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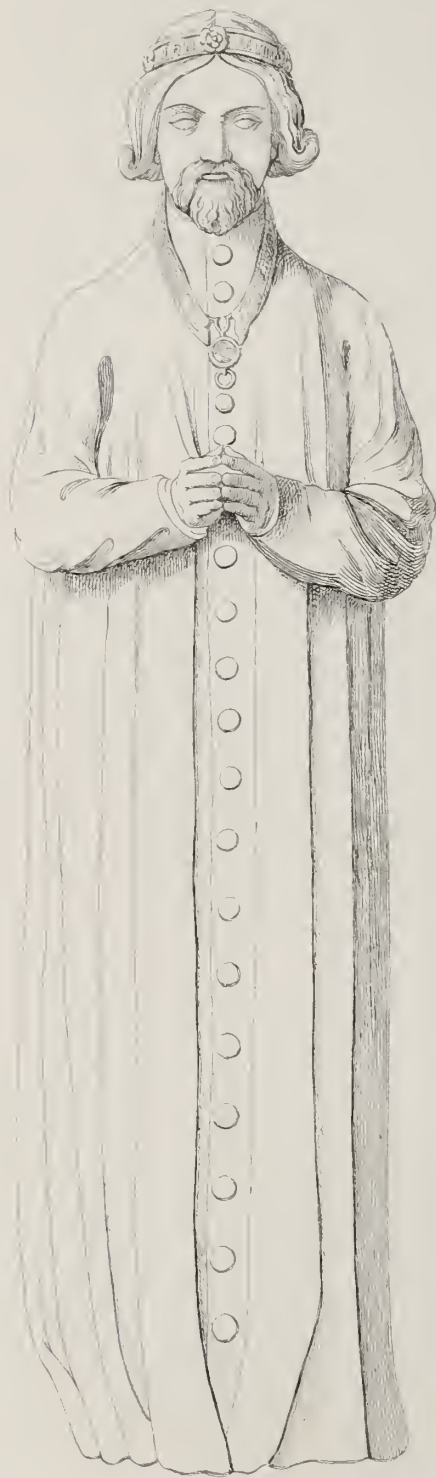
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EFFIGY OF JOHN GOWER.

From the effigy in the church of St. Mary, Gower.

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OF

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A new Collation of the early Editions:

TO WHICH ARE ADDED ALL

THE ORIGINAL NOVELS AND TALES ON WHICH THE PLAYS ARE FOUNDED;
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AN ESSAY ON THE FORMATION OF THE TEXT;
AND A LIFE OF THE POET:

BY

JAMES O. HALLIWELL, ESQ., F.R.S.

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VOLUME XVI.

CYMBELINE,—THE FOURTH AND FIFTH ACTS.

PERICLES. . . . THE POEMS.

OF THE

THESE

THE ILLUSTRATIONS AND WOOD-ENGRAVINGS

BY

FREDERICK WILLIAM FAIRHOLT, ESQ., F.S.A.

AUTHOR OF 'COSTUME IN ENGLAND,' ETC.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE EDITOR, BY J. E. ADLARD, BARTHOLOMEW CLOSE.

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Cymbeline.

Act the Fourth.

SCENE I.—*The Forest, near the Cave.*

Enter CLOTEN.

Clo. I am near to the place where they should meet, if Pisanio have mapped it truly. How fit his garments serve me! Why should his mistress, who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too? the rather—saving reverence of the word—for 'tis said, a woman's fitness comes by fits. Therein I must play the workman. I dare speak it to myself,—for it is not vain-glory, for a man and his glass to confer in his own chamber—I mean, the lines of my body are as well-drawn as his; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general services, and more remarkable in single oppositions: yet this imperseverant thing¹ loves him in my despite. What mortality is! Posthumus, thy head, which now is growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off, thy mistress enforced, thy garments cut to pieces before thy face;² and all this done, spurn her home to her father, who may, haply, be a little angry for my so rough usage; but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is tied up safe: out, sword, and to a sore purpose! Fortune, put them into my hand! This is the very

description of their meeting-place, and the fellow dares not deceive me. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Before the Cave.*

Enter, from the Cave, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, and IMOGEN.

Bel. You are not well: [*To IMOGEN.*] remain here in the cave;

We'll come to you after hunting.

Arv.

Brother, stay here.

[*To IMOGEN.*

Are we not brothers?

Imo.

So man and man should be;

But clay and clay differs in dignity,

Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.

Gui. Go you to hunting; I'll abide with him.

Imo. So sick I am not,—yet I am not well;

But not so citizen a wanton, as

To seem to die, ere sick. So please you, leave me;

Stick to your journal course:³ the breach of custom

Is breach of all. I am ill; but your being by me

Cannot amend me: society is no comfort

To one not sociable. I am not very sick,

Since I can reason of it: pray you, trust me here;

I'll rob none but myself, and let me die,

Stealing so poorly.

Gui.

I love thee; I have spoke it:

How much the quantity,⁴ the weight as much,

As I do love my father.

Bel.

What! how? how?

Arv. If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me

In my good brother's fault: I know not why

I love this youth; and I have heard you say,

Love's reason's without reason: the bier at door,⁵

And a demand who is't shall die, I'd say,—

“My father, not this youth.”

Bel.

[*Aside.*] O noble strain!

O worthiness of nature ! breed of greatness !
 Cowards father cowards, and base things sire base :
 Nature hath meal, and bran ; contempt and grace.
 I am not their father ; yet who this should be,
 Doth miracle itself, lov'd before me.—
 'Tis the ninth hour o' the morn.

Arv. Brother, farewell.

Imo. I wish ye sport.

Arv. You health.—So please you, sir.

Imo. [*Aside.*] These are kind creatures. Gods, what lies I
 have heard !

Our courtiers say, all's savage but at court.

Experience, O ! thou disprov'st report.

Th' imperious seas breed monsters ; for the dish,

Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.

I am sick still ; heart-sick.—Pisanio,

I'll now taste of thy drug. [*Swallows some.*]⁶

Gui. I could not stir him :

He said, he was gentle, but unfortunate ;

Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

Arv. Thus did he answer me ; yet said, hereafter
 I might know more.

Bel. To the field, to the field !—

We'll leave you for this time ; go in, and rest.

Arv. We'll not be long away.

Bel. Pray, be not sick,

For you must be our housewife.

Imo. Well, or ill,

I am bound to you.

Bel. And shalt be ever. [*Exit IMOGEN.*]

This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears he hath had
 Good ancestors.

Arv. How angel-like he sings.

Gui. But his neat cookery : he cut our roots in characters ;
 And sauc'd our broths, as Juno had been sick,
 And he her dieter.

Arv. Nobly he yokes
 A smiling with a sigh, as if the sigh
 Was that it was, for not being such a smile ;
 The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly
 From so divine a temple, to commix
 With winds that sailors rail at.

Gui. I do note,
That grief and patience, rooted in them both,⁷
Mingle their spurs together.⁸

Arv. Grow, patience!
And let the stinking elder,⁹ grief, untwine
His perishing root with the increasing vine!

Bel. It is great morning. Come; away!—Who's there?

Enter CLOTEN.

Clo. I cannot find those runagates: that villain
Hath mock'd me.—I am faint.

Bel. Those runagates!
Means he not us? I partly know him; 'tis
Cloten, the son o' the queen. I fear some ambush.
I saw him not these many years, and yet
I know 'tis he.—We are held as outlaws:—hence.

Gui. He is but one. You and my brother search
What companies are near: pray you, away;
Let me alone with him. [*Exeunt BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS.*]

Clo. Soft! What are you
That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers?
I have heard of such.—What slave art thou?

Gui. A thing
More slavish did I ne'er, than answering
A slave without a knock.

Clo. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain. Yield thee, thief.

Gui. To who? to thee? What art thou? Have not I
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger; for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth. Say, what thou art,
Why I should yield to thee?

Clo. Thou villain base,
Know'st me not by my clothes?

Gui. No, nor thy tailor, rascal,
Who is thy grandfather: he made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee.

Clo. Thou precious varlet,
My tailor made them not.

Gui. Hence then, and thank

The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool ;
I am loath to beat thee.

Clo. Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.

Gui. What's thy name ?

Clo. Cloten, thou villain.

Gui. Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it : were it toad, or adder, spider,
'Twould move me sooner.

Clo. To thy farther fear,
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know
I'm son to the queen.

Gui. I am sorry for't, not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.

Clo. Art not afeard ?

Gui. Those that I reverence, those I fear, the wise :
At fools I laugh, not fear them.

Clo. Die the death.
When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
I'll follow those that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of Lud's town set your heads.
Yield, rustic, mountaineer. [*Exeunt, fighting.*]

Enter BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. No company's abroad.

Arv. None in the world. You did mistake him, sure.

Bel. I cannot tell : long is it since I saw him,
But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favour
Which then he wore : the snatches in his voice,
And burst of speaking, were as his. I am absolute
'Twas very Cloten.

Arv. In this place we left them :
I wish my brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.

Bel. Being scarce made up,
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors ; for defect of judgment
Is oft the cure of fear.¹⁰ But see, thy brother.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS, with CLOTEN'S Head.

Gui. This Cloten was a fool, an empty purse,
There was no money in't. Not Hercules
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none ;
Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne
My head, as I do his.

Bel. What hast thou done ?

Gui. I am perfect, what :¹¹ cut off one Cloten's head,
Son to the queen, after his own report ;
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer ; and swore,
With his own single hand he'd take us in,¹²
Displace our heads, where—thank the gods !—they grow,
And set them on Lud's town.

Bel. We are all undone.

Gui. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,
But that he swore to take, our lives ? The law
Protects not us ; then, why should we be tender,
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us ;
Play judge, and executioner, all himself,
For we do fear the law ?¹³ What company
Discover you abroad ?

Bel. No single soul
Can we set eye on, but in all safe reason
He must have some attendants. Though his humour¹⁴
Was nothing but mutation ; ay, and that
From one bad thing to worse ; not frenzy, not
Absolute madness, could so far have rav'd,
To bring him here alone. Although, perhaps,
It may be heard at court, that such as we
Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in time
May make some stronger head ; the which he hearing,—
As it is like him—might break out, and swear
He'd fetch us in, yet is't not probable
To come alone, either he so undertaking,
Or they so suffering : then, on good ground we fear,
If we do fear this body hath a tail
More perilous than the head.

Arv. Let ordinance
Come as the gods foresay it : howsoc'er,
My brother hath done well.

Bel. I had no mind
To hunt this day : the boy Fidele's sickness
Did make my way long forth.

Gui. With his own sword,
Which he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en
His head from him : I'll throw't into the creek
Behind our rock ; and let it to the sea,
And tell the fishes, he's the queen's son, Cloten :
That's all I reck. [*Exit.*

Bel. I fear, 'twill be reveng'd.
Would, Polydore, thou had'st not done't, though valour
Becomes thee well enough.

Arv. 'Would I had done't,
So the revenge alone pursued me.—Polydore,
I love thee brotherly, but envy much,
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed : I would revenges,
That possible strength might meet, would seek us through,
And put us to our answer.

Bel. Well, 'tis done.
We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
Where there's no profit. I pr'ythee, to our rock :
You and Fidele play the cooks ; I'll stay
Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him
To dinner presently.

Arv. Poor sick Fidele !
I'll willingly to him : to gain his colour,
I'd let a parish of such Clotens blood,¹⁵
And praise myself for charity. [*Exit.*

Bel. O thou goddess,
Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st
In these two princely boys ! They are as gentle
As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head ; and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enchaf'd, as the rud'st wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonder,
That an invisible instinet should frame them
To royalty unlearn'd, honour untaught,
Civility not seen from other, valour
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sow'd ! Yet still it's strange,

What Cloten's being here to us portends,
Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS.

Gui. Where's my brother?
I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream,
In embassy to his mother: his body's hostage
For his return. [*Solemn Music.*

Bel. My ingenious instrument!
Hark, Polydore, it sounds; but what occasion
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion? Hark!

Gui. Is he at home?

Bel. He went hence even now.

Gui. What does he mean? since death of my dear'st mother
It did not speak before. All solemn things
Should answer solemn accidents. The matter?
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,
Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys.
Is Cadwal mad?

Re-enter ARVIRAGUS, bearing IMOGEN, as dead, in his Arms.

Bel. Look! here he comes,
And brings the dire occasion in his arms,
Of what we blame him for.

Arv. The bird is dead,
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,
To have turn'd my leaping time into a crutch,
Than have seen this.

Gui. O sweetest, fairest lily!
My brother wears thee not the one half so well,
As when thou grew'st thyself.

Bel. O, melancholy!
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find
The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish care¹⁶
Might easiliest harbour in?—Thou blessed thing!
Jove knows what man thou might'st have made; but I,
Thou diedst a most rare boy, of melancholy.—
How found you him?

Arv. Stark, as you see :
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at ; his right cheek
Reposing on a cushion.

Gui. Where ?

Arv. O' the floor ;
His arms thus leagu'd : I thought he slept, and put
My clouted brogues¹⁷ from off my feet, whose rudeness
Answer'd my steps too loud.

Gui. Why, he but sleeps ;
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed :
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee.¹⁸

Arv. With fairest flowers,
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave : thou shalt not lack
The flower, that's like thy face, pale primrose ; nor
The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins ; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath : the ruddock would,¹⁹
With charitable bill—O bill, sore-shaming
Those rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie
Without a monument !—bring thee all this ;
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,
To winter-ground thy corse.²⁰

Gui. Pr'ythee, have done ;
And do not play in wench-like words with that
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt.—To the grave.

Arv. Say, where shall's lay him ?

Gui. By good Euriphile, our mother.²¹

Arv. Be't so :
And let us, Polydore, though now our voices
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the ground,²²
As once our mother :²³ use like note, and words,
Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.

Gui. Cadwal,
I cannot sing : I'll weep, and word it with thee ,
For notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse
Than priests and fanes that lie.

Arv. We'll speak it then.

Bel. Great griefs, I see, medicine the less; for Cloten
Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys;
And, though he came our enemy, remember,
He was paid for that:²⁴ though mean and mighty, rotting
Together, have one dust, yet reverence,—
That angel of the world,²⁵—doth make distinction
Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was princely,
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.

Gui. Pray you, fetch him hither.
Thersites' body is as good as Ajax,
When neither are alive.

Arv. If you'll go fetch him,
We'll say our song the whilst.—Brother, begin.

[*Exit* BELARIUS.]

Gui. Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to the east;
My father hath a reason for't.

Arv. 'Tis true.

Gui. Come on then, and remove him.

Arv. So.—Begin.

SONG.

Gui. *Fear no more the heat o' the sun,²⁶
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.*

Arv. *Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe, and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.*

Gui. *Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Arv.* *Nor th' all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Gui.* *Fear not slander, censure rash;
Arv.* *Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:
Both.* *All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.*

Gui. *No exorciser harm thee !*
 Arv. *Nor no witchcraft charm thee !*
 Gui. *Ghost unlaid forbear thee !*
 Arv. *Nothing ill come near thee !*
 Both. *Quiet consummation have ;*
 And renowned be thy grave !

Re-enter BELARIUS, with the Body of CLOTEN.

Gui. We have done our obsequies. Come, lay him down.

Bel. Here's a few flowers, but 'bout midnight more :
 The herbs that have on them cold dew o' the night,
 Are strewings fitt'st for graves.—Upon their faces.—²⁷
 You were as flowers, now wither'd ; even so
 These herb'lets shall, which we upon you strow.—
 Come on, away ; apart upon our knees.
 The ground that gave them first has them again :
 Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain.

[*Exeunt BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.*

Imo. [*Awaking.*] Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven ; which is the
 way ?—

I thank you.—By yond' bush ?—Pray, how far thither ?
 'Ods pittikins !²⁸— can it be six miles yet ?—
 I have gone all night :—'faith, I'll lie down and sleep.
 But, soft ! no bedfellow.—O, gods and goddesses !

[*Seeing the Body.*

These flowers are like the pleasures of the world ;
 This bloody man, the care on't.—I hope I dream,
 For so I thought I was a cave-keeper,
 And cook to honest creatures ; but 'tis not so :
 'Twas but a bolt of nothing,²⁹ shot at nothing,
 Which the brain makes of fumes. Our very eyes
 Are sometimes like our judgments, blind. Good faith,
 I tremble still with fear ; but if there be
 Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
 As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it !
 The dream's here still : even when I wake, it is
 Without me, as within me ; not imagin'd, felt.
 A headless man !—The garment of Posthumus !
 I know the shape of 's leg : this is his hand ;
 His foot Mercurial ; his Martial thigh ;
 The brawns of Hercules :³⁰ but his jovial face³¹—

Murder in heaven!—How?—'Tis gone.—Pisano,
 All curses madd'd Hecuba gave the Greeks,
 And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou,
 Conspir'd with that irregulous devil,³² Cloten,
 Hast here cut off my lord.—To write, and read,
 Be henceforth treacherous!—Damn'd Pisano
 Hath with his forged letters,—damn'd Pisano—
 From this most bravest vessel of the world
 Struck the main-top!—O, Posthumus! alas,
 Where is thy head? where's that? Ah me! where's that?
 Pisano might have kill'd thee at the heart,
 And left this head on.—How should this be? Pisano!
 'Tis he, and Cloten: malice and luere in them
 Have laid this woe here. O! 'tis pregnant, pregnant.
 The drug he gave me, which, he said, was precious
 And cordial to me, have I not found it
 Murderous to the senses? That confirms it home:
 This is Pisano's deed, and Cloten: O!—
 Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
 That we the horrider may seem to those
 Which chance to find us. O, my lord, my lord!

Enter LUCIUS, a Captain, and other Officers, and a Soothsayer.

Cap. To them the legions garrison'd in Gallia,
 After your will, have cross'd the sea; attending
 You, here at Milford-Haven, with your ships:
 They are here in readiness.

Luc. But what from Rome?

Cap. The senate hath stirr'd up the confiners,
 And gentlemen of Italy; most willing spirits,
 That promise noble service, and they come
 Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,
 Sienna's brother.

Luc. When expect you them?

Cap. With the next benefit o' the wind.

Luc. This forwardness
 Makes our hopes fair. Command, our present numbers
 Be muster'd; bid the captains look to't.—Now, sir,
 What have you dream'd of late of this war's purpose?

