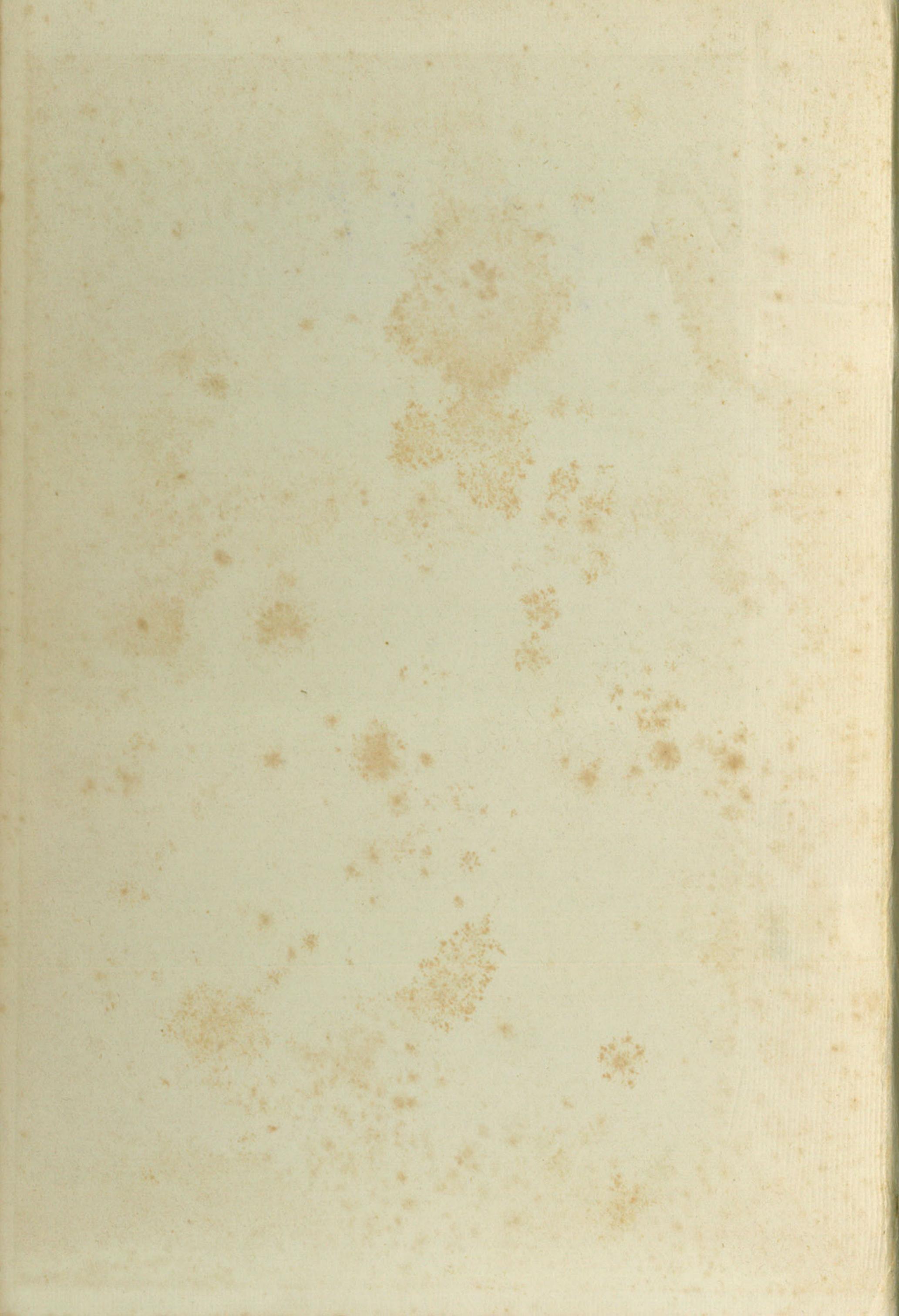


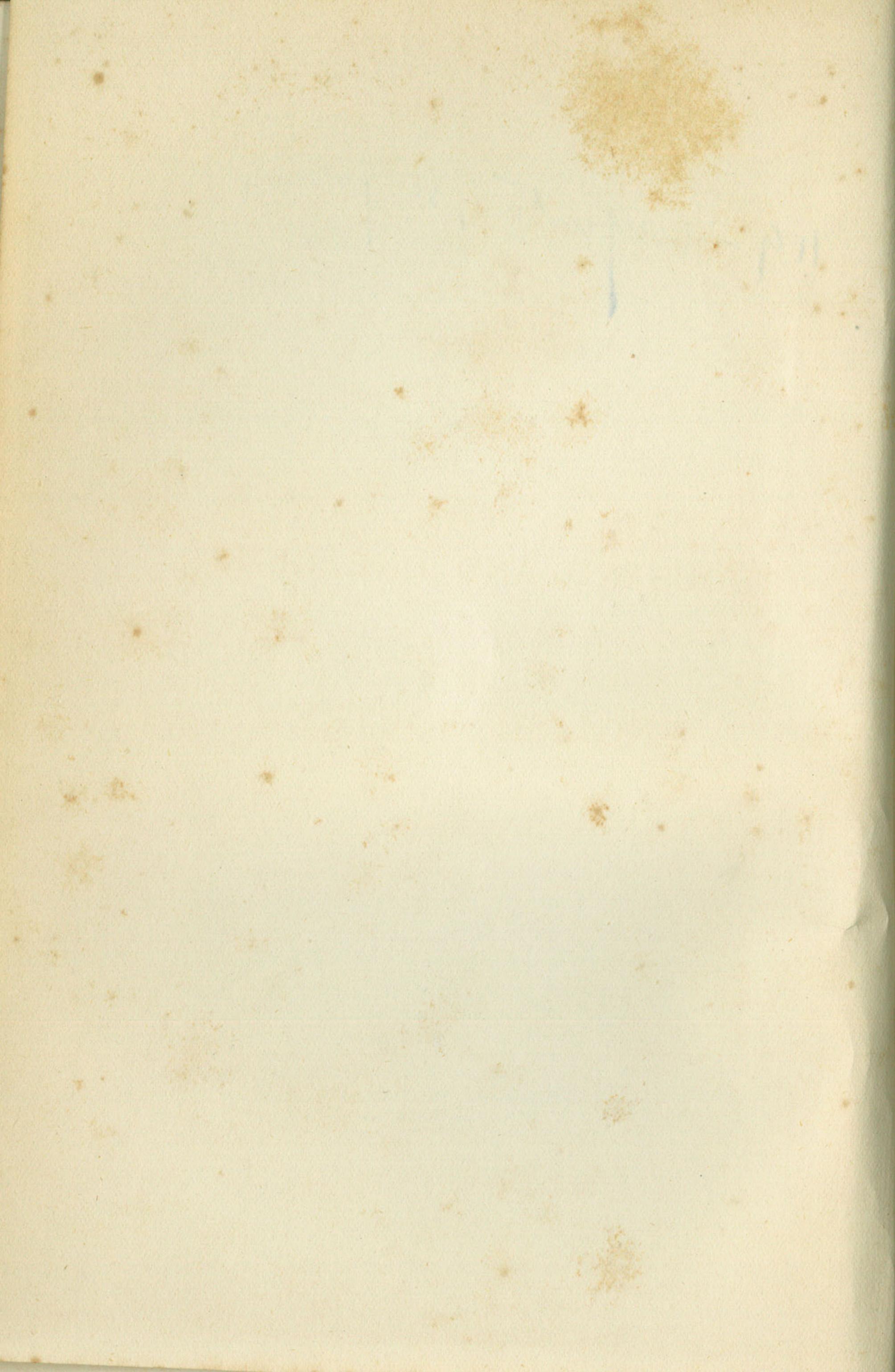


ONE THOUSAND & ONE
GEMS OF ENGLISH POETRY





119 - conjunto de peças



A
THOUSAND AND ONE GEMS
OF
ENGLISH POETRY

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OF

ENGLISH POETRY



THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS (LONGFELLOW).

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth.—P. 573.

A THOUSAND AND ONE
GEMS OF ENGLISH POETRY

SELECTED AND ARRANGED BY
CHARLES MACKAY, LL.D.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY
SIR JOHN MILLAIS, R.A.
SIR JOHN GILBERT, R.A.
AND BIRKET FOSTER



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INTRODUCTION TO THE TWENTY-THIRD
EDITION.

THE Editor desires to acknowledge the courtesy of Sir Edwin Arnold and of Mr. Alfred Austin, for permission to include some of their poems in the Twenty-third Edition of this work. His thanks are also due to Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co., for permission to include Robert Browning's poem, "Hervé Riel;" and to Messrs. Ellis & Elvey, for permission to include three poems by Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

October, 1896.

INTRODUCTION.

THE design of the Editor or Compiler of the following volume was to present one great panoramic view of the masterpieces of English poetry, and that of the publishers to issue it in a form and at a price which would recommend it to the taste of the rich, without placing it beyond the means of the poor. The original intention of the Editor was to commence with Chaucer and end with Wordsworth, Moore, Rogers, Hood, Campbell, and other poets of the last generation, who have recently passed from among us, thus excluding the works of living writers. To this arrangement the publishers made objection, on the ground, very easily defensible, that some of the brightest gems of the "Thousand and One" are the productions of living genius—both in Great Britain and the United States of America. The Editor yielded the point, but was met with the serious difficulty that it was not in all cases possible to include the works of living writers—even if their consent could be obtained;—firstly, because the copyrights were not always their own;—secondly, because their addresses were not obtainable without great trouble and loss of time;—and thirdly, because the modern poets, in England and America, were so numerous, that if specimens of all their poetic jewellery were got together, an undue proportion of the volume would be occupied by writers of the second half of the nineteenth century. Another difficulty which personally was more serious, existed in the dilemma in which the Editor found himself with regard to his own compositions. Had any other than himself been Editor, the publishers were of opinion that his consent would assuredly have been asked for permission to reproduce some of his lyrics and other pieces; while the Editor, on his part, knew

that had such consent been asked, it would have been cheerfully given. If there be, under the circumstances, an apparent sin against good taste in the matter, the publishers must bear the blame;—for it is they who have put the pressure upon the Editor, and compelled his assent to a selection, which would not have been necessary, if the original idea of the volume had been adhered to. As regards the selection itself, it claims to justify its title, and to afford a fair as well as comprehensive view of the rise, progress, and present state of English poetry. All the “Gems” in the volume are not of equal brilliancy. The diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and pearls of literature are few;—but there are other “gems” than these, of inferior value, but still gemlike;—agate, cornelian, amethyst, turquoise, onyx, and scores of others known to the lapidary and jeweller, and prized by them and by the public to whose appreciation they are offered. To the living writers, whose consent has been given to the appearance of their “gems” in these pages, the Editor offers his best thanks;—to the living writers whose consent has not been asked, he offers his apologies, and would gladly have included some specimens of their genius had time and the bulk of the volume permitted; and to those who have been asked and who have not replied, he has to explain that wherever permission was possible, he would not act without it. To the publishers of the works of authors recently deceased, and proprietors of their copyrights, he has also to offer his acknowledgments for their courtesy, and for the promptitude with which they entered into what, he supposes, would have been the feelings of those poets if they had been still alive;—the very natural desire to appear in the immortal company of the Fathers of English Song.

The Editor desires also to acknowledge thankfully the courtesy of Messrs. Ticknor and Fields, of Boston, proprietors of the works of Longfellow, Emerson, Holmes, Lowell, Whittier, &c.; and of Messrs. Appleton & Co., of New York, publishers of Bryant’s poems—in granting exclusive permission to incorporate in this volume selections from the works of those distinguished American writers.

A THOUSAND AND ONE GEMS OF ENGLISH POETRY.

[GEOFFREY CHAUCER. 1328—1400.]

PRAISE OF WOMEN.

FOR, this ye know well, tho' I wouldin
lie,
In women is all truth and steadfastness ;
For, in good faith, I never of them sie
But much worship, bounty, and gentle-
ness,
Right coming, fair, and full of meekéness ;
Good, and glad, and lowly, I you ensure,
Is this goodly and àngelic creatùre.

And if it hap a man be in disease,
She doth her busíness and her full pain
With all her might him to comfòrt and
please,
If fro his dísèase him she might restrain :
In word ne deed, I wis, she woll not faine ;
With all her might she doth her busíness
To bringen him out of his heaviness.

Lo, here what gentleness these women
have,
If we could know it for our rudéness !
How busy they be us to keep and save
Both in hele and also in sicknèss,
And alway right sorry for our distress !
In evéry manère thus shew they ruth,
That in them is all goodness and all
truth.

THE YOUNG SQUIRE.

WITH him there was his son, a youngé
Squire,
A lover and a lusty bacholer,
With lockés crull, as they were laid in
press.
Of twenty year of age he was I guess.

Of his stature he was of even length,
And wonderly deliver and great of
strength ;

And he had been some time in chevachie
In Flandres, in Artois, and in Picardy,
And borne him well, as of so little space,
In hope to standen in his lady's grace

Embroidered was he, as it were a mead
All full of freshé flowers white and red.
Singing he was or fluting all the day :
He was as fresh as is the month of May.
Short was his gown, with sleevés long
and wide ;

Well could he sit on horse, and fairé ride.
He couldé songés well make, and indite,
Joust, and eke dance, and well pourtray
and write.

So hot he lovéd, that by nightertale
He slept no more than doth the nightin-
gale.

Courteous he was, lowly and serviceable,
And carved before his father at the table.

ARCITA'S DYING ADDRESS.

“ ALAS the wo ! alas, the painés strong
That I for you have suffered, and so
long !

Alas, the death !—alas mine Emelie !
Alas, departing of our company !
Alas, mine herté's queen !—alas, my wife,
Mine herté's lady—ender of my life !

What is this world ? What axen men to
have ?

Now with his love, now in his coldé
grave

Alone ! withouten any company,
Farewell, my sweet ! — farewell, mine
Emelie !”

GOOD COUNSEL OF CHAUCER.

FLY from the press,* and dwell with
soothfastness ;
Suffice unto thy good, though it be
small,
For hoard † hath hate, and climbing
tickleness ; ‡
Preise § hath envie, and weal is blent
o'er all.
Savor ¶ no more than thee behoven
shall,
Rede ¶ well thy self that other folk can'st
rede,
And Truth thee shalt deliver — 'tis no
drede.**

That thee is sent receive in buxomness :
The wrestling of this world, asketh a
fall.
Here is no home, here is but wilderness.
Forth, pilgrim, forth—on, best out of
thy stall,
Look up on high, and thank the God
of all !
Weivith †† thy lust, and let thy ghost ††
thee lead,
And Truth thee shalt deliver — 'tis no
drede.

[The EARL OF SURREY. 1506—1547.]

GIVE PLACE, YE LOVERS.

GIVE place, ye lovers, here before
That spent your boasts and brags in
vain ;
My lady's beauty passeth more
The best of yours, I dare well sayen,
Than doth the sun the candlelight,
Or brightest day the darkest night ;
And thereto hath a troth as just
As had Penelope the fair ;
For what she saith ye may it trust,
As it by writing sealed were ;—
And virtues hath she many mo'
Than I with pen have skill to show.

* The crowd. † Treasure. ‡ Uncertainty.
§ Commendation. ¶ Desire. ¶ Counsel.
** Fear. †† Subdue. †† Spirit.

I could rehearse, if that I would,
The whole effect of Nature's plaint,
When she had lost the perfect mould,
The like to whom she could not
paint.
With wringing hands, how did she
cry !
And what she said, I know it aye.

I know she swore, with raging mind,
Her kingdom only set apart,
There was no loss by law of kind
That could have gone so near her
heart ;
And this was chiefly all her pain,—
"She could not make the like again."

Sith Nature thus gave her the praise
To be the chiefest work she wrought,
In faith, methink, some better ways
On your behalf might well be sought,
Than to compare, as ye have done,
To match the candle with the sun.

HOW NO AGE IS CONTENT
WITH ITS OWN ESTATE.

LAYD in my quiet bed in study as I
were,
I saw within my troubled head, a heap of
thoughts appear,
And every thought did shew so lyvely in
myne eyes,
That now I sight, and then I smilde, as
cause of thoughts did ryse.
I saw the little boy, in thought how oft
that he
Did wishe of God, to scape the rod, a tall
young man to be,
The young man eake that feles his bones
with paines opprest
How he would be a riche old man, to
live and lye at rest ;
The riche olde man that sees his end
draw on so sore,
How he would be a boy againe to live so
much the more.
Wherewith full oft I smylde, to see how all
those three
From boy to man, from man to boy,
would chop and change degree.

