Mercy on these princes.

*Thes.* Ye make my faith reel: say I felt

*Compassion to 'em both, how would you place it?*

*Emi.* Upon their lives; but with their banishments.

*Thes.* You're a right woman, sister; you have pity,

*But want the understanding where to use it.
*If you desire their lives, invent a way
*Safer than banishment: can these two live,
*And have the agony of love about 'em,
*And not kill one another? every day
*They'd fight about you; hourly bring your honour
*In public question with their swords. Be wise, then,
*And here forget 'em; it concerns your credit
*And my oath equally; I've said they die:
*Better they fall by th' law than one another.
*Bow not my honour.

*Emi.* O my noble brother,

*That oath was rashly made, and in your anger;
*Your reason will not hold it: if such vows
*Stand for express will, all the world must perish.
*Besides, I have another oath 'gainst yours,
*Of more authority, I'm sure more love;
*Not made in passion neither, but good heed.

*Thes.* What is it, sister?

*Pir.* Urge it home, brave lady.

*Emi.* That you would ne'er deny me any thing

*Fit for my modest suit and your free granting.
*I tie you to your word now: if ye fail in't,
*Think how you maim your honour;
*For, now I'm set a-begging, sir, I'm deaf
*To all but your compassion. How their lives
*Might breed the ruin of my name's opinion!*
*Shall any thing that loves me perish for me?*
*That were a cruel wisdom: do men proin*
*The straight young boughs that blush with thousand blossom,
Because they may be rotten? O Duke Theseus,
The goodly mothers that have groan'd for these,
And all the longing maids that ever loved them,
If your vow stand, shall curse me and my beauty,
And in their funeral songs for these two cousins
Despise my cruelty, and cry woe-worth me,
Till I am nothing but the scorn of women.
For Heaven's sake save their lives, and banish 'em.

*Thes.* On what conditions?

*Emi.* Swear 'em never more

*To make me their contention or to know me,
*To tread upon thy dukedom, and to be,
*Wherever they shall travel, ever strangers
*To one another.

*Pal.* I'll be cut a-pieces
*Before I take this oath. Forget I love her?
*O all ye gods, despise me, then. Thy banishment
*I not mislike, so we may fairly carry
*Our swords and cause along; else, never trifle,
*But take our lives, Duke. I must love, and will;
*And for that love must and dare kill this cousin,
*On any piece the Earth has.

*Thes.* Will you, Arcite,

*Take these conditions?
*Pal.* He's a villain, then.

*Pir.* These are men!

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7 "My name's opinion" is the reputation or credit of my name. *Opinion* was often used thus. See vol. xi. page 128, note 4.
8 *Proin* is an old form of prune.
*Arc.* No, never, Duke; 'tis worse to me than begging,
*To take my life so basely. Though I think
*I never shall enjoy her, yet I'll preserve
*The honour of affection, and die for her,
*Make death a devil.⁹
*Thes.* What may be done? for now I feel compassion.
*Pir.* Let it not fall again, sir.
*Thes.* Say, Emilia,
*If one of them were dead, as one must, are you
*Content to take the other to your husband?
*They cannot both enjoy you. They are princes
*As goodly as your own eyes, and as noble
*As ever fame yet spoke of: look upon 'em,
*And, if you can love, end this difference;
*I give consent. — Are you content too, princes?*
*Pal.* \{ With all our souls.
*Arc.* \}
*Thes.* He that she refuses must die, then.
Arc.* \}
*Pal.* If I fall from that mouth I fall with favour,
*And lovers yet unborn shall bless my ashes.
*Arc.* If she refuse me, yet my grave will wed me,
*And soldiers sing my epitaph.
*Thes.* Make choice, then.
*Emi.* I cannot, sir: they're both too excellent:
*For me, a hair shall never fall of these men.
*Hip.* What will become of 'em?
*Thes.* Thus I ordain it;
*And, by mine honour, once again it stands,
*Or both shall die. — You shall both to your country;
*And each, within this month, accompanied

⁹ That is, "I'll die for her, though you make death a devil."
*With three fair knights, appear again in this place,
*In which I'll plant a pyramid: and whether,
*Before us that are here, can force his cousin
*By fair and knightly strength to touch the pillar,
*He shall enjoy her: th' other lose his head,
*And all his friends; nor shall he grudge to fall,
*Nor think he dies with interest in this lady.
*Will this content ye?
  *Pal. Yes.—Here, cousin Arcite,
*I'm friends again till that hour.
  *Arc. I embrace ye.
  *Thes. Are you content, sister?
  *Emi. Yes; I must, sir;
*Else both miscarry.
  *Thes. Come, shake hands again, then;
*And take heed, as you're gentlemen, this quarrel
*Sleep till the hour prefix'd, and hold your course.
  *Pal. We dare not fail thee, Theseus.
  *Thes. Come, I'll give ye
*Now usage like to princes and to friends.
*When ye return, who wins, I'll settle here;
*Who loses, yet I'll weep upon his bier.  [Exeunt.

10 Whether is here equivalent to whichever of the two.
*ACT IV.

*Scene I.— Athens. A Room in the Prison.

*Enter Jailer and First Friend.

*Jailer. Hear you no more? was nothing said of me
*Concerning the escape of Palamon?
*Good sir, remember.

*1 Friend. Nothing that I heard;
*For I came home before the business
*Was fully ended: yet I might perceive,
*Ere I departed, a great likelihood
*Of both their pardons; for Hippolyta
*And fair-eyed Emily upon their knees
*Begg'd with such handsome pity, that the Duke
*Methought stood staggering whether he should follow
*His rash oath, or the sweet compassion
*Of those two ladies; and, to second them,
*That truly noble prince Pirithous,
*Half his own heart, set in too, that I hope
*All shall be well: neither heard I one question
*Of your name or his 'scape.

*Jailer. Pray Heaven, it hold so!

*Enter Second Friend.

*2 Friend. Be of good comfort, man: I bring you news,
*Good news.
*Jailer. They're welcome.

*2 Friend. Palamon has clear'd you,
*And got your pardon, and discover'd how
*And by whose means he 'scape'd, which was your daughter's,
Whose pardon is procured too; and the prisoner—
Not to be held ungrateful to her goodness—
Has given a sum of money to her marriage,
A large one I'll assure you.

Jailer. Ye're a good man,
And ever bring good news.

1 Friend. How was it ended?
2 Friend. Why, as it should be: they that never begg'd
But they prevail'd, had their suits fairly granted;
The prisoners have their lives.

1 Friend. I knew 'twould be so.
2 Friend. But there be new conditions, which you'll hear of
At better time.

Jailer. I hope they're good.
2 Friend. They're honourable:
How good they'll prove I know not.
1 Friend. 'Twill be known.

Enter Wooer.

Wooer. Alas, sir, where's your daughter?

Jailer. Why do you ask?

Wooer. O, sir, when did you see her?
2 Friend. How he looks!

Jailer. This morning.

Wooer. Was she well? was she in health, sir?

Where did she sleep?

1 Friend. These are strange questions.

Jailer. I do not think she was very well; for, now
You make me mind her, but this very day
I ask'd her questions, and she answer'd me
So far from what she was, so childishly,
So silliely, as if she were a fool,
An innocent: and I was very angry
But what of her, sir?

*Wooer. Nothing but my pity:

But you must know it, and as good by me

As by another that less loves her.

*Jailer. Well, sir?

*1 Friend. Not right?

*2 Friend. Not well?

*Wooer. No, sir; not well:

'Tis too true, she is mad.

*1 Friend. It cannot be.

*Wooer. Believe, you'll find it so.

*Jailer. I half suspected

What you have told me: the gods comfort her!

Either this was her love to Palamon,

Or fear of my miscarrying on his 'scape,

Or both.

*Wooer. 'Tis likely.

*Jailer. But why all this haste, sir?

*Wooer. I'll tell you quickly. As I late was angling

In the great lake that lies behind the palace,

From the far' shore, thick set with reeds and sedges,

As patiently I was attending sport,

I heard a voice, a shrill one; and attentive

I gave my ear; when I might well perceive

'Twas one that sung, and, by the smallness of it,

A boy or woman. I then left my angle

To his own skill, came near, but yet perceived not

Who made the sound, the rushes and the reeds

Had so encompass'd it: I laid me down,

And listen'd to the words she sung; for then,

Through a small glade cut by the fishermen,

I saw it was your daughter.

*Jailer. Pray, go on, sir.

*Wooer. She sung much, but no sense; only I heard her
*Repeat this often, Palamon is gone,
*Is gone to th' wood to gather mulberries;
*I'll find him out to-morrow.
   *I Friend. Pretty soul!
   *Wooer. *His shackles will betray him, he'll be taken;
*And what shall I do then? I'll bring a bevy,
*A hundred black-eyed maids that love as I do,
*With chaplets on their heads of daffodillies,
*With cherry lips, and cheeks of damask roses,
*And all we'll dance an antic for the Duke,
*And beg his pardon. Then she talk'd of you, sir;
*That you must lose your head to-morrow morning,
*And she must gather flowers to bury you,
*And see the house made handsome. Then she sung
*Nothing but *Willow, willow, willow; ² and between
*Ever was, Palamon, fair Palamon,
*And, Palamon was a tall young man. The place
*Was knee-deep where she sat; her careless tresses
*A wreath of bulrush rounded; about her stuck
*Thousand fresh water-flowers of several colours;
*That methought she appear'd like the fair nymph
*That feeds the lake with waters, or as Iris
*Newly dropt down from heaven. Rings she made
*Of rushes that grew by, and to 'em spoke
*The prettiest posies: *Thus our true love's tied; —
*This you may loose, not me; and many a one:
*And then she wept, and sung again, and sigh'd,
*And with the same breath smiled, and kiss'd her hand.
   *2 Friend. Alas, what pity 'tis! ³

¹ An antic probably means a comic dance; as to play the antic was to enact the buffoon. See vol. iv. page 198, note 4.
² The same song, no doubt, that Desdemona so pathetically sings parts of. See vol. xvii. page 278, note 6.
³ The first scene of the fourth Act (by Fletcher again) contains a piece
*Wooer.* I made in to her:
*She saw me, and straight sought the flood; I saved her,
*And set her safe to land: when presently
*She slipped away, and to the city made,
*With such a cry, and swiftness, that, believe me,
*She left me far behind her. Three or four
*I saw from far off cross her, one of 'em
*I knew to be your brother; where she stay'd,
*And fell, scarce to be got away: I left them with her,

of description which has principally given rise to the notion that the Jailer's Daughter is a copy of Ophelia. It is a misfortune that, when a notion once becomes, as it were, stereotyped, thenceforward it stands as a bar to all inquiry. The fact is that, allowing for their both being females, and both unsettled in their senses, no two characters can be drawn more distinctly different than the Jailer's Daughter and Ophelia. To prove this, we must turn back to the first scene (ii. 1) in which the former appears. Absorbed in the contemplation of Palamon, though speaking of both the prisoners, a comparison she makes between them and her pretends shows the current of her feelings: "Lord, the difference of men!" At her next appearance, (ii. 4) she avows in soliloquy her love for Palamon, and her determination to release him. As we proceed further, we find (ii. 6) that she has set him at liberty, but has some misgivings as to whether he will return her love. We next (iii. 2) meet with her in despair at having missed Palamon at the place she had appointed to meet him; conjuring up all kinds of fancies, and finally in terror lest her mind should sink under the weight of anguish and apprehension which oppressed it. What she feared has become a reality when (iii. 4) she appears again; and at this point we come to the description in the scene before us. Now, in all that has passed, not only the circumstances, but the springs of action, are different from those of Ophelia; and the language and sentiments are still more unlike. But the description in this scene has a certain resemblance to the circumstance of the death of Ophelia, and was probably written with that scene in view. It has no reference whatever to the character of the Jailer's Daughter; and it is the only circumstance in the whole play common to her and Ophelia. She afterwards appears upon the stage, following up her nautical fancy, in which she is humour'd by her friends.—The Queen's description of the death of Ophelia is a necessary part of the play; it subserves the catastrophe; and it may even be said to forward the action instead of impeding it: on the other hand, the action of *The Two Noble Kinsmen* stands still while the Wooer gives a long, laboured, and perfectly unnecessary description.—HICKSON.
*And hither came to tell you. Here they are.

*Enter Jailer’s Brother, Daughter, and others.

*Daugh. [Sings.] *May you never more enjoy the light, &c.*

*Is not this a fine song?
  *Broth.* O, a very fine one!
  *Daugh.* I can sing twenty more.
  *Broth.* I think you can.
  *Daugh.* Yes, truly, can I; I can sing *The Broom.*

*And Bonny Robin.* Are not you a tailor?
  *Broth.* Yes.
  *Daugh.* Where’s my wedding-gown?
  *Broth.* I’ll bring’t to-morrow.
  *Daugh.* Do, very rearly; I must be abroad else,
  *To call the maids and pay the minstrels;
  *For I must lose my maidenhood by cock-light;
  *Twill never thrive else.

[Sings.] *O fair, O sweet,* &c.

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4 *The Bonny Broom* is said to have been a very popular song. Laneham, in his *Letter from Kenilworth,* 1575, mentions it as one of the songs in the possession of Captain Cox, a mason at Coventry. A scrap of it is sung by Moros, in the old comedy entitled *The longer thou livest, the more fool thou art.* From this scrap, the song appears to have consisted very much of repetitions; though Chappell says it “does not give the metre or the correct words of the song.” It runs thus:

Brome, brome on hill,
The gentle brome on hill, hill:
Brome, brome on Hive hill, &c.

5 The same that Ophelia sings a snatch of. See vol. xiv. page 276, note 37.

6 *Rearly* or *rear* is an old equivalent for *early.*

7 *Cock-light* is *twilight,* the time of morning cock-crowing.

8 From a song found among *Certain Sonnets* in Sidney’s *Arcadia*:

O Faire, o sweet, when I do looke on thee,
In whom all joyes so well agree, &c.
SCENE I.

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

*Broth. You must even take it patiently.

*Jailer. *Tis true.

*Daugh. Good even, good men. Pray, did you ever hear

*Of one young Palamon?

*Jailer. Yes, wench, we know him.

*Daugh. Is't not a fine young gentleman?

*Jailer. *Tis love!

*Broth. By no means cross her; she is then distemper'd

*Far worse than now she shows.

*1 Friend. Yes, he's a fine man.

*Daugh. O, is he so? You have a sister?

*1 Friend. Yes.

*Daugh. But she shall never have him, tell her so,

*For a trick that I know: y'had best look to her,

*For, if she see him once, she's gone; she's done,

*And undone in an hour. All the young maids

*Of our town are in love with him: but I laugh at 'em,

*And let 'em all alone; is't not a wise course?

*1 Friend. Yes.

*Daugh. There is at least two hundred now with child by

*him,—

*There must be four; yet I keep close for all this,

*Close as a cockle; and all these must be boys,—

*He has the trick on't; and at ten years old

*They must be all gelt for musicians,

*And sing the wars of Theseus.

*2 Friend. This is strange.

*Daugh. As ever you heard: but say nothing.

*1 Friend. No.

*Daugh. They come from all parts of the dukedom to

*him;

*I'll warrant ye, he had not so few last night

*As twenty to dispatch: he'll tickle't up

*In two hours, if his hand be in.
\*Jailer. \*She's lost,  
\*Past all cure.  
\*Broth. \*Heaven forbid, man!  
\*Daugh. \*Come hither; you're a wise man.  
\*1 Friend. \*Does she know him?  
\*2 Friend. \*No; would she did!  
\*Daugh. \*You're master of a ship?  
\*Jailer. \*Yes.  
\*Daugh. \*Where's your compass?  
\*Jailer. \*Here.  
\*Daugh. \*Set it to th' North;  
\*And now direct your course to th' wood, where Palamon  
\*Lies longing for me; for the tackling  
\*Let me alone: come, weigh, my hearts, cheerly!  
\*All. \*Owgh, owgh, owgh! 'tis up, the wind is fair:  
\*Top the bowline; out with the main-sail:  
\*Where's your whistle, master?  
\*Broth. \*Let's get her in.  
\*Jailer. \*Up to the top, boy!  
\*Broth. \*Where's the pilot?  
\*1 Friend. \*Here.  
\*Daugh. \*What kenn'st thou?  
\*2 Friend. \*A fair wood.  
\*Daugh. \*Bear for it, master;  
\*Tack about!  
\*[Sings.] \*When Cynthia with her borrow'd light, &c.  
\*\*[Exeunt.  

\*Scene II. — Athens. An Apartment in the Palace.  

\*Enter Emilia with two pictures.  

\*Emi. Yet I may bind those wounds up, that must open  
\*And bleed to death for my sake else. I'll choose,
Scene II. The Two Noble Kinsmen. 225

*And end their strife: two such young handsome men
*Shall never fall for me; their weeping mothers,
*Following the dead-cold ashes of their sons,
*Shall never curse my cruelty. Good Heaven,
*What a sweet face has Arcite! If wise Nature,
*With all her best endowments, all those beauties
*She sows into the births of noble bodies,
*Were here a mortal woman, and had in her
*The coy denials of young maids, yet doubtless
*She would run mad for this man. What an eye,
*Of what a fiery sparkle and quick sweetness,
*Has this young prince! here Love himself sits smiling;
*Just such another 1 wanton Ganymede
*Set Jove a-fire with, and enforced the god
*Snatch up the goodly boy, and set him by him,
*A shining constellation: what a brow,
*Of what a spacious majesty, he carries,
*Arch'd like the great-eyed Juno's, but far sweeter,
*Smother than Pelops' shoulder! Fame and Honour,
*Methinks, from hence, as from a promontory
*Pointed in heaven, should clap their wings, and sing,
*To all the under-world, the loves and fights
*Of gods; and such men near 'em. Palamon
*Is but his foil; to him, a mere dull shadow:
*He's swarth and meagre, of an eye as heavy
*As if he had lost his mother; a still temper,
*No stirring in him, no alacrity;
*Of all this sprightly sharpness, not a smile:
*Yet these, that we count errors, may become him.
*Narcissus was a sad boy, but a heavenly.
*O, who can find the bent of woman's fancy?

1 That is, "Just such another smiling"; the construction being, "with just such another smile wanton Ganymede set Jove a-fire."
*I am a fool, my reason is lost in me:
*I have no choice; and I have lied so lewdly
*That women ought to beat me.—On my knees
*I ask thy pardon, Palamon: thou art alone,
*And only beautiful; and these thy eyes,—
*They're the bright lamps of beauty, that command
*And threaten Love; and what young maid dare cross 'em?
*What a bold gravity, and yet inviting,
*Has this brown manly face! O Love, this only
*From this hour is complexion. Lie there, Arcite;
*Thou art a changeling to him, a mere gipsy,
*And this the noble body. I am sotted,
*Utterly lost; my virgin faith has fled me,
*For, if my brother but even now had ask'd me
*Whether I loved, I had run mad for Arcite;
*Now if my sister, more for Palamon.—
*Stand both together. — Now, come, ask me, brother;
*Alas, I know not! — Ask me now, sweet sister;
*I may go look! — What a mere child is fancy,
*That, having two fair gauds of equal sweetness,
*Cannot distinguish, but must cry for both! —

*Enter a Gentleman.

*How now, sir!
*Gent. From the noble Duke your brother,
*Madam, I bring you news: The knights are come.
*Emi. To end the quarrel?
*Gent. Yes.

2 The fairies used to steal away fine babies, and leave inferior specimens in their stead. See vol. iii. page 23, note 5.
3 Sotted is the same as besotted, and so means befuddled or made foolish. So sot is used repeatedly by Shakespeare for fool; from the French.—In what follows, virgin faith probably means fidelity or steadfastness to the virgin state. This Emilia has lost by admitting the passion of love into her breast.
SCENE II.  THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.  227

*Emi.  Would I might end first!—
*What sins have I committed, chaste Diana,
*That my unspotted youth must now be soil'd
*With blood of princes, and my chastity
*Be made the altar where the lives of lovers—
*Two greater and two better never yet
*Made mothers joy*—must be the sacrifice
*To my unhappy beauty?

*Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PIRITHOUS, and Attendants.

*Thes.  Bring 'em in
*Quickly by any means; I long to see 'em.—
*Your two contending lovers are return'd,
*And with them their six knights: now, my fair sister,
*You must love one of them.

*Emi.  I had rather both,
*So neither for my sake should fall untimely.

*Thes.  Who saw 'em?
*Pir.  I a while.
*Gent.  And I.

*Enter a Messenger.

*Thes.  From whence come you, sir?
*Mess.  From the knights.
*Thes.  Pray, speak,

*You that have seen them, what they are.

*Mess.  I will, sir,

*And truly what I think. Six braver spirits
*Than those they've brought— if we judge by th' outside—
*I never saw nor read of. He that stands
*In the first place with Arcite, by his seeming
*Should be a stout man, by his face a prince;

*Joy is here a verb: "never yet gladdened mothers, or caused them to
rejoice."
*His very looks so say him: his complexion
*Nearer a brown than black; stern, and yet noble,
*Which shows him hardy, fearless, proud of dangers;
*The circles of his eyes show fire within him,
*And as a heated lion so he looks;
*His hair hangs long behind him, black and shining
*Like ravens' wings; his shoulders broad and strong;
*Arms long and round; and on his thigh a sword
*Hung by a curious baldric, when he frowns
*To seal his will with; better, o' my conscience,
*Was never soldier's friend.—
  *Thes. Thou'st well described him.
  *Pir. Yet a great deal short,
*Methinks, of him that's first with Palamon.
  *Thes. Pray, speak him, friend.
  *Pir. I guess he is a prince too,
*And, if it may be, greater; for his show
*Has all the ornament of honour in't:
*He's somewhat bigger than the knight he spoke of,
*But of a face far sweeter; his complexion
*Is, as a ripe grape, ruddy; he has felt,
*Without doubt, what he fights for, and so apter
*To make this cause his own; in's face appears
*All the fair hopes of what he undertakes;
*And when he's angry, then a settled valour,
*Not tainted with extremes, runs through his body,
*And guides his arm to brave things; fear he cannot,
*He shows no such soft temper; his head's yellow,
*Hard-hair'd, and curl'd, thick-twined, like ivy-tops,
*Not to undo with thunder; in his face
*The livery of the warlike maid⁵ appears,

⁵ "The warlike maid" may be either Bellona or Athena; probably the latter. Athena was a virgin divinity, whose heart was proof against the
*Pure red and white, for yet no beard has blest him;
*And in his rolling eyes sits Victory,
*As if she ever meant to crown his valour;
*His nose stands high, a character of honour;
*His red lips, after fights, are fit for ladies.

*Emi. Must these men die too?

*Pir. When he speaks, his tongue

*Sounds like a trumpet; all his lineaments
*Are as a man would wish 'em, strong and clean;
*He wears a well-steel'd axe, the staff of gold;
*His age some five-and-twenty.

*Mess. There's another,

*A little man, but of a tough soul, seeming
*As great as any; fairer promises
*In such a body yet I never look'd on.

*Pir. O, he that's freckle-faced?

*Mess. The same, my lord:

*Are they not sweet ones?

*Pir. Yes, they're well.

*Mess. Methinks,

*Being so few and well-disposed, they show
*Great and fine art in Nature. He's white-hair'd,
*Not wanton-white, but such a manly colour
*Next to an auburn; tough and nimble-set,
*Which shows an active soul; his arms are brawny,
*Lined with strong sinews; to the shoulder-piece
*Gently they swell, like women new-conceived,
*Which speaks him prone to labour, never fainting
*Under the weight of arms; stout-hearted, still,
*But, when he stirs, a tiger; he's grey-eyed,
*Which yields compassion where he conquers; sharp
*To spy advantages, and, where he finds 'em,

*power of love; and the livery of "pure red and white" was emblematic of
her character in this respect: the *blush* of modesty.
He's swift to make 'em his; he does no wrongs,
Nor takes none; he's round-faced, and when he smiles
He shows a lover, when he frowns, a soldier;
About his head he wears the winner's oak,
And in it stuck the favour of his lady;
His age some six-and thirty; in his hand
He bears a charging-staff, emboss'd with silver.
*Thes. Are they all thus?
*Pir. They're all the sons of honour.
*Thes. Now, as I have a soul, I long to see 'em.—
Lady, you shall see men fight now.
*Hip. I wish it,
But not the cause, my lord: they would show bravely
Fighting about the titles of two kingdoms:
'Tis pity Love should be so tyrannous.—
O my soft-hearted sister, what think you?
Weep not, till they weep blood, wench: it must be.
*Thes. You've steel'd 'em with your beauty.—Honour'd
friend,
To you I give the field; pray, order it
Fitting the persons that must use it.
*Pir. Yes, sir.
*Thes. Come, I'll go visit 'em: I cannot stay—
Their fame has fired me so — till they appear.
Good friend, be royal.
*Pir. There shall want no bravery.
*Emi. Poor wench, go weep; for whosoever wins
Loses a noble cousin for thy sins. [Exeunt.

Enter Jailer, Wooer, and Doctor.

Doctor. Her distraction is more at some time of the Moon than at other some, is it not?

Jailer. She is continually in a harmless distemper; sleeps little; altogether without appetite, save often drinking; dreaming of another world and a better; and, what broken piece of matter soe'er she's about, the name Palamon lards it; that she farces 1 every business withal, fits it to every question. Look, where she comes; you shall perceive her behaviour. 2

Enter Jailer's Daughter.

Daugh. I have forgot it quite; the burden on't was Down-a, down-a; and penned by no worse man than Geraldo, Emilia's schoolmaster: he's as fantastical, too, as ever he may go upon's legs; for in the next world will Dido see Palamon, and then will she be out of love with Æneas.

Doctor. What stuff's here! poor soul!

Jailer. Even thus all day long.

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1 To farce is to stuff, to cram, to fill. See vol. xvi. page 309, note 12.
2 We have now arrived at the most important scene of the whole play,— important, not so much with reference to this play, as in its relation to another that must be ranked as the most wonderful of all the creations of human genius. The third scene opens with the Jailer giving a doctor an account of his daughter's distemper. In the midst of this account the daughter enters; and the opinion formed of her conduct through this scene must mainly influence any decision with regard to the play. We have said before that it is most absurd to call this character an imitation of Ophelia; but we should have been rather surprised, did we not see how external circumstances are commonly made to pass for character, that the charge had not been made in reference to King Lear. Between this person and the Jailer's Daughter, there is a certain degree of parallelism that altogether fails in the other case; there is a similarity in the language; and we see in the latter, as in the former, the different gradations from a "mind diseased" to madness.— HICKSON.
Daugh. Now for this charm that I told you of. You must bring a piece of silver on the tip of your tongue, or no ferry: then, if it be your chance to come where the blessed spirits are,—there's a sight now!—we maids that have our livers perished, crack'd to pieces with love, we shall come there, and do nothing all day long but pick flowers with Proserpine: then will I make Palamon a nosegay; then let him—mark me—then—

Doctor. How prettily she's amiss! note her a little further.

Daugh. Faith, I'll tell you; sometime we go to barley-break, we of the blessed. Alas, 'tis a sore life they have i' the other place; such burning, frying, boiling, hissing, howling, chattering, cursing! O, they have shrewd measure! Take heed: if one be mad, or hang, or drown themselves, thither they go; Jupiter bless us! and there shall we be put in a caldron of lead and usurer's grease, amongst a whole million of cut-purses, and there boil like a gammon of bacon that will never be enough.

Doctor. How her brain coins!

Daugh. Lords and courtiers that have got maids with child, they are in this place: they shall stand in fire up to the navel, and in ice up to the heart; and there th' offending part burns, and the deceiving part freezes; in troth, a very

8 Barley-break was a game played by six people, three of each sex, who were coupled by lot. Gifford describes it as follows: "A piece of ground was chosen, and divided into three compartments, of which the middle one was called hell. It was the object of the couple condemned to this division, to catch the others, who advanced from the two extremities; in which case a change of situation took place, and hell was filled by the couple who were excluded by preoccupation from the other places. In this catching, however, there was some difficulty, as, by the regulations of the game, the middle couple were not to separate before they had succeeded, while the others might break hands whenever they found themselves hard pressed. When all had been taken in turn, the last couple was said to be in hell, and the game ended."

4 In connection with this passage, Mr. Hickson justly cites one from King
grievous punishment, as one would think, for such a trifle: believe me, one would marry a leprous witch to be rid on't, I'll assure you.

Doctor. How she continues this fancy! 'Tis not an engraffed madness, but a most thick and profound melancholy.

Daugh. To hear there a proud lady and a proud city-wife howl together! I were a beast, an I'd call it good sport: one cries, O, this smoke! th' other, This fire! one cries O, that ever I did it behind the arras! and then howls; th' other curses a suing fellow and her garden-house.

[Sings.] I will be true, my stars, my fate, &c. [Exit.

Jailer. What think you of her, sir?

Lear, iv. 6: "Down from the waist they are Centaurs," &c. He then proceeds as follows: "The resemblance of the two quotations is striking, but rather in style or structure, which go to prove identity of writer, than in either sentiment or imagery. Comparing the women, who 'down from the waist are centaurs,' with the lords and courtiers who stand 'in ice up to the heart,' we may perceive that there is not one circumstance that is common to both images, and that the resemblance is entirely that of manner. Of the moral purpose of this scene we need hardly speak: but we must call attention to its peculiar fitness; the subject being the punishment awarded to deceit in love, and the indulgence of ungoverned passions,—both of these acting as causes of the disturbed state of mind of the speaker. It would hardly be straining probability to suppose, that the Doctor who attended the Jailer's Daughter was afterwards called to King Lear and Lady Macbeth. His office is purely ministerial, and his purpose is to describe the state of mind of his respective patients; consequently, if by the same writer, no difference of character can be looked for. Similar states of mind, however, call for like expressions. Macbeth, we may recollect, says, 'Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased?' To which the Doctor replies, 'Therein the patient must minister to himself.' The latter speaks, in another place, of Lady Macbeth's state, as 'A great perturbation in nature!' Our Doctor says of his patient, in answer to a question from her father, 'I think she has a perturbed mind which I cannot minister to.' We may observe that he had called her disorder, 'not an engraffed madness, but a most thick and profound melancholy'; and he now proceeds to give his advice as to the means of recovering her: 'This intemperate surfeit of her eye,' that is, her admiration of Palamon, 'hath distempered her other senses,' " &c.
Doctor. I think she has a perturbed mind which I cannot minister to.

Jailer. Alas, what then?

Doctor. Understand you she ever affected any man ere she beheld Palamon?

Jailer. I was once, sir, in great hope she had fixed her liking on this gentleman, my friend.

Wooer. I did think so too; and would account I had a great pen'worth on't, to give half my state, that both she and I at this present stood uneignedly on the same terms.

Doctor. That intemperate surfeit of her eye hath distempered the other senses: they may return and settle again to execute their preordained faculties; but they are now in a most extravagant vagary. This you must do: confine her to a place where the light may rather seem to steal in than be permitted. Take upon you, young sir, her friend, the name of Palamon; say you come to eat with her, and to commune of love: this will catch her attention, for this her mind beats upon; other objects, that are inserted 'tween her mind and eye, become the pranks and friskings of her madness: sing to her such green songs of love as she says Palamon hath sung in prison; come to her, stuck in as sweet flowers as the season is mistress of, and thereto make an addition of some other compounded odours, which are grateful to the sense; all this shall become Palamon, for Palamon can sing, and Palamon is sweet, and every good thing: desire to eat with her, carve her, drink to her, and still-among intermingle your petition of grace and acceptance into her favour:

5 To carve her, as the phrase is here used, is to inform her by significant motions and gestures. Perhaps best illustrated from Littleton's Latin English Lexicon, 1675. "A carver: chironomus." "Chironomus: one that useth apish motions with his hands." "Chironomia: a kind of gesture with the hands, either in dancing, carving of meat, or pleading." See, also, vol. vi. page 21, note 8. — Still-among and ever-among are old phrases
learn what maids have been her companions and play-seres; and let them repair to her with Palamon in their mouths, and appear with tokens, as if they suggested for him. It is a falsehood she is in, which is with falsehoods to be combated. This may bring her to eat, to sleep, and reduce what's now out of square in her into their former law and regiment: I have seen it approved, how many times I know not; but to make the number more I have great hope in this. I will, between the passages of this project, come in with my appliance. Let us put it in execution; and hasten the success, which, doubt not, will bring forth comfort. [Exeunt.

meaning continually or frequently, or nearly that. So in Sidney's Arcadia:
"And ever-among she would sauce her speech with such bastonados, that poor Dametas began now to think," &c. See vol. xi. page 267, note 4.

6 Fere is an old word for male. See page 12, note 5.
7 To tempt, to incite are old meanings of to suggest.
8 Regiment and government were formerly synonymous.
9 Approved is made good, proved true. A frequent usage.
10 Success in the Latin sense of result or consequence. Often so.
11 Viewing the similarity of this scene to Shakespeare, in style and language, and its freedom from all the marks of imitation; considering that particular passages, which may be said to resemble others in Shakespeare, are not so much copies as variations of phrase, and equally in place; but, above all, looking at the high moral purpose of the scene, viewing in it the natural punishment of the principal character for her ill-governed desires, and the mode she took of gratifying them; and yet, moreover, regarding the perfect coherence of the mad speeches, and their pertinency to the general subject, (almost a test of itself,) we have no hesitation in stating our firm conviction that it is by Shakespeare.—HICKSON.
ACT V.

SCENE I.—Athens. A Court before the Temples of Mars, Venus, and Diana.

A flourish. Enter Theseus, Pirithous, Hippolyta, and Attendants.

Thes. Now let 'em enter, and before the gods
Tender their holy prayers: let the temples
Burn bright with sacred fires, and the altars
In hallow'd clouds commend their swelling incense
To those above us: let no due be wanting:
They have a noble work in hand, will honour
The very powers that love 'em.

Pir. Sir, they enter.

A flourish of cornets. Enter Palamon, Arcite, and their Knights.

Thes. You valiant and strong-hearted enemies,
You royal germane 1 foes, that this day come
To blow that nearness out that flames between ye,
Lay by your anger for an hour, and dove-like
Before the holy altars of your helpers,
The all-fear'd gods, bow down your stubborn bodies.
Your ire is more than mortal; so your help be!
And, as the gods regard ye, fight with justice.
I'll leave you to your prayers, and betwixt ye
I part my wishes.

Pir. Honour crown the worthiest!

[Exeunt all but Palamon, Arcite, and their Knights.

1 Germane is, properly, brother, but was used for kinsman.
Scene I. The Two Noble Kinsmen.

Pul. The glass is running now that cannot finish
Till one of us expire: think you but thus,
That, were there aught in me which strove to show
Mine enemy in this business, were't one eye
Against another, arm oppress'd by arm,
I would destroy th' offender; coz, I would,
Though parcel of myself: then from this gather
How I should tender you.

Arc. I am in labour
To push your name, your ancient love, our kindred,
Out of my memory; and i' the self-same place
To seat something I would confound: so hoist we
The sails, that must these vessels port even where
The heavenly Limiter pleases.

Pul. You speak well.
Before I turn, let me embrace thee, cousin:
This I shall never do again.

Arc. One farewell!

Pul. Why, let it be so: farewell, coz!

Arc. Farewell, sir! —

[They embrace. — Exeunt Palamon and his Knights.

Knights, kinsmen, lovers, yea, my sacrifices,
True worshippers of Mars, whose spirit in you
Expels the seeds of fear, and th' apprehension
Which still is father of it, go with me
Before the god of our profession: there
Require of him the hearts of lions, and
The breath of tigers, yea, the fierceness too,
Yea, the speed also, — to go on, I mean,
Else wish we to be snails. You know my prize
Must be dragg'd out of blood; force and great feat

2 To port is to bring into port or harbour. — In the next line, Limiter is appointer. The word does not occur again in Shakespeare; but the use of to limit for to appoint is quite frequent. See vol. ix. page 271, note 3.
Must put my garland on, where she shall stick
The queen of flowers: our intercession, then,
Must be to him that makes the camp a cestron
Brimm'd with the blood of men: give me your aid,
And bend your spirits towards him.—

[They advance to the altar of Mars, and fall on their
faces; then kneel.

Thou mighty one, that with thy power hast turn'd
Green Neptune into purple; whose approach
Comets prewarn; whose havoc in vast field
Unearth'd skulls proclaim; whose breath blows down
The teeming Ceres' foison; who dost pluck
With hand armipotent from forth blue clouds
The mason'd turrets; that both makest and break'st
The stony girths of cities; me thy pupil,
Young'st follower of thy drum, instruct this day
With military skill, that to thy laud
I may advance my streamer, and by thee
Be styled the lord o' the day. Give me, great Mars,
Some token of thy pleasure.

[Here they fall on their faces as before, and there is
heard clanging of armour, with a short thunder,
as the burst of a battle, whereupon they all rise
and bow to the altar.

O great corrector of enormous times,
Shaker of o'er-rank States, thou grand decider
Of dusty and old titles, that heal'st with blood
The Earth when it is sick, and curest the world

—Cestrone is cistern; probably another form of the word.
4 Vast, not in the sense of large, but of the Latin vastus, waste, desolate; or rather of devastating, destructive. See vol. xii. page 36, note 14.
5 Foison is abundance, especially of such fruits as Ceres had in charge. See vol. vii. page 83, note 23.
6 Enormous in the radical Latin sense; out of rule, abnormal, or errant from the normal state. See vol. xv. page 62, note 30.
SCENE I. THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

O' the plurisy of people; I do take
Thy signs auspiciously, and in thy name
To my design march boldly.—Let us go. [Exeunt.

Re-enter Palamon and his Knights.

Pal. Our stars must glister with new fire, or be
To-day extinct; our argument is love,
Which if the goddess of it grant, she gives
Victory too: then blend your spirits with mine,
You, whose free nobleness do make my cause
Your personal hazard: to the goddess Venus
Commend we our proceeding, and implore
Her power unto our party.—

[They advance to the altar of Venus, and fall on their
faces; then kneel.

Hail, sovereign queen of secrets, who hast power
To call the fiercest tyrant from his rage,
To weep unto a girl; that hæst the might
Even with an eye-glance to choke Mars's drum,
And turn th' alarm to whispers; that canst make
A cripple flourish with his crutch, and cure him
Before Apollo; that mayst force the king
To be his subject's vassal, and induce

Plurisy, from the Latin plus, is superabundance. Shakespeare has it
repeatedly so. See vol. xiv. page 283, note 24.

The three concluding scenes of the fifth Act, like the stately march or
the procession of a triumph, with all its "pride, pomp, and circumstance,"
proceed, without interval or interruption, to the end. The human agents
have become instruments in the hands of the gods, to whose "divine arbitrement" the event is referred; an impeding and inevitable fate is visible;
"The glass is running now that cannot finish till one of us expire"; and
we, the spectators, with the actors, abandon ourselves to "the sails that must
these vessels port even where the heavenly Limiter pleases." The address
of Arcite to his friends, "Knights, kinsmen, lovers," is sufficiently remark-
able; but the address to Mars, which follows, unparalleled as an invocation,
is one of the grandest examples of the application of circumstances to the
character of a power that we have ever met with.—HICKSON.
Stale gravity to dance: the pollèd bachelor —
Whose youth, like wanton boys through bonfires,
Have skipt thy flame — at seventy thou canst catch,
And make him, to the scorn of his hoarse throat,
Abuse young lays of love. What godlike power
Hast thou not power upon? to Phœbus thou
Add’st flames, hotter than his; the heavenly fires
Did scorch his mortal son, thine him;¹¹ the huntress
All moist and cold, some say, began to throw
Her bow away, and sigh: take to thy grace
Me, thy vow’d soldier, who do bear thy yoke
As ’twere a wreath of roses, yet is heavier
Than lead itself, stings more than nettles. I
Have never been foul-mouth’d against thy law;
Ne’er reveal’d secret, for I knew none, — would not,
Had I kenn’d all that were; I never practised
Upon man’s wife, nor would the libels read
Of liberal wits; I never at great feasts
Sought to betray a beauty, but have blush’d
At simpering sirs that did; I have been harsh
To large confessors,¹² and have hotly ask’d them
If they had mothers? I had one, a woman,
And women ’twere they wrong’d. I knew a man
Of eighty Winters, — this I told them, — who
A lass of fourteen bridged; ’twas thy power
To put life into dust: the aged cramp
Had screw’d his square foot round,

¹ Pollèd is shorn or bald-headed. So Ezekiel, xliiv. 20, speaking of the
priests: “Neither shall they shave their heads, nor suffer their locks to
grow long; they shall only poll their heads.”

