

THE FIVE AUTHORS OF SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS

6. L. modestly assumes that *his* place in the final order will be last.

8. 'Height' carries on the metaphor of the 'tall' ship mentioned in M.P.'s 80.12 in the P.E. series, and satirically imitated by S. in 116.8 in the P.R. series.

10-11. A hit at M.P.'s 'Obstetrics' conceit, combined with a satirical reference to his 'babe' (115 in the P.R. series), who is 'still growing.' Compare M.P.'s—

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

12. Cf. Marston in his *Pygmalion* :—

*And then ensues my stanzas, like odd bands
Of voluntaries and mercenarians,
Which, like soldados of our warlike age,
March rich bedight in warlike equipage
Glittering in dawbed lac'd accoustrements,*

L. is No. 3 in a section made up of three "mercenarians" and one "voluntary."

76.

1-4. An allusion to Shakespeare. Here L. falls into line with the other two by making sarcastic allusions to S.'s "pride"; but it is *new* pride, and S. had "glanc'd aside to *new-found* methods, and to compounds *strange*," i.e., he had left the straightforward sonnetteering track in order to 'Shakespearize' (P.R. series), and "palinodize" (No. 73 in this series), and had thereby set a new fashion of "compounding" sonnets out of scraps taken from one's own previous writings.

5. Cf. his lines in the P.E. Series (108).

*. . . 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 at first I hallowed thy fair name.*

L. seems to make a speciality of profane references to the Church Service, v. 1-4 and 12-14 of his E.D. sonnet (No. 105).

7-8. Clumsy and ungrammatical English. Note another and final hit at M.P.'s 'Obstetrics' conceit.

The Humorist. (Nos. 22, 39.)

As *The Old Dog* dominates L.'s contribution to this series, so *The Polite Shirker* dominates H.'s. If the reader will kindly first re-read the second quatrain in H.'s E.D. sonnet (No. 23), his No. 62 in the B.I. series, and his Nos. 124 and 25 in the P.R. series, and then read these two sonnets, he will be in a position to appreciate his ingenious and systematic use right through the Contest of his two formulæ *Self-Love* and *Identity-with-the-Patron* for the purpose of shirking his duty as an 'adulatory' sonnetteer. Neither of these formulæ is used by any of the other competitors.

The other characteristics exemplified are: *Deliberate Dissonance*, 39.10; *Subtle Humour* and *Personal Allusion* throughout.

22.

The three other poets in painting their harrowing pictures of a dying Poet bidding farewell to a grief-stricken Patron have of necessity rather 'slopped over' with fictitious pathos. H. neatly gets out of the awkward situation by applying Sidney's famous conceit—

THE PERSONAL SONNETS—THIRD BATCH

My true love hath my heart and I have his,
By just exchange the one to the other given ; etc.,

to the case of The Patron and himself, thereby ensuring that they shall die *simultaneously*.

8. An inapposite and ludicrous line which clearly marks H.'s purpose of burlesquing the 'Exchange of Hearts' conceit throughout the sonnet. Donne was exactly the same age as Southampton.

9-12. An amusing piece of doggerel. H. assures The Patron that he intends to take the greatest possible care of Number One, not for selfish reasons—Oh, dear, no!—but solely on account of The Patron's heart, which he is carrying about inside him. It seems odd that the commentators should take all this nonsense seriously.

39.

As in 62 of the B.I. series, H. here uses his 'Identity' formula to avoid adulation of The Patron; in that series by boldly praising himself on the ground that Poet=Patron, in this series by modestly refusing to praise The Patron on the ground that Patron=Poet.

1. A final hit at M.P.'s "worth," conveyed in a parody of the first line in his No. 85 in the P.E. series—

My tongue-tied Muse in *manners* hold her still.

2. A parody of S.'s line in his No. 74 in this series—

My spirit is *thine*, the better part of me.

The rest of the sonnet is an ingenious burlesque of seven lines in M.P.'s No. 36 in the previous series. Compare :—

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 *separable* spite,
Which though it alter not *love's sole effect*,

39

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*.
And that thou teachest how to make one *twain*,
By praising him here who doth hence *remain* !

[Note the rhymes (1) twain—remain, (2) one—alone.]

Note the irony underlying line 8, and the subtly ambiguous couplet. One gathers that The Patron's *legitimate* due would not amount to very much, and has little difficulty in guessing which of the two parted friends is to be the real object of H.'s poetical eulogies.

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And so ends this notable Contest. Southampton must have found some difficulty in awarding the *second* prize.

CHAPTER V.—THE DRAMATIC SONNETS.

The specially *human* interest of the sonnets is confined to the eight Personal series just disposed of. In these sonnets one has caught a glimpse of Shakespeare actually at work. Or rather, perhaps, one ought to say at *play*—a great artist good-naturedly consenting to oblige a munificent patron by dashing off a number of little masterpieces of line and colour to serve as models for three lesser brethren of the brush, painting against him and each other in a comradely atmosphere of studio chaff. This atmosphere is entirely lacking in the five series of Dramatic sonnets we have to deal with in this chapter. The competitors vary from series to series, and they speak merely as mouthpieces of a common employer. Consequently, each series is merely a self-contained specimen of the art of competitive sonnetteering; we have no prolonged battle of wits carried on from series to series, no thrust and counter-thrust of parody, satire, and personal allusion, no sidelights on the varying fortunes of the combat and the temperaments of the combatants—nothing in short of the unity and *intimacy* of the Personal sonnets which give them their unique psychological value and significance. The Dramatic sonnets present certain interesting features peculiarly their own, as the reader will discover in due course, but considered as psychological documents they take rank a long way below their predecessors.

There are fifty-two Dramatic sonnets divided into five series as follows:—

Series No. 9. (21 sonnets). *Absence.* Theme: The Lover separated from his Mistress describes his feelings.

Series No. 10. (9 sonnets). *Estrangement Anticipated.* Theme: The Lover sorrowfully anticipates the loss of his Mistress' affections.

Series No. 11. (6 sonnets). *Intrigue.* Theme: The Lover is annoyed at discovering an intrigue between his Mistress and his best friend.

Series No. 12. (12 sonnets). *The Dark Lady.* Theme: The Lover deploras his infatuation for a frail and fickle brunette.

Series No. 13. (4 sonnets). *Will.* Theme: The Lover solicits a second place in the favours of a light woman in love with another man.

These series differ from the Personal series in five respects:—

1. They are not adulatory sonnets addressed to a man, but amatory sonnets addressed to, or complaining about, a woman.

2. The competitors do not speak in their own persons but in that of their employer—a young aristocrat and courtier.

3. In every series except the last one-sonnet series the number of the competitors is not four but three.

4. The competitors are not the same throughout. In Series 9 they are The Minor Poet, The Lawyer and The Humorist. In Series 10, 11, 12, they are Shakespeare, The Lawyer, and The Newcomer. In Series 13 they are the three last-named plus The Humorist.

THE DRAMATIC SONNETS

5. There is nothing in the sonnets themselves to suggest either their chronological order or any historical connection between any one series and any other. In other words there are no personal allusions to the competitors, and, with two exceptions, no 'outside' verbal parallelisms.

In all other respects they follow the lines of the Personal series exactly, and those 'Rules of the Contest' which can still apply are conformed to with equal if not greater strictness.

The Theory is unable to give us any certain information as to the identity of the employer, (or employers), the addressees, (there are at least two of them), or the circumstances in which the various series came to be written. There seems to be nothing however in the way of accepting the hypothesis that the Employer is identical with The Patron of the Personal series, who was encouraged by their success to inaugurate a second competition (or series of competitions) in which he was to figure as the Poet-Lover deploring the waywardness and cruelty of the object (or objects) of his affection. On this hypothesis the *Absence* series would be a sort of Consolation Race for the three defeated competitors in the Personal Contest, and come first in order of time; and its theme might have been suggested by one of Southampton's frequent and prolonged absences from England which are a feature of his personal history from 1596 to 1598.

SERIES No. 9.—Absence.

The Theme.—The Lover separated from his Mistress describes his feelings.

The Theme.—The Lover separated from

THE MINOR POET

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 not the lay of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
Could make me any summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew:
Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.
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,
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.

47

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

48

How careful was I, when I took my way,
Each trifle under truest bars to thrust,
That to my use it might unused stay
From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of trust
But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are,
Most worthy comfort, now my greatest grief,
Thou, best of dearest and mine only care,
Art left the prey of every vulgar thief.
Thee have I not 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.

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 every where!
And yet this time removed was summer's time;
The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,
Bearing the wanton burthen of the prime,
Like widowed wombs after their lords' decease;
Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me
But hope of orphans and unfathered fruit;
For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,
And, thou away, the very birds are mute;
Or, if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer
That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near.

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 starved for a look;
Possessing or pursuing no delight,
Save what is had or must from you be took.
Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day,
Or gluttoning on all, or all away.

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 impannelled
A quest of thoughts, all tenants to the heart;
And by their verdict is determined
The clear eye's moiety and the dear heart's part:
As thus; mine eye's due is thine outward part,
And my heart's right thine inward love of heart.

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!'
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.

THE DRAMATIC SONNETS

ABSENCE.

his Mistress describes his feelings.

THE HUMORIST

113

Since I left you mine eye is in my mind,
 And that which governs me to go about
 Doth part his function and is partly blind,
 Seems seeing, but effectually is out;
 For it no *form* delivers to the heart
 Of *bird*, of *flower*, or *shape*, which it doth latch:
 Of his quick objects hath the mind no part,
 Nor his own vision holds what it doth catch;
 For if it see the 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.

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 eyes saith true,
 And that your love taught it this alchemy,
 To make of monsters and things indigest
 Such cherubims 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.

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 glazed with thine eyes*.
 Now see what good turns eyes for eyes have done:
 Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for me
 Are windows to my breast, where through the sun
 Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee;
 Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art,
 They draw but what they see, know not the heart.

52

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

NOTE

In this and all the remaining four series of the Dramatic Section—

- (1) *Italics* indicate an 'inside' Verbal Parallelism, *i.e.*, a parallelism between a passage in the Series and another passage in the same series.
- (2) Underlining indicates a Shakespearean 'echo,' *i.e.* a verbal parallelism between a passage in the series and a passage in one of Shakespeare's plays or poems.

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THE MINOR POET (continued)

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,
 Make 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
 How far I toil, still farther off from thee.
 I tell the day, to please him thou art bright,
 And dost him grace when clouds do blot the heaven
 So flatter I the swart-complexion'd night ;
 When sparkling stars twire not thou gild'st the even.
 But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer,
 And night doth nightly make grief's strength seem
 stronger.

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
 Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you.
 Nor think the bitterness of absence sour
 When you have bid your servant once adieu ;
 Nor dare I question with my jealous thought
 Where you may be, or your affairs suppose,
 But, like a sad slave, stay and think of nought
 Save, where you are how happy you make those.
 So true a fool is love that in your will.
 Though you do any thing, he thinks no ill.

THE LAWYER (continued)

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 can seem but slow ?
 Then should I spur, though mounted on the wind,
 In winged speed no motion shall I know :
 Then can no horse with my desire keep pace ;
 Therefore desire, of perfect'st 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.

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 dost my rest defeat,
 To play the watchman ever for thy sake :
 For thee watch I whilst thou doth wake elsewhere
 From me far off, with others all too near.

58

What god forbid that made me first your slave,
 I should in thought control your times of pleasure
 Or at your hand the account of hours to crave,
 Being your vassal, bound to stay your leisure !
 O, let me suffer, being at your beck,
 The imprison'd absence of your liberty ;
 And patience, tame to sufferance, bide each check,
 Without accusing you of injury.
 Be where you list, your charter is so strong
 That you yourself may privilege your time,
 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.

TREATMENT OF THE THEME.

The Minor Poet's contribution contains nine main thoughts.

- (a). The Lover finds the seasons altered by the absence of his Mistress. (98).
- (b). The Lover finds traces of his Mistress in the flowers of the spring. (98, 99).
- (c). The Lover's heart and eyes assert their respective rights in his Mistress. (47).
- (d). The Lover compares his Mistress to a feast. (47).
- (e). The Lover compares his Mistress to a treasure. (48).

THE DRAMATIC SONNETS

THE HUMORIST (continued)

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 make bright,
 How would *thy shadow's* form form happy show
 To the clear day with thy much clearer light,
 When to *unseeing eyes* thy *shade* shines so!
 How would, I say, *mine eyes* be blessed made
 By looking on thee in the living day,
 When in dead night thy fair imperfect shade
 Through heavy sleep on *sightless eyes* doth stay!
 All *days* are *nights* to see till I see thee,
 And *nights* bright *days* when dreams do show thee

me.

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*;
 For nimble *thought* can jump both sea and land,
 As soon as think the place where he would be.
 But, ah, *thought* kills me, that I am not *thought*,
 To leap large lengths of miles when thou art gone,
 But that, so much of earth and water wrought,
 I must *attend time's leisure* with my moan;
 Receiving nought by elements so slow
 But heavy tears, badges of either's woe.

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*.

(f). The Lover recalls the circumstances of his departure from his Mistress.
 (48, 27.)

(g). The Lover's couch is haunted by the image of his Mistress. (27, 28).

(h). The Lover anticipates his return to his Mistress. (28).

(i). The Lover gives way to melancholy forebodings of what is happening to his
 Mistress in his absence. (57).

The Lawyer follows M.P. in (a) (97 *passim*); he omits (b) but substitutes a reference
 to the *fruits of autumn* (97.6-10); he follows him in (c) (46 *passim*); in (d) (75.9-14);

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in (e) (75.3-6); in (f) (50 *passim*, 51.1-3); in (g) (61.1-7); in (h) (51.1-14); in (i) (61.12-14, and 58 *passim*). He introduces one new thought (j) *viz.*, a comparison of his love (desire) to fire. (51.9-11).

The Humorist follows M.P. in (a) (113 and 114 *passim*); in (b) (113.5-12); in (c) (24 *passim*); in (d) (114 *passim* and 52.5); in (e) (52 *passim*); he omits (f); he follows him in (g) (43 *passim*); in (h) (44 *passim*); in (i) (45 *passim*); and he elaborates L.'s new thought (j) (44.11-14, 45.1-9).

This similarity of treatment is indeed remarkable in so long a series; but what is more remarkable even than the fidelity with which L. and H. copy M.P.'s thoughts, is the fact that they both deal with them almost exactly *in the same order* as he does. A tabular statement will make the point clear.

Thought	Sonnet-Number		
	(M.P.)	(L.)	(H.)
(a). Seasons Altered	1.	1.	1-2.
(b). Mistress and Flowers	1.2.	1.	1.
(c). Eye and Heart	3.	3.	3.
(d). Feast	3.	2.	2-4.
(e). Treasure	4.	2.	4.
(f). Lover's Departure	4.	4-5.	—
(g). Hallucinations and Dreams	5.	6.	5.
(h). Lover's Return	6.	5.	6.
(i). Melancholy Imaginings	7.	6-7.	7.

[N.B.—The "Sonnet-Number" = the position in the contribution occupied by the sonnet containing the 'thought' referred to in the first column.]

The reader's particular attention is invited to this extraordinary regularity. There is nothing like it in any other series.

VERBAL PARALLELISMS.

As might be expected from the extraordinary uniformity of treatment, parallelisms are exceptionally numerous and close. They are also rather more 'mixed-up' than usual. (*v.* Nos. 1 and 4 in the list.)

- M.P.** *From you I have been absent in the spring,
Yet not the lays of birds nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue
Could make me any summer's story tell,
They were but sweet figures of delight,
Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.
Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,*
- L.** *How like a winter has my absence been
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!
And yet this time removed was summer's time;
For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,
Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me
And, thou away, the very birds are mute;*
- H.** *Since I left you my eye is in my mind,
For it no form delivers to the heart
Of bird or flower or shape which it doth latch:
The crow or dove, it shapes them to your feature.*
- M.P.** *Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took,*
L. *Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war,*

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- H. *Mine eye hath played the painter, and hath stell'd
Thy beauty's form in table of my heart.*
- M.P. *And each doth good turns now unto the other :*
H. *Now see what good turns eyes for eyes have done*
- M.P. *When that mine eye is famish'd for a look,
With my love's picture then my eye doth feast
Or, if they sleep, thy picture in my sight,*
L. *Mine eye my heart thy picture's sight would bar,
Some time all full with feasting on your sight,
And by and by clean starved for a look ;
And says in him thy fair appearance lies.*
H. *To find where your true image pictured lies
The which he will not every day survey,
Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare.*
- M.P. *Within the gentle closure of my breast,*
L. *My heart doth plead that thou in him dost lie,
A closet never pierce'd with crystal eyes,*
H. *Which in my bosom's shop is hanging still,
That hath his windows glazed with thine eyes.*
- M.P. *But thou to whom my jewels trifles are,
Are left the prey of every vulgar thief.
Thee have I not lock'd up in any chest,
For even thence thou wilt be stol'n, I fear,*
L. *As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found ;
Doubting the filching age will steal his treasure ;
Then better'd that the world may see my pleasure : }*
H. *So am I as the rich whose blessed key
Can bring him to his sweet up-locked treasure, }
For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure. }
Or captain jewels in the carcanet.
So is the time that keeps you as my chest.*
- M.P. *How careful was I when I took my way,
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,*
L. *How heavy do I journey on the way,
When what I seek, my weary travel's end,
Doth teach that ease and that repose to say,*
H. *Injurious distance should not stop my way.*
- M.P. *For then my thoughts, from far where I abide,
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,*
H. *Are both with thee, wherever I abide,
The first my thought, the other my desire.
In tender embassy of love to thee.*
- M.P. *And keep my drooping eyelids open wide*
L. *Is it thy will thy image should keep open
My heavy eyelids to the weary night.*
- M.P. *Save that my soul's imaginary sight
Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,
That am debarr'd the benefit of rest ?*
L. *While shadows like to thee do mock my sight
Mine own true love that dost my rest defeat,*
H. *How would thy shadow's form form happy show
Though heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stay.*
- M.P. *How far I toil, still farther off from thee.*
L. *From me far off, with others all too near.*
H. *Upon the farthest earth removed from thee ;*

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- M.P.** *Being your slave, what should I do but tend
Upon the hours and times of your desire?
Nor dare I question with my jealous thought*
- L.** *The scope and tenor of thy jealousy?
What God forbid that made me first your slave,
I should in thought control your times of pleasure,
Or at your hand the account of hours to crave,
Being your vassal, bound to stay your leisure!*
- H.** *I must attend time's leisure with my moan.*
- L.** *Therefore desire, of perfect'st love being made,
Shall neigh—no dull flesh—in his fiery race;*
- H.** *If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,
The other two slight air and purging fire,
The first my thought the other my desire.*

[N.B.—The numerous parallelisms based on the various meanings of 'thought,' viz. (1) *cogitatio*, (2) *cogitatum*, (3) imagination, (4) melancholy, have been omitted from this list because they are so complicated that they could not be properly exhibited without taking up too much space. They have, however, been duly italicised, and are recommended to the reader's attention.]

