

CXLIH

Lo, as a careful housewife runs to catch
One of her feather'd creatures broke away,
Sets down her babe, and makes all quick dis-
patch
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.

CXLIV

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,
Which like two spirits do suggest me still:
The better angel is a man right fair,
The worser spirit a woman, colour'd ill.
To win me soon to hell, my female evil
Tempteth my better angel from my side,
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
Wooing his purity with her foul pride.
And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend
Suspect I may, but not directly tell;
But being both from me, both to each friend,
I guess one angel in another's hell:
Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

CXLV

Those lips that Love's own hand did make,
Breath'd forth the sound that said 'I hate',
To me that languish'd for her sake:
But when she saw my woeful state,
Straight in her heart did mercy come,
Chiding that tongue that ever sweet
Was us'd in giving gentle doom;
And taught it thus anew to greet;
'I hate', she alter'd with an end,
That follow'd it as gentle day
Doth follow night, who like a fiend
From heaven to hell is flown away.
'I hate' from hate away she threw,
And sav'd my life, saying—'Not you'.

CXLVI

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
Fool'd by these rebel powers that thee array,
Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend? 6
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge? Is this thy body's end?
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
Within be fed, without be rich no more: 12
So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on
men,
And Death once dead, there's no more dying
then.

CXLVII

My love is as a fever, longing still
For that which longer nurseth the disease;
Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,
The uncertain sickly appetite to please.
My reason, the physician to my love,
Angry that his prescriptions are not kept, 6
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; 12
For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee
bright,
Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.

CXLVIII

O me! what eyes hath Love put in my head,
Which have no correspondence with true sight;
Or, if they have, where is my judgment fled,
That censures falsely what they see aright?
If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,
What means the world to say it is not so? 6
If it be not, then love doth well denote
Love's eye is not so true as all men's: no.
How can it? O! how can Love's eye be true,
That is so vex'd with watching and with tears?
No marvel then, though I mistake my view;
The sun itself sees not till heaven clears. 12
O cunning Love! with tears thou keep'st me
blind,
Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should
find.

CXLIX

Canst thou, O cruel! say I love thee not,
When I against myself with thee partake?
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? 6
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? 12
But, love, hate on, for now I know thy mind;
Those that can see thou lov'st and I am
blind.

CL

O! from what power hast thou this powerful
might,
With insufficiency my heart to sway?
To make me give the lie to my true sight,
And swear that brightness doth not grace the
day?
Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,
That in the very refuse of thy deeds 6
There is such strength and warrantise of skill,
That, in my mind, thy worst all best exceeds?

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

CLII

Love is too young to know what conscience is;
Yet who knows not conscience is born of love?
Then, gentle cheater, urge not my amiss,
Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove:
For, thou betraying me, I do betray
My nobler part to my gross body's treason; 6
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. 12
No want of conscience hold it that I call
Her 'love' for whose dear love I rise and fall.

CLII

In loving thee thou know'st I am forsworn,
But thou art twice forsworn, to me love swear-
ing;
In act thy bed-vow broke, and new faith torn,
In vowing new hate after new love bearing.
But why of two oaths' breach do I accuse thee,
When I break twenty? I am perjur'd most; 6
For all my vows are oaths but to misuse thee,
And all my honest faith in thee is lost:
For I have sworn deep oaths of thy deep kind-
ness,
Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy constancy;
And, to enlighten thee, gave eyes to blindness,

Or made them swear against the thing they
see;
For I have sworn thee fair; more perjur'd I,
To swear against the truth so foul a lie!

CLIII

Cupid laid by his brand and fell asleep:
A maid of Dian's this advantage found,
And his love-kindling fire did quickly steep
In a cold valley-fountain of that ground;
Which borrow'd from this holy fire of Love
A dateless lively heat, still to endure, 6
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, 12
But found no cure: the bath for my help lies
Where Cupid got new fire, my mistress' eyes.

CLIV

The little Love-god lying once asleep
Laid by his side his heart-inflaming brand,
Whilst many nymphs that vow'd chaste life to
keep
Came tripping by; but in her maiden hand
The fairest votary took up that fire 5
Which many legions of true hearts had warm'd;
And so the general of hot desire
Was, sleeping, by a virgin hand disarm'd.
This brand she quenched in a cool well by,
Which from Love's fire took heat perpetual,
Growing a bath and healthful remedy
For men diseas'd; but I, my mistress' thrall, 12
Came there for cure, and this by that I prove,
Love's fire heats water, water cools not love.