And musing thus, I think, the case is
 very strange,
 That man from wealth, to live in wo,
 doth ever seke to change.
 Thus thoughtfull as I lay, I sawe my
 withered skyn,
 How it doth shew my tented chewes, the
 flesh was worn so thin,
 And eke my totheless chaps, the gates of
 my right way,
 That opes and shuttes, as I do speak, do
 thus unto me say :
 The white and horish heres, the mes-
 sengers of age,
 That shew like lines of true belief, that
 this life doth assuage,
 Biddes the lay hand, and feele them
 hanging on thy chin.
 The whiche doth write to ages past, the
 third now coming in ;
 Hang up therefore the bitte, of thy yong
 wanton tyme,
 And thou that therein beaten art, the
 happiest life defyne.
 Whereat I sighed, and sayde, farewell
 my wonted toye,
 Trusse up thy packe, and trudge from me,
 to every little boy,
 And tell them thus from me, their time
 most happy is,
 If to theyr time they reason had, to know
 the truth of this.

~~~~~  
 [SIR THOMAS WYATT. 1503—1554.]

A DESCRIPTION OF SUCH A  
 ONE AS HE COULD LOVE.

A FACE that should content me wonde-  
 rous well,  
 Should not be fatt, but lovely to behold,  
 Of lively look all grieve for to repell  
 With right good grace so would I that  
 it should.  
 Speak without word, such words as none  
 can tell ;  
 Her tress also should be of crisped gold.  
 With wit and these, perchance I might  
 be tryde  
 And knit againe with knot that should  
 not slide.

COMPLAINT OF THE ABSENCE  
 OF HIS LOVE.

SOE feeble is the thred that doth the  
 burden stay,  
 Of my poor life in heavy plight that falleth  
 in decay,  
 That but it have elsewhere some ayde or  
 some succours,  
 The running spindle of my fate anon shall  
 end his course.  
 For since the unhappy houre that dyd me  
 to depart,  
 From my sweet weale one only hoape  
 hath stayed my life apart,  
 Which doth perswade such words unto  
 my sored mynde,  
 Maintaine thy selfe, O wofull wight, some  
 better luck to find.  
 For though thou be deprived from thy  
 desired sight  
 Who can thee tell, if thy returne before  
 thy more delight ;  
 Or who can tell thy loss if thou mayst  
 once recover,  
 Some pleasant houres thy wo may wrap,  
 and thee defend and cover.  
 Thus in this trust, as yet it hath my life  
 sustained,  
 But now (alas) I see it faint, and I by  
 trust am trayned.  
 The tyme doth flete, and I see how the  
 hours do bende,  
 So fast that I have scant the space to  
 marke my coming end.  
 Westward the sunn from out the east scant  
 shewd his lite,  
 When in the west he hies him strait  
 within the dark of night  
 And comes as fast, where he began his  
 path awry,  
 From east to west, from west to east, so  
 doth his journey lye.  
 Thy lyfe so short, so frayle, that mortall  
 men lyve here,  
 Soe great a weight, so heavy charge the  
 bodyes that we bere,  
 That when I think upon the distance and  
 the space,  
 That doth so farre divide me from thy  
 dere desired face,  
 I know not how t'attaine the winges that  
 I require,

To lyft me up that I might fly to follow  
 my desyre.  
 Thus of that hope that doth my lyfe some-  
 thyng susteyne, [remaine.  
 Alas I fear, and partly feel full little doth  
 Eche place doth bring me grieffe where I  
 doe not behold,  
 Those lively eyes which of my thoughts,  
 were wont the keys to hold.  
 Those thoughts were pleasant sweet whilst  
 I enjoy'd that grace,  
 My pleasure past, my present pain, when  
 I might well embrace.  
 And for because my want should more  
 my woe increase,  
 In watch and sleep both day and night  
 my will doth never cease.  
 That thing to wishe whereof synce I did  
 lose the sight,  
 Was never thing that mought in ought  
 my wofull hart delight.  
 Th' uneasy life I lead doth teach me for  
 to mete,  
 The floods, the seas, the land, the hills,  
 that doth them intermete,  
 Twene me and those shene lights that  
 wonted for to clere,  
 My darked pangs of cloudy thoughts as  
 bright as Phebus sphere;  
 It teacheth me also, what was my plea-  
 sant state,  
 The more to feele by such record how  
 that my welth doth bate.  
 If such record (alas) provoke the inflamed  
 mynde,  
 Which sprung that day that I dyd leave  
 the best of me behynde,  
 If love forgeat himselfe by length of  
 absence let,  
 Who doth me guid (O wofull wretch)  
 unto this baited net:  
 Where doth encrease my care, much  
 better were for me,  
 As dumm as stone all things forgott, still  
 absent for to be.  
 Alas the clear christall, the bright tran-  
 splendant glasse,  
 Doth not bewray the colours hid which  
 underneath it hase.  
 As doth the accumbred sprite the  
 thoughtfull throwes discover,  
 Of teares delyte of fervent love that in  
 our hartes we cover,

Out by these eyes, it sheweth that ever  
 more delight;  
 In plaint and teares to seek redress, and  
 eke both day and night.  
 Those kindes of pleasures most wherein  
 men soe rejoyce,  
 To me they do redouble still of stormy  
 sighes the voice.  
 For, I am one o' them, whom plaint doth  
 well content,  
 It fits me well my absent wealth me  
 semes for to lament,  
 And with my teares t' assy to charge  
 myne eyes twayne,  
 Like as my hart above the brink is  
 fraughted full of payne.  
 And for because thereto, that these fair  
 eyes do treat,  
 Do me provoke, I will returne, my plaint  
 thus to repeate; [within,  
 For there is nothing els, so toucheth me  
 Where they rule all, and I alone, nough'  
 but the case or skin.  
 Wherefore I shall returne to them as well  
 or spring,  
 From whom descends my mortall wo,  
 above all other thing.  
 So shall myne eyes in paine accompany  
 my heart,  
 That were the guides, that did it lead of  
 love to feel the smart.  
 The crisped gold that doth surmount  
 Appolloe's pride,  
 The lively streames of pleasant starrs that  
 under it doth glyde,  
 Wherein the beames of love doe still  
 increase their heate,  
 Which yet so far touch me to near in cold  
 to make me sweat,  
 The wise and pleasant take, so rare or  
 else alone,  
 That gave to me the curties gyft, that  
 earst had never none.  
 Be far from me alas, and every other  
 thing,  
 I might forbear with better will, then  
 this that did me bring.  
 With pleasand woord and cheer, redress  
 of lingred payne,  
 And wonted oft in kindled will, to vertue  
 me to trayne.  
 Thus am I forc'd to hear and hearken  
 after news,

My comfort scant, my large desire in  
doubtful trust renews.  
And yet with more delight to move my  
wofull case,  
I must complaine these hands, those  
armes, that firmly do embrace,  
Me from myself, and rule the sterne of  
my poor life,  
The sweet disdaynes, the pleasant wrathes,  
and eke the holy strife,  
That wonted well to tune in temper just  
and mete,  
The rage, that oft did make me err by  
furour indiscrete.  
All this is hid from me with sharp and  
ragged hills,  
At others will my long abode, my depe  
dyspayr fulfill.  
And of my hope sometime ryse up by  
some redresse,  
It stumbleth strait for feable faint my  
fear hath such excesse.  
Such is the sort of hoape, the less for  
more desyre,  
And yet I trust e're that I dye, to see  
that I require.  
The resting-place of love, where virtue  
dwells and growes,  
There I desire my weary life sometime  
may take repose,  
My song thou shalt attaine, to find the  
pleasant place,  
Where she doth live by whom I live, may  
chance to have this grace.  
When she hath read and seen, the griefe  
wherein I serve,  
Between her brests she shall thee put,  
there shall she thee reserve.  
Then tell her, that I come, she shall me  
shortly see,  
And if for waight the body fayl, the soul  
shall to her flee.

THE LONGER LIFE THE MORE  
OFFENCE.

THE longer life the more offence  
The more offence the greater paine,  
The greater paine the lesse defence,  
The lesse defence the lesser gaine ;  
The loss of gaine long yll doth trye,

Wherefore come death and let me dye.  
The shorter life, less count I finde,  
The less account the sooner made,  
The account soon made, the merier mind,  
The merier mynd doth thought evade ;  
Short life in truth this thing doth trye,  
Wherefore come death and let me dye.  
Come gentle death, the ebbe of care,  
The ebbe of care, the flood of life,  
The flood of life, the joyful fare,  
The joyful fare, the end of strife,  
The end of strife, that thing wish I,  
Wherefore come death and let me die.

THE AGED LOVER RENOUNCETH  
LOVE.

I LOTHE that I dyd love,  
In youth that I thought swete,  
As time requires for my behove,  
Methinks they are not mete.  
My lustes they do me leave,  
My fancies all are fled,  
And tract of time begynnes to weave  
Gray heares upon my hed.  
For age with stealing steppes  
Hath clawde me with his crouche,  
And lusty lyfe away she leapes  
As there had been none such.  
My muse doth not delight  
Me as she dyd before,  
My hand and pen are not in plight,  
As they have been of yore.  
For reason me denyes  
This youthly ydle ryme,  
And day by day to me cryes,  
Leave of these toyes in tyme.  
The wrinkles in my browe,  
The furrows in my face,  
Say lymping age will lodge hym now,  
Where youth must geve him place.  
The harbinger of death,  
To me I see him ride,  
The cough, the cold, the gasping breath  
Doth byd me to provyde  
A pickax and a spade  
And eke a shrowding shete,  
A house of clay for to be made,  
For such a geaste most mete.  
Methinkes I hear the clarke  
That knoles the carefull knell,

And byddes me leave my woful warke,  
Ere nature me compell.

My kepers knit the knot,  
That youth did laugh to skorne,  
Of me that cleane shall be forgot,  
As I had not been borne.

Thus must I youth geve up,  
Whose badge I long dyd weare,  
To them I yelde the wanton cup,  
That better may it beare.

Lo, here the bare hed skull,  
By whose balde signe I know,  
That stouping age away shall pull  
Which youthful yeres did sowe.

For beauty with her band  
These croked cares hath wrought,  
And shipped me into the land,  
From whence I fyrst was brought.

And ye that byde behinde,  
Have ye none other trust  
As ye of clay were cast by kynd,  
So shall ye waste to dust.

[ANONYMOUS. 1521.]

### THE NUT-BROWN MAID.

BE it right or wrong, these men among  
Of women do complain ;  
Affirming this, how that it is  
A labour spent in vain,  
To love them well ; for never a deal  
They love a man again :  
For let a man do what he can,  
Their favour to attain,  
Yet, if a new do them pursue,  
Their first true lover then  
Laboureth for nought ; for from their  
thought  
He is a banished man.

I say not nay, but that all day  
It is both writ and said,  
That woman's faith is, as who saith,  
All utterly decayed ;  
But, nevertheless, right good witness  
In this case might be laid,  
That they love true, and continue :  
Record the Nut-brown Maid :  
Which, when her love came, her to  
prove,  
To her to make his moan,

Would not depart ; for in her  
heart  
She loved but him alone.

Then between us let us discuss  
What was all the manner  
Between them two : we will also  
Tell all the pain, and fear,  
That she was in. Now I begin,  
So that ye me answer ;  
Wherefore, all ye, that present be  
I pray you, give an ear.  
"I am the knight ; I come by  
night,  
As secret as I can ;  
Saying, alas ! thus standeth the  
case,  
I am a banished man."

SHE.—And I your will for to fulfil  
In this will not refuse ;  
Trustyng to shew, in wordes few,  
That men have an ill use  
(To their own shame) women to  
blame,  
And causeless them accuse ;  
Therefore to you I answer now,  
All women to excuse,—  
Mine own heart dear, with you  
what cheer ?  
I pray you, tell anon ;  
For, in my mind, of all man  
kind  
I love but you alone.

HE.—It standeth so ; a deed is do  
Whereof great harm shall grow  
My destiny is for to die  
A shameful death, I trow ;  
Or else to flee : the one must be.  
None other way I know,  
But to withdraw as an outlaw,  
And take me to my bow.  
Wherefore adieu, my own heart  
true !  
None other rede I can :  
For I must to the green wood  
go,  
Alone a banished man.

SHE.—O Lord, what is this worldys  
bliss,  
That changeth as the moon !

My Summer's day in lusty May  
 Is derked \* before the noon.  
 I hear you say, Farewell: nay,  
 nay,  
 We depart not so soon.  
 Why say ye so? whither will ye  
 go?  
 Alas! what have you done?  
 All my welfàre to sorrow and  
 care  
 Should change, if you were  
 gone;  
 For in my mind, of all mankind  
 I love but you alone.

HE.—I can believe, it shall you grieve,  
 And somewhat you distraint;  
 But, afterward, your paynes hard  
 Within a day or twain  
 Shall soon aslake†: and ye shall  
 take  
 Comfort to you again.  
 Why should ye ought? for to make  
 thought,  
 Your labour were in vain.  
 And thus I do; and pray you to,  
 As hart'ly, as I can;  
 For I must to the green wood go,  
 Alone, a banished man.

SHE.—Now, sith that ye have shewed to  
 me  
 The secret of your mind,  
 I shall be plain to you again,  
 Like as ye shall me find.  
 Sith it is so, that ye will go,  
 I will not leve behind;  
 Shall never be said, the nut-brown  
 maid  
 Was to her love unkind:  
 Make you ready, for so am I,  
 Although it were anon;  
 For, in my mind, of all mankind,  
 I love but you alone.

HE.—Yet I you rede‡ to take good  
 heed  
 What men will think, and say:  
 Of young, and old it shall be told,  
 That ye be gone away,

\* Derked—darkened. † Aslake—abate.  
 ‡ Rede—advise.

Your wanton will for to fulfil,  
 In green wood you to play;  
 And that ye might from your  
 delight  
 No longer make delay.  
 Rather than ye should thus for me  
 Be called an ill woman,  
 Yet would I to the green wood  
 go,  
 Alone, a banished man.

SHE.—Though it be song of old and  
 young,  
 That I should be to blame,  
 Theirs be the charge, that speak  
 so large  
 In hurting of my name:  
 For I will prove that faithful love  
 It is devoid of shame;  
 In your distress, and heaviness,  
 To part with you, the same:  
 And sure all those, that do not  
 so,  
 True lovers are they none;  
 For, in my mind, of all mankind  
 I love but you alone.

HE.—I counsel you, remember how,  
 It is no maiden's law,  
 Nothing to doubt, but to run out  
 To wood with an outlaw:  
 For ye must there in your hand  
 bear  
 A bow, ready to draw,  
 And, as a thief, thus must you  
 live,  
 Ever in dread and awe;  
 Whereby to you great harm might  
 grow:  
 Yet had I lever \* than,  
 That I did to the green wood go,  
 Alone, a banished man.

SHE.—I think not nay, but as ye say,  
 It is no maiden's lore:  
 But love may make me for your  
 sake,  
 As I have said before,  
 To come on foot, to hunt, and  
 shoot  
 To get us meat in store;

\* Lever—rather.

For so that I your company  
 May have, I ask no more :  
 From which to part, it maketh my  
 heart  
 As cold as any stone ;  
 For, in my mind, of all mankind  
 I love but you alone.

HE.—For an outlaw this is the law,  
 That men him take and bind ;  
 Without pity, hanged to be,  
 And waver with the wind.  
 If I had need (as God forbid !)  
 What rescue could ye find ?  
 Forsooth, I trow, ye and your  
 bow  
 For fear would draw behind :  
 And no marvel ; for little avail  
 Were in your counsel then :  
 Wherefore I will to the green wood  
 go,  
 Alone, a banished man.

SHE.—Right well know ye that woman  
 be  
 But feeble for to fight ;  
 No womanhede it is indeed  
 To be bold as a knight :  
 Yet, in such fear if that ye were  
 With enemies day or night,  
 I would withstand, with bow in  
 hand,  
 To grieve them as I might,  
 And you to save ; as women have  
 From death men many one ;  
 For, in my mind, of all mankind  
 I love but you alone.

HE.—Yet take good heed ; for ever I  
 dread  
 That ye could not sustain  
 The thorny ways, the deep valleys,  
 The snow, the frost, the rain,  
 The cold, the heat : for dry, or  
 wet,  
 We must lodge on the plain ;  
 And, us above, none other roof  
 But a brake bush, or twain :  
 Which soon should grieve you, I  
 believe,  
 And ye would gladly than  
 That I had to the green wood gone,  
 Alone, a banished man.

SHE.—Sith I have here been partynère  
 With you of joy and bliss,  
 I must also part of your woe  
 Endure, as reason is :  
 Yet am I sure of one pleasùre ;  
 And shortly, it is this :  
 That, where ye be, me seemeth,  
 pardè,\*  
 I could not fare amiss.  
 Without more speech, I you be-  
 seech  
 That we were soon agone ;  
 For, in my mind, of all mankind  
 I love but you alone.

HE.—If you go thither, ye must con-  
 sider,  
 When ye have lust to dine,  
 There shall no meat be for you  
 gete,  
 Nor drink, beer, ale, nor wine.  
 No shètes clean, to lie between,  
 Made of thread and twine ;  
 None other house but leaves and  
 boughs,  
 To cover your head and mine,  
 O mine heart sweet, this evil  
 dyète  
 Should make you pale and  
 wan ;  
 Wherefore I will to the green-  
 wood go,  
 Alone, a banished man.

SHE.—Among the wild deer, such an  
 archèr  
 As men say that ye be,  
 Ne may not fail of good vitayle,  
 Where is so great plenty :  
 And water clear of the rivèr  
 Shall be full sweet to me ;  
 With which in helet† I shall right  
 wele  
 Endure, as ye shall see ;  
 And, or we go, a bed or two  
 I can provide anon ;  
 For, in my mind, of all mankind  
 I love but you alone.

HE.—Lo yet, before, ye must do more,  
 If ye will go with me :

\* Pardè—in truth.

† Hele—health.

As cut your hair up by your ear,  
Your kirtle by the knee;  
With bow in hand, for to with-  
stand  
Your enemies, if need be:  
And this same night before day-  
light,  
To wood-ward will I flee.  
If that ye will all this fulfil,  
Do it shortly as ye can:  
Else will I to the green wood go,  
Alone, a banished man.

SHE.—I shall as now do more for you  
Than longeth to womanhede;  
To shote\* my hair, a bow to bear,  
To shoot in time of need.  
O mysweet mother, before all other  
For you I have most dreag:  
But now, adieu! I must ensue,†  
Where fortune doth me lead.  
All this make ye: now let us flee;  
The day cometh fast upon;  
For, in my mind, of all mankind  
I love but you alone.

HE.—Nay, nay, not so; ye shall not go,  
And I shall tell you why,—  
Your appetite is to be light  
Of love, I well espy:  
For, like as ye have said to me,  
In likewise hardely  
Ye would answer whosoever it  
were,  
In way of company.  
It is said of old, Soon hot, soon  
cold:  
And so is a woman.  
Wherefore I to the wood will go,  
Alone, a banished man.

SHE.—If you take heed, it is no need  
Such words to say by me;  
For oft ye prayed, and long as-  
sayed,  
B'fore I you loved, pardè:  
And though that I of ancestry  
A baron's daughter be,  
Yet have you proved how I you  
loved,  
A squire of low degree;

\* Shote—cut.

† Enue—follow.

And ever shall, whatso befall;  
To die therefore anon;  
For, in my mind, of all mankind  
I love but you alone.

HE.—A baron's child to be beguil'd!  
It were a cursed deed;  
To be felawe\* with an outlaw!  
Almighty God forbid!  
Yet better were the poor squyere  
Alone to forest yede,†  
Than ye should say another day,  
That, by my cursed deed,  
Ye were betray'd: Wherefore,  
good maid,  
The best rede‡ that I can,  
Is, that I to the green wood go,  
Alone, a banished man.

SHE.—Whatever befall, I never shall  
Of this thing you upbraid:  
But if ye go, and leave me so,  
Then have you me betray'd.  
Remember you well, how that  
ye deal;  
For, if ye, as ye said,  
Be so unkind, to leave behind,  
Your love, the Nut-brown Maid,  
Trust me truly, that I shall die  
Soon after ye be gone;  
For, in my mind, of all mankind  
I love but you alone.

HE.—If that ye went, ye should repent  
For in the forest now  
I have purvayed§ me of a maid,  
Whom I love more than you;  
Another fairer than ever ye were,  
I dare it well avow;  
And of you both each should be  
wroth  
With other as I trow:  
It were mine ease to live in peace;  
So will I, if I can;  
Wherefore I to the wood will go,  
Alone, a banished man.

SHE.—Though in the wood I understood  
Ye had a paramour,

\* Felawe—companion.

† Yede—went.

‡ Rede—advice.

§ Purvayed—provided.

All this may nought remove my  
thought,  
But that I will be your :  
And she shall find me soft and  
kind,  
And courteous every hour ;  
Glad to fulfil all that she will  
Command me to my power :  
For had ye, lo, an hundred mo,  
"Of them I would be one,"  
For, in my mind, of all mankind  
I love but you alone.

HE.—Mine own dear love, I see the  
proof  
That ye be kind and true ;  
Of maid, and wife, in all my life,  
The best that ever I knew.  
Be merry and glad, be no more  
sad,  
The case is changed new ;  
For it were ruth, that, for your  
truth,  
Ye should have cause to rue.  
Be not dismayed ; whatsoever I  
said  
To you when I began ;  
I will not to the green wood go ;  
I am no banished man.

SHE.—These tidings be more glad to me,  
Than to be made a queen,  
If I were sure they should endure ;  
But it is often seen,  
When men will break promise,  
they speak  
The wordés on the spleen.  
Ye shape some wile me to beguile,  
And steal from me, I ween :  
Then were the case worse than it  
was,  
And I more woe-begone ;  
For, in my mind, of all mankind  
I love but you alone.

HE.—Ye shall not need further to dread ;  
I will not disparage  
You (God defend !), sith ye de-  
scend  
Of so great lineage.  
Now understand ; to Westmore-  
land,  
Which is mine heritage,

I will you bring ; and with a ring  
By way of marriage  
I will you take, and lady make,  
As shortly as I can :  
Thus have you won an Erly's son,  
And not a banished man.

AUTHOR.—Here may ye see, that woman  
be

In love, meek, kind and stable :  
Let never man reprove them then,  
Or call them variable ;  
But rather pray God that we may  
To them be comfortable ;  
Which sometimes proveth such,  
as he loveth,  
If they be charitable.  
For sith men would that women  
should  
Be meek to them each one ;  
Much more ought they to God  
obey,  
And serve but him alone.

[BEN JONSON. 1573—1637.]

TO CELIA.

I.

Drink to me only with thine eyes,  
And I will pledge with mine ;  
Or leave a kiss within the cup,  
And I'll not look for wine.  
The thirst that from the soul doth rise,  
Doth ask a drink divine :  
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,  
I would not change for thine.

II.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,  
Not so much honouring thee,  
As giving it a hope, that there  
It could not withered be ;  
But thou thereon didst only breathe,  
And sent'st it back to me,  
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,  
Not of itself but thee.

EPITAPH ON THE COUNTESS  
OF PEMBROKE.

UNDERNEATH this sable hearse,  
Lies the subject of all verse,

Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother ;  
 Death, ere thou has slain another,  
 Learned, and fair, and good as she,  
 Time shall throw a dart at thee !

SONG OF HESPERUS.

(From "Cynthia's Revels.")

QUEEN and huntress, chaste and fair,  
 Now the sun is laid to sleep,  
 Seated in thy silver chair,  
 State in wonted manner keep.  
 Hesperus entreats thy light,  
 Goddess excellently bright !

Earth, let not thy envious shade  
 Dare itself to interpose ;  
 Cynthia's shining orb was made  
 Heaven to clear, when day did close.  
 Bless us then with wished sight,  
 Goddess excellently bright !

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,  
 And thy crystal-shining quiver :  
 Give unto the flying hart  
 Space to breathe how short soever ;  
 Thou that mak'st a day of night,  
 Goddess excellently bright !

THE SWEET NEGLECT.

STILL to be neat, still to be drest,  
 As you were going to a feast :  
 Still to be poud' red, still perfum'd :  
 Lady, it is to be presum'd,  
 Though art's hid causes are not found,  
 All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a looke, give me a face,  
 That makes simplicitie a grace ;  
 Robes loosely flowing, haire as free :  
 Such sweet neglect more taketh me,  
 Than all th' adulteries of art,  
 That strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

ELEGY ON SHAKSPEARE.

To draw no envy, Shakspeare, on thy  
 name,  
 Am I thus ample to thy book and fame :

While I confess thy writings to be such,  
 As neither man nor muse can praise too  
 much.

\* \* \* \* \*

Soul of the age !

Th' applause ! delight ! the wonder of  
 our stage !

My Shakspeare rise ! I will not lodge  
 thee by

Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie  
 A little further, to make thee a room :  
 Thou art a monument without a tomb,  
 And art alive still, while thy book doth  
 live,

And we have wits to read, and praise to  
 give.

That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses,  
 I mean with great, but disproportion'd  
 muses :

For if I thought my judgment were of  
 years,

I should commit thee surely with thy  
 peers,

And tell how far thou didst our Lily out-  
 shine,

Or sportive Kyd, or Marlowe's mighty  
 line.

And though thou hadst small Latin and  
 less Greek,

From thence to honour thee, I will not  
 seek

For names ; but call forth thund'ring  
 Eschylus,

Euripides, and Sophocles to us,

Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,

To live again, to hear thy buskin tread,

And shake a stage ; or when thy socks  
 were on,

Leave thee alone for the comparison

Of all, that insolent Greece, or haughty  
 Rome

Sent forth, or since did from their ashes  
 come.

Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to  
 show

To whom all scenes of Europe homage  
 owe.

He was not of an age, but for all time !

And all the muses still were in their  
 prime,

When, like Apollo, he came forth to  
 warm

Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm !

Nature herself was proud of his designs,  
And joyed to wear the dressing of his  
lines!

\* \* \* \* \*

Sweet swan of Avon! what a sight it were  
To see thee in our water yet appear,  
And make those flights upon the banks of  
Thames,

That so did take Eliza, and our James!  
But stay, I see thee in the hemisphere  
Advanc'd, and made a constellation there!  
Shine forth, thou star of poets, and with

rage,  
Or influence, chide, or cheer the droop-  
ing stage,

Which, since thy flight from hence, hath  
mourn'd like night,  
And despairs day, but for thy volumes  
light.