Minor Parallelisms.— (1) *present-absent*, 47.10, 45.4; (2) *I haste me*, 27; 51.3; 1; (3) *I return*, 28, 1 51.4; (4) *days and nights*, 28 *passim*, 43.13-14; (5) *I watch*, 57.6, 61.13; (6) *do, will*, 57.13-14, 58.11; (7) *where you are*, 57.12, 51.3; and many others.

NOTES

In this series The Minor Poet appears as fugleman for the first (and last) time. Having no original contribution of Shakespeare's to copy from, he (acting possibly under orders) "Shakespearizes" instead, *i.e.*, he borrows extensively from Shakespeare's poems and early plays as Shakespeare himself had done in his two sonnets in the P.P. series. In this he is faithfully followed by the other two competitors, with the result that this single series exhibits a larger number of Shakespearean 'echoes' than can be found in all the rest of the sonnets put together. The Minor Poet borrows from *Venus and Adonis*, *Lucrece*, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Richard II.* and *Henry IV.*; The Lawyer from *Venus and Adonis*, *Lucrece*, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Love's Labour's Lost*, *Henry IV.*, and *Henry V.*; The Humorist from *Lucrece*, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *King John*, *Richard III.*, *Henry IV.* and *Henry V.*

These borrowings have been *underlined* in the text. This convenient device of underlining can be diverted from its old purpose, because in all these five Dramatic series there are to be found two instances, and two instances only, of a parallelism between a passage in one series and a passage in another series *belonging to the Dramatic section*. The reader will therefore please to bear in mind that in this and all the rest of the Dramatic series words and passages have been underlined in the text in order to call attention to Shakespearean 'echoes,' *not*, as in the Personal section to 'outside verbal parallelisms.' He will observe that in some sonnets in this series, *e.g.*, 98, 97, 51, 45, these echoes are so numerous that they give the text the appearance of patchwork pure and simple. The identification and sorting out of these patches is the main object of these Notes.¹

¹ I have not hitherto directly invited the reader's attention to the step-by-step progress of my demonstration of the truth of The Theory. But at this point I cannot refrain from asking him to consider carefully the significance of the fact that this sudden and arbitrary change in the meaning of a very freely-used symbol can be made without the slightest risk of causing confusion.

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The Minor Poet. (Nos. 98, 99, 47, 48, 27, 28, 57).

The change from the 'Personal' to the 'Dramatic' form affects only one of M.P.'s characteristics, *viz.*, *The Flunkey*. The remainder continue in undiminished force, and are all represented in this series—in many cases in an exaggerated degree. *Smooth Versification*, *passim*; *Sound not Sense*, 98.8, 47.4, 28.4; *Slovenly Phrasing*, 98.6, 27.12-13, 28.5-6; *Confused Thought*, 99.2-3 and 11.8; *Forcing the Note*, 99.3-5 and 11-12, 28.9-12.

98.

This sonnet is M.P.'s first original (!) contribution. In design it is a variation on the theme of one of Petrarch's best-known sonnets (42) beginning—

Zefiro torna e'l bel tempo rimena,
E ifiori e l'erbe, sua dolce famiglia,
E garrir Progne e pianger Filomena,
E primavera candida e vermiglia.

Ma per me, lasso, tornano i più gravi
Sospiri . . .

In execution it is an interesting piece of patchwork made up almost entirely of phrases taken from certain passages in (a) Shakespeare's early plays, (b) The Personal Sonnets, and (c) one of Constable's *Diana* sonnets. The mutual relations between these passages are in several cases so interesting, and the passages themselves in *all* cases so well worth quoting for their own sakes, that instead of merely exhibiting the 'echoed' lines, one is tempted to go a bit farther and essay a sort of *réconstitution du vol* by exhibiting also the similarities of thought and language which may be supposed to have linked the passages together in M.P.'s mind, and influenced him in selecting them as his material.

To begin with then, one may assume that The Patron's separation from his Mistress which The Poet was called upon to celebrate in song took place *in the spring*. This circumstance apparently (and very naturally) reminded M.P. of Shakespeare's lovely lines in the P.E. series (No. 102)—

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 burthens every bough,
And sweets grown common lose their dear *delight*,

and his own imitation thereof in the same series (No. 104)—

Three *winters* cold
Have from the forests shook three *summer's* 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.

These last-quoted lines of his own seem to have started M.P. off on two divergent trains of thought: (a) The triumph of spring over winter, and (b) The decay of summer.

To take (a) first. It would seem that the passage that first suggested itself to M.P.'s mind in connection with this 'train' was that most delightfully poetical of dance-invitations, Old Capulet's speech to Paris, in which he promises him—

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Such comfort as do *lusty young men* feel
 When *well-apparel'd April* on the heel
 Of limping *winter* treads, even such *delight*
 Among *fresh* female buds shall you this night
 Inherit at my house.

The Capulet's "lusty young men" rejoicing in the first flush of Nature's springtide and their own seem in their turn to have suggested that splendid picture of youthful vigour and exuberance painted in *Henry IV. I.* :

<i>Hotspur.</i>	Where is his son, The nimble-footed madcap Prince of Wales, And his comrades, that daff'd the world aside, And bid it pass ?
<i>Vernon.</i>	All furnish'd, all in arms, All plum'd like estridges that wing the wind Baited like eagles having lately bath'd, Glittering in golden coats, like images, <i>As full of spirit as the month of May,</i> And gorgeous as the sun at <i>midsummer,</i> <i>Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.</i> I saw young Harry, with his beaver on, His cushes on his thighs, gallantly arm'd, Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury, And vaulted with such ease into his seat, As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds, To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus And witch the world with noble horsemanship.
<i>Hotspur.</i>	No more, no more : worse than the sun in March This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come ; They come like sacrifices <i>in their trim,</i> And to the fire-ey'd maid of smoky war All hot and bleeding will we offer them.

And his "well apparell'd April" appears to have recalled a line from one of Sidney's sonnets :

May then young, his pied weeds showing.

To return now to the other train of thought (b). It would seem that the first lines to suggest themselves in this connection were the well-known ones in Titania's speech to Oberon, (*Midsummer Night's Dream, Act II., sc. 1*) which have the "alteration of the seasons" as their keyword :—

*'The seasons alter : hoary-headed frosts
 Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose,
 And on old Hiems' thin and icy crown
 An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
 Is, as in mockery, set.*

The "crimson rose" in its turn seems to have suggested the lines from Constable's recently published *Diana* sonnet (I-IX) beginning :—

My lady's presence makes *the roses red*
 Because to see her lips they blush for shame.
 The *lily's* leaves for envy *pale became,*

and the general sentiment of this sonnet to have brought to M.P.'s mind the similar conceit in H.'s B.I. Sonnet (No. 53) :—

Describe Adonis, and the *counterfeit*
Is poorly imitated after you ;
Speak of the spring and foison of the year,
 The one doth shadow of your beauty show,
 The other as your bounty doth appear ;
And you in every blessed shape we know.

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which in its turn seems to have been responsible for the slight turn to Constable's conceit given by M.P. in the latter portion of his sonnet.

One can now see how M.P., with these seven passages in his mind—or most probably actually before him in black and white—selected, adapted, and pieced together his material into a rather unusual-looking but still ear-satisfying unity. Barnes' remarkable gift of musical expression rarely fails him, and has certainly served him well here. Practically every line of the sonnet can be accounted for:—

98

References.

From you I have been absent *in the spring*,
When proud-*piet* 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 *lay* of birds, nor the *sweet smell*
Of different *flowers* in odour and in hue,
Could make me any *summer's* story tell,
Or from their proud *lap* pluck them where they grew:

Nor did I wonder at the *lily's white*,
Nor praise the *deep vermilion in the rose*;
They were but *sweet*, but *figures* of delight,
Drawn after you, you *pattern* of all those.
Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,
As with *your shadow* I with these did play.

Our love was new and then but *in the spring*,
Such comfort as do lusty *young men* feel
When *well-apparel'd April* on the heel
May then *young* her *piet weeds* showing.
They come like sacrifices *in their trim*,
As full of *spirit* as the month of *May*,
When I was wont to greet it with my *lays*,
As *Philomel* in *summer's* front doth sing,
An *odorous* chaplet of *sweet summer buds*
Fall in the fresh *lap* of the *crimson rose*,
My lady's presence makes the *roses red*,
The *lily's* leaves for envy *pale* became,
And *sweets* grown common lose their dear *delight*.
Describe Adonis, and the *counterfeit*
Is poorly *imitated after you*,
The one doth *shadow of your* beauty show.

6. Note the un-Shakespearean transposition *metri causa* of "different" and "flowers."

7. An allusion to the title of the play from which the poet was borrowing.

8. Note the senseless alteration of "fresh" to "proud"—apparently to get an alliterative effect with "lap" and "pluck."

11. Malone not unreasonably asked "What more could be expected of flowers?"

99.

This sonnet is a continuation of 98 and forms with it a single continuous poem. It is a straightforward, barefaced plagiarism of Constable's *Diana* Sonnet No. 1, IX., from which M.P. had already started borrowing in the latter half of 98. It is worth while 'parallelizing' the two sonnets for comparison.

The forward *violet* thus did I chide:
Sweet thief, whence didst thou steel *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 *died*.
The *lily* I condemn'd for thy *hand*,
And buds of marjoram had stol'n thy hair;
The *roses* fearfully on thorns did stand,
One *blushing shame*, another white despair;
A third, nor red nor white, had stol'n of both,
And to his robbery had annexed *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.

"My lady's presence makes *the roses* red,
Because to see her lips they *blush for shame*."

The *lily's* leaves for envy *pale* became;
And her *white hands* in them this envy bred.
The Marigold her leaves abroad doth spread;
Because the sun's and her power are the same.
The *violet* of *purple colour* came,
Dyed in the *blood* she made my heart to shed.
In brief. *All flowers* from her *their virtue* take;
From *her sweet breath* their *sweet smells* do proceed;
The living heat which her eyebeams doth make
Warmeth the ground and quickeneth the seed.
The rain, wherewith she watereth the flowers
Falls from mine eyes, which she dissolves in
showers."

The reader will notice that this sonnet has fifteen lines instead of fourteen, the first line being redundant. A fondness for fifteen-line sonnets is a characteristic of Barnes;

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his *Parthenophe* and *Parthenophil* contain no less than eighteen fifteen-liners, *i.e.*, more than 10 per cent. of the whole.

7. Note that the lady was a blonde; the commentators say that the colour of marjoram buds is 'dark auburn.'

8. As DOWDEN remarks " 'To stand on thorns' is an old proverbial phrase." A puerile conceit.

9. How does one blush *white*? It would seem that Constable's conceit about the red rose blushing for shame brought to M.P.'s mind the French sonneteer's line from which it was imitated—

Telle rouge de honte, ou de désespoir pâle,

and he stupidly mistook the meaning of the second " de " and mistranslated accordingly. This must be the reason—it would have been just as easy for him to translate correctly, *e.g.*,

One blushing shame, one white-fac'd with despair ;

11. But see ll. 2 and 3. The lady's breath smells of roses and violets at the same time. M.P. has taken literally the statement in ll. 8-9 of Constable's sonnet about his mistress being responsible for the sweet smells of *all* flowers.

These two examples of the way in which M.P. cheerfully perpetuates absurdities 'on authority' throws an interesting sidelight on his sloppy mentality.

12. Apparently an echo from *Romeo and Juliet*, II. III-30—

Full soon the *canker death eats up* that plant.

47.

This tiresome conceit of the lover's heart fighting, or disputing, or co-operating with his eyes is driven to death by Elizabethan sonnetteers. LEE writes "The war between the eye and the heart is a favourite topic among the Renaissance sonnetteers, the cue being given by their master Petrarch whose sonnet LV. is a dialogue between a poet and his eyes, and sonnet XCIX. is a companion dialogue between the poet and his heart. Ronsard treats the conceit in an ode (Bk. IV. Ode 20). Among English versions contemporary with Shakespeare the most familiar are Watson's *Tears of Fancie* (1593) XIX. and XX., a pair of sonnets closely resembling Shakespeare's sonnets XLVI. and XLVII., Drayton's *Idea* XXIII., Barnes' *Parthenophil* XX., and Constable's *Diana* Decade VI., Sonnet VII." There are several others.

The reader is requested to note for future comparison with the respective imitations of the other two competitors that in this sonnet the Mistress' "picture" is an actual portrait which the Lover carries about with him.

In this sonnet and every succeeding one in M.P.'s contributions (Nos. 48, 27, 28, and 57) the reader will find faint echoes from a passage in *Richard II.*, Act I., sc. iii, where old John of Gaunt bids farewell to his son Bolingbroke, whom the King has just condemned to banishment:—

Gaunt.	Thy <i>grief</i> is but thy <i>absence</i> for a time.
Boling.	Joy <i>absent</i> , <i>grief</i> is <i>present</i> for that time.
Gaunt.	What is six winters? they are quickly gone.
Boling.	To men in joy; but <i>grief</i> makes <i>one hour ten</i> .
Gaunt.	Call it a <i>travel</i> that thou tak'st for pleasure.
Boling.	<i>My heart will sigh</i> when I miscall it so, Which finds it an inforced <i>pilgrimage</i> .
Gaunt.	The sullen passage of thy <i>weary steps</i> Esteem as foil wherein thou art to set The <i>precious jewel</i> of thy <i>home return</i> .

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Boling. Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make
Will but remember me *what a deal of world*
I *wander* from the *jewels* that I love.

In this sonnet the echoes are in lines 4 and 10. This continual harping on this 'banishment' motif lends colour to the hypothesis that the Employer is Southampton, and that his absence from his Mistress was not altogether a voluntary one, but due to the Queen having given him 'leave to travel'—a well-understood euphemism.

48

5. Note the echo from the *Richard II.* passage—

I wander from *the jewels that I love.*

6. M.P.'s "worth" again. "Most worthy comfort" is rather an unusual way of addressing one's lady-love.

The latter part of the sonnet is full of Shakespearean echoes from two lines in *Venus and Adonis* and from what certainly look like their respective echoes in *Lucrece* :—

(1) <i>V. and A.</i>	Into the <i>quiet closure of my breast</i> ;
<i>Lucrece.</i>	She wakes her heart by beating on her <i>breast</i> ,
	Some purer <i>chest</i> to close so pure a mind.
No. 48.	Thee have I not <i>locked up</i> in any <i>chest</i> ,
	Within the <i>gentle closure of my breast</i> ,
(2) <i>V. and A.</i>	<i>Rich preys</i> make true men <i>thieves</i> ,
<i>Lucrece.</i>	Of that <i>rich jewel</i> he should keep unknown
	From <i>thievish</i> ears, because it is his own ?
No. 48.	For <i>truth</i> proves <i>thievish</i> for a <i>prize so dear.</i>

27.

The echoes from the *Richard II.* passage are in ll. 1, 2, and 6.

5. "When body's work," "my" left out *metri causa*. This slovenly dropping of inconvenient but necessary small words is characteristic of M.P.

11-12. An echo from *Romeo and Juliet* I., V. 48—

It seems she *hangs* upon the *cheek of night*,
Like a rich *jewel* in an Ethiop's ear.

13-14. POOLER excuses this slovenly couplet by explaining "By a sort of chiasmus *thee* and *myself* have changed places." But even so, to say that a man's limbs are tired *because of himself* is quaint, to say the least of it.

28.

The echoes from the *Richard II.* passage are in ll. 1 and 8.

5-6. The bad grammar of these two lines is apparently due to M.P.'s determination to get his alliterative effect at all costs—

And each though enemies to eithers reign.

7-8. POOLER notes "To *complain*, i.e. by complaining, i.q. by causing me to complain." But even this far-fetched explanation fails to explain the second line: what M.P. *wanted* to say was apparently "the other by reminding me that the further I pursue my toilsome journey, the further I remove myself from thee, thereby making me complain."

57.

The echo from the *Richard II.* passage is in lines 5-6.

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7-9. An echo from H.'s sonnet No. 39 in the M.P. series—

O *absence* what a torment thou wou'dst prove,
Were it not thy *sour* leisure gave sweet leave
To entertain the time with *thoughts* of love.

13-14. "will" is printed *Will* in the Quarto. Cf. *Pass. Pil.* X. 8, and Notes on the Will series *infra*.

The Lawyer. (Nos. 97, 75, 46, 50, 51, 61, 58)

The change from Personal to Dramatic of course cuts out two of L.'s characteristics, *viz.*, *The Candid Friend*, and *The Old Dog*. The remaining four however are well exemplified, *viz.*, *Pedestrian Style*, 46.11-14, 61-9; *The Attorney*, 46 *passim*, 58.9-12; *The Accountant*, 58-3; *Clumsy Humour*, 75-2, 51.13-14, 61.12-13.