¹⁰ An instance of the verb agreeing with the nearest noun, instead of with
its proper subject. Often so. See vol. xiv. page 154, note 12.

¹¹ Alluding to the old myth of Phaethon. See vol. i. page 206, note 10.

¹² Large, here, is loose, coarse, licentious. Men boasting of their lewd in-
trigues and their seductions, are the sort referred to.
The gout had knit his fingers into knots,
Torturing convulsions from his globy eyes 13
Had almost drawn their spheres, that what was life
In him seem'd torture: this anatomy
Had by his young fair sere a boy, and I
Believed it was his, for she swore it was,
And who would not believe her? Brief, I am.
To those that prate, and have done, no companion;
To those that boast, and have not, a defier; 14
To those that would, and cannot, a rejoicer:
Yea, him I do not love, that tells close offices
The foulest way, or names concealments in
The boldest language; such a one I am,
And vow that lover never yet made sigh
Truer than I. O, then, most soft-sweet goddess,
Give me the victory of this question, which
Is true love's merit, and bless me with a sign
Of thy great pleasure.

[Here music is heard, and doves are seen to flutter: they
fall again upon their faces, then on their knees.

O thou that from eleven to ninety reign'st
In mortal bosoms, whose chase is this world,
And we in herds thy game, I give thee thanks
For this fair token; which, being laid unto
Mine innocent-true heart, arms in assurance
My body to this business. — Let us rise,
And bow before the goddess: time comes on.

[They bow, and then exeunt.

Still music of recorders. Enter Emilia in white, her hair
about her shoulders, and wearing a wheaten wreath; one

13 Globy eyes are, probably, eyes bulging or protruding from the sockets or spheres.
14 Shakespeare often uses the verb to defy in the sense of to renounce or repudiate. So defier here. See vol. xi. page 31, note 22.
in white holding up her train, her hair stuck with flowers; one before her carrying a silver hind, in which is conveyed incense and sweet odours, which being set upon the altar of Diana, her Maids standing aloof, she sets fire to it; then they curtsy and kneel.

Emi. O sacred, shadowy, cold, and constant queen, Abandoner of revels, mute, contemplative, Sweet, solitary, white as chaste, and pure As wind-fann'd snow, who to thy female knights 15 Allow'st no more blood than will make a blush, Which is their order's robe; I here, thy priest, Am humbled 'fore thine altar: O, vouchsafe, With that thy rare green eye 16—which never yet Beheld thing maculate—look on thy virgin; And, sacred silver mistress, lend thine ear— Which ne'er heard scurril term, into whose port Ne'er enter'd wanton sound—to my petition, Season'd with holy fear. This is my last Of vestal office; I'm bride-habited, But maiden-hearted: a husband I have 'pointed, But do not know him; out of two I should Choose one, and pray for his success; but I Am guiltless of election: of mine eyes Were I to lose one,—they are equal precious,— I could doom neither; that which perish'd should Go to't unsentenced: therefore, most modest queen, He, of the two pretenders, that best loves me And has the truest title in't, let him Take off my wheaten garland, or else grant

15 The virgins of Diana's train are often called knights. See vol. iv. page 249, note 2; also vol. xvii. page 287, note 2.
16 Green eyes were considered eminently beautiful; and the old Spanish writers are enthusiastic in praise of them. The old English poets, also, are given to celebrating them. See vol. xiii. page 211, note 24.
The file and quality I hold I may
Continue in thy band.—

[Here the hind vanishes under the altar, and in the place
ascends a rose-tree, having one rose upon it.

See what our general of ebbs and flows
Out from the bowels of her holy altar
With sacred act advances; but one rose!
If well inspired, this battle shall confound
Both these brave knights, and I, a virgin flower,
Must grow alone, unpluck'd.

[Here is heard a sudden twang of instruments, and the
rose falls from the tree, which vanishes under the
altar.

The flower is fall'n, the tree descends.—O mistress,
Thou here dischargedst me; I shall be gather'd,
I think so; but I know not thine own will:
Unclasp thy mystery.—I hope she's pleased;
Her signs were gracious. [They curtsy, and then exeunt.

—Scene II.—Athens. A Room in the Prison.

*Enter Doctor, Jailer, and Wooer in the habit of Palamon.

*Doctor. Has this advice I told you done any good upon
her?

*Wooer. O, very much: the maids that kept her company
*Have half persuaded her that I am Palamon;
*Within this half-hour she came smiling to me,
*And ask'd me what I'd eat, and when I'd kiss her:
*I told her presently, and kiss'd her twice.

*Doctor. 'Twas well done: twenty times had been far
*better;
*For there the cure lies mainly.

17 "Our general of ebbs and flows" is the Moon, that is, Diana.
*Wooer.* Then she told me
*She'd watch with me to-night, for well she knew
*What hour my fit would take me.
*Doctor.* Let her do so;
*And, when your fit comes, fit her home and presently.
*Wooer.* She would have me sing.
*Doctor.* You did so?
*Wooer.* No.
*Doctor.* 'Twas very ill done, then;
*You should observe her every way.
*Wooer.* Alas,
*I have no voice, sir, to confirm her that way!*
*Doctor.* That's all one, if ye make a noise:
*If she entreat again, do any thing;
*Lie with her, if she ask you.
*Jailer.* Ho, there,¹ doctor!
*Doctor.* Yes, in the way of cure.
*Jailer.* But first, by your leave,
*I' the way of honesty.²
*Doctor.* That's but a niceness;
*Ne'er cast your child away for honesty:
*Cure her first this way; then, if she'll be honest,
*She has the path before her.
*Jailer.* Thank ye, doctor.
*Doctor.* Pray, bring her in,
*And let's see how she is.
*Jailer.* I will, and tell her
*Her Palamon stays for her: but, doctor,
*Methinks you are i' the wrong still. [Exit.
*Doctor.* Go, go;
*You fathers are fine fools: her honesty!
*An we should give her physic till we find that, —

¹ That is, *stop* there. The expression was common.
² *Honest* and *honesty* were very often used for *chaste* and *chastity.*
*Wooer. Why, do you think she is not honest, sir?

*Doctor. How old is she?

*Wooer. She's eighteen. She may be;

*But that's all one, 'tis nothing to our purpose:

*Whate'er her father says, if you perceive

*Her mood inclining that way that I spoke of,

*Videlicit, the way of flesh — you have me?

*Wooer. Yes, very well, sir.

*Doctor. Please her appetite,

*And do it home; it cures her, ipso facto,

*The melancholy humour that infects her.

*Wooer. I am of your mind, doctor.

*Doctor. You'll find it so. She comes: pray, humour her.

*Re-enter Jailer, with his Daughter and Maid.

*Jailer. Come; your love Palamon stays for you, child,

*And has done this long hour, to visit you.

*Daugh. I thank him for his gentle patience;

*He's a kind gentleman, and I'm much bound to him.

*Did you ne'er see the horse he gave me!

*Jailer. Yes.

*Daugh. How do you like him?

*Jailer. He's a very fair one.

*Daugh. You never saw him dance?

*Jailer. No.

*Daugh. I have often:

*He dances very finely, very comely;

*And, for a jig, come cut and long tail 3 to him;

*He turns ye like a top.

* It appears that this phrase, though here applied to horses, was originally used of dogs. It is equivalent to "Come dogs of all sorts." See vol. vi. page 70, note a.
Jailer. That's fine indeed.
Daugh. He'll dance the morris twenty mile an hour,
And that will founder the best hobby-horse,
If I have any skill, in all the parish;
And gallops to the tune of Light o' Love: 4
What think you of this horse?
Jailer. Having these virtues,
I think he might be brought to play at tennis.
Daugh. Alas, that's nothing.
Jailer. Can he write and read too?
Daugh. A very fair hand; and casts himself th' accounts
Of all his hay and provender: that hostler
Must rise betime that cozens him. You know
The chestnut mare the Duke has?
Jailer. Very well.
Daugh. She's horribly in love with him, poor beast;
But he is like his master, coy and scornful.
Jailer. What dowry has she?
Daugh. Some two hundred bottles,
And twenty strike 5 of oats; but he'll ne'er have her:
He lisps in's neighing, able to entice
A miller's mare; he'll be the death of her.
Doctor. What stuff she utters!
Jailer. Make curtsy; here your love comes.
Wooer. Pretty soul,
How do ye! That's a fine maid; there's a curtsy!
Daugh. Yours to command, i' the way of honesty.
How far is't now to th' end o' the world, my masters?
Doctor. Why, a day's journey, wench.
Daugh. Will you go with me?
Wooer. What shall we do there, wench?

4 Light o' Love was the name of a popular song, or rather ballet, the words of which have not been discovered. See vol. iv. page 213, note 6.
5 A strike is said to be an old measure of four bushels.
SCENE II. THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN. 247

*Daugh. Why, play at stool-ball: 6
*What is there else to do?
*Wooer. I am content,
*If we shall keep our wedding there.
*Daugh. 'Tis true;
*For there, I will assure you, we shall find
*Some blind priest for the purpose, that will venture
*To marry us, for here they're nice and foolish;
*Besides, my father must be hang'd to-morrow,
*And that would be a blot i' the business.
*Are not you Palamon?
*Wooer. Do not you know me?
*Daugh. Yes; but you care not for me: I have nothing
*But this poor petticoat and two coarse smocks.
*Wooer. That's all one; I will have you.
*Daugh. Will you surely?
*Wooer. Yes, by this fair hand, will I.

6 Of this game Strutt gives the following account in his Sports and Pas
times: "I have been informed that a pastime called stool-ball is practised
to this day in the northern parts of England, which consists simply in setting
a stool upon the ground, and one of the players takes his place before it,
while his antagonist, standing at a distance, tosses a ball with the intention
of striking the stool; and this it is the business of the former to prevent by
beating it away with the hand, reckoning one to the game for every stroke
of the ball: if, on the contrary, it should be missed by the hand and touch
the stool, the players change places. The conqueror at this game is he who
strikes the ball most times before it touches the stool." He adds that "the
game seems to have been more properly appropriated to the women than to
the men; but occasionally it was played by the young persons of both sexes
indiscriminately." — A Pleasant Grove of New Fancies, 1657, has the fol-
lowing:

At stool-ball, Lucia, let us play
For sugar, cakes, and wine;
Or for a tansey let us pay,
The loss be thine or mine.
If thou, my dear, a winner be,
At trundling of the ball,
The wager thou shalt have and me,
And my misfortunes all.
THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

ACT V.

*Daugh. We'll to bed, then.
*Wooer. Even when you will. [Kisses her.
*Jailer. O, sir, you'd fain be nibbling.
*Wooer. Why do you rub my kiss off?
*Daugh. 'Tis a sweet one,
*And will perfume me finely 'gainst the wedding.
*Is not this your cousin Arcite?
*Doctor. Yes, sweetheart;
*And I am glad my cousin Palamon
*Has made so fair a choice.
*Daugh. Do you think he'll have me?
*Doctor. Yes, without doubt.
*Daugh. Do you think so too?
*Jailer. Yes.
*Daugh. We shall have many children. — Lord, how ye're
grown!
*My Palamon I hope will grow, too, finely,
*Now he's at liberty: alas, poor chicken,
*He was kept down with hard meat and ill lodging;
*But I'll kiss him up again.7

7 This scene terminates the underplot. We must bear in mind the advice of the Doctor in the former scene: he tells the Wooer to take upon him the name of Palamon, and to do whatever shall become Palamon, still aiming to intermingle his petition of grace and acceptance into her favour; but it could never be imagined from these directions that the "union" was to take place under such circumstances. He says, "it is a falsehood she is in, which is with falsehoods to be combated"; and he explains his object, "this may bring her to eat, to sleep, and reduce what's out of square in her to the former law and regiment." Yet this was not all; for he continues, "I will, between the passages of this project, come in with my appliance." The object sought was her restoration; and in the last scene of the fifth Act, the Jailer informs Palamon that his daughter "is well restored, and shortly to be married." But, in this scene, we find the Doctor saying, in reference to the Wooer's telling him he had "kiss'd her twice," "'Twas well done; twenty times had been far better; for there the cure lies mainly." That insight into the nature of his patient's disorder, displayed in so remarkable a manner by the Doctor in iv. 3, in this has left him; and his
• Enter a Messenger.

• Mess. What do you here? you'll lose the noblest sight
• That e'er was seen.
• Jailer. Are they i' the field?
• Mess. They are:
• You bear a charge there too.
• Jailer. I'll away straight.—
• I must even leave you here.
• Doctor. Nay, we'll go with you;
• I will not lose the sight.
• Jailer. How did you like her?
• Doctor. I'll warrant you, within these three or four days
• I'll make her right again. — You must not from her,
• But still preserve her in this way.
• Wooer. I will.
• Doctor. Let's get her in.
• Wooer. Come, sweet, we'll go to dinner;
• And then we'll play at cards.
• Daugh. And shall we kiss too?
• Wooer. A hundred times.
• Daugh. And twenty?
• Wooer. Ay, and twenty.
• Daugh. And then we'll sleep together?
• Doctor. Take her offer.
• Wooer. Yes, marry, will we.

business here seems to be to recommend and nurse up a sensual idea into an alliance with better feelings. The daughter's brain still "coins," but the subjects are far-fetched, and have no relation to the speaker's condition or state of mind, nor do they help the progress of the play. — We should observe that the former scene is in prose wholly, while this is in Fletcher's verse; but, in short, the tone and moral effect of the two scenes are so different, — the same characters have so altered an aspect, — the language, sentiments, and allusions are so unlike, — that the case of any one who can read and deliberately compare them, and still believe them to be by the same writer, we must give over as hopeless. — HICKSON.
*Daugh.* But you shall not hurt me.
*Wooer.* I will not, sweet.
*Daugh.* If you do, love, I'll cry.

*[Exeunt.]*

**Scene III.—A Part of the Forest near Athens, and near the place appointed for the combat.**

**Flourish.** Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Emilia, Pirithous, and Attendants.

**Emi.** I'll no step further.
**Pir.** Will you lose this sight?
**Emi.** I had rather see a wren hawk at a fly,
Than this decision: every blow that falls
Threats a brave life; each stroke laments
The place whereon it falls, and sounds more like
A bell than blade. I will stay here:
It is enough, my hearing shall be punish'd
With what shall happen, 'gainst the which there is
No deafing; but I dare not taint mine eye
With dread sights it may shun.

**Pir.** Sir, my good lord,
Your sister will no further.

**Thes.** O, she must:
She shall see deeds of honour in their kind,
Which sometime show well, pencill'd:¹ Nature now
Shall make and act the story, the belief

¹ There is obscurity here, owing to the peculiar use of *kind* and *sometime.* *Kind* is used in its radical sense of *nature* or *natural form,* and is to be construed with *see,* not with *honour.* There is also an antithesis implied between *kind* and *pencill'd,* that is, between the reality and the picture. So that the meaning is, "She shall see, in their native and original shape, such deeds as show well even when represented in painting." This use of *kind* occurs very often. See page 64, note 1.
Both seal'd with eye and ear. You must be present;
You are the victor's meed, the price and garland
To crown the questant's title. ²

_Emi._ Pardon me;
If I were there, I'd wink. ³

_Thes._ You must be there:
This trial is as 'twere i' the night, and you
The only star to shine.

_Emi._ I am extinct:
There is but envy ⁴ in that light which shows
The one the other. Darkness, which ever was
The dam of Horror, who does stand accursed
Of many mortal millions, may even now,
By casting her black mantle over both,
That neither could find other, get herself
Some part of a good name, and many a murder
Set off where to she's guilty. ⁵

_Hip._ You must go.

_Emi._ In faith, I will not.

_Thes._ Why, the knights must kindle
Their valour at your eye: know, of this war
You are the treasure, and must needs be by
To give the service pay.

_Emi._ Sir, pardon me;
The title of a kingdom may be tried
Out of itself. ⁶

² _Questant is seeker, aspirant, competitor._ Price is used in the sense of _prize or reward._ Repeatedly so.
³ That is, "I would shut my eyes"; the proper meaning of to _wink._
⁴ _Envy is hatred or malice_; the more common meaning of the word in Shakespeare's time. See vol. xii. page 226, note 10.
⁵ _Set off is strike off, cancel, or cause to be expunged from her account._ — "Guilty to" occurs several times for "guilty of." See vol. vii. page 233, note 57.
⁶ _Meaning, out of the kingdom itself._
Thes. Well, well then, at your pleasure:
Those that remain with you could wish their office
To any of their enemies.

Hip. Farewell, sister:
I'm like to know your husband 'fore yourself,
By some small start of time: he whom the gods
Do of the two know best, I pray them he
Be made your lot.

[Exeunt all but Emilia and some of the Attendants.

Emi. Arcite is gently visaged; yet his eye
Is like an engine bent, or a sharp weapon
In a soft sheath; mercy and manly courage
Are bedfellows in his visage. Palamon
Has a most menacing aspect; his brow
Is graved, and seems to bury what it frowns on;
Yet sometimes 'tis not so, but alters to
The quality of his thoughts: long time his eye
Will dwell upon his object; melancholy
Becomes him nobly; so does Arcite's mirth;
But Palamon's sadness is a kind of mirth,
So mingled as if mirth did make him sad,
And sadness merry: those darker humours that
Stick misbecomingly on others, on him
Live in fair dwelling.—

[Cornets; and trumpets sound as to a charge, within.

Hark, how yon spurs to spirit do incite
The princes to their proof! Arcite may win me:
And yet may Palamon wound Arcite to
The spoiling of his figure. O, what pity
Enough for such a chance! If I were by,
I might do hurt; for they would glance their eyes
Toward my seat, and in that motion might
Omit a ward, or forfeit an offence,7

7 Ward is guard, or motion of defence, and offence an act in the offensive.
Which craved that very time: it is much better
I am not there; O, better never born
Than minister to such harm! —

[Cornets; and a great cry of A Palamon! within.
What is the chance?

1 Serv. The cry's A Palamon!

Emi. Then he has won. 'Twas ever likely:
He look'd all grace and success, and he is
Doubtless the primest of men. I pr'ythee, run
And tell me how it goes.

[Shout; cornets; and cry of A Palamon! within.

1 Serv. Still Palamon!

Emi. Run and inquire. — [Exit First Servant.

Poor servant, thou hast lost:

Upon my right side still I wore thy picture,
Palamon's on the left: why so, I know not;
I had no end in't; chance would have it so:
On the sinister side the heart lies; Palamon
Had the best-boding chance. —

[Another cry, and shout, and cornets, within.

This burst of clamour

Is, sure, the end o' the combat.

Re-enter First Servant.

1 Serv. They said that Palamon had Arcite's body
Within an inch o' the pyramid, that the cry
Was general A Palamon! but anon
Th' assistants made a brave redemption, and

So that to "forfeit an offence" is to miss an opportunity of striking a decisive blow. See vol. xi. page 57, note 25.

8 This "pyramid" is the "pillar" which Theseus has planted; the arrangement being that, whichever of the combatants should first force the other to touch the pillar, he was to have Emilia. See the third Act, near the close.

9 Redemption, here, is rescue, retrieval, or recovery.
The two bold tilters at this instant are
Hand to hand at it.

_Emi._ Were they metamorphosed
Both into one, — O, why? there were no woman
Worth so composed a man: their single share,
Their nobleness peculiar to them, gives
The prejudice of disparity, value's shortness,
To any lady breathing.  

[ _Cornets; and cry of Arcite, Arcite! within._

More exulting?

_Palamon_ still?

_1 Serv._ Nay, now the sound is Arcite.

_Emi._ I pr'ythee, lay attention to the cry;
Set both thine ears to th' business.

[ _Cornets; and a great shout, and cry of Arcite, victory! within._

_1 Serv._ The cry is

_Arcite and victory!_ Hark: _Arcite, victory!_

The combat's consummation is proclaim'd
By the wind-instruments.

_Emi._ Half-sights saw

That Arcite was no babe: God's lid!  

his richness
And costliness of spirit look'd through him; it could
No more be hid in him than fire in flax,
Than humble banks can go to law with waters
That drift-winds force to raging. I did think
Good Palamon would miscarry; yet I knew not
Why I did think so: our reasons are not prophets,

10 "Each one's own peculiar share of nobleness is so great, that it sets a mark of disparity on the best lady living; her worth comes short of it."

11 _God's lid_ was one of the intensives in common use in Shakespeare's time. _God's foot_ and _God's light_ were others. They were frequently disguised or softened, as 'slid,' 'foot,' 'slight.' See vol. xi. page 16, note 16; also vol. xviii. page 193, note 20.
When oft our fancies are. They're coming off:
Alas, poor Palamon! [Cornets within.

Re-enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Pirithous, with Arcite as Victor, Attendants, &c.

Thes. Lo, where our sister is in expectation,
Yet quaking and unsettled. — Fairest Emily,
The gods, by their divine arbitrement,
Have given you this knight: he is a good one
As ever struck at head. Give me your hands:
Receive you her, you him; be plighted with
A love that grows as you decay.

Arc. Emily,
To buy you I have lost what's dearest to me,
Save what is bought; and yet I purchase cheaply,
As I do rate your value.

Thes. O loved sister,
He speaks now of as brave a knight as e'er
Did spur a noble steed: surely, the gods
Would have him die a bachelor, lest his race
Should show i' the world too godlike: his behaviour
So charm'd me, that methought Alcides was
To him a sow of lead: if I could praise
Each part of him to th' all I've spoke, your Arcite
Did not lose by't; for he that was thus good
Encounter'd yet his better. I have heard
Two emulous Philomels beat the ear o' the night
With their contentious throats, now one the higher,
Anon the other, then again the first,
And by-and-by out-breasted, that the sense

12 Fancy was in common use for love: of this, Shakespeare abounds in examples. The idea here set forth is, that the heart has prophetic instincts which outstrip the judgments of reason.
13 Out-breasted is out-voiced, out-sung. From the connection between a
Could not be judge between 'em: so it fared
Good space between these kinsmen; till Heavens did
Make hardly one the winner.—Wear the garland
With joy that you have won.—For the subdued,
Give them our present justice, since I know
Their lives but pinch 'em: let it here be done.
The scene's not for our seeing: go we hence,
Right joyful, with some sorrow.—Arm your prize;\textsuperscript{14}
I know you will not lose her.—Hippolyta,
I see one eye of yours conceives a tear,
The which it will deliver.

\textit{Emi.} Is this winning?
O all you heavenly powers, where is your mercy?
But that your wills have said it must be so,
And charge me live to comfort this unfriended,
This miserable prince, that cuts away
A life more worthy from him than all women,
I should and would die too.

\textit{Hip.} Infinite pity,
That four such eyes should be so fix'd on one,
That two must needs be blind for't!

\textit{Thes.} So it is.

[\textit{Flourish. Exeunt.}]

\textbf{Scene IV.} — \textit{The same Part of the Forest as in Act III.}
\textit{Scene VI.}

\textit{Enter} Palamon and his Knights pinioned, Jailer, Executioner, \&c., and Guard.

\textit{Pal.} There's many a man alive that hath outlived
The love o' the people; yea, i' the self-same state

full, strong breast and a good voice, \textit{breast} came to be put for \textit{voice}. See
vol. v. page 166, note 5.

\textsuperscript{14} That is, \textit{take her in your arms}. See vol. xviii. page 111, note 44.
Stands many a father with his child: some comfort
We have by so considering. We expire,
And not without men's pity; to live still
Have their good wishes; we prevent
The loathsome misery of age, beguile
The gout and rheum, that in lag hours attend
For gray approachers; we come towards the gods,
Young and unwrapper'd, not halting under crimes
Many and stale: that, sure, shall please the gods
Sooner than such, to give us nectar with 'em,
For we are more clear spirits. My dear kinsmen,
Whose lives for this poor comfort are laid down,
You've sold 'em too-too cheap.

1 Knight. What ending could be
Of more content? O'er us the victors have
Fortune, whose title is as momentary
As to us death is certain; a grain of honour
They not o'er-weigh us.

2 Knight. Let us bid farewell;
And with our patience anger tottering Fortune,
Who, at her certain'st, reels.

3. Knight. Come; who begins?
Pam. Even he that led you to this banquet shall
taste to you all. — Ah, ha, my friend, my friend!
Your gentle daughter gave me freedom once;
You'll see't done now for ever: pray, how does she?
I heard she was not well; her kind of ill
Gave me some sorrow.

Tailor. Sir, she's well restored,
And to be married shortly.

_Pal._ By my short life,
I am most glad on't; 'tis the latest thing
I shall be glad of; pr'ythee, tell her so:
Commend me to her, and, to piece her portion,
Tender her this. [Gives a purse.

1 Knight. Nay, let's be offerers all.

2 Knight. Is it a maid?

_Pal._ Verily, I think so;
A right-good creature, more to me deserving
Than I can quit or speak of.

All the Knights. Commend us to her.

[Giving their purses.

Jailer. The gods requite you all, and make her thankful!

_Pal._ Adieu; and let my life be now as short
As my leave-taking.

1 Knight. Lead, courageous cousin.

All the Knights. We'll follow cheerfully.

[Palamon lays his head on the block. A great noise, and cry of Run, save, hold! within.

Enter Messenger in haste.

Mess. Hold, hold! O, hold, hold, hold!

Enter Pirithous in haste.

_Pir._ Hold, ho! it is a cursed haste you made,
If you have done so quickly. — Noble Palamon,
The gods will show their glory in a life
That thou are yet to lead.

_Pal._ Can that be, when
Venus I've said is false? How do things fare?

_Pir._ Arise, great sir, and give the tidings ear
That are most dearly sweet and bitter. [Palamon rises.

_Pal._ What
Hath waked us from our dream?

    Pir.

List, then: Your cousin, Mounted upon a steed that Emily Did first bestow on him, — a black one, owing Not a hair-worth of white, which some will say Weakens his price, and many will not buy His goodness with this note; which superstition Here finds allowance; — on this horse is Arcite Trotting the stones of Athens, which the calkins Did rather tell than trample: for the horse Would make his length a mile, if't pleased his rider To put pride in him. As he thus went counting The flinty pavement, dancing as 'twere to th' music His own hoofs made, — for, as they say, from iron Came music's origin, — what envious flint, Cold as old Saturn, and like him possess'd With fire malevolent, darted a spark, Or what fierce sulphur else, to this end made, I comment not: the hot horse, hot as fire, Took toy at this, and fell to what disorder His power could give his will; bounds, comes on end, Forgets school-doing, being therein train'd, And of kind manage; then pig-like he whines At the sharp rowel, which he frets at rather Than any jot obeys; seeks all foul means Of boisterous and rough jadery, to disseat His lord that kept it bravely: when nought served, When neither curb would crack, girth break, nor differing plunges

6 The calkins are the points at the toe and heel of a horse-shoe, to prevent slipping. Here, again, tell is count. See page 201, note 12.
6 Toy, here, is freak, whim, or fancy. See vol. xiv. page 175, note 18.
7 Jade was used for an ugly or vicious horse; and here jadery means the jadish tricks of such a beast.
Disroot his rider whence he grew, but that
He kept him 'tween his legs, on his hind hoofs
Quickly uprearing, so on end he stands,
That Arcite's legs, being higher than his head,
Seem'd with strange art to hang: his victor's wreath
Even then fell off his head; and presently
Backward the jade comes o'er, and his full poise
Becomes the rider's load. Yet is he living;
But such a vessel 'tis that floats but for
The surge that next approaches: he much desires
To have some speech with you. Lo, he appears.

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Emilia, and Arcite carried in
a chair.

Pal. O miserable end of our alliance!
The gods are mighty.—Arcite, if thy heart,
Thy worthy, manly heart, be yet unbroken,
Give me thy last words: I am Palamon,
One that yet loves thee dying.

Arc. Take Emilia,
And with her all the world's joy. Reach thy hand:
Farewell; I've told my last hour. I was false,
Yet never treacherous: forgive me, cousin.—
One kiss from fair Emilia. [Kisses her.]—'Tis done:
Take her. I die. [Dies.

Pal. Thy brave soul seek Elysium!

Emi. I'll close thine eyes, prince: blessed souls be with
thee!
Thou art a right-good man; and, while I live,
This day I give to tears.

Pal. And I to honour.

Thes. In this place first you fought; even very here
I sunder'd you: acknowledge to the gods
Your thanks that you are living.
His part is play'd, and, though it were too short,
He did it well; your day is lengthen'd, and
The blissful dew of heaven does arrose⁸ you:
The powerful Venus well hath graced her altar,
And given you your love; our master Mars
Hath vouch'd his oracle, and to Arcite gave
The grace of the contention: so the deities
Have show'd due justice.—Bear this hence.

Pal.
O cousin,
That we should things desire, which do cost us
The loss of our desire! that nought could buy
Dear love but loss of dear love!

Thes.
Never fortune
Did play a subtler game: the conquer'd triumphs,
The victor has the loss; yet in the passage
The gods have been most equal. Palamon,
Your kinsman hath confess'd the right o' the lady
Did lie in you; for you first saw her, and
Even then proclaim'd your fancy; he restored her,
As your stol'n jewel, and desired your spirit
To send him hence forgiven: the gods my justice
Take from my hand,⁹ and they themselves become
The executioners. Lead your lady off;
And call your lovers from the stage of death,
Whom I adopt my friends. A day or two
Let us look sadly, and give grace unto
The funeral of Arcite; in whose end

⁸ To arrose is to moisten, to sprinkle. Of course every student remembers Cicero's "poca rorantia," and Ovid's lines in Metamorphoses, iv. 480:

Læta redit Juno; quam caelum intrare parantem
Roratis iustravit aquis Thaumantias Iris.

⁹ Take the act of justice away from my hand." The gods have executed upon Arcite that judgment which Theseus was about to execute upon Palamon.
The visages of bridegrooms we'll put on,
And smile with Palamon; for whom an hour,
But one hour since, I was as dearly sorry
As glad of Arcite, and am now as glad
As for him sorry. — O you heavenly charmern10
What things you make of us! For what we lack
We laugh, for what we have are sorry; still
Are children in some kind. Let us be thankful
For that which is, and with you leave dispute
That are above our question. — Let's go off,
And bear us like the time.11

[Flourish. Exeunt.]

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**EPILOGUE.**

*I would now ask ye how ye like the play;
*But, as it is with schoolboys, cannot say
*I'm cruel-fearful. Pray, yet stay awhile,
*And let me look upon ye. No man smile?
*Then it goes hard, I see. He that has
*Loved a young handsome wench, then, show his face,—
*'Tis strange if none be here; — and, if he will
*Against his conscience, let him hiss, and kill
*Our market. 'Tis in vain, I see, to stay ye:
*Have at the worst can come, then! Now what say ye?
*And yet mistake me not; I am not bold;
*We have no such cause. If the tale we've told —
*For 'tis no other — any way content ye,—
*For to that honest purpose it was meant ye,—

10 Charmers here means magicians or enchanters. The usage was common. See vol. xvii. page 248, note 4.
11 That is, behave in a manner suited to the time. The death of Arcite has made it a time of sadness and mourning. See vol. xvii. page 31, note 13.
*We have our end; and ye shall have ere long,
*I dare say, many a better, to prolong
*Your old loves to us. We and all our might
*Rest at your service: gentlemen, good night.  [Flourish.]
CRITICAL NOTES.

ACT I., SCENE I.

Page 137. Then Hippolyta, the bride, led by Pirithous. — The old copies have Theseus instead of Pirithous.

P. 137. With harebells dim. — The old copies read "With her bells dim." Surely both sense and metre require harebells.

P. 137. Marigolds on death-beds blowing,
    And larks' heels trim. — The old copies omit And. Compare the other stanzas.

P. 137. Not an angel of the air,
    Bird melodious or bird fair,
    Be absent hence. — The old copies have "Is absent."

P. 137. The woeing raven, nor chough hoar, &c. — The original has "nor Clough hee." Corrected by Seward.

P. 138. Who endure
    The beaks of ravens, talons of the kites,
    And pecks of crows, in the foul field of Thebes. — The old copies have endured and fields. The latter corrected by Seward; the other, by Dyce.

P. 139. Not Juno's mantle fairer than your tresses,
    Nor in more bounty spread; your wheaten wreath, &c. — The old copies read "Nor in more bounty spread her"; to the damage alike of rhythm and sense.

P. 139. He tumbled down upon his Nemean hide. — The old copies have Nemuant.

P. 140. And his love too, who is a servant to
    The tenor of thy speech. — The old copies have for and the instead of to and thy. Seward's correction.
P. 142. You cannot read it there; there, through my tears,
   Like wrinkled pebbles in a glassy stream,
   You may behold it.—The original has glasse and 'em instead
   of glassy and it. See foot-note 14.

P. 142. O, this celebration
   Will longer last, and be more costly, than
   Your suppliants' war.—The old copies have long.

P. 143. And that work now presents itself to th' doing;
   Now 'twill take form; &c.—The old copies lack the first now.

P. 144. Now he's secure,
   Not dreams we stand before your puissance,
   Rinsing our holy begging in our eyes, &c.—In the second of
   these lines, the old copies have Not instead of Nor, and, in the third,
   Wringing. See note on “That swallow'd so much treasure,” &c.,
   vol. xii. page 293.

P. 144. This is a service, whereto I am going,
   Greater than any war.—So Theobald. The old copies have
   was instead of war.

P. 145. Though much I like
   You should be thus transported, as much sorry
   I should be such a suitor; yet I think, &c.—Instead of I like,
   the old copies have unlike; out of which I do not see how it is possible
   to extort any sense.

P. 146. And at the banks of Ilisse meet us with
   The forces you can raise, &c.—The old copies read “at the
   banckes of Anly.” Aulis is Theobald's correction, which has been
   generally adopted. Heath, however, in his manuscript notes on this
   play, observes in regard to Aulis as follows: “Besides that this is a
   sea-port, not a river, it is as far beyond Thebes to the north as Athens
   itself is to the south of Thebes. I have no doubt but the poets wrote
   Ilisse for the river Ilissus.” On the other hand, Dyce remarks that
   “Anly is more likely to be a blunder for Aulis than for Ilisse”; and
   that “our old poets were not nice geographers.” Still I think Heath's
   conjecture ought to be adopted; for surely the authors of this play
   could not have been so ignorant or so inexact in geography as to put
   Aulis for a river.
CRITICAL NOTES.

P. 146. I'll follow you at heels: the feast's solemnity
Shall wait till your return. — So Walker. The old copies have want instead of wait.

ACT I., SCENE 2.

P. 148. And here to keep in abstinence were shame
As in incontinence; for not to swim
I' the aid o' the current, were almost to sink, &c. — The old copies have "we shame." See foot-note 1.

P. 148. That peace might purge
For her repletion, and reclaim anew
Her charitable heart, &c. — So Heath. The old copies have retain instead of reclaim.

P. 150. Commands men's service,
And what they win in't, boot and glory too. — The old copies have men for men's, and on for too. The latter is Seward's correction.

P. 152. Let's to th' king: were he
A quarter carrier of that honour which
His enemy comes in, &c. — The old copies read "who were he"; where who spoils the metre, and only clogs the sense. The old copies also have come and came instead of comes.

ACT I., SCENE 3.

P. 153. To dare ill-dealing fortune. — So Heath. The old copies have dure instead of dare. See foot-note 1.

P. 153. Or tell of babes broach'd on the lance, or women that
Have sod their infants in the brine they wept
At killing 'em, and after eat them. — The old copies have a strange inversion here, to the upsetting of both sense and metre:

That have sod their infants in, and after eat them,
The brine they wept at killing 'em.

P. 154. Playing one business in his hand, another
Directing in his head, &c. — So Heath and Mason independently. The old copies have ore and o'er instead of one.
P. 155. *Twas Flavina. — The old copies have Flavia here; but afterwards Flavina.

P. 155. And put between my breasts,—then but beginning
To swell about the blossoms, &c.—So Walker. The old copies read “between my breasts, oh (then but beginning,” &c.

P. 156. Her affections—pretty,
Though happily her careless wear—I follow’d, &c.—The old copies have were instead of wear. See foot-note 11.

P. 156. Had mine ear
Stol’n some new air, or at adventure humm’d one
From musical coinage, &c.—The old copies have on instead of one. Seward’s correction.

P. 156. This rehearsal—
Which every innocent wots well, comes in, &c.—The old copies read “Which fury-innocent wots well.” The correction every for fury is Charles Lamb’s. See foot-note 13.

P. 156. That the true love ’tween maid and maid may be
More than in sex dividual.—So Seward. The old copies have individuall.

"Act 1., Scene 4."

P. 158. Like to a pair of lions smear’d with prey.—So the folio of 1679. The quarto has succard instead of smear’d.

P. 158. What wasn’t that prisoner told me,
When I inquired their names?
Herald. We learn they’re call’d
Arcite and Palamon.—The old copies read “what prisoner wasn’t that told me,” and have leave instead of learn. The latter is Heath’s correction.

P. 159. Since I have known fight’s fury, friends’ behests,
Love’s provocations, zeal in misery’s task,
Desire of liberty, a fever, madness,
Sickness in will, or wrestling strength in reason,
They’ve set a mark which nature could not reach to,
Without some imposition.—A very troublesome passage, and
CRITICAL NOTES.

one which, as it stands in the old copies, fairly defies explanation or comprehension:

Since I have known frights, fury, friends, behestes,
Loves, provocations, zeal, a mistress' task
Desire of liberty, favour, madness,
Hath set a mark which nature could not reach too
Without some imposition, sickness in will
Or wrestling strength in reason.

The transposition which I have introduced into the text was made by Seward; who also reads "friends' behests" and "Love's provocations." The correction "fight's fury" is, I believe, Dyce's. Dyce prints "zeal in a mistress' task"; which breaks the rhythm of the line. By "zeal in misery's task" I understand the speaker as referring to the task he has just dispatched in behalf of the widowed Queens. And in reference to that reading I may observe that this scene is unquestionably Shakespeare's; and that it does not seem to me at all likely that he would have put so Fletcherian a thought as "zeal in a mistress' task" into the mouth of such a hero as Theseus is here represented to be; especially in such a high and earnest strain as this, and after he has already mentioned "love's provocations." See foot-note 3.

ACT I., SCENE 5.

P. 160. And clamours through the wide air flying!—So Walker.
The old copies have wide instead of wide.

ACT II., SCENE 2.

P. 164. Outstripp'd the people's praises, won the garlands,
Ere they had time to wish 'em ours.—The old copies read
"Ere they have time."

P. 164. Our good swords now,—
Better the red-eyed god of war ne'er ware,—
Ravish'd our sides, like age, must run to rust, &c.—The old copies have were for ware, and Bravish'd for Ravish'd.

P. 165. Whilst the angry swine
Flies like a Parthian quiver from our rages,
Stuck with our well-steel'd darts.—The old copies have Struck.
The correction is Heath's, who acutely observes that, "to preserve the similitude of the quiver, we must certainly read Struck."
We shall die —
Which is the curse of honour — lazily,
Children of grief and ignorance. — So Seward. The old copies have lastly instead of lazily.