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT

FROM off a hill whose concave womb re-worded
A plaintful story from a sisting vale,
My spirits to attend this double voice accorded,
And down I laid to list the sad-tun'd tale; 4
Ere long espied a fickle maid full pale,
Tearing of papers, breaking rings a-twain,
Storming her world with sorrow's wind and
rain.

Upon her head a platted hive of straw, 8
Which fortified her visage from the sun,
Whereon the thought might think sometime it
saw
The carcass of a beauty spent and done:
Time had not scythed all that youth begun, 12
Nor youth all quit; but, spite of heaven's fell
rage,
Some beauty peep'd through lattice of sear'd
age.

Oft did she heave her napkin to her eyne,
Which on it had conceited characters, 16
Laundering the silken figures in the brine
That season'd woe had pelleted in tears,
And often reading what content it bears;
As often shrieking undistinguish'd woe 20
In clamours of all size, both high and low.

Sometimes her levell'd eyes their carriage ride,
As they did battery to the spheres intend; 8
Sometime diverted, their poor balls are tied 24
To the orb'd earth; sometimes they do extend
Their view right on; anon their gazes lend
To every place at once, and nowhere fix'd,
The mind and sight distractedly commix'd. 28

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

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT

1128

Hanging her pale and pined cheek beside; 32
Some in her thready 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 she drew 36
Of amber, crystal, and of beaded jet,
Which one by one she in a river threw,
Upon whose weeping margin she was set;
Like usury, applying wet to wet, 40
Or monarch's hands that let not bounty fall
Where want cries some, but where excess begs
all.

Of folded schedules had she many a one,
Which she perus'd, sigh'd, tore, and gave the
flood; 44
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 and affectedly 48
Enswath'd, and seal'd to curious secrecy.

These often bath'd she in her fluxive eyes,
And often kiss'd, and often 'gan to tear;
Cried 'O false blood! thou register of lies, 52
What unapproved witness dost thou bear;
Ink would have seem'd more black and damned
here.
This said, in top of rage the lines she rents,
Big discontent so breaking their contents. 56

A reverend man that graz'd his cattle nigh—
Sometime a blusterer, that the ruffle knew
Of court, of city, and had let go by
The swiftest hours, observed as they flew— 60
Towards this afflicted fancy fastly drew;
And, privileg'd by age, desires to know
In brief the grounds and motives of her woe.

So slides he down upon his grained bat, 64
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 68
Which may her suffering ecstasy assuage,
'Tis promis'd in the charity of age.

'Father,' she says, 'though in me you behold
The injury of many a blasting hour, 72
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 76
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, 80
That maidens' eyes stuck over all his face.
Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him her
place;
And when in his fair parts she did abide,
She was new lodg'd and newly deified. 84

'His browny locks did hang in crooked curls,
And every light occasion of the wind
Upon his lips their silken parcels hurls.
What's sweet to do, to do will aptly find: 88
Each eye that saw him did enchant the mind,
For on his visage was in little drawn
What largeness thinks in Paradise was sawn.

'Small show of man was yet upon his chin; 92
His phoenix down began but to appear
Like unshorn velvet on that termless skin
Whose bare out-bragg'd the web it seem'd to
wear;
Yet show'd his visage by that cost more dear, 96
And nice affections wavering stood in doubt
If best were as it was, or best without.

'His qualities were beauteous as his form,
For maiden-tongu'd he was, and thereof free; 100
Yet, if men mov'd him, was he such a storm
As oft 'twixt May and April is to see,
When winds breathe sweet, unruly though they
be.
His rudeness so with his authoriz'd youth 104
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, 108
What rounds, what bounds, what course, what
stop he makes!
And controversy hence a question takes,
Whether the horse by him became his deed,
Or he his manage by the well-doing steed. 112

'But quickly on this side the verdict went:
His real habitude gave life and grace
To appertainings and to ornament,
Accomplish'd in himself, not in his case: 116
All aids, themselves made fairer by their place,
Came for additions; yet their purpos'd trim
Piec'd not his grace, but were all grac'd by him.