~~~~~  
JEALOUSY.

WRETCHED and foolish Jealousy,
How cam'st thou thus to enter me?

I ne'er was of thy kind:
Nor have I yet the narrow mind
To vent that poor desire,
That others should not warm them at my
fire:

I wish the sun should shine
On all men's fruits and flowers, as well
as mine.

But under the disguise of love,
Thou say'st thou only cam'st to prove
What my affections were.

Think'st thou that love is helped by
fear?

Go, get thee quickly forth,
Love's sickness, and his noted want of
worth,

Seek doubting men to please,
I ne'er will owe my health to a disease.

~~~~~  
COME LEAVE THE LOATHED  
STAGE.

COME leave the loathed stage,  
And the more loathsome age,  
Where pride and impudence (in fashion  
knit),  
Usurp the chair of wit!

Inditing and arraigning every day,  
Something they call a play.  
Let their fastidious, vain  
Commission of the brain  
Run on, and rage, sweat, censure, and  
condemn:  
They were not made for thee, less thou  
for them.

Say that thou pour'st them wheat,  
And they will acorns eat;  
'Twere simple fury still thyself to waste  
On such as have no taste!  
To offer them a surfeit of pure bread,  
Whose appetites are dead!  
No, give them grains their fill,  
Husks, draff to drink and swill.  
If they love lees, and leave the lusty wine,  
Envy them not their palates with the  
swine.

No doubt some mouldy tale,  
Like Pericles, and stale  
As the shrieves crusts, and nasty as his  
fish-  
Scraps, out of every dish  
Thrown forth, and rank'd into the com-  
mon tub,  
May keep up the play-club:  
There sweepings do as well  
As the best order'd meal.  
For who the relish of these guests will fit,  
Needs set them but the alms-basket of wit.

And much good do't you then:  
Brave plush and velvet men  
Can feed on orts: and safe in your stage-  
clothes,  
Dare quit upon your oaths,  
The stagers and the stage-wrights too  
(your peers)  
Of larding your large ears  
With their foul comic socks;  
Wrought upon twenty blocks;  
Which, if they are torn, and turn'd, and  
patch'd enough,  
The gamesters share your guilt, and you  
their stuff.

Leave things so prostitute,  
And take the Alcæic lute;  
Or thine own Horace, or Anacreon's lyre  
Warm thee by Pindar's fire:

And though thy nerves be shrunk, and  
 blood be cold,  
 Ere years have made thee old ;  
 Strike that disdainful heat  
 Throughout to their defeat :  
 As curious fools, and envious of thy strain,  
 May, blushing, swear no palsy's in thy  
 brain.

But when they hear thee sing  
 The glories of thy king,  
 His zeal to God, and his just awe o'er  
 men :

They may, blood-shaken then,  
 Feel such a flesh-quake to possess their  
 powers ;

As they shall cry, like ours,  
 In sound of peace or wars,  
 No harp e'er hit the stars,  
 In tuning forth the acts of his sweet  
 reign :

And raising Charles his chariot 'bove his  
 waine.

---

#### EPITAPH ON A LADY.

UNDERNEATH this stone doth lie  
 As much beauty as could die :  
 Which in life did harbour give  
 To more virtue than doth live.  
 If, at all, she had a fault,  
 Leave it buried in this vault.

---

#### WOMEN MEN'S SHADOWS.

FOLLOW a shadow, it still flies you,  
 Seem to fly it, it will pursue :  
 So court a mistress, she denies you ;  
 Let her alone, she will court you.  
 Say are not women truly, then,  
 Styled but the shadows of us men.

---

[MICHAEL DRAYTON. 1563—1631.]

#### THE QUEST OF CYNTHIA.

WHAT time the groves were clad in green,  
 The fields drest all in flowers,  
 And that the sleek-hair'd nymphs were  
 seen  
 To seek them summer bowers.

Forth rov'd I by the sliding rills,  
 To find where Cynthia sat,  
 Whose name so often from the hills  
 The echoes wonder'd at.

When me upon my quest to bring,  
 That pleasure might excel,  
 The birds strove which should sweetliest  
 sing,  
 The flow'r's which should sweetest  
 smell.

Long wand'ring in the wood, said I,  
 "O whither's Cynthia gone ?"  
 When soon the echo doth reply  
 To my last word—"Go on."

At length upon a lofty fir  
 It was my chance to find,  
 Where that dear name most due to her  
 Was carv'd upon the rind.

Which whilst with wonder I beheld,  
 The bees their honey brought,  
 And up the carved letters fill'd,  
 As they with gold were wrought.

And near that tree's more spacious  
 root,  
 Then looking on the ground,  
 The shape of her most dainty foot  
 Imprinted there I found.

Which stuck there like a curious seal,  
 As though it should forbid  
 Us, wretched mortals, to reveal  
 What under it was hid.

Besides, the flowers which it had press'd,  
 Appeared to my view  
 More fresh and lovely than the rest,  
 That in the meadows grew.

The clear drops, in the steps that  
 stood  
 Of that delicious girl,  
 The nymphs, amongst their dainty food,  
 Drunk for dissolved pearl.

The yielding sand, where she had trod,  
 Untouch'd yet with the wind,  
 By the fair posture plainly shew'd  
 Where I might Cynthia find.

When on upon my wayless walk  
As my desires me draw,  
I like a madman fell to talk  
With everything I saw.

I ask'd some lilies, "Why so white  
They from their fellows were?"  
Who answer'd me, "That Cynthia's sight  
Had made them look so clear."

I ask'd a nodding violet, "Why  
It sadly hung the head?"  
It told me, "Cynthia late past by,"  
Too soon from it that fled.

A bed of roses saw I there,  
Bewitching with their grace,  
Besides so wond'rous sweet they were,  
That they perfum'd the place.

I of a shrub of those inquir'd,  
From others of that kind,  
Who with such virtue them inspir'd?  
It answer'd (to my mind):

"As the base hemlock were we such,  
The poisoned'st weed that grows,  
Till Cynthia, by her godlike touch,  
Transform'd us to the rose.

"Since when those frosts that winter  
brings  
Which candy every green,  
Renew us like the teeming springs,  
And we thus fresh are seen."

At length I on a fountain light,  
Whose brim with pinks was platted,  
The bank with daffodillies dight  
With grass like sleeve was matted:

When I demanded of that well  
What pow'r frequented there;  
Desiring it would please to tell  
What name it us'd to bear:

It told me, "It was Cynthia's own,  
Within whose cheerful brims,  
That curious nymph had oft been known  
To bathe her snowy limbs;

"Since when that water had the pow'r  
Lost maidenhoods to restore

And make one twenty in an hour,  
Of Æson's age before,"

And told me, "That the bottom clear,  
Now lay'd with many a fett  
Of seed pearl, e'er she bath'd her there  
Was known as black as jet:

"As when she from the water came  
Where first she touch'd the mould,  
In balls the people made the same  
For pomander, and sold."

When chance me to an arbour led,  
Whereas I might behold;  
Two blest elysiums in one sted,  
The less the great infold;

The place which she had chosen out,  
Herself in to repose:  
Had they come down the gods no  
doubt  
The very same had chose.

The wealthy Spring yet never bore  
That sweet, nor dainty flower,  
That damask'd not the chequer'd floor  
Of Cynthia's summer bower.

The birch, the myrtle, and the bay,  
Like friends did all embrace;  
And their large branches did display,  
To canopy the place.

Where she like Venus doth appear  
Upon a rosy bed;  
As lilies the soft pillows were,  
Whereon she lay'd her head.

Heav'n on her shape such cost bestow'd,  
And with such bounties blest,  
No limb of hers but might have made  
A goddess at the least.

The flies by chance mesh'd in her hair,  
By the bright radiance thrown  
From her clear eyes, rich jewels were,  
They so like diamonds shone.

The meanest weed the soil there bare,  
Her breath did so refine,  
That it with woodbine durst compare,  
And eke the eglantine.

The dew which on the tender grass  
 The evening had distill'd,  
 To pure rose-water turned was,  
 The shades with sweets that fill'd.

The winds were hush'd, no leaf so small  
 At all was seen to stir :  
 Whilst tuning to the waters' fall  
 The small birds sing to her.

Where she too quickly me espies,  
 When I too plainly see  
 A thousand cupids from her eyes  
 Shoot all at once at me.

"Into these secret shades (quoth she)  
 How dar'st thou be so bold  
 To enter, consecrate to me,  
 Or touch this hallowed mould ?

"Those words (quoth she) I can pro-  
 nounce,  
 Which to that shape can bring  
 Thee, which that hunter had, who once  
 Saw Dian in the spring."

"Bright nymph (again I thus reply),  
 This cannot me afright :  
 I had rather in thy presence die,  
 Than live out of thy sight.

"I first upon the mountains high  
 Built altars to thy name,  
 And grav'd it on the rocks thereby,  
 To propagate thy fame.

"I taught the shepherds on the downs  
 Of thee to form their lays :  
 'Twas I that fill'd the neighbouring towns  
 With ditties of thy praise.

"Thy colours I devis'd with care,  
 Which were unknown before :  
 Which since that in their braided hair  
 The nymphs and sylvans wore.

"Transform me to what shape you can,  
 I pass not what it be :  
 Yea, what most hateful is to man,  
 So I may follow thee."

Which when she heard, full pearly floods  
 I in her eyes might view.

(Quoth she), "Most welcome to these  
 woods  
 Too mean for one so true.

"Here from the hateful world we'll live,  
 A den of mere despight :  
 To idiots only that doth give,  
 Which be for sole delight.

"To people the infernal pit,  
 That more and more doth strive ;  
 Where only villany is wit,  
 And devils only thrive.

"Whose vileness us shall never awe :  
 But here our sports shall be  
 Such as the golden world first saw,  
 Most innocent and free.

"Of simples in these groves that grow,  
 We'll learn the perfect skill :  
 The nature of each herb to know,  
 Which cures and which can kill.

"The waxen palace of the bee,  
 We seeking will surprise,  
 The curious workmanship to see  
 Of her full-laden thighs.

"We'll suck the sweets out of the comb  
 And make the gods repine,  
 As they do feast in Jove's great room,  
 To see with what we dine.

"Yet when there haps a honey fall,  
 We'll lick the syrup'd leaves,  
 And tell the bees that theirs is gall  
 To this upon the greaves.

"The nimble squirrel noting here,  
 Her mossy dray that makes,  
 And laugh to see the dusty deer  
 Come bounding o'er the brakes.

"The spider's web to watch we'll stand,  
 And when it takes the bee,  
 We'll help out of the tyrant's hand  
 The innocent to free.

"Sometime we'll angle at the brook,  
 The freckled trout to take,  
 With silken worms and bait the hocks  
 Which him our prey shall make.

“Of meddling with such subtle tools,  
Such dangers that enclose,  
The moral is, that painted fools  
Are caught with silken shews.

“And when the moon doth once appear,  
We’ll trace the lower grounds,  
When fairies in their ringlets there  
Do dance their nightly rounds.

“And have a flock of turtle doves,  
A guard on us to keep,  
As witness of our honest loves,  
To watch us till we sleep.”

Which spoke, I felt such holy fires  
To overspread my breast,  
As lent life to my chaste desires,  
And gave me endless rest.

By Cynthia thus do I subsist,  
On earth heaven’s only pride ;  
Let her be mine, and let who list  
Take all the world beside.