P. 166. A wife might part us lawfully, or business;
Quarrels consume us; envy of ill men
Grave our acquaintance. — So Dyce. The old copies have Crave instead of Grave. See foot-note 7.

P. 167. Emi. This garden has a world of pleasures isn't. — The old copies print this line as a part of Arcite's preceding speech.

P. 169. We'll see how near art can come to their colours. — The old copies read "can come near their colours." Probably an accidental repetition.

ACT II., SCENE 3.

P. 177. And three better lads ne'er danced
Under green tree; and ye know what wenches, ha! — The old copies have yet instead of ye.

P. 177. By any means; our thing of learning says so. — The old copies have sees.

P. 179. Well I could have wrestled,
The best men call'd it excellent; and run
Swifter than wind upon a field of corn,
Curling the wealthy ears, e're flew. — The old copies have "never flew."

ACT II., SCENE 4.

P. 179. First, I saw him,
And, seeing, thought he was a goodly man. — So Walker. Instead of And, the old copies repeat I.

ACT II., SCENE 5.

P. 181. And to those gentle uses gave my life. — The old copies read "gave me life." The correction is Seward's.
CRITICAL NOTES.

ACT III., SCENE 1.

P. 185. The Duke has lost Hippolyta; each took
A several laund.—The old copies have "A several land"; which surely cannot be right. Dyce conjectured laund, which accords better with the occasion. See foot-note 1. Heath proposed stand, which may be right, stand being a well-known technical term in hunter's language. See vol. xviii. page 48, note 8.

P. 186. Thou, O jewel
O' the wood, o' the world, hast likewise bless'd a place
With thy sole presence!—So Seward The old copies have pace for place.

P. 187. The void'st of honour
That e'er bore gentle token.—The old copies have voydes instead of void'st. Corrected by Sympson.

P. 187. A very thief in love, a chaffy lord,
Not worth the name of villain!—The old copies have Nor instead of Not.

P. 189. O you Heavens, dare any
So noble bear a guilty baseness?—The old copies have busines.

P. 189. Enter your museit. — The old copies have Musicke and Musick. See foot-note 10.

P. 190. I've a good title,
I am persuaded: &c.—Instead of I've the old copies have If.

ACT III., SCENE 2.

P. 191. He has mistook the brake I meant; &c.—The old copies have Beake and Beak instead of brake. Corrected by Theobald. So, a little before, the stage-direction, "Enter Palamon out of a bush, with his shackles."

P. 191. In me hath grief slain fear, and, but one thing,
I care for nothing, and that's Palamon.—The old text reads "but for one thing." Here for serves no purpose but to mar both sense and rhythm. Probably it was an accidental repetition.
THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

P. 191. Food took I none these two days; once, indeed,
I sipp'd some water; have not closed mine eyes, &c. — The words once, indeed, are not in the old copies. Dyce justly observes, "That some words have dropt out is quite evident." In the second line, also, the old copies read "Sipt some water. I have not closd mine eyes." Here I evidently got shuffled out of its place.

ACT III., SCENE 4.

P. 196. Spoom her before the wind, you'll lose all, else, &c. — The old copies have Upon instead of Spoom. The correction is Weber's, who quotes from Fletcher's Double Marriage, ii. 1, "Down with the foresail too! we'll spoom before her." See foot-note 2.

ACT III., SCENE 5.

P. 197. You most coarse frise capacities, ye jane judgments, &c. — The old copies have "ye jave Judgements"; which seems to have baffled all the editors till Dyce, who notes that "jave is undoubtedly a misprint for jane,—a stuff well known in England long before the present play was written."

P. 199. An eel and woman,
A learned poet says, unless by th' tail
And with thy teeth thou hold, will either fail.—I suspect we ought to read "will ever fail."—But the pedagogue rather affects a peculiar dialect.

P. 199. A fire-ill take her! does she flinch now? — Editors have stumbled at fire-ill, and Dyce conjectures the right reading to be "A wildfire take her!" "That expression," he says, "is very common." See foot-note 6.

P. 200. O, let me have your company
Till we come to the Sound-a! — So Weber. The old copies omit we. Seward inserted I.

P. 203. Then mine Host
And his fat spouse, that welcome to his cost
The galled traveller, &c. — The old copies read "to their cost."
But the context shows that the reference is to traveller, not to Host and spouse. The old copies also have welcomes for welcome, and, a little further on, Informes for Inform.

P. 203. Then the beast-eating Clown, &c.—Mason thinks it should be “the beef-eating Clown.” This conjecture certainly has some support from Twelfth Night, i. 3, where Sir Andrew says, “I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to my wit.” See, however, footnote 18.

P. 203. Ger. Intrate, filii; come forth, and foot it.—The prefix to this speech is wanting in the old copies.

P. 203. Ladies, if we have been merry,
   And have pleased ye with a derry, &c.—The old copies have thee instead of ye.

ACT III., SCENE 6.

P. 209. O, retire,
   For honour’s sake and safety, presently
   Into your bush again, &c.—So Theobald and Seward. The old copies have safely.

P. 210. And in this disguise,
   Against thy own edict, follows thy sister, &c.—The old copies read “Against this owne Edict.”

P. 213. I tie you to your word now: if ye fail in’t, &c.—The old copies have fall instead of fail.

P. 214. And all the longing maids that ever loved them, &c.—The old copies lack them. But this scene is Fletcher’s; and, as Walker says, both sense and the Fletcherian rhythm require it.

ACT IV., SCENE 1.

P. 218. Where did she sleep?—Dyce’s conjecture. The old copies have “When did she sleep?” But surely the context points out Where as the right reading.
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P. 219.  I half suspected
What you have told me: the gods comfort her! — The old copies omit have.

P. 220.  Her careless tresses
A wreath of bulrush rounded. — The old copies have wreake and wreak.

P. 222.  Do, very rearly; I must be abroad else, &c. — So Sympson. The old copies have rarely for rearly. See foot-note 6.

P. 223.  By no means cross her; she is then distemper'd
Far worse than now she is. — “By no meane,” and “For worse,” in the old copies.

ACT IV., SCENE 2.

P. 225.  Just such another wanton Ganymede
Set Jove a-fire with, and enforced the god, &c. — The old copies have Love instead of Jove. See foot-note 1.

P. 226.  And these thy eyes, —
They’re the bright lamps of beauty, — &c. — So Mason. Instead of They’re, the old copies repeat these.

P. 226.  I am sot,ed,
Utterly lost; my virgin faith has fled me, &c. — The old copies have virgins for virgin.

P. 227.  Your two contending lovers are return’d,
And with them their six knights: now, my fair sister,
You must love one of them. — So Walker. The old copies read “their fair Knights.”

P. 227.  Six braver spirits
Than those they’ve brought, &c. — The old copies have these for those.

P. 228.  The circles of his eyes show fire within him,
And as a heated lion so he looks. — So Heath and Dyce independently. The old copies have faire and fair instead of fire.
CRITICAL NOTES.

P. 228. His shoulders broad and strong;

P. 229. And in his rolling eyes sits Victory,
As if she ever meant to crown his valour. — Instead of crown, the old copies have correct and correct. Corrected by Seward.

P. 230. They would show bravely
Fighting about the titles of two kingdoms. — So Seward. The old copies lack Fighting, which, it seems to me, both sense and metre imperatively demand.

ACT IV., SCENE 3.

P. 232. Then, if it be your chance to come where the blessed spirits are,—there's a sight now! &c. — So Mason. The quarto reads "where the blessed spirits, as the'res a sight now." The folio corrects the'res to there's.

P. 233. One cries, O, this smoke! th' other, This fire! — The old copies have another. See the context.

ACT V., SCENE 1.

P. 237. True worshippers of Mars, whose spirit in you
Expels the seeds of fear, and th' apprehension
Which still is father of it, &c. — So Theobald, Heath, and Mason. The old copies read "Which still is farther off it." As Mason observes, "we may fairly say that apprehension — that is, a sensibility of danger — is the parent of fear."

P. 238. Force and great feat
Must put my garland on, where she shall stick
The queen of flowers. — Instead of shall stick, the old copies have sticks, which satisfies neither verse nor sense. And where two or more consecutive words begin with the same or similar letters, one is very apt to drop out. Seward reads will stick; but shall and will were often used indiscriminately.

P. 238. Thou mighty one, that with thy power hast turn'd
Green Neptune into purple; whose approach
Comets prewarn. — So Seward. The old copies lack approach.
P. 238. *With hand* armipotent.—The old copies have *armenypotent* and *armenipotent*.

ACT V., SCENE 2.

P. 245. *She comes: pray, humour her.*—The old copies have *honour*.


ACT V., SCENE 3.

P. 250. 
*Each stroke laments*
*The place whereon it falls, and sounds more like*
*A bell than blade. I will stay here:*
*It is enough, my hearing shall be punish'd*
*With what shall happen, 'gainst the which there is*
*No deafing; but I dare not taint mine eye*
*With dread sights it may shun.*—In the third of these lines, I suspect we ought to read "A bell than *like* a blade." In the sixth, the old copies have *to heare* instead of *I dare.* With *to hear*, I can make no sense at all out of the passage; and that were an easy misprint for *I dare*.

P. 251. *You are the victor's meed, the price and garland*
*To crown the questant's title.*—Instead of *questant's*, the old copies have *Questions*.

P. 252. 
*Those darker humours that*
*Stick misbecomingly on others, on him*
*Live in fair dwelling.*—The old copies have *them* instead of *him*.

P. 253. *Upon my right side still I wore thy picture,*
*Palamon's on the left: why so, I know not;*
*I had no end in't; chance would have it so.*—The old copies read "I had no end in't else." This is indeed a Fletcherian idiom; but the present scene clearly is not Fletcher's; and Melpomene, Thalia, and all the other Muses forbid that such a blot in rhythm and sense should be imputed to Shakespeare! Seward omits *else*. 

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ACT V., SCENE 4.

P. 258. Arise, great sir, and give the tidings ear
That are most dearly sweet and bitter.—The old copies have early instead of dearly. Corrected by Seward.

P. 259. Forgets school-doing, being therein train'd,
And of kind manage; then pig-like he whines
At the sharp rowel, &c. — The old copies lack then.

P. 260. When neither curb would crack, girth break, nor differing plunges
Disroot his rider whence he grew, but that
He kept him 'tween his legs, on his hind hoofs
Quickly uprearing, so on end he stands,
That Arcite's legs, &c. — The words Quickly uprearing, so are not in the old copies. The quarto gives the third and fourth lines thus:

He kept him tweene his legges, on his hind hoofes
on end he stands.

Hence Weber concludes, as he well may, that "the first part of the second line was omitted by the compositor, being illegible in the manuscript." I think the sense of uprearing is fairly required; and we must suppose the movement of the horse to have been sudden, else the rider would have extricated himself from the saddle, and kept his upright posture.

P. 260. Acknowledge to the gods
Your thanks that you are living.—The old copies have Our instead of Your.
VENUS AND ADONIS.

ENTERED at the Stationers' on the 18th of April, 1593, by Richard Field, as "his copy, licensed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Wardens." The poem was published by Field in the course of the same year; also a second time in 1594. The third edition was issued by John Harrison in 1596; the fourth, in 1600, by the same publisher; the fifth, by William Leake, 1602. After this time, it was often reprinted, and copies are known, bearing the dates of 1616 and 1620.

This frequency of publication sufficiently attests the great popularity of the poem. It is often alluded to, also, by the Poet's contemporaries, and in such terms as show it to have been a general favourite. Meres, in his Wit's Treasury, 1598, speaks of it thus: "As the soul of Euphorbus was thought to live in Pythagoras, so the sweet, witty soul of Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakespeare: witness his Venus and Adonis, his Lucrece, his sugared Sonnets among his private friends."

The tenth book of Ovid's Metamorphoses, as translated by Arthur Golding, probably furnished Shakespeare the story of Venus and Adonis. Golding's translation was first published complete in 1567, and reissued in 1572, 1584, 1587, and 1593; so that it must have had a large circulation when the poem was written.

In the dedication of Venus and Adonis, Shakespeare speaks of it as "the first heir of my invention"; yet he had then become so distinguished in the Drama as to be squibbed by Robert Greene, and patronized by the Earl of Southampton. A part of Greene's squib is quoted in the Life of the Poet, vol. i. page 25. Whether Shakespeare dated the heirship of his poem from the time of writing or of publishing, is uncertain: probably the former; and if so, then of course it must have been written several years before 1593. The general opinion refers the composition
of the poem to the period before he left Stratford; but this is a point on which we are without evidence of any sort either way.

The merit of Venus and Adonis, and indeed of the author's poems generally, sinks into littleness beside that of his dramas. We have already seen how great was its contemporary popularity. This excessive applause was followed by a long period of undue neglect or depreciation; but in later times the fashion has rather been to overpraise it. The poem abounds, indeed, in verbal and fantastical tricks and antics caught from the taste and custom of the age: often it may be said of the author, that he appears "singling out the difficulties of the art, to make an exhibition of his strength and skill in wrestling with them." But what fulness of life and spirit there is in it! what richness and delicacy of imagery! what fresh, and airy, and subtile turns of invention and combination! Coleridge, in his Biographia Literaria, has the following remarks upon it:

"In the Venus and Adonis, the first and most obvious excellence is the perfect sweetness of the versification; its adaptation to the subject; and the power displayed in varying the march of the words without passing into a loftier and more majestic rhythm than was demanded by the thoughts, or permitted by the propriety of preserving a sense of melody predominant. The delight in richness and sweetness of sound, even to a faulty excess, if it be evidently original, and not the result of an easily imitable mechanism, I regard as a highly favourable promise in the compositions of a young man. 'The man that hath no music in his soul' can indeed never be a genuine poet. Imagery; affecting incidents; just thoughts; interesting personal or domestic feelings; and with these the art of their combination or intertexture in the form of a poem; may all, by incessant effort, be acquired as a trade, by a man of talents and much reading, who has mistaken an intense desire of poetic reputation for a natural poetic genius. But the sense of musical delight, with the power of producing it, is a gift of imagination; and this, together with the power of reducing multitude into unity of effect, and modifying a series of thoughts by some one predominant thought or feeling, may be cultivated and improved, but can never be learnt. It is in this sense that Poeta nascitur, non fit."
TO THE

RIGHT-HONOURABLE HENRY WRIOTHESLY,

EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON OF TICHFIELD.¹

RIGHT-HONOURABLE: I know not how I shall offend in dedicating my unpolished lines to your lordship, nor how the world will censure me for choosing so strong a prop to support so weak a burden: only, if your Honour seem but pleased, I account myself highly praised, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours, till I have honoured you with some graver labour. But, if the

¹ This nobleman, the third Earl of Southampton, was born the 6th of October, 1573, became a student of St. John’s College, Cambridge, in 1585, and proceeded Master of Arts in 1589. Three years later, he was admitted to the same degree at Oxford. At the time of this dedication, 1593, he was twenty years of age. He was early distinguished for his attachment to literature, his patronage of Shakespeare having begun before the taking of his degree at Oxford. In his dedication of The Rape of Lucrece, 1594, the Poet delicately intimates the favours he had already received from his youthful patron. In 1597 Southampton embarked as a volunteer in the expedition against Spain, under Essex, being appointed captain of one of the principal ships. He afterwards had the command of a squadron, and was knighted by Essex for his gallantry in a situation of great peril. The next year he went with Essex into Ireland, and was there made General of the Horse; but the Queen would not suffer him to hold the place, as he had married a cousin of Essex without her consent. On the fall of Essex, he was sent to the Tower, where he was kept during the rest of Elizabeth’s reign. Not long after his release, he was made governor of the Isle of Wight; but, being secretly accused of too great intimacy with the Queen, King James had him arrested: the accusation, however, being unsustained, he was discharged, and afterwards retired in disgust to Spa. He was with Lord Herbert of Cherbury at the siege of Rees; returned to England in 1619, and was appointed a member of the Privy Council: but he again incurred the royal displeasure by going with the popular party, and was for a short time in the custody of the Dean of Westminster. In 1624, he had the command of a small force against the Spaniards in the Low Countries, and died
first heir of my invention prove deformed, I shall be sorry it had so noble a god-father, and never after ear 2 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.

of a fever at Bergen-op-Zoom, on the 10th of November that year. He received many tributes and testimonies of honour from the scholars and higher wits of his time; but his friendship for Shakespeare has given his name and character an abiding interest. Camden tells us that he was as well known for his love of letters as for his military exploits; and Sir John Beaumont, after commending his public and private virtues, speaks of his liberality to men of genius and learning as his highest praise:

I keep that glory last which is the best,—
The love of learning which he oft express'd
By conversation, and respect to those
Who had a name in arts, in verse or prose.

2 To ear is an old word for to plough, or till. See vol. xvi. page 16, note 9.
VENUS AND ADONIS.

Vilia miretur vulgus; mihi flavus Apollo
Pacula Castalia plena ministret aqua.
[OVID, I. Am. xv. 35.]

EVEN as the Sun with purple-colour'd face
Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping morn,
Rose-cheek'd Adonis hied him to the chase;
Hunting he loved, but love he laugh'd 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;

"And yet not cloy thy lips with loathed satiety,
But rather famish them amid their plenty,

1 Stain to them by comparison, or by throwing them into the shade.
See vol. xvi. page 79, note 3.
Making them red and pale with fresh variety,—
Ten kisses short as one, one long as twenty:
A Summer's day will seem an hour but short,
Being wasted in such time — beguiling sport."

With this she seizeth on his sweating palm,
The precedent of pith and livelihood,²
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.

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

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

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

² Precedent here means indication or prognostic, and pith is vigour. A moist palm was regarded as a sign of the things here mentioned.
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;³
   What follows more she murders with a kiss.

Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,
Tires⁴ with her beak on feathers, flesh, and bone,
Shaking her wings, devouring all in haste,
Till either gorge be stuff'd, or prey be gone;
   Even so she kiss'd his brow, his cheek, his chin,
   And where she ends she doth anew begin.

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

Look how a bird lies tangled in a net,
So fasten'd in her arms Adonis lies;
Pure shame and awed resistance made him fret,
Which bred more beauty in his angry eyes:
   Rain added to a river that is rank⁶
   Perforce will force it overflow the bank.

³ Amiss used as a noun for fault or misbehaviour. So in the 35th Sonnet: "Myself corrupting, salving thy amiss." And in the 151st Sonnet: "Urge not my amiss." See, also, vol. xiv. page 267, note 5.
⁴ To tire is to pluck, to tear, to peck eagerly. See vol. xviii. page 76, note 11.
⁵ Meaning, compelled to acquiescence, forced to be content.
⁶ Rank, here, is brimful, swollen to the brim. So Drayton in his Barons' Wars: "Fetching full tides, luxurious, high, and rank."
Still she entreats, and prettily entreats,
And 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 better'd with a more 7 delight.

Look how he can, she cannot choose but love;
And by her fair immortal hand she swears,
From his soft bosom never to remove,
Till he take truce 8 with her contending tears,

Which long have rain'd, making her cheeks all wet;
And one sweet kiss shall pay this countless debt.

Upon this promise did he raise his chin,
Like a dive-dapper peering through a wave,
Who, being look'd on, ducks as quickly in:
So offers he to give what she did crave;

But, when her lips were ready for his pay,
He winks, and turns his lips another way.

Never did passenger in Summer's heat
More thirst for drink than she for this good turn.
Her help she sees, but help she cannot get;
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?

"I have been woo'd, as I entreat thee now,
Even by the stern and direful god of war,

7 The Poet repeatedly uses to better for to surpass; also more for greater. See vol xviii. page 251, note 4, and page 167, note 4, of this volume.
8 In old English, to take truce is to make peace. Shakespeare has it repeatedly so. See vol. xiii. page 187, note 19.
VENUS AND ADONIS.

Whose sinewy neck in battle ne'er did bow,
Who conquers where he comes in every jar;
    Yet hath he been my captive and my slave,
        And begg'd for that which thou unask'd shalt have.

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

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

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

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

* In and on were often used indiscriminately.
"The tender spring upon thy tempting lip
Shows thee "unripe; yet mayst thou well be tasted:
Make use of time, let not advantage slip;
Beauty within itself should not be wasted:
Fair flowers that are not gather'd in their prime
Rot and consume themselves in little time.

"Were I hard-favour'd, foul, or wrinkled-old,
I'll-nurtured, crookèd, churlish, harsh in voice,
O'erworn, despisèd, rheumatic, and cold,
Thick-sighted, barren, lean, and lacking juice,
Then mightst thou pause, for then I were not for thee;
But, having no defects, why dost abhor me?

"Thou canst not see one wrinkle in my brow;
Mine eyes are gray,¹ 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,² were it with thy hand felt,
Would in thy palm dissolve, or seem to melt.

"Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,
Or, like a fairy, trip upon the green,
Or, like a nymph, with long deshevell'd hair,
Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen:
Love is a spirit all compact of fire,²
Not gross to sink, but light and will aspire.

¹ Gray eyes were the same as are now called blue. See vol. xiii. page 169, note 10.
² What moisture of hand was thought to indicate, is shown in Antony and Cleopatra, i. 2: "Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear." And in Othello, iii. 4: "Here's a young and sweating devil here, that commonly rebels. 'Tis a good hand; a frank one."
² All made up or composed of fire; as in the phrase, "of imagination all compact."
"Witness this primrose bank whereon I lie;
These forceless flowers like sturdy trees support me;
Two strengthless doves will draw me through the sky,
From morn till night, even where I list to sport me:
   Is love so light, sweet boy, and may it be
   That thou shouldst think it heavy unto thee?

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

"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;

On and of, also, were often used indiscriminately. See vol. xiii. page 124, note 5.
Wishing Adonis had his team to guide,
So he were like him, and by Venus’ side.

And now Adonis, — with a lazy spright,
And with a heavy, dark, disliking eye,
His 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.”

“Ah me,” quoth Venus, “young, and so unkind?
What bare excuses makest 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.

“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.4

“What am I, that thou shouldst contemn me this?
Or what great danger dwells upon my suit?

4 Unkind, here, is childless, having none of her kind. The Poet often uses kind and its derivatives in this its radical sense.
VENUS AND ADONIS

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."

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.

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

"Fondling," she saith, "since I have hemm'd thee here
Within the circuit of this ivory pale,\(^5\)
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.

\(^6\) Pale for paling; the image being of a park enclosed with paling.
“Within this limit is relief enough,
Sweet bottom-grass, and high delightful plain,
Round rising hillocks, brakes obscure and rough,
To shelter thee from tempest and from rain:
   Then be my deer, since I am such a park;
   No dog shall rouse thee, though a thousand bark.”

At this Adonis smiles as in disdain,
That in each cheek appears a pretty dimple:
Love made those hollows, if himself were slain,
He might be buried in a tomb so simple;⁶
   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,
Open’d their mouths to swallow Venus’ liking,
Being mad before, how doth she now for wits?
Struck dead at first, what needs a second striking?
   Poor queen of love, in thine own law forlorn,
   To love a cheek that smiles at thee in scorn!

Now which way shall she turn? what shall she say?
Her words are done, her woes the more increasing;
The time is spent, her object will away,
And from her twining arms doth urge releasing.
   “Pity,” she cries, “some favour, some remorse!”⁷
   Away he springs, and hasteth to his horse.

But, lo, from forth a copse that neighbours by,
A breeding jennet, lusty, young, and proud,
Adonis’ trampling courser doth espy,

⁶ This line expresses the end or purpose of the preceding: “Love made those hollows, that himself might be buried in them.”
⁷ Here, as usual in Shakespeare, remorse is compassion or tenderness.
And forth she rushes, snorts, and neighs aloud:
The strong-neck'd steed, being tied unto a tree,
Breaketh his rein, and to her straight goes he.

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

His ears up-prick'd; his braided hanging mane.
Upon his compass'd crest ⁸ now stand on end;
His nostrils drink the air, and forth again,
As from a furnace, vapours doth he send;
His eye, which glisters scornfully like fire,
Shows his hot courage and his high desire.

Sometime ⁹ 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."

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

⁸ "His compass'd crest" is his arched neck.—Mane is here used as a collective noun, and so takes a plural predicate.
⁹ Sometime and sometimes were used indiscriminately.
¹⁰ "As who should say" is the old phrase for "as much as to say."
Look, when a painter would surpass the life
In limning out a well-proportion'd steed,
His art with Nature's workmanship at strife,
As if the dead the living should exceed;
So did this horse excel a common one
In shape, in courage, colour, pace, and bone.

Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eye, small head, and nostril wide,
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 11 he now prepares,
And whêr he run or fly they know not whether;
For through his mane and tail the high wind sings,
Fanning the hairs, who wave like feather'd wings.

He looks upon his love, and neighs unto her;
She answers him, as if she knew his mind:
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 embraces with her heels.

Then, like a melancholy malcontent,
He vails 12 his tail, that, like a falling plume,
Venus and Adonis.

Cool shadow to his melting buttock lent:
He stamps, and bites the poor flies in his fume.
His love, perceiving how he is enraged,
Grew kinder, and his fury was assuaged.

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

All swoln with chafing, down Adonis sits,
Banning 1 his boisterous and unruly beast:
And now the happy season once more fits,
That love-sick Love by pleading may be blest;
For lovers say, the heart hath treble wrong
When it is barr'd the aidance of the tongue.

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

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 disturbèd mind;
Taking no notice that she is so nigh,
For all askance he holds her in his eye.

1 Banning is cursing. See vol. viii. page 175, note 3.
O, what a sight it was, wistly to view
How she came stealing to the wayward boy!
To note the fighting conflict of her hue,
How white and red each other did destroy!
   But now her cheek was pale, and by-and-by
   It flash'd forth fire, as lightning from the sky.

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

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

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

Once more the engine of her thoughts began:
"O fairest mover on this mortal round,

2 Wistly is wistfully, wishfully, eagerly.
8 His for its, referring to dumb-play. This old usage I have often noted. See vol. i. page 90, note x. The allusion here is to the old office of the chorus, which was to interpret, or make plain any thing represented in dumb-show.
VENUS AND ADONIS.

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 steel'd, soft sighs can never grave it:
   Then love's deep groans I never shall regard,
   Because Adonis' heart hath made mine hard."

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

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

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

4 Grave is mark, engrave, make an impression.
6 Suffer'd in the sense of permitted, indulged, or yielded to.
"Who sees his true-love in her naked bed,⁶
Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white,
But, when his glutton eye so full hath fed,
His other agents aim at like delight?
   Who is so faint, that dare not be so bold
   To touch the fire, the weather being cold?

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

"I know not love," quoth he, "nor will not know it,
Unless it be a boar, and then I chase it;
'Tis much to borrow, and I will not owe it;
My love to love is love but to disgrace it;⁷
   For I have heard it is a life in death,
   That laughs, and weeps, and all but with a breath.

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

"You hurt my hand with wringing; let us part,
And leave this idle theme, this bootless chat:
Remove your siege from my unyielding heart;
To love's alarms it will not ope the gate:

⁶ "In her naked bed" is naked in her bed. See vol. xxv. page 88, note 6.
⁷ "My inclination towards love is only a desire to have it scorned."
VENUS AND ADONIS.

Dismiss your vows, your feignèd tears, your flattery;
For where a heart is hard they make no battery."

"What! canst thou talk?" quoth she, "hast thou a
tongue?
O, would thou hadst not, or I had no hearing!
Thy mermaid's voice 8 hath done me double wrong;
I had my load before, now press'd with bearing:
Melodious discord, heavenly tune harsh-sounding,
Ear's deep-sweet music, and heart's deep-sore wound-
ing.

"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: 9
Though neither eyes nor ears, to hear nor see,
Yet should I be in love by touching thee.

"Say, that the sense of feeling were bereft me,
And that I could not see, nor hear, nor touch,
And nothing but the very smell were left me,
Yet would my love to thee be still as much;
For from the still'tory 10 of thy face excelling
Comes breath perfumed, that breedeth love by smelling.

"But, O, what banquet wert thou to the taste,
Being nurse and feeder of the other four!
Would they not wish the feast might ever last,
And bid Suspicion double-lock the door,

8 Mermaid was often used for siren. So again, later in the poem.
9 Sensible for sensitive or having sensation. See vol. xviii. page 201, note 9.
10 Stillatory is an old word for alembic, a vessel for distillation; used also for laboratory, the place where distillation is carried on.
Lest Jealousy, that sour unwelcome guest,
Should, by his stealing in, disturb the feast?"

Once more the ruby-colour'd portal open'd,
Which to his speech did honey passage yield;
Like a red morn, that ever yet betoken'd
Wreck to the seaman, tempest to the field,
Sorrow to shepherds, woe unto the birds,
Gusts and foul flaws 11 to herdmen and to herds.

This ill presage advisedly 1 she marketh:
Even as the wind is hush'd before it raineth,
Or as the wolf doth grin before he barketh,
Or as the berry breaks before it staineth,
Or like the deadly bullet of a gun,
His meaning struck her ere his words begun.

And at his look she flatly falleth down,
For looks kill love, and love by looks reviveth:
A smile recures the wounding of a frown;
But blessèd bankrupt, that by loss 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 2 her again.

11 A flaw is a sudden rush or blast of wind. See vol. xviii. page 315.

1 Advisedly in its old sense of heedfully, carefully, or considerately.

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

The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day:
Her two blue windows faintly she up-heaveth,
Like the fair Sun, when in his fresh array
He cheers the morn, and all the Earth relieveth:
  And as the bright Sun glorifies the sky,
  So is her face illumined with her eye;

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

"O, where am I?" quoth she; "in Earth or Heaven,
Or in the ocean drench'd, or in the fire?
What hour is this? or morn or weary even?
Do I delight to die, or life desire?
  But now I 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 murder'd this poor heart of mine;
  And these mine eyes, true leaders to their queen,
  But for thy piteous lips no more had seen.

8 The blue windows are her eyelids. See vol. xviii. page 43, note a.
"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! 4
That the star-gazers, having writ on death,
May say, the plague is banish'd by thy breath.

"Pure lips, sweet seals in my soft lips imprinted,
What bargains may I make, still to be sealing?
To sell myself I can be well contented,
So thou wilt buy, and pay, and use good dealing;
Which purchase if thou make, for fear of slips 5
Set thy seal-manual on my wax-red lips.

"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 6 and quickly gone?
Say, for non-payment that the debt should double, 7
Is twenty hundred kisses such a trouble?"

"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 pluck'd is sour to taste.

4 An allusion to the practice of strewing apartments with strong-scented herbs in time of plague, to prevent infection.
5 A quibble. *Slip* meant a piece of false money or counterfeit, and thus served for many a pun. See vol. xiii. page 170, note 12.
6 *To tell* was continually used for to number or to count.
7 The Poet was thinking of a conditional bond's becoming forfeited for non-payment; in which case the entire penalty (usually the double of the principal sum lent by the obligee) was formerly recoverable at law.—*Malone.*
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.

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

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

Now quick desire hath caught the yielding prey,
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:

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 still'd 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 compass'd oft with venturing,
Chiefly in love, whose leave 8 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 suck'd.
Foul words and frowns must not repel a lover;
What though the rose have prickles, yet 'tis pluck'd:
Were beauty under twenty locks kept fast,
Yet love breaks through, and picks them all at last.

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

"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.

8 Leave is here used for license, and in a bad sense.
“The boar!” quoth she; whereat a sudden pale,
Like lawn being spread upon the blushing rose,
Usurps her cheek; she trembles at his tale,
And on his neck her yoking arms she throws:
She sinketh down, still hanging by his neck,
He on her belly falls, she on her back.

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

Even as poor birds, 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 assay'd 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.”

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

10 A figure drawn from the tilting-ground; the lists being the barriers.
1 To clip was often used for to embrace.
2 Alluding to the picture of Zeuxis, in which the grapes are said to have been represented so well that the birds mistook them for Nature's own work.
3 Berries that afford no help or nourishment. Helpless for unhelping.
VENUS AND ADONIS.

O, be advised! thou know'st not what it is With javelin's point a churlish swine to gore, Whose tushes never-sheath'd he whetteth still, Like to a mortal butcher bent to kill.

"On his bow-back he hath a battle set Of bristly pikes, that ever threat his foes; His eyes, like glow-worms, 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 cruel tushes slay.

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

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

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

4 "Be advised" is be careful, be circumspect. A frequent usage.
5 Mortal was continually used for deadly, that which kills.
6 Danger is here equivalent to power. See vol. iii. page 197, note 28.
"Didst thou not mark my face? was it not white?
Saw'st thou not signs of fear lurk in mine eye?
Grew I not faint? and fell I not downright?
Within my bosom, whereon thou dost lie,
    My boding heart pants, beats, and takes no rest,
    But, like an earthquake, shakes thee on my breast.

"For where Love reigns, disturbing Jealousy
Doth call himself Affection's sentinel;
Gives false alarms, suggesteth mutiny,
And in a peaceful hour doth cry Kill, kill!\(^7\)
   Distempering gentle Love in his desire,
   As air and water do abate the fire.

"This sour informer, this bate-breeding\(^8\) spy,
This canker that eats up Love's tender spring,
This carry-tale, dissentious Jealousy,
That sometime true news, sometime false doth bring,
   Knocks at my heart, and whispers in mine ear,
   That, if I love thee, I thy death should fear:

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

"What should I do, seeing thee so indeed,
That tremble at th' imagination?
The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed,
And fear doth teach it divination:

\(^7\) This was the old cry of assault or onset in an English army.
\(^8\) Bate is an old word for strife. Breed-bate is still used for a quarreler.
I prophesy thy death, my living sorrow,
If thou encounter with the boar to-morrow.

"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\(^9\) and crosses with a thousand doubles:
The many musets\(^10\) through the which he goes
Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.

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

"For, there his smell with others being mingled,
The hot scent-snuffing hounds are driven to doubt,
Ceasing their clamorous cry till they have singled
With much ado the cold fault cleanly out;
Then do they spend their mouths:\(^11\) Echo replies,
As if another chase were in the skies.

\(^9\) To **crank** is to **turn**, to **wind**. See vol xi. page 75, note 6.

\(^10\) **Muset** or **muse** is a hole in a hedge or a thicket. See page 189, note 10.

\(^11\) **Fault** is here a term of the chase, used, very much as it is in geology, for an interruption of the trail. The natural effect of such an interruption
"By this, poor Wat,\(^1\) 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 comparèd well
To one sore sick that hears the passing-bell.

"Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch\(^2\)
Turn, and return, indenting with the way;
Each envious\(^3\) brier his weary legs doth scratch,
Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay;
For misery is trodden on by many,
And being low never relieved by any.

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

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

is to put the hounds to what was called a **cold scent**. Good hunting-dogs, after losing the trail of an animal, on finding it again, forthwith begin to "spend their mouths," that is, **go to barking** for joy. See vol. ii. page 141, notes 11 and 12; also, vol. v. page 184, notes 21 and 22.

1 *Wat* is an old provincial name for a hare.

2 *Wretch* was much used as a sort of pet term of endearment or tenderness. See vol. xiv. page 286, note 40.

3 *Envy* and *envious* were continually used in the sense of *malice* and *malicious*. The plays abound in instances of this usage.
"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,
I'll forging Nature be condemn'd 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.

"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;

"As burning fevers, agues pale and faint,
Life-poisoning pestilence, and frenzies wood,⁴
The marrow-eating sickness, whose attain't
Disorder breeds by heating of the blood:
Surfeits, imposthumes,⁵ grief, and damn'd despair,
Swear Nature's death for framing thee so fair.

"And not the least of all these maladies
But in one minute's fight brings beauty under:
Both favour, savour, hue, and qualities,
Whereat th' impartial gazer late did wonder,

⁴ *Wood* is an old word for *mad*. See vol. iii. page 31, note 28.
⁵ *Impostume* is the old term for an *abscess*. See vol. xvi. page 307, note 3.
Are on the sudden wasted, thaw'd, 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.

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

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

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

"If love have lent you twenty thousand tongues,
And every tongue more moving than your own,
Bewitching like the wanton mermaid’s songs,

* Fruitless for unfruitful, just as, before, helpless for unhelpful.
Yet from mine ear the tempting tune is blown;
   For know, my heart stands armèd in mine ear,
   And will not let a false sound enter there;

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

"What have you urged that I cannot reprove? 8
The path is smooth that leadeth on to danger:
I hate not love, but your device in love,
That lends embraces unto every stranger.
   You do it for increase: O strange excuse,
   When reason is the bawd to lust's abuse!

"Call it not love, for Love to Heaven is fled,
Since sweating Lust on Earth usurp'd his name;
Under whose simple semblance he hath fed
Upon fresh beauty, blotting it with blame;
   Which the hot tyrant stains and soon bereaves,
   As caterpillars do the tender leaves.

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

7 That is, "my heart does not long to be spending itself in the groans or the pangs of love."
8 To reprove is, in old language, to refuse or disprove.
"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 distress'd.  
Look, how a bright star shooteth from the sky,  
So glides he in the night from Venus' eye;

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

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

And now she beats her heart, whereat it groans,  
That all the neighbour caves, as seeming troubled,  
Make verbal repetition of her moans;

* In sadness is in earnest; and teen is an old word for grief or sorrow.  
10 Laund is much the same as lawn. See page 185, note 1.  
1 Mistrustful for mistrusted; the active for the passive.
Passion on passion deeply is redoubled:
   "Ah me!" she cries, and twenty times, "Woe, woe!"
   And twenty echoes twenty times cry so.

She, marking them, begins a wailing note,
   And sings extemp’rally a woeful ditty;
How love makes young men thrall, and old men dote;
How love is wise in folly, foolish-witty:
   Her heavy anthem still concludes in woe,
   And still the choir of echoes answer so.²

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."

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

² Here, as often, the verb agrees with the nearest noun, instead of agreeing with its proper subject. See vol. xiv. page 154, note 12.
Venus salutes him with this fair good-morrow:
"O thou clear god, and patron of all light,
From whom each lamp and shining star doth borrow
The beauteous influence that makes him bright,
   There lives a son, that suck'd an earthly mother,
   May lend thee light, as thou dost lend to other."

This said, she hasteth to a myrtle grove,
Musing the morning is so much o'erworn,
And yet she hears no tidings of her love:
She hearkens for his hounds and for his horn:
   Anon she hears them chant it lustily,
   And all in haste she coasteth to the cry.

And as she runs, the bushes in the way
Some catch her by the neck, some kiss her face;
Some twine about her thigh to make her stay:
She wildly breaketh from their strict embrace,
   Like a milch doe, whose swelling dugs do ache,
   Hasting to feed her fawn hid in some brake.

By this, she hears the hounds are at a bay;
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.

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:

3 To **muse** is to **wonder**, to **marvel**. Generally so in Shakespeare.
4 To **coast** is to **advance**, to **draw near**, to **pursue**. Very rare.
Finding their enemy to be so curst,
They all strain courtesy who shall cope him first.

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

Thus stands she in a trembling ecstasy;
Till, cheering up her senses all dismay'd,
She tells them 'tis a causeless fantasy,
And childish error, that they are afraid;
Bids them leave quaking, bids them fear no more:
And with that word she spied the hunted boar;

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

5 Curst is cross, snappish, fierce; often used so in the plays.
6 Mated is confounded or bewildered. See vol. i. page 143, note 18.—
Spleens, third line before, is put for sudden and violent impulses or emotions. See vol. x. page 21, note 11.
7 In Shakespeare, respect usually means consideration.—"In hand with all things" is here equivalent to attempting all things.
VENUS AND ADONIS.

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

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

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.

"Hard-favour'd tyrant, ugly, meagre, lean,
Hateful divorce of love,‖ — thus chides she Death, —
"Grim-grinning ghost, Earth's worm,⁸ 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?

"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.

⁸ Worm was used for serpent. See vol. xvi. page 155, note 29.
VENUS AND ADONIS.