'So on the tip of his subduing tongue 120
All kind of arguments and question deep,
All replication prompt, and reason strong,
For his advantage still did wake and sleep:
To make the weeper laugh, the laughter weep,
He had the dialect and different skill, 125
Catching all passions in his craft of will:

'That he did in the general bosom reign
Of young, of old; and sexes both enchanted, 128
To dwell with him in thoughts, or to remain
In personal duty, following where he haunted:
Consents bewitch'd, ere he desire, have
granted;
And dialogu'd for him what he would say, 132
Ask'd their own wills, and made their wills
obey.

'Many there were that did his picture get,
To serve their eyes, and in it put their mind;
Like fools that in the imagination set 136
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. 140

'So many have, that never touch'd his hand,
Sweetly suppos'd them mistress of his heart.
My woeful self, that did in freedom stand,
And was my own fee-simple, not in part, 144
What with his art in youth, and youth in art,
Threw my affections in his charmed power,
Reserv'd the stalk and gave him all my flower.

'Yet did I not, as some my equals did, 148
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 152
Of proofs new-bleeding, which remain'd the
foil
Of this false jewel, and his amorous spoil.

'But, ah! who ever shunn'd by precedent
The destin'd ill she must herself assay? 156
Or forc'd 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 160
By blunting us to make our wits more keen.

'Nor gives it satisfaction to our blood,
That we must curb it upon others' proof;
To be forbid the sweets that seem so good, 164
For fear of harms that preach in our behoof.
O appetite! from judgment stand aloof;
The one a palate hath that needs will taste, 167
Though Reason weep, and cry "It is thy last."

'For further I could say "This man's untrue",
And knew the patterns of his foul beguiling;
Heard where his plants in others' orchards
grew,
Saw how deceits were gilded in his smiling; 172
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, 176
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; 180
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; 184
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, 188
By how much of me their reproach contains.

1129

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT

"Among the many that mine eyes have seen,
Not one whose flame my heart so much as
warm'd,
Or my affection put to the smallest teen, 192
Or any of my leisures ever charm'd:
Harm have I done to them, but ne'er was
harm'd;
Kept hearts in liveries, but mine own was free,
And reign'd, commanding in his monarchy. 196

"Look here, what tributes wounded fancies
sent me,
Of paled pearls and rubies red as blood;
Figuring that they their passions likewise lent
me
Of grief and blushes, aptly understood 200
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, 205
I have receiv'd from many a several fair,
Their kind acceptance weepingly beseech'd,
With the annexions of fair gems enrich'd, 208
And deep-brain'd sonnets, that did amplify
Each stone's dear nature, worth, and quality.

"The diamond; why, 'twas beautiful and hard,
Whereto his invis'd properties did tend; 212
The deep-green emerald, in whose fresh regard
Weak sights their sickly radiance do amend;
The heaven-hu'd sapphire and the opal blend
With objects manifold; each several stone, 216
With wit well blazon'd, smil'd or made some
moan.

"Lo! all these trophies of affections hot,
Of pensiv'd and subdu'd desires the tender, 219
Nature hath charg'd me that I hoard them not,
But yield them up where I myself must render,
That is, to you, my origin and end;
For these, of force, must your oblations be, 224
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; 228
What me your minister, for you obeys,
Works under you; and to your audit comes
Their distract parcels in combined sums.

"Lo! this device was sent me from a nun, 232
Or sister sanctified, of holiest note;
Which late her noble suit in court did shun,
Whose rarest havings made the blossoms dote;
For she was sought by spirits of richest coat, 236
But kept cold distance, and did thence remove,
To spend her living in eternal love.

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT

1130

"But, O my sweet! what labour is 't to leave
The thing we have not, mastering what not
strives, 240

Paling the place which did no form receive,
Playing patient sports in unconstrained gyves?
She that her fame so to herself contrives,
The scars of battle 'scapeth by the flight, 244
And makes her absence valiant, not her might.

"O! pardon me, in that my boast is true;
The accident which brought me to her eye
Upon the moment did her force subdue, 248
And now she would the caged cloister fly;
Religious love put out Religion's eye:
Not to be tempted, would she be immur'd,
And now, to tempt, all liberty procur'd. 252

"How mighty then you are, O! hear me tell:
The broken bosoms that to me belong
Have emptied all their fountains in my well,
And mine I pour your ocean all among: 256
I strong o'er them, and you o'er me being
strong,

Must for your victory us all congest,
As compound love to physic your cold breast.