Sooth. Last night the very gods show'd me a vision,³³—
 I fast, and pray'd³⁴ for their intelligence—thus:—

I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle,³⁵ wing'd
From the spungy south to this part of the west,
There vanish'd in the sunbeams : which portends,—
Unless my sins abuse my divination—
Success to the Roman host.

Luc. Dream often so,
And never false.—Soft, ho ! what trunk is here,
Without his top ? The ruin speaks, that sometime
It was a worthy building.—How ! a page !—
Or dead, or sleeping on him ? But dead rather ;
For nature doth abhor to make his bed
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.—
Let's see the boy's face.

Cap. He is alive, my lord.

Luc. He'll then instruct us of this body.—Young one,
Inform us of thy fortunes ; for, it seems,
They crave to be demanded. Who is this,
Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow ? Or who was he,
That, otherwise than noble nature did,³⁶
Hath alter'd that good picture ? What's thy interest
In this sad wreck ? How came it ? Who is it ?
What art thou ?

Imo. I am nothing : or if not,
Nothing to be were better. This was my master,
A very valiant Briton, and a good,
That here by mountaineers lies slain.—Alas !
There are no more such masters : I may wander
From east to occident, cry out for service,
Try many, all good, serve truly, never
Find such another master.

Luc. 'Lack, good youth !
Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining, than
Thy master in bleeding. Say his name, good friend.

Imo. Richard du Champ. [*Aside.*] If I do lie, and do
No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope
They'll pardon it.—Say you, sir ?

Luc. Thy name ?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Luc. Thou dost approve thyself the very same :
Thy name well fits thy faith ; thy faith, thy name.
Wilt take thy chance with me ? I will not say,
Thou shalt be so well master'd, but, be sure,

No less belov'd. The Roman emperor's letters,
Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner,
Than thine own worth, prefer thee : go with me.

Imo. I'll follow, sir. But first, an't please the gods,
I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep
As these poor pickaxes can dig : and when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I have strewed his grave,
And on it said a century of prayers,
Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep, and sigh ;
And, leaving so his service, follow you,
So please you entertain me.

Luc. Ay, good youth ;
And rather father thee, than master thee.—My friends,
The boy hath taught us manly duties : let us
Find out the prettiest dasied plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and partisans³⁷
A grave : come, arm him.³⁸—Boy, he is preferr'd
By thee to us, and he shall be interr'd,
As soldiers can. Be cheerful ; wipe thine eyes :
Some falls are means the happier to arise. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in CYMBELINE'S Palace.*

Enter CYMBELINE, Lords, and PISANIO.

Cym. Again ; and bring me word how 'tis with her.
A fever with the absence of her son ;
A madness, of which her life's in danger.—Heavens,
How deeply you at once do touch me ! Imogen,
The great part of my comfort, gone ; my queen
Upon a desperate bed, and in a time
When fearful wars point at me ; her son gone,
So needful for this present : it strikes me, past
The hope of comfort.—But for thee, fellow,
Who needs must know of her departure, and
Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee
By a sharp torture.

Pis. Sir, my life is yours,
I humbly set it at your will ; but, for my mistress,

I nothing know where she remains, why gone,
Nor when she purposes return. Beseech your highness,
Hold me your loyal servant.

l Lord. Good my liege,
The day that she was missing he was here :
I dare be bound he's true, and shall perform
All parts of his subjection loyally. For Cloten,
'There wants no diligenece in seeking him,
And will, no doubt, be found.

Cym. The time is troublesome :
We'll slip you for a season ; but our jealousy [To PISANIO.
Does yet depend.³⁹

l Lord. So please your majesty,
The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,
Are landed on your coast, with a supply
Of Roman gentlemen by the senate sent.

Cym. Now for the counsel of my son and queen !—
I am amaz'd with matter.

l Lord. Good my liege.
Your preparation can affront no less⁴⁰
Than what you hear of : come more, for more you're ready.
The want is, but to put those powers in motion,
That long to move.

Cym. I thank you. Let's withdraw,
And meet the time, as it seeks us : we fear not
What can from Italy annoy us, but
We grieve at chanees here.—Away ! [Exeunt.

Pis. I heard no letter⁴¹ from my master, since
I wrote him Imogen was slain. 'Tis strange :
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings ; neither know I
What is betid to Cloten, but remain
Perplex'd in all : the heavens still must work.
Wherein I am false, I am honest ; not true, to be true :
These present wars shall find I love my country,
Even to the note o' the king, or I'll fall in them.
All other doubts by time let them be clear'd ;
Fortune brings in some boats that are not steer'd. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—*Before the Cave.*

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Gui. The noise is round about us.

Bel. Let us from it.

Arv. What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to loek it
From action and adventure.

Gui. Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us? this way the Romans
Must or for Britons slay us, or receive us
For barbarous and unnatural revolts
During their use, and slay us after.

Bel. Sons,
We'll higher to the mountains; there seeure us.
To the king's party there's no going: newness
Of Cloten's death—we being not known, not muster'd
Among the bands—may drive us to a render
Where we have liv'd;⁴² and so extort from 's that
Which we have done, whose answer would be death
Drawn on with torture.

Gui. This is, sir, a doubt,
In such a time nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying us.

Arv. It is not likely,
That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,
Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their eyes
And ears so eloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note,
To know from whence we are.

Bel. O! I am known
Of many in the army: many years,
Though Cloten then but young, you see, not wore him
From my remembrance: and, besides, the king
Hath not deserv'd my service, nor your loves,
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,
The certainty of this hard life; aye, hopeless
To have the courtesy your cradle promis'd,

But to be still hot summer's tanlings,⁴³ and
The shrinking slaves of winter.

Gui. Than be so,
Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to the army:
I and my brother are not known; yourself,
So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,⁴⁴
Cannot be question'd.

Arv. By this sun that shines,
I'll thither: what thing is 't, that I never
Did see man die!⁴⁵ scarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of eoward hares, hot goats, and venison?
Never bestrid a horse, save one that had
A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel,
Nor iron, on his heel? I am asham'd
To look upon the holy sun, to have
The benefit of his bless'd beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.

Gui. By heavens, I'll go.
If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,
I'll take the better eare; but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me by
The hands of Romans.

Arv. So say I. Amen.

Bel. No reason I, since of your lives you set
So slight a valuation, should reserve
My crack'd one to more eare. Have with you, boys.
If in your eountry wars you ehanee to die,
That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie:
Lead, lead.—[*Aside.*] The time seems long; their blood thinks
seorn,⁴⁶
Till it fly out, and show them princes born. [Exeunt.]

Notes to the Fourth Act.

¹ *This imperseverant thing.*

Imperseverant, undiscerning. This word I have never met with but twice,—in *Cymbeline*, with the sense above given; and in Bishop Andrewes' Sermon preached before Queen Elizabeth at Hampton Court, A.D. 1594, in the sense of unenduring:—"For the Sodomites are an example of impenitent wilful sinners; and Lot's wife of *imperseverant* and relapsing righteous persons."—*Library of Ang.-Cath. Theology*, vol. ii, p. 62.—*Arrowsmith*.

² *Before thy face.*

Posthumus was to have his head struck off, and then his garments cut to pieces before his face! We should read—*her* face, i. e. Imogen's: done to despite her, who had said, she esteemed Posthumus's garment above the person of Cloten.—*Warburton*.

Shakespeare, who in the *Winter's Tale*, makes a Clown say: "If thou'lt see a thing to talk on after thou art dead," would not scruple to give the expression in the text to so fantastic a character as Cloten. The garments of Posthumus might indeed be cut to pieces *before his face*, though his head were off; no one, however, but Cloten, would consider this circumstance as any aggravation of the insult.—*Malone*.

³ *Stick to your journal course.*

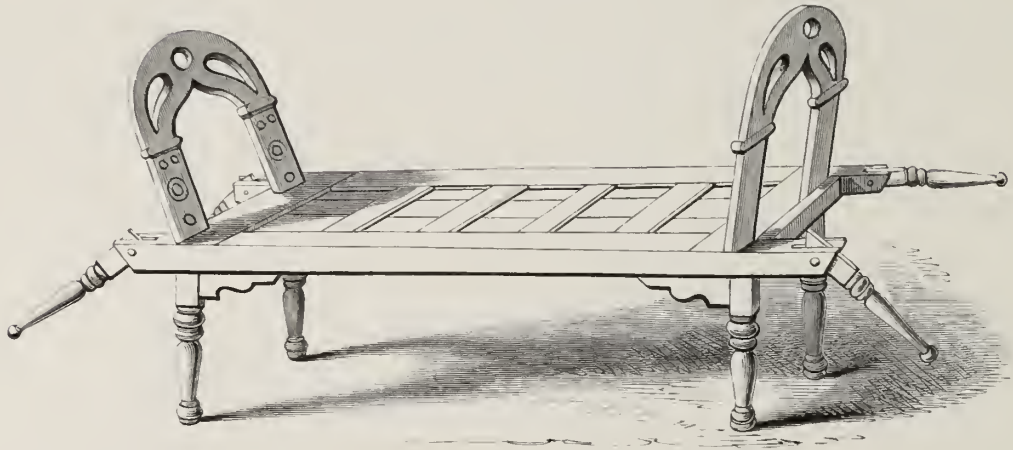
Keep your *daily* course uninterrupted; if the stated plan of life is once broken, nothing follows but confusion.—*Johnson*. "*Journal*, journall, daily, done in or belonging to the day," Cotgrave, ed. 1611.

⁴ *How much the quantity.*

I read—*As* much the quantity.—*Johnson*. Surely the present reading has exactly the same meaning. "*How* much soever the mass of my affection to my father may be, so much precisely is my love for thee: and as much as my filial love weighs, so much also weighs my affection for thee."—*Malone*.

⁵ *The bier at door.*

The old bier here represented is copied by Mr. Fairholt from an original sketch of one preserved ten years ago in the church of St. Nicholas, Gloucester.



Upon it was carved the date 1668, but it preserved a much earlier form. Its length was 7ft. and width 2½ ft.

⁶ *Swallows some.*

Here the folio has no stage-direction. Rowe saw that at these words Shakespeare evidently intended Imogen to swallow secretly some of the drug; and he accordingly added a stage-direction, *Drinks out of the vial*; but the drug, it appear, was a solid.—*A. Dyce.*

⁷ *Rooted in them both.*

The folios, at least the second folio, has “them both,” and the modern reading is a mere conjectural emendation. “Old copy—in *them*. Corrected by Pope,” says Malone, Mr. Knight retains the reading of the Variorum, taking no notice of the reading of the original copies. Yet one would have thought that the usitableness of “both,” as annexed to “him,” or the awkwardness of it, if referred to “Grief and Patience,” would have shewn that the original copies deserved to have their reading at the least exhibited. Who can doubt that “them” has for its antecedent the smile and the sigh. In both might be discovered at once both grief and patience. It is in the highest style of art; but the beauty is lost if we substitute “him.”—*Hunter.*

⁸ *Mingle their spurs together.*

Spurs signifies the larger roots in contradistinction to the fibres, or smaller roots; so the *spur* of a post is used in allusion to the large root of a tree.—*Edwards.*

⁹ *And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine.*

That is, let grief, the elder, cease to entwine its root with patience, the vine. It is obscurely expressed, but does not seem to require the alterations which have been proposed.—*Nares.*

¹⁰ *Is oft the cure of fear.*

“The *cause* of fear,” old eds. Hanmer reads *cure*, the best emendation which has been suggested.

¹¹ *I am perfect, what.*

I am *well informed*, what. So, in this play:—“I am *perfect*, the Pannonians are in arms.”—*Johnson*.

¹² *With his own single hand he'd take us in.*

To *take in* means, simply, to *conquer*, to *subdue*. So, in Antony and Cleopatra:—

— cut the Ionian seas,
And *take in* Toryne.—*Steevens*.

¹³ *For we do fear the law.*

For is here used in the sense of *because*. So, in Marlowe's Jew of Malta, 1633:—

See the simplicity of these base slaves!
Who, *for* the villains have no faith themselves,
Think me to be a senseless lump of clay.

Again, in Othello:—“And, *for* I know thou art full of love,” &c.—*Malone*.

¹⁴ *Though his humour.*

Honour, ed. 1623. The honour of Cloten can have no concern in the point here under consideration, which is the inducement that led him to ramble so far alone. I have little doubt, therefore, that Theobald hath given the genuine reading in substituting *humour* in its place.—*Heath*.

¹⁵ *I'd let a parish of such Clotens blood.*

I would, says the young prince, to recover Fidele, kill as many Clotens as would fill a *parish*.—*Johnson*. “His visage, (says Fenner of a *catchpole*,) was almost eaten through with pock-holes, so that half a *parish* of children might have played at cherry-pit in his face.”—*Farmer*.

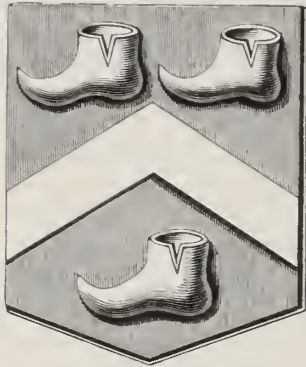
¹⁶ *To show what coast thy sluggish care.*

Care, ed. 1623; *crare*, modern conjecture, but neither the latter word nor any other seems necessary to the sense and beauty of the passage:—“Oh, melancholy (thou deep sea) who ever yet could sound thy bottom? who ever yet could find the ooze, to shew what coast thy sluggish *care* (or charge) might easiliest harbour in?”—*Melancholy* is represented to us under the allegory of a deep sea, and the grief or affliction that occasions the falling into *melancholy*, is beautifully supposed its sluggish *care*, its burden or charge sailing over that sea, and seeking some harbour to land, i. e. to get free from the waters of melancholy: which the poet, by a beautiful interrogation, acquaints us, cannot be done: when once *sorrow* embarks, and grief launches her *heavy-laden* vessel in the ocean of *melancholy*, no bottom is to be found, no harbour to be made, no deliverance to be obtained from this fathomless and boundless sea.—This appears to me the true, and, I think, exquisitely fine sense of the passage.—*Dr. Dodd*.

In support of the old text, it should be observed that Shakespeare rarely thought it necessary to follow out a metaphor with strictness.

¹⁷ *My clouted brogues.*

Clouted brogues were shoes strengthened with *clout* or *hob*-nails. In some parts of England, thin plates of iron, called *clouts*, are likewise fixed to the shoes of ploughmen and other rustics. *Brog* is the Irish word for a kind of shoe peculiar to that kingdom.—*Steevens*. Kennett defines a brogue, “a sort of shoe made of the rough hide of any beast, commonly used by the wilder Irish.”



“Brogues,” observes Mr. Fairholt, “seem to have been foot-coverings of skins, drawn over it like a purse, by thongs; and were common to the British islands. They were worn most recently in the Highlands of Scotland, and in Ireland; specimens have been found in peat bogs in both countries; and some curious examples are preserved in the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy in Dublin. The

old Irish family of Arthure, bear for their arms;—“*gules*, a chevron between three brogues, *or*.” Here they take the form of a half-boot, with an opening at the side, and are probably of medieval fashion.”

¹⁸ *And worms will not come to thee.*

Steevens imputes *great violence* to this change of person, and would read “come to *him*;” but there is no impropriety in Guiderius’s sudden address to the *body itself*. It might indeed be ascribed to our author’s careless manner, of which an instance like the present occurs at the beginning of the next act, where Posthumus says,—

. you married ones,
If each of *you* would take this course, how many
Must murder wives much better than *themselves*.—*Douce*.

¹⁹ *The ruddock would, with charitable bill.*

“Ruddock, red breest, *viridarius*,” Promptorium Parvulorum. “The ruddock warbles soft,” Spenser. “Dyd you ever see two suche little Robin ruddockes,” Damon and Pithias.

“A Robbyn read breast, fynding the dead body of a man or woman, wyll cover the face of the same with mosse, and, as some holdes opinion, he wyll cover also the whole body,” Lupton’s Thousand Notable Things, p. 10.

And on her waites Robin in his redde liverie; who sits as a crowner on the murdered man, and seeing his body naked, playes the sorrie tailour to make him a mossy rayment.—*Stafford’s Niobe*, 1611.

Thus being disrobed into her petticoat, she returned to the slaughtered erle, whom she found covered with mosse, which added more greife unto her sorrowfull soule, for shée greatly feared her murther was descried; but it fell not out as she mistrusted: for it is the nature and kind of a robbin red-breest and other birds, alwayes to cover the body of any dead man, and those were they that bred this feare in the ladies heart. By this time the day began to shut up his bright windowes, and sable night entred to take possession of the earth; yet durst not the wofull and distressed Sabra make her repaire homewards, least shée should bee descried without her upper garment.—*History of the Seven Champions of Christendome*, 1608.

Come, gentle Death, end my grief;
 Ye pretty birds ring forth my knell,
 Let Robin Red-breast be the chief
 To bury me, and so farewell.—*Old Ballad.*

The superstitious reverence with which the robin and the wren are almost universally regarded takes its origin from a pretty belief that they undertake the delicate office of covering the dead bodies of any of the human race with moss or leaves, if by any means left exposed to the heavens. This opinion is alluded to by many writers of the time, as by Drayton, for example :—

Cov'ring with moss the dead's unclosed eye,
 The little red-breast teacheth charitie.

Webster, in his tragedy of Vittoria Corombona, 1612, couples the wren with the robin as coadjutors in this friendly office :—

Call for the robin red-breast and the wren,
 Since o'er shady groves they hover,
 And with leaves and flowers do cover
 The friendless bodies of unburied men.

Notwithstanding the beautiful passage in the text, it is nevertheless undeniable that, even to this day, the ancient belief attached to these birds is perpetuated chiefly by the simple ballad of the Babes in the Wood. Early in the last century, Addison was infatuated with that primitive song. "Admitting," he says, "there is even a despicable simplicity in the verse, yet because the sentiments appear genuine and unaffected, they are able to move the mind of the most polite reader with inward meltings of humanity and compassion." The annexed woodcut, as rude as the ballad, is to be seen in an early copy of it.