The way L. sets about getting into his contribution its proper quota of Shakespearean echoes is rather amusing and very characteristic. As we have seen, M.P. after concentrating a large number of echoes in his initial sonnet (no doubt with the object of calling attention to a special feature introduced for the first time) spreads the rest more or less evenly over the remaining six; taking care in all cases to harmonize them with their surroundings. L. now in *his* initial sonnet 'sees' most of M.P.'s echoes and goes several better, with a most ludicrous effect; and then keeps the rest of his contribution entirely free of echoes with the exception of one sonnet (No. 51). It would seem that "The Old Dog" was rather bored with this new trick he had to learn, but was willing to perform it in a thorough and business-like fashion *twice*, in order to get it over, and show that he could do it when he chose as well as the youngest of them.

97.

The first thing that strikes one about this sonnet is that in construction, in sentiment, and in phrasing it follows its model M.P.'s No. 98 with extraordinary accuracy. Most of these similarities between the two sonnets have been noted under the head "Verbal Parallelisms" above, but for the sake of completeness they may be reproduced here:—

98.

From you have I *been absent* in the spring,
Yet nor the *lay of birds*, nor the sweet smell
Could make me any *summer's* story tell,
Yet seem'd it *winter* still, and *you away*,

97.

How like a *winter* hath my *absence* been
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!
And yet this time remov'd was *summer's* time;
Yet this abundant issue *seem'd* to me
And thou away, the very *birds* are mute;

But when one looks more closely into the two sonnets a still more striking bond of similarity becomes apparent. If the reader will kindly turn back to the notes on M.P.'s No. 97 he will see that the three chief passages laid under contribution for echoes are (a) Shakespeare's P.E. sonnet No. 102, 5-12, (b) Titania's speech in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act II., Sc. 1, and (c) Constable's *Diana* sonnet No. I., IX. Now in this sonnet, as will now be shown, L. also has three main sources from which he draws his echoes, and these three sources are (a) *the same* sonnet of Shakespeare's, (b) *the same* speech of Titania's, and (c) *the same* sonnet of Constable's! But he wears his rue with a difference; his general plan in every case is to avoid thoughts and phrases already 'conveyed' by M.P.; and to seek his harvest in portions of the field left unvisited by his predecessor. Let us investigate this remarkable *tour de force*, taking the three passages in order.

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(a) *Shakespeare's sonnet No. 102.* From the eight lines quoted in the notes to 98 he takes three thoughts (unappropriated by M.P.), viz., (1) the change of spring and early summer to late summer and autumn, (2) the stopping of the song of birds, and (3) the pleasures of summer :

102

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

97

The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,
For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,
And, thou away, the very birds are mute.

But there is still another echo also strictly 'according to plan.' The reader will notice that the passage quoted under No. 98 ends at line 12, the final couplet having been omitted from the quotation as irrelevant. Let it be added now :

Therefore, like her, I sometimes hold my tongue
Because I would not dull you with my song,

and we get the echo—

Or if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer.

(b) *Titania's speech.* In the notes to 98, five lines only have been quoted (107-111) of which M.P. has appropriated three, viz., 108, 110 and 111. L. now, 'according to plan' neatly appropriates the remaining two, viz., 107 and 109.

Titania.

The seasons alter ; hoary-headed frosts
And on old *Hiems'* thin and icy crown

97

What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen,
What old *December's* bareness everywhere.

[N.B.—In the last-quoted passage L. has also contrived to bring in his own astonishingly good line in his No. 5 in the M.A. series :

Beauty o'er snow'd, and bareness every where.]

But *Titania's* speech goes on directly :

. . . the spring, the summer,
The chiding autumn, angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries, and the mazed world,
By their increase, now known not which is which,
And *this same progeny* . . .

and then, after a few lines of altercation with Oberon, she goes on to recall her friendship with the "little changeling boy" 's mother :

When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive
And grow big-bellied with the wanton wind ;
Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait
Following—her womb then rich with my young squire

thus giving us the echoes—

The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,
Bearing the wanton burthen of the prime,
Like widowed wombs after their lords' decease :
Yet *this abundant issue* seem'd to me.

(c) *Constable's sonnet.* In the notes under 99 this sonnet has been quoted in full. The reader will remember that in that sonnet (99) M.P. had exploited it for echoes

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pretty exhaustively. However there *are* gleanings which L. now makes the most of. M.P. has made a partial use of lines 2 and 3 in order to praise the lily-white hands of his ladye-love :

Const. *The lily's leaves for envy pale became,
And her white hands in them this envy bred.*
M.P. *The lily I condemned for thy hand.*

L. now takes the rest of it :

That leaves look pale dreading the winter's near.

But the most characteristic echo is taken from the last four lines of Constable's sonnet which M.P. had left entirely untouched and therefore lawful prize for L. :

*The living heat which her eyebeams doth make
Warmeth the ground, and quickened the seed,
The rain, wherewith she watereth the flowers
Falls from mine eyes, which she dissolves in showers.*

The showers watering the ground in the pleasant summer season brought to L.'s mind the culinary conceit in Lucrece (line 796) :

Seasoning the earth with showers of silver brine,

and gave him an opportunity of perpetrating a wretched pun on the seasoning of food and the season of the year in the first two lines of 75 (which is a continuation of 97) :

*So are you to my thoughts as food to life,
Or as sweet-seasoned showers are to the ground.¹*

But there is yet another, and entirely fresh source of echoes from which L. draws in this sonnet. It is a 'double-headed' spring so to speak, and presents a perplexing problem to the Shakespearean scholar. The two passages are :

- (1) The sparring between Navarre and Berowne in Act I., Sc. i., of *Love's Labour's Lost*, and
- (2) Tarquin's remarks when he pricks his finger with Lucrece's needle (*Lucrece*, lines 330-4).

L.L.L.

Berowne is like an envious *sneaping frost*
That bites the first-born infants of *the spring*.
Well, say I am ; why should proud summer boast
Before *the birds* have any *cause to sing* ?

Lucrece

" So, so," quoth he, " these lets attend the time,
Like little *frosts* that sometimes threat *the spring*,
To add a more rejoicing to the prime
And give the *sneaped birds* more *cause to sing*."

That one of these Shakespearean passages plagiarizes the other is obvious to the most cursory reader. So, too, the intimate connection in thought and phraseology between these two passages and the sonnet under discussion has only to be pointed out to be instantly recognised.

With all these passages plus M.P.'s 'copy' sonnet (No. 98) before us we can account fully for every line in this sonnet :—

¹Cf. *A Lover's Complaint*, 17-18 :

*Laundryng the silken figures in the brine
That seasoned woe had pelleted in tears.*

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97

References.

How like a winter has my absence been
From you, the pleasures of the fleeting year !

What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen !
What old December's bareness everywhere !
And yet this time remov'd was summer's time ;
The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,

Bearing the wanton burthen of the prime,

Like widowed wombs after their lord's decease :
Yet this abundant issue seemed to me
But hope of orphans and unfathered fruit ;
For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,
And, thou away, the very birds are mute.

Or, if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer
That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near.
So are you to my thoughts as food to life,
Or as sweet-seasoned showers are to the ground.

From you I have been absent in the spring,
Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,
Not that the summer is less pleasant now
The seasons alter ; hoary-headed frosts
And on Old Hiems' thin and icy crown
Beauty o'ersnowed, and bareness every where.
The childing autumn, angry winter, change
By their increase now knows not which is which
That bites the first-born infants of the spring,
And grow big-bellied with the wanton wind ;
Her womb then rich with my young squire,
And this same progeny of evil comes
Why should I joy in any abortive birth
Not that the summer is less pleasant now
Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,
And stops her pipe in growth of riper days.
Before the birds have any cause to sing.
Therefore like her I sometimes hold my tongue
Because I would not dull you with my song.
The lily's leaves for envy pale became,
Seasoning the earth with showers of silver brine,
Warmeth the ground and quickeneth the seed.

Now it would be unreasonable to expect anybody to construct an elaborate mosaic like this from fragments of disconnected metaphors and tropes, and still keep his imagery consistent and his logical thread unbroken throughout ; and L. comes to bad grief at least twice, viz. :—

(a) 10. *Puzzle*—Find the parents. POOLER says : “ A hendiadys ; the imagery seems blurred beyond recognition or recovery. Autumn may be understood as the earth in autumn and is evidently the mother, but who is the father ? Possibly, the prime = spring. Summer and autumn are indistinguishable. ‘ Yet ’ must repeat the ‘ yet ’ of l. 5, for to say a mother is a widow yet her child is an orphan is absurd.” BEECHING explains : “ It was the *early* autumn, and so the crops and fruits could as yet only be spoken of as a ‘ hope.’ They would be orphans, because in the friend's absence summer seemed dead.” The reader will note that POOLER says that “ summer and autumn are indistinguishable,” and that BEECHING implies the same about summer, *early* autumn, and—“ the prime ” ! This is as near to calling the passage nonsense as the Great Shakespeare Taboo will allow orthodox commentators to go.

(b) 11-14. Here the matter-of-fact L. takes M.P.'s subjective “ Yet seem'd it winter still ” which governs the fanciful imagery about birds and flowers in 98 and 99, and transforms it into a series of objective statements, each more absurd than the other, about the actual changes in natural phenomena produced by his Mistress's absence. The feathered warblers of the grove actually do alter their summer song, or shut up shop altogether ; observing their unusual behaviour the summer foliage actually does proceed to change colour as though at the approach of autumn ; but instead of changing to mere ordinary brown, yellow, or red it actually turns *pale* to show how frightened it is !

The commentators follow the birds' example, and leave these lines severely alone.

75.

3-4. POOLER explains “ the peace of you ” as “ the peace that comes to me from your friendship ” and “ strife 'twixt a miser and his wealth ” as “ a struggle . . . between pride of possession and fear of loss.” Quite right no doubt, but the lines are a most clumsy and uncouth attempt to say so.

10. An unusually close imitation of ‘ the copy ’—M.P.'s 47.3.

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46.

A legal variant¹ of M.P.'s No. 47—suggested by Constable's *Diana* sonnet beginning—

My heart mine eye accuseth of his death,
Saying his wanton sight bred his unrest :
Mine eye affirms my heart's unconstant faith
Hath been his bane, and all his joys repress.

As we have seen, in 47, the only 'picture' of the Mistress was an actual portrait. Here we have in addition to the actual portrait which belongs to the eye a mental representation of her which belongs to the heart. This was apparently suggested by Constable's *Diana* sonnet No. 5—

Thine eye the glass where I behold my heart,
Mine eye the window through the which mine eye
May see my heart, and there myself espy.
In bloody colours how thou painted art.

This passage together with the line from M.P.'s 48—

Within the gentle closure of thy breast,

accounts for the cryptic line 6—

A closet never pierced with crystal eyes,

concerning which POOLER says, "This gives a reason for refusal; the heart is not open to inspection."

9. "cide." The Quarto has 'side.' We surely ought to read "'size," i.e., 'assize' (cf. in the next line 'quest' for 'inquest.')

11-14. The reader's particular attention is called to the extraordinarily clumsy and inartistic effect produced by using the rhymes 'heart' and 'part' twice in five successive lines. No contributor except The Lawyer could have done it.

50.

The first three lines are a combination of the first line of M.P.'s 48 with the first three lines of his 27.

9-12. Every English lover of the horse will be glad to know that our great national poet did *not* write these brutally callous lines.

51.

This is the second of L.'s two 'patch-work' sonnets in which he doggedly determines to shew what he *can* do in the way of piecing together Shakespearean echoes. It is quite as intricate as its predecessor (97). The basic idea of the sonnet is to develop the thought of a "return in happy plight."

The Lover is to return, as he went, on horseback, and L. ransacks his memory—or his library—for passages in Shakespeare referring to horses. The first passage that, apparently, occurred to him was the episode of Adonis' runaway nag in *V. and A.* This gave him :—

Let me *excuse thy courser*, gentle boy,
His eye, which scornfully glistens *like fire*,
Shows his hot courage and his high *desire*.
. the high *wind* sings
Fanning his hairs who wave like feather'd *wings*.

¹ Lord Campbell, a former Lord Chief Justice, commenting on Shakespeare's knowledge of law, said of this sonnet: "I need go no further than this sonnet, which is so intensely legal in language and imagery that without a considerable knowledge of English forensic procedure, it cannot be fully understood."

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Then the two gallops in *Lucrece*, namely, (a) Tarquin riding post from Ardea to Collatium, and (b) Lucrece's groom riding post from Collatium to Ardea. These gave him:—

- (a) From the besieged Ardea all in *post*,
Borne by the trustless *wings* of false *desire*,
 Lust-breathed Tarquin leaves the Roman host,
 And to Collatium bears the lightless *fire*
 Which, in pale embers hid, lurks to *aspire*,
- (b) The *post* attends, and she delivers it,
 Charging her sour-fac'd groom to hie as fast
 As lagging *fowls* before the Northern *blast*.
Speed more than *speed* but *dull* and *slow* she deems:
Extremity still urges such extremes.

Then the 'horsy' passage in *Henry V.* (Act III., Sc. vii.) where the Dauphin bores his friends with his praises of his matchless steed:—

"I will not change my horse with any that treads but on four pasterns. *Ca, ha!* He bounds from the earth as if his entrails were hairs: *le cheval volant*, the Pegasus *qui a les narines de feu!* When I bestride him *I soar*, I am a hawk; he trots the air . . . he is *pure air and fire*; and the *dull* elements of earth and water never appear in him but only in patient stillness while his rider mounts him; he is indeed a horse; and all other *jades* you may call *beasts* . . . *his neigh* is like the bidding of a monarch."

These four passages provide the framework of the sonnet, but there are several other echoes more or less suggested by "catchwords" in them and in M.P.'s 'copy' sonnets, *viz.*:

- (1) Line 3 is a combination of the *language* (not the *thought*) of M.P.'s 27.1 and his 57.12.
- (2) Line 5 is a reminiscence (through the 'excuse' of the *V. and A.* passage) of the line in *Lucrece*:

O! *what excuse* can my invention *make?*

- (3) Line 7 is a reminiscence (through the 'riding post' and 'wings of the wind' of the *Lucrece* passages) of Rumour's line in the Introduction to the second part of *Henry IV.*:

Making *the wind* my *post-horse* . . .

- (4) Line 9 is a reminiscence (through the combination of the thoughts of 'desire' and 'fast travelling') of Hermia's line in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

My legs can keep no *pace* with my *desires*.

- (5) Line 10 is a reminiscence (suggested by the "lightless fire" and "aspire" of the (a) passage in *Lucrece*) of the lines in *V. and A.*:

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

The echoes are too scattered and mixed up to allow of anything in the nature of a *réconstitution du vol*, and it is rather difficult to parallelize them as was done in the case of M.P.'s 98 and L.'s 97. However, the reader may possibly find the subjoined attempt of some assistance.

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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* can my poor *beast* then find,
When swift *extremity* can seem *but slow* ?

Then should I spur though *mounted on the wind*,
In *winged speed* no motion shall I know :

Then *can no horse* with my *desire* keep *pace* ;
Therefore *desire*, of *perfect'st* love being made,

Shall *neigh*—no *dull* flesh—in his *fiery* race ;

But *love*, for love, shall thus *excuse* my *jade*.

Let me *excuse* thy courser, gentle boy,
Speed more than *speed* but *dull* and *slow* she deems ;
Borne by the trustless *wings* of false *desire*,
Weary with toil I *haste me* to my bed,
Save, *where you are*, how happy you make those.
How can I *then return* in happy plight,
O, *what excuse* can my invention make ?
Extremity still urges such extremes.
Speed more than *speed* but *dull* and *slow* she deems :
Making the wind my *post-horse* . . .
. . . The high *wind* sings
Fanning his hairs which wave like feather'd *wings*.
When I *bestride him* I soar, I am a hawk ;
My legs *can keep no pace* with my *desires*.
Love is a spirit all *compact of fire*,
He is pure air and *fire* ; and the *dull* elements
Of earth and water *never appear in him*.
His *neigh* is the bidding of a monarch.
Let me *excuse* thy courser, gentle boy,
And all other *jades* you may call *beasts*.

The final couplet appears to be more or less original. It enshrines a characteristic pun on the two meanings of 'go,' viz., 'depart' and 'walk.'

The commentators gallantly do their best to interpret this extraordinary hotch-potch as though it were an ordinary, straightforwardly-written sonnet ; but one can see that they are uneasily aware that there is something wrong.

61.

This sonnet is a *cento* of thoughts and phrases from M.P.'s last three sonnets in this series.

7. POOLER explains that "shames and idle hours" is a hendiadys, the meaning being 'to see how badly I spend my spare time.' If so, it is very clumsily expressed.

9. A 'pedestrian' line.

12-14. A humorously-intended variant of M.P.'s 57.1-6.

58.

This sonnet is a paraphrase in the technical phraseology of law and accountancy of M.P.'s 57.

6. An extremely clumsy and obscure line, the meaning of which is, apparently, "suffer your absence, which though it represents liberty to you, means imprisonment to me" (BEECHING). Probably the secondary meaning of liberty, i.e., licentiousness, is partly responsible for the complication of thought.

The Humorist. (Nos. 113, 114, 24, 52, 43, 44, 45.)

The change from Personal to Dramatic cuts out two of The Humorist's most characteristic 'characteristics,' viz., *Personal Allusion* and *The Polite Shirker*. The remaining four are all exemplified, some in an exaggerated form—*Subtle Humour* in particular. H. not only parodies the words and phrases of his fellow-competitors in the ordinary way, but uses his Shakespearean echoes in a spirit of burlesque : M.P. has used his echoes throughout in good faith to provide material for and give point to his contribution ; L. has used them in two sonnets only, piecing them together into an extraordinary patchwork in order to show how he *can* do it ; but H. uses them to emphasize his ridicule, and make his extravagances still more extravagant. *Compressed*

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Thought, 24, 43, 44, 45, *passim*; *Deliberate Dissonance*, 113.9, 24.4, 45.8; *Super-Concettist*, 113.5-12, 24 *passim*, 52.9, 43.5-6 and 13.14, 44.10-14, 45.5-8.

113-114.