Thy mark is feeble age; but thy false dart  
Mistakes that aim, and cleaves an infant's heart.

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

"Dost thou drink tears, that thou provokest 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 ruin'd with thy rigour."

Here overcome, as one full of despair,  
She vail'd her eyelids, who, like sluices, stopp'd  
The crystal tide that from her two cheeks fair  
In the sweet channel of her bosom dropp'd;  
But through the flood-gates breaks the silver rain,  
And with his strong course opens them again.

O, how her eyes and tears did lend and borrow!  
Her eyes seen in the tears, tears in her eye;  
Both crystals, where they view'd each other's sorrow,—  
Sorrow that friendly sighs sought still to dry;

9 This is thought to be an allusion to the ancient apologue of Love and Death exchanging their darts by mistake. Massinger has the same allusion in the Virgin Martyr, iv. 3: "Strange affection! Cupid once more hath changed his shafts with Death, and kills, instead of giving life."

10 Mortal, again, for deadly or destructive. See page 306, note 5.

1 Lowered or drew down her eyelids. See page 294, note 12.
VENUS AND ADONIS.

But like a stormy day, now wind, now rain,
Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet again.

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

By this, far off she hears some huntsman hollo;
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.

Whereat her tears began to turn their tide,
Being prison'd in her eye like pearls in glass;
Yet sometimes falls an orient drop beside,
Which her cheek melts, as scorning it should pass,
   To wash the soul face of the sluttish ground,
   Who is but drunken when she seemeth drown'd.

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

Now she unweaves the web that she hath wrought;
Adonis lives, and Death is not to blame;
VENUS AND ADONIS.

It was not she that call’d him all to-naught: 2
Now she adds honours to his hateful name;
She clepes3 him king of graves, and grave for kings,
Imperious supreme of all mortal things.

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

"'Tis not my fault: the boar provoked my tongue;
Be wreak’d4 on him, invisible commander;
'Tis he, foul creature, that hath done thee wrong;
I did but act, he’s author of thy slander:
Grief hath two tongues; and never woman yet
Could rule them both without ten women’s wit."

Thus, hoping that Adonis is alive,
Her rash suspect she doth extenuate;
And, that his beauty may the better thrive,
With Death she humbly doth insinuate;
Tells him of trophies, statues, tombs, and stories
His victories,5 his triumphs, and his glories.

"O Jove," quoth she, "how much a fool was I
To be of such a weak and silly mind
To wail his death who lives, and must not die
'Till mutual overthrow of mortal kind!

2 Naught is bad, as in our naughty, and should not be confounded with nought. For this prepositive use of to, see page 57, note 1.
3 Clepes is calls. — Imperious, in the next line, for imperial.
4 "Be wreak’d" is be revenged. See vol. xviii. page 289, note 5.
5 Stories here is a verb, equivalent to relates.
VENUS AND ADONIS.

For, he being dead, with him is beauty slain,
And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again.

"Fie, fie, fond love! thou art so full of fear
As one with treasure laden hemm'd with thieves;
Trifles, unwitnessèd with eye or ear,
Thy coward heart with false bethinking griefes."
   Even at this word she hears a merry horn,
   Whereat she leaps that was but late forlorn.

As falcon to the lure, away she flies;
The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light;
And in her haste unfortunately spies
The soul boar's conquest on her fair delight;
   Which seen, her eyes, as murder'd 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 smother'd up in shade, doth sit,
Long after fearing to creep forth again;
   So at this 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 perplexèd in his throne,
   By their suggestion gives a deadly groan,

Whereat each tributary subject quakes;
As when the wind, imprison'd in the ground,
Struggling for passage, earth's foundation shakes,
Which with cold terror doth men's minds confound.
This mutiny each part doth so surprise,
That from their dark beds once more leap her eyes;

And, being open'd, threw unwilling light
Upon the wide wound that the boar had trench'd
In his soft flank; whose wonted lily white
With purple tears, that his wound wept, was drench'd:
   No flower was nigh, no grass, herb, leaf, or weed,
   But stole his blood, and seem'd with him to bleed.

This solemn sympathy poor Venus noteth;
Over one shoulder doth she hang her head:
Dumbly she passions,\(^6\) frantically she doteth;
She thinks he could not die, he is not dead:
   Her voice is stopp'd, her joints forget to bow;
   Her eyes are mad that they have wept till now.\(^7\)

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

   "My tongue cannot express my grief for one,
   And yet," quoth she, "Behold two Adons dead!
My sighs are blown away, my salt tears gone,
Mine eyes are turn'd to fire, my heart to lead:
   Heavy heart's lead, melt at mine eyes' red fire!
   So shall I die by drops of hot desire.

\(^6\) Passions as a verb, and in the sense of to express sorrow or emotion. See vol. i. page 233, note 23.
\(^7\) That is, mad that they have wept before, or that they have not refrained from weeping till now.
VENUS 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.

"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
Lurk'd like two thieves, to rob him of his fair:

"And therefore would he put his bonnet on,
Under whose brim the gaudy Sun would peep;
The wind would blow it off, and, being gone,
Play with his locks: then would Adonis weep;
And straight, in pity of his tender years,
They both would strive who first should dry his tears.

"To see his face the lion walk'd along
Behind some hedge, because he would not fear him;
To recreate himself when he hath sung,
The tiger would be tame, and gently hear him;
If he had spoke, the wolf would leave his prey,
And never fright the silly lamb that day.

"When he beheld his shadow in the brook,
The fishes spread on it their golden gills;
When he was by, the birds such pleasure took,
That some would sing, some other in their bills

8 Fair for fairness or beauty. The concrete, again, for the abstract.
9 Fear used as a transitive verb; frighten. See vol. xvi. page 58, note 3.
Would bring him mulberries and ripe-red cherries;
He fed them with his sight, they him with berries.

"But this foul, grim, and urchin-snouted\textsuperscript{10} boar,
Whose downward eye still looketh for a grave,
Ne'er saw the beauteous livery that he wore;
Witness the entertainment that he gave:
If he did see his face, why, then I know
He thought to kiss him, and hath kill'd him so.

"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;\textsuperscript{11}
And, nuzzling in his flank, the loving swine
Sheath'd, unaware, the tusk in his soft groin.

"Had I been tooth'd like him, I must confess,
With kissing him I should have kill'd him first;
But he is dead, and never did he bless
My youth with his, — the more am I accurst."
With this, she falleth in the place she stood,
And stains her face with his congeal'd 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 excell'd,

\textsuperscript{10} Urchin-snouted is snouted like a hedgehog.
\textsuperscript{11} The meaning is, "persuade him to stay there."
And every beauty robb'd 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.

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

    "It shall be sparing and too full of riot,
Teaching decrepit age to tread the measures;¹²
The staring ruffian shall it keep in quiet,
Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with treasures;
    It shall be raging-mad and silly-mild,
Make the young old, the old become a child.

    "It shall suspect where is no cause of fear;
It shall not fear where it should most mistrust;
It shall be merciful and too severe,
And most deceiving when it seems most just;
    Perverse it shall be where it 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;

¹² A measure was a grave, stately dance. See vol. iv. page 173, note 5.
Subject and servile to all discontents,
As dry combustious matter is to fire:
    Sith in his prime Death doth my love destroy,
    They that love best their loves shall not enjoy."

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

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

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

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

Thus weary of the world, away she hies,
And yokes her silver doves; by whose swift aid
VENUS AND ADONIS.

Their mistress, mounted, through the empty skies
In her light chariot quickly is convey'd;
Holding their course to Paphos, where their queen
Means to immure herself and not be seen.

Paphos was a city of Cyprus, famous for the temple of Venus, and as the chief seat of her worship.
CRITICAL NOTES.

Page 293. *His eye, which glisters scornfully like fire,*
   *Shows his hot courage and his high desire.* — The old copies
read "which scornfully glisters like fire." The correction is Sewell's.

P. 300. *A smile recures the wounding of a frown;*
   *But blessed bankrupt, that by loss so thriveth!* — The old copies
have *love* instead of *loss.* The correction is Walker's; and surely the
context approves it.

P. 308. *Mark the poor wretch, to overshoot his troubles,*
   *How he outruns the wind, &c.* — The old copies read "to over-
shut his troubles." The correction was proposed by Steevens, and is
adopted by Dyce and the Cambridge Editors.

P. 315. *Some catch her by the neck, some kiss her face,*
   *Some twine about her thigh to make her stay.* — The old copies
have *twin'd* and *twind* instead of *twine.*

P. 321. *As falcon to the lure, away she flies; &c.* — So the edition
of 1600. The earlier editions have *faulcons.*

P. 321. *So at this bloody view her eyes are flfed*
   *Into the deep-dark cabins of her head.* — So Walker. The old
copies have *his* instead of *this.*

_Press-work by Rockwell & Churchill._
THE

COMPLETE WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

WITH

A LIFE OF THE POET, EXPLANATORY FOOT-NOTES, CRITICAL
NOTES, AND A GLOSSARIAL INDEX.


BY THE

REV. HENRY N. HUDSON, LL.D.

IN TWENTY VOLUMES.

Vol. XX.

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LUCRECE.

REGISTERED in the Stationers' book for publication, on the 9th of May, 1594, by John Harrison, and published the same year. The poem was reissued by the same publisher in 1598, 1600, and 1607.

In his dedication of this poem to the Earl of Southampton, the author speaks in a more confident tone than in that of the *Venus and Adonis*, as if his growth of reputation during the interval had given him a feeling of strength with his noble friend and patron. The language, too, of the dedication is such as to infer that he had in the meantime tasted more largely of the Earl's bounty. — The poem was not commended so much as its predecessor during the author's life; but it received commendation from higher sources, and in a higher style.

Lucretia the Chaste is a theme of frequent recurrence in the romantic literature of the Middle Ages, when knighthood and chivalry were wont to feed themselves on the glory of her example. The story was accessible to Shakespeare in Chaucer and Lydgate, and in Paynter's *Palace of Pleasure*: there were also several ballads on the subject. As to the classical sources of the tale, it is not likely that the Poet was beholden directly to any of them, except, perhaps, the *Fasti*, of which an English version appeared in 1570.

Modern criticism, generally, assigns the *Lucrece* a place of merit considerably below that of the *Venus and Adonis*. The thought and passion of the later poem were, from the nature of the subject, of a much severer order, and probably did not admit of the warmth and vividness of colouring and imagery which so distinguish the earlier; though there is in both a certain incontinence of wit and fancy, which shows that impulse was at that time stronger with the Poet than art. The truth seems to be,
that both are too highly seasoned with the peculiar spicery of the
time to carry an abiding relish. Their shape and physiognomy
express rather the literary fashion of the age than the Poet's
mental character; and what was then apt to be regarded as the
crowning witchcraft of poetry, has the effect now of studied and
elaborate coldness; the real glow of the work being drowned and
lost to us in a profuse and redundant sparkling of conceit.

A passage from Coleridge may fitly dismiss the subject: "No
man was ever yet a great poet, without being at the same time a
profound philosopher. For poetry is the blossom and fragrance
of all human knowledge, human thoughts, human passions, emo-
tions, language. In Shakespeare's poems, the creative power and
the intellectual energy wrestle as in a war-embrace. Each in its
excess of strength seems to threaten the extinction of the other.
At length, in the drama they were reconciled, and fought each
with its shield before the breast of the other. The Venus and
Adonis did not, perhaps, allow the display of the deeper passions.
But the story of Lucretia seems to favour, and even demand their
intensest workings. Yet we find in Shakespeare's management
of the tale neither pathos, nor any other dramatic quality. There
is the same minute and faithful imagery as in the former poem, in
the same vivid colours, inspired by the same impetuous vigour
of thought, and diverging and contracting with the same activity
of the assimulative and of the modifying faculties; and with a yet
larger display, a yet wider range of knowledge and reflection;
and, lastly, with the same perfect dominion, often domination,
over the whole world of language."
TO THE

RIGHT-HONOURABLE HENRY WROTHESLY,

EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON OF TICHLFIELD.

The love I dedicate to your lordship is without end; whereof this pamphlet, without beginning, is but a superfluous moiety.¹ The warrant I have of your honourable disposition,² 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.

¹ In Shakespeare's time, moiety was used indifferently for any part of a thing, whether the half, or more or less than half. The plays furnish several instances in point. See vol. iii. page 191, note 8, and vol. xv. page 10, note 3.
² This probably refers to some solid and practical instance of the Earl's generosity to the Poet; and a credible tradition assigns the building of the Globe theatre as the motive and occasion of it. See the Life, vol. i. page 30.
LUCRECE.

THE ARGUMENT.¹

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 diversions. 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 privately withdrew himself, and was, according to his estate, royally entertained and lodged by Lucrece at Collatium. The same night he treacherously stealtheth into her chamber, violently ravished her, and early in the morning speedeth away. Lucrece, in this lamentable plight, hastily dispatcheth messengers, one to Rome for her father, another to the camp for Collatine. They came, the one accompanied with Junius Brutus, the other with

¹This argument is presumed to have been written by the Poet himself, and it was prefixed to the edition of 1594. Besides that it narrates the story with clearness and simplicity, it has the further interest of being the only prose composition of Shakespeare, not dramatic, known to exist, except the two dedications to Southampton.
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 avowed 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.

FROM the besieged Ardèa¹ all in post,
Borne by the trustless wings of false desire,
Lust-breathèd 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 unhappily set
This bateless edge on his keen appetite;
When Collatine unwisely did not let²
To praise the clear unmatched red and white
Which triumph'd in that sky of his delight,
    Where mortal stars, as bright as heaven's beauties,
    With pure aspects did him peculiar duties.

For he the night before, in Tarquin's tent,
Unlock'd the treasure of his happy state;

¹ As Dyce remarks, Shakespeare gives the right classical pronunciation of this name, Ardēa, not Ardēa.
² This is the old let, occurring repeatedly in the plays, but now obsolete, meaning to hinder or prevent. Here it seems to be used reflexively: did not let or hinder himself; that is, did not forbear.
LUCRECE.

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.

O happiness enjoy'd but of a few!
And, if possess'd, as soon decay'd and done
As is the morning's silver-melting dew
Against the golden splendour of the Sun!
An expired date, cancell'd ere well begun:
    Honour and beauty, in the owner's arms,
    Are weakly fortress'd from a world of harms.

Beauty itself doth of itself persuade
The eyes of men without an orator;
What needeth, then, 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?

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
    His high-pitch'd thoughts, that meaner men should vaunt
    That golden hap which their superiors want.

3 To suggest is, in old English, to tempt or incite. The plays abound in examples. See vol. vii. page 52, note 54.
4 Braving compare is challenging or defying comparison.
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 liver⁵ glows.
  O rash-false heat, wrapp'd in repentant cold,
  Thy hasty spring still blasts,⁶ and ne'er grows old!

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 bragg'd, beauty would blush for shame;
  When beauty boasted blushes, in despite
  Virtue would stain that o'er with silver white.⁷

But beauty, in that white intitulèd,
From Venus' doves doth challenge that fair field:⁸
Then virtue claims from beauty beauty's red,
Which virtue gave the golden age to gild
Their silver cheeks, and call'd it then their shield;
  Teaching them thus to use it in the fight,—
  When shame assail'd, the red should fence the white.⁹

---

⁵ The liver was supposed to be the special seat of certain passions; hence was often put for the passions themselves. See vol. v. page 177, note 11.

⁶ Blasts for is blasted. The meaning is, "thy premature shoots or buds are blighted in their spring."

⁷ Would stain the colour of those blushes over with silver white.

⁸ The doves of Venus were noted for their pure silver whiteness. The meaning here seems to be, that the beauty which consists in whiteness, or takes its title therefrom, and which has its seat in the fair field of Lucretia's face, from thence challenges comparison, or vies, with the beauty of Venus' doves.

⁹ To fence, as the word is here used, is to contend with, as opposing parties in a fencing-match. White is regarded as the colour of modesty, red,
LUCRECE.

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

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

Now thinks he that her husband's shallow tongue,—
The niggard prodigal that 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.

This earthly saint, adorèd by this devil,
Little suspecteth the false worshipper;
For unstain'd thoughts do seldom dream on evil;

of chaste love. And the strife, that is, the meeting or mingling, of these
two colours in the face of a fair beauty is a favourite theme with Shake-
speare. So in The Taming of the Shrew, iv. 6:

Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?
Such war of white and red within her cheeks!

Praise is here put for the object praised, that is, the lady herself. Here,
as usual, owe is own, possess, or have.
Birds never limed\(^1\) no secret bushes fear:
So guiltless she securely\(^2\) gives good cheer
And reverent welcome to her princely guest,
Whose inward ill no outward harm express'd:

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

But she, that never coped with stranger eyes,
Could pick no meaning from their parling looks,\(^3\)
Nor read the subtle-shining secrecies
Writ in the glassy margents of such books: \(^4\)
She touch'd no unknown baits, nor fear'd no hooks;
Nor could she moralize\(^5\) his wanton sight,
More than his eyes were open'd to the light.

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

---

\(^1\) "Birds never limed" is birds never caught by bird-lime; which was any snare set in bushes for the purpose of catching birds. See vol. iv. page 200, note 10.

\(^2\) Securely is unguardedly, confidingly: the Latin sense.

\(^3\) Parling looks is speaking, significant, insinuating glances.

\(^4\) Alluding to the old custom of writing comments in the margin of books, to explain the text. See vol. xiv. page 307, note 33.

\(^5\) To moralize is to interpret, to expound, to take the meaning of.
LUCRECE.

Far from the purpose of his coming hither,
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 questionèd
With modest Lucrece, and wore out the night:
Now leaden slumber with life’s strength doth fight;
   And every one to rest themselves betake,
   Save thieves, and cares, and troubled minds, that wake.

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

Those that much covet are with gain so fond,
For what they have not, that which they possess
They scatter, and unloose it from their bond,
And so, by hoping more, they have but less;

---

6 Intending here is pretending. The two words were used interchangeably. See vol. ix. page 218, note 2.
7 Questioned is talked, conversed. Often so. See vol. iii. page 193, note 18.
8 The meaning seems to be, “Those who covet much are so greedy of gain, that, for the purpose of gaining what they have not, they scatter that which they possess, and unloose it from their grasp.”
Or, gaining more, the profit of excess
Is but to surfeit, and such griefs sustain,
That they prove bankrupt in this poor-rich gain.

The aim of all is but to nurse the life
With honour, wealth, and ease, in waning age;
And in this aim there is such thwarting strife,
That one for all, or all for one we gage;\(^9\)
As life for honour in fell battle's 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\(^{10}\) to be
The things we are for that which we expect;
And this ambitious-soul 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, betray
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\(^1\) star did lend his light,

---

\(^9\) To *gage* is to *put in pledge*, to *stake*, to *pawn*.
\(^{10}\) The Poet repeatedly uses to *leave* for to *leave off*, or *to cease*. — "In *venturing ill*" means in a *bad venture*.

\(^1\) *Comfortable* in the sense of *comforting*, or *giving comfort*. Often so.
LUCRECE.

No noise but owls' and wolves' death-boding cries;
Now serves the season that they may surprise
The silly lambs: pure thoughts are dead and still,
While lust and murder wake to stain and kill.

And now this lustful lord leap'd from his bed,
Throwing his mantle rudely o'er his arm;
Is madly toss'd between desire and dread;
Th' one sweetly flatters, th' other feareth harm;
But honest fear, bewitch'd with lust's foul charm,

Doth too-too oft betake him to retire,²
Beaten away by brain-sick rude desire.

His falchion on a flint he softly smiteth,
That from the cold stone sparks of fire do fly;
Whereat a waxen torch forthwith he lighteth,
Which must be lode-star to his lustful eye;
And to the flame thus speaks advisedly:³

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

Here pale with fear he doth premeditate
The dangers of his loathsome enterprise,
And in his inward mind he doth debate
What following sorrow may on this arise:
Then, looking scornfully, he doth despise
His naked armour of still-slaughter'd lust,⁴
And justly thus controls his thoughts unjust:

"Fair torch, burn out thy light, and lend it not
To darken her whose light excelleth thine:

² "Betake him to retire" is betake himself to a retreat or withdrawal.
³ Advisedly, here, is deliberately, or with premeditation.
⁴ That is, lust that is naked of armour, or without defence.
And die, unhallow'd thoughts, before you blot
With your uncleanness that which is divine;
Offer pure incense to so pure a shrine:
   Let fair humanity abhor the deed
That spots and stains love's modest snow-white weed.\(^5\)

"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\(^6\) is so vile, so base,
That it will live engraven in my face.

"Yea, though I die, the scandal will survive,
And be an eye-sore in my golden coat;
Some loathsome dash the herald will contrive,\(^7\)
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?

\(^5\) *Weed* is *dress, garment, or robe.* A frequent usage.

\(^6\) *Digression* for *transgression.* See vol. ii. page 20, note 9.

\(^7\) In the books of heraldry a particular mark of disgrace is mentioned, by which the escutcheons of those persons were anciently distinguished, who "discourteously used a widow, maid, or wife against her will."— *Malone.*
LUCRECE.

"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, ⁸
This blur to youth, this sorrow to the sage,
This dying virtue, this surviving shame,
Whose crime will bear an ever-during blame?

"O, what excuse can my invention make,
When thou shalt charge me with so black a deed?
Will not my tongue be mute, my frail joints shake,
Mine eyes forgo their light, my false heart bleed?
The guilt being great, the fear doth still exceed;
And extreme fear can neither fight nor fly,
But coward-like with trembling terror die.

"Had Collatinus kill'd my son or sire,
Or lain in ambush to betray my life,
Or were he not my dear friend, this desire
Might have excuse to work upon his wife,
As in revenge or quittal of such strife:
But, as he is my kinsman, my dear friend,
The shame and fault finds no excuse nor end.

"Shameful it is; — ay, if the fact be known:
Hateful it is; — there is no hate in loving:
I'll beg her love; — but she is not her own:
The worst is but denial and reproving:
My will is strong, past reason's weak removing.
Who fears a sentence or an old man's saw
Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe." ⁹

⁸ The poets not unfrequently used marriage as a trisyllable.
⁹ Saw is saying, precept, or counsel. Painted cloth refers to the moral sentences and maxims depicted in old tapestries. See vol. v. page 64, note 38.
Thus, graceless, holds he disputation
'Tween frozen conscience and hot-burning will,
And with good thoughts makes dispensation,
Urging the worser sense for vantage still;
Which in a moment doth confound and kill
All pure effects, and doth so far proceed,
That what is vile shows like a virtuous deed.

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

"And how her hand, in my hand being lock'd,
Forced it to tremble with her loyal fear!
Which struck her sad, and then it faster rock'd,
Until her husband's welfare she did hear;
Whereat she smilèd with so sweet a cheer,10
That, had Narcissus seen her as she stood,
Self-love had never drown'd him in the flood.

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

10 Cheer for countenance or look. See vol. iii. page 50, note 10.
"Then, childish fear, avaunt! debating, die!
Respect\(^1\) and reason, wait on wrinkled age!
My heart shall never countermand mine eye:
Sad pause\(^2\) and deep regard beseech the sage;
My part is youth, and beats these from the stage:
Desire my pilot is, beauty my prize;
Then who fears sinking where such treasure lies?"

As corn o'ergrown by weeds, so heedful fear
Is almost choked by unresisted lust.
Alway he steals with open listening ear,
Full of soul hope and full of fond\(^3\) mistrust;
Both which, as servitors to the unjust,
So cross him with their opposite persuasion,
That now he vows a league, and now invasion.

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

And therein heartens up his servile powers,
Who, flatter'd by their leader's jocund show,
Stuff up his lust, as minutes fill up hours;
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.

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\(^1\) Here, as usual, *respect* is *consideration* or *reflection*.

\(^2\) *Sad pause* is *taking time for serious thought*; a frequent use of *sad* in the Poet's time. See vol. iv. page 170, note 11.

\(^3\) *Weak or foolish* was the more common meaning of *fond*. 
The locks between her chamber and his will,
Each one, by him enforced, retires his ward; ⁴
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.⁵

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 ⁶ 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 ⁷ glove, wherein her needle sticks:
He takes it from the rushies where it lies,
And griping it, the needle his finger pricks;
As who should say, “This glove to wanton tricks
   Is not inured; return again in haste;
   Thou see’st 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, ⁷
   Till every minute pays the hour his debt.

⁴ Retires his ward is withdraws its guard. His for its, as usual.
⁵ Fear put for the thing feared; that is, his danger.
⁶ Conduct for conductor or guide. See vol. v. page 208, note 20.
⁷ Let, again, for hinder or obstruct. See page 8, note 2.
"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 snape'd birds more cause to sing.
Pain pays the income of each precious thing;
Huge rocks, high winds, strong pirates, shelves and sands,
The merchant fears, ere rich at home he lands."

Now is he come unto the chamber-door
That shuts him from the heaven of his thought,
Which with a yielding latch, and with no more,
Hath barr'd him from the bless'd 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.

But, in the midst of his unfruitful prayer,
Having solicited th' 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?

8 More was often used for greater. See vol. xix, page 167, note 4.
9 Snape'd is nipped or checked. See vol. vii. page 142, note 3.
10 Meaning, impiety hath worked him so far from himself, that is, from his right mind, or his better judgment.
1 Should for would; the two being often used indiscriminately.
2 They refers to Power, which is here used as a collective noun. The Poet often uses Heaven in the same way. See vol. xiv. page 255, note 32. — "Fair fair," preceding line, is fair beauty. See vol. xix. page 323, note 8.
3 Fact in its proper Latin sense for deed, but here equivalent to crime. Shakespeare has the word repeatedly in this sense. So in The Winter's Tale, iii. 2: "As you were past all shame,—those of your fact are so,—so past all truth." See, also, vol. xix. page 75, note 1.
"Then Love and Fortune be my gods, my guide!
My will is back'd with resolution:
Thoughts are but dreams till their effects be tried;
The blackest sin is clear'd with absolution;
Against love's fire fear's frost hath dissolution.
The eye of heaven is out, and misty night
Covers the shame that follows sweet delight."

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

Into the chamber wickedly he stalks,
And gazeth on her yet-unstain'd 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 watch-word to his hand full soon
To draw the cloud that hides this silver moon.\(^4\)

Look, as the fair and fiery-pointed Sun,\(^5\)
Rushing from forth a cloud, bereaves our sight;
Even so, the curtain drawn, his eyes begun

\(^4\)"The silver moon" is Lucretia, who is regarded as another Diana in her purity. So in Coriolanus, v. 3:

The noble sister of Publicola,
The moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle
That curded by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple.

\(^5\)Here the rays or beams of the Sun are regarded as fiery points darted forth from their source.
To wink, being blinded with a greater light:
Whether it is that she reflects so bright,
    That dazzleth them, or else some shame supposed;\(^6\)
But blind they are, and keep themselves enclosed.

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

Her lily hand her rosy cheek lies under,
Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss;
Who, therefore angry, seems to part in sunder,
Swelling on either side to want\(^7\) his bliss;
Between whose hills her head entombèd is;
    Where, like a virtuous monument, she lies,
    To be admired of lewd unhallow'd eyes.

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

---

\(^6\) An odd use of *supposed*, but strictly classical. So in Chapman's *Byron's Conspiracy*, 1668: "Foolish statuaries, that under little saints *suppose* great bases, make less, to sense, the saints."

\(^7\) To *want* in the old sense of to *be without*, or to *miss*. Here the infinitive is used gerundively; *to want* for *from wanting*. See vol. xiv. page 91, note 2.
Her hair, like golden threads, play’d with her breath;
O modest wantons! wanton modesty!
Showing life’s triumph in the map\(^8\) 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.

Her breasts, like ivory globes circled with blue,
A pair of maiden worlds unconqueréd,
Save of their lord no bearing yoke they knew,
And him by oath they truly honouréd.
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.

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;\(^9\)
Slack’d, not suppress’d; for, standing by her side,
    His eye, which late this mutiny restrains,
    Unto a greater uproar tempts his veins:

\(^8\) Shakespeare uses map several times for picture. The usage was common. See vol. x. page 223, note 3.
\(^9\) Qualified is weakened or diluted. See vol. xvii. page 208, note 2.
And they, like straggling slaves for pillage fighting,
Obdurate vassals fell exploits effecting,
In bloody death and ravishment delighting,
Nôr children's tears nor mothers’ groans respecting,
Swell in their pride, the onset still expecting:
  Anon his beating heart, alarum striking,
  Gives the hot charge, and bids them do their liking.

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

They, mustering to the quiet cabinet
Where their dear governess and lady lies,
Do tell her she is dreadfully beset,
And fright her with confusion of their cries:
She, much amazed, breaks ope her lock'd-up eyes,
  Who, peeping forth this tumult to behold,
  Are by his flaming torch dimm'd and controll'd.¹¹

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,¹

¹ Commends in the sense of commits or entrusts. Repeatedly so.
¹¹ Controll'd here is checked or abashed. See vol. x. page 6, note 2.
¹ Here taking has the same sense as the phrase still in use, to take on,
that is, to grieve, or to be troubled.
From sleep disturbèd, heedfully doth view
The sight which makes supposèd terror true.

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

His hand, that yet remains upon her breast,—
Rude ram, to batter such an ivory wall!—
May feel her heart — poor citizen! — distress'd,
Wounding itself to death, rise up and fall,
Beating her bulk, 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.

Thus he replies: "The colour in thy face—
That even for anger makes the lily pale,

2 Supposèd for imaginary, unreal, or illusive. Repeatedly so.
3 Rapt is cast into a rapture, trance, or fit. A frequent usage.
4 Bulk was formerly used for breast. See vol. xiv. page 189, note 19.
5 Heartless must evidently be used here in the sense of disheartened; that is, frightened, or astonished: for foe refers, of course, to Lucretia.
LUCRECE.

And the red rose blush at her own disgrace—
Shall plead for me, and tell my loving tale:
Under that colour am I come to scale
Thy never-conquer'd fort: the fault is thine,
For those thine eyes betray thee unto mine.

"Thus I forestall thee, if thou mean to chide:
Thy beauty hath ensnared thee to this night,
Where thou with patience must my will abide;
My will that marks thee for my earth's delight,
Which I to conquer sought with all my might;
But as reproof and reason beat it dead,
By thy bright beauty was it newly bred.

"I see what crosses my attempt will bring;
I know what thorns the growing rose defends;
I think the honey guarded with a sting;\(^6\)
All this beforehand counsel comprehends:
But will is deaf, and hears no heedful friends;
Only he hath an eye to gaze on beauty,
And dotes on what he looks, 'gainst law or duty.

"I have debated, even in my soul,
What wrong, what shame, what sorrow I shall breed;
But nothing can affection's\(^7\) course control,
Or stop the headlong fury of his speed.
I know repentant tears ensue the deed,
Reproach, disdain, and deadly enmity;
Yet strive I to embrace mine infamy."

This said, he shakes aloft his Roman blade,
Which, like a falcon towering in the skies

\(^6\)"I am well aware that the honey is guarded with stings."
\(^7\)Affection for lust or sensual desire. See vol. vii. page 148, note 31."
Coucheth\textsuperscript{8} the fowl below with his wings’ shade,
Whose crooked beak threatens if he mount he dies:
So under his insulting falchion lies
Harmless Lucretia, marking what he tells
With trembling fear, as fowl hear falcon’s bells.\textsuperscript{9}

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

"So thy surviving husband shall remain
The scornful mark of every open eye;
Thy kinsmen hang their heads at this disdain,
Thy issue blurr’d with nameless\textsuperscript{10} bastardy:
And thou, the author of their obloquy,
Shalt have thy trespass cited up in rhymes,
And sung by children in succeeding times.

"But if thou yield, I rest thy secret friend:
The fault unknown is as a thought unacted;
A little harm done to a great good end
For lawful policy remains enacted.
The poisonous simple\textsuperscript{1} sometimes is compacted

\textsuperscript{8}Coucheth in the sense of causeth to couch. To couch here means to cower or to crouch. See vol. xiv. page 61, note 7. — Like is simply equivalent to as. Repeatedly so. See vol. iii. page 72, note 15.

\textsuperscript{9}Bells were a frequent appendage to falcons. See vol. ix. page 10, note 5.

\textsuperscript{10}Children born out of wedlock were said to have no names; it not being known who their fathers were. See vol. xvi. page 14, note 5.

\textsuperscript{1}Simple is, properly, herb, but was used for drug.
LUCRECE.

In a pure compound; being so applied,
His venom in effect is purified.²

"Then, for thy husband and thy children's sake,
Tender my suit:³ 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 wipe⁴ or birth-hour's blot:
For marks described in men's nativity
Are Nature's faults, not their own infamy."

Here with a cockatrice' dead-killing eye⁵
He rouseth up himself, and makes a pause;
While she, the picture of true piety,
Like a white hind under the gripe's⁶ 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.

As, when a black-faced cloud the world doth threat,
In his dim mist th' 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 unhallow'd haste her words delays,
And moody Pluto winks⁷ while Orpheus plays.

Yet, foul night-waking cat, he doth but dally,
While in his hold-fast foot the weak mouse panteth:

² His, again, for its.  Purified is here equivalent to neutralised.
³ To regard, to favour, to have concern for, are old senses of to tender.
⁴ Wipe, Malone says, is "the brand with which slaves were marked."
⁵ Gripe is, properly, griffin, a fabulous bird; but was used for vulture.
⁶ To wink sometimes means to sleep.  See vol. xiii, page 188, note 1.
LUCRECE.

Her sad behaviour feeds his vulture folly,
A swallowing gulf that even in plenty wanteth:
His ear her prayers admits, but his heart granteth
   No penetrable entrance to her plaining:
   Tears harden lust, though marble wear with raining.

   Her pity-pleading eyes are sadly fix'd
   In the remorseless wrinkles of his face;
   Her modest eloquence with sighs is mix'd,
   Which to her oratory adds more grace.
   She puts the period often from his place;
      And midst the sentence so her accent breaks,
      That twice she doth begin ere once she speaks.

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

   Quoth she, "Reward not hospitality
   With such black payment as thou hast pretended;" 8
   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;

8 Pretended for purposed or intended. See vol. xix. page 146, note 24.
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 movèd with my tears, my sighs, my groans:

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

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

"How will thy shame be seeded in thine age,
When thus thy vices bud before thy spring!
If in thy hope thou darest do such outrage,
What darest thou not when once thou art a king?
O, be remember'd, 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 fear'd for love:
With foul offenders thou perforce must bear,
When they in thee the like offences prove:
If but for fear of this, thy will remove;
LUCRECE.

For princes are the glass, the school, the book,
Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do look.

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

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

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

"To thee, to thee, my heaved-up hands appeal,
Not to seducing lust, thy rash reliever:
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."
"Have done," quoth he: "my uncontroUèd tide
Turns not, but swells the higher by this let.
Small lights are soon blown out, huge fires abide,
And with the wind in greater fury fret:
The petty streams that pay a daily debt
    To their salt sovereign, with their fresh falls' haste
Add to his flow, but alter not his taste."

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

"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; 9
Thou loathed in their shame, they in thy pride:
The lesser thing should not the greater hide;
    The cedar stoops not to the base shrub's foot,
But low shrubs wither at the cedar's root.

"So let thy thoughts, low vassals to thy state"—
"No more," quoth he; "by Heaven, I will not hear thee:
Yield to my love; if not, enforcèd 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."

9 Grave is here a verb, meaning to bury or be the death of. See vol. xix.
page 166, note 3.
LUCRECE.

This said, he sets his foot upon the light,
For light and lust are deadly enemies:
Shame folded up in blind-concealing night,
When most unseen, then most doth tyrannize.
The wolf hath seized his prey, the poor lamb cries;
   Till with her own white fleece her voice controll'd
Entombs her outcry in her lips' sweet fold:

For with the nightly linen that she wears
He pens her piteous clamours in her head;
Cooling his hot face in the chastest tears
That ever modest eyes with sorrow shed.
O, that prone 10 lust should stain so pure a bed!
   The spots whereof could weeping purify,
   Her tears should drop on them perpetually.

But she hath lost a dearer thing than life,
And he hath won what he would lose again:
This forcèd 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 gorgèd 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.

10 Prone in a stronger sense than it has now; eager, headlong.
LUCRECE.

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.¹

And then with lank and lean discouler'd cheek,
With heavy eye, knit brow, and strengthless pace,
Feeble Desire, all recreant, poor, and meek,
Like to a bankrupt beggar wails his case:
The flesh being proud, Desire doth fight with Grace,
    For there it revels; and, when that decays,
    The guilty rebel for remission prays.

So fares it with this faultful lord of Rome,
Who this accomplishment so hotly 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 ² princess how she fares.

She says, her subjects with foul insurrection
Have batter'd down her consecrated wall,
And by their mortal fault brought in subjection
Her immortality, and made her thrall
To living death and pain perpetual:
    Which in her prescience she controllèd still,
    But her foresight could not forestall³ their will.

¹ This is well explained in *King Henry VIII.*, i. r.: "Anger is like a full-hot horse, who being allow'd his way, self-mettle tires him."
² Spotted is polluted, stained. See vol. iii. page 11, note 12.
³ We often have prevent for forestall; here forestall for prevent.
LUCRECE.

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

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

He thence departs a heavy convertite;
She there remains a hopeless castaway;
He in his speed looks for the morning light;
She prays she never may behold the day;
"For day," quoth she, "night's 'scapes doth open lay,
   And my true eyes have never 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,

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4 Perplex'd formerly carried a much stronger meaning than it does now; overwhelmed, frenzied. See vol. xvii. page 301, note 25.
5 'Scapes is lapses, foul slips, acts of lewdness. Repeatedly so. See vol. vii. page 199, note 8.
And grave,\(^6\) like water that doth eat in steel,  
Upon my cheeks what helpless shame I feel."

Here she exclaims against repose and rest,  
And bids her eyes hereafter still be blind.  
She wakes her heart by beating on her breast,  
And bids it leap from thence, where it may find  
Some purer chest to close so pure a mind.  
Frantic with grief thus breathes she forth her spite  
Against the unseen secrecy of night:

"O comfort-killing Night, image of Hell!  
Dim register and notary of shame!  
Black stage\(^7\) 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!

"O hateful, vaporous, and foggy Night!  
Since thou art guilty of my cureless crime,  
Muster thy mists to meet the eastern light,  
Make war against proportion'd\(^8\) 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,

\(^6\) Grave for engrave, imprint, or carve. See vol. xix. page 297, note 4.  
\(^7\) Alluding to the custom of dressing the stage with black when a tragedy was to be performed. See vol. viii. page 8, note 1.  
\(^8\) Proportion'd in the sense of regular, orderly, or appointed.
Ere he arrive his weary noon-tide prick; 9
And let thy misty vapours march so thick,
That in their smoky ranks his smother'd light
May set at noon, 10 and make perpetual night.

"Were Tarquin Night, as he is but Night's child,
The silver-shining queen he would distain;
Her twinkling handmaids too, 11 by him defiled,
Through Night's black bosom should not peep again:
So should I have co-partners in my pain;
And fellowship in woe doth woe assuage,
As palmers' 1 chat makes short their pilgrimage.

"Where 9 now I have no one to blush with me,
To cross their arms, and hang their heads with mine,
To mask their brows, and hide their infamy;
But I alone alone must sit and pine,
Seasoning the earth with showers of silver brine,
Mingling my talk with tears, my grief with groans,
Poor wasting monuments of lasting moans.

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

9 Prick was often used for mark, especially the marks on the dial.
10 The construction is, "That his light, smother'd in their misty vapours,
may set at noon," &c.
11 The stars were wont to be viewed as the handmaids or attendants of
Diana. See vol. xvii. page 287, note 2.
1 Palmer is an old name for a pilgrim. See vol. iv. page 75, note 4.
2 Where for whereas; the two being used indifferently.
LUCRECE.