²⁰ *To winter-ground thy corse.*

That is, the corse of Imogen, who is supposed to be dead. "To *winter-ground* a plant," says Steevens, "is to protect it from the inclemency of the winter season by straw, &c." This is quite satisfactory, and renders the correction *winter-guard* unnecessary. The change of "so" into *lo* may be accepted in the speech of Imogen when she awakens from her trance.—*Anon.*

Dr. Warburton asks, "What sense is there in *winter-grounding* a corse with *moss*?" But perhaps *winter-ground* does not refer to *moss*, but to the last antecedent, *flowers*. If this was the construction intended by Shakespeare, the passage should be printed thus :—

Yea, and furr'd moss besides,—when flowers are none
 To winter-ground thy corse.

i. e., you shall have also a warm covering of moss, when there are no flowers to adorn thy grave with that ornament with which Winter is usually decorated. So, in *Cupid's Revenge*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, 1625: "He looks like Winter, stuck here and there with fresh *flowers*."—I have not, however, much confidence in this observation.—*Malone.*

²¹ *By good Euriphile, our mother.*

The annexed engraving represents the remains, as at present existing, of ancient burial places in the Welsh mountains, which may probably be correctly referred to about the era of Cymbeline. These remains are now known as Meiniu Hirion, and are near the rising watering-place of Penmaenmawr.



²² *Sing him to the ground.*

It is a custome still in use with Christians, to attend the funerall of their deceased friendes, with whole chantries of choyce quire-men singing solemnly before them: but behinde followes a troope all clad in blacke, which argues mourning: much have I marveled at this ceremony, deeming it some hidden paradox, confounding thus in one things so opposite as these signes of joy and sorrowe.—*Greene in Conceipt*, 1598.

²³ *As once our mother.*

The old copy reads:—"As once to our mother;——" The compositor having probably caught the word—to from the preceding line. The correction was made by Pope.—*Malone*.

²⁴ *He was paid for that.*

Sir Thomas Hanmer reads: "He *has* paid for that;——" rather plausibly than rightly. *Paid* is for *punished*. So, Jonson:—

Twenty things more, my friend, which you know due,
For which, or pay me quickly, or I'll *pay* you.—*Johnson*.

So Falstaff, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, after having been beaten, when in the dress of an old woman, says, "I pay'd nothing for it neither, but *was paid* for my learning."—*Malone*.

²⁵ *That angel of the world.*

These words can have no other meaning than—That thing which the world so exalts; and if so, the poet has improperly used *reverence* both for the thing *reverenced*, (in which sense it is applicable to *angel*,) and the thing *reverencing*, which is that that "*doth make distinction*."—*Capell*.

Reverence, or due regard to subordination, is the power that keeps peace and order in the world.—*Johnson*.

²⁶ *Fear no more the heat o' the sun.*

This truly beautiful dirge may safely be left to its own influences, yet it may be worthy of a note how exquisitely the fears dissipated by the hand of Death are made to harmonize with the character of the wild district in which the speakers were then living.

²⁷ *Upon their faces.*

A direction to his sons to strew the flowers *on their faces*—but here was but one face, for that of Cloten was gone: a small impropriety which the Oxford editor, who has used so great diligence to purge the poet of all which he thought so, of every kind, has obviated by reading—*the face*.—*Capell*.

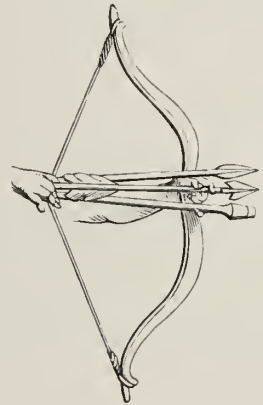
²⁸ *Ods pittikins.*

This diminutive adjuration is used by Decker and Webster in *Westward Hoe*, 1607; in the *Shoemaker's Holiday*, or the *Gentle Craft*, 1600. It is derived from "God's my pity," which likewise occurs in *Cymbeline*.—*Steevens*.

Steevens's derivation from God's *my* pity, is not quite correct. It is rather from *God's pity*, diminutively used by the addition of *kin*. In this manner we have *'od's bodikins*.—*Douce*.

²⁹ *A bolt of nothing.*

Mr. Fairholt sends this note,—“The form of the old bird-bolt intended to knock down, but not to wound, is well contrasted with the ordinary form of arrows, in a curious engraving by Aldegraver dated 1552, representing an emblematic figure of Ire shooting rapidly against all people.”

³⁰ *The brawns of Hercules.*

Muskely or of muscles, hard and stiffe with many muscles or *brawnes*.—*Withals' Dictionarie*, ed. 1608, p. 404.

³¹ *But his jovial face.*

Jovial face signifies in this place, such a face as belongs to Jove. It is frequently used in the same sense by other old dramatic writers. So, Heywood, in the *Silver Age*:

—Alcides here will stand,
To plague you all with his high *Jovial* hand.

Again, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1630:—"Thou *Jovial* hand hold up thy scepter high." Again, in his *Golden Age*, 1611, speaking of Jupiter:—

———— all that stand,
Sink in the weight of his high *Jovial* hand.—*Steevens*.

³² *Conspir'd with that irregulous devil.*

I suppose it should be—"Conspir'd with *th' irreligious* devil——."—*Johnson*.

Irregulous (if there be such a word) must mean lawless, licentious, out of rule, *jura negans sibi nata*. In *Reinolds's God's Revenge against Adultery*, edit. 1679, p. 121, I meet with "*irregulated* lust."—*Steevens*.

³³ *Last night the very gods show'd me a vision.*

It was no common dream, but sent from *the very gods*, or the gods themselves.—*Johnson*.

That is, “the gods themselves immediately, without the intervention of other agents or instruments,” as Warburton very justly interprets the expression.—*Heath*.

³⁴ *I fast, and pray'd.*

Fast is here very licentiously used for *fasted*. So, in the novel subjoined to this play, we find—*lift* for *lifted*.—*Malone*.

Similar inaccuracies occur in our Bible translation: “He took her by the hand and *lift* her up.” Mark i, 31.—“He hath *lift* up his heel against me.” John xiii, 18.—“*Roast* with fire.” Exod. xii, 8, &c.—*Blakeway*.

³⁵ *I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle.*



Mr. Fairholt sends this note,—“The large brass coinage of the Roman Emperors well displays this renowned bird, sacred alike to Jove and Rome. Our cut is copied from a coin of Domitian, the eagle grasping the thunderbolt of Jupiter.”

³⁶ *That, otherwise than noble nature did.*

To *do* a picture, and a picture is well *done*, are standing phrases; this question, therefore, is,—Who has altered this picture, so as to make it otherwise than nature did it.—*Johnson*. Olivia, speaking of her own picture, asks Viola if it is not well done.—*Steevens*. *Fecit* was till lately the technical term universally annexed to pictures and engravings.—*Henley*. Notwithstanding these notes, I cannot but think the word *did* is used here only as an auxiliary verb: that the opposition is intended between a natural and violent death, and that the proper construction is, ‘Who hath altered the picture otherwise than Nature did?’—*Pye*.

³⁷ *With our pikes and partisans.*

Dr. Johnson says the partizan is a pike, and so say many of our dictionaries; but it was in reality a weapon between a pike and a halbert. Not being so long as the former, it was made use of in trenches, in mounting a breach, and in attacking or defending a lodgment; on all which occasions the pike would have been unmanageable. Its upper extremity resembled that of a halbert, but was longer and broader. In more modern times it wanted the cutting axe which belongs to the halbert, though in that used by the old Switzers and Germans it seems to have had it. The etymology of the word has been much controverted, but appears to lie between the Latin *pertica* and the German *bart*, an axe, whence *bardike*, a little axe. Shakespeare here distinguishes it from the pike.—*Douce*.



It may perhaps be worth mentioning that it is believed that, amongst the ancient Britons, the place of burial of one person was sometimes marked by the erection of a large

single block of stone. Such a one is here delineated from a specimen still existing in Wales.

³⁸ *Come, arm him.*

That is, "Take him up in your arms."—*Hanmer*. So, in Fletcher's *Two Noble Kinsmen* :—

— *Arm* your prize,
I know you will not lose her.

The *prize* was *Emilia*.—*Steevens*.

³⁹ *But our jealousy does yet depend.*

My suspicion is yet undetermined; if I do not condemn you, I likewise have not acquitted you. We now say, the *cause* is *depending*.—*Johnson*.

⁴⁰ *Your preparation can affront no less.*

Your forces are able to *face* such an army as we hear the enemy will bring against us.—*Johnson*.

⁴¹ *I heard no letter.*

I suppose we should read with Sir T. Hanmer :—" *I've had* no letter——."—*Steevens*.

Perhaps *letter* here means, not an epistle, but the elemental part of a syllable. This might have been a phrase in Shakespeare's time. We yet say—I have not *heard* a *syllable* from him.—*Malone*.

⁴² *To a render where we have liv'd.*

An account of our place of abode. This dialogue is a just representation of the superfluous caution of an old man.—*Johnson*.

Render is used in a similar sense in *Timon of Athens*, Act V. :—" And sends us forth to make their sorrow'd *render*."—*Steevens*.

⁴³ *Tanlings.*

A *tanling*, one who is subject to the tanning influence of the sun; a diminutive from *tan*. Some editions read *tantlings*, but the derivation is more forced, and it suits the passage worse.—*Nares*.

⁴⁴ *And thereto so o'ergrown.*

Has it been understood in what sense Shakespeare here employs "o'ergrown"? I think not. Its meaning is sufficiently explained by what Posthumus afterwards says of Belarius ;—

—— who deserv'd
So long a breeding as *his white beard* came to.—*Dyce*.

⁴⁵ *Did see man die!*

By "what thing is it" Arviragus means, "what *a* thing is it," the *a* in such exclamations being frequently omitted by our early writers. The passage is not interrogative.—*A. Dyce*.

⁴⁶ *Their blood thinks scorn.*

To think scorn, to disdain; to feel an offence, mixed with contempt. It was once considered as an expression of great force, especially when heightened by the epithet *foul*; as in Queen Elizabeth's celebrated and magnanimous speech at *Tilbury* :—" And *I think foul scorn*, that Spain, or Parma, or any prince in Europe, should dare to invade the borders of my realm."

Esteeming myselfe born to rule, and *thinking foule scorne*, willingly to submit myselfe to be ruled.—*Pemb. Arc.* p. 37.—*Nares*.

Act the Fifth.

SCENE I.—*A Field between the British and Roman Camps.*

Enter POSTHUMUS, *with a bloody Handkerchief.*

Post. Yea, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee ; for I am wish'd
Thou should'st be colour'd thus. You married ones,
If each of you should take this course, how many
Must murder wives much better than themselves,
For wrying but a little?¹—O, Pisanio !
Every good servant does not all commands ;
No bond, but to do just ones.—Gods ! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
Had liv'd to put on this : so had you saved
The noble Imogen to repent, and struck
Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance. But, alack !
You snatch some hence for little faults ; that's love,
To have them fall no more : you some permit
To second ills with ills, each elder worse ;²
And make them dread it, to the doer's thrift.³
But Imogen is your own : do your best wills,
And make me bless'd to obey !—I am brought hither
Among the Italian gentry, and to fight
Against my lady's kingdom : 'tis enough
That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress ; peace !

I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heavens,
 Hear patiently my purpose. I'll disrobe me
 Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself
 As does a Briton peasant: so I'll fight
 Against the part I come with; so I'll die
 For thee, O Imogen! even for whom my life
 Is, every breath, a death: and thus unknown,
 Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril
 Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
 More valour in me, than my habits show.
 Gods, put the strength o' the Leonati in me!
 To shame the guise o' the world, I will begin
 The fashion, less without, and more within. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—*The Same.*

Enter at one Side, LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and the Roman Army: at the other Side, the British Army; LEONATUS POSTHUMUS following like a poor Soldier. They march over and go out. Alarums. Then enter again in skirmish, IACHIMO and POSTHUMUS: he vanquisheth and disarmeth IACHIMO, and then leaves him.

Iach. The heaviness and guilt within my bosom
 Takes off my manhood: I have belied a lady,
 The princess of this country, and the air on't
 Revengingly enfeebles me; or could this carl,⁴
 A very drudge of nature's, have subdu'd me
 In my profession? Knighthoods and honours, borne
 As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.
 If that thy gentry, Britain, go before
 This lout, as he exceeds our lords, the odds
 Is, that we scarce are men, and you are gods. [Exit.]

The Battle continues: the Britons fly; CYMBELINE is taken: then enter, to his rescue, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. Stand, stand! We have the advantage of the ground.

The lane is guarded : nothing routs us, but
The villainy of our fears.

Gui. Arr. Stand, stand, and fight !

Enter POSTHUMUS, *and seconds the Britons ; they rescue*
CYMBELINE, *and exeunt ; then, enter* LUCIUS, IACHIMO,
and IMOGEN.

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself ;
For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such
As war were hood-wink'd.

Iach. 'Tis their fresh supplies.

Luc. It is a day turn'd strangely : or betimes
Let's re-enforce, or fly.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Another Part of the Field.*

Enter POSTHUMUS *and a British Lord.*

Lord. Cam'st thou from where they made the stand ?

Post. I did ;

Though you, it seems, come from the fliers.

Lord. I did.

Post. No blame be to you, sir ; for all was lost,
But that the heavens fought. The king himself
Of his wings destitute,⁵ the army broken,
And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying
Through a strait lane : the enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work
More plentiful than tools to do't, struck down
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
Merely through fear ; that the strait pass was damm'd
With dead men hurt behind, and cowards living
To die with lengthen'd shame.

Lord. Where was this lane ?

Post. Close by the battle,⁶ ditch'd, and wall'd with turf ;
Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,
An honest one, I warrant ; who deserv'd
So long a breeding, as his white beard came to,⁷

In doing this for's country : athwart the lane,
 He, with two striplings,—lads more like to run
 The country base,⁸ than to commit such slaughter ;
 With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
 Than those for preservation cas'd, or shame—
 Made good the passage ; cry'd to those that fled,
 “ Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men :
 To darkness fleet, souls that fly backwards ! Stand ;
 Or we are Romans, and will give you that
 Like beasts, which you shun beastly, and may save,
 But to look back in frown : stand, stand ! ”—These three,
 Three thousand confident, in act as many,—
 For three performers are the file, when all
 The rest do nothing—with this word, “ stand, stand ! ”
 Accommodated by the place, more charming,
 With their own nobleness,—which could have turn'd
 A distaff to a lance—gilded pale looks,
 Part shame, part spirit renew'd ; that some, turn'd eoward
 But by example—O, a sin in war,
 Damn'd in the first beginners !—gan to look
 The way that they did, and to grin like lions
 Upon the pikes o' the hunters. Then began
 A stop i' the chaser, a retire ; anon,
 A rout, confusion thiek : forthwith they fly,
 Chieken, the way which they stoop'd eagles ; slaves,
 The strides they victors made. And now our eowards—
 Like fragments in hard voyages—became
 The life o' the need :⁹ having found the back-door open
 Of the unguarded hearts, Heavens, how they wound !
 Some slain before ; some dying ; some, their friends,
 O'er-borne i' the former wave : ten chae'd by one,
 Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty :
 Those that would die or ere resist are grown
 The mortal bugs o' the field.¹⁰

Lord.

This was strange chance :

A narrow lane, an old man, and two boys !

Post. Nay, do not wonder at it :¹¹ you are made
 Rather to wonder at the things you hear,
 Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon't,
 And vent it for a moekery ? Here is one :
 “ Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
 Preserv'd the Britons, was the Romans' bane.”

Lord. Nay, be not angry, sir.

Post. 'Lack! to what end?
Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend;
For if he'll do, as he is made to do,
I know, he'll quickly fly my friendship too.
You have put me into rhyme.

Lord. Farewell; you are angry. [*Exit.*]

Post. Still going?—This is a lord. O noble misery!
To be i' the field, and ask, what news, of me.
To-day, how many would have given their honours
To have sav'd their carcases? took heel to do't,
And yet died too? I, in mine own woe charm'd,¹²
Could not find death where I did hear him groan,
Nor feel him where he struck: being an ugly monster,
'Tis strange he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
Sweet words; or hath more ministers than we
That draw his knives i' the war.—Well, I will find him;
For being now a favourer to the Briton,¹³
No more a Briton, I have resum'd again
The part I came in. Fight I will no more,
But yield me to the veriest hind, that shall
Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
Here made by the Roman; great the answer be
Britons must take; for me, my ransom's death:
On either side I come to spend my breath,
Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again,
But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter Two British Captains, and Soldiers.

1 *Cap.* Great Jupiter be prais'd! Lucius is taken.
'Tis thought, the old man and his sons were angels.

2 *Cap.* There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,¹⁴
That gave th' affront with them.¹⁵

1 *Cap.* So 'tis reported;
But none of them can be found.—Stand! who is there?

Post. A Roman,
Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds
Had answer'd him.

2 *Cap.* Lay hands on him; a dog!
A leg of Rome shall not return to tell

What crows have peck'd them here. He brags his service
As if he were of note. Bring him to the king.

Enter CYMBELINE,¹⁶ *attended*; BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, AR-
VIRAGUS, PISANIO, *and Roman Captives. The Captains*
present POSTHUMUS *to* CYMBELINE, *who delivers him over*
to a Jailer; after which, all go out.

SCENE IV.—*A Prison.*

Enter POSTHUMUS, *and Two Jailers.*

1 *Jail.* You shall not now be stolen;¹⁷ you have locks upon
you:
So, graze as you find pasture.

2 *Jail.* Ay, or a stomach.

[*Exeunt* Jailers.]

Post. Most welcome, bondage, for thou art a way,
I think, to liberty. Yet am I better
Than one that's siek o' the gout; since he had rather
Groan so in perpetuity, than be eur'd
By the sure physieian, death, who is the key
T' unbar these locks. My conscience, thou art fetter'd
More than my shanks, and wrists: you good gods, give me
The penitent instrument to pick that bolt,
Then, free for ever! Is't enough, I am sorry?
So children temporal fathers do appease;
Gods are more full of merey. Must I repent?
I cannot do it better than in gyves,
Desir'd, more than constrain'd: to satisfy,
If of my freedom¹⁸ 'tis the main part, take
No stricter render of me, than my all.
I know, you are more element than vile men,
Who of their broken debtors take a third,
A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
On their abatement: that's not my desire.
For Imogen's dear life, take mine; and though
'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life; you coin'd it:
'Tween man and man they weigh not every stamp,
Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake:

You rather mine, being yours ; and so, great powers,
 If you will take this audit, take this life,
 And cancel these eold bonds. O Imogen !
 I'll speak to thee in silence.