In these two initial sonnets (which form one continuous poem) the main *motif* is the same as that employed by his two predecessors in theirs, *viz.*, the effect produced by the Mistress's absence on the Lover's visual observation of the phenomena of Nature, but H., as the reader will see for himself, gives the idea a characteristically ingenious and extravagant turn. He follows his predecessors, too, in introducing a large number of Shakespearean echoes, spreading them however more or less evenly over the two sonnets instead of concentrating them in one like M.P. in 98 and L. in 97. It will be rather interesting to try to follow up the lines of H.'s thought in selecting and arranging these echoes.

First then the 'absence and eye-deception' formula seems to have suggested the tricks played with Lysander's eyes which made him leave Hermia, and brought to H.'s mind Hermia's speech in Act III., Sc. ii. :—

Dark night that from *the eye his function takes*,
The ear more quick of apprehension makes.
Wherein it *doth impair the seeing sense* .
But why unkindly didst *thou leave me so* ?

and the cognate passage in the next Act (Act IV., Sc. i.) :—

Methinks I see these things with *parted eye*
When every thing *seems double* . . .

These two passages seem to have suggested Olivia's lines in *Twelfth Night*, Act I., Sc. v. :—

I do I know not what, and *fear to find*
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.

And this in turn to have suggested (naturally enough) the lines in Henry V.'s soliloquy on the disadvantages of being a king (*Henry V.*, Act IV., Sc. i.) :—

. . . Than they in *fearing*,
What *drinkest thou* oft, instead of homage sweet,
But *poison'd flattery*, O! be sick, *great greatness.*

This drinking of a poisoned cup by a king almost inevitably brought to mind the King's death-bed scene in the last act of *King John* :—

Hub. *The King*, I fear, is *poison'd* by a monk.
Ba. How did he take it? who *did taste to him* ?

And then a few lines further on in the same scene his eye was caught by Salisbury's lines to Prince Henry :—

Be of good comfort, prince; for you are born
To set a *form* upon that *indigest*,
Which he hath left so *shapeless* and so *rude.*

which seem to have struck him as being capable of being worked into "the pattern-drawing" conceit of M.P.'s 98 and 99.

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Finally the 'indigest,' 'shapeless,' and 'rude' of this last-quoted passage would inevitably suggest the passages in which Richard Crookback's kinsfolk and he himself refer to his unprepossessing appearance :—

Clifford. Hence, heap of wrath, foul *indigested* lump,
As crooked in thy manners as thy *shape*.
K. Hen. To wit an *indigest deformed* lump.
Glo. But I that am not *shap'd* for sportive tricks,
I, that am *rudely* stamp'd and want love's majesty,
Cheated of *feature* by dissembling nature,
Deform'd, unfinished, sent before my time.

The echoes from these eight passages can be best exhibited by parallelizing them in the usual way. It will not be necessary to quote the two sonnets entire, as the fifteen lines containing the echoes can, except for one slight displacement, be given in their proper order :—

113-114

Since *I left you* mine eye is in my mind,
And that which governs me to go about
Doth *part his function* and is *partly blind*,
Seems seeing, but effectually *is out* ,

For it no *form* delivers to the heart
For if it see the *rud'st* or gentlest sight,
The most sweet favour or *deformed'st* creature,
The crow or dove, it *shapes* them to your *feature* :
To make of monsters and things *indigest*
Or whether doth *my mind*, being crown'd with you,
Drink up the monarch's plague, this *flattery* ?
O, 'tis the first ; 'tis *flattery* in my seeing,
And *my great mind* most *kingly drinks it* up
If it be *poison'd*, 'tis the lesser sin
That *mine eye* loves it and *doth first begin*.

References

But why unkindly didst *thou leave me* so ?
Dark night that from *the eye his function* takes,
Wherein it doth *impair the seeing sense*
Methinks I *see* these things with *parted eye*
When everything *seems* double.
To set a *form* upon that *indigest*,
Which he hath left so *shapeless* and so *rude*.
But I that am not *shap'd* for amorous tricks,
I that am *rudely* stamp'd and want love's majesty,
Cheated of *feature* by dissembling nature,
Deformed, unfinished . . .
What *drink'st* thou off, instead of homage sweet,
But *poison'd flattery*, O ! be sick *great greatness*.
Mine eye too *great a flatterer* for *my mind*.
The King I fear, *is poison'd* by a monk.
How did he take it ? Who *did taste to him* ?

24.

This sonnet is commended to the reader's closest attention. It is an encyclopædic parody, not only of his two fellow-competitors' Heart and Eye sonnets but also of many other previous effusions in which French and English sonnetters have harped remorselessly on the same unexhilarating theme. A good many echoes from these sources have been quoted in the Notes to Nos. 47 and 46. Here are some more :—

Il ne fallait, madame, autres *tablettes*
Pour vous *graver* que celles *de mon âme* (Ronsard)
My mistress seeing her fair *counter eit*
So sweetly *framed* in her bleeding *breast*, (Watson)
I figured in the *table of my heart*
The goodliest *shape* that the world's eye admires (Daniel)

No doubt there are plenty of others.

Three points may be noted :—

(a). The lady's " picture ", which in M.P.'s 47 was an actual portrait, and in L.'s 46 had provided itself with a mental replica, is in H.'s sonnet a mental image *only*.

(b). L.'s incredibly clumsy duplicate rhyming of " heart " and " part " in 46.10-14 is neatly and unobtrusively parodied in the duplicate rhymes of " heart " and " art " in this sonnet.

(c). The absurd " peeping sun " of 11-12 is a Shakespearean echo introduced (as usual with H. in this series) " to emphasize his ridicule, and make his extravagances more extravagant." It is taken from *Lucrece* (1088-90)—

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O eye of eye,
Why pry'st thou through *my window*? Leave thy *peeping*.

The commentators' loyal attempts to make some kind of sense out of this jumbled mass of echoes are rather pathetic. Take for instance POOLER's note on line 7. ". . . the imagery is here changed; in l. 4 Shakespeare's eye is the brush, his heart the canvas, his body the frame, of his friend's picture. The second quatrain, 5-8, is connected with the first by the punning explanation of 'perspective'; but by a turn of this strange kaleidoscope, the body ceases to be the frame, for a part of it, viz., the bosom, has become a shop or studio in which the picture hangs. The windows of this shop are the friend's eye looking in. The sun also can see the picture, presumably by gazing through the back of the friend's head. We can hardly take 'thine eyes' (l. 8) to mean the picture's eyes, though 'thee' (l. 12) means the picture, for in that case the sun would have to see the picture by peeping through the picture's eyes."

A 'real nightmare' sonnet, like his 124 in the P.R. series.

52.

In this, as in the previous sonnet, H. uses his Shakespearean echoes to heighten the tone of burlesque in which he treats his fellow-contributors' "feast" and "treasure-chest" motifs. The first echo is from *I. Henry IV.*, Act III., Sc. ii.

*Thus did I keep my person fresh and new,
My presence like a robe pontifical
Ne'er seen but wonder'd at; and so my state,
Seldom but sumptuous, showed like a east,
And won by rareness such solemnity.*

The second which accounts for the cryptic line—

So is the time that keeps you as my chest,

is a complicated affair involving three separate passages, viz., (1) L.'s sonnet No. 65 in the B.I. series; (2) M.P.'s 'copy' sonnet No. 48 in this series; and (3) *Lucrece*, l. 761.

No. 65. Shall *Time's* best jewel from *Time's chest* lie hid?
No. 48. But thou to whom my jewels trifles are,
Thee have I not locked up in any chest,
Within the gentle closure of my breast.
Lucrece. Some purer chest to close so pure a mind.

N.E.—The "wardrobe" of line 10 is a reminiscence of the "closet" of L.'s 46.6, which again derives from the "closure" of M.P.'s 48.11. This punning on the two meanings of "chest," which seems so feeble to us, was obviously considered humorous by the Elizabethans.

Note in ll. 7 and 13 H.'s ridicule of M.P.'s fondness for "worth", the phrase specially glanced at being M.P.'s rather grotesque description of his Mistress as his "most worthy comfort" (48.6).

43.

In this "super-conceited" sonnet H. parodies the language of M.P.'s 27 and L.'s 61, but the key to its construction is the burlesquing of M.P.'s fancy for doubling a word in the same line as exhibited in his 28. Compare the two sonnets:

28

But *day* by *night*, and *night* by *day* oppressed?
But *day* doth *daily* draw my sorrows longer,
And *night* doth *nightly* make griefs strength seem
stronger.

43.

And, *darkly bright*, are *bright* in *dark* directed.
And thou, whose *shadow shadows* doth make *bright*,
How would thy *shadows' form form* happy show
All *days* are *nights* to see till I see thee,
And *nights* bright *days* when dreams do show thee
me.

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The Shakespearean echoes in this sonnet are taken from Valentine's soliloquy in *Two Gent. of Verona*, Act III., Sc. i, just after the Duke has sentenced him to *banishment* for daring to make love to his daughter :—

. . . banish'd from her
Is self from self—a deadly banishment !
What light is light, if Silvia be not seen ?
What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by ?
Unless it be to think that she is by
And feed upon *the shadow of perfection*.
Except I be by Silvia *in the night*,
There is no music in the nightingale ;
Unless *I look on Silvia in the day*,
There is no day for me to look upon.

Cf. with this passage the sentiment and language of the last six lines of this sonnet, especially :

By *looking on thee in the living day*,
When *in dead night* thy *fair imperfect shade*
All days are nights to see till I see thee.

The passage was no doubt brought to H.'s mind by the very similar 'banishment' passage in *Richard II.* drawn upon so freely by M.P. in the last five sonnets of his contribution to this series (v. Notes on Nos. 47, 48, 27, 28 and 57).

44.

The Shakespearean echoes in this sonnet are rather interesting. In the first line H. gets "the *dull* substance of my *flesh*" from L.'s remarkable steed Desire in No. 51, "no *dull flesh* in his fiery race." This line apparently recalled its original—the passage in *Henry V.* in which the Dauphin brags about his charger (quoted at length in the Notes to that sonnet) "he is pure *air* and *fire* ; and the *dull elements of earth and water* never appear in him." This passage accounts for line 11,

But that so much of *earth and water* wrought,

also for the "elements" of line 13, and the "air" and "fire" of the first line of the next sonnet (No. 45). Also this 'horsy' conversation between the Dauphin and his friends apparently recalled the line in the 'Induction' to the play, in which Chorus tells the audience :

Think when we talk of horses that you see them,

and goes on to remark :

For 'tis *your thoughts* that now must deck our kings,
Carrying them here and there, *jumping o'er* times.

Another converging line of recollection comes from the 'measuring of miles' by L.'s maltreated "dull bearer" in No. 50. These measured miles separating him from his love appear to have recalled the Bastard's speech in *King John*, Act I., Sc. i. :

. . . *Large lengths of sea and shore*
Between my father and my mother lay.

At any rate, the two last-quoted passages are, between them, clearly responsible for the two lines :

For nimble *thought* can *jump* both *sea and land*
To *leap large lengths of miles* when thou art gone,

45.

The Shakespearean echoes in this sonnet though just as unmistakable as in the others

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are not so much 'on the surface'; and besides, they are mixed up rather more than usual with parodies of the thoughts and phrases occurring in the sonnets of his two fellow-competitors in this series.

They are drawn from three sources:

(1) The 'horse and four elements' prose passage in *Henry V.* (already quoted at length in the case of M.P.'s 51). This may be regarded as an 'over-flow' from the preceding sonnet.

(2) Valentine's sonnet to Silvia in *Two Gent. of Verona*, Act III., Sc. i., which begins—

*My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly,
And slaves they are to me that send them flying,*

and goes on—

My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them.

H.'s selection of this passage seems to have been determined by the two circumstances that Valentine's sonnet is separated by only a single short speech from the 'banishment' passage from which he got the echoes for his No. 43 (v. Notes above), and that its first two lines fitted in excellently with the final sonnets of his two fellow-competitors, both of whom had used 'thoughts' and 'slave' as their main *motifs*.

(3) The despatch and return of the post in *Lucrece* (1359 et. seq.):

*But long she thinks till he returns again,
But yet the duteous vassal scarce is gone
But now the mindful messenger come back.*

These lines would appear to have been suggested to him (a) by L.'s use of the same passage for his 'posting' conceit in No. 51, and (b) by the "vassal" of L.'s 58.4 (which again connects with the "slaves" and "servants" of Valentine's sonnet).

As noted above, H. has mixed up with these echoes a good many parodies of phrases and thoughts occurring in his fellow-competitors' sonnets in this series, viz.:

- 47. Thyself away art present still with me ;
For thou not farther than my thoughts canst move,
And I am still with them, and they with thee ;
- 27. For then my thoughts, from far where I abide,
Intend a¹ zealous pilgrimage to thee.
- 51. Then can no horse with my desire keep pace ;
In winged speed no motion shall I know :
- 57. And like a sad slave stay and think of nought.

With these passages before us the nine lines in which the echoes occur can be exhibited in a parallelism in the usual way:—

No. 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,
By those swift messengers return'd from thee,
Who even now come back again, assured

I send them back again, and straight grow sad.

References

He is pure air and fire . . .
For then my thoughts from far where I abide,
And I am still with them, and they with thee ;
My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly,
Then can no horse with my desire keep pace
In winged speed no motion shall I know ;
Thyself away art present still with me ;
The dull elements of earth and water never appear
And yet the duteous vassal scarce is gone,
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them ;
But now the mindful messenger come back,
But long she thinks ere he return again,
And slaves they are to me that send them flying :
And like a sad slave stay and think of nought.

¹ This neat little pun on "in tender" and "intend a" was probably introduced to shew L. that he could beat him at his own game.

THE FIVE AUTHORS OF SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS

One point in connection with the 'Shakespearizing' sonnets of this series must have forced itself on the reader's notice, namely, that the people who worked out the echoes taken from the *plays* (the *poems* of course had been public property for years) must have had copies of the plays in question before them when they were writing; the imitations are much too elaborate and recondite to be merely adaptations of chance lines and phrases caught by the ear at the theatre. Now if The Theory is correct in assuming that this series was written at latest in 1599, and possibly at the time of Southampton's departure from England in 1597, it follows that in many cases *printed* copies of the echoed plays could not have been available to the competitors. *Richard II.*, *Richard III.*, and *Romeo and Juliet* were first published in 1597, *Love's Labour's Lost* and *I. Henry IV.* in 1598, but *Henry V.* and *Midsummer Night's Dream* were not published till 1600. Moreover, two of the echoed plays, *Two Gentlemen of Verona* and *King John*, were never published *at all* until they appeared in the First Folio of 1623. The inference is that before the end of the century *written* copies of Shakespeare's plays were, like his sonnets, being freely circulated "among his private friends." It would seem that the importance of such MS. copies as possible sources of the various texts has been rather underrated by the experts. One receives the impression that they regard the *quarto* texts at any rate as of almost exclusively *theatrical* origin—taken from stage managers' and prompters' 'acting' versions, actors' transcripts of their parts, shorthand notes taken during performances, and so forth.

SERIES No. 10.—Estrangement Anticipated.

In this series Shakespeare reappears as 'copy'-setter. The Minor Poet and The Humorist have disappeared (the former for good), and a new competitor makes his bow in the person of The Newcomer, who may probably be identified with Samuel Daniel, the author of the *Delia* collection of sonnets. The Lawyer completes the trio. The addressee is probably the lady of the Absence series, the tone of respectful homage being very much the same in both series.

The Theme. The Lover sorrowfully anticipates the loss of his Mistress's affection.

THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

The first part of the history of the United States is the period from the discovery of the continent by Christopher Columbus in 1492 to the establishment of the first permanent settlements. This period is characterized by the gradual migration of European settlers to the eastern coast of North America. The second part of the history is the period from the establishment of the first permanent settlements to the American Revolution in 1776. This period is characterized by the growth of the colonies and the struggle for independence from Great Britain. The third part of the history is the period from the American Revolution to the present. This period is characterized by the development of the United States as a major world power.

The American Revolution was a significant event in the history of the United States. It was a struggle for independence from Great Britain, which resulted in the establishment of the United States as a sovereign nation. The Revolution was fought from 1775 to 1783 and was a major turning point in the history of the United States. The United States emerged from the Revolution as a new nation, free from British rule. The Revolution was a major event in the history of the United States and it has shaped the course of the nation's development ever since.

The United States has a long and rich history. It is a nation of immigrants and it has been shaped by the contributions of many different peoples. The United States is a nation of freedom and it has been a leader in the world for many years. The United States is a nation of opportunity and it has been a source of inspiration for many people around the world.

SHAKESPEARE

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.
 With mine own weakness being best acquainted,
 Upon thy part I can set down a story
 Of faults conceal'd, wherein I am attainted ;
 That thou in losing me shalt win much glory ;
 And I by this will be a gainer too ;
 For bending all my loving thoughts on thee,
 The injuries that to myself I do,
 Doing thee vantage, double-vantage me.
 Such is my love, to thee I so belong,
 That for thy right myself will bear all wrong. }

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 beloved name no more shall dwell,
 Lest I, too much profane, should do it wrong,
 And haply of our old acquaintance tell.
 For thee, against myself I'll vow debate,
 For I must ne'er love him whom thou dost hate.

90

Then *hate me* when thou wilt ; if ever, *now* ;
 Now, while the world is bent my deeds to cross,
 Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,
 And do not drop in for an after-loss :
 Ah, do not, when my heart hath '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.

THE LAWYER

49

Against that time, if ever that time come,
 When I shall see thee frown on my defects,
 When as thy love hath cast his utmost sum,
 Call'd to that audit by advised respects ;
 Against that time when thou shalt *strangely* pass,
 And scarcely greet me with that sun, *thine eye*,
 When love, converted from the thing it was,
 Shall reasons find of settled gravity ;
 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.

149

Canst thou, O cruel ! say I love thee not,
 When I against myself with thee partake ?
 Do I not think on thee, when I forgot
 Am of myself, all tyrant, for thy sake ?
 Who hateth thee that I do call my friend
 On whom frown'st thou that I do fawn upon ?
 Nay, if thou lour'st on me, do I not spend
 Revenge upon myself with present moan ?
 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.

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 misprison 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.

TREATMENT OF THE THEME.