~~~~~  
THE TRENT.

NEAR to the silver Trent
Sirena dwelleth,
She to whom nature lent
All that excelleth ;
By which the Muses late,
And the neat Graces,
Have for their greater state
Taken their places ;
Twisting an Anadem,
Wherewith to crown her,
As it belong’d to them
Most to renown her.

*Chorus.—On thy bank
In a rank
Let thy swans sing her,
And with their music
Along let them bring her.*

Tagus and Pactolus
Are to thee debtor,
Nor for their gold to us
Are they the better ;
Henceforth of all the rest,
Be thou the river,

Which as the daintiest,
Puts them down ever.
For as my precious one
O’er thee doth travel,
She to pearl paragon
Turneth thy gravel.

*Chorus.—On thy bank
In a rank
Let thy swans sing her,
And with their music
Along let them bring her.*

Our mournful Philomel,
That rarest tuner,
Henceforth in April
Shall wake the sooner,
And to her shall complain
From the thick cover,
Redoubling every strain
Over and over :
For when my love too long
Her chamber keepeth ;
As though it suffered wrong,
The morning weepeth.

*Chorus.—On thy bank
In a rank
Let thy swans sing her,
And with their music
Along let them bring her.*

Oft have I seen the Sun,
To do her honour,
Fix himself at his noon
To look upon her,
And hath gilt every grove,
Every hill near her,
With his flames from above,
Striving to cheer her :
And when she from his sight
Hath herself turned,
He, as it had been night,
In clouds hath mourned.

*Chorus.—On thy bank
In a rank
Let thy swans sing her,
And with their music
Along let them bring her.*

The verdant meads are seen,
When she doth view them,
In fresh and gallant green
Strait to renew them,

And every little grass
Broad itself spreadeth,
Proud that this bonny lass
Upon it treadeth :
Nor flower is so sweet
In this large cincture,
But it upon her feet
Leaveth some tincture.

*Chorus.—On thy bank
In a rank
Let thy swans sing her,
And with their music
Along let them bring her.*

The fishes in the flood
When she doth angle,
For the hook strive agood
Them to entangle ;
And leaping on the land
From the clear water,
Their scales upon the sand
Lavishly scatter ;
Therewith to pave the mold
Whereon she passes,
So herself to behold
As in her glasses.

*Chorus.—On thy bank
In a rank
Let thy swans sing her,
And with their music
Along let them bring her.*

When she looks out by night
The stars stand gazing,
Like comets to our sight
Fearfully blazing ;
As wond'ring at her eyes,
With their much brightness,
Which so amaze the skies,
Dimming their lightness.
The raging tempests are calm
When she speaketh,
Such most delightsome balm
From her lips breaketh.

*Chorus.—On thy bank
In a rank
Let thy swans sing her,
And with their music
Along let them bring her.*

In all our Brittany
There's not a fairer,

Nor can you fit any,
Should you compare her,
Angels her eye-lids keep,
All hearts surprising ;
Which look while she doth sleep
Like the sun's rising :
She alone of her kind
Knoweth true measure,
And her unmatched mind
Is heaven's treasure.

*Chorus.—On thy bank
In a rank
Let thy swans sing her,
And with their music
Along let them bring her.*

Fair Dove and Darwent clear,
Boast ye your beauties,
To Trent your mistress here
Yet pay your duties.
My love was higher born
Tow'rds the full fountains,
Yet she doth moorland scorn
And the Peak mountains ;
Nor would she none should dream
Where she abideth,
Humble as is the stream,
Which by her slideth.

*Chorus.—On thy bank
In a rank
Let thy swans sing her,
And with their music
Along let them bring her.*

Yet my poor rustic Muse,
Nothing can move her,
Nor the means I can use,
Though her true lover :
Many a long winter's night
Have I wak'd for her,
Yet this my piteous plight
Nothing can stir her.
All thy sands, silver Trent,
Down to the Humber,
The sighs that I have spent
Never can number.

*Chorus.—On thy bank
In a rank
Let thy swans sing her,
And with their music
Along let them bring her.*

TO HIS COY LOVE.

I PRAY thee love, love me no more,
 Call home the heart you gave me,
 I but in vain that saint adore,
 That can, but will not save me:
 These poor half kisses kill me quite;
 Was ever man thus served?
 Amidst an ocean of delight,
 For pleasure to be starved.

Show me no more those snowy breasts,
 With azure rivers branched,
 Where whilst my eye with plenty feasts,
 Yet is my thirst not stanch'd.
 O Tantalus, thy pains ne'er tell,
 By me thou art prevented;
 'T is nothing to be plagu'd in hell,
 But thus in heaven tormented.

Clip me no more in those dear arms,
 Nor thy life's comfort call me;
 O, these are but too powerful charms,
 And do but more enthrall me.
 But see how patient I am grown,
 In all this coyle about thee;
 Come, nice thing, let thy heart alone,
 I cannot live without thee.

THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT.

FAIR stood the wind for France
 When we our sails advance,
 Nor now to prove our chance
 Longer will tarry;
 But putting to the main,
 At Kaux, the mouth of Scine,
 With all his martial train,
 Landed King Harry.

And taking many a fort,
 Furnish'd in warlike sort
 March'd towards Agincourt
 In happy hour;
 Skirmishing day by day
 With those that stop'd his way,
 Where the French gen'ral lay
 With all his power.

Which in his height of pride,
 King Henry to deride,

His ransom to provide
 To the King sending;
 Which he neglects the while,
 As from a nation vile
 Yet with an angry smile,
 Their fall portending.

And turning to his men,
 Quoth our brave Henry then,
 Though they to one be ten,
 Be not amazed.
 Yet, have we well begun,
 Battles so bravely won
 Have ever to the sun
 By fame been raised.

And for myself, quoth he,
 This my full rest shall be,
 England ne'er mourn for me.
 Nor more esteem me.
 Victor I will remain,
 Or on this earth lie slain,
 Never shall she sustain
 Loss to redeem me.

Poictiers and Cressy tell,
 When most their pride did swell,
 Under our swords they fell,
 No less our skill is,
 Than when our grandsire great,
 Claiming the regal seat,
 By many a warlike feat,
 Lop'd the French lilies.

The Duke of York so dread,
 The eager vanward led;
 With the main Henry sped,
 Amongst his henchmen.
 Excester had the rear,
 A braver man not there,
 O Lord how hot they were
 On the false Frenchmen!

They now to fight are gone,
 Armour on armour shone,
 Drum now to drum did groan
 To hear, was wonder;
 That with cries they make,
 The very earth did shake,
 Trumpet to trumpet spake,
 Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became,
 O noble Erpingham,
 Which did the signal aim
 To our hid forces;
 When from a meadow by,
 Like a storm suddenly,
 The English archery
 Stuck the French horses.

With Spanish yew so strong,
 Arrows a cloth-yard long,
 That like to serpents stung
 Piercing the weather;
 None from his fellow starts,
 But playing manly parts,
 And like true English hearts,
 Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw
 And forth their bilbows drew,
 And on the French they flew;
 Not one was tardy;
 Arms were from shoulders sent,
 Scalps to the teeth were rent,
 Down the French peasants went,
 Our men were hardy.

This while our noble king,
 His broad sword brandishing,
 Down the French host did ding,
 As to o'erwhelm it;
 And many a deep wound lent,
 His arms with blood besprent
 And many a cruel dent
 Bruised his helmet.

Glo'ster, that duke so good,
 Next of the royal blood,
 For famous England stood,
 With his brave brother,
 Clarence, in steel so bright,
 Though but a maiden knight,
 Yet in that furious fight
 Scarce such another.

Warwick in blood did wade,
 Oxford the foe invade,
 And cruel slaughter made,
 Still as they ran up;
 Suffolk his axe did ply,
 Beaumont and Willoughby
 Bare them right doughtily,
 Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon Saint Crispin's day
 Fought was this noble fray,
 Which fame did not delay,
 To England to carry;
 O when shall Englishmen
 With such acts fill a pen,
 Or England breed again
 Such a King Harry?

SONNET.

LOVE in a humour play'd the prodigal,
 And bad my senses to a solemn feast;
 Yet more to grace the company withal,
 Invites my heart to be the chiefest guest:
 No other drink would serve this glutton's
 turn
 But precious tears distilling from mine
 eyne,
 Which with my sighs this epicure doth
 burn,
 Quaffing carouses in this costly wine;
 Where, in his cups o'ercome with foul
 excess,
 Straightways he plays a swaggering ruf-
 fian's part,
 And at the banquet in his drunkenness,
 Slew his dear friend, my kind and truest
 heart:
 A gentle warning (friends) thus may
 you see,
 What 'tis to keep a drunkard company.

SONNET.

IF he, from heaven that filch'd that living
 fire,
 Condemn'd by Jove to endless torment be,
 I greatly marvel how you still go free,
 That far beyond Prometheus did aspire:
 The fire he stole, although of heavenly
 kind,
 Which from above he craftily did take,
 Of lifeless clods, us living men to make,
 He did bestow in temper of the mind:
 But you broke into heav'n's immortal
 store,
 Where virtue, honour, wit, and beauty
 lay;
 Which taking thence you have escap'd
 away,

Yet stand as free as e'er you did before:
 Yet old Prometheus punish'd for his
 rape:
 Thus poor thieves suffer, when the
 greater 'scape.

~~~~~

KING HENRY TO FAIR  
 ROSAMOND.

THE little flow'rs dropping their honey'd  
 dew,  
 Which (as thou writ'st) do weep upon thy  
 shoe,  
 Not for thy fault (sweet Rosamond) do  
 moan,  
 Only lament that thou so soon art gone:  
 For if thy foot touch hemlock as it goes,  
 That hemlock's made far sweeter than the  
 rose.

\* \* \* \* \*

My camp resounds with fearful shocks of  
 war,  
 Yet in my breast more dang'rous conflicts  
 are;  
 Yet is my signal to the battle's sound  
 The blessed name of beauteous Rosamond.  
 Accursed be that heart, that tongue, that  
 breath,  
 Should think, should speak, or whisper  
 of thy death:  
 For in one smile or lower from thy sweet  
 eye  
 Consists my life, my hope, my victory.  
 Sweet Woodstock, where my Rosamond  
 doth rest,  
 Be blest in her, in whom thy king is blest:  
 For though in France awhile my body be,  
 My heart remains (dear paradise) in thee.

~~~~~

LOVE BANISHED HEAVEN.

SONNET.

LOVE banish'd heaven, in earth was held
 in scorn,
 Wand'ring abroad in need and beggary;
 And wanting friends, though of a goddess
 born,
 Yet crav'd the alms of such as passed by:
 I like a man devout and charitable,
 Clothed the naked, lodg'd this wand'ring
 guest,

With sighs and tears still furnishing his
 table,
 With what might make the miserable
 blest;
 But this ungrateful, for my good desert.
 Entic'd my thoughts against me to con-
 spire,
 Who gave consent to steal away my heart,
 And set my breast his lodging on a fire.
 Well, well, my friends, when beggars
 grow thus bold,
 No marvel then though charity grow
 cold.

~~~~~

[WILLIAM DRUMMOND. 1585—1649.]

TO A NIGHTINGALE.

SWEET bird, that sing'st away the early  
 hours  
 Of winters past, or coming, void of care,  
 We'd pleased with delights which present  
 are,  
 Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet-  
 smelling flowers:  
 To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leafy  
 bowers  
 Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare,  
 And what dear gifts on thee he did not  
 spare,—  
 A stain to human sense in sin that lowers.  
 What soul can be so sick, which by thy  
 songs  
 (Attired in sweetness) sweetly is not  
 driven  
 Quite to forget Earth's turmoils, spites,  
 and wrongs,  
 And lift a reverend eye and thought to  
 Heaven?  
 Sweet, artless songster, thou my mind  
 dost raise  
 To airs of spheres, yes, and to angels'  
 lays.

~~~~~

A GOOD THAT NEVER SATISFIES
 THE MIND.

A GOOD that never satisfies the mind,
 A beauty fading like the April flow'rs,
 A sweet with floods of gall, that runs
 combin'd

A pleasure passing ere in thought made
ours,
An honour that more fickle is than
wind,
A glory at opinion's frown that low'rs,
A treasury which bankrupt time devours,
A knowledge than grave ignorance more
blind,
A vain delight our equals to command,
A style of greatness, in effect a dream,
A swelling thought of holding sea and
land,
A servile lot, deck'd with a pompous
name,
Are the strange ends we toil for here
below,
Till wisest death make us our errors
know.

[JOHN DONNE. 1573—1631.]

THE MESSAGE.

SEND home my long stray'd eyes to
me,
Which, oh! too long have dwelt on
thee;
But if they there have learn'd such ill,
Such forc'd fashions
And false passions,
That they be
Made by thee
Fit for no good sight, keep them still.

Send home my harmless heart again,
Which no unworthy thought could
stain;
But if it be taught by thine
To make jestings
Of protestings,
And break both
Word and oath,
Keep it still, 'tis none of mine

Yet send me back my heart and eyes,
That I may know and see thy lies,
And may laugh and joy when thou
Art in anguish,
And dost languish
For some one
That will none,
Or prove as false as thou dost now.

[WILLIAM BROWNE. 1590—1645.]

WILLY, OR GLIDE SOFT YE SILVER FLOODS.