[*He sleeps.*]

Solemn Music. Enter, as an Apparition, SICILIUS LEONATUS, Father to POSTHUMUS, an old Man, attired like a Warrior ; leading in his hand an ancient Matron, his Wife and Mother to POSTHUMUS, with Music before them ; then, after other Music follow the Two young Leonati, Brothers to POSTHUMUS, with Wounds as they died in the Wars. They circle POSTHUMUS round, as he lies sleeping.

Sici. No more, thou thunder-master, show
 Thy spite on mortal flies :
 With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,
 That thy adulteries
 Rates and revenges.

Hath my poor boy done aught but well ?
 Whose face I never saw ;
 I died, whilst in the womb he stay'd
 Attending nature's law.
 Whose father, then,—as men report,
 Thou orphan's father art—
 Thou shouldst have been, and shielded him
 From this earth-vexing smart.

Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid,
 But took me in my throes ;
 That from me was Posthumus ript,
 Came crying 'mongst his foes,
 A thing of pity !

Sici. Great nature, like his ancestry,
 Moulded the stuff so fair,
 That he deserv'd the praise o' the world,
 As great Sicilius' heir.

1 *Bro.* When once he was mature for man,
 In Britain where was he,
 That could stand up his parallel,
 Or fruitful object be
 In eye of Imogen, that best
 Could deem his dignity ?

Moth. With marriage wherefore was he mock'd,
 To be exil'd, and thrown
 From Leonati' seat, and cast
 From her his dearest one,
 Sweet Imogen ?

Sici. Why did you suffer Iachimo,
 Slight thing of Italy,
 To taint his nobler heart and brain
 With needless jealousy ;
 And to become the geck and scorn
 O' the other's villainy ?

2 *Bro.* For this from stiller seats we came,
 Our parents, and us twain,
 That striking in our country's cause
 Fell bravely, and were slain ;
 Our fealty, and 'Tenantius' right,
 With honour to maintain.

1 *Bro.* Like hardiment Posthumus hath
 To Cymbeline perform'd :
 Then, Jupiter, thou king of gods,
 Why hast thou thus adjourn'd
 The graces for his merits due,
 Being all to dolours turn'd ?

Sici. Thy crystal window ope ; look out :
 No longer exercise,
 Upon a valiant race, thy harsh
 And potent injuries.

Moth. Since, Jupiter, our son is good,
 Take off his miseries.

Sici. Peep through thy marble mansion ; help
 Or we poor ghosts will cry,
 To the shining synod of the rest,
 Against thy deity.

2 *Bro.* Help, Jupiter ! or we appeal,
 And from thy justice fly.

JUPITER *descends in Thunder and Lightning,*¹⁹ *sitting upon an Eagle: he throws a Thunderbolt; the Ghosts fall on their Knees.*

Jup. No more, you petty spirits of region low,
 Offend our hearing: hush!—How dare you ghosts
 Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt you know,
 Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts?
 Poor shadows of Elysium, hence; and rest
 Upon your never-withering banks of flowers:
 Be not with mortal accidents opprest;
 No care of yours it is; you know, 'tis ours.
 Whom best I love, I cross; to make my gift,
 The more delay'd, delighted.²⁰ Be content;
 Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift:
 His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.
 Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in
 Our temple was he married.—Rise, and fade!—
 He shall be lord of lady Imogen,
 And happier much by his affliction made.
 This tablet lay upon his breast, wherein
 Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine;
 And so, away: no farther with your din
 Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.—
 Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline.²¹ [*Ascends.*]

Sici. He came in thunder; his celestial breath
 Was sulphurous to smell: the holy eagle
 Stoop'd, as to foot us: his ascension is
 More sweet than our bless'd fields. His royal bird
 Prunes the immortal wing,²² and claws his beak,
 As when his god is pleas'd.

All. Thanks, Jupiter.

Sici. The marble pavement closes; he is enter'd
 His radiant roof.—Away! and, to be blest,
 Let us with care perform his great behest. [*Ghosts vanish.*]

Post. [*Waking.*] Sleep, thou hast been a grandsire, and
 begot
 A father to me; and thou hast created
 A mother, and two brothers. But—O scorn!—
 Gone! they went hence so soon as they were born,
 And so I am awake.—Poor wretches, that depend

On greatness' favour, dream as I have done ;
 Wake, and find nothing.—But, alas, I swerve :
 Many dream not to find, neither deserve,
 And yet are steep'd in favours ; so am I,
 That have this golden chance, and know not why.
 What fairies haunt this ground ? A book ? O, rare one !
 Be not, as is our fangled world,²³ a garment
 Nobler than that it covers : let thy effects
 So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,
 As good as promise.

[*Reads*] “ When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown,
 without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air ;
 and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which,
 being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old
 stock, and freshly grow, then shall Posthumus end his miseries,
 Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.”

'Tis still a dream, or else such stuff as madmen
 Tongue, and brain not ; either both, or nothing :
 Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
 As sense cannot untie. Be what it is,
 The action of my life is like it, which
 I'll keep, if but for sympathy.

Re-enter Gaolers.

Gaol. Come, sir, are you ready for death ?

Post. Over-roasted, rather ; ready long ago.

Gaol. Hanging is the word, sir : if you be ready for that,
 you are well cooked.

Post. So, if I prove a good repast to the spectators, the dish
 pays the shot.

Gaol. A heavy reckoning for you, sir ; but the comfort
 is, you shall be called to no more payments, fear no more
 tavern bills, which are often the sadness of parting, as the
 proeuring of mirth. You come in faint for want of meat,
 depart reeling with too much drink ; sorry that you have
 paid too much,²⁴ and sorry that you are paid too much ;
 purse and brain both empty : the brain the heavier for being
 too light, the purse too light, being drawn of heaviness. O !
 of this contradiction you shall now be quit.—O, the charity of
 a penny cord ! it sums up thousands in a trice : you have no

true debtor and creditor but it ; of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge.—Your neck, sir, is pen, book, and counters ; so the acquittance follows.

Post. I am merrier to die, than thou art to live.

Gaol. Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the toothache ; but a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think, he would change places with his officer ; for, look you, sir, you know not which way you shall go.

Post. Yes, indeed do I, fellow.

Gaol. Your death has eyes in's head, then ; I have not seen him so pictured : you must either be directed by some that take upon them to know, or take upon yourself that, which I am sure you do not know, or jump the after-inquiry on your own peril : and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think you'll never return to tell one.

Post. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink, and will not use them.

Gaol. What an infinite moek is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes to see the way of blindness ! I am sure, hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Knock off his manacles : bring your prisoner to the king.

Post. Thou bring'st good news. I am called to be made free.

Gaol. I'll be hanged, then.

Post. Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler ; no bolts for the dead. [*Exeunt* POSTHUMUS and Messenger.]

Gaol. Unless a man would marry a gallows, and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone.²⁵ Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman ; and there be some of them too, that die against their wills : so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good : O, there were desolation of gaolers, and gallowses !²⁶ I speak against my present profit, but my wish hath a preferment in't. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—CYMBELINE'S *Tent*.

Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS,
PISANIO, Lords, Officers, *and* Attendants.

Cym. Stand by my side, you whom the gods have made
Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart,
That the poor soldier, that so richly fought,
Whose rags sham'd gilded arms, whose naked breast
Stepp'd before targe of proof, cannot be found :
He shall be happy that can find him, if
Our grace can make him so.

Bel. I never saw
Such noble fury in so poor a thing ;
Such precious deeds in one, that promis'd nought
But beggary and poor looks.²⁷

Cym. No tidings of him ?

Pis. He hath been search'd among the dead and living,
But no trace of him.

Cym. To my grief, I am
The heir of his reward ; which I will add
To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain,
By whom, I grant, she lives. 'Tis now the time
To ask of whence you are :—report it.

Bel. Sir,
In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen.
Farther to boast, were neither true nor modest,
Unless I add, we are honest.

Cym. Bow your knees.
Arise, my knights o' the battle : I create you
Companions to our person, and will fit you
With dignities becoming your estates.

Enter CORNELIUS *and* Ladies.

There's business in these faces.—Why so sadly
Greet you our victory ? you look like Romans,
And not o' the court of Britain.

Cor. Hail, great king!
To sour your happiness, I must report
The queen is dead.

Cym. Whom worse than a physician
Would this report become? But I consider,
By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will seize the doctor too.—How ended she?

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life;²⁸
Which, being cruel to the world, concluded
Most cruel to herself. What she confess'd,
I will report, so please you: these her women
Can trip me, if I err, who with wet cheeks
Were present when she finish'd.

Cym. Pr'ythee, say.

Cor. First, she confess'd she never lov'd you; only
Affected greatness got by you, not you:
Married your royalty, was wife to your place,
Abhorr'd your person.

Cym. She alone knew this;
And, but she spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cor. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to love
With such integrity, she did confess
Was as a scorpion to her sight; whose life,
But that her flight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off by poison.

Cym. O most delicate fiend!
Who is't can read a woman?—Is there more?

Cor. More, sir, and worse. She did confess, she had
For you a mortal mineral; which, being took,
Should by the minute feed on life, and lingering
By inches waste you: in which time she purpos'd,
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
O'ereome you with her show; and in time—
When she had fitted you with her craft—to work
Her son into th' adoption of the crown:
But failing of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shameless-desperate; open'd, in despite
Of heaven and men, her purposes; repented
The evils she hatch'd were not effected; so,
Despairing died.

Cym. Heard you all this, her women?

Lady. We did so, please your highness.

Cym. Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for she was beautiful ;
Mine ears, that heard her flattery ; nor my heart,
That thought her like her seeming ; it had been vicious,
To have mistrusted her : yet, O my daughter !
That it was folly in me, thou may'st say,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all !

Enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, *the Soothsayer, and other Roman*
Prisoners, guarded ; POSTHUMUS *behind, and* IMOGEN.

Thou com'st not, Caius, now for tribute : that
The Britons have raz'd out, though with the loss
Of many a bold one ; whose kinsmen have made suit,
That their good souls may be appeas'd with slaughter
Of you their captives,²⁹ which ourself have granted :
So, think of your estate.

Luc. Consider, sir, the chance of war : the day
Was yours by accident ; had it gone with us,
We should not, when the blood was cool, have threaten'd !
Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call'd ransom, let it come : sufficeth,
A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer ;
Augustus lives to think on't ; and so much
For my peculiar care. This one thing only
I will entreat : my boy, a Briton born,
Let him be ransom'd : never master had
A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,
So tender over his occasions, true,
So feat, so nurse-like.³⁰ Let his virtue join
With my request, which, I'll make bold, your highness
Cannot deny : he hath done no Briton harm,
Though he have serv'd a Roman. Save him, sir,
And spare no blood beside.

Cym. I have surely seen him :
His favour is familiar to me.—Boy,
Thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,
And art mine own.—I know not why, nor wherefore,
To say, live, boy : ne'er thank thy master ; live,

And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty and thy state, I'll give it ;
Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,³¹
The noblest ta'en.

Imo. I humbly thank your highness.

Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad,
And yet I know thou wilt.

Imo. No, no ; alack !

There's other work in hand.—I see a thing [Eying IACHIMO.
Bitter to me as death.—Your life, good master,
Must shuffle for itself.

Luc. The boy disdains me,
He leaves me, scorns me : briefly die their joys,
That place them on the truth of girls and boys.—
Why stands he so perplex'd ?

Cym. What would'st thou, boy ?

I love thee more and more ; think more and more
What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on ? speak ;
Wilt have him live ? Is he thy kin ? thy friend ?

Imo. He is a Roman ; no more kin to me,
Than I to your highness, who, being born your vassal,
Am something nearer.

Cym. Wherefore ey'st him so ?

Imo. I'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please
To give me hearing.

Cym. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What's thy name ?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Cym. Thou art my good youth, my page ;
I'll be thy master : walk with me ; speak freely.

[CYMBELINE and IMOGEN converse apart.

Bel. Is not this boy reviv'd from death ?

Arv. One sand another

Not more resembles that sweet rosy lad,
Who died, and was Fidele.—What think you ?

Gui. The same dead thing alive.

Bel. Peace, peace ! see farther ; he eyes us not : forbear.
Creatures may be alike : were't he, I am sure
He would have spoke to us.

Gui. But we saw him dead.

Bel. Be silent ; let's see farther.

Pis. [Aside.] It is my mistress !

Since she is living, let the time run on,
To good or bad. [CYMBELINE and IMOGEN come forward.]

Cym. Come, stand thou by our side :
Make thy demand aloud.—Sir, [To IACHIMO.] step you forth ;
Give answer to this boy, and do it freely,
Or, by our greatness, and the grace of it,
Which is our honour, bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falsehood.—On, speak to him.

Imo. My boon is, that this gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring.

Post. [Aside.] What's that to him ?

Cym. That diamond upon your finger, say,
How came it yours ?

Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken that
Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.

Cym. How ! me ?

Iach. I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that which
Torments me to conceal. By villany
I got this ring : 'twas Leonatus' jewel ;
Whom thou didst banish ; and—which more may grieve thee,
As it doth me—a nobler sir ne'er liv'd
'Twi'x sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my lord ?

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Iach. That paragon, thy daughter,
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
Quail to remember,³²—Give me leave ; I faint.

Cym. My daughter ! what of her ? Renew thy strength :
I had rather thou should'st live while nature will,
Than die ere I hear more. Strive, man, and speak.

Iach. Upon a time,—unhappy was the clock
That struck the hour—it was in Rome,—accurs'd
The mansion where—'twas at a feast,—O ! would
Our viands had been poison'd, or at least
Those which I heav'd to head—the good Posthumus,—
What should I say ? he was too good to be
Where ill men were, and was the best of all
Amongst the rar'st of good ones—sitting sadly,
Hearing us praise our loves of Italy
For beauty, that made barren the swell'd boast
Of him that best could speak : for feature,³³ laming
The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,
Postures beyond brief nature ; for condition,

A shop of all the qualities that man
Loves woman for ; besides, that hook of wiving,
Fairness, which strikes the eye :—

Cym. I stand on fire.

Come to the matter.

Iach. All too soon I shall,
Unless thou would'st grieve quickly.—This Posthumus,—
Most like a noble lord in love, and one
That had a royal lover—took his hint ;
And, not dispraising whom we prais'd,—therein
He was as calm as virtue—he began
His mistress' picture ; which by his tongue being made,
And then a mind put in't, either our brags
Were crack'd of kitchen trulls, or his description
Prov'd us unspeaking sots.

Cym. Nay, nay, to the purpose.

Iach. Your daughter's chastity—there it begins.
He spake of her as Dian had hot dreams,
And she alone were cold : whereat, I, wretch,
Made scruple of his praise ; and wager'd with him
Pieces of gold 'gainst this, which then he wore
Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
In suit the place of his bed, and win this ring
By her's and mine adultery. He, true knight,
No lesser of her honour confident
Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring ;
And would so, had it been a carbuncle
Of Phœbus' wheel ; and might so safely, had it
Been all the worth of his car. Away to Britain
Post I in this design : well may you, sir,
Remember me at court, where I was taught
Of your chaste daughter the wide difference
'Twixt amorous and villainous. Being thus quench'd
Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain
'Gan in your duller Britain operate
Most vilely ; for my vantage, excellent ;
And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd,
That I return'd with simular proof, enough
To make the noble Leonatus mad,
By wounding his belief in her renown
With tokens thus, and thus ; averring notes
Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet,—

O cunning, how I got it!—nay, some marks
Of seeret on her person, that he could not
But think her bond of chastity quite craek'd,
I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon,—
Methinks, I see him now,—

Post. Ay, so thou dost, [*Coming forward.*
Italian fiend!—Ah me! most credulous fool,
Egregious murderer, thief, any thing
That's due to all the villains past, in being,
To come!—O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,
Some upright justicer! Thou, king, send out
For torturers ingenious: it is I
That all the abhorred things o' the earth amend,
By being worse than they. I am Posthumus,
That kill'd thy daughter:—villain-like, I lie;
That caus'd a lesser villain than myself,
A saerilegious thief, to do't:—the temple
Of virtue was she:—yea, and she herself
Spit, and throw stones, east mire upon me; set
The dogs o' the street to bay me: every villain
Be call'd, Posthumus Leonatus, and
Be villainy less than 'twas!—O Imogen!
My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,
Imogen, Imogen!

Imo. Peace, my lord! hear, hear!—

Post. Shall's have a play of this?³⁴ Thou scornful page,
There lie thy part. [*Striking her: she falls.*

Pis. O, gentlemen! help,
Mine, and your mistress.—O, my lord Posthumus!
You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now.—Help, help!—
Mine honour'd lady!

Cym. Does the world go round?

Post. How come these staggers on me?

Pis. Wake, my mistress!

Cym. If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me
To death with mortal joy.

Pis. How fares my mistress?

Imo. O! get thee from my sight;
Thou gav'st me poison: dangerous fellow, hence!
Breathe not where princes are.

Cym. The tune of Imogen!

Pis. Lady,

The gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if
That box I gave you was not thought by me
A precious thing : I had it from the queen.

Cym. New matter still ?

Imo. It poison'd me.

Cor. O gods !

I left out one thing which the queen confess'd,
Which must approve thee honest : if Pisanio
Have, said she, given his mistress that confection
Which I gave him for a cordial, she is serv'd
As I would serve a rat.

Cym. What's this Cornelius ?

Cor. The queen, sir, very oft importun'd me
To temper poisons for her ; still pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge, only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs
Of no esteem : I, dreading that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would cease
The present power of life ; but, in short time,
All offices of nature should again
Do their due functions.—Have you ta'en of it ?

Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.

Bel. My boys,

There was our error.

Gui. This is, sure, Fidele.

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady from you ?
Think, that you are upon a rock ; and now
Throw me again.³⁵ [*Embracing him.*

Post. Hang there like fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die !

Cym. How now ! my flesh, my child ?
What ! mak'st thou me a dullard in this act ?
Wilt thou not speak to me ?