"Make me not object to the tell-tale Day!
The light will show, character'd in my brow,
The story of sweet chastity's decay,
The impious breach of holy wedlock vow:
Yea, the illiterate, that know not how
To cipher what is writ in learned books,
Will quote my loathsome trespass in my looks.

"The nurse, to still her child, will tell my story,
And fright her crying babe with Tarquin's name;
The orator, to deck his oratory,
Will couple my reproach to Tarquin's shame;
Feast-finding minstrels, tuning my defame,
Will tie the hearers to attend each line,
How Tarquin wrong'd me, I Collatine.

"Let my good name, that senseless reputation,
For Collatine's dear love be kept unspotted:
If that be made a theme for disputation,
The branches of another root are rotted,
And undeserved reproach to him allotted
That is as clear from this attain't of mine
As I, ere this, was pure to Collatine.

"O unseen shame! invisible disgrace!
O unfelt sore! crest-wounding, private scar!
Reproach is stamp'd in Collatinus' face,
And Tarquin's eye may read the mot afar,

8 Cipher appears to be used here in the sense of decipher, that is, read. To quote is to note, mark, or observe. A frequent usage.
9 In the olden time, travelling minstrels were ever welcome to the tables of the wealthy and the honoured, their harps being sure passports.
10 Reputation insensible of the deed, and therefore guiltless.
11 Mot is motto, literally word. See vol. xix. page 39, note 2.
How he in peace is wounded, not in war.
   Alas, how many bear such shameful blows,
   Which not themselves, but he that gives them knows!

"If, Collatine, thine honour lay in me,
From me by strong assault it is bereft.
My honey lost, and I, a drone-like bee,
Have no perfection of my summer left,
But robb'd and ransack'd by injurious theft:
   In thy weak hive a wandering wasp hath crept,
   And suck'd the honey which thy chaste bee kept.

"Yet am I 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 talk'd of virtue: O unlook'd-for evil,
   When virtue is profaned in such a devil!

"Why should the worm intrude the maiden bud?
Or hateful cuckoos hatch in sparrows' nests? 7
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.

"The aged man that coFFers-up his gold
Is plagued with cramps and gouts and painful fits;

7 Shakespeare alludes repeatedly to the cuckoo's habit of laying her eggs in the sparrow's nest, to be hatched, and the chicks to be fed by the sparrow. See vol. xv. page 39, note 23. Hence it was, perhaps, that the cuckoo's note came to be a sound "unpleasing to a married ear." See the song at the end of Love's Labours Lost.
And scarce hath eyes his treasure to behold,
But like still-pining Tantalus he sits,
And useless barns the harvest of his wits;
    Having no other pleasure of his gain
    But torment that it cannot cure his pain.

"So then he hath it when he cannot use it,
And leaves it to be master'd by his young;
Who in their pride do presently abuse it:
Their father was too weak, and they too strong,
To hold their cursèd-blessèd fortune long.
    The sweets we wish for turn to loathèd sours
    Even in the moment that we call them ours.

"Unruly blasts wait on the tender Spring;
Unwholesome weeds take root with precious flowers;
The adder hisses where the sweet birds sing;
What virtue breeds iniquity devours:
We have no good that we can say is ours,
    But ill-annexèd Opportunity
    Or kills his life or else his quality.

"O Opportunity, thy guilt is great!
'Tis thou that executest the traitor's treason;
Thou sett'st the wolf where he the lamb may get;
Whoever plots the sin, thou 'point'st the season;
'Tis thou that spurn'st at right, at law, at reason;
    And in thy shady cell, where none may spy him,
    Sits Sin, to seize the souls that wander by him.

"Thou makest the vestal violate her oath;
Thou blow'st the fire when temperance is thaw'd;
Thou smother'st honesty, thou murder'st troth;
Thou soul abettor! thou notorious bawd!
Thou plantest scandal, and displac'est laud:
Thou raverisher, 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,\(^8\)  
Thy sugar'd tongue to bitter wormwood taste:  
Thy violent vanities can never last.  
How comes it, then, vile Opportunity,  
Being so bad, such numbers seek for thee?

"When wilt thou be the humble suppliant's friend,  
And bring him where his suit may be obtain'd?  
When wilt thou sort\(^9\) an hour great strifes to end?  
Or free that soul which wretchedness hath chain'd?  
Give physic to the sick, ease to the pain'd?  
The poor, lame, blind, halt, creep, cry out for thee;  
But they ne'er meet with Opportunity.

"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 appaid\(^{10}\)

\(^8\) "A ragged name" probably means a name *in rags*; that is, a *beggar*.  
— *Smoothing* is *flattering, cajoling*. See vol. xv. page 57, note 17.  
\(^9\) To *sort* is to *pick out, to choose*. See vol. ix. page 117, note 5.  
\(^{10}\) *Appaid* is *pleased, satisfied, or contented*. Not in Shakespeare again.
LUCRECE.

As well to hear as grant what he hath said.

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

"Guilty thou art of murder and of theft,
Guilty of perjury and subornation,
Guilty of treason, forgery, and shift,¹
Guilty of incest, that abomination;
An accessory by thine inclination
To all sins past, and all that are to come,
From the creation to the general doom.

"Mis-shapen Time, cope-smate of ugly Night,
Swift subtle post, carrier of grisly care,
Eater of youth, false slave to false delight,
Base watch of woes, sin's pack-horse, virtue's snare;
Thou nurseth all, and murder'st all that are:
O, hear me, then, injurious-shifting Time!
Be guilty of my death, since of my crime.

"Why hath thy servant Opportunity
Betray'd the hours thou gavest me to repose,
Cancell'd my fortunes, and enchain'd me
To endless date of never-ending woes?
Time's office is to fine² the hate of foes;
To eat up errors by opinion bred,
Not spend the dowry of a lawful bed.

"Time's glory is to calm contending kings,
To unmask falsehood, and bring truth to light,

¹ A shifter is a roguish or rascally trick, a cheat. So a shifter meant a concealer; as in Taylor's Workes, 1690:

And let those shifters their owne judges be,
If they have not bin arrant thieves to me.

² To fine is here used in the sense of to finish, or put an end to.
To stamp the seal of time in aged things,
To wake the morn, and sentinel the night,
To wrong\(^3\) the wronger till he render right,
   To ruinate proud buildings with thy hours,\(^4\)
   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,\(^5\)
   To spoil antiquities of hammer'd steel,
   And turn the giddy round of Fortune's wheel;

"To show the beldam daughters of her daughter,
To make the child a man, the man a child,
To slay the tiger that doth live by slaughter,
To tame the unicorn and lion wild,
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 couldst return to make amends?
One poor retiring\(^6\) minute in an age
Would purchase thee a thousand thousand friends,
Lending him wit that to bad debtors lends:
   O, this dread night, wouldst thou one hour come back,
   I could prevent this storm, and shun thy wrack!

\(^3\) Wrong, wring, and writhe are all from the same original. So to wrong is used here in the sense of to wring. See vol. xiv. page 62, note 10.
\(^4\) The speaker is apostrophizing Time; hence "thy hours" is right.
\(^5\) Springs, here, is shoots, sprigs, or buds. The word was often used so.
\(^6\) Retiring for returning: so the context shows clearly.
"Thou ceaseless lacquey to eternity,
With some mischance cross Tarquin in his flight:
Devise extremes beyond extremity,
To make him curse this cursèd 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 harden'd hearts, harder than stones;
And let mild women to him lose their mildness,
Wilder to him than tigers in their wildness.

"Let him have time to tear his curlèd hair,\(^7\)
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 loathèd slave,
Let him have time a beggar's orts to crave,
And time to see one that by alms doth live
Disdain to him disdainèd 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\(^8\) crime
Have time to wail th' abusing of his time.

\(^7\) Curled hair was a common fashion of gentility in Shakespeare's time. So in Othello, i. 2: "The wealthy curlèd darlings of our nation."

\(^8\) Unrecalling for unrealled; the active form with the passive sense. The plays abound in like instances. See vol. vii. page 233, note 56.
"O Time, thou tutor both to good and bad,  
Teach me to curse him that thou taught'st this ill!  
At his own shadow let the thief run mad,  
Himself himself seek every hour to kill!  
Such wretched hands such wretched blood should spill;  
For who so base would such an office have  
As slanderous death's-man\(^9\) to so base a slave?

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

"The crow may bathe his coal-black wings in mire,  
And 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 wheresoe'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\(^10\) argument a straw,  
Since that my case is past the help of law.

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\(^9\) Death's-man is public executioner, which was an ignominious office. Slanderous is here used passively, in the sense of infamous, or branded with infamy. So, earlier in the poem, we have "The scornful mark of every open eye"; where scornful is used for scorned.

\(^10\) "I force not" is I regard not, care not for. See vol. ii. page 94, note 48.
"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 confirm'd despite:
This helpless smoke of words doth me no right.
The remedy indeed to do me good
Is to let forth my foul-defilèd 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 livest in my desame:
Since thou couldst not defend thy loyal dame,
   And wast afeard to scratch her wicked foe,
   Kill both thyself and her for yielding so."

This said, from her betumbled couch she starteth,
To find some desperate instrument of death:
But this no-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.

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

"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 stol'n away,
    To burn the guiltless casket where it lay!

"Well, well, dear Collatine, thou shalt not know
The stainèd taste of violated troth;
I will not wrong thy true affection so,
To flatter thee with an infringèd 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.

"Nor shall he smile at thee in secret thought,
Nor laugh with his companions at thy state;
But thou shalt know thy interest was not bought
Basely with gold, but stol'n from forth thy gate.
For me, I am the mistress of my fate,
    And with my trespass never will dispence,
    Till life to death acquit my forced offence.

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

By this, lamenting Philomel had ended
The well-tuned warble of her nightly sorrow,
And solemn night with slow-sad gait descended
To ugly Hell; when, lo, the blushing morrow

11 Helpless for unhelping; the passive form with the active sense.
LUCRECE.

Lends light to all fair eyes that light will borrow:
But cloudy Lucrece shames herself to see,
And therefore still in night would cloister'd be.

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

Thus cavils she with every thing she sees:
True grief is fond and testy as a child,
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.

So she, deep-drenchèd 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:

1 Meaning it is none of day's business what is done by night.
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 stopp'd, the bounding banks o'erflows;
  Grief dallied with nor law nor limit knows.

"You mocking birds," quoth she, "your tunes entomb
Within your hollow-swelling feather'd breasts,
And in my hearing be you mute and dumb:
My restless discord loves no stops nor rests;¹
A woeful hostess brooks not merry guests:
  Relish your nimble notes to pleasing ears;²
  Distress likes dumps when time is kept with tears.

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

¹ Stops is, properly, the finger-holes in a musical instrument; here put for the notes made thereby. Rests is also a term in music.
² Pleasing for pleased, as in note 8 above. The meaning is, address your glad notes, or make them relishing, to happy ears.—Dump, in the next line, was a term for a melancholy strain of music.
³ Descant, in music, was used somewhat variously. Here it means, apparently, to run variations. See vol. i. page 171, note io.
LUCRECE.

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

"And, for, poor bird, thou sing'st not in the day,
As shaming any eye should thee behold,
Some dark-deep desert, seated from the way,
That knows not parching heat nor freezing cold,
Will we 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 frightened deer, that stands at gaze,
Wildly determining which way to fly,
Or one encompass'd with a winding maze,
That cannot tread the way out readily;
So with herself is she in mutiny,
    To live or die which of the twain were better,
    When life is 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 swallow'd in confusion.
That mother tries a merciless conclusion
    Who, having two sweet babes, when death takes one,
    Will slay the other, and be nurse to none.

6 The nightingale was thought to sing, pressing her breast against a thorn. See vol. xix. page 196, note 6.
"My body or my soul, which was the dearer,
When the one pure, the other made divine?
Whose love of either to myself was nearer,
When both were kept for Heaven and Collatine?
Ah me! the bark peel'd from the lofty pine,
   His leaves will wither, and his sap decay;
   So must my soul, her bark being peel'd away.

"Her house is sack'd, her quiet interrupted,
Her mansion batter'd by the enemy;
Her sacred temple spotted, spoil'd, corrupted,
Grossly engirt with daring infamy:
Then let it not be call'd impiety,
   If in this blemish'd fort I make some hole
   Through which I may convey this troubled soul.

"Yet die I will not till my Collatine
Have heard the cause of my untimely death;
That he may vow, in that sad hour of mine,
Revenge on him that made me stop my breath.
My stain'd blood to Tarquin I'll bequeath,
   Which by him tainted shall for him be spent,
   And as his due writ in my testament.

"My honour I'll bequeath unto the knife
That wounds my body so dishonour'd.
'Tis honour to deprive 6 dishonour'd life;
The one will live, the other being dead:
So of shame's ashes shall my fame be bred;
   For in my death I murder shameful scorn:
   My shame so dead, mine honour is new-born.

"Dear lord of that dear jewel I have lost,
What legacy shall I bequeath to thee?

6 To deprive in the sense of to take away. See vol. xiv. page 175, note 16.
LUCRECE.

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

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

7 It appears that overseer was sometimes used for executor. The Poet, however, in his own will, appoints John Hall, his son-in-law, and Susanna, his eldest daughter, executors, and Thomas Russell and Francis Collins overseers.—Overseen, in the next line, is used in one of the old senses of overlook'd,—smitten by an evil eye; that is, confounded or bewitched. See vol. vi. page 104, note 15.
Her mistress she doth give demure good-morrow,
With soft-slow tongue, true mark of modesty,
And sorts⁸ a sad look to her lady's sorrow,
For why⁹ her face wore sorrow's livery;
But durst not ask of her audaciously

Why her two suns were cloud-eclipsèd so,
Nor why her fair cheeks overwash'd with woe.

But as the earth doth weep, the Sun being set,
Each flower moisten'd like a melting eye;
Even so the maid with swelling drops 'gan wet
Her circled eyne, 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 ¹⁰ while these pretty creatures stand,
Like ivory conduits coral cisterns filling:
One justly weeps; the other takes in hand
No cause, but company, of her drops spilling:
Their gentle sex to weep are often willing;

Grieving themselves to guess at others' smarts,
And then they drown their eyes, or break their hearts.

For men have marble, women waxen, minds,
And therefore are they form'd as marble will;
The weak oppress'd, th' impression of strange kinds¹

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⁸ Here sorts is suits, fits, or adapts. See vol. viii. page 176, note 8.
⁹ For why is here equivalent to because. See vol. i. page 204, note 8.
¹⁰ Pretty for fitting, suitable, or sufficient. See vol. xviii. page 78, note 16.
¹ Strange kinds is natures alien to their own, or to which they are strangers. The Poet often uses both words in this way. So a little before: “And there we will unfold to creatures stern sad tunes, to change their kinds.” See, also, vol. xiv. page 30, note 18.—We have the same thought in Twelfth Night, ii. 2:

How easy is it for the proper-false
In women's waxen's hearts to set their forms!
Is form'd in them by force, by fraud, or skill:
Then call them not the authors of their ill,
   No more than wax shall be accounted evil
   Wherein is stamp'd the semblance of a devil.

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

No man inveigh against the wither'd flower,
But chide rough Winter that the flower hath kill'd:
Not that devour'd, but that which doth devour,
Is worthy blame. O, let it not be hild²
Poor women's faults, that they are so fulfill'd ³
   With men's abuses: those proud lords, to blame,
   Make weak-made women tenants to their shame.

The precedent⁴ whereof in Lucrece view,
Assail'd by night with circumstances strong
Of present death, and shame that might ensue
By that her death, to do her husband wrong:
Such danger to resistance did belong,
   That dying fear through all her body spread;
   And who cannot abuse a body dead?

By this, mild patience bid fair Lucrece speak
To the poor counterfeit⁵ of her complaining:

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² Hild is an old form of held, used here for the rhyme.
³ Fulfill'd in its primitive sense of filled full, or completely.
⁴ Precedent, here, is instance, example, or illustration.
⁵ Counterfeit is image or likeness. See vol. iii. page 174, note 24.
"My girl," quoth she, "on what occasion break
Those tears from thee that down thy cheeks are raining?
If thou dost weep for grief of my sustaining,
   Know, gentle wench, it small avails my mood:
   If tears could help, mine own would do me good.

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

"But, lady, if your maid may be so bold,
She would request to know your heaviness."
"O, peace!" quoth Lucrece: "if it should be told,
The repetition cannot make it less;
For more it is than I can well express:
   And that deep torture may be call'd a hell
   When more is felt than one hath power to tell.

"Go, get me hither paper, ink, and pen,—
Yet save that labour, for I have them here.
What should I say? — One of my husband's men
Bid thou be ready, by-and-by, to bear
A letter to my lord, my love, my dear:
   Bid him with speed prepare to carry it;
   The cause craves haste, and it will soon be writ."

Her maid is gone, and she prepares to write,
First hovering o'er the paper with her quill:
Conceit and grief an eager combat fight;

6 Conceit, as usual, for conception or thought.
LUCRECE.

What wit sets down is blotted straight with will;
This is too curious-good, this blunt and ill:
   Much like a press of people at a door,
   Throng her inventions, which shall go before.

At last she thus begins: "Thou worthy lord
Of that unworthy wife that greeteth thee,
Health to thy person! next vouchsafe t' afford—
If ever, love, thy Lucrece thou wilt see—
Some present speed to come and visit me.
   So, I commend me from our house in grief:
   My woes are tedious, though my words are brief."

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

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

To see sad sights moves more than hear them told;
For then the eye interprets to the ear
The heavy motion that it doth behold,
When every part a part of woe doth bear.
'Tis but a part of sorrow that we hear:
LUCRECE.

Deep sounds make lesser noise than shallow fords,
And sorrow ebbs, being blown with wind of words.

Her letter now is seal'd, and on it writ,
"At Ardea to my lord with more-than-haste."
The post attends, and she delivers it,
Charging the sour-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\(^7\) curtsies to her low;
And, blushing on her, with a steadfast eye
Receives the scroll without or yea or no,
And forth with bashful innocence doth hie.
But they whose guilt within their bosoms lie
   Imagine every eye beholds their blame;
   For Lucrece thought he blush'd to see her shame:

When, silly groom! God wot, it was defect
Of spirit, life, and bold audacity.
Such harmless creatures have a true respect
To talk in deeds, while others saucily
Promise more speed, but do it leisurely:
   Even so this pattern of the worn-out age
   Pawn'd honest looks, but laid no words to gage.

His kindled duty kindled her mistrust,
That two red fires in both their faces blazed;
She thought he blush'd, as knowing Tarquin's lust,
And, blushing with him, wistly\(^8\) on him gazed:
Her earnest eye did make him more amazed;

\(^7\) Villain is here used in its ancient sense of servant or menial.
\(^8\) Wistly is wistfully, earnestly. See vol. xix. page 296, note 2.
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 tirèd moan,
    That she her plaints a little while doth stay,
* Pausing for means to mourn some newer way.

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

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

There might you see the labouring pioneer
Begrimed with sweat, and smearèd all with dust;
And from the towers of Troy there would appear
The very eyes of men through loop-holes thrust,
Gazing upon the Greeks with little lust:  

9 Conceited is ingenious, inventive, full of imagination.
10 Lust, here, is pleasure, liking, or good-will. See vol. xvi. page 293, note 17.
Such sweet observance in this work was had,
That one might see those far-off eyes look sad.

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

In Ajax and Ulysses, O, what art
Of physiognomy might one behold!
The face of either cipher'd either's heart;
Their face their manners most expressly told:
In Ajax' eyes blunt rage and rigour roll'd;
But the mild glance that sly Ulysses lent
Show'd deep regard and smiling government.\(^1\)

There pleading might you see grave Nestor stand,
As 'twere encouraging the Greeks to fight;
Making such sober action with his hand,
That it beguiled attention, charm'd the sight:
In speech, it seem'd, his beard, all silver white,
Wagg'd up and down, and from his lips did fly
Thin winding breath, which purl'd up to the sky.

About him were a press of gaping faces,
Which seem'd to swallow up his sound advice;
All jointly listening, but with several graces,
As if some mermaid\(^2\) did their ears entice,

\(^1\) Show'd profound reflection and bland self-control.

\(^2\) Mermaid was often used for siren. So twice in Venus and Adonis:
 "Thy mermaid's voice hath done me double wrong;" and, "Bewitching
 like the wanton mermaid's songs."
Some high, some low,—the painter was so nice;
The scalps of many, almost hid behind,
To jump up higher seem’d, to mock the mind.

Here one man’s hand lean’d on another’s head,
His nose being shadow’d by his neighbour’s ear;
Here one, being throng’d, bears back, all boll’n and red; 3
Another, smother’d, 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 seem’d they would debate with angry swords.

For much imaginary 4 work was there;
Conceit deceitful, so compact, so kind,
That for Achilles’ image stood his spear,
Griped in an arméd 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 imaginéd.

And from the walls of strong-besiegèd Troy
When their brave hope, bold Hector, march’d to field,
Stood many Trojan mothers, sharing joy
To see their youthful sons bright weapons wield;
And to their hope they such odd action yield, 5
That through their light joy seem’d to appear,
Like bright things stain’d, a kind of heavy fear.

3 Boll’n is an old word for swollen, as in a full-formed seed-pod. So in Exodus, ix. 31, it is said “the flax was bol’d.”—Throng’d is oppressed, crushed. See vol. xix. page 35, note 7.

4 Imaginary in the sense of imaginative. See vol. xii. page 6, note 4.—Kind, in the next line, is natural or lifelike. So the noun, before, page 54, note 1.

5 “Their hope” is “bold Hector,” the sentiment being put for the object of it. The meaning appears to be, that their action towards him was such as to make it uncertain whether joy or fear were uppermost in their minds.
And from the strand of Dardan, where they fought,
To Simois' reedy banks the red blood ran,
Whose waves to imitate the battle sought
With swelling ridges; and their ranks began
To break upon the gallèd shore, and than\(^6\)
Retire again, till, meeting greater ranks,
They join, and shoot their foam at Simois' banks.

To this well-painted piece is Lucrece come,
To find a face where all distress is stell'd.\(^7\)
Many she sees where cares have carvèd some,
But none where all distress and dolour dwell'd,
Till she despairing Hecuba beheld,
Staring on Priam's wounds with her old eyes,
Which bleeding under Pyrrhus' proud foot lies.

In her the painter had anatomized
Time's ruin, beauty's wreck, 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,
Show'd life imprison'd in a body dead.

On this sad shadow Lucrece spends her eyes,
And shapes her sorrow to the beldam's woes,
Who nothing wants to answer her but cries,
And bitter words to ban\(^8\) her cruel foes:

\(^6\) Than is an old form of then, retained here for the rhyme.

\(^7\) Stell'd is commonly explained stalled, or fixed as in a stall or lodge. But, surely, not so. I suspect it is simply a poetical form of styled, that is, written or depicted as with a stilus or stylus. It occurs again in the 24th Sonnet: "Mine eye hath play'd the painter, and hath stell'd thy beauty's form in table of my heart." Here table seems to warrant my explanation; that being the common term for any surface used for writing or drawing upon. See vol. xiv. page 180, note 21.

\(^8\) To ban is an old word for to curse. See vol. xix. page 295, note 1.
The painter was no god to lend her those;
   And therefore Lucrece swears he did her wrong,
   To give her so much grief, and not a tongue.

"Poor instrument," quoth she, "without a sound,
I'll tune thy woes with my lamenting tongue;
And drop sweet balm in Priam's painted wound,
And rail on Pyrrhus that hath done him wrong;
And with my tears quench Troy that burns so long;
   And with my knife scratch out the angry eyes
   Of all the Greeks that are thine enemies.

"Show me the strumpet than 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 mo?\textsuperscript{9}
Let sin, alone committed, light alone
Upon his head that hath transgressèd so;
Let guiltless souls be freed from guilty woe:
   For one's offence why should so many fall,
   To plague a private sin in general?

"Lo, here weeps Hecuba, here Priam dies,
Here manly Hector faints, here Troilus swounds,\textsuperscript{10}
Here friend by friend in bloody channel lies,
And friend to friend gives unadvisèd\textsuperscript{1} wounds,

\textsuperscript{9} Mo is an old form of more, used here for the rhyme.
\textsuperscript{10} Swound is an old form of swoon, used for the same reason.
\textsuperscript{1} Unadvised is unintentional, or without knowing it; the opposite of ad-
And one man's lust these many lives confounds:
   Had doting Priam check'd his son's desire,
   Troy had been bright with fame, and not with fire."

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

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

In him the painter labour'd with his skill
To hide deceit, and give the harmless show
An humble gait, calm looks, eyes wailing still,
A brow unbent, that seem'd to welcome woe;
Cheeks neither red nor pale, but mingled so
   That blushing red no guilty instance gave,
   Nor ashy pale the fear that false hearts have.

But, like a constant and confirm'd devil,
He entertain'd a show so seeming just,

**vised**, which often means *deliberate*. The sack of Troy took place in the night, when friends could not be distinguished from foes.

*Instance* in the sense of *indication or proof*. Repeatedly so,
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.

The well-skill'd 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 fixèd places,
   When their glass fell wherein they view'd their faces.

This picture she advisely 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.

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

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

"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!" quoth she, "his wounds will not be sore."

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8 Beguiled here seems to mean filled or possessed with guile; that is, so craftily disguised or masked with honesty.
9 Falls as a transitive verb, for let fall. Often so.
5 Effects seems to be used here in the sense of efficacies, or the power of effecting; that is faculties or arts. Such a genius for deception, such arts of falsehood, may well be said to be stolen from Hell.
6 Unhappy, here, is mischievous, pernicious, fatal; like the Latin infelix. The Poet has it repeatedly so. See vol iv. page 107, note 8.
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 creepes.

Which 7 all this time hath overslipp'd her thought,
That she with painted images hath spent;
Being from the feeling of her own grief brought
By deep surmise of others' detriment;
Losing her woes in shows of discontent.
   It easeth some, though none it ever cured,
   To think their dolour others have endured.

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-distainèd eye
Blue circles stream'd, 8 like rainbows in the sky:
   These water-galls 9 in her dim element
   Foretell new storms to 10 those already spent.

7 A peculiar construction, and rather obscure withal.  Which refers to time in the preceding stanza, and is the object of spent. "Which that she hath spent with painted images, it hath all this time overslipp'd her thought."

8 Meaning, simply, that she was blue about the eyes, as in a countenance pale and haggard with grief, hunger, or want of sleep.

9 Water-galls are secondary rainbows, or rainbows within a rainbow. The term is met with repeatedly in Walpole's Letters: "False good news are always produced by true good, like the watergall by the rainbow." Again: "Thank Heaven it is complete, and did not remain imperfect like a watergall." Water-galls were thought to portend further storms.—Element here means sky; a frequent usage. See vol. v. page 138, note 5.

10 Here to has the force of in addition to. See vol. xvi. page 199, note 3.
Which when her sad-beholding husband saw,
Amazedly in her sad face he stares:
Her eyes, though sod in tears, look'd red and raw,
Her lively colour kill'd with deadly cares.
He hath no power to ask her how she fares:
Both stood, like old acquaintance in a trance,
Met far from home, wondering each other's chance.

At last he takes her by the bloodless hand,
And thus begins: "What uncouth\textsuperscript{11} ill event
Hath thee befall'n, 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."

Three times with sighs she gives her sorrow fire,
Ere once she can discharge one word of woe:
At length address'd\textsuperscript{1} 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.

\textsuperscript{11} \textit{Uncouth} is \textit{strange, unusual, extraordinary.}
\textsuperscript{1} \textit{Address'd} is \textit{prepared or made ready.} Usually so.
"Then be this all the task it hath to say:
Dear husband, in the interest of thy bed
A stranger came, and on that pillow lay
Where thou wast wont to rest thy weary head;
And what wrong else may be imaginéd
By foul enforcement might be done to me,
From that, alas, thy Lucrece is not free.

"For in the dreadful dead of dark midnight,
With shining falchion in my chamber came
A creeping creature, with a flaming light,
And softly cried, Awake, thou Roman dame,
And entertain my love; else lasting shame
On thee and thine this night I will inflict,
If thou my love's desire do contradict.

"For some hard-favour'd groom of thine, quoth he,
Unless thou yoke thy liking to my will,
I'll murder straight, and then I'll slaughter thee,
And swear I found you where you did fulfill
The loathsome act of lust, and so did kill
The lechers in their deed: this act will be
My fame, and thy perpetual infamy.

"With this, I did begin to start and cry;
And then against my heart he set his sword,
Swearing, unless I took all patiently,
I should not live to speak another word;
So should my shame still rest upon record,
And never be forgot, in mighty Rome,
Th' adulterate death of Lucrece and her groom.

"Mine enemy was strong, my poor self weak,
And far the weaker with so strong a fear:
LUCRECE.

My bloody judge forbade my tongue to speak;
No rightful plea might plead for justice there:
His scarlet lust came evidence to swear
That my poor beauty had purloin'd his eyes;
And, when the judge is robb'd, the prisoner'd dies.

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

Lo, here, the hopeless merchant of this loss,
With head declined, and voice damm'd up with woe,
With sad-set eyes, and wreathed 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, recall'd in rage, being past;
Even so his sighs, his sorrows, make a saw,²
To push grief on, and back the same grief draw.

Which speechless woe of his poor she attendeth,
And his untimely frenzy thus awaketh:

² *Make a saw* is move like a saw, backwards and forth; as when Hamlet says, "Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand."
"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 revengèd on my foe,
Thine, mine, his own: suppose thou dost defend me
From what is past: the help that thou shalt lend me
 Comes all too late, yet let the traitor die;
For sparing justice feeds iniquity.

"But, ere I name him, you fair lords," quoth she,
Speaking to those that came with Collatine,
"Shall plight your honourable faiths to me,
With swift pursuit to venge this wrong of mine;
For 'tis a meritorious fair design
 To chase injustice with revengful arms:
 Knights, by their oaths, should right poor ladies' harms."

At this request, with noble disposition
Each present lord began to promise aid,
As bound in knighthood to her imposition,¹
Longing to hear the hateful foe bewray'd.²
But she, that yet her sad task hath not said,
The protestation stops. "O, speak," quoth she,
"How may this forcèd stain be wiped from me?

¹ The old poets often ascribe the laws and customs of chivalry to the ancients, both Greeks and Romans. So in Troilus and Cressida.
² Bewray'd is discovered, made known. See vol. xv. page 52, note 15.
"What is the quality of mine offence,
Being constrain'd with dreadful circumstance?
May my pure mind with the soul act dispense,
My low-declinèd honour to advance?
May any terms acquit me from this chance?
The poison'd fountain clears itself again;
-And why not I from this compelled stain?"

With this, they all at once began to say,
Her body's stain her mind untainted clears;
While with a joyless smile she turns away
Her 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 sheathèd 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

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6 A rather fanciful and not very happy metaphor. Wordsworth, in his
Ode to May, has a similar one, but of rare felicity:

But now, when every sharp-edged blast
Is quiet in its sheath, &c.
Her wingèd sprite, and through her wounds doth fly
Life's lasting date from cancell'd destiny.

Stone-still, astonish'd 6 with this deadly deed,
Stood Collatine and all his lordly crew;
Till Lucrece' father, that beholds her bleed,
Himself on her self-slaughter'd body threw;
And from the purple fountain Brutus drew
  The murderous knife, and, as it left the place,
  Her blood, in poor revenge, held it in chase;
And, bubbling from her breast, it doth divide
In two slow rivers, that the crimson blood
Circles her body in on every side,
Who, like a late-sack'd island, vastly 7 stood
Bare and unpeopled in this fearful flood.
  Some of her blood still pure and red remain'd,
  And some look'd black, and that false Tarquin stain'd.

About the mourning and congealèd face
Of that black blood a watery rigol 8 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.

"Daughter, dear daughter," old Lucretius cries,
"That life was mine which thou hast here deprived.

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6 Astonish'd here has the full force of the Latin attonitus, thunderstruck. This and divers other words have had their proper vigour much hackneyed out of them since Shakespeare's time.

7 Vastly in the sense of wasted, spoiled, devastated. See vol. xix. page 238, note 4.

8 Rigol is circle; from the Italian rigolo, a small wheel. See vol. xi. page 249, note 3.
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 pre-decease progenitors,
We are their offspring, and they none of ours.

"Poor broken glass, I often did behold
In thy sweet semblance my old age new born;
But now that fresh fair mirror, dim and old,
Shows me a bare-boned death by time outworn:
O, from thy cheeks my image thou hast torn,
    And shiver'd all the beauty of my glass,
That I no more can see what once I was.

"O time, cease thou thy course, and last no longer,
If they surcease to be that should survive.
Shall rotten death make conquest of the stronger,
And leave the faltering feeble souls alive?
The old bees die, the young possess their hive:
    Then live, sweet Lucrece, live again, and see
Thy father die, and not thy father thee."

By this, starts Collatine as from a dream,
And bids Lucretius give his sorrow place;
And then in key-cold⁹ 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 reveng'd on her death.

The deep vexation of his inward soul
Hath served a dumb arrest upon his tongue;

⁹ Key-cold is a rather odd epithet, but was not uncommon. Shakespeare has it once again. See vol. ix. page 148, note 2.
LUCRECE.

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 10 come in his poor heart’s aid,
That no man could distinguish what he said.

Yet sometime Tarquin was pronounced plain,
But through his teeth, as if the name he tore.
This windy tempest, till it blow up rain,
Held back his sorrow’s tide, to make it more;
At last it rains, and busy winds give o’er:
Then son and father weep with equal strife
Who should weep most, for daughter or for wife.

The one doth call her his, the other his,
Yet neither may possess the claim they lay.
The father says “She’s mine.” “O, mine she is,”
Replies her husband: “do not take away
My sorrow’s interest; let no mourner say
He weeps for her, for she was only mine,
And only must be wail’d by Collatine.”

“O,” quoth Lucretius, “I did give that life
Which she too early and too late 1 hath spill’d.”
“Woe, woe,” quoth Collatine, “she was my wife,
I owed her, and ’tis mine that she hath kill’d.”
My daughter and my wife with clamours fill’d
The dispersed air, who, holding Lucrece’ life,
Answer’d their cries, my daughter and my wife.

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10 So thick is so fast; used repeatedly by Shakespeare in the same way.
See vol. xvii. page 22, note 22.

1 Too late here means too lately or too recently: “the impression of her death is now too painfully fresh in our minds.” See vol. ix. page 50, note 8.
Brutus, who pluck'd the knife from Lucrece' side, 
Seeing such emulation in their woe, 
Began to clothe his wit in state and pride, 
Burying in Lucrece' wound his folly's show. 
He with the Romans was esteemed so 
    As silly-jeering idiots are with kings, 
    For sportive words and uttering foolish things:

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

"Why, Collatine, is woe the cure for woe? 
Do wounds help wounds, or grief help grievous deeds? 
Is it revenge to give thyself a blow 
For his foul act by whom thy fair wife bleeds? 
Such childish humour from weak minds proceeds: 
    Thy wretched wife mistook the matter so, 
    To slay herself, that should have slain her foe.

"Courageous Roman, do not steep thy heart 
In such relenting dew of lamentations; 
But kneel with me, and help to bear thy part, 
To rouse our Roman gods with invocations, 
That they will suffer  these abominations —

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2 Advisely is carefully, deliberately. See page 63, note 1.
3 To suffer in the sense of to permit or allow. The idea is, to worry the gods with prayers and solicitations, that they will permit these abominable persons, the Tarquins and their set, to be driven out of Rome by our strong arms.
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 stain'd,
By heaven's fair Sun that breeds the fat earth's store,
By all our country rights in Rome maintain'd,
And by chaste Lucrece's soul that late complain'd
Her wrongs to us, and by this bloody knife,
We will revenge the death of this true wife."

This said, he struck his hand upon his breast,
And kiss'd the fatal knife, to end his vow;
And to his protestation urged the rest,
Who, wondering at him, did his words allow: 4
Then jointly to the ground their knees they bow;
   And that deep vow, which Brutus made before,
   He doth again repeat, and that they swore.

When they had sworn to this advised doom,
They did conclude to bear dead Lucrece thence,
To show her bleeding body thorough 5 Rome,
And so to publish Tarquin's foul offence:
Which being done with speedy diligence,
   The Romans plausibly 6 did give consent
   To Tarquin's everlasting banishment.

4 To allow was continually used in the sense of to approve.
5 Thorough and through were used indifferently. See vol. xii. page 268, note 13.
6 Plausibly, here, is applaudingly, or with acclamation.
CRITICAL NOTES.

Page 13. *Those that much covet are with gain so fond,*
For what they have not, that which they possess
They scatter and unloose it from their bond, &c.—The first four editions read, in the second line, *"That what they have not."* The edition of 1616 reads *"That oft they have not."* I can make no sense of the passage with either of these readings. That in the text is Staunton's. See foot-note 8.

P. 20. *And griping it, the neeld his finger pricks.*—The old copies have *needle* instead of *neeld*. The latter was in common use, and is required here for the metre.

P. 22. *Which gives the watch-word to his hand full soon*
To draw the cloud that hides this silver moon.—So Walker.
The old copies read *"hides the silver moon."* As the reference is to Lucretia, *this* seems fairly required for the sense.

P. 29. *As, when a black-faced cloud the world doth threat,*
In his dim mist th' aspiring mountains hiding,
From earth's dark womb some gentle gust doth get,
Which blows these pitchy vapours from their biding,
Hinder their present fall by this dividing;
So his unhallow'd haste her words delays, &c.—In the first of these lines, the old copies have *But* instead of *As*. Malone reads *Look*, as Capell proposed. *As* was conjectured by Sewell; and the same occurred to me before I was aware of its having been proposed. See, in a later stanza, *"Look, as the full-fed hound or gorgèd hawk,"* &c.

P. 38. *And let thy misty vapours march so thick,* &c.—So the third and later editions. The first two have *musty* instead of *misty*. In confirmation of the latter, Dyce aptly quotes from *Venus and Adonis*, *"Like misty vapours when they blot the sky."*
P. 65. To me came Tarquin armèd; so beguiled
   With outward honesty, but yet defiled
   With inward vice, &c.—The old copies have “to beguile.”
Corrected by Malone.

P. 70. With sad-set eyes, and wreathèd arms across, &c.—The old copies have wretched instead of wreathèd. The correction is Walker’s, and is right surely. Arms wreathed, that is, folded, across the breast, as an attitude of grief or sadness, was a frequent expression.

P. 72. While with a joyless smile she turns away
   Her face, that map which deep impression bears
   Of hard misfortune, &c.—So Walker. The old copies have The instead of Her.

P. 76. Do wounds help wounds, or grief help grievous deeds?—Instead of the first help, Walker would read heal. Rightly, I suspect.
SONNETS.

"A BOOK called Shakespeare's Sonnets" was entered in the Stationers' register by Thomas Thorpe, on the 20th of May, 1609, and published the same year. Thorpe was somewhat eminent in his line of business, and his edition of the Sonnets was preluded with a book-seller's dedication, very quaint and affected both in the language and in the manner of printing; the printing being in small capitals, with a period after each word, and the wording thus: "To the only begetter of these ensuing Sonnets, Mr. W. H., all happiness, and that eternity promised by our ever-living Poet, wisheth the well-wishing adventurer in setting forth, T. T."

There was no other edition of the Sonnets till 1640, when they were republished by Thomas Cotes, but in a totally different order from that of 1609, being cut, seemingly at random, into seventy-four little poems, with a quaint heading to each, and with parts of The Passionate Pilgrim interspersed. This edition is not regarded as of any authority, save as showing that within twenty-four years after the Poet's death the Sonnets were so far from being thought to have that unity of cause, or purpose, or occasion, which has since been attributed to them, as to be set forth under an arrangement quite incompatible with any such idea.