Shakespeare has four main thoughts :

- (a). Your love is the most precious of my possessions. (90.9-14).
- (b). But I fear the time will come when that love will change to hatred. (88, 89, *passim*).
- (c). When this happens I shall not dispute your right to change, but on the contrary will act as your advocate. (88, 89, *passim*).
- (d). So let it happen *now*. (90 *passim*).

THE DRAMATIC SONNETS

ESTRANGEMENT ANTICIPATED. (E.A.)

anticipates the loss of his Mistress's affection.

THE NEWCOMER

91

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill.
Some in their wealth, some in their body's force ;
Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill ;
Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse ;
And every humour hath his adjunct pleasure,
Wherein it finds a joy above the rest :
But these particulars are not my measure ;
All these I better in one general best.
Thy love is better than high birth to me,
Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost,
Of more delight than hawks or horses be ;
And having thee, of all men's pride I boast :
Wretched in this alone, that thou 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 ;
And life no longer than thy love will stay,
For it depends upon that love of thine.
Then need I not to fear the worst of *wrongs*,
When in the least of them my life hath end. }
I see a better state to me *belongs* }
Than that which on thy humour doth depend :
Thou canst not vex me with inconstant mind,
Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie.
O, what a happy title do I find,
Happy to have thy love, happy to die !
But what 's so blessed-fair that fears no blot ?
Thou 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.

The Lawyer follows S. closely in all four :

(a). (87.1, 6, 7, 11) ; (b) (49.1-8) ; (c) (49.9-14, 149.2) ; (d) (149.13-14, 87.1.)

The Newcomer follows S. in (a) (91 *passim*) ; (b) (93.2-6) ; but cannot follow him in (c) and (d), because he introduces the ingenious conceit that the shock of the discovery of the loss of her love would kill him on the spot.

VERBAL PARALLELISMS.

The number of verbal parallelisms is quite up to the average. There is a very close

THE FIVE AUTHORS OF SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS

resemblance in tone and treatment between S.'s first two sonnets 88 and 89, and L.'s first two sonnets 49 and 149, and a large number of parallelisms is the natural result. Owing to N.'s omission of thoughts (c) and (d) his contribution yields only two or three.

- S. *And place my merit in the eye of scorn,*
 L. *And scarcely greet me with that sun thine eye.*
 N. *For there can live no hatred in thine eye.*
- S. *Upon thy side against myself I'll fight.*
For thee against myself I'll vow debate.
 L. *And this my hand against myself uprear.*
When I against myself with thee partake ?
- S. *With mine own weakness being best acquainted.*
 L. *Within the knowledge of mine own desert.*
- S. *Upon thy part I can set down a story*
Against thy reasons making no defence.
 L. *To guard the lawful reasons on thy part*
Since why to love I can allege no cause.
- S. *To set a form upon desired change,*
I will acquaintance strangle and look strange.
 L. *When love converted from the thing it was,*
Against that time when thou shalt strangely pass.
 N. *Therefore in that I cannot know thy change.*
Is writ in moods and frowns and wrinkles strange.
- S. *For I must ne'er love him whom thou dost hate.*
 L. *Who hateth thee that I do call my friend ?*
- S. *Then hate me if thou wilt ; if ever now ;*
 L. *But, love, hate on, for now I know thy mind.*

Minor Parallelisms.—*wrong-belong*, 88.14, 92.5 ; *leave me*, 90.9, 49.13.

NOTES.

Shakespeare. (Nos. 88, 89, 90.)

Shakespeare's contribution strikes one as being rather below his average. WYNDHAM however is of the opinion that his No. 90 is as good a poem as any in the collection, and remarks that "the eloquence is peerless." It is undoubtedly a fine and subtly-constructed sonnet, but it is marred (in my humble judgment) by a prosaic fourth line and a feeble couplet.

The Lawyer. (Nos. 49, 149, 87.)

The Lawyer's contribution is rather above his average. *The Attorney* and *The Accountant* characteristics shew up with great effect, the former in 49.11-14 and 87 *passim*, the latter in 49.3-4, and 87.1-2.

49.

For some reason or other L., alone of the competitors, and in this sonnet only, chooses to indulge in a set of Shakespearean "echoes" of the Absence series type. The main passage selected is the King's conversation with Hubert in *King John*, Act IV., Sc. ii.—

THE DRAMATIC SONNETS

King. To understand a *law*, to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it *frowns*
More upon humour than *advised respect*.
Hub. Here is your *hand* and seal for what I did.
King. O! *when* the last *account* 'twixt heaven and earth
Is to be made, then shall *this hand* and seal
Witness against us to damnation.

There is also a rather less definite echo from *Richard III.*, Act. III., Sc. vii, where Gloucester pretends to refuse the crown:—

Your love deserves my thanks; but *my desert*
Unmeritable *shuns* your high request;
So mighty and so many *my defects*.

L.'s technical knowledge of law and accountancy is much in evidence in this sonnet, e.g., l. 3. on which POOLER notes: "a metaphor from closing accounts on a dissolution of partnership; cast=reckoned; utmost=last; advised respects=a deliberate consideration of our respective circumstances"; and l. 11. on which BEECHING notes: "as a witness in a court of law, which is perhaps better than to take it as a metaphor from fighting."

149.

The lady, seeking to break off a love-affair which has ceased to interest her, is supposed to have taken advantage of the opening given in the final couplet of the preceding sonnet to load the Lover with the reproaches usual in such circumstances—"he does not really love her; he never thinks of her when she is away; he is friendly with people who dislike her; he never pays her the little attentions that mean so much, etc., etc." In this sonnet the Lover proceeds to deal with these unfounded charges *seriatim*, until at the end of line 10 the justly-exasperated lady breaks in, and tells him that when he argues like that he makes her positively *hate* him. The word 'hate' opens his eyes to the facts of the situation; he accepts his dismissal, apologizes for his obtuseness in not taking the hint before, and prepares to take a dignified farewell of the inconstant fair one.

In line 11 note the first of the only two 'outside' parallelisms to be found in the five Dramatic series. The line echoes (or, perhaps, is echoed by) S.'s line in No. 150 in the D.L. series —

That in my mind, thy worst all best exceeds?

87.

This is the dignified farewell—a veritable legal *tour de force* which could hardly have been written by anybody but a professional lawyer.

The Newcomer. (Nos. 91, 92, 93.)

The Newcomer's versification is easy and pleasing, but his style lacks distinction, and his grip on his logical thread is at times uncertain.

91.

It is instructive to compare the truly "British Barbarian" list of the chief "goods" of life given in this *Dramatic* sonnet, in which the poet (N.) is speaking in the person of a rich young aristocrat¹, with the very different list given in the *Personal* (D.D. series)

¹ The commentators apparently find no difficulty in accepting this sonnet as an entirely natural and suitable expression of the personal sentiments of Will Shakspeare, "one of those harlotry players," and son to Master John Shakspeare, butcher, of Stratford-on-Avon.

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sonnet No. 29, where the poet (S.) speaking in his own person complains of the hardships of his worldly lot, and voices the "splendid discontent" of the artist—

Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least.

92.

5-6. How can the loss of his Mistress's affection be "the least" of the "wrongs"? There must be some confusion of thought here.

12. Why should he be "happy to die"? He would die in misery knowing that his Mistress had ceased to love him. More confusion of thought.

93.

14. What he *means* is—

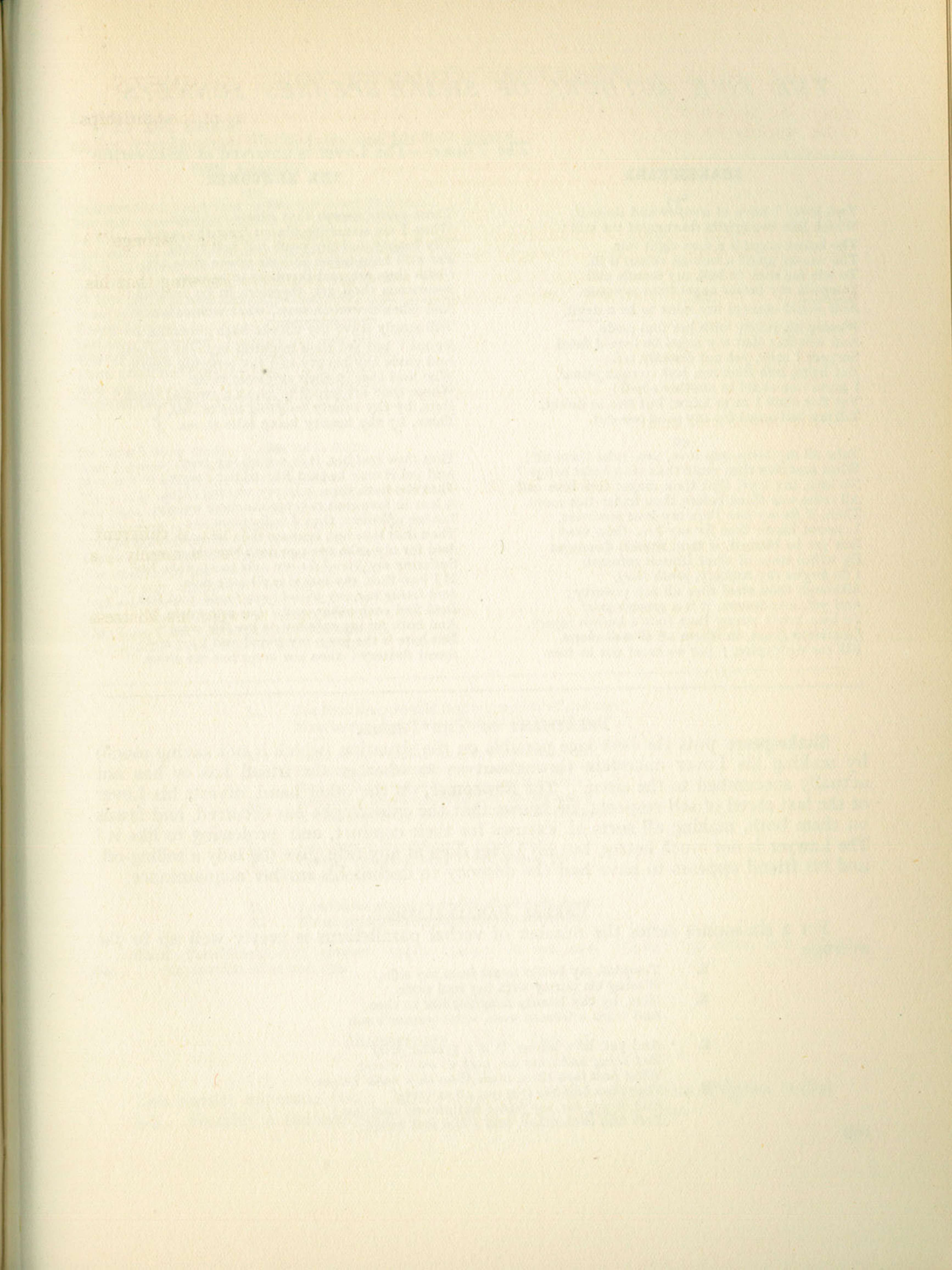
If thy virtue answer not thy sweet show,

but this would not scan.

SERIES No. XI.—Intrigue.

The competitors are the same as in the last series, but the addressee is different. She is no longer the blonde divinity of the Absence and E.A. series, but is merely "a woman," and "colour'd ill" (*i.e.*, a brunette) at that.

The Theme. The Lover is annoyed at discovering an intrigue between his Mistress and his best friend.



THE FIVE AUTHORS OF SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS

SERIES NO. II—

The Theme.—The Lover is annoyed at discovering

SHAKESPEARE

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,
Wooring his purity with her foul pride.
And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell ;
But being *both* from me, *both* to each friend,
I guess one angel in another's hell :
Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

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 refuseth.
I do forgive thy robbery, *gentle thief*,
Although thou steal thee all my poverty ;
And yet, love knows, it is a greater *grief*
To bear love's wrong than hate's known injury.
Lascivious grace, in whom all *ill well shows*,
Kill me with spites ; yet we must not be foes.

THE NEWCOMER

41

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

42

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

TREATMENT OF THE THEME.

Shakespeare puts the best face possible on the situation (which is not saying much) by making his Lover uncertain throughout as to whether the friend has or has not actually succumbed to the siren. **The Newcomer**, on the other hand, divests his Lover of the last shred of self-respect ; he knows that the catastrophe *has* occurred, and fawns on them both, making all sorts of excuses for their conduct, and professing to like it ! **The Lawyer** is not much better, but his Lover does at any rate give the lady a telling-off, and his friend appears to have had the decency to decline his further acquaintance.

VERBAL PARALLELISMS.

For a six-sonnet series the number of verbal parallelisms is pretty well up to the average.

- S. *Tempteth* my better angel from my side,
Wooring his purity with her foul pride.
- N. Hers, by thy beauty *tempting* her to thee,
And when a woman *woos*, what woman's son
- S. And yet, love knows, it is a greater *grief*
But being *both* from me, *both* to each friend,
What *hast thou* then, more than *thou hadst* before ?
- N. That *thou hast* her it is not all my *grief*.
And, *losing* her, *my friend* hath found that *loss* ;
Both find each other, and *I lose both twain*,

THE DRAMATIC SONNETS

INTRIGUE.

an intrigue between his Mistress and his best friend.

THE LAWYER

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'st friend must be
 Me from myself thy cruel eye hath taken,
 And my next self thou harder hast engrossed :
 Of him, myself, and thee, I am forsaken ;
 A torment thrice threefold *thus to be crossed*.
 Prison my heart in thy steel bosom's ward,
 But then my friend's heart let my poor heart bail
 Who'er keeps me, let my heart be his guard ;
 Thou canst not then use rigour in my gaol :
 And yet thou wilt ; for I, being pent in *thee*, }
 Perforce am thine, and all that is in *me*. }

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 :
 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 bin
 The statute of thy beauty thou wilt take,
 Thou usurer, that put'st forth all to *use*,
 And sue a *friend* came debtor for *my sake* ;
 So him I lose through my unkind *abuse*.
 Him have I lost ; *thou hast both* him and me :
 He pays the whole, and yet am I not free.

-
- L. For that deep wound it gives *my friend* and me.
 Him have I lost ; *thou hast both* him and me.
- S. Then, if for *my love* thou my love receivest,
 N. Suffering *my friend* for *my sake* to approve her.
 And both for *my sake* lay on me *this cross* :
 L. And sue a *friend* come debtor for *my sake* ;
 A torment thrice threefold *thus to be crossed*.
- S. I do forgive thy robbery, *gentle thief*,
 N. Loving offenders, thus I will excuse ye :
 Gentle thou art . . .
- S. *Lascivious* grace, in whom all *ill well* shows,
 N. Those *pretty wrongs* that *liberty* commits.

Minor Parallelisms.—(1) *comfort*, 144.1, 134.4 ; (2) *use*, 40.6, 134.10 ; (3) *abuse*, 42.7, 134.12 ;
thee . . . *me*, couplets of 41 and 133.

NOTES.

Shakespeare. (Nos. 144, 40.)

144.

This sonnet appeared (with slight variations) in *The Passionate Pilgrim* (1589).
 1-7. Possibly a reminiscence of a line in *Love's Labour's Lost*—

THE FIVE AUTHORS OF SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS

Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of light.

12. Possibly a reminiscence of one of the best-known tales in the *Decameron*.

40.

8. A cryptic line which has not been satisfactorily explained by the commentators.

The Newcomer. (Nos. 41, 42.)

The Newcomer's contribution is gracefully and harmoniously written, especially No. 41.

41.

5-7. A reminiscence of a line in Suffolk's speech in 1 *Henry IV.*, Sc. v., iii.

*She's beautiful and therefore to be woo'd,
She is a woman, therefore to be won.*

12. "truth" = troth as often in the *Sonnets*.

42.

6. A rather feeble line.

9-14. A reminiscence of Proteus' speech in *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act II., Sc. vi. :

*So Julia I lose, and Valentine I lose :
If I keep them, I needs must lose myself ;
If I lose them, thus find I by their loss,
For Valentine myself, for Julia, Sylvia.
I to myself am dearer than a friend.*

Note the anacoluthon in line 10 ; "losing her" refers to the Lover and not to the friend.

The Lawyer. (Nos. 133, 134.)

L.'s *Attorney* and *Accountant* characteristics are very much in evidence in both these sonnets.

133.

6. "Engrossed." A technical legal term.

10-12. A complicated situation. One supposes that the author understood it. At any rate he obviously knows all about the routine of jail administration—duties of warders, rigorous imprisonment, bailing-out, and all the rest of it.

134.

This sonnet reeks of the County Court throughout.

9. As MALONE notes, "'statute' has here its legal signification, that of a security or obligation for money."

SERIES No. XII.—Dark Lady.

The addressee is apparently the same as in the previous series ; at any rate both ladies have the same character and colouring. Two of the competitors also are the same, *viz.*, The Newcomer and The Lawyer—there is no mistaking their respective characteristics—but the identity of the third, "the copy-setter," is very doubtful. The

THE DRAMATIC SONNETS

arguments for and against identifying him with Shakespeare will be discussed below in the Notes.

The most interesting feature of this series is its extraordinarily close and thoroughgoing imitations of certain passages in *Love's Labour's Lost*, viz., (a) the sparring-bout between Berowne and his three friends in Act IV., sc. iii., 231-end, and (b) their four love-sonnets. One sixteen-line passage and four separate lines have been printed alongside the three contributions for convenience of reference, and, as usual, the verbal parallelisms have been underlined in the text. The four love-sonnets, however, are too long to quote, and the echoes from them will be referred to in the Notes in the ordinary way; but, in order to prevent confusion, *these* echoes have been left unmarked.¹

The Theme. The Lover deplures his infatuation for a frail and fickle brunette.

¹ For the same reason the many other Shakesporean echoes which occur have also been left unmarked. This is the only series to which such restrictions have been applied.

THE FIVE AUTHORS OF SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS

SERIES NO. 12—

The Theme.—The Lover deplores his
SHAKESPEARE (?)

NOTE.