Imo. Your blessing, sir. [*Kneeling.*

Bel. Though you did love this youth, I blame ye not ;
You had a motive for't. [*To GUIDERIUS and ARVIRAGUS.*

Cym. My tears that fall,
Prove holy water on thee ! Imogen,
Thy mother's dead.

Imo. I am sorry for't, my lord.

Cym. O! she was naught; and 'long of her it was,
That we meet here so strangely: but her son
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.

Pis. My lord,
Now fear is from me, I'll speak troth. Lord Cloten,
Upon my lady's missing, came to me
With his sword drawn; foam'd at the mouth, and swore,
If I discover'd not which way she was gone,
It was my instant death. By accident,
I had a feigned letter of my master's
Then in my pocket, which directed him
To seek her on the mountains near to Milford;
Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,
Which he infore'd from me, away he posts
With unehaste purpose, and with oath to violate
My lady's honour: what became of him,
I farther know not.

Gui. Let me end the story.
I slew him there.

Cym. Marry, the gods forefend!
I would not thy good deeds should from my lips
Pluek a hard sentenee: pr'ythee, valiant youth,
Deny't again.

Gui. I have spoke it, and I did it.

Cym. He was a prince.

Gui. A most unevivil one. The wrongs he did me
Were nothing princee-like; for he did provoke me
With language that would make me spurn the sea,
If it could so roar to me. I eut off's head;
And am right glad, he is not standing here
To tell this tale of mine.

Cym. I am sorry for thee:
By thine own tongue thou art eondemn'd, and must
Endure our law. Thou art dead.

Imo. That headless man
I thought had been my lord.

Cym. Bind the offender,
And take him from our presenee.

Bel. Stay, sir king.
This man is better than the man he slew,
As well descended as thyself: and hath

More of thee merited, than a band of Clotens
Had ever scar for.—Let his arms alone ; [To the Guard.
They were not born for bondage.

Cym. Why, old soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By tasting of our wrath?³⁶ How of descent
As good as we?

Arv. In that he spake too far.

Cym. And thou shalt die for't.

Bel. We will die all three :
But I will prove that two on's are as good
As I have given out him.—My sons, I must
For mine own part unfold a dangerous speech,
Though, haply, well for you.

Arv. Your danger's ours.

Gui. And our good his.

Bel. Have at it, then ;—by leave,—
Thou hadst, great king, a subject, who was call'd
Belarius.

Cym. What of him? he is
A banish'd traitor.

Bel. He it is that hath
Assum'd this age: indeed, a banish'd man ;
I know not how, a traitor.

Cym. Take him hence ;
The whole world shall not save him.

Bel. Not too hot :
First pay me for the nursing of thy sons ;
And let it be confiscate all, so soon
As I have receiv'd it.

Cym. Nursing of my sons?

Bel. I am too blunt, and saucy; here's my knee:
Ere I arise, I will prefer my sons;
Then, spare not the old father. Mighty sir,
These two young gentlemen, that call me father,
And think they are my sons, are none of mine:
They are the issue of your loins, my liege,
And blood of your begetting.

Cym. How! my issue?

Bel. So sure as you your father's. I, old Morgan,
Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd:

Your pleasure was my mere offence,³⁷ my punishment
 Itself, and all my treason; that I suffer'd
 Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes—
 For such, and so they are—these twenty years
 Have I train'd up; those arts they have, as I
 Could put into them: my breeding was, sir, as
 Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile,
 Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children
 Upon my banishment: I mov'd her to't;
 Having receiv'd the punishment before,
 For that which I did then: beaten for loyalty
 Excited me to treason. Their dear loss,
 The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shap'd
 Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious sir,
 Here are your sons again; and I must lose
 Two of the sweet'st companions in the world.—
 The benediction of these covering heavens
 Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy
 To inlay heaven with stars.

Cym. Thou weep'st, and speak'st.³⁸
 The service, that you three have done, is more
 Unlike than this thou tell'st. I lost my children:
 If these be they, I know not how to wish
 A pair of worthier sons.

Bel. Be pleas'd a while.—
 This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,
 Most worthy prince, as your's is true Guiderius:
 This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus,
 Your younger princely son: he, sir, was lapp'd³⁹
 In a most curious mantle, wrought by the hand
 Of his queen mother, which, for more probation,
 I can with ease produce.

Cym. Guiderius had
 Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star:
 It was a mark of wonder.

Bel. This is he,
 Who hath upon him still that natural stamp.
 It was wise nature's end in the donation,
 To be his evidence now.

Cym. O! what am I
 A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother

Rejoie'd deliverance more.—Bless'd pray you be,
That after this strange starting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now.—O Imogen!
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

Imo. No, my lord;

I have got two worlds by't.—O, my gentle brothers!
Have we thus met? O! never say hereafter,
But I am truest speaker: you call'd me brother,
When I was but your sister; I you brothers,
When you were so indeed.

Cym. Did you e'er meet?

Arv. Ay, my good lord.

Gui. And at first meeting lov'd;

Continued so, until we thought he died.

Cor. By the queen's dram she swallow'd.

Cym. O rare instinct!

When shall I hear all through? This fierce abridgement
Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
Distinction should be rich in.—Where? how liv'd you?
And when came you to serve our Roman captive?
How parted with your brothers? how first met them?
Why fled you from the court, and whither? These,
And your three motives to the battle, with
I know not how much more, should be demanded,
And all the other by-dependencies,
From chance to chance; but nor the time, nor place,
Will serve our long interrogatories.⁴⁰ See,
Posthumus anchors upon Imogen;
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
On him, her brothers, me, her master, hitting
Each object with a joy: the counterechange
Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground,
And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.—
Thou art my brother: so we'll hold thee ever. [*To BELARIUS.*]

Imo. You are my father, too; and did relieve me,
To see this gracious season.

Cym. All o'erjoy'd,

Save these in bonds: let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.

Imo. My good master,

I will yet do you service.

Luc. Happy be you!

Cym. The forlorn soldier, that so nobly fought,
He would have well become this place, and grac'd
The thankings of a king.

Post. I am, sir,
The soldier that did company these three
In poor beseeming: 'twas a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd.—That I was he,
Speak, Iachimo: I had you down, and might
Have made you finish.

Iach. I am down again; [*Kneeling.*]
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,
As then your force did. Take that life, beseech you,
Which I so often owe; but your ring first,
And here the bracelet of the truest princess,
That ever swore her faith.

Post. Kneel not to me:
The power that I have on you is to spare you;
The malice towards you to forgive you. Live,
And deal with others better.

Cym. Nobly doom'd.
We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law:
Pardon's the word to all.

Arv. You help us, sir,
As you did mean indeed to be our brother;
Joy'd are we, that you are.

Post. Your servant, princes.—Good my lord of Rome,
Call forth your soothsayer. As I slept, methought,
Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back'd,
Appear'd to me, with other spritely shows
Of mine own kindred: when I wak'd, I found
This label on my bosom; whose containing
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can
Make no collection of it:⁴¹ let him show
His skill in the construction.

Luc. Philarmonus!

Sooth. Here, my good lord. [*Coming forward.*]

Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

Sooth. [*Reads.*] “When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself
unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of
tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped
branches, which being dead many years shall after revive, be

jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow, then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.”

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp;
The fit and apt construction of thy name,
Being Leo-natus, doth import so much.
The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,

[*To CYMBELINE.*

Which we call *mollis aer*; and *mollis aer*
We term it *mulier*: which *mulier*, I divine,
Is this most constant wife; who, even now,
Answering the letter of the oracle,
Unknown to you, unsought, were elipp'd about
With this most tender air.

Cym. This hath some seeming.

Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,
Personates thee; and thy lopp'd branches point
Thy two sons forth; who, by Belarius stolen,
For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd,
To the majestic cedar join'd, whose issue
Promises Britain peace and plenty.

Cym. Well,

My peace we will begin.—And, Caius Lucius,
Although the victor, we submit to Cæsar,
And to the Roman empire; promising
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked queen;
Whom heavens, in justice, both on her and hers,
Have laid most heavy hand.

Sooth. The fingers of the powers above do tune
The harmony of this peace. The vision,
Which I made known to Lucius ere the stroke
Of this yet searee-cold battle, at this instant
Is full accomplish'd; for the Roman eagle,
From south to west on wing soaring aloft,
Lessen'd herself, and in the beams o' the sun
So vanish'd: which foreshow'd our princely eagle,
Th' imperial Cæsar, should again unite
His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,
Which shines here in the west.

Cym. Laud we the gods;

And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils
From our bless'd altars. Publish we this peace
To all our subjects. Set we forward. Let
A Roman and a British ensign wave
Friendly together; so through Lud's town march,⁴²
And in the temple of great Jupiter
Our peace we'll ratify; seal it with feasts.—
Set on there.—Never was a war did cease,
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace.

[*Exeunt.*]

Notes to the Fifth Act.

¹ *For wrying but a little.*

This uncommon verb is likewise used by Stanyhurst in the third book of the translation of Virgil, 1582:—"the maysters *wrye* their vessels." Again, in Sydney's Arcadia, lib. i. edit. 1633, p. 67: "— that from the right line of vertue are *wryed* to these crooked shifts." Again, in Daniel's Cleopatra, 1599:—

— in her sinking down she *wryes*
The diadem———.—*Steevens.*

² *Each elder worse.*

I believe our author must answer for this inaccuracy, and that he inadvertently considered the latter evil deed as the elder; having probably some general notion in his mind of a quantity of evil commencing with our first parents, and gradually accumulating in process of time by a repetition of crimes.—*Malone.*

The poet's intended word in this place was certainly—*younger*; the other, a compositor's blunder, which the reader will do well to correct, and the editor should have corrected.—*Capell.*

³ *And make them dread it to the doer's thrift.*

There is a meaning to be extracted from these words as they now stand, and, in my opinion, not a bad one: "Some you snatch from hence for little faults;— others you suffer to heap ills on ills, and afterwards make them dread their having done so, to the eternal welfare of the doers."—The whole speech is in a religious strain.—*Thrift* signifies a *state of prosperity*: It is not the commission of the crimes that is supposed to be for the doers' thrift, but his dreading them afterwards, and of course repenting, which ensures his salvation.—*J. M. Mason.*

⁴ *Or could this carl.*

Carl, a churl, a bondman, a rude country clown. "Here es cury unclene *carle* be my trowthe," Morte Arthure, MS. Lincoln, f. 64. "Carle, chorle, vilain," Palsgrave, 1530.

⁵ *The king himself of his wings destitute.*

“The Daues rushed forth with such violence upon their adversaries, that first the right, and then after the left wing of the Scots, was constrained to retire and flee back.—Haie beholding *the king*, with the most part of the nobles, fighting with great valiancie in the middle ward, now *destitute of the wings*, &c.”—*Holinshed*.—*Malone*.

⁶ *Close by the battle.*

The stopping of the Roman army by three persons, is an allusion to the story of the Hays, as related by Holinshed in his History of Scotland, p. 155: “There was neere to the place of the battel, a long lane fensed on the sides with ditches and walles made of turfe, through the which the Scots which fled were beaten downe by the enemies on heapes. Here Haie with his sonnes supposing they might best staie the flight, placed themselves overthwart the lane, beat them backe whom they meet fleeing, and spared neither friend nor fo; but downe they went all such as came within their reach, wherewith divers hardie personages cried unto their fellowes to returne backe unto the battel,” &c. It appears from Peck’s New Memoirs, &c. Article 88, that Milton intended to have written a play on this subject.—*Musgrave*.

⁷ *So long a breeding, as his white beard came to.*

This is obscure; the meaning, I suppose, is “who merited a period of life equal to that which the whiteness of his beard seemed to denote, for his heroic conduct in the service of his country.”—“*Breeding*,” however, is a strange term to express *life protracted, at such an age*.—*Eccles*.

⁸ *Lads more like to run the country base.*

“The play to runne at the bace,” or prison-bars, is given as the translation of *barres* in Hollyband’s Dictionarie, 1593.

Sometimes he whistles to his dog; sometimes
He sings; with stories, verses, riddles, rimes,
Woes his fond sweet-heart, wrestles with his mate,
And for a wager leapes ore stile or gate;
At stool-ball, foot-ball playes; now runs a race,
And tires at last with barley-breake or *base*.

Poems, MS. Harl. 4126, f. 75.

No country but Great Britain can boast, that after twelve hours hard work, its natives will (in the evening) go to foot-ball, stool-ball, cricket, *prison-base*, wrestling, cudgel-playing, or some such vehement exercise.—*England’s Path to Wealth*, 1722.

⁹ *Became the life o’ the need.*

That is, that *have become* the life, &c. Shakespeare should have written *become*, but there is, I believe, no corruption. In his 134th Sonnet, he perhaps again uses *came* as a participle:—

The statute of thy beauty thou wilt take,
Thou usurer, that put’st forth all to use,
And sue a friend, *came* debtor for thy sake.

Became, however, in the text may be a verb. If this was intended, the parenthesis should be removed.—*Malone*.

¹⁰ *The mortal bugs o' the field.*

Bugs, terrors. So, in the First Part of Jeronimo, 1605:—"Where nought but furies, *bugs*, and tortures dwell." Again, in the Battle of Alcazar, 1594:—

Is Amurath Bassa such a *bug*,
That he is mark'd to do this doughty deed?—*Steevens*.

¹¹ *Nay, do not wonder at it.*

This seeming contradiction is no other than one of those self-corrections of which discourse affords such frequent examples: it would appear by being well spoken without any alteration; but were made quite plain by putting *but* before *you*, and the measure will very well bear it: *work any* is—work any wonders.—*Capell*.

¹² *I, in mine own woe charm'd.*

Alluding to the common superstition of *charms* being powerful enough to keep men unhurt in battle. It was derived from our Saxon ancestors, and so is common to us with the Germans, who are above all other people given to this superstition; which made Erasmus, where, in his *Moriæ Encomium*, he gives to each nation its proper characteristic, say, "*Germani corporum proceritate et magiæ cognitione sibi placent.*" And Prior, in his *Alma*:—

North Britons hence have *second sight*;
And *Germans free from gun-shot fight*.—*Warburton*.

¹³ *For being now a favourer to the Briton.*

This is spoken of *death* whom the speaker is seeking: but despairing to find him among the Britons, of whom he was *now a favourer*, *I, no more a Briton*, says he, "*have resum'd the part I came in,*" the Roman, and will meet with him there.—*Capell*.

¹⁴ *In a silly habit.*

Silly is *simple* or *rustic*. So, in *King Lear*:—"twenty *silly* ducking observants."—*Steevens*.

So, in the novel of *Boccace*, on which this play is formed: "The servant, who had no great good will to kill her, very easily grew pitifull, took off her upper garment, and gave her a poore ragged doublet, a *silly* chapperone," &c. *The Decameron*, 1620.—*Malone*.

¹⁵ *That gave the affront with them.*

That is, that turned their faces to the enemy.—*Johnson*. So, in Ben Jonson's *Alchymist*:—

To day thou shalt have ingots, and to-morrow
Give lords the affront.—*Steevens*.

To *affront*, *Minsheu* explains thus in his *Dictionary*, 1617: "To come face to face." v. *Encounter*. *Affrontare*, Ital.—*Malone*.

¹⁶ *Enter Cymbeline.*

It was not unusual on our old stage to begin a scene with a dumb show, as scene 2 of this Act; but it was by no means common to terminate a scene in this way. *Ritson* was evidently mistaken, when he said that "the business of the scene was *entirely* performed in dumb show," unless he considered the dumb show a scene by itself.—*Collier*.

¹⁷ *You shall not now be stolen.*

The wit of the Gaoler alludes to the custom of putting a lock on a horse's leg, when he is turned to pasture.—*Johnson*.

¹⁸ *If of my freedom.*

Posthumus questions whether contrition be sufficient atonement for guilt. Then, to satisfy the offended gods, he desires them to take no more than his present all, that is, his life, if it is the *main part*, the chief point, or principal condition of his freedom, i. e. of his freedom from future punishment. This interpretation appears to be warranted by the former part of the speech. Sir T. Hanmer reads:—"I doff my freedom."—*Steevens*.

I believe Posthumus means to say, "Since for my crimes I have been deprived of my freedom, and since life itself is more valuable than freedom, let the gods take my life, and by this let heaven be appeased, how small soever the atonement may be." I suspect, however, that a line has been lost, after the word *satisfy*. If the text be right, *to satisfy* means, *by way of satisfaction*.—*Malone*.

¹⁹ *Jupiter descends in thunder and lightning.*

It appears from *Acolastus*, a comedy by T. Palsgrave, chaplain to King Henry VIII., 1540, that the descent of deities was common to our stage in its earliest state: "Of whyche the lyke thyng is used to be shewed now a days in stage-plaies, when some *God* or some *Saynt* is made to appere forth of a cloude, and succoureth the parties which seemed to be towards some great danger, through the *Soudan's* crueltie." The author, for fear this description should not be supposed to extend itself to our theatres, adds in a marginal note, "the lyke maner used nowe at our days in stage playes."—*Steevens*.

²⁰ *The more delayed, delighted.*

Grammar is here again made very free with; the sense is as follows,—*to make my gift the more delighted*, (meaning—delighted in) *the more* it is *delay'd*.—*Cupell*.

That is, the more delighted for being delayed.—We should point it thus:—"The more, delayed, delighted."—It is scarcely necessary in this place to observe, that Shakespeare uses indiscriminately the active and passive participles.—*Mason*.

²¹ *Mount, eagle, to my palace
crystalline.*



The following note is by Mr. Fairholt,—“The medieval, rather than the Classical idea of Jupiter, is here embodied; in ancient art the eagle is the companion, but never the bearer, of Jupiter. In the Court masques, and the art works of Shakespeare's era, Jupiter appears as in this drama. The representation here given is copied from a group crowning the summit of the celebrated nautilus cup in her Majesty's collection, sometimes ascribed to Cellini, but as probably the work of German Goldsmiths.”

²² *Prunes the immortal wing.*

A bird is said to *prune* himself when he clears his feathers from super-

fluties. So, in Drayton's Polyolbion, Song I. :—"Some sitting on the beach, to *prune* their painted breasts."—*Steevens*. "And *cloys* his beak," old edition ; corrected by Tyrwhitt.

²³ *As is our fangled world.*

It is Cornelius, that brave gallant youth,
Who is new printed to this *fangled* age.
Guilpin's Skialetheia, 1598.