GLIDE soft ye silver floods,
And every spring :
Within the shady woods,
Let no bird sing !
Nor from the grove a turtle dove
Be seen to couple with her love,
But silence on each dale and mountain
dwell,
Whilst Willy bids his friend and joy
farewell.

But (of great Thetis' train)
Ye mermaids fair,
That on the shores do plain
Your sea-green hair,
As ye in trammels knit your locks
Weep ye ; and so enforce the rocks
In heavy murmurs through the broad
shores tell
How Willy bade his friend and joy fare-
well.

Cease, cease, ye murmuring winds
To move a wave ;
But if with troubled minds
You seek his grave ;
Know 'tis as various as yourselves,
Now in the deep, then on the shelves,
His coffin toss'd by fish and surges fell,
Whilst Willy weeps and bids all joy fare-
well.

Had he, Arion like,
Been judg'd to drown,
He on his lute could strike
So rare a swon ;
A thousand dolphins would have
come,
And jointly strive to bring him
home.

But ne on shipboard dy'd, by sickness fell,
Since when his Willy bade all joy farewell

Great Neptune hear a swain !
His coffin take,
And with a golden chain
(For pity) make
It fast unto a rock near land !

Where ev'ry calmy morn I'll stand,
And ere one sheep out of my fold I tell,
Sad Willy's pipe shall bid his friend fare-
well.

ABRAHAM COWLEY. 1618—1667.]

ON THE DEATH OF CRASHAW.

POET and Saint ! to thee alone are giv'n
The two most sacred names of earth and
heav'n,
The hard and rarest union which can be,
Next that of Godhead with humanity.
Long did the Muses banish'd slaves abide,
And built vain pyramids to mortal pride ;
Like Moses thou (tho' spells and charms
withstand)
Hast brought them nobly home back to
their Holy Land.
Ah, wretched We ! poets of earth !
but thou
Wert living the same poet which thou'rt
now.
Whilst angels sing to thee their airs
divine,
And joy in an applause so great as thine,
Equal society with them to hold,
Thou need'st not make new songs, but
say the old :
And they, kind Spirits ! Shall all rejoice
to see
How little less than they exalted man
may be.

LIBERTY.

WHERE honour, or where conscience does
not bind,
No other law shall shackle me ;
Slave to myself I will not be :
Nor shall my future actions be confin'd
By my own present mind.
Who by resolves and vows engag'd does
stand
For days that yet belong to Fate,
Does, like an unthrift, mortgage his es-
tate
Before it falls into his hand.
The bondman of the cloister so
All that he does receive does always owe ;

And still as time comes in, it goes away,
Not to enjoy, but debts to pay.
Unhappy slave ! and pupil to a bell !
Which his hour's work, as well as hours,
does tell !
Unhappy to the last, the kind releasing
knell.

WHAT SHALL I DO ?

WHAT shall I do to be for ever known,
And make the age to come my own ?
I shall like beasts or common people
die,
Unless you write my elegy ;
Whilst others great by being born are
grown,
Their mother's labour, not their own.
In this scale gold, in th' other fame does
lie :
The weight of that mounts this so high.
These men are Fortune's jewels, moulded
bright,
Brought forth with their own fire and
light.
If I, her vulgar stone, for either look,
Out of myself it must be strook.
Yet I must on : What sound is't strikes
mine ear ?
Sure I Fame's trumpet hear :
It sounds like the last trumpet, for it can
Raise up the bury'd man.
Unpass'd Alps stop me, but I'll cut
through all,
And march, the Muse's Hannibal.
Hence, all the flatt'ring vanities that lay
Nets of roses in the way ;
Hence, the desire of honours or estate,
And all that is not above Fate ;
Hence, Love himself, that tyrant of my
days,
Which intercepts my coming praise.
Come, my best Friends ! my books ! and
lead me on,
'Tis time that I were gone.
Welcome, great Stagirite ! and teach me
now
All I was born to know :
Thy scholar's vict'ries thou dost far out-
do ;
He conquer'd the earth, the whole world
you.

Welcome, learn'd Cicero! whose bless'd
tongue and wit
Preserves Rome's greatness yet:
Thou art the first of orators; only he
Who best can praise thee next must be.
Welcome the Mantuan swan! Virgil the
wise,
Whose verse walks highest, but not flies;
Who brought green Poesy to her perfect
age,
And made that art which was a rage.
Tell me, ye mighty Three! what shall I do
To be like one of you?
But you have climb'd the mountain's top,
there sit
On the calm flourishing head of it,
And whilst, with wearied steps, we up-
ward go,
See us and clouds below.

~~~~~

### LOVE IN HER SUNNY EYES.

LOVE in her sunny eyes does basking  
play:  
Love walks the pleasant mazes of her  
hair;  
Love does on both her lips for ever  
stray,  
And sows and reaps a thousand kisses  
there;  
In all her outward parts Love's always  
seen,  
But, Oh! he never went within.

~~~~~

THE SOUL.

IF mine eyes do e'er declare
They've seen a second thing that's fair;
Or ears that they have music found,
Besides thy voice, in any sound;
If my taste do ever meet,
After thy kiss with ought that's sweet;
If my abused touch allow
Ought to be smooth or soft but thou!
If what seasonable springs,
Or the eastern summer brings,
Do my smell persuade at all
Ought perfume but thy breath to call;
If all my senses objects be
Not contracted into thee,
And so through thee more pow'ful pass,

As beams do through a burning-glass;
If all things that in nature are
Either soft, or sweet, or fair,
Be not in thee so epitomiz'd,
That nought material's not compris'd,
May I as worthless seem to thee,
As all but thou appear to me.

~~~~~

### THE WISH.

WELL, then, I now do plainly see,  
This busy world and I shall ne'er agree,  
The very honey of all earthly joy  
Does of all meats the soonest cloy:  
And they (methinks) deserve my pity  
Who for it can endure the stings,  
The crowd, and buz, and murmurings,  
Of this great hive, the City.

Ah! yet, e'er I descend to the grave,  
May I a small house and large garden  
have!  
And a few friends, and many books, both  
true,  
Both wise, and both delightful too!  
And since Love ne'er will from me flee,  
A mistress moderately fair,  
And good as guardian angels are,  
Only belov'd, and loving me!

~~~~~

AN IMPRECATION AGAINST CIVIL STRIFE.

CURS'D be the man (what do I wish? as
though
The wretch already were not so;
But curs'd on let him be) who thinks it
brave
And great his country to enslave;
Who seeks to overpoise alone
The balance of a nation:
Against the whole, but naked state,
Who in his own light scale makes up with
arms the weight.

Who of his nation loves to be the first,
Though at the rate of being worst,
Who would be rather a great monster,
than
A well proportion'd man;
The sun of earth, with hundred hands

Upon his three pil'd mountain stands,
Till thunder strikes him from the sky,
The son of Earth again in his earth's
womb does lie.

What blood, confusion, ruin, to obtain
A short and miserable reign?
In what oblique and humble creeping
wise

Does the mischievous serpent rise?
But ev'n his forked tongue strikes dead,
When he's rear'd up his wicked head;
He murders with his mortal frown;
A basilisk he grows if once he get a
crown.

But no guards can oppose assaulting
ears,
Or undermining tears;
No more than doors or close-drawn
curtains keep
The swarming dreams out when we
sleep:

That bloody conscience, too, of his,
(For oh! a rebel red-coat 't is)
Does here his early hell begin;
He sees his slaves without, his tyrant feels
within.

Let, gracious God! let never more thine
hand
Lift up this rod against our land:
A tyrant is a rod and serpent too,
And brings worse plagues than Egypt
knew.

What rivers stain'd with blood have
been?
What storm and hail-shot have we seen?
What sores de'trim'd the ulcerous state?
What darkness to be felt has bury'd us of
late?

How has it snatch'd our flocks and herds
away!
And made even of our sons a prey!
What croaking sects and vermin has it
sent

The restless nation to torment!
What greedy troops, what armed power
Of flies and locusts, to devour
The land, which ev'rywhere they fill!
Nor fly they, Lord! away; no, they
devour it still.

Come the eleventh plague rather than
this should be,
Come sink us rather in the sea:
Come rather Pestilence, and reap us
down;
Come God's sword rather than our own:
Let rather Roman come again,
Or Saxon, Norman, or the Dane:
In all the bonds we ever bore
We griev'd, we sigh'd, we wept: we neve-
blush'd before.

If by our sins the divine vengeance be
Call'd to this last extremity,
Let some denouncing Jonas first be sent
To try if England can repent:
Methinks, at least some prodigy,
Some dreadful comet from on high,
Should terribly forewarn the earth,
As of good princes' deaths, so of a tyrant's
birth.

(ROBERT SOUTHWELL. 1560—1595.)

TIMES GO BY TURNS.

THE loppéd tree in time may grow again,
Most naked plants renew both fruit and
flower,
The sorriest wight may find release of
pain,
The driest soil suck in some moistening
shower;
Time goes by turns, and chances change
by course,
From foul to fair, from better hap to
worse.

The sea of Fortune doth not ever flow;
She draws her favours to the lowest ebb;
Her tides have equal times to come and
go;
Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest
web:

No joy so great but runneth to an end,
No hap so hard but may in time amend.

(CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE. 1564—1593.)

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

COME live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove

That valleys, groves, or hill, or field,
Or woods and steepy mountains yield ;

Where we will sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And then a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle,
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle ;

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull ;
Slippers, lined choicely for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold ;

A belt of straw and ivy-buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs :
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me and be my love.

Thy silver dishes, for thy meat,
As precious as the gods do eat,
Shall, on an ivory table, be
Prepared each day for thee and me.

The shepherd swains shall dance and
sing
For thy delight each May morning.
If these delights thy mind may move,
Come live with me and be my love.

~~~~~  
ANSWER BY SIR WALTER  
RALEIGH.

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

But time drives flocks from field to fold,  
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold,  
Then Philomel becometh dumb,  
And age complains of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields  
To wayward winter reckoning yields ;  
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,  
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,  
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,  
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten ;  
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy-buds,  
Thy coral clasps and amber studs,  
All these in me no means can move,  
To come to thee and be thy love.

What should we talk of dainties, then,  
Of better meat than's fit for men ?  
These are but vain : that's only good  
Which God hath bless'd and sent for food.

But could youth last, and love still breed,  
Had joys no date, nor age no need ;  
Then those delights my mind might move,  
To live with thee and be thy love.

~~~~~  
[EDMUND SPENSER. 1553—1599.]

THE MINISTRY OF ANGELS.

AND is there care in Heaven? And is
there love
In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,
That may compassion of their evils move ?
There is :— else much more wretched
were the case
Of men than beasts : but O ! th' exceed-
ing grace
Of highest God, that loves his creatures
so,
And all his works with mercy doth em-
brace,
That blessed angels he sends to and fro,
To serve to wicked man, to serve his
foe !

How oft do they their silver bowers leave
To come to succour us that succour want !
How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
The flitting skies, like flying pursuivant,
Against foul fiends to aid us militant !
They for us fight, they watch and duly
ward,
And their bright squadrons round about
us plant ;
And all for love and nothing for reward :
O, why should heavenly God to men have
such regard ?

UNA AND THE LION.

ONE day, nigh weary of the irksome way,
From her unhasty beast she did alight;
And on the grass her dainty limbs did lay
In secret shadow, far from all men's sight;
From her fair head her fillet she undight,
And laid her stole aside: her angel's face,
As the great eye of Heaven, shined
bright,
And made a sunshine in the shady place;
Did never mortal eye behold such hea-
venly grace.

It fortunéd, out of the thickest wood
A ramping lion rushéd suddenly,
Hunting full greedy after salvage blood:
Soon as the royal virgin he did spy,
With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
To have at once devoured her tender
corse:
But to the prey when as he drew more
nigh,
His bloody rage assuagéd with remorse,
And, with the sight amazed, forgot his
furious force.

Instead thereof he kissed her weary feet,
And licked her lily hands with fawning
tongue;
As he her wrongéd innocence did weet.
O how can beauty master the most strong,
And simple truth subdue avenging wrong!
Whose yielded pride and proud submis-
sion,
Still dreading death, when she had marked
long,
Her heart 'gan melt in great compassion;
And drizzling tears did shed for pure
affection.

"The lion, lord of every beast in field,"
Quoth she, "his princely puissance doth
abate,
And mighty proud to humble weak does
yield,
Forgetful of the hungry rage, which late
Him pricked, in pity of my sad estate:—
But he, my lion, and my noble lord,
How does he find in cruel heart to hate
Her, that him lov'd, and ever most adored
As the god of my life? why hath he me
abhorred?"

Redounding tears did choke th' end of
her plaint,
Which softly echoed from the neighbour
wood;
And, sad to see her sorrowful constraint,
The kingly beast upon her gazing stood;
With pity calmed, down fell his angry
mood.
At last, in close heart shutting up her
pain,
Arose the virgin born of heavenly brood,
And to her snowy palfrey got again,
To seek her strayéd champion if she might
attain.

The lion would not leave her desolate,
But with her went along, as a strong
guard
Of her chaste person, and a faithful mate
Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard:
Still, when she slept, he kept both watch
and ward;
And, when she waked, he waited diligent,
With humble service to her will prepared:
From her fair eyes he took commandé-
ment,
And ever by her looks conceivéd her
intent.

SWEET IS THE ROSE.

SWEET is the rose, but grows upon a
breere;
Sweet is the juniper, but sharp his bough;
Sweet is the eglantine, but pricketh near;
Sweet is the furbloom, but his branches
rough;
Sweet is the cyprus, but his rind is tough;
Sweet is the nut, but bitter is his pill;
Sweet is the broom flower, but yet sour
enough;
And sweet is moly, but his root is ill;
So, every sweet, with sour is tempered
still,
That maketh it be coveted the more:
For easy things that may be got at will
Most sorts of men do set but little
store.
Why then should I account of little pain,
That endless pleasure shall unto me
gain?

THE RED CROSS KNIGHT.

A GENTLE knight was pricking on the plain,
 Yclad in mighty arms and silver shield,
 Wherein old dints of deep wounds did remain,
 The cruel marks of many a bloody field ;
 Yet arms till that time did he never wield :
 His angry steed did chide his foaming bit,
 As much disdainig to the curb to yield :
 Full jolly knight he seem'd, and fair did sit,
 As one for knightly guists and fierce encounters fit.

And on his breast a bloody cross he bore,
 The dear remembrance of his dying Lord,
 For whose sweet sake that glorious badge he wore,

And dead, as living, ever him ador'd :
 Upon his shield the like was also scor'd,
 For sovereign hope, which in his help he had.

Right, faithful, true he was in deed and word :

But of his cheer did seem too solemn sad :
 Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.

Upon a great adventure he was bond,
 That greatest Gloriana to him gave,
 (That greatest glorious Queen of Faery Lond)

To win him worship, and her grace to have,
 Which of all earthly things he most did crave.

And ever, as he rode, his heart did yearn
 To prove his puissance in battle brave ;
 Upon his foe, and his new force to learn ;
 Upon his foe, a dragon horrible and stern.

THE HERMITAGE.

A LITTLE lowly hermitage it was,
 Down in a dale, hard by a forest's side,
 Far from resort of people that did pass
 In travel to and fro : a little wide
 There was an holy chapel edifyde,
 Wherein the hermit duly wont to say
 His holy things each morn and eventide,
 Thereby a crystal stream did gently play,
 Which from a sacred fountain welled forth
 alway.

THE SEASONS.

So forth issued the Seasons of the year ;
 First lusty Spring, all dight in leaves and flowers

That freshly budded, and new blossoms did bear,

In which a thousand birds had built their bowers,

That sweetly sung to call forth paramours ;

And in his hand a javelin he did bear,
 And on his head (as fit for warlike stours)

A gilt engraven morion he did wear,
 That as some did him love, so others did him fear.

Then came the jolly Summer, being dight
 In a thin silken cassock coloured green

That was unlined all, to be more light,
 And on his head a garland well beseen
 He wore, from which, as he had chafed been,

The sweat did drop, and in his hand he bore

A bow and shaft, as he in forest green
 Had hunted late the libbard or the boar,
 And now would bathe his limbs, with labour heated sore.

Then came the Autumn, all in yellow clad,

As though he joyed in his plenteous store,
 Laden with fruits that made him laugh, full glad

That he had banished Hunger, which to fore

Had by the belly oft him pinched sore ;
 Upon his head a wreath, that was enroled

With ears of corn of every sort, he bore,
 And in his hand a sickle he did hold,

To reap the ripened fruits the which the earth had yold.

Lastly came Winter, clothed all in frize,
 Chattering his teeth for cold that did him chill,

Whilst on his hoary beard his breath did freeze,

And the dull drops that from his purpled bill

As from a limbeck did adown distil ;
 In his right hand a tipped staff he held,

With which his feeble steps he stayed
still,
For he was faint with cold and weak with
eld
That scarce his loosed limbs he able was
to weld.

THE TRUE WOMAN.