In the preface to Venus and Adonis I quote a passage from the Palladis Tamia of Francis Meres, which speaks of the Poet's "sugared Sonnets among his private friends." This ascertains that a portion, at least, of the Sonnets were written, and well known in private circles, before 1598. It naturally infers, also, that they were written on divers occasions and for divers persons, some of them being intended, perhaps, as personal compliments, and others merely as exercises of fancy. Copies of them were
most likely multiplied, to some extent, in manuscript; since this would naturally follow both from their intrinsic excellence, and from the favour with which the mention of them by Meres shows them to have been regarded. Probably the author added to the number from time to time after 1598; and, as he grew in public distinction and private acquaintance, there would almost needs have been a growing ambition or curiosity among his friends and admirers, to have each as large a collection of these little treasures as they could. What more natural or likely than that, among those to whom, in this course of private circulation, they became known, there should be some one person or more who took pride and pleasure in making or procuring transcripts of as many as he could hear of, and thus getting together, if possible, a full set of them?

Two of the Sonnets, the 138th and the 144th, were printed, with some variations, as a part of *The Passionate Pilgrim* in 1599. In the same publication, which was doubtless made ignorantly and without authority, there are also several others, which, if really Shakespeare's, have as much right to a place among the Sonnets as many that are already there. At all events, the fact of those two being thus detached and appearing by themselves may be fairly held to argue a good deal as to the manner in which the Sonnets were probably written and circulated.

We have seen that Thorpe calls the "Mr. W. H.," to whom he dedicates his edition, "the only begetter of these ensuing Sonnets." The word *begetter* has been commonly understood as meaning the person who was the cause or occasion of the Sonnets being written, and to whom they were originally addressed. The taking of the word in this sense has caused a great deal of controversy, and exercised a vast amount of critical ingenuity, in endeavouring to trace a thread of continuity through the whole series, and to discover the person who had the somewhat equivocal honour of *begetting* or inspiring them. And such, no doubt, is the natural and proper sense of the word; but what it might mean in the mouth of one so anxious, apparently, to speak out of the common way, is a question not so easily settled. That the Sonnets could not, in this sense, have been *all* begotten by *one* person, has to be admitted; for, if it be certain that some of them
were addressed to a man, it is equally certain that others were addressed to a woman. But the word begetter is found to have been sometimes used in the sense of obtainer or procurer; and such is the only sense which, in Thorpe’s affected language, it will bear, consistently with the internal evidence of the Sonnets themselves. As for the theories, therefore, which have mainly grown from taking Thorp’s only begetter to mean only inspirer, I set them all aside as being irrelevant to the subject. I have no doubt, that “the only begetter of these ensuing Sonnets” was simply the person who made or procured transcripts of them, and got them all together, either for his own use or for publication, and to whom Thorpe was indebted for his copy of them.

But Thorpe wishes to his Mr. W. H. “that eternity promised by our ever-living Poet.” Promised by the Poet to whom? To “Mr. W. H.” or to himself, or to some one else? For aught appears to the contrary, it may be to either one, or perhaps two, of these; for in some of the Sonnets, as the 18th and 19th, the Poet promises an eternity of youth and fame both to his verse and to the person he is addressing. Here may be the proper place for remarking that the 20th has the line, “A man in hue all hues in his controlling.” Here the original prints hues in Italic type and with a capital, Hewes, just as Will is printed in the 135th and the 136th, where the author is evidently playing upon his own name. Tyrwhitt conjectured that a play was intended on the name of Hughes, and that one W. Hughes may have been the “Mr. W. H.” of Thorpe’s dedication, and the person addressed in the Sonnets. It is indeed possible that the 20th, and perhaps some others, may have been addressed to a personal friend of the Poet’s so named, who was the procurer of the whole series for publication: I say possible, and that seems the most that can be said about it.

Great effort has been made, to find in the Sonnets some deeper or other meaning than meets the ear, and to fix upon them, generally, a personal and autobiographical character. It must indeed be owned that there is in several of them an earnestness of tone, and in some few a subdued pathos, which strongly argues them to be expressions of the Poet’s real feelings respecting himself, his condition, and the person or persons addressed. This
is particularly the case with a series of ten, beginning with the 109th. Something the same may be said of the 23d, 25th, and 26th, where we find a striking resemblance to some expressions used in the dedications of the *Venus and Adonis* and of the *Lucrece*. But, as to the greater part of the Sonnets, I have long been growing more and more convinced that they were intended mainly as exercises of fancy, cast in a form of personal address, and perhaps mingling an element of personal interest or allusion, merely as a matter of art; whatever there is of personal in them being thus kept subordinate and incidental to poetical beauty and effect. For instance, in the 138th, than which few have more appearance of being autobiographical, the Poet speaks of himself as being old, and says his "days are past the best"; yet this was printed in 1599, when he was but thirty-five. Surely, in this case, his reason for using such language must have been, that it suited his purpose as a poet, not that it was true of his age as a man.

Much light is thrown on these remarkable effusions by the general style of sonneteering then in vogue, as exemplified in the Sonnets of Spenser, Drayton, and Daniel. In these too, though unquestionably designed mainly as studies or specimens of art, the authors, while speaking in the form of a personal address, and as if revealing their own actual thoughts and inward history, are continually using language and imagery that clearly had not and could not have any truth or fitness save in reference to their purpose as poets. In proportion to the genius and art of the men, these Sonnets have, as much as Shakespeare's, the appearance of being autobiographical, and of disclosing the true personal sentiments and history of the authors; except, as already mentioned, in some few cases where Wordsworth is probably right in saying of the Sonnet, that "with this key Shakespeare unlock'd his heart." For, indeed, it was a common fashion of the time, in sonnet-writing, for authors to speak in an ideal or imaginary character as if it were their real one, and to attribute to themselves certain thoughts and feelings, merely because it suited their purpose, and was a part of their art as poets, so to do. And this, I make no doubt, is the true key to the mystery which has puzzled so many critics in the Sonnets of Shakespeare.
In writing Sonnets, he naturally fell into the current style of the age; only, by how much he surpassed the others in dramatic power, by so much was he better able to express ideal sentiments as if they were his own, and to pass out of himself into the characters he had imagined or assumed.

Taking this view of the matter, I of course do not search after any thread or principle of continuity running through the whole series of Sonnets, or any considerable portion of them. I hold them to have been strictly fragmentary in conception and execution, written at divers times and from various motives; addressed sometimes, perhaps, to actual persons, sometimes to ideal; and, for the most part, weaving together the real and the imaginary sentiments of the author, as would best serve the end of poetical beauty and effect. In fine, I think he wrote them mainly as an artist, not as a man, though as an artist acting more or less upon the incidents and suggestions of his actual experience. Doubtless, too, in divers cases, several of them have a special unity and coherence among themselves, being run together in continuous sets or clusters, and forming separate poems. This avoids the endless tissue of conflicting theories that has gathered about them, and also clears up the perplexity and confusion which one cannot but feel while reading them under an idea or persuasion of their being a continuous whole.

I give the Sonnets in the same order and arrangement which they have in the original edition, believing that this ought not to be interfered with, until the question shall be better settled as to the order in which they should be printed. Nevertheless, I am far from thinking this order to be the right one: on the contrary, I hold it to be in many particulars altogether disordered. It seems quite evident that there is much misplacement and confusion among them; sometimes those being scattered here and there, which belong together, sometimes one set being broken by the thrusting-in of a detached member or portion of another set. For instance, the three playing upon the author's name clearly ought to stand together; yet they are printed as the 135th, 136th, and 143d; the last of the trio being thus separated from the rest by the interposition of six jumbled together, apparently, all out of their proper connection in other sets. So,
again, the 127th, 131st, and 132d clearly ought to stand together, being continuous alike in the subject and in the manner of treating it. Numerous other cases of like dislocation might easily be pointed out.

Touching the merit of the Sonnets, there need not much be said. Some of them would hardly do credit to a school-boy, while many are such as it may well be held an honour even to Shakespeare to have written; there being nothing of the kind in the language approaching them, except a few of Milton’s and a good many of Wordsworth’s. That in these the Poet should have sometimes rendered his work excessively frigid with the euphuistic conceits and affectations of the time, is far less wonderful than the exquisite beauty, and often more than beauty, of sentiment and imagery that distinguishes a large portion of them. Many might be pointed out, which, with perfect clearness and compactness of thought, are resplendent with the highest glories of imagination; others are replete with the tenderest pathos; others, again, are compact of graceful fancy and airy elegance; while in all these styles there are specimens perfectly steeped in the melody of sounds and numbers, as if the thought were born of music, and the music interfused with its very substance. Wordsworth gives it as his opinion, that “there is no part of the writings of this Poet, where is found, in an equal compass, a greater number of exquisite feelings felicitously expressed.”
SONNETS.

1.

FROM fairest creatures we desire increase;
That thereby beauty's rose might never die,
But, as the riper should by time decrease,
His tender heir might bear his memory:
But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes,
Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel,
Making a famine where abundance lies,
Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel.
Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament,
And only herald to the gaudy Spring,
Within thine own bud buriest thy content,
And, tender churl, makest waste in niggarding.

Pity the world, or else this glutton be,
To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.¹

2.

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 tatter'd weed, of small worth held:
Then, being ask'd where all thy beauty lies,
Where all the treasure of thy lusty days,

¹ To eat what is due to the world, by burying thyself, that is, by leaving no posterity, seems to be the meaning.
To say, within thine own deep-sunken eyes,
Were an all-eating shame and thriftless praise.
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!
This were to be new made when thou art old,
And see thy blood warm when thou feel’st it cold.

3.

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, unblesse some mother.
For where is she so fair whose unear’d\(^2\) womb
Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry?
Or who is he so fond will be the tomb
Of his self-love, to stop posterity?
Thou art thy mother’s glass, and she in thee
Calls back the lovely April of her prime:
So thou through windows of thine age shalt see,
Despite of wrinkles, this thy golden time.
But if thou live, remember’d not to be,
Die single, and thine image dies with thee.

4.

Unthrifty loveliness, why dost thou spend
Upon thyself thy beauty’s legacy?

\(^2\) Unear’d is untilled, fallow; as to ear is to plough. See vol. xix. page 282, note 2. — Fond, second line after, is foolish; the more usual meaning of the word in Shakespeare’s time.
SONNETS.

Nature's bequest gives nothing, but doth lend;
And, being frank, she lends to those are free.³
Then, beauteous niggard, why dost thou abuse
The bounteous largess given thee to give?
Profitless usurer, why dost thou use
So great a sum of sums, yet canst not live?
For, having traffic with thyself alone,
Thou of thyself thy sweet self dost deceive.
Then how, when nature calls thee to be gone,
What acceptável audit canst thou leave?
Thy unused beauty must be tomb'd with thee,
Which, uséd, lives th' executor to be.

5.

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 unfair⁴ which fairly doth excel;
For never-resting time leads Summer on
To hideous Winter and confounds him there;
Sap check'd with frost, and lusty leaves quite gone,
Beauty o'ersnow'd, and bareness everywhere:
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 distill'd, though they with Winter meet,
Leese⁵ but their show; their substance still lives sweet.

³ Free in the sense of liberal or generous.
⁴ Unfair is here a verb, meaning make unfair.
⁵ Leese is an ancient form of lose. Not used again by Shakespeare.
SONNETS.

6.

Then let not winter's ragged hand deface
In thee thy summer, ere thou be distill'd:
Make sweet some vial; treasure thou some place
With beauty's treasure, ere it be self-kill'd.
That use⁶ is not forbidden usury,
Which happies those that pay the willing loan;
That's for thyself to breed another thee,
Or ten times happier, be it ten for one;
Ten times thyself were happier than thou art,
If ten of thine ten times refigured thee:
Then what could death do, if thou shouldst depart,
Leaving thee living in posterity?

Be not self-will'd, for thou art much too fair
To be death's conquest, and make worms thine heir.

7.

Lo, in the Orient when the gracious light
Lifts up his burning head, each under eye
Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,
Serving with looks his sacred majesty;
And having climb'd the steep-up heavenly hill,
Resembling strong youth in his middle age,
Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,
Attending on his golden pilgrimage;
But, when from highmost pitch, with weary car,
Like feeble age, he reeleth from the day,
The eyes, 'fore duteous, now converted are
From his low tract, and look another way:
So thou, thyself outgoing in thy noon,
Unlook'd on diest, unless thou get a son.

⁶ Use, usance, and usury, all had the same meaning in the Poet's time.
See vol. iii. page 129, note 7.
8.
Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly?
Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy.
Why lovest thou that which thou receivest not gladly,
Or else receivest 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.
Mark how one string, sweet husband to another,
Strikes each in each by mutual ordering;
Resembling sire and child and happy mother,
Who, all in one, one pleasing note do sing:
Whose speechless song, being many, seeming one,
Sings this to thee, Thou single wilt prove none.

9.
Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye
That thou consumest thyself in single life?
Ah! if thou issueless shalt hap to die,
The world will wail thee, like a makeless wife;
The world will be thy widow, and still weep
That thou no form of thee hast left behind,
When every private widow well may keep,
By children's eyes, her husband's shape in mind.
Look, what an unthrift in the world doth spend
Shifts but his place, for still the world enjoys it;

7 Thou, who art music to hear, or whom it is music to hear.
8 Makeless is mateless, companionless; make being an old word for mate.
So in The Faerie Queene, iii. xi. 2:
And of faire Britomart ensample take,
That was as true in love as turtle to her maki.
9 His for its, referring to what. That which the spendthrift squanders
only changes its owner, or its place of service.
SONNETS.

But beauty's waste hath in the world an end,
And, kept unused, the user so destroys it.
   No love toward others in that bosom sits
   That on himself such murderous shame commits.

II.

As fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou growest
In one of thine, from that which thou departest;
And that fresh blood which youngly thou bestowest
Thou mayst call thine when thou from youth convertest.
Herein lives wisdom, beauty, and increase;
Without this, folly, age, and cold decay:
If all were minded so, the times should cease,
And threescore year would make the world away.
Let those whom Nature hath not made for store,
Harsh, featureless, and rude, barrenly perish:
SONNETS.

Look, whom she best endow'd she gave thee more;\(^{10}\)
Which bounteous gift thou shouldst in bounty cherish:
She carved thee for her seal, and meant thereby
Thou shouldst print more, not let that copy die.

12.

When I do count the clock that tells the time,
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;
When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls all silver'd o'er with white;
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
And Summer's green, all girded up in sheaves,
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard;
Then of thy beauty do I question make,
That thou among the wastes of time must go,
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake,
And die as fast as they see others grow;
And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defence
Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee hence.

13.

O, that you were yourself! but, love,\(^1\) 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.

\(^{10}\) An elliptical passage, meaning, apparently, "she gave more to thee than to him whom she best endow'd."

\(^1\) Love, of course, for lover. In Shakespeare's time the language of friendship and of love was much the same. Hence lover was continually used where we should use friend. The plays have many instances in point. See vol. xiv. page 73, note 1.
SONNETS.

So should that beauty which you hold in lease
Find no determination; then you were
Yourself again, after yourself's decease,
When your sweet issue your sweet form should bear.
Who lets so fair a house fall to decay,
Which husbandry in honour might uphold
Against the stormy gusts of Winter's day,
And barren rage of death's eternal cold?

O, none but unthrifts! Dear my love, you know
You had a father; let your son say so.

I4.

Not from the stars do I my judgment pluck;
And yet methinks I have astronomy,
But not to tell of good or evil luck,
Of plagues, of dearths, or seasons' quality;
Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,
'Pointing to each his thunder, rain, and wind,
Or say with princes if it shall go well,
By oft predict\(^2\) that I in heaven find:
But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive,
And, constant stars, in them I read such art,
As truth and beauty shall together thrive,
If from thyself to store thou wouldst convert;\(^3\)

Or else of thee this I prognosticate,
Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date.

\(^2\) Oft predict is frequent prediction or prognostication.

\(^3\) Meaning, apparently, "If thou wouldst turn to laying up a store from thyself for future years"; that is, change thy mind, get married, and have children to succeed thee. "As truth," &c., is equivalent to "That truth," &c.; as and that being used indifferently in the Poet's time.
SONNETS.

15.

When I consider every thing that grows
Holds in perfection but a little moment;
That this huge stage presenteth nought but shows
Whereon the stars in secret influence comment;
When I perceive that men as plants increase,
Cheerèd and check'd even by the self-same sky,
Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease,
And wear their brave state out of memory;
Then the conceit of this inconstant stay
Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,
Where wasteful Time debateth with Decay,
To change your day of youth to sullied night;
   And, all in war with Time, for love of you,
As he takes from you, I engraft you new.

16.

But wherefore do not you a mightier way
Make war upon this bloody tyrant, Time?
And fortify yourself in your decay
With means more blessèd than my barren rhyme?
Now stand you on the top of happy hours;
And many maiden gardens, yet unset, 4
With virtuous wish would bear you living flowers,
Much liker than your painted counterfeit: 5
So should the line of life that life repair 6

4 Unset is unplanted; as we use setting or setting out, in the language of gardening.

5 "Much more like you than your painted image or likeness." The Poet often has counterfeit in this sense. See page 55, note 5.

6 To repair in the sense of to renew. See vol. xviii. page 15, note 11.—Line of life probably means living line or lineage; used in contrast with "painted counterfeit," an inanimate image.
SONNETS.

Which this time's pencil, or my pupil pen,
Neither in inward worth nor outward fair
Can make you live, yourself, in eyes of men.
    To give away yourself keeps yourself still;
    And you must live, drawn by your own sweet skill.

17.

Who will believe my verse in time to come,
If it were fill'd with your most high deserts?
Though yet, Heaven knows, it is but as a tomb
Which hides your life, and shows not half your parts.
If I could write the beauty of your eyes,
And in fresh numbers number all your graces,
The age to come would say, This poet lies;
    Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly faces.
So should my papers, yellow'd with their age,
Be scorn'd, like old men of less truth than tongue;
And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage,
And stretchèd metre of an antique song:
    But, were some child of yours alive that time,
    You should live twice,—in it, and in my rhyme.

18.

Shall I compare thee to a Summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And Summer's lease hath all too short a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;

7 Fair for fairness or beauty; the concrete for the abstract.
8 Live has for its object Which, referring to life. "Repair that life which nothing else can make you live, yourself," &c.
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance, or Nature's changing course, untrimm'd:
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest:
   So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
   So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

19.

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 phoenix in her blood;
Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleest,\(^9\)
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 the 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.\(^{10}\)

\(^9\) Here \textit{fleets} is used for a rhyme with \textit{sweets}, while strict grammar requires \textit{fleest}. So in the 8th \textit{Sonnet}:

\begin{quote}
They do but sweetly chide thee, who \textit{confounds}
In singleness the parts that thou shouldst bear.
\end{quote}

\(^{10}\) This was a customary way of speaking among the sonnet-writers of that age, and so is not to be taken as if the Poet really had any such conceit or forecast of immortality, but merely as an allowed strain of poetical license. In like sort, Spenser repeatedly speaks as if he were fully assured
SONNETS.

20.

A woman's face, with Nature's own hand painted,
Hast thou, the master-mistress of my passion;
A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted
With shifting change, as is false women's fashion;
An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,
Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth;
A man in hue all hues in his controlling,
Which steals men's eyes, and women's souls amazeth.
And for a woman wert thou first created;
Till Nature, as she wrought thee, fell a-doting,
And by addition me of thee defeated,
By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.
   But, since she prick'd
Mine be thy love, and thy love's use their treasure.

that his lines would both possess and confer an eternity of youth and fame.
So in his 75th Sonnet:

My verse your virtues rare shall eternize,
And in the heavens write your glorious name;
Where, whenas death shall all the world subdue,
Our love shall live, and later life renew.

And he has the same thought in at least two other Sonnets. So too in
Drayton's 44th:

To keep thee from oblivion and the grave,
Ensuing ages yet my rhymes shall cherish,
Where I entomb'd my better part shall save;
And, though this earthly body fade and die,
My name shall mount upon eternity.

A similar strain occurs in his 6th. The same promise of eternity is also
met with in two of Daniel's. Thus in his 44d:

That grace which doth more than enwoman thee
Lives in my lines, and must eternal be.

1 Prick, both noun and verb, was very often used for mark. Shakespeare
has it repeatedly thus. So in Julius Caesar, iv. 1: "These many, then,
shall die; their names are prick'd." See, also, vol. xii. page 172, note 24.
SONNETS.

21.

So is it not with me as with that Muse
Stirr'd by a painted beauty to his verse,
Who heaven itself for ornament doth use,
And every fair with his fair doth rehearse;
Making a couplement 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\(^2\) hems.

O, let me, true in love, but truly write,
And then believe me, my love is as fair
As any mother's child, though not so bright
As those gold candles fix'd in heaven's air:

Let them say more that like of hearsay well;
I will not praise that purpose not to sell.

22.

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 expirate.
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 gavest me thine, not to give back again.

\(^2\) Rondure is circle, belt, or round. See vol. x, page 29, note 35.
23.

As an unperfect actor on the stage,
Who, with his fear is put beside 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 burden of mine own love's might.
O, let my books be, then, the eloquence
And dumb presagers of my speaking breast;
Who plead for love, and look for recompense,
More than that tongue that more hath more express'd.
   O, learn to read what silent love hath writ:
   To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

24.

Mine eye hath play'd the painter, and hath stell'd
Thy beauty's form in table of my heart;
My body is the frame wherein 'tis held,
And perspective it is best painter's art.
For through the painter must you see his skill,
To find where your true image pictured lies;
Which in my bosom's shop is hanging still,
That hath his windows glazèd with thine eyes.
Now see what good turns eyes for eyes have done:
Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for me
Are windows to my breast, where-through the Sun
Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee;

3 Ceremony is here used as a trisyllable, as if spelt cer'mony.
4 Stell'd appears to be neither more nor less than a form of styled, used
   for the rhyme; and meaning drawn or depicted. See page 6a, note 7.
SONNETS.

Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art,
They draw but what they see, know not the heart.

25.

Let those who are in favour with their stars
Of public honour and proud titles boast,
Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,
Unlook'd for joy in that I honour most.
Great princes' 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 famous'd for fight,
After a thousand victories once foil'd,
Is from the book of honour raz'd quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd:
Then happy I, that love and am beloved
Where I may not remove nor be removed.

26.

Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage
Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,
To thee I send this written embassage,
To witness duty, not to show my wit:
Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine
May make seem bare, in wanting words to show it,
But that I hope some good conceit of thine
In thy soul's thought, all naked, will bestow it;
Till whatsoever star that guides my moving,
Points on me graciously with fair aspect,
And puts apparel on my tatter'd loving,
To show me worthy of thy sweet respect:
Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee;
Till then not show my head where thou mayst prove me.

27.
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:
Save that my soul's imaginary sight
Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,
Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,
Makes black night beauteous, and her old face new.
Lo, thus, by day my limbs, by night my mind,
For thee and for myself no quiet find.

28.
How can I, then, return in happy plight,
That am debarr'd the benefit of rest?
When day's oppression is not eased by night,
But day by night, and night by day, oppress'd?
And each, though enemies to either's reign,
Do in consent shake hands to torture me;
The one by toil, the other to complain

5 Intend is here used in the Latin sense of to endeavour or to be intent upon. So intendere animum is to apply or direct the mind.
6 Imaginary for imaginative. See page 61, note 4.
7 So in Romeo and Juliet, i. 5: "Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear."
SONNETS.

How far I toil, still further off from thee.
I tell the day, to please him, thou art bright,
And dost him grace when clouds do blot the heaven:
So flatter I the swart-complexion'd night;
When sparkling stars twire\(^8\) not, thou gild'st the even.
   But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer,
   And night doth nightly make grief's strength seem
   stronger.

29.

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 possess'd,
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee; and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;\(^9\)
   For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings,
   That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

30.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,

---

\(^8\) To *twire* is to *twitter*, to *twinkle*, to *peep*. So in Fletcher's *Women Pleased*, iv. i: "I saw the wench that *twired* and twinkled at thee; the wench that's new come hither, the young smug wench."

\(^9\) It was common to speak thus of the lark soaring and singing. See *vol. xviii. page 45*, note 2.
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-cancell'd woe,
And moan th' expense of many a vanish'd sight:
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoanèd moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.
(But, if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restored, and sorrows end.

31.

Thy bosom is endearèd 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 burièd.
How many a holy and obsequious tear
Hath dear-religious love stol'n from mine eye,
As interest of the dead, which now appear
But things removed, that hidden in thee lie!
Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,
Who all their parts of me to thee did give;
That due of many now is thine alone:
Their images I loved I view in thee,
And thou, all they, hast all the all of me.

10 Obsequious in the sense of funereal, or relating to obsequies, or mourning-rites. See vol. xiv. page 157, note 20.

1 "Dear-religious love" is well explained by Walker "love making a religion of its affections."
32.

If thou survive my well-contented day,  
When that churl Death my bones with dust shall cover,  
And shalt by fortune once more re-survey  
These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover,  
Compare them with the bettering\(^2\) of the time;  
And, though they be outstripp'd by every pen,  
Reserve\(^3\) them for my love, not for their rhyme,  
Exceeded by the height of happier men.  
O, then vouchsafe me but this loving thought:  
"Had my friend's Muse grown with this growing age,  
A dearer birth than this his love had brought,  
To march in ranks of better equipage:  
But, since he died, and poets better prove,  
Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his love."

33.

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\(^4\) on his celestial face,  
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,  
Stealing unseen to West with his disgrace:  
Even so my sun one early morn did shine  
With all-triumphant splendour on my brow;  
But, out, alack! he was but one hour mine,

---

\(^2\) That is, with those that surpass or excel them. The Poet often uses to better for to surpass. See vol. xviii, page 251, note 4.

\(^3\) Reserve in the sense of preserve, only stronger. See vol. xix, page 67, note 7.

\(^4\) Rack was used for certain forms of cloud. See vol. vii, page 85, note 33.
SONNETS.

The region cloud⁵ hath mask'd him from me now.
Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;
Suns of the world may stain when heaven's Sun staineth.

34.

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:
Th' 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 sheds,
    And they are rich, and ransom all ill deeds.

35.

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.
All men make faults, and even I in this,
Authorizing thy trespass with compare,
Myself corrupting, salving thy amiss,⁶

⁵ The region cloud" is the cloud of the sky. The Poet has region several times in this way. See vol. xiv. page 215, note 89.
⁶ Amiss as a substantive, for fault, misbehaviour, or what is done amiss. Repeatedly so. See vol. xix. page 285, note 3.
SONNETS.

Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are;
For to thy sensual fault I bring-in sense,⁷—
Thy adverse party is thy advocate,—
And ’gainst myself a lawful plea commence:
Such civil war is in my love and hate,⁸

That I an accessory needs must be
To that sweet thief which sourly robs from me.

36.

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 separable⁹ 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.

37.

As a decrepit father takes delight
To see his active child do deeds of youth, •

⁷ Sense for feeling, probably. The meaning seems to be, “Though my judgment blames your fault, my feelings take your part.”
⁸ This is, “in my love to the sinner and hatred of the sin.”
⁹ Separable for separative; the passive form with the active sense. So the old writers have many instances of contemptible for contemptuous. See vol. v. page 223, note 3.
So I, made lame\textsuperscript{10} by fortune's dearest\textsuperscript{1} spite,
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth;
For, whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,
Or any of these all, or all, or more,
Entitled in thy parts\textsuperscript{2} do crownèd sit,
I make my love engrafted to this store:
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.
Look, what is best, that best I wish in thee:
This wish I have; then ten times happy me!

38.

How can my Muse want subject to invent,
While thou dost breathe, that pour'st into my verse
Thine own sweet argument, too excellent
For every vulgar paper to rehearse?
O, give thyself the thanks, if aught in me
Worthy perusal stand against thy sight;
For who's so dumb that cannot write to thee,
When thou thyself dost give invention light?
Be thou the tenth Muse, ten times more in worth
Than those old nine which rhymers invocate;
And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth
Eternal numbers to outlive long date.
If my slight Muse do please these curious days,
The pain be mine, but thine shall be the praise.

\textsuperscript{10} From this line, and one in the 89th Sonnet, some, Sir Walter Scott among them, have supposed the Poet to have been literally \textit{lame}. But the expression in both cases is doubtless figurative.

\textsuperscript{1} \textit{Dear} was used of any thing that excited intense feeling, whether pleasant or painful. See vol. v. page 277, note 6.

\textsuperscript{2} Meaning, probably, \textit{ennobled} or \textit{made honourable} by being in thee.
SONNETS.

39.
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 deservest 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!

40.
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 hatred; yet we must not be foes.

8 "Which love doth sweetly beguile time and thoughts."
Those pretty wrongs that liberty commits,
When I am sometime absent from thy heart,
Thy beauty and thy years full well befits,
For still temptation follows where thou art.
Gentle thou art, and therefore to be won,
Beauteous thou art, therefore to be assail'd;
And, when a woman woos, what woman's son
Will sourly leave her till she have prevail'd?
Ah me! but yet thou mightst my seat forbear,⁴
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.

⁴ Best explained, perhaps, from Othello, ii. 1: "For that I do suspect the lusty Moor hath leap'd into my seat."
SONNETS.

43.
When most I wink, then do mine eyes best see,
For all the day they view things unrespected;
But, when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee,
And, darkly bright, are bright in dark directed.
Then thou, whose shadow shadows doth make bright,
How would thy shadow's form form happy show
To the clear day with thy much clearer light,
When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so!
How would, I say, mine eyes be blessèd made
By looking on thee in the living day,
When in dead night thy fair imperfect shade
Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stay!
   All days are nights to me till thee I see,
   And nights bright days when dreams do show me thee.

44.
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;\(^5\)
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,\(^6\)

---

\(^5\) The construction is, "Upon the earth farthest removed from thee."

\(^6\) That is, being made up or composed so much of earth and water; or having so little of air and fire in my composition. Implying the old doctrine of philosophy, that all things consisted of those four elements. See vol. xii. page 70, note 2.
I must attend time's leisure with my moan;
Receiving nought by elements so slow
But heavy tears, badges of either's woe:

45.
The other two, slight air and purging fire,
Are both with thee, wherever I abide;
The first my thought the other my desire,
These present-absent with swift motion slide.
For, when these quicker elements are gone
In tender embassy of love to thee,
My life, being made of four, with two alone
Sinks down to death, oppress'd with melancholy;  
Until life's composition be recured  
By those swift messengers return'd 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.

46.
Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war,
How to divide the conquest of thy sight;
Mine eye my heart thy picture's sight would bar,
My heart mine eye the freedom of that right.
My heart doth plead that thou in him dost lie,—
A closet never pierced with crystal eyes,—
But the defendant doth that plea deny,
And says in him thy fair appearance lies.
To 'cide this title is impaneléd

7 Here melancholy, as Walker says, is to be pronounced melanchly.
8 To recure is used repeatedly by the Poet for to recover or to restore.
SONNETS.

A quest of thoughts,⁹ all tenants to the heart;
And by their verdict is determinèd
The clear eye's moiety¹⁰ and the dear heart's part:
   As thus,—mine eye's due is thy outward part,
   And my heart's right thy inward love of heart.

47.

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took,
And each doth good turns now unto the other:
When that mine eye is famish'd for a look,
Or heart in love with sighs himself doth smother,
With my love's picture then my eye doth feast,
And to the painted banquet bids my heart;
Another time mine eye is my heart's guest,
And in his thoughts of love doth share a part:
So, either by thy picture or my love,
Thyself away art present still with me;
For thou not further 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.

48.

How careful was I, when I took my way,
Each trifle under truest bars to thrust,
That to my use it might unusèd 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,

⁹ To decide this title, an inquest or jury of thoughts is impanneled.
¹⁰ Moiety was any part or portion of a thing. See page 5, note 1.
Art left the prey of every vulgar thief.
The see have I not lock'd up in any chest,
Save where thou art not, though I feel thou art,
Within the gentle closure of my breast,
From whence at pleasure thou mayst come and part;
And even thence thou wilt be stol'n, I fear,
For truth proves thievish for a prize so dear.

49.
Against that time, if ever that time come,
When I shall see thee frown on my defects,
Whenas thy love hath cast his utmost sum,
Call'd to that audit by advised respects;¹
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;²
Against that time do I ensconce me here
Within the knowledge of mine own desert,
And this my hand against myself uprear,
To guard the lawful reasons on thy part:
To leave poor me thou hast the strength of laws,
Since why to love I can allege no cause.

50.
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!

¹ Advised respects is deliberate judgment or consideration.
² Well explained from Julius Caesar, iv. 2: "When love begins to sicken and decay, it useth an enforced ceremony."
SONNETS.

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:
The bloody spur cannot provoke him on
That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide;
Which heavily he answers with a groan,
More sharp to me than spurring to his side;
   For that same groan doth put this in my mind,
   My grief lies onward, and my joy behind.

51.
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\(^3\) can seem but slow?
Then should I spur, though mounted on the wind,
In wingéd speed no motion shall I know:
Then can no horse with my desire keep pace;
Therefore desire, of perfect'\(^s\)t love being made,
Shall neigh — no dull flesh — in his fiery race;
But love, for love, thus shall excuse my jade,
   Since from thee going he went wilful-slow,
   Towards thee I'll run, and give him leave to go.

52.
So am I as the rich, whose blessèd key
Can bring him to his sweet up-lockèd treasure,
The which he will not every hour survey

\(^8\) Swift extremity is extreme swiftness, or the top of speed.
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 placèd are,
Or captain jewels in the carcanet.\(^5\)
So is the time that keeps you, as my chest,
Or as the wardrobe which the robe doth hide,
To make some special instant special-blest,
By new unfolding his imprison’d pride.

Blessèd are you, whose worthiness gives scope,
Being had, to triumph, being lack’d, to hope.

53-

What is your substance, whereof are you made,
That millions of strange\(^6\) shadows on you tend?
Since every one hath, every one, one shade,
And you, but one, can every shadow lend.
Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit
Is poorly imitated after you;
On Helen’s cheek all art of beauty set,
And you in Grecian tires are painted new:
Speak of the Spring, and foison\(^7\) of the year;
The one doth shadow of your beauty show,
The other as your bounty doth appear;
And you in every blessèd shape we know.

In all external grace you have some part,
But you like none, none you, for constant heart.

\(^4\) For blunting is equivalent to for fear of blunting, or lest he blunt. The phrase occurs repeatedly. See vol. i. page 172, note 15. Also, vol. xix. page 15, note 6.

\(^5\) “Captain jewels” are chief or principal jewels. Carcanet is necklace. See vol. i. page 102, note 1.

\(^6\) Strange in the sense of alien or foreign: shadows not your own, not proper to you.

\(^7\) Foison is plenty or abundance. See vol. xix. page 238, note 5.
SONNETS:

54.

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\(^8\) have full as deep a dye
As the perfumèd tincture of the roses,
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
When Summer's breath their maskèd buds discloses:
But, for their virtue only is their show,
They live unwoo'd, and unrespected fade;
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made:

And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
When that\(^9\) shall vade, my verse distills your truth.

55.

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, besmear'd with sluttish time.
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.
'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.

---

\(^8\) Canker-blooms are the blossoms of the canker-rose or dog-rose.
\(^9\) That refers to youth: "when your youth shall fade," &c. Vade is the original form of fade; from the Latin vado.
So, till the judgment that yourself arise,\textsuperscript{10}
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

56.

Sweet love, renew thy force; be it not said
Thy edge should blunter be than appetite,
Which but to-day by feeding is allay'd,
To-morrow sharpen'd in his former might:
So, love, be thou; although to-day thou fill
Thy hungry eyes even till they wink with fullness,
To-morrow see again, and do not kill
The spirit of love with a perpetual dullness.
Let this sad interim like the ocean be
Which parts the shore, where two contracted-new\textsuperscript{11}
Come daily to the banks, that, when they see
Return of love, more blest may be the view;
Or call it Winter, which, being full of care,
Makes Summer's welcome thrice more wish'd, more rare.

57.

Being your slave, what should I do but tend
Upon the hours and times of your desire?
I have no precious time at all to spend,
Nor services to do, till you require.
Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour\textsuperscript{1}
Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,

\textsuperscript{10} \textit{Arise} is here used transitively, and is put in the plural for the rhyme, though its subject is in the singular: "Till the judgment-day that raises yourself from the dead," is the meaning.—Touching the sentiment of this Sonnet, see page 97, note 10.

\textsuperscript{11} Meaning, I suppose, two lovers newly engaged.

\textsuperscript{1} The hour that, while I am watching the clock for you, seems as if it would never come to an end.
SONNETS.

Nor think the bitterness of absence sour
When you have bid your servant once adieu;
Nor dare I question with my jealous thought
Where you may be, or your affairs suppose,
But, like a sad slave, stay and think of nought
Save, where you are, how happy you make those.  
    So true a fool is love, that in your will,
    Though you do any thing, he thinks no ill.

58.

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

59.

If there be nothing new, but that which is
Hath been before, how are our brains beguiled,
Which, labouring for invention, bear amiss

2 "Save how happy you make those who are where you are."

3 An obscure passage. The meaning seems to be, "let me suffer the imprisonment occasioned by your liberty of absence."
The second burden of a former child!
O, that record could with a backward look,
Even of five hundred courses of the Sun,  
Show me your image in some antique book,
Since mind at first in character was done  
That I might see what the old world could say
To this compos'd wonder of your frame;
Whether we're mended, or wher better they,
Or whether revolution be the same.
O, sure I am, the wits of former days
To subjects worse have given admiring praise.

60.

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

4 "Courses of the Sun" are years. So in Othello, iii. 4: "A sibyl, that had number'd in the world the Sun to course two hundred compasses," &c.
5 That is, since thought was first expressed in writing.
6 Whether revolving time keeps doing the same things over and over.
7 To waste, to consume, were the more usual meanings of to confound.
SONNETS.

61.

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

62.

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 so myself mine own worth do define,
As I all other in all worths surmount,
But, when my glass shows me myself indeed,
Bated and chapp'd with tann'd antiquity,
Mine own self-love quite contrary I read;
Self so self-loving were iniquity.
  'Tis thee myself that for myself I praise,
  Painting my age with beauty of thy days.

8 Gracious, here, is full of grace, that is, beautiful.
63.
Against my love shall be, as I am now,
With Time's injurious hand crush'd and o'erworn;
When hours have drain'd his blood, and fill'd his brow
With lines and wrinkles; when his youthful morn
Hath travell'd on to age's sleepy night;
And all those beauties whereof now he's king
Are vanishing or vanish'd out of sight,
Stealing away the treasure of his spring;
For such a time do I now fortify
Against confounding age's cruel knife,
That he shall never cut from memory
My sweet love's beauty, though my lover's life:
  His beauty shall in these black lines be seen,
  And they shall live, and he in them still green.

64
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;
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.
  This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
  But weep to have\(^9\) that which it fears to lose.

\(^9\) *To have for at having*. The infinitive used gerundively. So in the next Sonnet but one, last line, we have *to die for by dying*. See vol. vi. page 181, note 7.
SONNETS.

65.

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
But sad mortality o'ersways their power,
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
Whose action is no stronger than a flower?
O, how shall Summer's honey-breath hold out
Against the wreckful siege of battering days,
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
Nor gates of steel so strong, but Time decays?
O fearful meditation! where, alack,
Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid?
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back?
Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?

O, none, unless this miracle have might,
That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

66.

Tired with all these, for restful death I cry,—
As, to behold desert a beggar born,
And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
And gilded honour shamefully misplaced,
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,
And strength by limping sway disabl'd,
And art made tongue-tied by authority,
And folly, doctor-like, controlling skill,
And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,
And captive good attending captain ill;—

Tired with all these, from these would I be gone,
Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.
67.
Ah, wherefore with infection should he live,
And with his presence grace impiety,
That sin by him advantage should achieve,
And lace\textsuperscript{10} 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?
Why should he live, now Nature bankrupt is,
Beggar'd of blood to blush through lively veins?
For she hath no exchequer now but his,
And, proud of many, lives upon his gains.
\hspace{1em} O, him she stores, to show what wealth she had
\hspace{1em} In days long since, before these last so bad.