²⁴ *Sorry that you have paid too much, &c.*

That is, sorry that you *have paid* too much out of your pocket, and sorry that you *are paid*, or *subdued*, too much by the liquor. So, Falstaff: "— seven of the eleven I *paid*." Again, in the fifth Scene of the fourth Act of the Merry Wives of Windsor.—*Steevens*. The word has already occurred in this sense, in a former scene :—

And though he came our enemy, remember
He was *paid* for that.—*Malone*.

²⁵ *I never saw one so prone.*

That is, forward. In this sense the word is used in Wilfride Holme's poem, entitled the Fall and Evil Success of Rebellion, &c. 1537 :—

Thus lay they in Doncaster, with curtol and serpentine,
With bombard and basilisk, with men *prone* and vigorous.

Again, in Sir A. Gorges' translation of the sixth book of Lucan :—

—Thessalian fierie steeds
For use of war so *prone* and fit.—*Steevens*.

The love of other wanton dames,
Let him with gold procure,
That are more *prone* and pliable
Unto his beastly lure.

History of Violenta and Didaco, 1576.

²⁶ *Gallowses.*

One that tooke upon him much gentrie and was no gent, his little sonnes were a tumbling in a heape of strawe in the streete, which a Gentleman (a neighbour of his) seeing out at his window, said unto his wife: 'Twere a good deede yonder *gallowses* were whipp'd: see how they tumble and bedust themselves in the strawe; she answered: No, let them alone, for it faire betokens their gentrie.—*Copley's Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, 1614.

²⁷ *But beggary and poor looks.*

The *beggary* too, as well as the *poor looks*, was visible, and, notwithstanding, is said to be promised, and, therefore, to make Warburton's emendation consistent, should have been altered likewise. But the truth is, it is the conciseness of the expression which occasioned his stumbling at it. The sense is, One that promised nothing beyond what appeared, to wit, beggary and a poor exterior.—*Heath*.

²⁸ *With horror, madly dying, like her life.*

This is a direct answer to Cymbeline's question.—"She ended *with horror*:" but the meaning of the words that come after, is—"her death was mad, *like her life*."—*Life* and *which* are converted to *self* and *who* by modern editors.—*Capell*.

²⁹ *With slaughter of you their captives.*

The death with which the prisoners are here threatened was a custom in the age of the speaker; which had a goddess it called Andate, who was honoured with such sacrifices.—*Capell.*

³⁰ *So feat, so nurse-like.*

Feat, neat or cleanly. So explained in a list of old words prefixed to *Batman* upon *Bartholome*, 1582. "To be faire and feate, nice and neate, is a gay thing," old interlude. "Noe not an howare, althoughe that shee be never soe fine and feate," MS. Ashmole 208.

³¹ *Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner.*

In this there is a delicacy that deserves to be noted: the speaker wants some fit occasion to withdraw the promise he has made to his subjects, and spare *Lucius*; whose life, therefore, he, indirectly, puts the boy upon asking.—*Capell.*

³² *Quail to remember.*

To *quail* is to sink into dejection. The word is common to many authors; amongst the rest, to *Stanyhurst* in his translation of the Second Book of the *Æneid*:—"With nightly silence was I *quail'd*, &c." Again in *David and Bethsabe*, 1599:—"Can make us yield, or *quail* our courages." Again in *Mucedorus*:—"That so dost *quail* a woman's mind."—*Steevens.*

This verb which is used as a neuter in the passage before us, has, in all those quoted by *Steevens* in the foregoing note, been applied in an active sense.—*Eccles.*

³³ *For feature.*

Feature, a word now only used for the lineaments of the face, is put here for those of the body; agreeably to the word's etymology, which is Latin through a medium of French; in both which it signifies—a framing, or making of any thing, and (secondarily) a frame or make. The word *beauty* in this sentence is general; from whence the speaker descends to particulars, viz.—the *feature* or frame of the body, mental *qualities* and *fairness* which as the least part of beauty comes in by the by.—*Capell.*

³⁴ *Shall's have a play of this?*

This is obscure; in the next line there is evidently a sort of quibbling allusion to the acting of a play. Perhaps, upon *Imogen's* addressing him in so strange and unexpected a manner, he is suddenly struck by some idea of a resemblance to an incident of scenic representation, to that extravagance of conduct oftentimes attendant upon it, and which is produced by the imagined operation of the more violent passions.—*Eccles.*

³⁵ *And now throw me again.*

Consider that you have just escaped being wrecked in the full persuasion of my infidelity and death, and are at last got safe on a rock; now throw me from you again if your heart will give you leave.—*Heath.*

Imogen comes up to *Posthumus* as soon as she knows that the error is cleared up; and, hanging fondly on him, says, not as upbraiding him, but with kindness and good humour, 'How could you treat your wife thus?' in that endearing tone which most readers, who are fathers and husbands, will understand who will add *poor* to wife. She then adds, Now you know who I am, suppose we were on the edge of a precipice, and throw me from you; meaning, in the same endearing irony, to say, I am sure it is as impossible for you to be intentionally unkind to me, as it is for you to kill me.—*Pye.*

To be hunting for either allusion or metaphor, or looking farther than the mere natural sense of the words of this speech, is to want perception of tenderness.—*Capell*.

³⁶ *By tasting of our wrath.*

The consequence is taken for the whole action; *by tasting* is *by forcing us to make thee to taste*.—*Johnson*.

³⁷ *Your pleasure was my mere offence.*

The meaning of “mere” in this place is evident, viz. the mere offence I committed was what your pleasure considered a crime: the first folio having misprinted it *neere*, it became *near* in the later folios, and some editors would substitute *dear*.—*Collier*.

³⁸ *Thou weep'st and speak'st.*

“Thy tears give testimony to the sincerity of thy relation; and I have the less reason to be incredulous, because the actions which you have done within my knowledge are more incredible than the story which you relate.” The King reasons very justly.—*Johnson*.

³⁹ *He, sir, was lapp'd.*

Lap, to wrap up; to inclose; to cover. Hall, Richard III. f. 3, describing the murder of the infant princes, says, “this Miles Forest and John Dighton about mydnight, the sely children liyng in their beddes, came into the chaumbre, and sodenly *lapped* them up amongst the clothes.”

Sewed theme in sendelle sexti faulde aftire,
Lappede them in lede, lesse that they schulde
Chawng or chawffe, 3if thay myghte escheffe.

Morte Arthure, MS. Lincoln, f. 77.

⁴⁰ *Will serve our long intergatories.*

So the first folio. Later editors have omitted *our*, for the sake of the metre, I suppose; but unnecessarily; as *interrogatory* is used by Shakspeare as a word of five syllables. See the Merchant of Venice near the end, where in the old edition it is written *intergatory*.—*Tyrwhitt*.

⁴¹ *Make no collection of it.*

A collection is a corollary, a consequence deduced from premises. So, in Sir John Davies's poem on the Immortality of the Soul:—

When she, from sundry arts, one skill doth draw;
Gath'ring from divers sights, one act of war
From many cases like, one rule of law:
These her *collections*, not the senses are.—*Stevens*.

So, the Queen says to Hamlet:—

— Her speech is nothing,
Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
The hearers to *collection*.

Whose containing means, the *contents of which*.—*M. Mason*.

⁴² *So through Lud's town march.*

If by Lud's town we are to understand the present metropolis of the island, the geographical improbabilities of this play are such, as it is not in the power of any ingenuity to palliate; it will be impossible, I fear, to reconcile the inconsistencies which are to be found between the duration of time and distance of place.—*Eccles*.

Pericles.

INTRODUCTION.

THE story of Apollonius, Prince of Tyre, “that is,” observes Chaucer, “so horrible a tale for to rede,” is one of very high antiquity, being found in a manuscript of the tenth century, a period most likely long posterior to that of its original composition. It was a favourite romance of the middle ages, and was introduced to the English reader in the old translation of the collection of tales called the *Gesta Romanorum*. Then it was made still more familiar to him by Gower, who inserted the tale into his *Confessio Amantis*, taking his materials professedly from the Pantheon of Godfrey of Viterbo, a work compiled in Latin in the twelfth century. About the same period, at all events sometime in the fifteenth century, a priest of Wimborne minster, co. Dorset, made the story the subject of an English poem, a small fragment only of which is known to exist. Early in the following century, a prose version of it was translated from the French by Robert Copland, and published in the year 1510 under the title of *Kynge Appolyn of Thyre*, with the following colophon,—“Thus endeth the moost pytefull hystory of the noble Appolyn, somtyme kynge of Thyre, newly translated out of Frensshe into Englysshe, and emprynted in the famous cyte of London in the Flcte-strete at the sygne of the sonne by Wynkyn de Worde in the yere of our Lorde M. d. and x. the xx.viii. daye of the moneth of February, the fyrst yere of the reygne of the moost exeellent and noble prynce our ryght naturall and redoubted souerayne lorde Kynge Henry the viii.” There

appears to be no reason for believing that this work was known to Shakespeare. The next prose version of the story was compiled by Laurence Twine, and published by William Howe. This edition I have not seen, but it was thus entered on the books of the Stationers' Company in July, 1576,—“*William Howe*; Reccyved of him for his licence to ymprint a booke intituled the most excellent, pleasant and variable historie, of the strange adventures of Prince Apollonius, Lucina his wife, and Tharsa his daughter. This booke is sett foorth in print with this title, *The patterne of peynfull adventures.*” The earliest edition I have met with, the one used in the following pages, was “imprinted at London by Valentine Simmes for the Widow Newman,” without date, under the following title,—“*The Patterne of painefull Aducntures: containing the most excellent, pleasant and variable Historie of the strange accidents that befell vnto Prince Apollonius, the Lady Lucina his wife, and Tharsia his daughter. Wherein the vncertaintie of this world, and the fickle state of mans life are liuely described. Gathered into English by Lavrence Tvvine Gentleman.*” Another edition appeared in 1607. Shakespeare has not made much use of this piece, but it would seem as if he had read it, there being two or three verbal similarities that hardly appear to be accidental. The chief source, however, whence the great dramatist obtained the materials of the story used in *Pericles* was unquestionably the well-known poetical version of it by Gower.

The play founded on the story above-named is said on fair traditional authority to be the first dramatic production of Shakespeare. So at least states Dryden, in a corrected Prologue to *Circe*, written some little time after the first impression of that play in 1677,—

Shakespeare's own muse his *Pericles* first bore;
The Prince of Tyre was elder than the Moor.

lines which certainly entitle us to assume that their author embodied in them the then general belief that *Pericles* was the earliest play written by Shakespeare. It is hardly likely that such a tradition, existing amongst a generation immediately succeeding to that to whom the facts must have been known, should not be founded on truth, at all events to the extent to enable us to conclude that *Pericles* was at least one of his early efforts. There is no corroborative testimony, however, to be produced, unless we accept the statement of Warton that a tract

entitled, *Pimlyco* or *Runne Red-cap*, was originally produced in the year 1596. The only copies of it now known bear the date of 1609, but the latter may have been a second impression, and no good reason has been assigned for rejecting the date given by Warton, who is generally accurate, and is always honest, in such matters. If *Pimlyco* or *Runne Red-cap* were first printed, as is most likely, in 1596, there are lines in it which show that *Pericles* was at that time a well-known and popular drama,—I do not take the author's words to imply necessarily that it was then a new play—

Amazde I stood to see a crowd
Of civil throats stretch'd out so lowd :
(As at a new play,) all the roomes
Did swarme with gentiles mix'd with groomes ;
So that I truly thought all these
Came to see Shore or Pericles.

words which imply that the audience at the Globe Theatre had received *Pericles* with applause. To the same effect is the testimony of Robert Tailor, in the Prologue to his comedy of the *Hog Hath Lost His Pearl*, produced early in the year 1613, in which, addressing the audience, he says,—

We may be pelted off, for aught we know,
With apples, eggs, or stones, from thence below ;
In which we'll crave your friendship, if we may,
And you shall have a dance worth all the play :
And, if it prove so happy as to please,
We'll say 'tis fortunate, like Pericles.

Pericles was selected for performance before the Court in the year 1619, at a large party given by the King in May,—“In the Kinges greate chamber they went to see the play of *Piracles*, Prince of Tyre, which lasted till two a clocke ; after two actes, the playeres ceased till the French all refreshed them with sweetmeates brought on Chynay voiders, and wyne and ale in bottelles ; after, the players begann anewe.” *Pericles* was still so popular in 1629, that when Ben Jonson wrote his ode, “Come, leave the loathed stage,” he expressly alludes to it as standing its ground notwithstanding its obvious inferiority to more recent productions,—

No doubt some moldy 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 common 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.

In June, 1631, the actors at the Globe selected *Pericles* on a special occasion, the receipts being no less than three pounds ten shillings, a large sum for the single performance of an old play. This fact appears from an entry in Sir Henry Herbert's MS. Diary,—“Received of Mr. Benfelde, in the name of the kings company, for a gratuity for ther liberty gaind unto them of playinge, upon the cessation of the plague, this 10 of June, 1631,—3*l.* 10*s.* 0*d.* This was taken upon *Perieles* at the Globe.”

Notwithstanding the undoubted popularity of *Pericles*, there were writers of the seventeenth century who considered it a very imperfect and crude work. Ben Jonson's opinion to this effect has been already quoted. Owen Feltham, in his answer to Ben's ode, expressly objects to the extravagance of its plot,—

Your jests so nominal
 Are things so far beneath an able brain,
 As they do throw a stain
 Through all th' unlikely plot, and do displeas
 As deep as *Pericles*.

and an obscure poet, one Tatham, in verses prefixed to Richard Brome's *Jovial Crew* or the *Merry Beggars*, 1652, says,—

But Shakespeare, the plebeian driller, was
 Founder'd in his *Pericles*, and must not pass.

words which can hardly mean, in opposition to so much other evidenc, that the play was not a successful one, but that Shakespeare's writings were only suited for plebeian tastes, and that *Pericles* was a failure if judged by persons of real taste. So also says Flecknoe, in two lines “on the play of the life and death of *Pyrocles*, Prince of Tyre,” printed in his *Diarium* or *Journall*, 1656,—

Ars longa, vita brevis, as they say,
 But who inverts that saying made this play.

and that Dryden's opinion of it was alike unfavourable may be gathered from the lines which follow those previously quoted from the same author,—

'Tis miracle to see a first good play ;
 All hawthorns do not bloom on Christmas-day.

Sheppard, in his *Times Displayed in Six Sestyads*, 1646, speaks of *Pericles* not only as an undoubted work of Shakespeare, but as one worthy of special mark,—

See him, whose tragick scenes Euripides
Doth equal, and with Sophocles we may
Compare great Shakspeare; Aristophanes
Never like him his fancy could display:
Witness *The Prince of Tyre*, his *Pericles*:
His sweet and his to be admired lay
He wrote of lustful Tarquin's rape, shows he
Did understand the depth of poesie.

If some of these notices of *Pericles* lead us to the conclusion that it belongs to the reign of Elizabeth, there can be no doubt but that it was revived with great success in 1608, in which year the drama was entered on the Registers of the Stationers' Company.

It was so popular, that George Wilkins, probably the dramatist of that name, made up a novel from Twyne's *Patterne of Painefull Adventures* and from *Pericles* as acted at the Globe, which was published in that year under the title of,—“*The Painfull Adventures of Pericles Prince of Tyre. Being the true History of the Play of Pericles, as it was lately presented by the worthy*



and ancient poet *John Gower*. At London—Printed by T. P. for Nat: Butter, 1608.” This very rare and curious tract, only two copies of which are known to exist, is in small quarto, and in the centre of the title-page is an interesting woodcut of John Gower, no doubt in the costume in which he was represented at the theatre, with a staff in one hand and a bunch of bays in the other, while before him is spread open a copy of the *Confessio Amantis*, the main source of the plot of the drama. Wilkins, in a dedication to Maister Henry Fermor, speaks of his work

as “a poore infant of my braine;” but he nevertheless copies wholesale from Twyne, adapting the narrative of the latter in a great measure to the conduct of the acting play. It is clear that Wilkins had no complete copy of Pericles to refer to, and that his only means of using that play was by the aid of hasty notes taken in short-hand during its performance at the theatre. His novel is not, therefore, of great importance in correcting the text of Pericles, although in some few instances it confirms or invalidates the conjectures of modern critics. Wilkins, at the end of the Argument of the tale, entreats “the reader to receive this historie in the same maner as it was under the habite of ancient Gower, the famous English poet, by the Kings Majesties Players excellently presented.”

The history of the copyright of Pericles is involved in great obscurity. It was entered in the Stationers' Registers on May 20th, 1608, in the following form,—“*Edw. Blount*—Entred for his copie, under thandes of Sir Geo: Buck knight and Mr. Warden Seton, a booke called the booke of Perycles prynce of Tyre.” Antony and Cleopatra was entered to Blount on the same day, but no edition of either play issued in the year 1608 is known to exist. The copy of Pericles entered to Blount was no doubt a genuine complete one, being consigned to his hands under the authority of Sir George Buck. Why no use was made by Blount of the copyright, and why it was not included in the folio of 1623, are matters respecting which we have no information. The play first appeared in print in a mutilated form in the year 1609, under the following title, “The Late and much admired Play, Called Pericles, Prince of Tyre. With the true relation of the whole Historie, adventures, and fortunes of the said Prince: As also the no lesse strange, and worthy accidents in the Birth and Life, of his Daughter Mariana. As it hath been diuers and sundry times acted by his Maiesties Seruants, at the Globe on the Banck-side. By William Shakespeare. Imprinted at London for Henry Gosson, and are to be sold at the signe of the Sunne in Pater-noster row, &c. 1609.” The copies of this edition vary from each other in some important readings, and there may almost be thought to be two impressions of this date distinguishable from each other by having variations in the device of the first capital letter in the text. A second edition was issued in 1611, “Printed at London by S. S.,” a surreptitious and badly printed copy, containing numerous typographical errors.


THE LATE,
And much admired Play,
Called
Pericles, Prince
of Tyre.

With the true Relation of the whole Historie,
adventures, and fortunes of the said Prince :

As also,

The no lesse strange, and worthy accidents,
in the Birth and Life, of his Daughter
MARIANA.

As it hath been diuers and sundry times acted by
his Maiesties Seruants, at the Globe on
the Banck-side.