In this Series underlining indicates *only* a verbal parallelism between a passage in the series and a passage in the printed extract from *Love's Labour's Lost*. Other Shakespearean echoes are left unmarked, and are explained in the Notes.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST. Act IV. Sc. iii.

- Ber.* My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Berowne.
- O! 'tis the sun that maketh all things shine.
- King.* By heaven, thy love is black as ebony.
- Ber.* Is ebony like her? O wood divine!
A wife of such wood were felicity.
O! who can give an oath? Where is a book
That I may swear beauty doth beauty lack,
If that she learn not of her eye to look:
No face is fair that is not full so black.
- King.* O paradox! Black is the badge of hell,
The hue of dungeons and the scowl of night;
And beauty's crest becomes the heaven's
well.
- Ber.* Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits
of light.
O! if in black my lady's brows be deck'd,
It mourns that painting and usurping hair
Should ravish doters with a false aspect;
And therefore is she born to make black fair.
- And gives to every power a double power.
- King.* Light wenches may prove plagues to men
forsworn

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 grey cheeks of the east,
Nor that full star that ushers in the even
Doth half that glory to the sober west,
As those two mourning eyes become thy face:
O, let it then as well beseem thy heart
To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee grace,
And suit thy pity like in every part.
Then will I swear beauty herself is black,
And all they foul that thy complexion lack.

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

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,
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:
If thy unworthiness raised love in me,
More worthy I to be beloved of thee.

140

Be wise as thou art cruel; do not press
My tongue-tied patience with too much disdain;
Lest sorrow lends 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.

THE DRAMATIC SONNETS

DARK LADY.

infatuation for a frail and fickle brunette.

THE NEWCOMER

127

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

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.

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'er-pressed 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.

147

My love is as a fever, longing still
For that which longer nurseth the disease ;
Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,
The uncertain *sickly* appetite to please.
My reason, the *physician* to my love,
Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,
Hath left me, and *I desperate* now approve,
Desire his *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.

THE LAWYER

130

My mistress's eyes are nothing like the sun ;
Coral is far more red than her lips' red ;
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun ;
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,
But no such roses see I in her cheeks ;
And in some perfumes is there more delight
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
I love to hear her speak, yet well I know
That music hath a far more pleasing sound :
I grant I never saw a goddess go,
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground :
And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
As any she belied with false compare.

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 forged hooks,
Whereto the *judgement* of my heart is tied ?
Why should my heart think that a several plot
Which my heart knows the wide world's common
Or mine eyes seeing this, say this is not, [place
To put fair truth upon so foul a face ?
In things right true my heart and eyes have erred,
And to this false plague are they now transferred.

131

Thou art as tyrannous, so as thou art,
As those whose beauties *proudly* make them *cruel* ;
For well thou knowest 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 judgement's place.
In nothing art thou black save in thy deeds,
And thence this *slander*, as I think, proceeds.

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 ;
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 !

THE FIVE AUTHORS OF SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS

TREATMENT OF THE THEME.

All the competitors have apparently taken for their text Berowne's half-serious profession of despair at finding himself in love with the "black" Rosaline (*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act III., Sc. i., 204 *et seq.*):

Nay, to be perjur'd, which is worst of all ;
And, among three, to love the worst of all ;
A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,
With two pitch balls stuck in her face for eyes ;
Ay, and by Heaven, one that will do the deed
Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard.

Shakespeare's contribution contains eight main thoughts:—

- (a). Your eyes are black but comely. (132.4-9).
- (b). And I swear that you are beautiful. (132.13-14).
- (c). Alas! Neither my eyes nor my judgment can be trusted where you are concerned. (148.1-12, 150.3-4).

These three thoughts are taken from the *L.L.L.* lines printed in the text. The next five are more or less original.

- (d). For you are neither beautiful nor virtuous. (148.13-14, 150 *passim*).
- (e). And treat me cruelly. (132.2, 140.1-4).
- (f). Yet I am besottedly in love with you. (150.6-7, 140.9).
- (g). If you have ceased to love me do not tell me so. (140.5-8).
- (h). And look on me kindly as you used to do. (140.13-14).

The Newcomer follows S. in (a) (127.10-14); in (b) (147.13); in (c) (141.1-4, 9-10); in (d) (147.14); in (e) (141.12-14, 139.1-2, 7, 10, 12-13); in (f) (141.10-12, 147.1-12); he contradicts (g) (139.3-5); and follows (h) (139.3, 5-6), and again contradicts it (139.13-14).

The Lawyer follows (S.) in (a) (130.1, 13-14); in (b) (131.7-8, 152.13); in (c) (137 *passim*, 152.12); in (d) (131.1-2, 5-6, 137.4, 10, 152.14); in (e) (131.1-2); in (f) (131.3-4); and omits (g) and (h). He introduces a new thought (i) that he in loving her is forsworn, and she is doubly forsworn—once to her husband, and once to him.

VERBAL PARALLELISMS.

Verbal parallelisms are exceptionally numerous and close. Of the fourteen items that will be quoted in full, seven contain references to the *L.L.L.* passages printed in the text and seven do not. It will be convenient to exhibit them in two separate lists.

(a) *L.L.L. Parallelisms.*

- | | |
|----------|---|
| (L.L.L.) | If that she learns not of <i>her eye to look</i> :
O! 'tis <i>the sun</i> that maketh all things shine.) |
| (S.) | <i>Thine eyes</i> I love, and they as pitying me,
<i>Looking</i> with <i>pretty</i> ruth upon my pain. |
| N. | Therefore <i>my mistress' eyes</i> are raven black,
Her <i>pretty looks</i> have been my enemies ; |
| L. | <i>My mistress' eyes</i> are nothing like <i>the sun</i> . |
| (L.L.L.) | O! if in <i>black</i> my lady's brows be <i>deck'd</i> ,
It <i>mourns</i> |
| (S.) | And beauty's crest <i>becomes</i> the <i>heavens' well</i> .)
Have <i>put on black</i> and loving <i>mourners</i> be,
And truly not the <i>morning sun</i> of <i>heaven</i>
As those two <i>mourning eyes</i> <i>become</i> thy face :
And <i>suit</i> thy pity like in every part. |
| N. | Her eyes <i>so suited</i> , and they <i>mourners</i> seem
Yet so they <i>mourn</i> , <i>becoming</i> of their woe. |

THE DRAMATIC SONNETS

- (L.L.L. That *I may swear* beauty doth *beauty lack*,
No face is *fair* that is not *full so black*.)
(S.) Then *I will swear* beauty herself is *black*,
And all they *foul* that thy complexion *lack*.
N. For *I have sworn thee fair*, and thought thee bright,
Who art as *black* as hell, as dark as night.
L. For *I have sworn thee fair*, more perjured I,
To *swear* against the truth so *foul* a lie.
- (L.L.L. Should ravish *doters* with a *false aspect* ;
And therefore is she *born to make black fair*.)
(S.) If that be *fair* whereon my *false eyes dote*,
Lest eyes well-seeing thy *foul* faults should find.
N. In the old days *black* was not *counted fair*,
Who in despite of view is pleased to *dote* ;
Fairing the *foul* with arts *false borrow'd face*,
At such who not *born fair*, no beauty lack,
L. For well thou know'st to my dear *doting heart*
To put *fair* truth upon so *foul* a face.
- (L.L.L. *My eyes are then no eyes*, nor I Berowne :)
(S.) O me ! *what eyes* hath Love put in my head,
That have no correspondence with true sight !
N. In faith, I do not *love* thee with *mine eyes*,
Who *in despite of view* is pleased to *dote*,
L. Thou blind fool *Love*, *what dost thou to mine eyes*,
That they behold, and *see not what they see* ?
- (L.L.L. And gives to every *power* a double *power*.)
(S.) O, from what *power* hast thou this *powerful* might
N. Use *power* with *power*, and slay me not by art.
L. Thy face hath not the *power* to make love groan.
- (L.L.L. Light wenches may prove *plagues* to men forsworn ;)
N. Only my *plague* thus far I count my gain,
That she that makes me *sin* awards me pain.
L. In things right true my heart and eyes have *erred*,
And to this false *plague* are they now transferr'd.

(b) Ordinary Parallelisms.

- (S.) Knowing *thy heart* torments me with *disdain*,
Be wise as *thou art cruel* . . .
N. *Thy proud heart's* slave and vassal wretch to be :
Wound me not with thine eye, but with thy tongue
L. *Thou art as tyrannous*, so as thou art,
As they whose beauties *proudly* make them *cruel*.
- (S.) . . . where is *my judgement* fled,
That, in my mind, *thy worst all best exceeds* ?
L. Whereto the *judgement* of my heart is tied ?
Yet *what the best is* take the *worst* to be.
- (S.) With insufficiency *my heart* to *sway* ?
N. Dissuade *one foolish heart* from serving thee,
Who leaves *unsway'd* the likeness of a man,
L. For well thou know'st to *my dear doting heart*
- (S.) Though *not to love*, yet, love to *tell me* so ;
N. *Tell me thou lovest elsewhere* . . .
- (S.) As testy *sick* men when their *deaths* be near,
No news but health from their *physicians* know ;
For if I should *despair*, *I should go mad*,
And in *my madness* might *speak* ill of thee :
N. The uncertain *sickly* appetite to please,
My reason, the *physician* to my love,
Hath left me, and I *desperate* now approve,
Desire his *death* which *physic* did except.
My thoughts and my *discourse* as *madmen's* are.

THE FIVE AUTHORS OF SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS

- (S.) Mad *slanderers* by mad ears believed be.
N. *Slandering* creation with a false esteem :
L. And hence this *slander*, as I think, proceeds.
- (S.) *Bear thine eyes straight*, though thy proud *heart* go wide.
Dear *heart*, *forbear to glance thine eye aside*.

This is a very striking list for a twelve-sonnet series. But it is by no means exhaustive as the reader may see for himself.

NOTES.

L.L.L. passage.

249. "Wood." Unnecessarily amended from 'word' (the reading of all the Quartos and Folios) by modern commentators who have failed to notice that the point—such as it is—of the whole passage is an abominable pun on 'heaven' and 'ebony' (often spelt 'heben' or 'hebonie').

253. "Full." Again (apparently) a wretched pun on 'full' and 'foul' (more akin in pronunciation in Elizabethan times than in ours).

255. "Scowl." Should surely be 'scroll' (often spelt 'scrowl'), in harmony with the heraldic 'word,' 'badge,' 'hue,' and 'crest.' A scroll in Heraldry is a ribbon inscribed with the motto or 'word', and placed directly beneath the shield.

(Shakespeare.) (Nos. 132, 148, 150, 140.)

Note how throughout his contribution (S.) parodies Berowne's mannerism of beginning a sentence with O!¹ He has five O's while the other two competitors have only one between them.

1-4. A reminiscence of four lines in No. 58 of Southwell's Poems (pub. 1595) referring to Christ's eyes :

In those dear *eyes* the registers of truth.
And in their happy joyes redrest my *ruth*.
And that they now are heralds of *disdain*,
That erst were ever *pittiers* of my *paine*.

5-9. These lines contain two additional reminiscences from *L.L.L.* :—

- (a) So sweet a kiss the golden *sun* gives not
To those fresh *morning* drops upon the rose
As *thy eyebeams*
Nor shines the silver moon *one half so bright*
As doth *thy face* through tears of mine give light
- (b) My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon ;
She *an attending star*, scarce seen a light. (Act IV., Sc. iii.),

as well as one from *The Taming of the Shrew* (Act IV., Sc. v.) :

What *stars* do spangle *heaven* with such *beauty*,
As those two *eyes* become that heavenly *face* ?

¹ For examples see the duologue between Berowne and Costard in Act iii. and Berowne's speeches in Act v. scene iii. 232-289. This mannerism was, no doubt, characteristic of some actual person well-known to the particular audience for which the play was written (or, perhaps, revised).

THE DRAMATIC SONNETS

Note (1) the very beautiful seventh line, and (2) the dreadful pun on 'morning' and 'mourning.'

This is a true 'Patchwork' sonnet, and practically every line can be accounted for.

No. 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 beseem thy heart
To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee grace,
And suit thy pity like in every part.

Then will I swear beauty herself is black,
And all they foul that thy complexion lack.

References

In those dear eyes the registers of truth,
And that they now are heralds of disdain,
O! if in black my lady's brows be deck'd,
It mourns
And in their happy joyes redrest my ruth.
That erst were ever pittiers of my paine.
So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not
And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.
To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,
What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,
She is an attending star scarce seen a light.
Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright
As those two eyes become that heavenly face.

And in thy happy joyes redrest my ruth.
That erst were ever pittiers of my paine.
That I may swear beauty doth beauty lack,
No face is fair that is not full so black.

148.

7-8. Feeble lines with a rather pointless pun on 'ay' and 'no.'

150.

4. POOLER notes "Equivalent to the converse, viz., to swear that black is white, that you are lovely."

140.

6-7. Apparently suggested by a line in Dumaine's sonnet—

That the lover, sick to death.

The reader is now in a position to judge whether or not these four sonnets were written by Shakespeare. The arguments *for* may be summarized as follows:—

- (1) It is probable *a priori* that the competitors should be the same as in the cognate series No. XI (Intrigue).
- (2) The general level of excellence is high—superior to that of either of the other two competitors.
- (3) Some individual lines, e.g.—

Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain.
Nor that full star that ushers in the even,

have the true Shakespearean ring.

- (4) It is difficult to suggest any other contemporary author who could have written them.

The arguments *against* may be summarized as follows:—

- (1) Although they are well-written and run musically, not one of the four possesses the indefinable distinction which marks most of Shakespeare's work in the *Sonnets*.
- (2) The two 'Shakespearean' lines quoted in (3) above, owe a good deal to 'foreign' sources.

THE FIVE AUTHORS OF SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS

- (3) It is difficult to understand why Shakespeare should have parodied (or imitated) his own *L.L.L.* in this thorough-going fashion.
- (4) It is difficult to believe that Shakespeare committed the error of taste involved in adapting the reference to the Divine eyes in Southwell's religious poem to the secular sentiments of No. 132.
- (5) Shakespeare's "regrettable fondness for paronomasia" might be held accountable for 'eye' and 'no,' but 'morning' and 'mourning' is really inexcusable. As already noted, The Theory has no solution of the problem to offer.

The Newcomer. (Nos. 127, 141, 139, 147.)

The Newcomer's contribution is not noteworthy. The versification is harmonious throughout, but the thought is often shallow and rather finicky.

127.

9-12. In explaining why his mistress's eyes are in mourning, N. had to find a different reason from (S.)'s, but this is *very* far-fetched.

141.

This sonnet presents a series of faint echoes from Venus' rhapsody on Adonis' manifold charms (*V. and A.* 433-450).

14. "pain" = punishment. The couplet apparently echoes Constance's speech in *King John*, Act II., Sc. i. :

But God hath *made her sin* and her the *plague*
On this remov'd issue, plagu'd for her,
And with her *plague*, her *sin* ; his injury
Her injury, the beadle to her *sin*.
All *punished* in the person of this child.

139.

Again, in asking his mistress to look him straight in the eye, N. has to give a different reason from (S.)'s, and again it is a very far-fetched one.

13-14. A combination of echoes from H.'s No. 96 :

But do not so ; I love thee in such sort,

and Constable's *Diana* V. 7-8—

Dear ! If all other favours you shall grudge,
Do speedy execution with your eye.

147.

5-7. Compare this unprofessional conduct with that of (S.)'s physician in the 'corresponding' sonnet, No. 140.9.

9. An echo from *L.L.L.* V. 228—

Great reason ; for past cure is still past care.

14. A forcible-feeble line suggested by the lines—

. . . *Black* is the badge of *hell*,
The hue of dungeons and the scowl of *night*.

in the *L.L.L.* passage above.

THE DRAMATIC SONNETS

The Lawyer. (Nos. 130, 137, 131, 152.)

The Lawyer's direct and rather brutal treatment of the theme offers a striking contrast to N.'s languid manner and 'pretty-pretty' conceits. The following characteristics are exemplified: *The Attorney*, 137.9-10, 131.11-12; *Clumsy Humour*, 130 *passim*; *The Candid Friend*, 130 and 131 *passim*.

130.

L.'s 'candid friend' description of the lady's charms is the counterpart of his No. 21 sonnet in the B.I. series, in which he is equally frank about The Patron.

First Quatrain. Satirizes the conventional vocabulary of the sonnetteers of the day.

Second Quatrain. Contains the second instance of an 'outside' verbal parallelism to be found in the Dramatic section. Cf. M.P.'s No. 99 in the Absence series—

. . . . the purple pride
Which on thy soft *cheek* for complexion grows
The *roses* fearfully on thorns did stand,
A third, nor *red* nor *white*, had stolen of both,
And to his robbery had annexed thy *breath*.

But even this instance is not entirely free from doubt. It is *possible* to regard these lines as an independent imitation of Constable's *Diana* sonnet quoted in the Notes on No. 99.

Third Quatrain. Echoes *L.L.L.* (The Love-sonnets and Berowne's speech in Act IV., Sc. iii.):

. . . . Thy *voice* his dreadful thunder,
Which, not to anger bent, is *music* and sweet fire.
Thou being a *goddess*, I forswore not thee :
O ! If the streets were paved with thine eyes,
Her feet were much too dainty for such *tread*.
The street should see as *she* walked over head.

The Couplet. Echoes his No. 21 in the B.I. series :

Making a complement of proud *compare*,
With April's first-born flowers, and all things *rare*
And then, believe me, *my love is as fair*
As any mother's child. . . .

137.

9-10. An echo from *L.L.L.*, 228—

My lips are no *common* though *several* they be.

14. "Plague" imitates the "plague" in the couplet of N.'s corresponding sonnet, No. 141, but is probably used in a different sense, 'snare' or 'trap.' Or is there an allusion to an offender sentenced to be set in the pillory or the stocks? Cf. *King Lear*, Act I., Sc. ii.—

. . . . Wherefore should I
Stand in the *plague* of custom. . . .

and the Prayer Book version of Psalm 38.17—

And I truly am set in the *plague*,

which translates Jerome's "Quia ego ad *plagam* paratus sum."