THRICE happy she that is so well assur'd
Unto herself, and settled so in heart,
That neither will for better be allur'd,
Ne fears to worse with any chance to
start,
But like a steady ship doth strongly part
The raging waves, and keeps her course
aright ;
Ne ought for tempest doth from it depart,
Ne ought for fairer weather's false delight.
Such self-assurance need not fear the
spight
Of grudging foes, ne favour seek of
friends ;
But in the stay of her own stedfast might,
Neither to one herself or other bends.
Most happy she that most assur'd doth
rest,
But he most happy who such one loves
best.

LOVE IN ABSENCE.

LIKE as the culver on the bared bough
Sits mourning for the absence of her
mate,
And in her songs sends many a wishful
vow
For his return, that seems to linger late ;
So I alone, now left disconsolate,
Mourn to myself the absence of my love,
And wandering here and there all deso-
late,
Seek with my plaints to match that
mournful dove.
Ne joy of ought that under heaven doth
hove
Can comfort me, but her own joyous
sight,
Whose sweet aspect both god and man
can move,
In her unspotted pleasance to delight :

Dark is my day whiles her fair light I
miss,
And dead my life, that wants such lively
bliss.

THE GARDEN OF BEAUTY.

COMING to kiss her lips (such grace I
found),
Me seem'd I smelt a garden of sweet
flow'rs,
That dainty odours from them threw
around,
For damsels fit to deck their lovers'
bow'rs.
Her lips did smell like unto gilliflowers,
Her ruddy cheeks like unto roses red,
Her snowy brows like budded bella-
moures,
Her lovely eyes like pinks but newly
spred,
Her goodly bosom like a strawberry
bed,
Her neck like to a bunch of cullambines,
Her breast like lilies ere their leaves be
shed,
Her nipples like young blossom'd jessa-
mines :
Such fragrant flow'rs do give most odo-
rous smell,
But her sweet odour did them all excel.

THE POWER OF POETRY TO CONFER FAME.

ONE day I wrote her name upon the
strand,
But came the waves and washed it away ;
Again I wrote it with a second hand,
But came the tide, and made my pains
his prey.
Vain man ! said she, that doth in vain
assay
A mortal thing so to immortalize,
For I myself shall like to this decay,
And eke my name be wiped out likewise.
Not so, quoth I, let baser things devise
To die in dust, but you shall live by
fame :
My verse your virtues rare shall eternize,

And in the heavens write your glorious
name,
Where, when as Death shall all the world
subdue,
Our love shall live, and later life renew.

ASTROPHEL (SIR PHILIP
SIDNEY).

“WOODS, hills, and rivers, now are de-
solate,
Sith he is gone, the which them all did
grace;
And all the fields do wail their widow
state,
Sith death their fairest flower did late
deface:
The fairest flower in field that ever grew
Was Astrophel; that was we all may rue.

“What cruel hand of cursed foe un-
known
Hath cropt the stalk which bore so fair a
flower?
Untimely cropt, before it well were
grown,
And clean defaced in untimely hour;
Great loss to all that ever him did see,
Great loss to all, but greatest loss to me.

“Break now your girlonds, O ye shep-
herds' lasses!
Sith the fair flower which them adorn'd
is gone;
The flower which them adorn'd is gone
to ashes,
Never again let lass put girlond on:
Instead of girlond wear sad cypress now,
And bitter elder broken from the bough.

“Ne ever sing the love-lays which he
made;
Who ever made such lays of love as
he?
Ne ever read the riddles which he said
Unto yourselves to make you merry glee:
Your merry glee is now laid all abed,
Your merry maker now, alas! is dead.

Death, the devourer of all world's
delight,

Hath robbed you, and rest fro me my
joy;
Both you and me, and all the world, he
quite
Hath robb'd of joyance, and left sad
annoy.
Joy of the world, and shepherds' pride,
was he;
Shepherds, hope never like again to see.

“O Death! that hast us of such riches
reft,
Tell us, at least, what hast thou with it
done?
What is become of him whose flower here
left
Is but the shadow of his likeness gone?
Scarce like the shadow of that which he
was,
Nought like, but that he like a shade did
pass.

“But that immortal spirit, which was
deck'd
With all the dowries of celestial grace,
By sovereign choice from th' heavenly
quires select,
And lineally deriv'd from angels' race,
O what is now of it become? aread:
Aye me! can so divine a thing be dead:

“Ah! no: it is not dead, ne can it die,
But lives for aye in blissful paradise,
Where like a new-born babe it soft doth
lie
In bed of lilies, wrapt in tender wise,
And compass'd all about with roses
sweet,
And dainty violets from head to feet.

“There thousand birds, all of celestial
brood,
To him do sweetly carol day and night,
And with strange notes, of him well un-
derstood,
Lull him asleep in angel-like delight;
Whilst in sweet dream to him presented
be
Immortal beauties, which no eye may see.

“But he them sees, and takes exceeding
pleasure
Of their divine aspects, appearing plain,

And kindling love in him above all measure;
Sweet love, still joyous, never feeling pain:
For what so goodly form he there doth see
He may enjoy, from jealous rancour free.

“There liveth he in everlasting bliss,
Sweet Spirit! never fearing more to die,
Ne dreading harm from any foes of his,
Ne fearing savage beasts’ more cruelty,
Whilst we here wretches wail his private lack,
And with vain vows do often call him back.

“But live thou there still, happy, happy Spirit!
And give us leave thee here thus to lament;
Not thee that dost thy heaven’s joy inherit,
But our own selves, that here in dole are drent.
Thus do we weep and wail, and wear our eyes,
Mourning in others our own miseries.”

THE BRIDAL DAY.

“Open the temple-gates unto my love,
Open them wide that she may enter in,
And all the posts adorn as doth behove,
And all the pillars deck with garlands trim,
For to receive this saint with honour due,
That cometh in to you.
With trembling steps and humble reverence
She cometh in before th’ Almighty’s view:
Of her, ye virgins! learn obedience,
When so ye come into these holy places,
To humble your proud faces.
Bring her up to th’ high altar, that she may
The sacred ceremonies there partake,
The which do endless matrimony make;
And let the roaring organs loudly play
The praises of the Lord, in lively notes,
The whiles with hollow throats

The choristers the joyous anthems sing,
That all the woods may answer, and their echo ring.

“Behold whiles she before the altar stands,
Hearing the holy priest that to her speaks,
And blesses her with his two happy hands,
How red the roses flush up in her cheeks!
And the pure snow, with goodly vermil stain,
Like crimson dy’d in grain,
That even the angels, which continually
About the sacred altar do remain,
Forget their service, and about her fly,
Oft peeping in her face, that seems more fair

The more they on it stare;
But her sad eyes, still fast’ned on the ground,
Are governed with goodly modesty,
That suffers not one look to glance awry,
Which may let in a little thought unsound.
Why blush ye, Love! to give to me your hand,
The pledge of all your band?
Sing, ye sweet angels! Alleluia sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring.

“Now all is done: bring home the bride again,
Bring home the triumph of our victory:
Bring home with you the glory of her gain,
With joyance bring her, and with jollity.
Never had man more joyful day than this,
Whom Heaven would heap with bliss.
Make feast, therefore, now all this live-long day,
This day for ever to me holy is;
Pour out the wine without restraint or stay,
Pour not by cups, but by the belly-full:
Pour out to all that wull,
And sprinkle all the posts and walls with wine,
That they may sweat, and drunken be withal:
Crown ye god Bacchus with a coronal,
And Hymen also crown with wreaths of vine,
And let the Graces dance unto the rest,

For they can do it best,
The whiles the maidens do their carol
sing,
To which the woods shall answer, and
their echo ring.

'Ring ye the bells, ye young men of the
town,
And leave your wonted labours for this
day ;
This day is holy ; do you write it down,
That ye for ever it remember may.

* * * *

" Now cease, ye damsels ! your delights
forepast,
Enough it is that all the day was yours ;
Now day is done, and night is nighing fast,
Now bring the bride into the bridal
bowers ;
Now night is come, now soon her disarray,
And in her bed her lay ;
Lay her in lilies and in violets,
And silken curtains over her display,
And odour'd sheets, and arras coverlets.
Behold how goodly my fair love does lie,
In proud humility ;
Like unto Maia, when as Jove her took
In Tempe, lying on the flow'ry grass,
'Twixt sleep and wake, after she weary was
With bathing in the Acidalian brook :
Now it is night, ye damsels may be gone,
And leave my love alone,
And leave likewise your former lays to
sing ;
The woods no more shall answer, nor
your echo ring.

[SIR PHILIP SIDNEY. 1554—1586.]

TO THE MOON.

WITH how sad steps, O Moon, thou
climb'st the skies !
How silently, and with how wan a face !
What !—may it be, that ev'n in heavenly
place
That busy archer his sharp arrows tries ?
Sure, if that long-with-love-acquainted
eyes
Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's
case ;
I read it in thy looks ; thy languished
grace,

To me, that feel the like, thy state
descries.

Then, ev'n of fellowship, O Moon, tell
me,

Is constant love deemed there but want
of wit ?

Are beauties there as proud as here they
be ?

Do they above love to be loved, and yet
Those lovers scorn, whom that love doth
possess ?

Do they call virtue there—ungratefulness ?

~~~~~

[ANONYMOUS. 1570.]

#### LOVE ME LITTLE—LOVE ME LONG.

LOVE me little, love me long,  
Is the burden of my song.  
Love that is too hot and strong  
Burneth soon to waste.  
Still I would not have thee cold,  
Not too backward or too bold ;  
Love that lasteth till 'tis old  
Fadeth not in haste.

If thou lovest me too much,  
It will not prove as true as touch ;  
Love me little, more than such,  
For I fear the end.  
I am with little well content,  
And a little from thee sent  
Is enough, with true intent,  
To be steadfast friend.

Say thou lov'st me while thou live,  
I to thee my love will give,  
Never dreaming to deceive  
While that life endures :  
Nay, and after death, in sooth,  
I to thee will keep my truth,  
As now, when in my May of youth,  
This my love assures.

Constant love is moderate ever,  
And it will through life persevere ;  
Give me that, with true endeavour  
I will it restore.  
A suit of durance let it be,  
For all weathers ; that for me,

For the land or for the sea,  
Lasting evermore.

Winter's cold or summer's heat,  
Autumn's tempests on it beat,  
It can never know defeat,  
Never can rebel.

Such the love that I would gain,  
Such the love, I tell thee plain,  
Thou must give, or woo in vain ;  
So to thee farewell.

[THOMAS LODGE. 1556—1625.]

#### ROSALIND'S COMPLAINT.

LOVE in my bosom, like a bee,  
Doth suck his sweet ;  
Now with his wings he plays with me,  
Now with his feet.  
Within mine eyes he makes his nest,  
His bed amidst my tender breast ;  
My kisses are his daily feast,  
And yet he robs me of my rest :  
Ah, wanton, will you ?

And if I sleep, then pierceth he  
With pretty slight,  
And makes his pillow of my knee  
The livelong night.  
Strike I the lute, he tunes the string ;  
He music plays if I but sing ;  
He lends my every lovely thing,  
Yet, cruel, he my heart doth sting :  
Ah, wanton, will you ?

Else I with roses every day  
Will whip you hence,  
And bind you when you long to play,  
For your offence.  
I'll shut my eyes to keep you in,  
I'll make you fast it for your sin,  
I'll count your power not worth a pin :  
Alas ! what hereby shall I win,  
If he gainsay me ?

What if I beat the wanton boy  
With many a rod ?  
He will repay me with annoy,  
Because a god.  
Then sit thou softly on my knee,  
And let thy bower my bosom be ;

Lurk in my eyes, I like of thee,  
O Cupid ! so thou pity me ;  
Spare not, but play thee.

[JAMES SHIRLEY. 1596—1666.]

#### DEATH'S FINAL CONQUEST.

THE glories of our birth and state,  
Are shadows, not substantial things ;  
There is no armour against fate :  
Death lays his icy hand on kings  
Sceptre and crown  
Must tumble down,  
And in the dust be equal made  
With the poor crooked scythe and  
spade.

Some men with swords may reap the  
field,  
And plant with laurels where they kill ;  
But their strong nerves at last must  
yield,  
They tame but one another still ;  
Early or late,  
They stoop to fate,  
And must give up their murmuring  
breath,  
When they, pale captives ! creep to  
death.

The garlands wither on your brow ;  
Then boast no more your mighty deeds ;  
Upon death's purple altar, now,  
See where the victor victim bleeds !  
All heads must come  
To the cold tomb,  
Only the actions of the just  
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

#### VICTORIOUS MEN OF EARTH.

VICTORIOUS men of earth, no more  
Proclaim how wide your empires are ;  
Though you bind in every shore,  
And your triumphs reach as far  
As night or day ;  
Yet you proud monarchs must obey,  
And mingle with forgotten ashes, when  
Death calls ye to the croud of common  
men.

Devouring famine, plague, and war,  
 Each able to undo mankind,  
 Death's servile emissaries are:  
 Nor to these alone confin'd:  
     He hath at will  
 More quaint and subtle ways to kill;  
 A smile or kiss, as he will use the art,  
 Shall have the cunning skill to break a  
 heart.

[THOMAS DEKKER 1599.]

SWEET CONTENT.

ART thou poor, yet hast thou golden  
 slumbers?

Oh, sweet content!

Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplexed?

Oh, punishment!

Dost thou laugh to see how fools are  
 vexed

To add to golden numbers, golden  
 numbers?

O, sweet content!

Work apace, apace, apace, apace;  
 Honest labour bears a lovely face;  
 Then hey noney, noney, hey noney, noney.

Canst drink the waters of the crispèd  
 spring?

O, sweet content!

Swimmest thou in wealth, yet sink'st in  
 thine own tears?

O, punishment!

Then he that patiently want's burden  
 bears,

No burden bears, but is a king, a king!

O, sweet content!

Work apace, apace, &c.

[SAMUEL FLETCHER. 1576—1625.]

MELANCHOLY.

HENCE all you vain delights,  
 As short as are the nights  
 Wherein you spend your folly!  
 There's nought in this life sweet,  
 If man were wise to see't,  
 But cœly melancholy!

Welcome folded arms, and fixed eyes,  
 A sigh that piercing mortifies,  
 A look that's fasten'd to the ground,  
 A tongue chain'd up, without a sound!

Fountain heads and pathless groves,  
 Places which pale Passion loves!  
 Moonlight walks, when all the fowls  
 Are warmly housed, save bats and owls!

A midnight bell, a parting groan!—  
 These are the sounds we feed upon;

Then stretch our bones in a still, gloomy  
 valley;

Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely me-  
 lancholy!

CONSTANCY.

LAY a garland on my hearse  
 Of the dismal yew;  
 Maidens, willow branches bear;  
 Say, I died true.

My love was false, but I was firm  
 From my hour of birth.

Upon my buried body lie  
 Lightly, gentle earth!

WEEP NO MORE.

WEEP no more, nor sigh, nor groan,  
 Sorrow calls no time that's gone:  
 Violets plucked, the sweetest rain  
 Makes not fresh nor grow again;  
 Trim thy locks, look cheerfully;  
 Fate's hidden ends eyes cannot see;  
 Joys as wingèd dreams fly fast,  
 Why should sadness longer last?  
 Grief is but a wound to woe;  
 Gentlest fair one, mourn no mo.

[ROBERT GREENE. 1560—1592.]

A DEATH-BED LAMENT.

DECEIVING world, that with alluring toys  
 Hast made my life the subject of thy  
 scorn,  
 And scornest now to lend thy fading joys,  
 T' out-length my life, whom friends have  
 left forlorn;

How well are they that die ere they be  
born,  
And never see thy slights, which few men  
shun,  
Till unawares they helpless are undone !  
\* \* \* \* \*  
O that a year were granted me to live,  
And for that year my former wits restored !  
What rules of life, what counsel I would  
give,  
How should my sin with sorrow be  
deplord !  
But I must die of every man abhorred :  
Time loosely spent will not again be won ;  
My time is loosely spent, and I undone.

[JOHN LYLY. 1554—1600.]

#### CUPID AND CAMPASPE.

CUPID and my Campaspe playd  
At cards for kisses ; Cupid paid :  
He stakes his quiver, bow and arrows,  
His mother's doves, and team of spar-  
rows ;  
Loses them too ; then down he throws  
The coral of his lip, the rose  
Growing on's cheek (but none knows  
how),  
With these, the crystal of his brow,  
And then the dimple of his chin ;  
All these did my Campaspe win.  
At last he set her both his eyes,  
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.  
O Love ! has she done this to thee ?  
What shall, alas ! become of me ?

[WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE. 1564—1616.]

#### ADVICE OF POLONIUS TO HIS SON, ON SETTING FORTH ON HIS TRAVELS.

*Hamlet.*

GIVE thy thoughts no tongue,  
Nor any unproportioned thought his act,  
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.  
The friends thou hast, and their adoption  
tried,

Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of  
steel ;  
But do not dull thy palm with entertain-  
ment  
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade.  
Beware  
Of entrance to a quarrel ; but, being in,  
Bear it, that the opposer may beware of  
thee.  
Give every man thine ear, but few thy  
voice :  
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy  
judgment.  
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,  
But not express'd in fancy ; rich not  
gaudy ;  
For the apparel oft proclaims the man ;  
And they in France, of the best rank and  
station,  
Are most select and generous, chief in  
that.  
Neither a borrower nor a lender be :  
For loan oft loses both itself and friend ;  
And borrowing dulls the edge of hus-  
bandry.  
This above all—to thine own self be true ;  
And it must follow, as the night the day,  
Thou can'st not then be false to any man.  
Farewell ; my blessing season this in thee.

#### HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY ON LIFE AND DEATH.

To be, or not to be,—that is the ques-  
tion :—  
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer  
The slings and arrows of outrageous for-  
tune ;  
Or to take arms against a sea of  
troubles,  
And, by opposing, end them ?—To die,—  
to sleep,—  
No more ;—and, by a sleep, to say we  
end  
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural  
shocks  
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consumma-  
tion  
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die ;—to  
sleep ;—  
To sleep ! perchance to dream ;—ay  
there's the rub ;

For in that sleep of death what dreams  
 may come,  
 When we have shuffled off this mortal  
 coil,  
 Must give us pause ; there's the respect  
 That makes calamity of so long life :  
 For who would bear the whips and scorns  
 of time,  
 The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's  
 contumely,  
 The pangs of despis'd love, the law's  
 delay,  
 The insolence of office, and the spurns  
 That patient merit of the unworthy  
 takes,  
 When he himself might his quietus make  
 With a bare bodkin? who would fardels  
 bear,  
 To grunt and sweat under a weary  
 life ;  
 But that the dread of something after  
 death,—  
 The undiscovered country, from whose  
 bourn  
 No traveller returns,—puzzles the will ;  
 And makes us rather bear those ills we  
 have,  
 Than fly to others that we know not  
 of?  
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us  
 all ;  
 And thus the native hue of resolution  
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of  
 thought ;  
 And enterprises of great pith and moment,  
 With this regard, their currents turn  
 a-wry,  
 And lose the name of action.