By William  Shakespeare.



Imprinted at London for *Henry Gosson*, and are
to be sold at the signe of the Sunne in
Pater-noster row, &c.

1609.

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the Banck-side.

By *William Shakespeare.*



Printed at London by *S. S.*

1611.

A third impression appeared in the year 1619, under the title of, “The Late and much admired Play called Pericles, Prince of Tyre. With the true Relation of the whole History, adventures, and fortunes of the saide Prince. Written by W. Shakespcare. Printed for T. P. 1619.” The fourth edition is dated in 1630, and entitled,—“The late and much admired Play called Pericles, Prince of Tyre. With the true Relation of the whole History, adventures, and fortunes of the sayd Prince: Written by Will. Shakespeare. London, Printed by I. N. for R. B. and are to be sould at his shop in Cheapside, at the signe of the Bible. 1630.” One or two copies of this edition have the imprint simply,—“London, Printed by I. N. for R. B. 1630.” A fifth impression was “Printed at London by Thomas Cotes, 1635;” and it was again republished in the folios of 1664 and 1685. All these editions may be safely regarded as spurious and mutilated copies.

Pericles has here been treated as an undoubted work of the great dramatist. The external evidence of this is valid, and can hardly well be explained away. With respect to the internal evidence, considering that the play has come to us in a state so mutilated and corrupted, it is not safe to rely upon that in opposition to external testimony. If the tragedy of Hamlet had only existed in the edition of 1603, arguments resting on internal evidence would not have ascribed the whole of it to the hand of Shakespeare. It is by no means improbable that many portions of the following drama are in as mutilated a state, and when to this consideration is added the numerous undoubted indications in it of Shakespeare’s style, and the circumstance that it is an early production, in which at least the incidents of a most difficult plot are arranged with wonderful dramatic skill, there does not appear to be sufficient reason to dispute its authorship. That it was in some form one of Shakespeare’s very early productions, might be alone concluded from the improbability of his attempting to deal with so revolting a plot when his pen was guided by the more refined taste of a mature age.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ANTIOCHUS, *King of Antioch.*

PERICLES, *Prince of Tyre.*

HELICANUS, }
ESCANES, } *two Lords of Tyre.*

SIMONIDES, *King of Pentapolis.*

CLEON, *Governor of Tharsus.*

LYSIMACHUS, *Governor of Mitylene.*

CERIMON, *a Lord of Ephesus.*

THALIARD, *a Lord of Antioch.*

PHILEMON, *Servant to Cerimon.*

LEONINE, *Servant to Dionyza.*

Marshal.

A Pandar, and his Wife.

BOULT, *their Servant.*

GOWER, *as Chorus.*

The Daughter of Antiochus.

DIONYZA, *Wife to Cleon.*

THAISA, *Daughter to Simonides.*

MARINA, *Daughter to Pericles and Thaisa.*

LYCHORIDA, *Nurse to Marina.*

DIANA.

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

SCENE, dispersedly in various Countries.

Act the First.

Enter GOWER.

Before the Palace of Antioch.

To sing a song that old was sung,
From ashes ancient Gower is come ;¹
Assuming man's infirmities,
To glad your ear, and please your eyes.
It hath been sung at festivals,
On ember-eves, and holy ales ;²
And lords and ladies in their lives
Have read it for restoratives :
The purchase is to make men glorious ;³
Et bonum quo antiquius, eo melius.
If you, born in these latter times,
When wit's more ripe, accept my rhymes,
And that to hear an old man sing,
May to your wishes pleasure bring,
I life would wish, and that I might
Waste it for you, like taper-light.—
This Antioch, then : Antiochus the great
Built up this city for his chiefest seat,⁴
The fairest in all Syria ;
I tell you what my authors say :⁵

This king unto him took a pheere,⁶
 Who died and left a female heir,
 So buxom, blithe, and full of faee,
 As heaven had lent her all his graee ;
 With whom the father liking took,
 And her to ineest did provoke.
 Bad echild, worse father, to entiee his own
 To evil, should be done by none.
 But eustom what they did begin⁷
 Was with long use aceount no sin.
 The beauty of this sinful dame
 Made many princees thither frame,⁸
 To seek her as a bed-fellow,
 In marriage pleasures play-fellow :
 Which to prevent he made a law,—
 To keep her still and men in awe,⁹—
 That whoso ask'd her for his wife,
 His riddle told not, lost his life :
 So, for her many a wight did die,
 As yond' grim looks do testify.¹⁰
 What now ensues, to the judgment of your eye
 I give, my eause who best ean justify. [*Exit.*

SCENE I.—Antioch. *A Room in the Palace.**Enter* ANTIOCHUS, PERICLES, *and* Attendants.

Ant. Young prince of Tyre,¹¹ you have at large receiv'd
The danger of the task you undertake.

Per. I have, Antiochus, and with a soul
Embalden'd with the glory of her praise,
Think death no hazard, in this enterprisc.

Ant. Bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride,¹²
For the embracements even of Jove himself;
At whose conception—till Lucina reign'd—¹³
Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence,
The senate-house of planets all did sit,¹⁴
To knit in her their best perfections.

[*Music.*]*Enter the Daughter of* ANTIOCHUS.

Per. Sec, where she comes, apparell'd like the spring,¹⁵
Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king
Of every virtue gives renown to men!
Her face, the book of praises,¹⁶ where is read
Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence
Sorrow were ever ras'd,¹⁷ and testy wrath
Could never be her mild companion.¹⁸
Ye gods, that made me man, and sway in love,
That have inflam'd desire in my breast,
To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree,
Or die in the adventure, be my helps,
As I am son and servant to your will,
To compass such a boundless happiness!

Ant. Prince Pericles,—

Per. That would be son to great Antiochus.

Ant. Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,¹⁹
With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd;
For death-like dragons here affright thee hard:

Her face, like heaven, enticeth thee to view
 Her countless glory, which desert must gain ;
 And which, without desert, because thine eye
 Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must die.
 Yon sometime famous princes,²⁰ like thyself,
 Drawn by report, adventurous by desire,
 Tell thee with speechless tongues, and semblance pale,
 That, without covering, save yond field of stars,
 They here stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars ;
 And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist,
 For going on death's net,²¹ whom none resist.

Per. Antiochus, I thank thee, who hath taught
 My frail mortality to know itself,
 And by those fearful objects to prepare
 This body, like to them, to what I must :
 For death remember'd should be like a mirror,
 Who tells us, life's but breath ; to trust it, error.
 I'll make my will, then ; and as sick men do,
 Who know the world,²² see heaven, but feeling woe,
 Gripe not at earthly joys, as erst they did :
 So, I bequeath a happy peace to you,
 And all good men, as every prince should do :
 My riches to the earth from whence they came,
 But my unspotted fire of love to you.

[*To the Daughter of ANTIOCHUS.*

Thus, ready for the way of life or death,
 I wait the sharpest blow.

Ant. Scorning advice, read the conclusion, then ;²³

[*Throws down the Riddle.*

Which read and not expounded, 'tis decreed,
 As these before thee, thou thyself shalt bleed.

Daugh. Of all sayd yet,²⁴ may'st thou prove prosperous !
 Of all sayd yet, I wish thee happiness.

Per. Like a bold ehampion, I assume the lists,

[*Taking up the Riddle.*

Nor ask adviee of any other thought
 But faithfulness, and eourage.²⁵

THE RIDDLE.

[*Reads.*] *I am no viper, yet I feed
 On mother's flesh, which did me breed ;*

*I sought a husband, in which labour,
I found that kindness in a father :
He's father, son, and husband mild,
I mother, wife, and yet his child.
How they may be, and yet in two,
As you will live, resolve it you.*

Sharp physic is the last : but, O you powers !
That give heaven countless eyes to view men's acts,
Why cloud they not their sights perpetually,
If this be true, which makes me pale to read it ?
Fair glass of light, I lov'd you, and could still, [*Takes her hand.*
Were not this glorious casket stor'd with ill ;
But I must tell you,—now, my thoughts revolt,
For he's no man on whom perfections wait,
That, knowing sin within, will touch the gate.
You're a fair viol, and your sense the strings,
Who, finger'd to make man his lawful music,
Would draw heaven down and all the gods to hearken ;
But being play'd upon before your time,
Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime.
Good sooth, I care not for you.

Ant. Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy life,
For that's an article within our law,
As dangerous as the rest. Your time's expir'd :
Either expound now, or receive your sentence.

Per. Great king,
Few love to hear the sins they love to act ;
'Twould braid yourself too near for me to tell it.
Who has a book of all that monarchs do,
He's more secure to keep it shut, than shown ;
For vice repeated is like the wandering wind,
Blows dust in other's eyes,²⁶ to spread itself ;
And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,
The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear :
To stop the air would hurt them. The blind mole casts
Copp'd hills towards heaven,²⁷ to tell the earth is throng'd
By man's oppression ;²⁸ and the poor worm doth die for't.²⁹
Kings are earth's gods ; in vice their law's their will,
And if Jove stray, who dares say Jove doth ill ?
It is enough you know ; and it is fit,
What being more known grows worse, to smother it.

All love the womb that their first beings bred,
Then, give my tongue like leave to love my head.

Ant. [*Aside.*] Heaven, that I had thy head! he has found
the meaning;

But I will gloze with him.³⁰ [*To him.*] Young princee of Tyre,
Though by the tenour of our striet ediet,

Your exposition misinterpreting,
We might proceed to eaneel of your days;

Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree
As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise.

Forty days longer we do respite you;³¹

If by which time our seeret be undone,
This merey shows, we'll joy in such a son:

And until then your entertain shall be,³²

As doth befit our honour, and your worth.

[*Exeunt* ANTIUCHUS, his Daughter, and Attendants.]

Per. How courtesy would seem to eover sin,³³

When what is done is like an hypoerite,
The which is good in nothing but in sight!

If it be true that I interpret false,

Then were it eertain, you were not so bad,

As with foul ineest to abuse your soul;

Where now you're³⁴ both a father and a son,

By your untimely elaspings with your child,—

Which pleasure fits a husband, not a father—

And she an eater of her mother's flesh,

By the defiling of her parent's bed;

And both like serpents are, who though they feed

On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.

Antioeh, farewell!³⁵ for wisdom sees, those men

Blush not in aetions blaeker than the night,

Will shun no course to keep them from the light:

One sin, I know, another doth provoke;

Murder's as near to lust, as flame to smoke.

Poison and treason are the hands of sin,³⁶

Ay, and the targets, to put off the shame:

Then, lest my life be eropp'd to keep you clear,

By flight I'll shun the danger which I fear.

[*Exit.*]

Re-enter ANTIOCHUS.

Ant. He hath found the meaning,³⁷ for the which we mean
To have his head.
He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,
Nor tell the world, Antiochus doth sin
In such a loathed manner :
And therefore instantly this prince must die ;
For by his fall my honour must keep high.
Who attends us there ?

Enter THALIARD.

Thal. Doth your highness call ?

Ant. Thaliard, you're of our chamber, and our mind³⁸
Partakes her private actions to your secrecy ;
And for your faithfulness we will advance you.
Thaliard, behold, here's poison, and here's gold ;³⁹
We hate the prince of Tyre, and thou must kill him :
It fits thee not to ask the reason why,
Because we bid it. Say, is it done ?

Thal. My lord,
'Tis done.

Enter a Messenger.

Ant. Enough.—

Let your breath cool yourself, telling your haste.

Mess. My lord, prince Pericles is fled. [*Exit* Messenger.]

Ant. As thou

Wilt live, fly after : and, as an arrow, shot
From a well-experienc'd archer, hits the mark
His eye doth level at, so ne'er return,
Unless thou say Prince Pericles is dead.

Thal. My lord,
If I can get him within my pistol's length,⁴⁰
I'll make him sure : so, farewell to your highness

[*Exit.*

Ant. Thaliard, adieu.—Till Pericles be dead,
My heart can lend no succour to my head.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—Tyre. *A Room in the Palace.**Enter PERICLES, and Lords.*

Per. Let none disturb us : [*the Lords retire.*] why should this change of thoughts?⁴¹

The sad companion, dull-ey'd melancholy,
 By me so us'd a guest is, not an hour,
 In the day's glorious walk, or peaceful night,
 The tomb where grief should sleep, can breed me quiet.
 Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes shun them
 And danger, which I feared, is at Antioch,
 Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here ;
 Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,
 Nor yet the other's distance comfort me.
 Then, it is thus : that passions of the mind,
 That have their first conception by mis-dread,
 Have after-nourishment and life by care ;
 And what was first but fear what might be done,
 Grows elder now, and cares it be not done :
 And so with me :—the great Antiochus—
 'Gainst whom I am too little to contend,
 Since he's so great, can make his will his act—
 Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence ;
 Nor boots it me to say, I honour,
 If he suspect I may dishonour him :
 And what may make him blush in being known,
 He'll stop the course by which it might be known.
 With hostile forces he'll o'erspread the land,
 And with th' ostent of war⁴² will look so huge,
 Amazement shall drive courage from the state ;
 Our men be vanquish'd ere they do resist,
 And subjects punish'd that ne'er thought offence :
 Which care of them, not pity of myself,—
 Who am no more but as the tops of trees,
 Which fence the roots they grow by, and defend them—
 Makes both my body pine, and soul to languish,
 And punish that before, that he would punish.

[*Enter HELICANUS and other Lords.*⁴³

1 *Lord.* Joy and all comfort in your sacred breast.

2 *Lord.* And keep your mind, till you return to us,
Peaceful and comfortable.

Hel. Peace, peace ! and give experience tongue.
They do abuse the king, that flatter him :
For flattery is the bellows blows up sin ;
The thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark,
To which that breath gives heat and stronger glowing ;
Whereas reproof, obedient and in order,
Fits kings, as they are men, for they may err :
When signior Sooth, here, does proclaim a peace,
He flatters you, makes war upon your life.
Prince, pardon me, or strike me, if you please ;
I cannot be much lower than my knees.

Per. All leave us else ; but let your cares o'er-look
What shipping, and what lading's in our haven,
And then return to us. [*Exeunt Lords.*] Helicanus, thou
Hast mov'd us : what seest thou in our looks ?

Hel. An angry brow, dread lord.⁴⁴

Per. If there be such a dart in prince's frowns,
How durst thy tongue move anger to our face ?

Hel. How dare the plants look up to heaven,⁴⁵ from whence
They have their nourishment ?

Per. Thou know'st I have power
To take thy life from thee.

Hel. I have ground the axe myself ;
Do you but strike the blow.

Per. Rise, pr'ythee rise ;
Sit down ; thou art no flatterer :
I thank thee for it ; and heaven forbid,
That kings should let their ears hear their faults hid.⁴⁶
Fit counsellor, and servant for a prince,
Who by thy wisdom mak'st a prince thy servant,
What would'st thou have me do ?

Hel. To bear with patience
Such griefs as you yourself do lay upon yourself.

Per. Thou speak'st like a physician, Helicanus,
That ministers a potion unto me,
That thou would'st tremble to receive thyself.
Attend me, then : I went to Antioch,
Where, as thou know'st, against the face of death
I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty,

From whence an issue I might propagate,
 Are arms to princes, and bring joys to subjects.
 Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder ;
 The rest—hark in thine ear—as black as incest :
 Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father
 Seem'd not to strike, but smooth ;⁴⁷ but thou know'st this,
 'Tis time to fear, when tyrants seem to kiss.
 Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled
 Under the covering of a careful night,
 Who seem'd my good protector ; and being here,
 Bethought me what was past, what might succeed.⁴⁸
 I knew him tyrannous ; and tyrants' fears
 Decrease not, but grow faster than the years.
 And should he doubt it,⁴⁹ —as no doubt he doth—
 That I should open to the listening air,
 How many worthy princes' bloods were shed,
 To keep his bed of blackness unlaid ope,
 To lop that doubt he'll fill this land with arms,
 And make pretence of wrong that I have done him ;
 When all, for mine, if I may call't, offence,
 Must feel war's blow, who spares not innocence :
 Which love to all, of which thyself art one,
 Who now reprov'st me for it—

Hel. Alas, sir !

Per. Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from my cheeks,
 Musings into my mind, a thousand doubts
 How I might stop this tempest ere it came ;
 And finding little comfort to relieve them,
 I thought it princely charity to grieve them.⁵⁰

Hel. Well, my lord, since you have given me leave to
 speak,

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

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

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

Per. Tyre, I now look from thee, then ; and to Tharsus
Intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee,
And by whose letters I'll dispose myself.

The care I had, and have, of subjects' good,
On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear it.

I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath ;
Who shuns not to break one, will sure crack both.

But in our orbs we'll live so round and safe,
That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince,
Thou show'dst a subject's shine,⁵¹ I a true prince. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Tyre. *An Ante-chamber in the Palace.*

Enter THALIARD.

Thal. So, this is Tyre, and this is the court. Here must I
kill king Pericles ; and if I do not, I am sure to be hanged at
home : 'tis dangerous.—Well, I perceive he was a wise fellow,⁵²
and had good discretion, that being bid to ask what he would
of the king, desired he might know none of his secrets : now
do I see he had some reason for it ; for if a king bid a man be
a villain, he is bound by the indenture of his oath to be one.—
Hush ! here come the lords of Tyre.

Enter HELICANUS, ESCANES, and other Lords.

Hel. You shall not need, my fellow peers of Tyre,
Farther to question me of your king's departure :
His seal'd commission, left in trust with me,
Doth speak sufficiently, he's gone to travel.⁵³

Thal. [*Aside.*] How ! the king gone ?

Hel. If farther yet you will be satisfied,
Why, as it were unlicens'd of your loves,
He would depart, I'll give some light unto you.
Being at Antioch—

Thal. [*Aside.*] What from Antioch ?

Hel. Royal Antiochus—on what cause I know not—

Took some displeasure at him : at least, he judg'd so ;
 And doubting lest that he had err'd or sinn'd,
 To show his sorrow he'd correct himself ;
 So puts himself unto the shipman's toil,
 With whom each minute threatens life or death.

Thal. [*Aside.*] Well, I perceive
 I shall not be hang'd now, although I would ;
 But since he's gone, the king's seas must please :⁵⁴
 He scap'd the land, to perish at the sea.—
 I'll present myself.—[*To them.*] Peace to the lords of Tyre.