"My parts had power to charm a sacred nun,
Who, disciplin'd, ay, dieted in grace, 261
Believ'd her eyes when they to assail begun,
All vows and consecrations giving place.
O most potential love! vow, bond, nor space,
In thee hath neither sting, knot, nor confine,
For thou art all, and all things else are thine.

"When thou impresses, what are precepts
worth
Of stale example? When thou wilt inflame, 268
How coldly those impediments stand forth
Of wealth, of filial fear, law, kindred, fame!
Love's arms are peace, 'gainst rule, 'gainst
sense, 'gainst shame,
And sweetens, in the suffering pangs it bears,
The aloes of all forces, shocks, and fears. 273

"Now all these hearts that do on mine depend,
Feeling it break, with bleeding groans they
pine;
And supplicant their sighs to you extend, 276
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. 280

'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 283
With brinish current downward flow'd apace.
O! how the channel to the stream gave grace;

Who glaz'd with crystal gate the glowing roses
That flame through water which their hue
encloses.

'O father! what a hell of witchcraft lies 288
In the small orb of one particular tear,
But with the inundation of the eyes
What rocky heart to water will not wear?
What breast so cold that is not warmed here?
O cleft effect! cold modesty, hot wrath, 293
Both fire from hence and chill extincture hath.

'For, lo! his passion, but an art of craft,
Even there resolv'd my reason into tears; 296
There my white stole of chastity I daff'd,
Shook off my sober guards and civil fears;
Appear to him, as he to me appears,
All melting; though our drops this difference
bore, 300
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, 304
Or swooning paleness; and he takes and
leaves,
In either's aptness, as it best deceives,
To blush at speeches rank, to weep at woes,
Or to turn white and swoond at tragic shows:

'That not a heart which in his level came 309
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: 312
Against the thing he sought he would exclaim;
When he most burn'd in heart-wish'd luxury,
He preach'd pure maid, and prais'd cold chas-
tity.

'Thus merely with the garment of a Grace 316
The naked and concealed fiend he cover'd;
That the unexperient gave the tempter place,
Which like a cherubin above them hover'd.
Who, young and simple, would not be so
lover'd? 320
Ay me! I fell; and yet do question make
What I should do again for such a sake.

'O! that infected moisture of his eye,
O! that false fire which in his cheek so glow'd,
O! that forc'd thunder from his heart did fly,
O! that sad breath his spongy lungs bestow'd,
O! all that borrow'd motion seeming ow'd,
Would yet again betray the fore-betray'd, 328
And new pervert a reconciled maid.'

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM

I
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,
Unskilful in the world's false forgeries.
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
Although I know my years be past the best, 6
I smiling credit her false-speaking tongue,
Outfacing faults in love with love's ill rest.
But wherefore says my love that she is young?
And wherefore say not I that I am old?
O! love's best habit is a soothing tongue,
And age, in love, loves not to have years told. 12
Therefore I'll lie with love, and love with me,
Since that our faults in love thus smother'd
be.

II
Two loves I have of comfort and despair,
Which like two spirits do suggest me still;
The better angel is a man, right fair,
The worser spirit a woman, colour'd ill.
To win me soon to hell, my female evil
Tempteth my better angel from my side,
And would corrupt a saint to be a devil,
Wooing his purity with her fair pride:
And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend
Suspect I may, but not directly tell;
For being both to me, both to each friend,
I guess one angel in another's hell. 12
The truth I shall not know, but live in doubt,
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

III
Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
'Gainst whom the world could not hold argu-
ment,
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?
Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.
A woman I forswore; but I will prove,
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee: 6
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;
My grace being gain'd cures all disgrace in me.
My vow was breath, and breath a vapour is;
Then thou, fair sun, that on this earth dost
shine,
Exhale this vapour vow; in thee it is:
If broken, then it is no fault of mine. 12
If by me broke, what fool is not so wise
To break an oath, to win a paradise?

IV
Sweet Cytherea, sitting by a brook
With young Adonis, lovely, fresh, and green,
Did court the lad with many a lovely look,
Such looks as none could look but beauty's
queen.