~~~~~  
 HAMLET'S REPROACHES TO
 HIS MOTHER.

LOOK here, upon this picture, and on
 this ;
 The counterfeit presentment of two
 brothers.
 See, what a grace was seated on this
 brow :
 Hyperion's curls ; the front of Jove him-
 self ;
 An eye like Mars, to threaten and com-
 mand ;

A station like the herald Mercury,
 New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill ;
 A combination, and a form, indeed,
 Where every god did seem to set his
 seal,
 To give the world assurance of a man :
 This was your husband.—Look you now,
 what follows ;
 Here is your husband ; like a mildew'd
 ear,
 Blasting his wholesome brother. Have
 you eyes?
 Could you on this fair mountain leave to
 feed,
 And batten on this moor? Ha! have
 you eyes?
 You cannot call it love: for, at your
 age,
 The hey-day in the blood is tame, 'tis
 humble,
 And waits upon the judgment: and what
 judgment
 Would step from this to this? Sense,
 sure you have,
 Else could you not have motion: but,
 sure that sense
 Is apoplex'd: for madness would not
 err;
 Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd,
 But it reserved some quantity of choice,
 To serve in such a difference. What
 devil was't
 That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-
 blind?
 Eyes without feeling, feeling without
 sight,
 Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans
 all,
 Or but a sickly part of one true sense
 Could not so mope.
 O shame! where is thy blush? Rebel-
 lious hell,
 If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,
 To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
 And melt in her own fire: proclaim no
 shame,
 When the compulsive ardour gives the
 charge ;
 Since frost itself as actively doth burn,
 And reason panders will.
Queen. O Hamlet, speak no more :
 Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very
 soul.

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY ON HIS MOTHER'S MARRIAGE.

O THAT this too too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!
Or that the everlasting had not fixed
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God!
O God!
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on't! O fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank and
gross in nature
Possess it merely. That it should come
to this!
But two months dead!—nay, not so
much, not two:
So excellent a king; that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr: so loving to my
mother,
That he might not beteem the winds of
heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and
earth!
Must I remember? why, she would hang
on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on: and yet, within a
month,—
Let me not think on't;—Frailty, thy
name is woman!—
A little month; or ere those shoes were old,
With which she follow'd my poor father's
body,
Like Niobe, all tears;—why she, even
she,— [of reason,
O heaven! a beast, that wants discourse
Would have mourn'd longer,—married
with my uncle,
My father's brother; but no more like my
father,
Than I to Hercules: Within a month;
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
She married.

HAMLET'S ADDRESS TO HIS FATHER'S GHOST.

ANGELS and ministers of grace defend
us!—
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,

Bring with thee airs from heaven, or
blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee; I'll call thee,
Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane: O, answer me:
Let me not burst in ignorance! but tell
Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in
death,
Have burst their cerements! why the
sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urn'd,
Hath oped his ponderous and marble
jaws,
To cast thee up again! What may this
mean,
That thou, dead corse, again, in complete
steel,
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous; and we fools of
nature,
So horribly to shake our disposition,
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our
souls?

HAMLET'S ESTEEM FOR HORATIO.

NAY, do not think I flatter:
For what advancement may I hope from
thee,
That no revenue hast but thy good spirits
To feed and clothe thee? Why should
the poor be flatter'd?
No, let the candied tongue lick absurd
pomp;
And crook the pregnant hinges of the
knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost
thou hear?
Since my dear soul was mistress of her
choice,
And could of men distinguish her election
She hath seal'd thee for herself; for thou
hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers no-
thing;
A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hath ta'en with equal thanks: and bless'd
are those
Whose blood and judgment are so well
co-mingled,

That they are not a pipe for Fortune's
finger
To sound what stop she please : Give me
that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will
wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of
hearts,
As I do thee.

SECRET LOVE.

Twelfth Night.

SHE never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek : she pined in
thought ;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief.

SONG.

COME away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid ;
Fly away, fly away, breath ;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it ;
My part of death no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown ;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be
thrown.
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover ne'er find my grave
To weep there.

A FAITHFUL LOVER.

Two Gentlemen of Verona.

HIS words are bonds, his oaths are
oracles ;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate ;
His tears pure messengers sent from his
heart,
His heart as far from fraud as heaven
from earth.

CONSCIENCE.

Tempest.

O, IT is monstrous ! monstrous !
Methought the billows spoke and told me
of it ;
The winds did sing it to me ; and the
thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ pipe, pro-
nounced
The name.

MUSIC.

IF music be the food of love, play on,
Give me excess of it ; that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken and so die,——
That strain again ; it had a dying fall :
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odour.

HUMAN NATURE.

THESE our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air :
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous
palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe it-
self ;
Yea, all which it inherit shall dissolve ;
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such
stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little
life
Is rounded with a sleep.

CASSIUS UPON CÆSAR.

Julius Cæsar.

WHY, man, he doth bestride the narrow
world
Like a colossus ; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep
about
To find ourselves dishonourable grave
Men at some time are masters of thei.
fates ;

The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our
stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus and Cæsar: What should be in
that Cæsar?
Why should that name be sounded more
than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a
name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth
as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure
with 'em,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.
Now, in the names of all the gods at
once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar
feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art
sham'd!
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble
bloods!
When went there by an age since the
great flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one
man?
When could they say, till now, that
talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walks encompass'd but one
man?

MARK ANTONY'S ORATION
OVER THE BODY OF CÆSAR.

FRIENDS, Romans, countrymen, lend me
your ears:
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interréd with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar! The noble
Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:
If it were so, it were a grievous fault;
And grievous'y hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest
(For Brutus is an honourable man,
So are they all, all honourable men),
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to
me;
But Brutus says he was ambitious?
And Brutus is an honourable man.

He hath brought many captives home to
Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers
fill;
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar
hath wept;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff;
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see, that on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this
ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus
spoke.
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without
cause;
What cause withholds you then to mourn
for him?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish
beasts,
And men have lost their reason!—Bear
with me,
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.
* * * * *
But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; now lies
he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters! if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and
rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius
wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather
choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and
you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here's a parchment with the seal of
Cæsar,
I found it in his closet,—tis his will;
Let but the commons hear this testament
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to
read),
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's
wounds,

And dip their napkins in his sacred blood ;
 Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
 And, dying, mention it within their wills,
 Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
 Unto their issue.

* * * * *

If you have tears, prepare to shed them
 now.

You all do know this mantle ; I remember
 The first time ever Cæsar put it on ;
 'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent ;
 That day he overcame the Nervii.
 Look ! in this place ran Cassius' dagger
 through ;

See, what a rent the envious Casca made ;
 Through this the well-beloved Brutus
 stabb'd ;

And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
 Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed
 it !

As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
 If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no.
 For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's
 angel :

Judge, O you gods ! how dearly Cæsar
 lov'd him !

This was the most unkindest cut of all ;
 For, when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitors'
 arms,

Quite vanquish'd him : then burst his
 mighty heart ;

And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
 Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
 Which all the while ran blood, great
 Cæsar fell.

O, what a fall was there, my countrymen !
 Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
 Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us,
 O, now you weep ; and, I perceive, you
 feel

The dint of pity ; these are gracious drops.
 Kind souls, what, weep you when you
 but behold

Our Cæsar's vesture wounded ? look you
 here,

Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with
 traitors.

* * * * *

Good Friends, sweet friends, let me not
 stir you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They, that have done this deed, are
 honourable ;

What private griefs they have, alas, I
 know not,

That made them do it ; they are wise and
 honourable,

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer
 you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your
 hearts ;

I am no orator, as Brutus is ;

But, as you know me all, a plain blunt
 man,

That love my friend ; and that they know
 full well

That give me public leave to speak of
 him.

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor
 worth,

Action nor utterance, nor the power of
 speech,

To stir men's blood ; I only speak right
 on ;

I tell you that which you yourselves do
 know ;

Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor,
 poor dumb mouths,

And bid them speak for me. But were I
 Brutus,

And Brutus Antony, there were an An-
 tony

Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a
 tongue

In every wound of Cæsar, that should
 move

The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

~~~~~

THE QUARREL OF BRUTUS  
 AND CASSIUS.

*Cas.* Come, Antony, and young Oc-  
 tavius, come,

Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,

For Cassius is a-weary of the world ;

Hated by one he loves ; braved by his  
 brother ;

Checked like a bondman ; all his faults  
 observed,

Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd  
 by rote,

To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep

My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my  
dagger,  
And here my naked breast; within, a  
heart  
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than  
gold;  
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;  
I, that denied thee gold, will give my  
heart:  
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for, I  
know,  
When thou didst hate him worst, thou  
lovedst him better  
Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.  
*Bru.* Sheath your dagger.  
Be angry when you will, it shall have  
scope;  
Do what you will, dishonour shall be  
humour.  
O Cassius, you are yokéd with a lamb,  
That carries anger, as the flint bears fire;  
Who, much enforcéd, shows a hasty  
spark,  
And straight is cold again.  
*Cas.* Hath Cassius lived  
To be but mirth and laughter to his  
Brutus,  
When grief, and blood ill-tempered,  
vexeth him?  
*Bru.* When I spoke that, I was ill-  
tempered too.  
*Cas.* Do you confess so much? give  
me your hand.  
*Bru.* And my heart too.  
*Cas.* O Brutus!  
*Bru.* What's the matter?  
*Cas.* Have you not love enough to bear  
with me,  
When that rash humour, which my  
mother gave me,  
Makes me forgetful?  
*Bru.* Yes, Cassius; and, henceforth,  
When you are over-earnest with your  
Brutus,  
He'll think your mother chides, and leave  
you so.

#### ANTONY'S DESCRIPTION OF BRUTUS.

**THIS** was the noblest Roman of them all;  
All the conspirators, save only he,  
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;

He, only, in a general honest thought,  
And common good to all, made one of  
them.  
His life was gentle; and the elements  
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand  
up,  
And say to all the world, "This was a  
man!"

#### MACBETH'S MENTAL STRUGGLE BEFORE THE MURDER OF DUNCAN.

*Macbeth.*

*Macb.* If it were *done* when 'tis done,  
then 't were well  
It were done quickly; if the assassination  
Could trammel up the consequence, and  
catch  
With his surcease, success; that but this  
blow  
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,  
But here, upon this bank and shoal of  
time,—  
We'd jump the life to come. But, in  
these cases,  
We still have judgment here; that we  
but teach  
Bloody instructions, which, being taught,  
return  
To plague the inventor: this even-handed  
justice  
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd  
chalice  
To our own lips. He's here in double  
trust;  
First, as I am his kinsman and his sub-  
ject,  
Strong both against the deed; then, as  
his host,  
Who should against his murderer shut the  
door,  
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this  
Duncan  
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath  
been  
So clear in his great office, that his virtues  
Will plead, like angels, trumpet-tongued,  
against  
The deep damnation of his taking-off;  
And pity, like a naked new-born babe

Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim  
horsed  
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,  
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,  
That tears shall drown the wind.—I have  
no spur  
To prick the sides of my intent, but only  
Vaulting ambition, which o'er-leaps it-  
self,  
And falls on the other side.—How now?  
what news?

*Lady.* He has almost supp'd; why  
have you left the chamber?

*Macb.* Hath he asked for me?

*Lady.* Know you not he has?

*Macb.* We will proceed no further in  
this business:

He hath honour'd me of late; and I have  
bought

Golden opinions from all sorts of people,  
Which would be worn now in the newest  
gloss,

Not cast aside so soon.

*Lady.* Was the hope drunk  
Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it  
slept since?

And wakes it now, to look so green and  
pale

At what it did so freely? From this time  
Such I account thy love. Art thou  
afear'd

To be the same in thine own act and  
valour

As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou  
have that

Which thou esteem'st the ornament of  
life,

And live a coward in thine own esteem,  
Letting *I dare not* wait upon *I would*,  
Like the poor cat i' the adage?

*Macb.* Pr'ythee, peace:  
I dare do all that may become a man;  
Who dares do more is none.

### LIFE.

TO-MORROW, and to-morrow, and to-  
morrow,  
Creeps in this petty pace from day to  
day,  
To the last syllable of recorded time;  
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools

The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief  
candle!

Life's but a walking shadow; a poor  
player,

That struts and frets his hour upon the  
stage,

And then is heard no more; it is a tale  
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,  
Signifying nothing.

### THE REPOSE OF THE GRAVE.

DUNCAN is in his grave;  
After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;  
Treason has done his worst; nor steel,  
nor poison,  
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,  
Can touch him further.

### THE VISIONARY DAGGER.

Is this a dagger which I see before me,  
The handle toward my hand? Come,  
let me clutch thee.

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.  
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible  
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but  
A dagger of the mind; a false creation,  
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?  
I see thee yet, in form as palpable  
As this which now I draw.

Thou marshall'st me the way that I was  
going;

And such an instrument I was to use.  
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other  
senses,

Or else worth all the rest; I see thee still,  
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of  
blood,

Which was not so before.—There's no  
such thing:

It is the bloody business, which informs  
Thus to mine eyes.

### REMORSE.

WHENCE is that knocking?  
How is 't with me, when every noise  
appals me?

What hands are here? Ha! they pluck  
out mine eyes!  
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this  
blood  
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand  
will rather  
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,  
Making the green one red.

~~~~~

DISEASES OF THE MIND
INCURABLE.

CANST thou not minister to a mind
diseas'd;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous
stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?

~~~~~

MACBETH TO BANQUO'S GHOST.

WHAT man dare, I dare.  
Approach thou like the rugged Russian  
bear,  
The arm'd Rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan  
tiger;  
Take any shape but that, and my firm  
nerves  
Shall never tremble: or, be alive again,  
And dare me to the desert with thy  
sword;  
If trembling I inhibit thee, protest me  
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible  
shadow!  
Unreal mockery, hence! Why so--being  
gone,

[Ghost disappears.]

I am a man again.

~~~~~

DESPISED OLD AGE.

I HAVE liv'd long enough: my way of
life
Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf;
And that which should accompany old
age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of
friends

I must not look to have; but in their
stead,
Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour,
breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny,
but dare not.

~~~~~

CORDELIA'S EMOTION ON  
HEARING OF HER SISTERS'  
CRUELTY.

*King Lear.*

PATIENCE and sorrow strove  
Who should express her goodliest. You  
have seen  
Sunshine and rain at once: her smiles and  
tears  
Were like a better day: Those happy  
smiles,  
That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to  
know  
What guests were in her eyes; which  
parted thence,  
As pearls from diamonds dropp'd.

~~~~~

DOVER CLIFF.