68.
Thus is his cheek the map\textsuperscript{1} 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:\textsuperscript{2}
In him those holy antique hours are seen,
Without all ornament, itself, and true,
Making no summer of another's green,

\textsuperscript{10} To \textit{lace} here means to \textit{embellish}, to \textit{adorn}. So in \textit{Macbeth}, ii. 1: "His silver skin \textit{laced} with his golden blood."

\textsuperscript{1} Here, as usual in Shakespeare, \textit{map} is \textit{picture}. See page 24, note 8.

\textsuperscript{2} The Poet has several allusions to this fashion of his time, and always speaks of it in a way not very complimentary. See vol. iii. page 173, note 19.
SONNETS.

Robbing no old to dress his beauty new;
   And him as for a map doth Nature store,
   To show false Art what beauty was of yore.

69.

Those parts of thee that the world's eye doth view
Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend;
All tongues, the voice of souls, give thee that due,
Uttering bare truth, even so as foes commend.
Thy outward thus with outward praise is crown'd;
But those same tongues, that give thee so thine own,
In other accents do this praise confound
By seeing further than the eye hath shown.
They look into the beauty of thy mind,
And that, in guess, they measure by thy deeds;
Then, churls, their thoughts, although their eyes were kind,
To thy fair flower add the rank smell of weeds:
   But why thy odour matcheth not thy show,
   The solve\(^3\) is this, that thou dost common grow.

70.

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 woo'd of time;
For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,
And thou present'st a pure unstain'd prime.
Thou hast pass'd by the ambush of young days,

\(^3\) Solve for solution; as, in the next Sonnet, suspect for suspicion.
Either not assail’d, or victor being charged;
Yet this thy praise can not be so thy praise,
To tie up envy evermore enlarged:
    If some suspect of ill mask’d not thy show,
    Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts shouldst owe.

71.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell:
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it; for I love you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then should make you woe.
O, if, I say, you look upon this verse
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse;
But let your love even with my life decay;
    Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
    And mock you with me after I am gone.

72.

O, — lest the world should task you to recite
What merit lived in me, that you should love
After my death, — dear love, forget me quite,
For you in me can nothing worthy prove;
Unless you would devise some virtuous lie,
To do more for me than mine own desert,
And hang more praise upon deceased I
Than niggard truth would willingly impart:
O, lest your true love may seem false in this,
SONNETS.

That you for love speak well of me untrue,
My name be buried where my body is,
And live no more to shame nor me nor you!
    For I am shamed by that which I bring forth,
    And so should you, to love things nothing worth.

73.

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 ruind 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 nourish'd by.
    This thou perceivest, which makes thy love more strong,
    To love that well which thou must leave ere long:

74.

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 remember'd.
The worth of that is that which it contains,
And that is this, and this with thee remains.

75.
So are you to my thoughts as food to life,
Or as sweet-season'd showers are to the ground;
And for the peace of you I hold such strife
As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found;
Now proud as an enjoyer, and anon
Doubting the filching age will steal his treasure;
Now counting best to be with you alone,
Then better'd that the world may see my pleasure:
Sometime all full with feasting on your sight,
And by-and-by clean starvèd for a look;
Possessing or pursuing no delight,
Save what is had or must from you be took.
Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day,
Or gluttoning on all, or all away.

76.
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 whence they did proceed?
SONNETS.

O, know, sweet love, I always write of you,
And you and love are still my argument;
So all my best is dressing old words new,
Spending again what is already spent:
    For as the Sun is daily new and old,
    So is my love still telling what is told.

77.

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 mouthèd 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, deliver'd from thy brain,
To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.
    These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,
    Shall profit thee, and much enrich thy book.

78.

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.
Yet be most proud of that which I compile,
Whose influence is thine, and born of thee:
In others' works thou dost but mend the style,
And arts with thy sweet graces graced be;
But thou art all my art, and dost advance
As high as learning my rude ignorance.

79.

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

80.

O, how I faint when I of you do write,
Knowing a better spirit doth use your name,
And in the praise thereof spends all his might,
To make me tongue-tied, speaking of your fame!
But, since your worth, wide as the ocean is,
The humble as the proudest sail doth bear,
My saucy bark, inferior far to his,
On your broad main doth wilfully appear.
SONNETS.

Your shallowest help will hold me up afloat,
While he upon your soundless deep doth ride;
Or, being wreck'd, I am a worthless boat,
He of tall building and of goodly pride:
    Then, if he thrive, and I be cast away,
    The worst was this, my love was my decay.

81.

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 entomb'd in men's eyes shall lie.
Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read;
And tongues to be your being shall rehearse,
When all the breathers of this world are dead;
    You still shall live—such virtue hath my pen—
    Where breath most breathes, even in the mouths of men.

82.

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 strainèd touches rhetoric can lend,
Thou truly fair wert truly sympathized
In true-plain words by thy true-telling friend;
And their gross painting might be better used
Where cheeks need blood; in thee it is abused.

83.

I never saw that you did painting need,
And therefore to your fair no painting set;
I found, or thought I found, you did exceed
The barren tender of a poet’s debt:
And therefore have I slept in your report,
That you yourself, being extant, well might show
How far a modern quill doth come too short,
Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow.
This silence for my sin you did impute,
Which shall be most my glory, being dumb;
For I impair not beauty, being mute,
When others would give life, and bring a tomb.
There lives more life in one of your fair eyes
Than both your poets can in praise devise.

84.

Who is it that says most? which can say more
Than this rich praise, that you alone are you?
In whose confine immured is the store
Which should example where your equal grew.
Lean penury within that pen doth dwell
That to his subject lends not some small glory;

*Here, as usual in Shakespeare, modern is common, ordinary.*
But he that writes of you, if he can tell
That you are you, so dignifies his story:
Let him but copy what in you is writ,
Not making worse what Nature made so clear,
And such a counterpart shall fame his wit,
Making his style admired everywhere.

You to your beauteous blessings add a curse,
Being fond on praise, which makes your praises worse.

85.

My tongue-tied Muse in manners holds her still,
While comments of your praise, richly compiled,
Reserve their character with golden quill,
And precious phrase by all the Muses filed. 5
I think good thoughts, whilst other write good words,
And, like unletter'd clerk, still cry Amen
To every hymn that able spirit affords,
In polish'd form of well-refinèd pen.
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;
Me for my dumb thoughts, speaking in effect.

86.

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 inhearze,
Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew?

6 Filed is polished or finished. So in Jonson's verses on Shakespeare:
"In his well-turnèd and true-filed lines."
SONNETS.

Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write
Above a mortal pitch, that struck me dead?
No, neither he, nor his compeers by night
Giving him aid, my verse astonished.
He, nor that affable familiar ghost
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,
As victors, of my silence cannot boast;
I was not sick of any fear from thence:
   But, when your countenance fill’d up his line,
   Then lack’d I matter; that enfeebled mine.

87.

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

88.

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.
SONNETS.

With mine own weakness being best acquainted,
Upon thy part I can set down a story
Of faults conceal'd, wherein I am attained;
That thou, in losing me, shalt win much glory:
And I by this will be a gainer too;
For, bending all my loving thoughts on thee,
The injuries that to myself I do,
Doing thee vantage, double-vantage me.

Such is my love, to thee I so belong,
That for thy right myself will bear all wrong.

89.

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

For thee, against myself I'll vow debate,  
For I must ne'er love him whom thou dost hate.

90.

Then hate me when thou wilt; if ever, now;
Now, while the world is bent my deeds to cross,

6 "I will smother my acquaintance, and appear as if I were a stranger to you." — That these words should have been written by Shakespeare!

7 Debate, here, as often, is contention or strife.
SONNETS.

Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,
And do not drop in for an after-loss:
Ah, do not, when my heart hath 'scaped this sorrow,
Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe;
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
To linger out a purposed overthrow.
If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
When other petty griefs have done their spite,
But in the onset come: so shall I taste
At first the very worst of fortune's might;
And other strains of woe, which now seem woe,
Compared with loss of thee will not seem so.

91.

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,
Some in their wealth, some in their bodies' force;
Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill;
Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse';
And every humour hath his adjunct pleasure,
Wherein it finds a joy above the rest:
But these particulars are not my measure;
All these I better in one general best.
Thy love is better than high birth to me,
Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost,
Of more delight than hawks or horses be;
And, having thee, of all men's pride I boast:
Wretched in this alone, that thou mayst take
All this away, and me most wretched make.

92.

But do thy worst to steal thyself away,
For term of life thou art assured mine;
SONNETS.

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

93.

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

94.

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,
Unmovèd, 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 sourest by their deeds;
   Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

95.
How sweet and lovely dost thou make the shame
Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,
Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name!
O, in what sweets dost thou thy sins enclose!
That tongue that tells the story of thy days,
Making lascivious comments on thy sport,
Cannot dispraise but in a kind of praise;
Naming thy name blesses an ill report.
O, what a mansion have those vices got
Which for their habitation chose out thee,
Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot,
And all things turn to fair that eyes can see!
   Take heed, dear heart, of this large privilege;
   The hardest knife ill-used doth lose his edge.

96.
Some say, thy fault is youth, some, wantonness;
Some say, thy grace is youth and gentle sport;
SONNETS.

Both grace and faults are loved of more and less:
Thou makest faults graces that to thee resort.
As on the finger of a thronèd queen
The basest jewel will be well esteem’d,
So are those errors that in thee are seen
To truths translated, and for true things deem’d.
How many lambs might the stern wolf betray,
If like a lamb he could his looks translate!
How many gazers 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.

97.

How like a Winter hath my absence been
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!
What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen!
What old December’s bareness everywhere!
And yet this time removed was Summer’s time;
The teeming Autumn, big with rich increase,
Bearing the wanton burden of the prime,
Like widow’d wombs after their lords’ decease:
Yet this abundant issue seem’d to me
But hope of orphans and unfather’d fruit;
For Summer and his pleasures wait on thee,
And, thou away, the very birds are mute;
        Or, if they sing, ’tis with so dull a cheer,
        That leaves look pale, dreading the Winter’s near.

8 "More and less" was a sort of proverbial phrase for "great and small"; that all sorts of people. The Poet has it repeatedly. See vol. xi. page 110, note 5.
9 If he could translate, change, his looks into those of a lamb.
10 "Time removed" means time of remoteness or separation.
98.
From you have I been absent in the Spring,
When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing,
That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him.
Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue,¹
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 fleeting figures of delight
Drawn after you; you, pattern of all those.
Yet seem'd it Winter still, and, you away,
As with your shadow I with these did play:

99.
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;²
And buds of marjoram had stol'n thy hair:
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
One blushing shame, another white despair;
A third, nor red nor white, had stol'n of both,
And to his robbery had annex'd thy breath;
But, for his theft, in pride of all his growth
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.
More flowers I noted, yet I none could see
But sweet or colour it had stol'n from thee.

¹ The construction is, "Of flowers different in odour and in hue."
² That is, condemned for stealing the whiteness of thy hand.
SONNETS.

100.

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

101.

O truant Muse, what shall be thy amends
For thy neglect of truth in beauty dyed?
Both truth and beauty on my love depends;
So dost thou too, and therein dignified.
Make answer, Muse: wilt thou not haply say,
Truth needs no colour, with his colour fix'd;

Fury was often thus used for poetical inspiration. So in some verses signed "Hobynoll," written in praise of The Faerie Queene:

Collyn, I see, by thy new-taken taske,
Some sacred fury hath enrich thy braynes,
That leads thy Muse in haughty verse to maske,
And loath the layes that 'longs to lowly swaynes;
That lifes thy notes from Shepheardes unto Kings:
So like the lively Larke that mounting singes.

Resty is slothful, dumpish, torpid. See vol. xviii. page 88, note 7.—Satire, second line after, is used for satirist. So in Ford's Fancies, Chaste and Noble, i. 2: "Good! witty rascal, thou'rt a Satire, I protest."
SONNETS.

Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay;
But best is best, if never intermix'd?
Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb?
Excuse not silence so: for't lies in thee
To make him much outlive a gilded tomb,
And to be praised of ages yet to be.

Then do thy office, Muse; I teach thee how
To make him seem long hence as he shows now.

102.

My love is strengthen'd, though more weak in seeming;
I love not less, though less the show appear:
That love is merchandized whose rich esteeming
The owner's tongue doth publish everywhere.
Our love was new, and then but in the Spring,
When I was wont to greet it with my lays;
As Philomel in Summer's front doth sing,
And stops her pipe in growth of riper days:
Not that the Summer is less pleasant now
Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night,
But that wild music burdens every bough,
And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.

Therefore, like her, I sometime hold my tongue,
Because I would not dull you with my song.

103.

Alack, what poverty my Muse brings forth,
That, having such a scope to show her pride,
The argument, all bare, is of more worth
Than when it hath my added praise beside!
O, blame me not, if I no more can write!
Look in your glass, and there appears a face
SONNETS.

That overgoes my blunt invention quite,
Dulling my lines, and doing me disgrace.
Were it not sinful, then, striving to mend,
To mar the subject that before was well?
For to no other pass my verses tend
Than of your graces and your gifts to tell;
And more, much more, than in my verse can sit,
Your own glass shows you when you look in it.

104.

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 turn'd
In process of the seasons have I seen,
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,
Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green.
Ah, yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand,
Steal from his figure, and no pace 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.

105.

Let not my love be call'd idolatry,
Nor my beloved as an idol show,
Since all alike my songs and praises be
To one, of one, still such, and ever so.
Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,
Still constant in a wondrous excellence;
Therefore my verse to constancy 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.

106.

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

107.

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.
The mortal moon hath her eclipse endured,
And the sad augurs mock their own presage;
I08.

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?
Nothing, sweet boy; but yet, like prayers divine,
I must each day say o'er the very same;
Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,
Even as when first I hallow'd thy fair name.
So that eternal love in love's fresh case
Weighs not the dust and injury of age,
Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place,
But makes antiquity for aye his page;
Finding the first conceit of love there bred,
Where time and outward form would show it dead.

109.

O, never say that I was false of heart,
Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify.
As easy might I from myself depart
As from my soul, which in thy breast doth lie:

5 Subscribes is resigns, signs away his prerogative. Often used so by Shakespeare. See vol. xv. page 23, note 5.
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.
Never believe, though in my nature reign'd
All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,
That it could so preposterously be stain'd,
To leave for nothing all thy sum of good;
    For nothing this wide universe I call,
    Save thou, my rose; in it thou art my all.

I10.

Alas, 'tis true I have gone here and there,
And made myself a motley⁶ 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 look'd on truth
Askance and strangely: but, by all above,
These blenches⁷ gave my heart another youth,
And worse essays proved thee my best of love.
Now all is done, save what shall have no end:
Mine appetite I never more will grind
On newer proof, to try an older friend,
A god in love, to whom I am confined.
    Then give me welcome, next my Heaven the best,
    Even to thy pure and most, most loving breast.

⁶ Motley, or patchwork, was the proper dress of allowed or professional
Fools, and hence the word came to mean fool.
⁷ To blench is to start or fly off from: so blenches here is startings-aside
from rectitude. The Poet means, apparently, that lapses have given his
heart another youth by proving the strength of his friend's attachment.—
Strangely, in the line before, means as a stranger: look'd on truth as some-
thing alien or foreign to me. See page 116, note 6.
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.
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 renew’d;
Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink
Potions of eisel\(^9\) ’gainst my strong infection;
No bitterness that I will bitter think,
Nor double penance, to correct correction.
  Pity me, then, dear friend, and I assure ye
  Even that your pity is enough to cure me.\(^{10}\)

\(^8\) To *chide with* means simply to *chide*, that is, *reprove* or *reprove*. See vol. xvii. page 273, note x6. — The construction in the next line is, “The goddess guilty of,” &c.

\(^9\) *Eisel* is an old word for *vinegar*; which was thought to be very efficacious as a disinfectant, hence used against contagious diseases.

\(^{10}\) It is hardly possible to doubt that in the two foregoing Sonnets we have some of the Poet’s honest feelings respecting himself. Some foolish rhymester having spoken of Shakespeare and Garrick as kindred minds, Charles Lamb thereupon quotes from these Sonnets, and comments thus: “Who can read these instances of jealous self-watchfulness in our sweet Shakespeare, and dream of any congeniality between him and one that, by every tradition of him, appears to have been as mere a player as ever existed; to have had his mind tainted with the lowest players’ vices,—envy and jealousy, and miserable cravings after applause; one who in the exercise of his profession was jealous even of women-performers that stood in his way; a manager full of managerial tricks and stratagems and finesse;—that any resemblance should be dreamed of between him and Shakespeare,—Shakespeare who, in the plenitude and consciousness of his own powers, could, with that noble modesty which we can neither imitate nor appreciate, express himself thus of his own sense of his own defects:

  Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
  Featured like him, like him with friends possess’d;
  Desiring this man’s art, and that man’s scope.”
II2.

Your love and pity doth th' impression fill
Which vulgar scandal stamp'd upon my brow;
For what care I who calls me well or ill,
So you o'er-green my bad, my good allow?¹¹
You are my all-the-world, and I must strive
To know my shames and praises from your tongue;
None else to me, nor I to none alive,
That my steel'd sense or changes right or wrong.¹
In so profound abyss I throw all care
Of others' voices, that my adder's sense²
To critic and to flatterer stopped are.
Mark how with my neglect I do dispense:

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

II3.

Since I left you, mine eye is in my mind;
And that which governs me to go about
Doth part his function,³ 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:⁴

¹¹ To allow is to approve, to hold in esteem. Generally so in Shakespeare.
¹ Meaning, apparently, "you are the only person that has power to change my hardened sensibility, either for the better or for the worse."
² Here sense' is used as plural. The Poet has other plurals formed in the same way, such as corpse', horse', house'.
³ In old writers, part is not unfrequently equivalent to depart, and in that sense is sometimes used transitively, as depart is still. So here I take "doth part his function" as equivalent to doth depart from or forsake his function. The context, I think, fairly requires it to be so understood. See vol. xix. page 101, note 3.
⁴ To latch is to catch or lay hold of. See vol. xvii. page 101, note 35.
SONNETS.

Of his quick objects hath the mind no part,
Nor his own vision holds what it doth catch;
For, if it see the rudest 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.5

114.

Or whether doth my mind, being crown’d with you
Drink up the monarch’s plague, this flattery?
Or whether shall I say, mine eye saith true,
And that your love taught it this alchemy,
To make of monsters and things indigest6
Such cherubins as your sweet self resemble,
Creating every bad a perfect best,
As fast as objects to his beams assemble?
O, ’tis the first; ’tis flattery in my seeing,
And my great mind most kingly drinks it up:
Mine eye well knows what with his gust is ’greeing,
And to his palate doth prepare the cup:
If it be poison’d, ’tis the lesser sin
That mine eye loves it, and doth first begin.

115.

Those lines that I before have writ do lie,
Even those that said I could not love you dearer:

6 Untrue, if the text be right, is here used as a substantive. Malone explains it thus: “The sincerity of my affection is the cause of my untruth, that is, of my not seeing objects truly, such as they appear to the rest of mankind.” See Critical Notes.
6 Indigest is unformed, shapeless. See vol. x. page 105, note 2.
SONNETS.

Yet then my judgment knew no reason why
My most full flame should afterwards burn clearer.
But,—reckoning Time, whose million'd accidents
Creep in 'twixt vows, and change decrees of kings,
Tan sacred beauty, blunt the sharp'st intents,
Divert strong minds to th' 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?

116.

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-fix'd mark,
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken; 7
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.

7 Coriolanus, v. 3, yields an apt comment on this: "And stick i' the wars like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw, and saving those that eye thee."
SONNETS.

117.
Accuse me thus: That I have scanted all
Wherein I should your great deserts repay;
Forgot upon your dearest love to call,
Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day;
That I have frequent been with unknown minds,
And given to time your own dear-purchased right;
That I have hoisted sail to all the winds
Which should transport me farthest from your sight.
Book both my wilfulness and errors down,
And on just proof surmise accumulate;
Bring me within the level of your frown,
But shoot not at me in your waken'd hate;
Since my appeal says I did strive to prove
The constancy and virtue of your love.

118.
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, t' 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.

8 *Eager is sharp, acid, biting.* See vol. xiv. page 179, note 12.
SONNETS.

119.

What potions have I drunk of Siren tears,
Distill'd from limbecks foul as Hell within,
Applying fears to hopes and hopes to fears,
Still losing when I saw myself to win!
What wretched errors hath my heart committed,
Whilst it hath thought itself so blessèd never!
How have mine eyes out of their spheres been fitted,⁹
In the distraction of this madding fever!
O benefit of ill! now I find true
That better is by evil still made better;
And ruin'd love, when it is built anew,
Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater.
   So I return rebuked to my content,
   And gain by ill thrice more than I have spent.

120.

That you were once unkind befriends me now,
And for that sorrow which I then did feel
Needs must I under my transgression bow,
Unless my nerves were brass or hammer'd steel.
For, if you were by my unkindness shaken,
As I by yours, you've pass'd a hell of time;
And I, a tyrant, have no leisure taken
To weigh how once I suffer'd in your crime.
O, that our night of woe might have remember'd
My deepest sense,¹⁰ how hard true sorrow hits,

⁹ This, if the text be right, must mean, "How have mine eyes shot or started from their spheres, as in a convulsion fit." So, in A Midsummer-Night's Dream, ii. 1, we have, "And certain stars shot madly from their spheres." Also, in Hamlet, i. 5, "Made thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres." See Critical Notes.

¹⁰ Remember'd here means reminded or informed. So in The Winter's Tale, iii. 2: "I'll not remember you of my own lord." Also, in King Lear,
SONNETS.

And soon to you, as you to me then, tender'd
The humble salve which wounded bosoms fits!
But that your trespass now becomes a fee;
Mine ransoms yours, and yours must ransom me.

121.

'Tis better to be vile than vile-esteem'd,
When not to be receives reproach of being;
And the just pleasure lost, which is so deem'd
Not by our feeling, but by others' seeing:
For why should others' false-adulterate eyes
Give salutation to my sportive blood?¹
Or on my frailties why are frailer spies,
Which in their wills count bad what I think good?
No! I am that I am; and they that level²
At my abuses reckon up their own:
I may be straight, though they themselves be bevel;³
By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be shown;
Unless this general evil they maintain,
All men are bad, and in their badness reign.

122.

Thy gift, thy tables,⁴ are within my brain,
Full character'd with lasting memory,

i. 4: "Thou but remember'st me of mine own conception." And so in divers other places.—"My deepest sense" is my inmost soul; or, as Hamlet expresses it, "my heart of heart."
¹ That is, flatter or exhilarate my wanton passions. See vol. xii. page 211, note 9.
² To level is a term in gunnery for to aim.
³ Bevel is, properly, slanting, oblique, or out of square.
⁴ Tables, as the word is here used, were tablets or cards of wax, slate, or ivory, for writing memoranda upon, and were formed into a sort of book, to be carried in the pocket. See vol. xiv. page 180, note 21.
Which shall above that idle rank remain,
Beyond all date even to eternity:
Or, at the least, so long as brain and heart
Have faculty by Nature to subsist;
Till each to razed oblivion yield his part
Of thee, thy record never can be miss'd.
That poor retention ⁵ could not so much hold,
Nor need I tallies thy dear love to score; ⁶
Therefore to give them from me was I bold,
To trust those tables that receive thee more:
To keep an adjunct to remember thee
Were to import forgetfulness in me.

123.

No, Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change:
Thy pyramids built up with newer might
To me are nothing novel, nothing strange;
They are but dressings of a former sight.
Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire
What thou dost foist upon us that is old;
And rather make them born to our desire
Than think that we before have heard them told.
Thy registers and thee I both defy,
Not wondering at the present nor the past;
For thy records and what we see do lie,
Made more or less ⁷ by thy continual haste.

⁵ Meaning the table-book given him by his friend, and called a "poor retention," because it could hold or retain far less than the living tablets of the mind and heart.

⁶ Tallies were sticks with which accounts were kept by scoring or cutting notches in them.

⁷ Made larger or smaller. The meaning is, that Time's record of things is made big or little, to suit his swiftly-changing occasions, and without any regard to what the things are in themselves.
SONNETS.

This I do vow, and this shall ever be,
I will be true, despite thy scythe and thee.

124.

If my dear love were but the child of state,
It might for Fortune's bastard be unfather'd,
As subject to Time's love or to Time's hate,
Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers gather'd.
No! it was builded far from accident;
It suffers not in smiling pomp, nor falls
Under the blow of thrallèd discontent,
Where to th' inviting time our fashion calls:
It fears not policy, that heretic,
Which works on leases of short-number'd hours,
But all alone stands hugely politic,
That it nor grows with heat nor drowns with showers.
To this I witness call the fools of time,
Which die for goodness, who have lived for crime.

125.

Were't aught to me I bore the canopy,
With my extern the outward honouring,
Or laid great bases for eternity,

8 "It suffers not" means it is not weakened or injured.
9 Hugely politic is organized or knit together in a huge polity or State. Rather an odd use of politic, to us.
10 This closing couplet is, to me, exceedingly obscure. The best I can make of it is, "Call on the 'fickle changelings' of time to mark and remember this which I affirm,—those fools who make as if they would die for virtue after having devoted their lives to vice."
1 Very obscure, again. Perhaps the meaning is, "Were it of any consequence to me that I walked at the Queen's side, and carried the canopy over her royal head, if I honoured only her outward form with mere external observances?"
SONNETS.

Which prove more short than waste or ruining?
Have I not seen dwellers on form and favour
Lose all, and more, by paying too much rent,
For compound sweet forgoing simple savour,
Pitiful thrivers, in their gazing spent?
No; let me be obsequious in thy heart,
And take thou my oblation, poor but free,
Which is not mix'd with seconds knows no art,
But mutual render, only me for thee.

Hence, thou suborn'd informer! a true soul
When most impeach'd stands least in thy control.

126.

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 go'st onwards, still will pluck thee back,
She keeps thee to this purpose, that her skill
May time disgrace, and wretched minutes kill.
Yet fear her, O thou minion of her pleasure!
She may detain, but not still keep, her treasure:
Her audit, though delay'd, answer'd must be,
And her quietus is to render thee.

2 In the 31st Sonnet we have "obsequious tear," where obsequious is used in an active sense, for mourning or lamenting. Here it seems to be used in a passive sense, mourned or lamented.

3 Seconds is a provincial term for the second kind of flour, which is collected after the smaller bran is sifted. That our author's oblation was pure, unmixed with baser matter, is all that he meant to say.—Steevens.

4 Time's hour, or course, is here represented poetically as a sickle, for the same reason that Time is elsewhere figured as being armed with a scythe. —Perhaps it should be noted that here, instead of a sonnet proper, we have a stanza of twelve lines formed into six couplets.

5 Quietus in a technical sense,—discharge, acquittance, release. So in
127.

In the old age black was not counted fair,
Or, if it were, it bore not beauty's name;
And now is black beauty's successive heir,
And beauty slander'd with a bastard shame:
For, since each hand hath put on Nature's power,
Fairing the foul with art's false-borrow'd face,
Sweet beauty hath no name, no holy bower,
But is profaned, if not lives in disgrace.
Therefore my mistress' hairs 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:
Yet so they mourn, becoming of their woe,
That every tongue says beauty should look so.

128.

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 envý 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!

Webster's Duchess of Malfi, iii. 2: "You had the trick in audit-time to be sick, till I had sign'd your quietus." See vol. xiv. page 220, note 10.
6 "Her eyes are so dressed;" that is, in black.
7 They seem to mourn, that those who are not born fair are yet possessed of an artificial beauty, by which they pass for what they are not; and thus dishonour nature by their imperfect imitation and false pretensions. — Malone.
8 The jacks here spoken of are the keys of the virginal upon which the Poet supposes the person addressed to be playing. The verb envy often had the accent on the last syllable.
To be so tickled, they would change their state
And situation with those dancing chips,
O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,
Making dead wood more bless'd than living lips.
Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,
Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

129.

Th' 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;
Enjoy'd no sooner but despis'd straight;
Past reason hunted; and, no sooner had,
Past reason hated, as a swallow'd bait,
On purpose laid to make the taker mad:
Mad in pursuit, and in possession so;

Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme;
A bliss in proof, and, 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.

130.

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the Sun;
Coral is far more red than her lips' red:
If snow be white, why, then her breasts are dun;
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;

9 The construction is, "Lust in action is th' expense of spirit," &c.
SONNETS.

And in some perfumes is there more delight
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
I love to hear her speak,—yet well I know
That music hath a far more pleasing sound:
I grant I never saw a goddess go,—
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground.
And yet, by Heaven, I think my love as rare
As any she belied with false compare.

131.

Thou art as tyrannous, so as thou art,
As those whose beauties proudly make them cruel;
For well thou know’st to my dear-doting heart
Thou art the fairest and most precious jewel.
Yet, in good faith, some say that thee behold,
Thy face hath not the power to make love groan:
To say they err I dare not be so bold,
Although I swear it to myself alone.
And, to be sure that is not false I swear,
A thousand groans, but thinking on thy face,
One on another’s neck, do witness bear
Thy black is fairest in my judgment’s place.
In nothing art thou black save in thy deeds,
And thence this slander, as I think, proceeds.

132.

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 gray cheeks of the East,
Nor that full star that ushers in the even
Doth half that glory to the sober West,
As those two mourning eyes become thy face:
O, let it, then, as well beseen thy heart
To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee grace,
And suit thy pity like in every part.
    Then will I swear beauty herself is black,
    And all they foul that thy complexion lack.

133.

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'est friend must be?
Me from myself thy cruel eye hath taken,
And my next self thou harder hast engross'd:
Of him, myself, and thee, I am forsaken;
A torment thrice threefold thus to be cross'd.
Prison my heart in thy steel bosom's ward,
But then my friend's heart let my poor heart bail;
Whoe'er keeps me, let my heart be his guard;
Thou canst not then use rigour in my jail:
    And yet thou wilt; for I, being pent in thee,
    Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.

134.

So, now I have confess'd 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:

10 "Keeps me" is guards or defends me. To keep was often so used.
SONNETS.

But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,
For thou art covetous, and he is kind;
He learn'd but, surety-like, to write for me,
Under that bond that him as fast doth bind.
The statute ¹ 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.
    Him have I lost; thou hast both him and me:
    He pays the whole, and yet am I not free.

135.

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy Will.²
And Will to boot, and Will in overplus;
More than enough am I that vex thee still,
To thy sweet will making addition thus.
Wilt thou, whose will is large and spaciöus,
Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine?
Shall will in others seem right graciöus,
And in my will no fair acceptance shine?
The sea, all water, yet receives rain still,
And in abundance addeth to his store;
So thou, being rich in Will, add to thy Will
One will of mine, to make thy large Will more.
    Let no unkind, no fair beseechers kill;
    Think all but one, and me in that one Will.

136.

If thy soul check thee that I come so near,
Swear to thy blind soul that I was thy Will,

¹ Statute has here its legal signification, that of a security or obligation for money.—MALONE.

² The play upon Will in this Sonnet and the next evidently refers to the Poet's own name.
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 reckon'd none: 3
Then in the number let me pass untold,
Though in thy store's account I one must be;
For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold
That nothing me, a something, sweet, to thee:
Make but my name thy love, and love that still,
And then thou lov'st me, — for my name is *Will*.

137.

Thou blind fool, Love, what dost thou to mine eyes,
That they behold, and see not what they see?
They know what beauty is, see where it lies,
Yet what the best is take the worst to be.
If eyes, corrupt by over-partial looks,
Be anchor'd in the bay where all men ride,
Why of eyes' falsehood hast thou forg'd hooks,
Whereto the judgment of my heart is tied?
Why should my heart think that a several plot
Which my heart knows the wide world's common place? 4
Or mine eyes, seeing this, say this is not,
To put fair truth upon so foul a face?
In things right-true my heart and eyes have err'd,
And to this false plague are they now transferr'd.

8 Several allusions have been found to this way of reckoning. See vol. xiii. page 134, note 4.

4 "A several plot," as distinguished from a "common place," is a piece of ground that has been separated and made private property. A similar play upon *several* and *common* occurs in *Love's Labours Lost*. See vol. ii. page 31, note 22.
SONNETS.

138.
When my love swears that she is made of truth,
I do believe her, though I know she lies,
That she might think me some untutor'd youth,
Unlearnèd 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 flatter'd be.

139.
O, call not me to justify the wrong
That thy unkindness lays upon my heart;
Wound me not with thine eye, but with thy tongue;
Use power with power, and slay me not by art.
Tell me thou lovest elsewhere; but in my sight,
Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eye aside:
What need'st thou wound with cunning, when thy
might
Is more than my o'erpress'd defence can bide?
Let me excuse thee: Ah, my love well knows
Her pretty looks have been mine enemies;
And therefore from my face she turns my foes,
That they elsewhere might dart their injuries:
Yet do not so; but, since I am near slain,
Kill me outright with looks, and rid my pain.
140.

Be wise as thou art cruel; do not press
My tongue-tied patience with too much disdain;
Lest sorrow lend me words, and words express
The manner of my pity-wanting pain.
If I might teach thee wit, better it were,
Though not to love, yet, love, to tell me so;—
As testy sick men, when their deaths be near,
No news but health from their physicians know;—
For, if I should despair, I should grow mad,
And in my madness might speak ill of thee:
Now this ill-wresting world is grown so bad,
Mad slanderers by mad ears believed be.

That I may not be so, nor thou belied,

Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart go wide.

141.

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, desire to be invited
To any sensual feast with thee alone:
But my five wits nor my five senses can
Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee,
Who leaves unsway'd the likeness of a man,
Thy proud heart's slave and vassal wretch to be:

Only my plague thus far I count my gain,
That she that makes me sin awards me pain.

6 The wits are the intellectual faculties, which were supposed to correspond in number with the senses. See vol. iv. page 157, note 9.
142.

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 seal'd false bonds of love as oft as mine,
Robb'd others' beds' revenues of their rents.
Be't lawful I love thee, as thou lovest 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!

143.

Lo, as a careful housewife runs to catch
One of her feather'd 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:
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:

So will I pray that thou mayst have thy Will,
If thou turn back, and my loud crying still.
144.

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,  
Which like two spirits do suggest me still:  
The better angel is a man right fair,  
The worser spirit a woman colour'd ill.  
To win me soon to Hell, my female evil  
Tempteth my better angel from my side,  
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,  
Wooing his purity with her soul pride.  
And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend  
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell;  
But, being both from me, both to each friend,  
I guess one angel in another's hell:  
Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,  
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

145.

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

6 Here, as usual, to suggest is to tempt or incite. See page 9, note 3.
146.

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
Leagued with these rebel powers that thee aray,7
Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge? is this thy body’s end?
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant’s loss,
And let that pine, to aggravate thy store;
Buy terms8 divine in selling hours of dross;
Within be fed, without be rich no more:
So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men,
And, Death once dead, there’s no more dying then.

147.

My love is as a fever, longing still
For that which longer nurseth the disease;
Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,

7 Aray is an old word meaning to afflict, to ill-treat, to bring to an evil condition. So in Horace’s Vulgaria, 1530, quoted by Dyce: “He was sore arayed with sycknesse. Morbo atrociter conflictus est.” Also, in Reynard the Fox, 1481, when Isegrim the wolf has received a kick on the head from a mare, he says to Reynard, “I am so foule arayed and sore hurte, that an herte of stone might have pyte of me.” And in Paris and Vienna, 1459, quoted by Ingleby: “And on the morrowe erly the ten men of armes came tofore the daulphyn alle wounded and sore hurte. And they recounted to hym how two yonge men onely had arayed them so, and how they nedes must flee for fere of theyr lyves.” And so the meaning in the text appears to be, that the “sinful earth,” that is, the lusts of the flesh, conspires or joins with the external temptations, the “rebel powers,” which “assault and hurt the soul”; the two together causing it to “pine within and suffer dearth.” See Critical Notes.

8 Terms in the legal and academic sense; that is, long periods of time as opposed to hours.—Aggravate in the sense of increase.
Th' uncertain-sickly appetite to please.
My reason, the physician to my love,
Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,
Hath left me, and I desperate now approve
Desire is death, which physic did except.
Past cure I am, now reason is past care,
And frantic-mad with evermore unrest;
My thoughts and my discourse as madmen's are,
At random from the truth vainly express'd;
For I have sworn thee fair and thought thee
bright,
Who art as black as Hell, as dark as night.

148.

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 censure falsely⁹ 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 that doth well denote
Love's eye¹⁰ is not so true as all men's no.
How can it? O, how can Love's eye be true,
That is so vex'd with watching and with tears?
No marvel, then, though I mistake my view;
The Sun itself sees not till heaven clears.

O cunning love! with tears thou keep'st me
blind,
Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should find.

⁹ That judges or estimates falsely. So censure was commonly used.
¹⁰ A quibble between eye and ay, which appear to have been pronounced alike. See vol. xiii. page 190, note 9.
SONNETS.

149.

Canst thou, O cruel! say I love thee not,
When I, against myself, with thee partake?\(^{11}\)
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?
What merit do I in myself respect,
That is so proud thy service to despise,
When all my best doth worship thy defect,
Commanded by the motion of thine eyes?

But, love, hate on, for now I know thy mind;
Those that can see thou lovest, and I am blind.

150.

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,\(^{12}\)
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:

\(^{11}\) *Partake* is here equivalent to *take part.*

\(^{12}\) That is, *this power of adorning* things ill, or making them appear beau-
tiful.
SONNETS.

If thy unworthiness raised love in me,
More worthy I to be beloved of thee.

151.

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, 13
Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove:
For, thou betraying me, I do betray
My nobler part to my gross body's treason;
My soul doth tell my body that he may
Triumph in love; flesh stays no further reason;
But, rising at thy name, doth point out thee
As his triumphant prize. Proud of this pride,
He is contented thy poor drudge to be,
To stand in thy affairs, fall by thy side.

No want of conscience hold it that I call
Her love for whose dear love I rise and fall.

152.

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;

SONNETS.

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!

153.

Cupid laid by his brand, and fell asleep:
A maid of Dian's this advantage found,
And his love-kindling fire did quickly steep
In a cold valley-fountain of that ground;
Which borrow'd from this holy fire of Love
A dateless-lively heat, still to endure,
And grew a seething bath, which yet men prove
Against strange maladies a sovereign cure.
But, at my mistress' eye Love's brand new-fired,
The boy for trial needs would touch my breast;
I, sick withal, the help of bath desired,
And thither hied, a sad distemper'd guest,
   But found no cure: the bath for my help lies
   Where Cupid got new fire,—my mistress' eyes.

154.

The little love-god lying once asleep
Laid by his side his heart-inflaming brand,
Whilst many nymphs that vow'd chaste life to keep
Came tripping by; but in her maiden hand
The fairest votary took up that fire
Which many legions of true hearts had warm'd;
And so the general of hot desire
Was sleeping by a virgin hand disarm'd.
This brand she quench'd 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,
Came there for cure, and this by that I prove,
Love's fire heats water, water cools not love.14

14 On these last two Sonnets Malone notes as follows: "They seem to have been early essays of the Poet, who perhaps had not determined which of them he should prefer. He could hardly have intended to send them both into the world."
CRITICAL NOTES.

Page 93. Look, whom she best endow'd she gave thee more.—So Malone. The original has "she gave the more." See foot-note 10.

P. 93. When I behold the violet past prime,

And sable curls all silver'd o'er with white; &c.—The original has or instead of all. Malone's correction. Sewell substitutes are.