She told him stories to delight his ear;
She show'd him favours to allure his eye; 6
To win his heart, she touch'd him here and
there,—
Touches so soft still conquer chastity.
But whether unripe years did want conceit,
Or he refus'd to take her figur'd proffer,
The tender nibbler would not touch the bait,
But smile and jest at every gentle offer: 12
Then fell she on her back, fair queen, and
toward:
He rose and ran away; ah! fool too froward.

V
If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to
love?
O! never faith could hold, if not to beauty
vow'd:
Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll con-
stant prove;
Those thoughts, to me like oaks, to thee like
osiers bow'd.
Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine
eyes,
Where all those pleasures live that art can com-
prehend. 6
If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall
suffice;
Well learned is that tongue that well can thee
commend;
All ignorant that soul that sees thee without
wonder;
Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts
admire:
Thine eye Jove's lightning seems, thy voice his
dreadful thunder,
Which, not to anger bent, is music and sweet
fire, 12
Celestial as thou art, O! do not love that
wrong,
To sing heaven's praise with such an earthly
tongue.

VI
Scarce had the sun dried up the dewy morn,
And scarce the herd gone to the hedge for
shade,
When Cytherea, all in love forlorn,
A longing tarriance for Adonis made
Under an osier growing by a brook,
A brook where Adon us'd to cool his spleen: 6
Hot was the day; she hotter that did look
For his approach, that often there had been.
Anon he comes, and throws his mantle by,
And stood stark naked on the brook's green
brim:
The sun look'd on the world with glorious eye,
Yet not so wistly as this queen on him: 12
He, spying her, bounc'd in, whereas he
stood:
'O Jove', quoth she, 'why was not I a flood!'

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM

1132

VII

Fair is my love, but not so fair as fickle;
Mild as a dove, but neither true nor trusty;
Brighter than glass, and yet, as glass is, brittle;
Softer than wax, and yet, as iron, rusty:
A lily pale, with damask dye to grace her,
None fairer, nor none falser to deface her. 6

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. 12

She burn'd with love, as straw with fire flameth;
She burn'd out love, as soon as straw out-
burneth;
She fram'd the love, and yet she foil'd the
framing;
She bade love last, and yet she fell a-turning.
Was this a lover, or a lecher whether? 17
Bad in the best, though excellent in neither.

VIII

If music and sweet poetry agree,
As they must needs, the sister and the brother,
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
Because thou lov'st the one, and I the other.
Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch
Upon the lute doth ravish human sense; 6
Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such
As, passing all conceit, needs no defence.
Thou lov'st 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. 12
One god is god of both, as poets feign;
One knight loves both, and both in thee
remain.

IX

Fair was the morn when the fair queen of love,
* * * * *
Paler for sorrow than her milk-white dove,
For Adon's sake, a youngster proud and wild;
Her stand she takes upon a steep-up hill:
Anon Adonis comes with horn and hounds; 6
She, silly queen, with more than love's good will,
Forbade the boy he should not pass those
grounds:
'Once,' quoth she, 'did I see a fair sweet youth
Here in these brakes deep-wounded with a boar,
Deep in the thigh, a spectacle of ruth! 11
See, in my thigh,' quoth she, 'here was the sore.
She showed hers; he saw more wounds than
one,
And blushing fled, and left her all alone.

X

Sweet rose, fair flower, untimely pluck'd, soon
vaded,
Pluck'd in the bud, and vaded in the spring!
Bright orient pearl, alack! too timely shaded;
Fair creature, kill'd too soon by death's sharp
sting!

Like a green plum that hangs upon a tree,
And falls, through wind, before the fall
should be. 6

I weep for thee, and yet no cause I have;
For why thou left'st me nothing in thy will:
And yet thou left'st me more than I did crave;
For why I craved nothing of thee still:
O yes, dear friend, I pardon crave of thee,
Thy discontent thou didst bequeath to me. 12

XI

Venus, with young Adonis sitting by her
Under a myrtle shade, began to woo him:
She told the youngling how god Mars did try
her,
And as he fell to her, so fell she to him.
'Even thus', quoth she, 'the war-like god em-
brac'd me',
And then she clipp'd Adonis in her arms; 6
'Even thus', quoth she, 'the war-like god un-
lac'd me',
As if the boy should use like loving charms.
'Even thus', quoth she, 'he seized on my lips',
And with her lips on his did act the seizure;
And as she fetched breath, away he skips,
And would not take her meaning nor her
pleasure. 12
Ah! that I had my lady at this bay,
To kiss and clip me till I ran away.