How fearful
And dizzy 't is to cast one's eyes so low!
The crows, and choughs, that wing the
midway air,
Show scarce so gross as beetles: half
way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire; dread-
ful trade!
Methinks he seems no bigger than his
head:
The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice; and yon tall anchoring
bark,
Diminished to her cock; her cock, a
buoy
Almost too small for sight: the murmur-
ing surge
That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles
chafes,
Cannot be heard so high:—I'll look no
more;
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient
sight
Topple down headlong.

KING LEAR IN THE TEMPEST.

BLOW, wind, and crack your cheeks!
 rage! blow!
 You cataracts and huricanoes spout
 Till you have drench'd our steeples,
 drowned the cocks!
 You sulphurous and thought-executing
 fires,
 Vaunt couriers to oak-cleaving thunder-
 bolts,
 Singe my white head! And thou, all-
 shaking thunder,
 Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the
 world!

* * * *

Rumble thy bellyful! Spit, fire! spout,
 rain!
 Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my
 daughters:
 I tax you not, you elements with unkind-
 ness,
 I never gave you kingdom, call'd you
 children,
 You owe me no subscription; why then,
 let fall
 Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your
 slave,
 A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old
 man:—
 But yet I call you servile ministers,
 That have with two pernicious daughters
 join'd
 Your high-engender'd battles 'gainst a
 head
 So old and white as this. O! O! 't is
 foul!

LEAR TO CORDELIA WHEN
TAKEN PRISONERS.

COME, let's away to prison:
 We two alone will sing like birds i' the
 cage:
 When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel
 down,
 And ask of thee forgiveness: so we'll
 live,
 And pray, and sing, and tell old tales,
 and laugh

At gilded butterflies and hear poor rogues
 Talk of court news; and we'll talk with
 them too,—
 Who loses, and who wins: who's in,
 who's out;
 And take upon us the mystery of things,
 As if we were God's spies: and we'll
 wear out,
 In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of
 great ones,
 That ebb and flow by the moon.

EDGAR'S DEFIANCE OF
EDMUND.

DRAW thy sword;
 That if my speech offend a noble heart,
 Thy arm may do thee justice: here is
 mine.
 Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours,
 My oath, and my profession: I protest,—
 Maugre thy strength, youth, place, and
 eminence,
 Despite thy victor sword, and fire-new
 fortune,
 Thy valour, and thy heart,—thou art a
 traitor:
 False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy
 father;
 Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious
 prince;
 And from the extremest upward of thy
 head,
 To the descent and dust beneath thy feet,
 A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou,
No,
 This sword, this arm, and my best spirits,
 are bent
 To prove upon thy heart, whereto I
 speak,
 Thou liest.

THE STORM.

POOR naked wretches, wheresoe'er you
 are,
 That bide the pelting of this pitiless
 storm,
 How shall your houseless heads, and un-
 fed sides,
 Your looped and windowed raggedness,
 defend you

From seasons such as these? O! I have
 ta'en
 Too little care of this. Take physic,
 pomp;
 Expose thyself to feel what wretches
 feel;
 That thou mayest shake the superflux to
 them,
 And show the heavens more just.

CHARACTER OF CORIOLANUS.

Coriolanus.

His nature is too noble for the world:
 He would not flatter Neptune for his
 trident,
 Or Jove for his power to thunder. His
 heart's his mouth;
 What his breast forges, that his tongue
 must vent;
 And being angry, does forget that ever
 He heard the name of death.

CORIOLANUS'S CONTEMPT FOR THE MOB.

You common cry of curs! whose breath
 I hate
 As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I
 prize
 As the dead carcasses of unburied men
 That do corrupt my air, I banish you;
 And here remain with your uncertainty!
 Let every feeble rumour shake your
 hearts!
 Your enemies, with nodding of their
 plumes,
 Fan you into despair! Have the power
 still
 To banish your defenders; till, at length,
 Your ignorance (which finds not till it
 feels),
 Making not reservation of yourselves
 (Still your own foes), deliver you, as
 most
 Abated captives, to some nation
 That won you without blows. Despising
 For you, the city, thus I turn my back:
 There is a world elsewhere.

WHAT would you have, you curs,
 That like nor peace nor war? the one
 affrights you,
 The other makes you proud. He that
 trusts you,
 Where he should find you lions, finds
 you hares;
 Where foxes, geese; you are no surer,
 no,
 Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
 Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is
 To make him worthy whose offence sub-
 dues him,
 And curse that justice did it. Who
 deserves greatness,
 Deserves your hate: and your affections
 are
 A sick man's appetite, who desires most
 that
 Which would increase his evil. He that
 depends
 Upon your favours swims with fins of
 lead,
 And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang
 ye! Trust ye?
 With every minute you do change a
 mind;
 And call him noble that was now your
 hate.
 Him vile, that was your garland.

CLEOPATRA ON THE CYDNUS.

Antony and Cleopatra.

THE barge she sat in, like a burnish'd
 throne,
 Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten
 gold;
 Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that
 The winds were love-sick with them: the
 oars were silver;
 Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke,
 and made
 The water which they beat to follow
 faster,
 As amorous of their strokes. For her
 own person,
 It beggar'd all description; she did lie
 In her pavilion (cloth of gold, of tissue),
 O'er picturing that Venus, where we see,

The fancy, outwork nature : on each side
 her,
 Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling
 Cupids,
 With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind
 did seem
 To glow the delicate cheeks which they
 did cool,
 And what they undid, did.

* * * * *
 Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
 So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,
 And made their bends adornings ; at the
 helm
 A seeming mermaid steers : the silken
 tackle
 Swell with the touches of those flower-
 soft hands,
 That yarely frame the office. From the
 barge
 A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
 Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
 Her people out upon her ; and Antony,
 Enthroned i' the market-place, did sit
 alone,
 Whistling to the air ; which, but for
 vacancy,
 Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
 And make a gap in nature.

ANTONY'S DESPONDENCY.

O SUN, thy uprise shall I see no more :
 Fortune and Antony part here ; even
 here
 Do we shake hands.—All come to this ;
 —the hearts
 That spaniell'd me at heels, to whom I
 gave
 Their wishes, do discandy, melt their
 sweets
 On blossoming Cæsar ; and this pine is
 bark'd,
 That overtopp'd them all. Betray'd I am :
 O this false soul of Egypt ! this grave
 charm,
 Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and
 call'd them home,
 Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief
 end,
 Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose,
 Beguil'd me to the very heart of loss.

CLEOPATRA'S SPEECH ON AP- PLYING THE SERPENT TO HER BREAST.

GIVE me my robe, put on my crown ;
 I have
 Immortal longings in me : now no more
 The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist
 this lip :
 Yare, yare, good Iras ; quick—Methinks
 I hear
 Antony call ; I see him rouse himself
 To praise my noble act : I hear him mock
 The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give
 men
 To excuse their after-wrath : Husband, I
 come :
 Now to that name my courage prove my
 title !
 I am fire and air ; my other elements
 I give to baser life.—So,—have you done ?
 Come then, and take the last warmth of
 my lips,
 Farewell, kind Charmian ;—Iras, long
 farewell.

THE FOOL IN THE FOREST.

As You Like It.

A FOOL, a fool !—I met a fool i' the forest,
 A motley fool—a miserable world !—
 As I do live by food, I met a fool ;
 Who laid him down and bask'd him in
 the sun,
 And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good
 terms—
 In good set terms—and yet a motley fool.
 “Good morrow, fool,” quoth I—“No,
 Sir,” quoth he,
 “Call me not fool, till heaven have sent
 me fortune :”
 And then he drew a dial from his poke,
 And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
 Says, very wisely, “it is ten o'clock :
 Thus may we see,” quoth he, “how the
 world wags :
 'T is but an hour ago since it was nine,
 And after one hour more 't will be eleven ;
 And so from hour to hour we ripe and
 ripe,

And then from hour to hour we rot and
rot ;
And thereby hangs a tale." When I did
hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticler,
That fools should be so deep-contemplative ;
And I did laugh, sans intermission,
An hour by his dial. O noble fool !
A worthy fool !—motley's the only wear.

THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN.

ALL the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely
players :
They have their exits and their entrances ;
And one man in his time plays many
parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first, the
Infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
And then, the whining School-boy, with
his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like
snail
Unwillingly to school. And then, the
Lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eye-brow. Then a
Soldier ;
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like
the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in
quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then,
the Justice,
In fair round belly, with good capon
lined,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances ;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age
shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd Pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on
side ;
His youthful hose well saved, a world too
wide
For his shrunk shank ; and his big manly
voice,

Turning again toward childish treble,
pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of
all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans
every thing.

THE USES OF ADVERSITY.

Now, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more
sweet
Than that of painted pomp? are not these
woods
More free from peril than the envious
court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference ; as the icy fang,
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which, when it bites and blows upon my
body,
Even 'till I shrink with cold, I smile, and
say,
This is no flattery ; these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.
And this our life, exempt from public
haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the run-
ning brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every-
thing.

JAQUES AND THE WOUNDED DEER.

TO-DAY my Lord of Amiens and myself
Did steal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps
out
Upon the brook that brawls along this
wood ;
To the which place a poor sequester'd
stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a
hurt,
Did come to languish : and, indeed, my
lord,

The wretched animal heaved forth such
groans,
That their discharge did stretch his
leathern coat
Almost to bursting; and the big round
tears
Coursed one another down his innocent
nose
In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift
brook,
Augmenting it with tears.
Duke. But what said Jaques?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?
Lord. O, yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping in the needless
stream;
"Poor deer," quoth he, "thou mak'st a
testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much." Then,
being alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends;
"'Tis right," quoth he, "thus misery
doth part
The flux of company." Anon, a careless
herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by
him,
And never stays to greet him: "Ay,"
quoth Jaques,
'Sweep on you fat and greasy citizens;
'Tis just the fashion: Wherefore do you
look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt
there?"

INGRATITUDE.

BLOW, blow thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh, ho! sing heigh ho! unto the
green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving
mere folly:
'Then heigh, ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.
Heigh, ho! sing heigh ho! etc.

UNDER THE GREENWOOD
TREE.

UNDER the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither.
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to lie i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

SHYLOCK'S REMONSTRANCE
WITH ANTONIO.

The Merchant of Venice.

SIGNIOR Antonio, many a time and oft,
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my monies and my usances:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,
For sufferance is the badge of all our
tribe;
You call me—misbeliever, cut-throat dog
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears you need my
help:
Go to then; you come to me, and you
say,
"Shylock, we would have monies:" you
say so;
You that did void your rheum upon my
beard,

And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur
 Over your threshold; monies is your suit;
 What should I say to you? should I not
 say
 "Hath a dog money? is it possible
 A cur can lend three thousand ducats?"
 or
 Shall I bend low, and in a bondsman's
 key,
 With 'bated breath, and whispering
 humbleness,
 Say this,—
 "Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday
 last:
 You spurn'd me such a day; another
 time
 You call'd me—dog; and for these cour-
 tesies
 I'll lend you thus much monies?"

~~~~~

#### CHEERFULNESS.

LET me play the fool:  
 With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles  
 come;  
 And let my liver rather heat with wine,  
 Than my heart cool with mortifying  
 groans.  
 Why should a man, whose blood is warm  
 within,  
 Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?  
 Sleep when he wakes? and creep into  
 the jaundice  
 By being peevish?

~~~~~

THE DECEIT OF APPEARANCES.

THE world is still deceiv'd with ornament.
 In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
 But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
 Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
 What damned error, but some sober brow
 Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
 Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
 There is no vice so simple, but assumes
 Some mark of virtue on its outward parts.
 How many cowards, whose hearts are all
 as false
 As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their
 chins

The beards of Hercules and frowning
 Mars;
 Who, inward search'd have livers white
 as milk?
 And these assume but valour's excrement
 To render them redoubted. Look on
 beauty,
 And you shall see 'tis purchased by the
 weight;
 Which therein works a miracle in nature,
 Making them lightest that wear most of
 it:
 So are those crisped snaky golden locks,
 Which make such wanton gambols with
 the wind,
 Upon supposed fairness, often known
 To be the dowry of a second head,
 The skull that bred them in the sepulchre.
 Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
 To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous
 scarf
 Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,
 The seeming truth which cunning times
 put on
 To entrap the wisest.

~~~~~

#### MERCY.

THE quality of Mercy is not strain'd;  
 It droppeth, as the gentle rain from  
 heaven,  
 Upon the place beneath. It is twice  
 bless'd;  
 It blesseth him that gives and him that  
 takes.  
 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it be-  
 comes  
 The thronèd monarch better than his  
 crown.  
 His sceptre shows the force of temporal  
 power,  
 The attribute to awe and majesty,  
 Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of  
 kings;  
 But mercy is above this sceptred sway,—  
 It is enthronèd in the hearts of kings,  
 It is an attribute to God himself;  
 And earthly power doth then show likest  
 God's,  
 When mercy seasons justice. Therefore,  
 Jew,

Though justice bethy plea, consider this,—  
That, in the course of justice, none of us  
Should see salvation. We do pray for  
mercy ;  
And that same prayer doth teach us all to  
render  
The deeds of mercy.

~~~~~  
CELESTIAL MUSIC.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon
this bank !
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of
music
Creep in our ears : soft stillness and the
night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica. Look, how the floor of
heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold :
There's not the smallest orb, which thou
behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cheru-
bims,—
Such harmony is in immortal souls ;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.
Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn !
With sweetest touches pierce your mis-
tress' ear,
And draw her home with music.

~~~~~  
THE LOVE OF MUSIC A TEST  
OF CHARACTER.

THE man that hath no music in himself,  
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet  
sounds,  
Is fit for treason, stratagems, and spoils :  
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,  
And his affections dark as Erebus :  
Let no such man be trusted.

~~~~~  
QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Midsummer Night's Dream.

I SAW, but thou could'st not,
Flying between the cold moon and the
earth,
Cupid all-armed : a certain aim he took

At a fair vestal thronéd by the west,
And loosed his love-shaft smartly from
his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand
hearts ;
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the
watery moon,
And the imperial votaress passéd on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.

~~~~~  
THE SORROWS OF TRUE LOVE.

AH me ! For aught that ever I could  
read,  
Could ever hear by tale or history,  
The course of true love never did run  
smooth.

~~~~~  
THE POWER OF IMAGINATION.

THE poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from
earth to heaven ;
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's
pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy
nothing
A local habitation and a name.

~~~~~  
FEMININE FRIENDSHIP.

O, AND is all forgot?  
All school-days' friendship, childhood in-  
nocence?  
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,  
Have with our needles created both one  
flower,  
Both on one sampler, sitting on one  
cushion,  
Both warbling of one song, both in one key ;  
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and  
minds,  
Had been incorporate. So we grew  
together,  
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,  
But yet a union in partition,  
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem :  
So, with two seeming bodies, but on  
heart ;  
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,

Due but to one, and crowned with one  
crest.  
And will you rent our ancient love  
asunder,  
To join with men in scorning your poor  
friend?  
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly:  
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it,  
Though I alone do feel the injury.

~~~~~  
BEATRICE.

Much Ado about Nothing.

DISDAIN and scorn ride sparkling in her
eyes,
Misprising what they look on; and her wit
Values itself so highly, that to her
All matter else seems weak; she cannot
love,
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
She is so self-endear'd,
I never yet saw man,
How wise, how noble, young, how rarely
featured,
But she would spell him backward; if
fair-faced,
She'd swear the gentleman should be her
sister;
If black, why, nature, drawing of an
antic,
Made a foul blot: if tall, a lance ill-
headed;
If low, an agate very vilely cut:
If speaking, why a vane blown with all
winds:
If silent, why a block moved with none.
So turns she every man the wrong side out;
And never gives to truth and virtue, that
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

~~~~~  
SIGH NO MORE, LADIES.

SIGH no more, ladies, sigh no more;  
Men were deceivers ever;  
One foot in sea, and one on shore;  
To one thing constant never:  
Then sigh not so,  
But let them go,  
And be you blithe and bonny;  
Converting all your sounds of woe  
Into, Hey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no mo  
Of dumps so dull and heavy;  
The fraud of men was ever so,  
Since summer first was leavy,  
Then sigh not so,  
But let them go,  
And be you blithe and bonny,  
Converting all your sounds of woe  
Into, Hey nonny, nonny.

~~~~~  
INNOCENCE.

I HAVE mark'd
A thousand blushing apparitions start
Into her face; a thousand innocent shames
In angel whiteness bear away those
blushes;
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,
To burn the errors that these princes hold
Against her maiden truth.

~~~~~  
A WOMAN'S TONGUE.

*Taming of the Shrew.*

THINK you, a little din can daunt my  
ears?  
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?  
Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with  
winds,  
Rage like an angry boar, chafed with  
sweat?  
Have I not heard great ordnance in the  
field,  
And heaven's artillery thunder in the  
skies?  
Have I not in a pitched battle heard  
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trum-  
pets' clang?  
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue;  
That gives not half so great a blow to the  
ear,  
As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire.

~~~~~  
THE MIND ALONE VALUABLE.
FOR 'tis the mind that makes the body
rich:
And as the sun breaks through the darkest
clouds,