THE FIVE AUTHORS OF SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS

131.

11-12. A long string of witnesses closely following each other into the box.

152.

L. is the only competitor who brings in the 'forsworn' motif which dominates *Love's Labour's Lost* throughout. Cf.—

Subscribe to your *deep oaths*, and keep it too, (Act I).
If by me *broke*, what fool is not so wise
To lose an *oath* to win a paradise ! (Act IV.).
. . . And thereby all *forsworn*.
Then leave this chat, and, good Berowne, now prove
Our loving lawful, and our *faith* not *torn*. (Act IV.).

SERIES No. 13. Will.

The Theory provides no clue to the identity of the addressee of this series ; she was evidently (if she was a real person) a woman of low social status. The competitors are the three of the last series plus The Humorist ; the reference to "Will" (William Warner?), in the last line of No. 136, seems to indicate that in these four sonnets they are, for once, speaking in their own persons. The Rabelaisian humour of this series would appeal to the dedicatee of *The Choise of Valentines*.

The Theme.—The Lover solicits a second place in the favours of a light woman in love with another man.

THE FIVE AUTHORS OF SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS

SERIES No. 13—

The Theme.—The Lover solicits a second place in the

SHAKESPEARE.

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.

THE NEWCOMER.

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 it 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 !

TREATMENT OF THE THEME.

Each of the four poets treats this unedifying theme in characteristic fashion. **Shakespeare** strikes just the right note, giving us a pretty *genre* picture, and making his points gracefully and neatly. **The Newcomer's** verse flows easily, and his allusions are not too obtrusive. In **The Lawyer's** contribution *The Attorney* and *The Accountant* loom large, and the wit (!) is as heavy-handed as usual. And **The Humorist**, who 'sees' the Lawyer's immodesty and goes one *worse*, displays a perverted but characteristic ingenuity.

NOTES.

Shakespeare. (No. 143.)

2. A possible allusion to the plumed hats worn by the young bloods of the period.

The Newcomer. (No. 142.)

- 1-4. This quatrain is a combination of echoes from *Lucrece*, 240-3 :

Hateful it is ; there is no *hate* in *loving* :
I'll buy her *love* ; but she is not *her own*,
The worst is but *denial* and *reproving*.

And two lines in Barnefield's *Affectionate Shepherd* :

Compare the *love* of fair Queen Guendolin
With mine, and thou shalt find how she doth *love*.

- 5-7. A combination of echoes from *Edward III.*, II., 1-10 :

His cheeks put on *their scarlet ornaments*

and *Venus and Adonis*, l. 516 :

Set thy *seal*-manual on my *wax-red lips*.

THE DRAMATIC SONNETS

WILL.

favours of a light woman in love with another man.

THE LAWYER

136

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

THE HUMORIST

135

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy 'Will.'
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 spacious,
Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine ?
Shall will in others seem right gracious,
And in thy 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.'

The Lawyer. (No. 136.)

6-10. An echo from Old Capulet's speech in *Romeo and Juliet* (Act I., Sc. ii.) :

. . . of many, *mine being one,*
May stand *in number*, though *in reckoning none*.
. . . and you among the *store*
One more, most welcome, makes my *number* more.

14. An important piece of evidence in support of the identification of L. with William Warner.

The Humorist. (No. 135.)

10-12. Cf. the note on L's 136.6-10, above.

13. DOWDEN'S emendation seems certain—

Let no unkind "No" fair beseechers kill.

As POOLER points out the word "fair" is used as in the provincial saying, "Don't refuse a fair offer."

.

Horum quattuor carminum veram vim quippe quae omnes commentatores fefellisse videatur hac mea canina latinitate quam brevissime exponam. "Will" verbum praecipue notandum. Hujus verbi sententiae diversae exhibentur septem: quattuor vulgares, videlicet, (a) voluntas, (b) testamentum, (c) libido, (d) Gulielmi praenominis forma curta: tres obsoletae, videlicet, (x) dilectus juvenis,¹ (y) mem. vir.,²

¹ Cf. LEE, *Life*, p. 151. "The name Willy was frequently used in contemporary literature as a term of familiarity without relation to the baptismal name of the person referred to. Sir Philip Sidney was addressed as 'Willy' by some of his elegists."

² Personifacum et praenomine familiari donatum. Cf. *L.L.L.* ii., 1.97-101 (res = (y): *M. Ado.* V., iv. 26 seq. "Hew" praenomen similiter in usu fuisse docent No. 20.7, et No. 104.11. Usum usque ad nostra tempora perstitisse videmus praenominibus mutatis.

THE FIVE AUTHORS OF SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS

(z) pud. mulieb.¹ Eruditio (x) satis cognita est, sed (y) et (z) adhuc non esse suspectae videntur.

Shakespeare. 4. res = (y). Cf. No. 20.12; 13 (a) cum (x).

The Newcomer. 13-14. Si, a me (z) tuum celans, istius (y) habere cupis, tibi negetur precor.

The Lawyer. 2. (b) cum (x); 3. (b) cum (c); 5. (c); 6. (y), (y); 7. res = (z);² 14. (d) (sc. William Warner).

The Humorist. 1. (a) cum (x); 2. (y), (d) (W.S.?) ; 4. (b) cum (?) cf. No. 20.11-12; 5. (z);² 6. (y), (z)—congr. sex. poscitur; 7. (c) vel (y); 8. (b) cum (?); 11. (?), (?); 12. (a), (z);² 14. z (?).

Cum tractationis similitudines tum verborum parallelismata amplius explicare nolui, non quod in hac serie Theoria laboret, (plenissime enim eam esse vindicatam lector benevolus percipiet,) sed quia revera metum mihi injecit terribile illud ὑπονόημα διλόγχον.

The reader is strongly recommended to study Sir Sidney Lee's chapter on "The Will Sonnets" (*Life*, pp. 695-704) in the light of the above notes.

.

And so, kind reader, you have been brought to the end of the Serial sonnets. Nothing remains for your consideration (in the next chapter) but fourteen occasional pieces of little value and uncertain authorship: and you now find yourself, for the first time, in a position to view Shakespeare's contributions to *Shake-Speares Sonnets* in their true perspective as they appeared to the little coterie for which they were written, and to appreciate the true significance of the earliest (and in my humble opinion still the best) description³ of them as "his sugred sonnets among his private friends"—not strong meat like his tragedies, nor savoury and succulent like his comedies, but a dainty dish of fashionable confectionery to set before a select company of connoisseurs, sauced and garnished à la Southampton in honour of the noble host. It would be a mistake, I think, to approach them in too reverent a spirit; we should not allow the commentators to make us forget that the Shakespeare of the *Sonnets* was not a staid twentieth-century professor acutely conscious of the sacro-sanctity of everything Shakespearean, but a young Englishman of the Renaissance who was living his life, not as a *littérateur* in a make-believe world of paper and ink, but as "a man in a world of men"—the romantic, exuberant, coarse-humoured world of Elizabethan England.

¹ Prob. ab (x) (cf. Fr. *mignon*.) v. No. 57.13-14. Alterum exemplum nusquam invenire potui certum, in *Two Gent. Ver.*, Act IV., Sc. ii., 94-5, dubium. "Grace" praenomen similiter in usu fuisse suspicor: cf. Barnes' *Parthenophil*, Nos. 48, 72, 73 (v.p., *supra*), et *Two Gent. Ver.*, V. 165-6.

² Cf. No. 20.7, ubi "controlling" = in magnitudine praecellens. Ut plerumque apud fabulatores mediaevales nimia magnitudo feminae pro ludibrio viro pro honore habetur.

³ In Meres' *Palladis Tamia* (1598).

CHAPTER VI.—THE NON-SERIAL SONNETS.

As noted at the end of the last chapter, the distribution of the 140 serial sonnets among the thirteen series having been completed, we are left with a residuum of fourteen non-serial or 'occasional' sonnets. Three of these sonnets are more or less connected with The Theory, but on the rest it sheds no light whatever. Now I am well aware that I have not the shadow of a right to inflict on the reader my views on individual Elizabethan sonnets—"Shake-speare's" or anybody else's—and my original intention, therefore, was to annotate the three 'Theory' sonnets only, and print the remaining eleven as they stand without comment of any kind. Subsequently, however, it struck me that such a procedure might possibly be ascribed to an unworthy desire to avoid coming to grips with inconvenient facts, *i.e.*, facts which could not be made to fit in with The Theory. Now this is not the case; and so after considerable hesitation I have decided to deal with these eleven in the same way as the rest. But I would particularly ask the kind reader to bear in mind the fact that the views expressed in the notes on these eleven sonnets have nothing whatever to do with The Theory; they are merely, as Mr. Pooler modestly says of his own observations on the autobiographical value of the *Sonnets*, "my own impressions, to which in the absence of sufficient evidence I attach no special importance."

The fourteen sonnets have been arranged in three groups:—(I.) *Adulatory*; *i.e.*, more or less connected with The Patron (Southampton); (77-122, 107, 66-67-68); (II.) *Philosophical*; (129, 146); and (III.) *Amatory*; (128, 138, 145, 151, 153-154).

ADULATORY

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 mouthed graves will give thee *memory* ;
 Thou by thy dial's shady stealth mayst know
 Time's thievish progress to *eternity*.
 Look, what thy memory cannot contain
 Commit to these waste blanks, and thou shalt find
 Those children nursed, 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.

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 disabled,
 And art made tongue-tied by authority,
 And folly, doctor-like, controlling skill,
 And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,
 And captive good attending captain ill :
 Tired with all these, from these would I be gone,
 Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

122

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

67

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

AMATORY.

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 envy those jacks that nimble leap
 To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,
 Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest reap,
 At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand !
 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 blest than living lips,
 Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,
 Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

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.'

174

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,
 Unlearned in the world's false subtleties.
 Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
 Although she knows my days are past the best,
 Simply I credit her false-speaking tongue :
 On both sides thus is simple truth suppress'd,
 But wherefore says she not she is unjust ?
 And wherefore say not I that I am old ?
 O, love's best habit is in seeming trust,
 And age in love loves not to have years told :
 Therefore I lie with her and she with me,
 And in our faults by lies we flatter'd be.

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,
 Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove :
 For, thou betraying me, I do betray
 My nobler parts to my gross body's treason ;
 My soul doth tell my body that he may
 Triumph in love ; flesh stays no farther reason,
 But rising at thy name doth point out thee
 As his triumphant prize. Proud of this pride,
 He is contented thy poor drudge to be,
 To stand in thy affairs, fall by thy side.
 No want of conscience hold it that I call
 Her ' love ' for whose dear love I rise and fall.

THE NON-SERIAL SONNETS

OCCASIONAL SONNETS.

ADULATORY

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 ;
Incertainties now crown themselves assured,
 And peace proclaims olives of endless age.
 Now with the drops of this most balmy time
 My love looks fresh, and Death to me subscribes,
 Since, spite of him, I 'll live in this poor rhyme,
 While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes :
 And thou in this shalt find thy monument,
 When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent.

68

Thus is *his cheek* the map of *days outworn*,
 When *beauty lived* and *died* as *flowers* do now,
 Before these bastard signs of fair were born,
 Or durst inhabit on a living brow ;
 Before the golden tresses of the dead,
 The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,
 To live a second life on second head ;
 Ere *beauty's dead* fleece made another gay ;
 In him those holy antique hours are seen,
 Without all ornament itself and *true*,
 Making no summer of another's green,
Robbing no old to dress his *beauty* new ;
 And *him* as for a map *doth Nature store*,
 To show false Art what *beauty* was of *yore*.

PHILOSOPHICAL

129

The expense of spirit is 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 despised straight ;
 Past reason hunted ; and no sooner had,
 Past reason hated, as a swallowed bait,
 On purpose laid to make the taker mad :
 Mad in pursuit, and in possession so ;
 Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme ;
 A bliss in proof, and proved, a very woe ;
 Before, a joy proposed ; behind, a dream.
 All this the world well knows ; yet none knows well
 To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

146

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

AMATORY

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 quenched in a cool well by.
 Which from Love's fire took heat perpetual,
 Growing a bath and healthful remedy
 For men deceased ; but I, my mistress' thrall,
 Came there for cure, and this by that I prove.
 Love's fire heats water, water cools not love.

NOTE

- In this collection—
 (1) *Italics* indicate a verbal parallelism
 between two passages in the same
 'pair' (there are two 'pairs,' viz.,
 77-122 and 67-68).
 (2) Underlining indicates a Shakespearean
 'echo,' as in the Dramatic Section.

THE FIVE AUTHORS OF SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS

I.—ADULATORY SONNETS. (Nos. 77-122, 107, 66, 67-68.)

Nos. 77, 122, and 107 are the three 'Theory' sonnets referred to above, and are particularly commended to the reader's notice.

77.

If this sonnet and No. 122 had appeared in any collection except one hallowed by the name of Shakespeare, it is reasonable to suppose that they would by this time have been recognised for what they are—the first, an ironical compliment accompanying the gift of a memorandum-book; the second, an acknowledgment by the recipient thereof written in the same vein, and conveying a polite but unmistakable snub. Apart from the identity of tone and subject, such obvious points as the remarkable rhyme 'memory' and 'eternity' occurring in each sonnet, and the rhyme 'brain' and 'contain' in 77 echoed by 'brain' and 'remain' in 122, might, one would have thought, have attracted the notice of the commentators and put them on the right track. But the Great Shakespeare Taboo is too strong; such 'coincidences' are of no account when regarded with the eye of faith, and both sonnets are reverently treated as the product of the same Master-Mind, the five latest editors interpreting variously as follows:—DOWDEN: "If I might hazard a conjecture, it would be that Shakspeare, who had perhaps begun a new manuscript book with Sonnet LXXV., and who, as I suppose, apologized for the monotony of his verses in LXXVI., here ceased to write, knowing that his friend was favouring a rival, and invited his friend to fill up the blank pages himself." LEE cautiously notes on 77, "The sonnet possibly accompanied the gift of a memorandum-book," and, referring to No. 122, "apparently the reference is to the friend's gift to the poet of a memorandum-book which the latter had given away (line 11). In LXVII. *supra* the poet would seem to have made the same kind of present to the friend." BEECHING agrees with Steevens in thinking that this "sonnet was designed to accompany a present of a 'book consisting of blank paper,'" but he adds that "the phrases in lines 3 and 10, 'the vacant leaves,' 'these waste blanks' seem to imply that the album was not altogether unwritten in; but they would be justified if the dedicatory sonnet occupied the first page. The sonnet is so out of key with what precedes and follows it, that it is best to treat it as an occasional poem to which we have not the complete clue." POOLER notes on 77, "Verses sent with a gift of a MS. book, and also perhaps a pocket dial, and a mirror," and on 122, "perhaps the vacant leaves of No. 77 filled with the friend's thoughts in prose or verse read and remembered by Shakespeare, and now given away." WALSH places the two sonnets side by side in a sub-group of four, and notes [my italics]: "There is absolutely nothing to show to whom the first four of *these utterly disconnected sonnets* were addressed." He is inclined to think that No. 77 is an early sonnet on account of "its unusual prosiness," while No. 122 is "apparently a late sonnet." He also quotes an ingenious interpretation by GODWIN, "who thinks the sonnet (No. 77) addressed by Shakespeare to himself, as the inscription in the blank book in which he proposed to write his sonnets; and accordingly Mr. Godwin places it first in his rearrangement."¹

But it is only when we proceed to examine these two sonnets in the new light provided by The Theory that we find the very reasonable *a priori*, so to speak, assumption that No. 122 is a reply to No. 77 confirmed beyond all manner of doubt. In these two sonnets

¹ The reader will note that the sonnet begins—

Thy glass will show thee how thy *beauties* wear,

Aubrey tells us that Shakespeare was a "handsome well-shaped person," but even so . . . !

THE NON-SERIAL SONNETS

we find ourselves back again in the familiar 'Contest' atmosphere. In each sonnet there are several unmistakable echoes of lines and phrases occurring in the first two batches of the "Contest" series; and in these echoes or allusions we recognise the *personal* touch—the ragging spirit which is the peculiar feature of the 'Personal' sonnets, and marks them off so definitely from the rest. No. 77 was obviously addressed to the Patron of the 'Contest' by someone (in all probability one of the *competitors*) perfectly familiar with both the language and the esoteric significance of the sonnets in series 1-5 inclusive. No. 122 is as obviously The Patron's reply.

The 'general idea' of this sonnet is to administer to The Patron a wholesome corrective to the fulsome praises of his beauty offered by Shakespeare and The Minor Poet in their references to his looking-glass and his sun-dial respectively. Compare S.'s—

3. Look in *thy glass* and tell the face thou viewest
Thou art thy mother's *glass*, and she in thee
Calls back the *lovely* April of her prime,
Despite of *wrinkles* this thy golden time.

with this sonnet's—

Thy glass will show thee how thy *beauties* wear,
The *wrinkles* which *thy glass* will truly show,

and M.P.'s—

104. Ah, yet doth beauty, like a *dial*-hand
Steal from his figure, and no pace perceived.

with this sonnet's—

Thou by thy *dial's shady stealth* shalt know,

and note in line 11—

Those *children* nurs'd *delivered* from thy *brain*,

yet another fling at M.P.'s famous 'Obstetrics' conceit, the lines most directly imitated being part of one of H.'s satiric references thereto—

59. . . . how are our *brains* beguiled,
Which *labouring* for invention *bear* amiss
The second burthen of a former *child*

Everything points to The Lawyer as the author of the sonnet. Taking this view, one might paraphrase it somewhat as follows: "My colleagues S. and M.P., in extolling your marvellous beauty, have appealed to the evidence of your looking-glass and your sun-dial. Now this was a mistake, because what your glass will tell you is that your good looks are fading, and what your sun-dial will tell you is that you are foolishly wasting your precious time. So I send you herewith a note-book¹ that you may note down therein the *real* lessons which these two interesting objects will teach you from time to time; for instance, the deeply-lined wrinkles faithfully reflected in the glass will put you in mind of deeply-dug graves; and the slow movement of the shadow round the dial will put you in mind of the way in which Time is slowly but surely shortening your little span of life; and so forth. Now you cannot be expected to keep all these salutary lessons permanently fixed in your memory, so jot them down in this note-book *at the time*, and later on, when you run your eye over the pages, you will be surprised to find that these thoughts—the 'children of your brain'—strike you as something quite fresh and novel. If you will make use of *their* glass and dial and *my* note-book in this way, you will greatly enrich the last-mentioned article and do yourself a deal of good at the same time."