XII

Crabbed age and youth cannot live together:
Youth is full of pleasure, age is full of care;
Youth like summer morn, age like winter
weather;
Youth like summer brave, age like winter bare.
Youth is full of sport, age's breath is short; 6
Youth is nimble, age is lame;
Youth is hot and bold, age is weak and cold;
Youth is wild, and age is tame.
Age, I do abhor thee, youth, I do adore thee;
O! my love, my love is young:
Age, I do defy thee: O! sweet shepherd, hie thee,
For methinks thou stay'st too long. 12

XIII

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. 6
And as goods lost are sold or never found,
As vaded gloss no rubbing will refresh,
As flowers dead lie wither'd on the ground,
As broken glass no cement can redress,
So beauty blemish'd once 's for ever lost,
In spite of physic, painting, pain, and cost. 12

XIV

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

1133

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM

'Farewell,' quoth she, 'and come again to-
morrow':
Fare well I could not, for I supp'd with sor-
row. 6

Yet at my parting sweetly did she smile,
In scorn of friendship, nill I construe whether:
'T may be, she joy'd to jest at my exile,
'T may be, again to make me wander thither:
'Wander,' a word for shadows like myself, 11
As take the pain, but cannot pluck the pelf.

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 tuned like the lark; 18

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;
Heart hath his hope, and eyes their wished
sight;
Sorrow chang'd to solace, solace mix'd with
sorrow;
For why, she sigh'd and bade me come to-
morrow. 24

Were I with her, the night would post too
soon;
But now are minutes added to the hours;
To spite me now, each minute seems a moon;
Yet not for me, shine sun to succour flowers!
Pack night, peep day; good day, of night now
borrow:
Short, night, to-night, and length thyself to-
morrow. 30

SONNETS TO SUNDRY NOTES OF MUSIC

I

It was a lording's daughter, the fairest one of
three,
That liked of her master as well as well might
be,
Till looking on an Englishman, the fair'st that
eye could see,
Her fancy fell a-turning. 4
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. 8
But one must be refused; more mickle was the
pain
That nothing could be used to turn them both
to gain,
For of the two the trusty knight was wounded
with disdain:
Alas! she could not help it. 12
Thus art with arms contending was victor of
the day,
Which by a gift of learning did bear the maid
away;
Then lullaby, the learned man hath got the lady
gay;
For now my song is ended. 16

II

On a day, alack the day!
Love, whose month was ever May,
Spied a blossom passing fair,
Playing in the wanton air:
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen, 'gan passage find;
That the lover, sick to death,
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath. 8

'Air,' quoth he, 'thy cheeks may blow;
Air, would I might triumph so!
But, alas! my hand hath sworn
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn: 12
Vow, alack! for youth unmeet:
Youth, so apt to pluck a sweet,
Thou for whom Jove would swear
Juno but an Ethiop were; 16
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.'

III

My flocks feed not,
My ewes breed not,
My rams speed not,
All is amiss: 4
Love's denying,
Faith's defying,
Heart's renying,
Causer of this. 8
All my merry jigs are quite forgot,
All my lady's love is lost, God wot:
Where her faith was firmly fix'd in love,
There a nay is plac'd without remove. 12
One silly cross
Wrought all my loss;
O! frowning Fortune, cursed, fickle
dame;
For now I see 16
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, 24
O! cruel speeding,
Fraughted with gall.

SONNETS TO SUNDRY NOTES 1134

My shepherd's pipe can sound no deal,
My wether's bell rings doleful knell; 28
My curtal dog, that wont to have play'd,
Plays not at all, but seems afraid;
My sighs so deep
Procure to weep, 32
In howling wise, to see my doleful plight.
How sighs resound
Through heartless ground,
Like a thousand vanquish'd men in
bloody fight! 36
Clear well spring not,
Sweet birds sing not,
Green plants bring not
Forth their dye; 40
Herds stand weeping,
Flocks all sleeping,
Nymphs back peeping
Fearfully: 44
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. 48
Farewell, sweet lass,
Thy like ne'er was
For a sweet content, the cause of all my
moan:
Poor Corydon 52
Must live alone;
Other help for him I see that there is
none.