P. 95. And many maiden gardens, yet unset,

With virtuous wish would bear you living flowers.—The original has your instead of you. Lintot's correction.

P. 95. So should the line of life that life repair.—The original has lines instead of line. See foot-note 6.

P. 97. Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,

And make the Earth devour her own sweet brood; &c.—This repetition is awkward, to say the least. Walker says, "Perhaps 'Destroying Time.'"

P. 99. Then look I death my days should expire. —The original has expiate. Steevens proposed expire, which is right, surely. See vol. ix. page 296, note on "Make haste; the hour of death is expirate."

P. 101. The painful warrior famous'd for fight,

After a thousand victories once foil'd,

Is from the book of honour rais'd quite, &c.—The original has worth instead of fight. The correction is Theobald's; who proposed, if worth were retained, to substitute forth for quite.

P. 101. To show me worthy of thy sweet respect.—The original has their instead of thy. The correction is Capell's.
P. 102. *Save that my soul's imaginary sight*

*Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,* &c. — The original reads "Presents their shadow." Capell's correction.

P. 103. *And night doth nightly make grief's strength seem stronger!*
— The original has *length* instead of *strength.* The correction is Capell's.

P. 104. *But things removed, that hidden in thee lie! —* The original reads "in there lie." Corrected by Gildon.

P. 105. *Stealing unseen to West with his disgrace.* — So Capell and Walker. The original has "with this disgrace."

P. 106. *To him that bears the strong offence's cross.* — The original has *loose,* which also ends the second line before. The correction is Capell's.

P. 107. *Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are; &c.* — The original reads "Excusing their sins more than their sins are." The correction is Capell's.

P. 108. *Entitled in thy parts do crowned sit,* &c. — The original has "in their parts." Capell's correction.

P. 109. *Which time and thoughts so sweetly doth deceive; &c.* — The original has *dost* instead of *doth.* Malone's correction.

P. 109. *But yet be blamed, if thou thyself deceivest,* &c. — The original has *this selfe.*

P. 110. *Will sourly leave her till she have prevail'd?* — The original has *he* instead of *she.* The correction is Tyrwhitt's.

P. 111. *When in dead night thy fair imperfect shade,* &c. — The original has *their* instead of *thy.* Capell's correction.

P. 111. *All days are nights to me till thee I see,*

*All nights bright days when dreams do show me thee! — So*
CRITICAL NOTES.

Lettosom. The original has a strange reading, which has been defended by what seem to me very strained attempts at explanation, — thus:

All days are nights to see till I see thee,
All nights bright days when dreams do show thee me.

P. 112. Who even but now come back again, assured
Of thy fair health, &c. — The original has “Of their faire health.” Capell’s correction. The same error occurs four times in the next Sonnet.

P. 115. The beast that bears me, tir'd with my woe,
Plods dully on, &c. — The original reads “Plods duly on.” Corrected in the edition of 1640.

P. 117. When that shall vade, my verse distills your truth.— The original has by instead of my. Capell’s correction.

P. 118. Or call it Winter, which, being full of care, &c. — The original reads “As call it Winter.” The correction is Tyrwhitt’s.

P. 119. Do what you will, to you it doth belong
Yourself to pardon of self-doing crime.— So Malone. The original reads “To what you will,” and has no point at the end of the preceding line.

P. 121. And so myself mine own worth do define,
As I all other in all worths surmount.— The original reads “And for myselfe.” The correction is Lettsom’s.

P. 121. But, when my glass shows me myself indeed,
Bated and chapp’d with tann’d antiquity, &c. — The original has Beated instead of Bated. The latter was conjectured by Malone; and Walker says, “Undoubtedly Bated, as some commentator suggests; unless some third word be the true one.” It seems to me that no “third word” need be sought for. In 1 King Henry IV., iii. 3, Falstaff uses the word in a sense well suited to this place: “Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely since this last action? do I not bate? do I not dwindle?”
SONNETS.

P. 122. When his youthful morn
Hath travell’d on to age’s sleepy night; &c. — The original has “sleepy night,” which I cannot understand. Malone conjectured sleepy, which is indeed a very obvious correction; but he afterwards thought that sleepy was explained by a passage in the 7th Sonnet, where the Sun is spoken of as “having clim’bd the steep-up heavenly hill.” But how this should anywise support the phrase “sleepy night,” passes my comprehension. Sleepy may be taken in the sense of oblivious; but its ordinary sense suits the context well enough.

P. 123. Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid? — So Malone. The original has “spoil or beauty.”

P. 125. All tongues, the voice of souls, give thee that due, &c. — The original has end instead of due. Tyrwhitt’s correction.

P. 125. Thy outward thus with outward praise is crown’d. — The original has “Their outward.” Capell’s correction.

P. 125. The solve is this, that thou dost common grow. — So Malone. The original soyle instead of solve.

P. 125. Thy worth the greater, being woo’d of time. — The original has “Their worth.” Capell’s correction.

P. 127. Bare ruin’d choirs, where late the sweet birds sang. — So the edition of 1640. The original has “Bare ru’n’wd.”

P. 128. That every word doth almost tell my name,
Showing their birth, and whence they did proceed? — The original has fel and where instead of tell and whence. The former correction is Capell’s, the latter White’s.

P. 129. Commit to these waste blanks, &c. — The original has blacks. Theobald’s correction.

P. 134. But, when your countenance fill’d up his line,
Then lack’d I matter; &c. — The original has fill’d, which was a common way of spelling fill’d. Malone, however, and some others read fill’d, that is, polished. But the words “Then lack’d I matter” are, I think, strong against that reading.
CRITICAL NOTES.

P. 140. They were but fleeting figures of delight

Drawn after you; you, pattern of all those. — The original reads "but sweet, but figures of delight." Malone conjectured "They were, my sweet, but figures," &c. Walker notes the old reading as "suspicious"; and his Editor, Lettsom, proposed fleeting. For the sense, I should prefer cunning; but the ductus literarum is, perhaps, too strong against it.

P. 140. One blushing shame, another white despair. — The original has Our for One. Sewell's correction.

P. 142. As Philomel in Summer's front doth sing,

And stops her pipe in growth of riper days. — The original has "stops his pipe." A very obvious error.

P. 143. Three Winters' cold

Have from the forests shook three Summer's pride, &c. — Of course present grammar would require Hath instead of Have: but such was the common syntax of the Poet's time.

P. 144. They had not skill enough your worth to sing. — The original has still instead of skill. Tyrwhitt's correction.

P. 145. What's new to speak, what new to register, &c. — The original reads "What's now to register." Malone's correction.

P. 146. Now all is done, save what shall have no end. — The original reads have instead of save. Tyrwhitt's correction.

P. 147. O, for my sake do you with Fortune chide, &c. — The original has wish for with. Corrected by Gildon.

P. 148. You are so strongly in my purpose bred,

That all the world besides methinks are dead. — The original has "y'are dead." The correction is Capell's.

P. 148. For it no form delivers to the heart

Of bird, of flower, or shape, which it doth latch. — The original has lack for latch. Capell's correction.
P. 149. My most true mind thus maketh mine untrue. — I have little doubt that we ought to read, as Capell conjectured, "thus makes mine eye untrue." See, however, foot-note 5.

P. 152. How have mine eyes out of their spheres been fitted,  
In the distraction of this madding fever! — A very harsh and strange expression, certainly; as been fitted can only mean thrown out in a paroxysm. Lettsom conjectures "been fitted." I strongly suspect it should be e'en fitted. This would give us something very like a passage in Lucrece: "Who, angry that the eyes fly from their lights," &c. Also, one in Julius Caesar, i. 2: "His coward lips did from their colour fly." See, however, foot-note 9.

P. 152. And gain by ill thrice more than I have spent. — The original has ills. Corrected by Malone, as the context requires.

P. 157. Therefore my mistress' hairs are raven black;  
Her eyes so suited; and they mourners seem, &c. — So Walker. The original has eyes instead of hairs. Staunton and Brae conjectured "Her brows so suited"; and so the Globe edition prints.

P. 158. O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait, &c. — The original has "their fingers"; and the same again in the last line of the Sonnet. Corrected by Gildon.

P. 158. A bliss in proof, and, proved, a very woe. — The original reads "and proud and very woe." Corrected by Sewell.

P. 159. Thine eyes I love; and they, as pitying me,  
Knowing thy heart torments me with disdain,  
Have put on black, &c. — The original has torment. Corrected in the edition of 1640.

P. 166. Tempteth my better angel from my side. — The original has sight. Corrected from The Passionate Pilgrim.

P. 167. Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,  
Leagued with these rebel powers that thee array, &c. — Here, instead of leagued with, the old text repeats my sinful earth, from the preceding line. This is on all hands admitted to be corrupt; for, be-
sides overfilling the verse, it makes the line little better than unmeaning. Various corrections have been proposed: the one more commonly adopted is Fool'd by, which is Malone's. That in the text was proposed by Mr. A. E. Brae to Dr. C. M. Ingleby, who thoroughly approves, and, I think, justifies it, in his Shakespeare, the Book. — The old text has array also instead of aray. The word array was, and is, used in two senses,— to clothe or adorn, and to arrange or set in order; neither of which appears to fit the context. Probably in this case array was meant only as another spelling of aray: at all events, the latter is Ingleby's reading; and it seems to me to give just the right sense. See foot-note 7.

P. 168. At random from the truth vainly express'd. — The original has rason. Hardly worth noting.

P. 168. What means the world to say it is not so?  
      If it be not, then that doth well denote  
      Love's eye is not so true as all men's no.— So Lettsom. The original reads "then love doth well denote," and sets a colon between men's and no. See foot-note 9.

P. 171. For I have sworn thee fair,— more perjured I, &c. — The original has "more perjur'd eye." Corrected by Sewell.

P. 171. The bath for my help lies  
      Where Cupid got new fire,— my mistress' eyes.— The original has eye instead of eyes.
A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.*

From off a hill whose concave womb re-worded
A plaintful story from a sistering vale,¹
My spirits t' attend this double voice accorded,
And down I laid to list the sad-tuned tale;
Ere long espied a fickle maid² full pale,
Tearing of papers, breaking rings a-twain,
Storming her world with sorrow's wind and rain.³

Upon her head a platted hive of straw,
Which fortified her visage from the Sun,
Whereon the thought might think sometime it saw
The carcass of a beauty spent and done:⁴
Time had not scythèd all that, youth begun,
Nor youth all quit; but, spite of heaven's fell rage,
Some beauty peep'd through lattice of sere⁵ age.

* "A Lover's Complaint, by William Shakespeare," was first printed in 1609, and at the end of the volume containing the Sonnets. There is no doubt of its being the Poet's work; but on what occasion or for what purpose it was written, is not known. Some parts of it are very fine, and all of it is well worth having.

¹ "A sistering vale" is an adjoining or neighbouring vale.
² Meaning, probably, that the maid was in a fitful or uneasy state.
³ So in King Lear, iii. 1: "Strives in his little world of man to outscorn the to-and-fro conflicting wind and rain."
⁴ Done, here, is destroyed or consumed; as we say done for. So in Venus and Adonis:
      Are on the sudden wasted, thaw'd, and done,
      As mountain snow melts with the midday Sun.
⁵ Sere is withered, dry. See vol. xvii. page 110, note 8.
Oft did she heave her napkin to her eyne,
Which on it had conceited characters,⁶
Laundering⁷ the silken figures in the brine
That season'd woe had pelleted⁸ in tears,
And often reading what contents it bears;
As often shrieking undistinguish'd woe,
In clamours of all size, both high and low.

Sometimes her levell'd eyes their carriage ride,⁹
As they did battery to the spheres intend;
Sometimes diverted their poor balls are tied
To th' orbèd earth; sometimes they do extend
Their view right on; anon their gazes lend
To every place at once, and, nowhere fix'd,
The mind and sight distractedly commix'd.

Her hair, nor loose nor tied in formal plat,
Proclaim'd in her a careless hand of pride;¹⁰
For some, untuck'd, descended her sheaved hat,¹¹
Hanging her pale and pinèd cheek beside;
Some in her threaden fillet still did bide,
And, true to bondage, would not break from thence,
Though slackly braided in loose negligence.

A thousand favours from a maund ¹² she drew
Of amber, crystal, and of beaded jet,
Which one by one she in a river threw,
Upon whose weeping margent she was set;

⁶ *Napkin* was often used for *handkerchief*. — *Conceited characters* is ingeni¬ous or fanciful figures.
⁷ *Laundering* is washing or laving.
⁸ *Pelleted* is formed in little balls. See vol. xvi. page 104, note 19.
⁹ Alluding to a piece of ordnance. *Levell'd* is aimed. Often so.
¹⁰ The construction is, "a hand of careless pride."
¹¹ Called *sheaved* because made from *sheaves of straw*.
¹² *Maund* is still used for a *basket* in the North of England.
Like usury applying wet to wet,\textsuperscript{13}
Or monarch’s hands that let not bounty fall
Where want cries some,\textsuperscript{14} but where excess begs all.

Of folded schedules had she many a one,
Which she perused, sigh’d, tore, and gave the flood;
Crack’d many a ring of posied gold and bone,
Bidding them find their sepulchres in mud;
Found yet more letters sadly penn’d in blood,
With sleided silk feat\textsuperscript{15} and affectedly
Enswath’d, and seal’d to curious secrecy.

These often bathed she in her fluxive eyes,\textsuperscript{16}
And often kiss’d, and often ’gan to tear;
Cried, “O false blood, thou register of lies,
What unapprov’d witness\textsuperscript{17} dost thou bear!
Ink would have seem’d more black and damnèd 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, observèd as they flew—
Towards this afflicted fancy\textsuperscript{18} fastly drew,

\textsuperscript{13} Like usury, because adding more to what is already too much.
\textsuperscript{14} “Where want cries for some” is the meaning.
\textsuperscript{15} Feat is here used adverbially, and means nicely or dexterously.—
“Sleided silk” is untwisted silk. The allusion is to the practice of putting raw silk round letters, and sealing on the ends of the silk. See vol. xix. page 64, note 3.
\textsuperscript{16} “Fluxive eyes” is eyes flowing with tears.
\textsuperscript{17} “Unapprov’d witness” is witness not proved true, or not made good.
\textsuperscript{18} Fancy was often used for love; here put for the lover, as one that is fancy-smitten, or one so enthralled to love, that she may fitly be identified with it.
And, privileged by age, desires to know
In brief the grounds and motives of her woe.

So slides he down upon his grained bat, 19
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 20 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.

"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 maidens' eyes stuck over all his face:
Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him her place;
And, when in his fair parts she did abide,
She was new lodged, and newly deified.

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

19 Grainèd bat is rough cudgel or club; here meaning his staff.
20 Ecstasy was used for frenzy, or any high-wrought passion.
A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

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 92 began but to appear,
Like unshorn velvet, on that termless 93 skin,
Whose bare out-bragg'd the web it seem'd to wear:
Yet show'd his visage by that cost more dear;
And nice affections wavering stood in doubt
If best were as it was, or best without.

"His qualities were beauteous as his form,
For maiden-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 makes!

And controversy hence a question takes,
Whether the horse by him became 94 his deed,
Or he his manage by th' well-doing steed.

"But quickly on this side the verdict went:
His real habitude gave life and grace

91 Sawn is an old form of sawn: used here for the rhyme.
92 Malone supposes "she means matchless, rare down."
93 Termless probably means indescribable, beyond the power of terms or words to express.
94 Became in the sense of graced or beautified.
To appertainings and to ornament,
Accomplish'd in himself, not in his case:
All aids, themselves made fairer by their place,
Came for additions; yet their purposed trim
Pieced not his grace, but were all graced by him.

"So on the tip of his subduing tongue
All kind of argument and question deep,
All replication prompt, and reason strong,
For his advantage still did wake and sleep:
To make the weeper laugh, the laughler weep,
He had the dialect and different skill,
Catching all passions in his craft of will: 25

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

"Many there were that did his picture get,
To serve their eyes, and in it put their mind;
Like fools that in th' imagination set
The goodly objects which abroad they find
Of lands and mansions, theirs in thought assign'd;
And labouring in more pleasures to bestow them
Than the true gouty landlord which doth owe them:

25 These lines, in which our Poet has accidentally delineated his own character as a dramatist, would have been better adapted to his monumental inscription than such as are placed on the scroll in Westminster Abbey.—Steevens.
"So many have, that never touch'd his hand,  
Sweetly supposed them mistress' of his heart.  
My woeful self, that did in freedom stand,  
And was my own fee-simple, 96 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 remain'd the foil  
Of this false jewel, and his amorous spoil.

"But, ah, who ever shunn'd by precedent  
The destined ill she must herself assay?  
Or forced examples, 'gainst her own content,  
To put the by-pass'd 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.

"Nor gives it satisfaction to our blood,  
That we must curb it upon others' proof;  
To be forbod 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.

96 That is, was in my own absolute possession. Fee-simple is the strongest
  tenure. See vol. vi. page 86, note 12.
"For, father, 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.

"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 call'd unto,
Till now did ne'er invite, nor never woo.

"'All my offences that abroad you see
Are errors of the blood, none of the mind;
Love made them not: with acture they may be,
Where neither party is nor true nor kind:
They sought their shame that so their shame did find;
And so much less of shame in me remains,
By how much of me their reproach contains.

"'Among the many that mine eyes have seen,
Not one whose flame my heart so much as warm'd,
Or my affection put to th' smallest teen,
Or any of my leisures ever charm'd:

27 Broker was much used for pandér or go-between. So in Hamlet, i. 3:

Do not believe his vows, for they are brokers,
Not of that dye which their investments show,
But mere implorators of unholy suits.

28 Acture for action. In Hamlet we have enactures in a like sense.
29 Teen is an old word for grief or sorrow. See vol. vii. page 17, note 15.
Harm have I done to them, but ne'er was harm'd;
Kept hearts in liveries, but mine own was free,
And reign'd, commanding in his monarchy.

"'Look here, what tributes wounded fancies sent me,
Of palèd pearls and rubies red as blood;
Figuring that they their passions likewise lent me
Of grief and blushes, aptly understood
In bloodless white and the encrimson'd mood;
Effects of terror and dear modesty,
Encamp'd in hearts, but fighting outwardly.

"'And, lo, behold, these talents of their hair,
With twisted metal amorously impleach'd," If
I have received from many a several fair,—
Their kind acceptance weepingly beseech'd,—
With the annexions of fair gems enrich'd,
And deep-brain'd sonnets that did amplify
Each stone's dear nature, worth, and quality.

"'The diamond,—why, 'twas beautiful and hard,
Where to 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 blazon'd, smiled or made some moan.

30 Talents is probably used, to express the costliness of the gifts. — Impleach'd is intertwined.
31 Invised for unseen or invisible: probably a word of the Poet's own coinage, as no other instance of it is known.
32 Blend for blended. The Poet has many preterites formed in that way.
   "The expression," says Walker, "is perhaps somewhat confused, but it refers to the ever-varying hue of the opal."
"'Lo, all these trophies of affections hot,
Of pensive 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.

"'O, then, advance of yours that phraseless hand,
Whose white weighs down the airy scale of praise;
Take all these similes to your own command,
Hallow'd with sighs that burning lungs did raise;
What me your minister, for you obeys,
Works under you; and to your audit comes
Their distract parcels in combinèd sums.

"'Lo, this device was sent me from a nun,
A sister sanctified, of holiest note;
Which late her noble suit in Court did shun,
Whose rarest havings made the blossoms dote;\(^\text{33}\)
For she was sought by spirits of richest coat,\(^\text{34}\)
But kept cold distance, and did thence remove,
To spend her living in eternal love.

"'But, O my sweet, what labour is't to leave
The thing we love not, mastering what not strives,
Paling the place which did no form receive,\(^\text{35}\)
Playing patient sports in unconstrainèd gyves?

\(^{33}\) Whose accomplishments were so extraordinary, that the flower of the young nobility were passionately enamoured of her. — MALONE.

\(^{34}\) Coat probably means coat-of-arms; men of splendid heraldry.

\(^{35}\) Securing within the pale of a cloister that heart which had never received the impression of love. *Paling is fencing.*
She that her fame so to herself contrives,\(^{36}\)
The scars of battle 'scapeth by the flight,
And makes her absence valiant, not her might.

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

"' 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,\(^{37}\)
As compound love to physic your cold breast.

"' My parts had power to charm a sacred nun,
Who, disciplined, ay, dieted in grace,
Believed her eyes when they t' assail begun,
All vows and consecrations giving place:
O most potential love! vow, bond, nor space,
In thee hath neither sting, knot, nor confine,
For thou art all, and all things else are thine.

"' When thou impressest, what are precepts worth
Of stale example? When thou wilt inflame,
How coldly those impediments stand forth

\(^{36}\) Contrive was sometimes used as from the Latin contereo, for wear away or spend. See vol. ii. page 172, note 28.

\(^{37}\) To congest is to heap together; the Latin sense of the word.
Of wealth, of filial fear, law, kindred, fame!
Love's arms are proof 'gainst rule, 'gainst sense, 'gainst shame;
And sweetens, in the suffering pangs it bears,
The aloes of all forces, shocks, and fears.

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

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

"O father, what a hell of witchcraft lies
In the small orb of one particular tear!
But with the inundation of the eyes
What rocky heart to water will not wear?
What breast so cold that is not warm'd here?
O, cleft effect! cold modesty, hot wrath,
Both fire from hence and chill extincture hath.

"For, lo, his passion, but an art of craft,
Even there resolved my reason into tears;
There my white stole of chastity I daff'd,

---

That is, recommend and stand security for my truth. To prefer was often used in that sense.
A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

Shook off my sober guards and civil fears;
Appear to him, as he to me appears,
All melting; though our drops this difference bore,
His poison'd me, and mine did him restore.

"In him a plenitude of subtle matter,
Applied to cautels, all strange forms receives,
Of burning blushes, or of weeping water,
Or swooning paleness; and he takes and leaves,
In either's aptness, as it best deceives,
To blush at speeches rank, to weep at woe,
Or to turn white and swoon at tragic shows:

"That not a heart which in his level came
Could 'scape the hail of his all-hurting aim.
Showing fair nature is both kind and tame;
And, veil'd in them, did win whom he would maim:
Against the thing he sought he would exclaim;
When he most burn'd in heart-wish'd luxury,
He preach'd pure maid, and praised cold chastity.

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

"O that infected moisture of his eye,
O, that false fire which in his cheek so glow'd,
O, that forced thunder from his heart did fly,

---

39 Cautel is craft, fraud, deceit. See vol. xviii. page 279, note 5.
40 Luxury here means sensuality, or lewdness.
A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

O, that sad breath his spongy lungs bestow'd,
O, all that borrow'd motion seeming owed,41
Would yet again betray the fore-betray'd,
And new pervert a reconcilèd maid!"

41 Owed as usual, for owned. "That counterfeit feeling or emotion seeming so genuine," is the meaning.
CRITICAL NOTES.

Page 181. Some beauty peep'd through lattice of sere age.—The original has seard instead of sere. See note on "Grown sere and tedious," vol. vi. page 254.

P. 182. Of amber, crystal, and of beaded jet.—The original has bedded. Corrected by Sewell.

P. 183. And often kiss'd, and often 'gan to tear.—The original reads "often gave to teare." Corrected by Malone.

P. 184. Of one by nature's outwards so commended, &c.—The original has "O one." Tyrwhitt's correction.

P. 186. All aids, themselves made fairer by their place,
        Came for additions; &c.—So Sewell. The original has Can for Came.

P. 188. For, father, I could say, This man's untrue.—So Staunton conjectures, and rightly, I have no doubt. The original reads "For further I could say."

P. 188. For feasts of love I have been call'd unto,
        Till now did ne'er invite, nor never woo.—The original has vow for woo. Capell's correction.

P. 190. Lo, all these trophies of affections hot,
        Of pensive and subdued desires the tender, &c.—The original has pensiv'd. Lettsom's correction.

P. 190. Lo, this device was sent me from a nun,
        A sister sanctified, &c.—The original has "Or sister." The correction is Malone's.
P. 190. *But, O my sweet, what labour 'st to leave*
*The thing we love not, mastering what not strives,*
*Paling the place which did no form receive,*
*Playing patient sports in unconstrained gyves? — In the sec-
ond of these lines, the original reads “The thing we have not.” The*
correction is Barron Field’s. Also, in the third line, the original has*
*Playing* instead of *Paling*, the word being probably repeated by mis-
take from the next line. The correction is Malone’s.

P. 191. *Not to be tempted, would she be immured,*
*And now, to tempt all, liberty procured. — The original enam’d*
*and procure. The latter was corrected in the edition of 1640; the*
former, by Gildon.

P. 191. *My parts had power to charm a sacra nun, &c. — The origi-
nal reads “a sacred Sunne.” The correction is Capell’s.

P. 192. *Love’s arms are proof ’gainst rule, ’gainst sense. — The*
*original has peace instead of proof. Malone’s conjecture.

P. 192. *O cleft effect! cold modesty, hot wrath, &c. — So Gildon. *
The original has “Or cleft effect.”
THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

First published in 1599, the form being a small pamphlet, and W. Jaggard given as the publisher's name. The same matter was issued again, and by the same publisher, in 1612. In the title-pages of both these issues the authorship is ascribed to Shakespeare; but they contain several pieces which have been proved, beyond all question, not to be Shakespeare's, and which are accordingly here omitted.

There is no need of dwelling, here, on the several pieces of the collection. It may, however, be worth the while to mention that, after the piece numbered 11, the original has a new title-page, with the following: "Sonnets to sundry Notes of Music." From which it would seem that the remaining pieces had been married to tunes, for the delectation of music-loving ears in the squire's hall and the yeoman's chimney-corner, where old songs were wont to be sung. It is said that other evidence of such marriage has descended to our time. Touching the merit of the pieces, perhaps the less said the better. They might well enough be spared from the Poet's roll of authorship.
THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

1.

Sweet Cytherea, sitting by a brook
With young Adonis, lovely, fresh, and green,
Did court the lad with many a lovely look,
Such looks as none could look but beauty's queen.
She told him stories to delight his ear;
She show'd him favours to allure his eye;
To win his heart, she touch'd him here and there;
Touches so soft still conquer chastity.
But, whether unripe years did want conceit,
Or he refused to take her figured proffer,
The tender nibbler would not touch the bait,
But smile and jest at every gentle offer:
Then fell she on her back, fair queen, and toward:
He rose and ran away,—ah, fool too froward!

2.

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.
Anon he comes, and throws his mantle by,
And stood stark naked on the brook's green brim:
The Sun look'd on the world with glorious eye,
Yet not so wistly ¹ as this queen on him.

He, spying her, bounced in, whereas he stood:
"O Jove," quoth she, "why was not I a flood!"

3.

Fair was the morn when the fair queen of love,²

* * * * * * * * * *

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 score."
She show'd hers: he saw more wounds than one,
And blushing fled, and left her all alone.

4.

Venus, with young Adonis sitting by her
Under a myrtle shade, began to woo him:
She told the youngling how god Mars did try her,
And as he fell to her, so fell she to him.
"Even thus," quoth she, "the warlike god embraced me,"

¹ Wistly is wistfully, that is, intently or earnestly.
² The line which should follow this, and rhyme with wild, is wanting in both the old copies.
And then she clipp'd 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:
But, as she fetch'd 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!

5.

Fair is my love, but not so fair as fickle;
Mild as a dove, but neither true nor trusty;
Brighter than glass, and yet, as glass is, brittle;
Softer than wax, and yet, as iron, rusty:
A lily pale, with damask dye to grace her,
None fairer, nor none falser to deface her.

Her lips to mine how often hath she join'd,
Between each kiss her oaths of true love swearing!
How many tales to please me hath she coin'd,
Dreading my love, the loss thereof still fearing!
Yet, in the midst of all her pure protestings,
Her faith, her oaths, her tears, and all were jestings.

She burn'd with love, as straw with fire flameth;
She burn'd out love, as soon as straw out-burneth;
She framed the love, and yet she foil'd the framing;
She bade love last, and yet she fell a-turning.
Was this a lover, or a lecher whether?
Bad in the best, though excellent in neither.
6.

If music and sweet poetry agree,
As they must needs, the sister and the brother,
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
Because thou lovest the one, and I the other.
Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch
Upon the lute doth ravish human sense;
Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such
As, passing all conceit, needs no defence.
Thou lovest to hear the sweet melodious sound
That Phœbus' lute, the queen of music, makes;
And I in deep delight am chiefly drown'd
Whenas himself to singing he betakes.

One god is god of both, as poets feign;
One knight loves both, and both in thee remain.

7.

Sweet rose, fair flower, untimely pluck'd, soon vaded,
Pluck'd in the bud, and vaded in the spring!
Bright orient pearl, alack, too timely shaded!
Fair creature, kill'd too soon by death's sharp sting!

Like a green plum that hangs upon a tree,
And falls, through wind, before the fall should be.

I weep for thee, and yet no cause I have;
For why 

And yet thou left'st me more than I did crave;
For why I cravèd nothing of thee still:

O yes, dear friend,—I pardon crave of thee,—
Thy discontent thou didst bequeath to me.

For why is here equivalent to because. See vol. i. page 204, note 8.
THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM. 203

8.
Crabbèd 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,4
  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 defy5 thee:—
O, sweet shepherd, hie thee,
  For methinks thou stay'st too long.

9.
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.

And as goods lost are seld or never found,
As vaded gloss no rubbing will refresh,

4 Brave is fine, splendid. So used both as adjective and verb.
5 To defy was often used for to renounce or to contemn.
As flowers dead lie wither'd on the ground,
As broken glass no cement can redress,—
So beauty, blemish'd once, for ever's lost,
In spite of physic, painting, pain, and cost.

10.

Good night, good rest. Ah, neither be my share:
She bade good night that kept my rest away;
And daff'd me to a cabin hang'd with care,
To descant on the doubts of my decay.

_Farewell, quoth she, and come again to-morrow:
Fare well I could not, for I supp'd with sorrow._

Yet at my parting sweetly did she smile,
In scorn or friendship, nill[^6] I construe whether:
'T may be, she joy'd to jest at my exile,
'T may be, again to make me wander thither:

_Wander, a word for shadows like myself,
As take the pain, but cannot pluck the pelf._

II.

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,
   While Philomela sits and sings, I sit and mark,
   And wish her lays were tunèd like the lark;

For she doth welcome daylight with her ditty,
And drives away dark dismal-dreaming night:
The night so pack'd, I post unto my pretty;

[^6] _Nill_ is an old equivalent to _will not._
Heart hath his hope, and eyes their wishèd sight;
    Sorrow changed to solace, solace mix'd with sorrow;
    For why she sigh'd, and bade me come to-morrow.

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

12.

It was a lording's daughter, the fairest one of-three,
That likèd 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 refusèd; more mickle was the pain
That nothing could be usèd 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 learnèd man hath got the lady gay;
    For now my song is ended.

13.

My flocks feed not,
    My ewes breed not,
My rams speed not,
    All is amiss:
Love's denying,
Faith's defying,
Heart's renying, 7
    Causer of this.
All my merry jigs are quite forgot,
All my lady's love is lost, God wot:
Where her faith was firmly fix'd in love,
There a nay is placed without remove.
One silly cross
Wrought all my loss;
    O frowning Fortune, curses, fickle dame!
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; 8
My wether's bell rings doleful knell;
My curtal dog, that wont t' have play'd,
Plays not at all, but seems afraid;
My sighs so deep
Procure to weep,
    In howling wise, to see my doeful plight.
How sighs resound

7 Renying is forswearing; from the French renier.
8 "No deal" is no part; as in the phrase "a good deal."
Through heartless ground,
    Like a thousand vanquish'd men in bloody fight!

Clear wells spring not,
Sweet birds sing not,
Green plants bring not
    Forth their dye;
Herds stand weeping,
Flocks all sleeping,
Nymphs back peeping
    Fearfully:
All our pleasure known to us poor swains,
All our merry meetings on the plains,
All our evening sport from us is fled,
All our love is lost, for Love is dead.
Farewell, sweet lass,
Thy like ne'er was
    For a sweet content, though cause of all my moan:
Poor Corydon
Must live alone;
    Other help for him I see that there is none.

14.

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

And, when thou comest thy tale to tell,
Smooth not thy tongue with fil'd 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.

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

What though she strive to try her strength,
And ban and brawl, and say thee nay,
Her feeble force will yield at length,
When craft hath taught her thus to say:
"Had women been so strong as men,
In faith, you had not had it then."

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

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

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

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

But, soft! enough,—too much, I fear;
For, if my mistress hear my song,
She will not stick to warm my ear,
To teach my tongue to be so long:
Yet will she blush, here be it said,
To hear her secrets so bewray'd.

15.

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,
Trees did grow, and plants did spring;
Every thing did banish moan,
Save the nightingale alone:
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn,
And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,
That to hear it was great pity:
Fie, fie, fie, now would she cry;
Tereu, tereu, by-and-by;
That to hear her so complain,
Scarce I could from tears refrain;
For her griefs, so lively shown,
Made me think upon mine own.
Ah, thought I, thou mourn'st in vain!
None takes pity on thy pain:
Senseless trees they cannot hear thee;
Ruthless beasts they will not cheer thee:
King Pandion he is dead;
All thy friends are lapp'd in lead;
All thy fellow birds do sing,
Careless of thy sorrowing.
Even so, poor bird, like thee,
None alive will pity me.
Whilst as fickle Fortune smiled,
Thou and I were both beguiled.

Every one that flatters thee
Is no friend in misery.
Words are easy, like the wind;
Faithful friends are hard to find:
Every man will be thy friend
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend;
But, if store of crowns be scant,
No man will supply thy want.
If that one be prodigal,
Bountiful they will him call,
And with such-like flattering,

Pity but he were a king:
If he be addict to vice,
Quickly him they will entice;
If to women he be bent,
They have him at commandment: ⁹

⁹ Commandment is here of four syllables, commandement.
THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

But, if Fortune once do frown,
Then farewell his great renown;
They that fawn'd on him before
Use his company no more.
He that is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee in thy need:
If thou sorrow, he will weep;
If thou wake, he cannot sleep;
Thus of every grief in heart
He with thee doth bear a part.
These are certain signs to know
Faithful friend from flattering foe.
THE 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 precurrer of the fiend,
Augur of the fever's end,
To this troop come thou not near!

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

Let the priest in surplice white,
That defunctive music can,\(^\text{10}\)
Be the death-divining swan,
Lest the requiem lack his right.

And thou treble-dated crow,
That thy sable gender makest
With the breath thou givest and takest,
'Mongst our mourners shalt thou go.

\(^{10}\) That is, who understands or can sing funereal music.
THE PHŒNIX AND TURTLE.

Here the anthem doth commence:
Love and constancy is dead;
Phœnix and the turtle fled
In a mutual flame from hence.

So they loved, as love in twain
Had the essence but in one;
Two distincts, division none:
Number there in love was slain.

Hearts remote, yet not asunder;
Distance, and no space was seen
'Twixt this turtle and his queen:
But in them it were a wonder.

So between them love did shine,
That the turtle saw his right
Flaming in the phœnix' sight;
Either was the other's mine.

Property was thus appall'd,
That the self was not the same;
Single nature's double name
Neither two nor one was call'd.

Reason, in itself confounded,
Saw division grow together,
To themselves yet either neither,
Simple were so well compounded;

That it cried, How true a twain
Seemeth this concordant one!
Love hath reason, reason none,
If what parts can so remain.
Whereupon it made this threne\textsuperscript{11}
To the phoenix and the dove,
Co-supremes and stars of love,
As chorus to their tragic scene.

THRENO\textsc{S}.

Beauty, truth, and rarity,
Grace in all simplicity,
Here enclosed in cinders lie.

Death is now the phoenix' nest;
And the turtle's loyal breast
To eternity doth rest,

Leaving no posterity: —
'Twas not their infirmity,
It was married chastity.

Truth may seem, but cannot be;
Beauty brag, but 'tis not she;
Truth and beauty buried be.

To this urn let those repair
That are either true or fair;
For these dead birds sigh a prayer.

\textsuperscript{11} A threne is a funeral song or dirge; sometimes called threnody.
CRITICAL NOTES.

Page 199. *The Passionate Pilgrim* as originally published contains five pieces which are also found elsewhere in the Poet's works. Three of these are in *Love's Labour's Lost*: "If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?" &c.; "Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye," &c.; and "On a day — alack the day," &c. The other two are the 138th and 144th Sonnets. As these have already been given in their several places, there is obviously no need of printing them here: accordingly they are omitted.

P. 200. Venus, with young Adonis sitting by her, &c. — This Sonnet, considerably varied, is the third in a collection of Sonnets entitled *Fidessa*, and published in 1596, with the name of B. Griffin as the author. Collier, however, has seen it in a manuscript of the time, with the initials "W. S." at the end. The words, young in the first line, and so in the fourth, are taken from Griffin's collection.

P. 201. And with her lips on his did act the seizure:
But, as she fetched breath, away he skips,

And would not take her meaning, &c. — In the second of these lines, the old copies have *And* instead of *But*; evidently an accidental repetition from the *And* above and below. Dyce's correction.

P. 205. To spite me now, each minute seems a moon; &c. — So Steevens. The old copies have *an hour* instead of *a moon*.

P. 205. *My flocks feed not*, &c. — This piece was published anonymously, with the music, in Weelkes's *Madrigals*, 1597; also, with the signature *Ignoto*, in *England's Helicon*, 1600. Boswell asks, as well he may, "Is it possible that Shakespeare could have written this strange farrago; or, what is, if possible, still worse, — 'It was a lording's daughter'?"
P. 206. *Love's denying,*  
*Faith's defying,*  
*Heart's renying, &c.*—The words *denying* and *renying* are from *England's Helicon.* The old copies have *dying* in the first line, and *denying* in the third.

P. 206. *My sighs so deep,* &c.—So Weelkes's *Madrigals.* The other old copies have *With* instead of *My.*

P. 207. *Farewell, sweet lass,* &c.—So Weelkes's *Madrigals.* The other old copies have *love* for *lass.*

P. 207. *Thy like ne'er was*  
*For a sweet content, though cause of all my moan.*—The word *moan* is in Weelkes's *Madrigals* and *England's Helicon.* The others have *woe* instead. And all the old copies have *the* instead of *though,* which is Dyce's conjecture.

P. 207. *As well as partial fancy like.*—So a manuscript of this piece in Collier's possession. The old copies read "*As well as fancie party all might."

P. 208. *And set thy person forth to sell.*—So Collier's manuscript, and also one used by Malone. The old copies read "*And set her person forth to sale."

P. 208. *Her cloudy looks will clear ere night.*—So the manuscript used by Malone. The old copies have *calm* instead of *clear.*

P. 209. *Here is no heaven; they holy then*  
*When time with age shall them attaint.*—So the manuscript used by Malone. The old copies have *There* and *by* instead of *Here* and *they.*

P. 209. *For, if my mistress hear my song,*  
*She will not stick to warm my ear,* &c.—The old copies read "*Lest that my mistress,*" and "*She will not sticke to round me on th' ear.*" The first correction is from the manuscript used by Malone; the other from Collier's manuscript.
P. 210. *Ruthless beasts they will not cheer thee.* — So in *England's Helicon.* The other old copies have *bears* for *beasts.* The fifth line of the piece shows the latter to be right.

P. 210. *Even so, poor bird, like thee,*

*None alive will pity me.* — This couplet is found only in *England's Helicon,* and is there the end of the piece.

P. 212. *The Phænix and Turtle* is no part of *The Passionate Pilgrim.* It was printed in Robert Chester's *Love's Martyr, or Rosalin's Complaint,* 1601, among what are there called "new Compositions of several modern Writers, whose names are subscribed to their several Works." It was printed with Shakespeare's name at the bottom.
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