¹ For "the vacant leaves" in line 3 read "these."

THE FIVE AUTHORS OF SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS

122.

This sonnet—The Patron's reply to 77—has a special interest as being the second of the two sonnets written by Southampton, (the first being No. 121 in the third batch of the Personal Sonnets). Its 'general idea' is to retort on the author of 77 in his own vein of irony and parody, and at the same time to snub him for the undue liberties he has taken. The irony is more pronounced than in No. 121, and the Contest 'thoughts' and phrases alluded to are such as specially lend themselves to ridicule. Take the following three 'parallelisms':

1. L. What's in the *brain* that ink may *character* (P.E. 108).
 South. Thy gift, thy tables, are *within my brain*
 Full *character'd* with lasting memory.

Apparently the first three lines of L.'s 108, with their picture of the "business-like poet in his office, keeping his brain-register written up to date, and ready at any time to enter a new item and note its value in the figure columns¹" struck even his friends and admirers as being rather incongruous in a lyric poem.

2. M.P. *Eternal numbers to outlive long date.* (E.D. 38).
 South. *Beyond all date even to eternity.*

Quite a good parody of M.P.'s absurd line.

3. M.P. The living *record* of your memory.
 'Gainst death and *all-oblivious enmity* (B.I. 55).
 H. Who all their *parts of me to thee* did give (D.D. 31).
 South. Till each to *razed oblivion* yield his *part*
 Of *thee*, thy *record* never can be miss'd.

M.P.'s violent inversion "all-oblivious enmity" = "oblivion the enemy of all" is parodied by "razed oblivion" = "oblivion that erases everything"; and The Patron is apparently going to get rid of all the "parts" of other people with which he had been generously endowed by H.'s purposely grotesque conceit.

The sonnet is a very 'difficult' one—one of the hardest nuts to crack in the whole collection. It is clearly intended to be ironical throughout, but as in his other sonnet (121) Southampton fails to make *all* his points as effectively as he might. The reason appears to be the same in each case, namely: that he is "a literary novice striving to express himself in an unfamiliar medium."² What he is *trying* to say appears to be something like this—"Many thanks for the note-book. I have transferred it (in imagination) to my brain, and there, like your own famous brain-register, it has been completely filled up with entries, that is to say, notes about yourself. So it has been 'enriched' as you suggested, and will enjoy the distinction to which its wealth entitles it, till the end of time and long after (as our friend M.P. says). Or, if not *quite* so long as that, at any rate as long as Nature allows my heart and brain to remain exactly as they are at present. I can assure you that until the time comes when 'razed oblivion' (as M.P. might say) shall have deleted your 'record' from my thoughts and feelings, I shall not fail to remember you. As for the actual note-book—well, for one thing it might not be big enough to hold all I should like to write about you, for another thing I didn't need it as a token of your affection for me—(I fancy I can reckon *that* up without tally-sticks)—and lastly, to keep it merely as a *souvenir* would have suggested the distressing thought that I was in danger of forgetting your existence altogether. So I determined to trust to my more capacious *mental* register instead and gave it away to somebody else!"

¹ *v. supra*, p. 71.

² *v. supra*, p. 93.

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The reader will not fail to appreciate the significance of the fact that Southampton's only two sonnets, 121 and 122, have been placed next each other in the collection.¹ The odds against this having happened *fortuitously* are (as I am credibly informed) 76 to 1.

107.

Most of the recent commentators agree with GERALD MASSEY in thinking that this sonnet was written to congratulate Southampton on his release from the Tower on the accession of James I. LEE writes: "Sonnet cvii., apparently the last of the series, was penned long after the mass of its companions, for it makes references that cannot be ignored to three events that took place in 1602—to Queen Elizabeth's death, to the accession of James I., and to the release of the Earl of Southampton, who was convicted in 1601 of complicity in the rebellion of the Earl of Essex, and had since that year been in prison in the Tower of London." POOLER quotes from Bacon's *Apophthegms*: "And yet at that time there was much speech of troubles and divisions about the Crown, to be after her decease; but they all vanished; and King James came in, in a profound peace;" and from Dekker's *The Wonderful Year*: "The Cedar of her government which had stood alone and bore no fruit, is now changed to an Olive upon whose spreading branches grow both Kings and Queens." In my humble judgment the evidence in favour of MASSEY'S view is conclusive.

This sonnet was one of the two selected by Coleridge (the other being No. 98 in the *Absence* series, which I have treated as a characteristic product of M.P.'s Muse) to exemplify Shakespeare's power of giving "a dignity and a passion to the objects which he presents." In deference to the judgment of so great a Shakespearean I have tried hard to bring myself to believe that this sonnet is the work of Shakespeare—Shakespeare, be it remembered, at the zenith of his power, the Shakespeare of Hamlet and Othello—but have not succeeded; the more I study it, the more disconnected and feeble it appears. I feel that I should be wanting in common honesty if I obeyed the dictates of prudence and passed over the question of authorship in silence; and so in all humility I propose to set forth for the consideration of the reader my reasons for believing that this sonnet was written in imitation of the Master's grand manner by an inferior hand.

The first two quatrains are much superior to the rest. The sonnet opens very finely, and though the first eight lines contain serious blemishes, the language is generally dignified and the versification pleasing. The last six lines, on the other hand, appear to me to be thoroughly bad—disconnected, confused, feebly expressed, and disfigured by 'rhyme-hunting.'

1-2. These two lines are certainly very striking, but the effect of awe and mystery produced by the dimly-suggested image of the World-Soul brooding over the future of humanity appears to be the result of accident rather than design. The 'Zeitgeist' is a modern conception, wholly foreign (as far as I am aware) to the spirit of Elizabethan poetry: the "prophetic soul" is a quotation from Hamlet; and, lastly, the *occasion* of the sonnet is, surely, unworthy of so impressively-sounding an exordium. As POOLER says, "prophetic" = 'apprehensive' or 'foreboding,' and the musically alliterative "The wide world dreaming on things to come" means merely 'the anxieties which every one felt as to the future.' The thought apparently is—"My own fears that S. would not be released, endorsed as they were by the popular belief that, in view of the disorders which might be expected to attend the beginning of the new reign, the King would not run the risk of setting at liberty so distinguished a rebel, have been happily falsified."

¹ v. p. 198 *infra*.

THE FIVE AUTHORS OF SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS

3-4. The meaning of these distinctly prosaic lines appears to be that the poet had taken a long lease of Southampton's love, and looked forward to enjoying it, but Southampton's incarceration had rendered his lease valueless to him, as he could exercise none of the rights of possession. (It may be noted that Southampton was sentenced to imprisonment *for life*.) "Yet" is very awkward; it cannot possibly mean 'hitherto,' and must be used in its sense of 'nevertheless.' The meaning is, apparently: "Notwithstanding my own fears and the popular belief, etc., Southampton is out of prison, and my lease has again come into full operation"; but can any such meaning be extracted either logically or grammatically from the words as they stand?

6. "The sad augurs" = 'solemn politicians' (POOLER).

7. Clearly a reminiscence of M.P.'s lines in No. 115 (P.R. series):

When I was *certain* o'er *uncertainty*,
Crowning the present, doubting of the rest.

8. The rhythm of this line is defective unless the Elizabethans pronounced 'olives' 'olives.'

13-14. Why this abrupt "poetic vaunt of immortality"—as LEE calls it? It has not been led up to in any way; and besides, the "poor rhyme" of a single sonnet is rather an insecure foundation for so imposing a claim. Again, how can this sonnet be Southampton's monument? All that has been said in his praise is that he "looks fresh"—wonderfully well *considering*—after his two years in the Tower. The answer to these questions seems to be that the author admired the sonnets of the B.I. series, and determined to write imitations thereof—even if he had to drag them in by the hair of the head. Compare:

Since *spite of him* I'll live in *this poor rhyme*,
While *he insults* o'er dull and speechless tribes:
And thou in this shalt find *thy monument*,
When *tyrants* crests and tombs of *brass* are spent,

with the following lines from the B.I. series:

- 19. Yet do thy worst, old Time; *despite thy wrong*
My love shall *in my verse* ever live young.
- 18. Nor shall *Death brag* thou wander'st in his shade
- 81. *Your monument shall be my gentle verse.*
- 55. Not marble nor the *gilded monuments*
Of *princes* shall outlive *this powerful rhyme.*
- 64. And *brass* eternal slave to mortal rage.

"Tribes" is a good (or rather very *bad*) example of a 'dear-bought rhyme.' So is "spent."

The reader will note that the lines imitated are by Shakespeare, The Minor Poet, and The Humorist respectively. Coupled with the legal phraseology of lines 3-4, this fact suggests the possibility of this sonnet being a late effort on the part of our old friend The Lawyer.

66.

A typical 'Enueg' sonnet turned into a perfunctory compliment to a patron by the last line. Its terse style and earnest tone contrast with the flowery language and conventional sentiment of Shakespeare's serial sonnets. If it is by him, it must have been written a good deal later than 1595—indeed, if, as seems likely, the patron is Southampton, and is identical with the addressee of 67 and 68, it must be dated not long before the publication of the sonnets in 1609.

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67.

I cannot bring myself to believe that either this or the next sonnet is the work of Shakespeare. They are tacked on rather clumsily to No. 66, and the ridiculous solemnity with which the unholy practices of painting the face and wearing a wig are reprehended, has nothing in common with the philosophic pessimism of that sonnet; moreover, the pervading puritanical sentiment contrasts very oddly with the frank paganism of the Serial sonnets.

The final couplet is obviously a reminiscence of Shakespeare's lines in the M.A. series :

Let those whom *Nature* has not made for *store*,
Harsh, featureless and rude, barrenly perish (II.10-11).

and the words, "In days long since," would seem to imply that some years at least had elapsed since No. 11 was written. Indeed, it is difficult to imagine either this effusion or No. 68 figuring in a batch of "sugred sonnets," passing from hand to hand in Court circles at any time in the golden days of good Queen Bess. They would certainly not have commended themselves to that imperious lady, who detested Puritans, entertained a sufficiently exalted idea of the glories of her reign, and, as we read, "possessed no fewer than eighty attires of false hair." The sonnet was probably written not very long before the publication of the Quarto in 1609.

This is one of the 'difficult' sonnets, and though the commentators agree that it is a wonderful piece of work, no two of them explain it in quite the same way. Take, for example, POOLER's note on *a single line*—line 7: "Beauty may be personified and denote whatever Power produces things beautiful. 'Indirectly' may mean 'by imitation.' instead of going straight to the fountain-head, Nature's store='his exchequer' of l. 11. So MR. WYNDHAM; 'Beauty is not "beauty indifferent and imperfect" (*Tyler*), but abstract Beauty personified and called "poor," as abstract Nature personified is stated to be "beggar'd" and with "no exchequer now but his."' DEAN BEECHING dissents, 'Shakespeare is usually faithful to rhetorical parallelism within the quatrain; and here "poor beauty" corresponds to "false painting," not to "bankrupt Nature."' With this PROF. CASE agrees: 'If 7 and 8 are properly to carry out the precedent thought, we must take "since" in the regular, but here rather awkward, sense, "because" and understand the whole as follows: Why should sin derive countenance from his society? Why should the natural hue of his cheek become the type for counterfeit? Why should inferior beauty artificially mimic roses because he has true ones?' One finds oneself wishing that the ingenious solvers of these remarkable conundrums had gone on to ask themselves a few more, *e.g.*, Why did Shakespeare write this feeble and obscure sonnet? Why did he go out of his way to insult his Patron by informing him that his (The Patron's) only justification for living on in this vale of tears was that he might stand as a valuable advertisement of Nature's ancient opulence? Why did he make a fool of himself by asserting that, owing to the wickedness of these latter days, the whole younger generation had been stricken with anæmia? And, finally, why have the commentators failed to include these three points in their lengthy lists of matters requiring explanation?

68.

A continuation of 67, written either by the same pious but mediocre versifier or by another of the same kidney. The latter hypothesis seems the more probable in view of the remarkable series of imitations of words and phrases occurring in the previous sonnet:—

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67

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,
 O, *him she stores*, to show what wealth she had
 In *days long since*, before these last so bad.

68

Thus is *his cheek* the map of *days outworn*,
 When *beauty lived* and *died* as *flowers do now*,
 Ere *beauty's dead* fleece made another gay ;
 Without all ornament itself and *true* ;
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*.

These are 'verbal parallelisms' quite in the 'competitive' style of the Serial sonnets. Note the clumsy and ungrammatical line 10, and the inartistic effect of the repetition in the final couplet of the 'map' idea of the first line. Note, too, in lines 5-10 the direct imitation of the lines in the *Merchant of Venice* (iii. 2.92-7) :

So are those crisped snaky *golden locks*,
 To be the dowry of a *second head*.
 The skull that bred them in the *sepulchre*.
 Thus *ornament* is but the guiled shore.

II. PHILOSOPHICAL SONNETS. (Nos. 129, 146.)

129.

A typical 'philosophical' sonnet on a well-worn sonnetteering theme. Cf. Sidney's sonnet, *To Desire*, beginning—

Thou blind man's mark, thou fool's self-chosen snare,

and G.C.'s *Emaricdulfe*, No. 36, beginning—

O lust ! Of sacred love the foul corrupter.

Cf. also *V. and A.*, 799 *et. seq.*, and *Lucrece*, 211 *et. seq.*, 687 *et. seq.*

This sonnet presents no particularly striking or original features, and seems, in my poor judgment, to lack the sureness of hand of The Master. For instance, the line—

Before, a joy proposed ; behind, a dream,

would apply equally well to the most innocent of human pleasures—listening to Melba, for example, or climbing the Alps. Besides, it is an obvious echo from Tarquin's soliloquy in *Lucrece*—

What win I, if I gain the thing I seek ?
 A *dream*, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy ; (211-12).

If Shakespeare wrote it (which I take leave to doubt), it must be one of his later efforts ; its terse sententiousness has nothing in common with the facile flow of his verse in the Serial sonnets.

146

This interesting sonnet, though superior in style and musical effect to Nos. 67 and 68, is written in very much the same puritanical spirit. While these two sonnets denounce the fashionable practices of using rouge and wearing false hair, this sonnet denounces the extravagant expenditure on clothes which was another besetting sin of the masculine worldling in the days of Elizabeth. But, interspersed with these exhortations against the vain adorning of the body, we find reflections of a deeper and more solemn character in which the body is regarded, not as something to be clad in richer or poorer garments, but as a garment *itself*—"this muddy vesture of decay," which is put off by the soul

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at death and becomes "the prey of worms." Such a mixture of two thoughts very similar in appearance, but very different in degree, requires exceptionally careful handling if confusion is to be avoided; and, as I venture to think, in this sonnet it has *not* been carefully handled. Moreover, the resultant confusion has been aggravated by a sudden change of metaphor in the ninth line: the body appears neither as the soul's "mansion," whose walls are "so costly gay" (*clothes* idea), nor as the soul's "charge," doomed to be eaten by worms (*spiritual* idea), but as the soul's "servant" who is to "pine" that his master may be fed. Whether this new metaphor is to be connected with the *clothes* idea or with the *spiritual* idea is a very difficult question to determine; the words, "without be rich no more," would seem to indicate the former, the rest of the reference the latter.

Some other individual examples of ambiguity may be noted:—(a) What does "array" in the second line mean? POOLER notes "this has been explained as 'beleaguer,' but no instance of this absolute use has been cited. The word is found, though rarely, in the sense of 'afflict,' and of 'defile.'" PROF. CASE writes: "The whole tone of the sonnet seems to ask for 'clothe' or 'adorn.'" It seems clear that if 'clothe' or 'adorn' is not the only meaning, it is at any rate *one* of the meanings, *i.e.* the poet is perpetrating a pun. Cf. 'invest.'

It will be seen that the "Everyman" editor (in common with most other modern editors) shows two syllables missing from the beginning of the first line. The line reads thus in the Quarto:—

My sinfull earth these rebell powers that thee array,

i.e., two syllables too many. MALONE, therefore, suggested that "the compositor inadvertently repeated the last three words of the first verse in the beginning of the second, omitting two syllables." Most of the commentators accept his suggestion, and restore the 'omitted' syllables by reading "Thrall to," or "Foil'd by," or "Leagued with," or "Why feed'st," etc., etc. But is not Malone's theory 'rather a large order'? One knows what havoc can be wrought in classical MSS. by 'dittography,' but, surely, a seventeenth-century sequence of English sonnets—written one verse to a line, and each line (presumably) beginning with a capital letter—is a different affair altogether. Need we assume, *first*, a compositor so absent-minded as, without the shadow of a typographical excuse, to bring forward three words from the end of one verse to the beginning of the next (changing a lower-case m to a capital M on the way), suppress two words (one beginning with a capital) in order to make room for them, and then leave the line with two redundant syllables after all; and *second*, a proof-reader so extraordinarily incompetent as to pass over such a complicated mass of easily-detectable mistakes? Would it not be more reasonable to suppose that the MS. itself was in fault; and that the editor, finding the text confused by erasures and interlineations, and having no author to refer to (the book being a piratical venture on the part of the noted pirate T.T.), did his unprosodical best? In the Quarto line the deictic "these" strikes one as rather uncalled-for, and, like "that" and "thee," a word which might easily be misread or misplaced when printing from an MS. disordered by a series of 'author's corrections.' I do not see why we should not read simply—

My sinfull earth *that* rebbell powers array,

taking the line as a parenthesis.

(b). Why "that" in l. 10? If it refers to "loss," (as it should do) what is the meaning? If to "servant," why not "him"?