IV

Whenas thine eye hath chose the dame,
And stall'd the deer that thou should'st strike,
Let reason rule things worthy blame,
As well as fancy, partial wight: 4
Take counsel of some wiser head,
Neither too young nor yet unweid.
And when thou com'st thy tale to tell,
Smooth not thy tongue with filed talk,
Lest she some subtle practice smell;
A cripple soon can find a halt:
But plainly say thou lov'st her well,
And set thy person forth to sell. 12
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; 16
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, 20
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.' 24
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: 28
The strongest castle, tower, and town,
The golden bullet beats it down.

Serve always with assured trust,
And in thy suit be humble true; 32
Unless thy lady prove unjust,
Seek never thou to choose anew.
When time shall serve, be thou not slack
To proffer, though she put thee back. 36
The wiles and guiles that women work,
Dissembled with an outward show,
The tricks and toys that in them lurk,
The cock that treads them shall not know. 40
Have you not heard it said full oft,
A woman's nay doth stand for nought?
Think, women love to match with men
And not to live so like a saint: 44
Here is no heaven; they holy then
Begin when age doth them attain.
Were kisses all the joys in bed,
One woman would another wed. 48
But, soft! enough! too much, I fear;
For if my mistress hear my song,
She will not stick to ring my ear,
To teach my tongue to be so long: 52
Yet will she blush, here be it said,
To hear her secrets so bewray'd.

V

Live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
And all the craggy mountains yields. 4
There will we sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, by whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals. 8
There will I make thee a bed of roses,
With a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle. 12
A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Then live with me and be my love. 16

LOVE'S ANSWER.

If that the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move,
To live with thee and be thy love. 20

VI

As it fell upon a day
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made, 4
Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,
Trees did grow, and plants did spring;
Every thing did banish moan,
Save the nightingale alone: 8
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: 12
'Fie, fie, fie!' now would she cry;
'Tereu, Tereu!' by and by;

1135 SONNETS TO SUNDRY NOTES

That to hear her so complain,
Scarce I could from tears refrain; 16
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: 20
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, 24
All thy fellow birds do sing
Careless of thy sorrowing.
Even so, poor bird, like thee,
None alive will pity me, 28
Whilst as fickle Fortune smil'd,
Thou and I were both beguil'd.
Every one that flatters thee
Is no friend in misery. 32
Words are easy, like the wind;
Faithful friends are hard to find:
Every man will be thy friend
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend; 36

But if store of crowns be scant,
No man will supply thy want.
If that one be prodigal,
Bountiful they will him call, 40
And with such-like flattering,
'Pity but he were a king.'
If he be addict to vice,
Quickly him they will entice; 44
If to women he be bent,
They have him at commandment:
But if Fortune once do frown,
Then farewell his great renown; 48
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: 52
If thou sorrow, he will weep;
If thou wake, he cannot sleep:
Thus of every grief in heart
He with thee does bear a part. 56
These are certain signs to know
Faithful friend from flattering foe.

THE PHOENIX AND THE TURTLE

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

Property was thus appall'd,
That the self was not the same;
Single nature's double name
Neither two nor one was call'd. 40

Reason, in itself confounded,
Saw division grow together;
To themselves yet either neither,
Simple were so well compounded, 44

That it cried, 'How true a twain
Seemeth this concordant one!
Love hath reason, reason none,
If what parts can so remain.' 48

Whereupon it made this threne
To the phoenix and the dove,
Co-supremes and stars of love,
As chorus to their tragic scene. 52

THRENOS

Beauty, truth, and rarity
Grace in all simplicity,
Here enclos'd in cinders lie. 55

Death is now the phoenix' nest;
And the turtle's loyal breast
To eternity doth rest, 58

Leaving no posterity:
'Twas not their infirmity,
It was married chastity. 61

Truth may seem, but cannot be;
Beauty brag, but 'tis not she;
Truth and beauty buried be. 64

To this urn let those repair
That are either true or fair;
For these dead birds sigh a prayer. 67