Hel. Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome.

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

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

SCENE IV.—Tharsus. *A Room in the Governor's House.*

Enter CLEON, DIONYZA, and Attendants.

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

Dio. That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it ;
 For who digs hills because they do aspire,
 Throws down one mountain to cast up a higher.
 O my distressed lord ! even such our griefs ;
 Here they're but felt, and seen⁵⁵ with mischief's eyes,
 But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher rise.

Cle. O Dionyza,
 Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it,
 Or can conceal his hunger, till he famish ?
 Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep our woes
 Into the air ; our eyes do weep, till lungs

Fetch breath that may proclaim them louder ; that
 If the gods slumber,⁵⁶ while their creatures want,
 They may awake their helps to comfort them.
 I'll then discourse our woes, felt several years,
 And, wanting breath to speak, help me with tears.

Dio. I'll do my best, sir.

Cle. This Tharsus, o'er which I have the government,
 A city, on whom plenty held full hand,
 For riches strew'd herself even in the streets,⁵⁷
 Whose towers bore heads so high, they kiss'd the clouds,
 And strangers ne'er beheld, but wonder'd at ;
 Whose men and dames so jetted, and adorn'd,
 Like one another's glass to trim them by :
 Their tables were stor'd full to glad the sight,
 And not so much to feed on as delight ;
 All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great,
 The name of help grew odious to repeat.

Dio. O! 'tis too true.

Cle. But see what heaven can do ! By this our change,
 These mouths, whom but of late, earth, sea, and air,
 Were all too little to content and please,
 Although they gave their creatures in abundance,
 As houses are defil'd for want of use,
 They are now starv'd for want of exercise :
 Those palates, who not yet two summers younger,⁵⁸
 Must have inventions to delight the taste,
 Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it :
 Those mothers who, to nouse up their babes,⁵⁹
 Thought nought too curious, are ready now
 To eat those little darlings whom they lov'd.
 So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife
 Draw lots, who first shall die to lengthen life.
 Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping ;
 Here many sink, yet those which see them fall,
 Have scarce strength left to give them burial.
 Is not this true ?

Dio. Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness it.

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

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Where's the lord governor?

Cle. Here.

Speak out thy sorrows⁶⁰ which thou bring'st, in haste,
For comfort is too far for us to expect.

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

Cle. I thought as much.

One sorrow never comes, but brings an heir
That may succeed as his inheritor ;
And so in ours. Some neighbouring nation,
Taking advantage of our misery,
Hath stuff'd these hollow vessels with their power,
To beat us down, the which are down already ;
And make a conquest of unhappy me,
Whereas no glory's got to overcome.

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

Cle. Thou speak'st like him's untutor'd to repeat ;
Who makes the fairest show means most deceit.
But bring they what they will, and what they can,
What need we fear ?

The ground's the low'st, and we are half way there.
Go, tell their general we attend him here,
To know for what he comes, and whence he comes,
And what he craves.

Lord. I go, my lord.

[*Exit.*

Cle. Welcome is peace, if he on peace consist ;⁶¹
If wars, we are unable to resist.

Enter PERICLES, with Attendants.

Per. Lord governor, for so we hear you are,
Let not our ships and number of our men,
Be, like a beacon fir'd,⁶² to amaze your eyes.
We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre,⁶³
And seen the desolation of your streets ;
Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears,
But to relieve them of their heavy load :

And these our ships you happily may think
Are like the Trojan horse, was stuff'd within
With bloody veins, expecting overthrow,
Are stor'd with corn to make your needy bread,
And give them life, who are hunger starv'd⁶⁴ half dead.

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

Per. Arise, I pray you, arise :
We do not look for reverence, but for love,
And harbourage for ourself, our ships, and men.⁶⁵

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

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

Notes to the First Act.

¹ *From ashes ancient Gower is come.*

The following note and engraving are kindly communicated by Mr. Fairholt,—“The effigy of John Gower still exists in his tomb in St. Saviour’s church, Southwark. That tomb was correctly described by Ritson, in 1802, as “a curious piece of antiquity.” It was then standing in its original position at

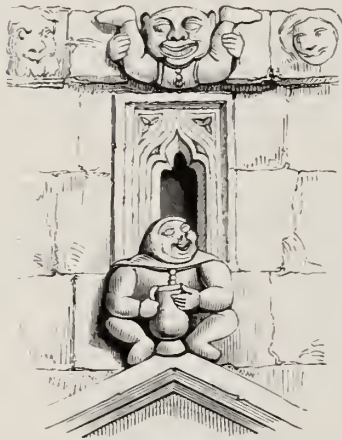


the north-east corner of the nave, and was enriched by painting and gilding. But “restoration” (a modern term for what is often worse than destruction) has visited St. Saviours; the tomb has been removed to the south transept, and stands in grim nakedness, deprived of those enrichments which once made it

brilliant as a page in an illuminated manuscript. The effigy of Gower forms the frontispiece to this volume; its original colouring is thus described by Stow in his Survey of London, 'the hair of his head, auburn, long to his shoulders, but curling up, and a small forked beard; on his head a chaplet, like a coronet of four roses; a habit of purple, damasked down to his feet; a collar of esses, gold, about his neck; under his head the likeness of three books which he compiled. The first named *Speculum Meditantis*, written in French; the second *Vox Clamantis*, penned in Latin; the third *Confessio Amantis*, written in English, and this last is printed.' There is a copy of the second work named, in the Cotton Library (Tiberius A. IV.), containing a very curious representation of Gower, sufficiently near his own time to be accepted as a resemblance of the poet. It is here copied, and depicts him shooting the arrows of his censure at the world, which is conventionally represented in its various elements."

² *On ember-eyes, and holy ales.*

"On Ember eues, and Holydayes," ed. 1609, corrected by Theobald, in a manuscript note in his copy of ed. 1619, and afterwards independently by Farmer. The rhyme as well as the correction appear to be certain. The ales were rural festivals, at which ale appears to have been the predominant liquor. Ben Jonson, in the Tale of a Tub, speaks of "wakes and ales."



The following note and engraving are communicated by Mr. Fairholt,—“the very curious sculpture, represented in the annexed cut, is a work of the fourteenth century, and placed over the entrance porch of the lonely church of Chalk, about three miles from Gravesend, Kent. It commemorates the festivities connected with a church-ale; a tumbler above, and a toper below, with a capacious jug of drink, are sculptured with

great humour. It is unique as a representation of one of these ancient popular festivals.”

³ *The purchase is to make men glorious.*

The word *purchase* was anciently used to signify *gain, profit*; any *good* or *advantage* obtained; as in the following instances:—James the First, when he made the extravagant gift of £30,000 to Rich, said, ‘You think now that you have a great *purchase*; but I am far happier in giving you that sum than you can be in receiving it.’

No *purchase* passes a good wife, no losse
Is, than a bad wife, a more cursed crosse.

Chapman's Georgics of Hesiod, b. ii. 44, p. 32.

Long would it be ere thou hast *purchase* bought
Or welthier wexen by such idle thought.—*Hall*, satire ii. b. 2.

Some fall in love with accesse to princes, others with popular fame and applause, supposinge they are things of greate *purchase*, when in many cases they are but matters of envy, perill, and impediment.—*Bacon Adv. of Learning*.—*Singer*.

⁴ *This city, for his chiefest seat.*

The most famous and mightie king Antiochus, which builded the goodly citie of Antiochia in Syria, and called it after his own name, as the *chiefest seat* of all his dominions, and most principal place of his abode, begat upon his wife one daughter, a most excellent and beautifull yoong ladie; who in processe of yceres growing up, as wel in ripenesse of age, as perfection of beautie, many princes and noblemen resorted unto her for intreaty of marriage, offering inestimable riches in jointure.—*Twine.*

The great and mighty King Antiochus, who was as cruell in tyranny, as hee was powerfull in possessions, seeking more to enrich himselfe by shewes, than to renoun his name by vertue, caused to be built the goodly Cittie of Antioch in Syria, and called it after his owne name, as the *chiefest seate* of all his dominions, and principall place of his abode.—*Wilkins.*

⁵ *I tell you what mine authors say.*

This is added in imitation of Gower's manner, and that of Chaucer, Lydgate, &c., who often thus refer to the original of these tales.—These choruses resemble Gower in few other particulars.—*Steevens.*

⁶ *This king unto him took a pheere.*

This word, which is frequently used by our old poets, signifies a *mate* or *companion*. The old copies have *peer*. For the emendation I am answerable. Throughout this piece, the poet, though he has not closely copied the language of Gower's poem, has endeavoured to give his speeches somewhat of an antique air.—*Malone.*

Fellows in armes, quoth he, although I beare the charge,
And take upon mee cheeftaines name, of this unhappy barge,
Yet are you all my *pheares*, and as one companie,
We must like true companions, together live and die.

The Workes of Gascoigne, 1587.

And straight she seem'd to say, my plaints to end,
What good is got, such fruitlesse pains to spend,
Deare *pheere*? these things fall out by fates decree.

Virgil, translated by J. Vicars, 1632.

⁷ *But custom, what they did begin.*

So with these and such like perswasions preuayling with his daughter, they long continued in these foule and vniust imbracements, till at last, the custome of sinne made it accompted no sinnc.—*Wilkins.*

⁸ *Made many princes thither frame.*

This ladie growing to like ripenesse of age, as shee had full endowment of outward ornaments, was resorted unto by *many* youthfull *Princes*, who desired her in marriage, offering to make her Ioynture as noble in possessions, as shee by beauty was royall in her selfe.—*Wilkins.*

⁹ *To keep her still, and men in awe.*

The meaning, I think, is not, 'to keep her and men in awe,' but 'to keep her still to *himself*, and to deter others from demanding her in marriage.'—*Malone.*

Malone has properly interpreted this passage. So, in Twine's translation: "— which false resemblance of hateful marriage, to the intent *that he might*

alwaies enjoy, he invented, &c. to drive away all suitors that should resort unto her, by propounding;” &c.—Steerens.

Which false resemblance of hateful marriage to the intent he might alwaies enjoy, he invented a strange devise of wickednesse, to drive away all suters that should resort unto her, by propounding certaine questions, the effect and law whereof was thus published in writing:—*Who so findeth out the solution of my question, shall have my daughter to wife; but who so faileth shal lose his head.—Twine.*

And while this wicked father shewed the countenance of a loving sire abroad in the eyes of his subjects, notwithstanding at home he rejoyceth to have played the parte of a husband with his owne childe, with false resemblaunce of marriage; and to the intent he might alwayes enjoy her, he invented a strange pollicie, to compell away all suters from desiring her in marriage, by propounding strange questions, the effect and true meaning whereof was thus published in writing,—*Whoso attempteth and resolveth me of my Question, shall have my Daughter to wife: But whoso attempteth and faileth, shall loose his head.—Wilkins.*

¹⁰ *As yon grim looks do testify.*

Gower must be supposed here to point to the heads of those unfortunate wights, which, he tells us, in his poem, were fixed on the gate of the palace at Antioch:—

And thus ther were many dede,
Here hedes stondyng on the gate.—*Malone.*

Now, when fame had blowen abroad the possibilitie to obtain this ladie, such was the singular report of her surpassing beautie, that many kings and men of great nobility repaired thither. And if haply any, through skill or learning, had found out the solution of the kings question, notwithstanding hee was beheaded as though hee had answered nothing to the purpose; and his head was set up at the gate to terrifie others that should come, who beholding there the present image of death, might advise them from assaying anie such danger. These outrages practised Antiochus, to the ende he might continue in filthie incest with his daughter.—*Twine.*

Which will of his, when Fame had blowne abroad, and that by this his lawe there was found a possibilitie for the obtayning of this lady, such was the singular report of her surpassing beautie, that many princes, and men of great nobilitie, to that purpose repaired thither, who not beeing able to explaine his Riddle propounded, lost their heades, which to the terrifying of others that should attempt the like, were placed for open view on the toppe of his Castle gate.—*Wilkins.*

¹¹ *Young prince of Tyre.*

It does not appear in the present drama, that the father of Pericles is living. By *prince*, therefore, throughout this play, we are to understand prince *regnant*. See Act II. Sc. IV. and in the epitaph Act III. Sc. III. In the *Gesta Romanorum*, Apollonius is *king* of Tyre, and Appolyn, in Copland's translation from the French, has the same title. Our author, in calling Pericles a prince, seems to have followed Gower.—*Malone.*

Whilst Antiochus thus continued in exercising tyrannie at Antiochia, a certaine yong gentleman of Tyrus, *prince of the country*, abounding in wealth and very well learned, called Apollonius, arrived in the coast, and comming unto the citie of Antiochia, was brought into the kings presence.—*Twine.*

Whilst Antiochus continued thus exercising his tyrannies on the lives of severall princes, *Pericles the Prince of Tyre*, wonne with the wonderfull report of

this ladies beauty, was (as other Princes before) drawne to the undertaking of this desparate adventure.—*Wilkins*.

¹² *Bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride.*

All the copies read:—“*Musick*, bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride —.” The metre proves decisively that the word *musick* was a marginal direction, inserted in the text by the mistake of the transcriber or printer.—*Malone*.

This “music” was evidently intended to accompany the entrance of the Daughter of Antiochus. It was set down thus early in the prompter’s book, that the musicians might be in readiness.—*A. Dyce*.

¹³ *At whose conception, till Lucina reign’d.*

That is, from the time of whose conception, till the hour of her birth, over which Lucina presided, the planets sat in council, in order to endow her with the rarest perfections.—*Harness*.

This Antiochus had increase by his Queene one onely daughter, so excellent in beauty, as if Nature and all Perfection had long studied to seeme onely absolute at her birth.—*Wilkins*.

¹⁴ *The senate-house of planets all did sit.*

The leading thought, indeed, appears to have been adopted from Sidney’s *Arcadia*, book ii: “*The senate-house of the planets* was at no time so *set* for the decreeing of *perfection* in a man,” &c. Thus also, Milton, *Paradise Lost*, viii. 511:—

———— all heaven,
And happy constellations, on that hour
Shed their selectest influence.—*Steevens*.

¹⁵ *Apparell’d like the spring.*

A transposition of *spring* and *king* has been suggested, but on no solid foundation; nor, it is presumed, is the passage *incurably depraved*, or even any change necessary. Steevens asks, “With what propriety can a lady’s thoughts be styled the king of every virtue?” For this the poet must answer, who evidently designed an antithesis in *king* and *subjects*.—*Douce*.

It would be a tame, and almost a ludicrous expression to say of a young princess, that she was “apparell’d like the king.” That her thoughts were the king of every virtue, that is, that she was in full possession of every virtue, does not seem to me peculiarly harsh.—*Boswell*.

¹⁶ *Her face, the book of praises.*

Her face is a book where may be read all that is praiseworthy, every thing that is the cause of admiration and praise. Shakespeare has often this image.—*Singer*.

¹⁷ *Sorrow were ever ras’d.*

Our author has again this expression in *Macbeth*:—“*Rase* out the written troubles of the brain.” The second quarto, 1619, and all the subsequent copies, read—*rackt*. The first quarto—*racte*, which is only the old spelling of *ras’d*; the verb being formerly written *race*. Thus, in *Dido*, Queen of Carthage, by Marlowe and Nashe, 1594:—

But I will take another order now,
And *race* the eternal register of time.

The metaphor in the preceding line—"Her face, the *book* of praises," shows clearly that this was the author's word.—*Malone*.

¹⁸ *Could never be her mild companion.*

This is a bold expression:—*testy wrath* could not well be a mild companion to any one; but by *her mild companion*, Shakspeare means the *companion of her mildness*.—*M. Mason*.

¹⁹ *Before thee stands this fair Hesperides.*

In the enumeration of the persons prefixed to this drama, which was first made by the editor of Shakspeare's plays in 1664, and copied without alteration by Rowe, the daughter of Antiochus is, by a ridiculous mistake, called *Hesperides*, an error to which this line seems to have given rise. Shakspeare was not quite accurate in his notion of the *Hesperides*, but he certainly never intended to give this appellation to the princess of Antioch: for it appears from *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act IV. Scene the last, that he thought *Hesperides* was the name of the *garden* in which the golden apples were kept; in which sense the word is certainly used in the passage now before us:—

For valour, is not love a Hercules,
Still climbing trees in the *Hesperides*?

In the first quarto edition of this play, this lady is only called Antiochus' *daughter*. If Shakspeare had wished to have introduced a female name derived from the *Hesperides*, he has elsewhere shown that he knew how such a name ought to be formed; for in *As You Like It*, mention is made of "Hesperia, the princess' gentlewoman."—*Malone*.

In the list appended to the *Painfull Adventures of Pericles*, 1608, she is merely called, "His daughter."

²⁰ *Yon sometime famous princes.*

The first Chapter. Wherein Gower describes how Antiochus surnamed the Great committed incest with his daughter, and belicaded such as sued to her for marriage, if they could not resolve his question, placing their heades upon the top of his Castle gate, whereby to astonish all others that came to attempt the like.—*Wilkins*.

And when he had saluted him, the king demanded of him the cause of his comming thither. Then saide the yoong prince, Sir, I require to have your daughter in marriage. The king hearing that which he was unwilling to heare, looking fiercely upon him, saide unto him, Doest thou knowe the conditions of the marriage? Yea, sir king, said Apollonius, and I see it standing upon the gate.—*Twine*.

²¹ *For going on death's net.*

Thus the old copies, and rightly. For going means the same as *for fear* of going. So, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Lucetta says of the fragments of a letter:—"Yet here they shall not lie *for* catching cold," i. e. *for fear* of it.—*Steevens*.

²² *Who know the world.*

The meaning may be—"I will act as sick men do; who having had experience of the pleasures of the world, and only a visionary and distant prospect of heaven, *have neglected the latter for the former*; but at *length* feeling themselves decaying, grasp no longer at temporal pleasures, but prepare calmly for futurity."—*Malone*.

²³ *Throws down the riddle.*

In Wilkins' novel, 1608, the King throws down the riddle from his throne in a pet, and Pericles picks it up, an incident perhaps suggested by the manner of performance at the Globe.

²⁴ *Of all say'd yet.*

So in ed. 1609, *say'd* being apparently put for *assay'd*, tried.

Which secret, whilst Prince Pericles was reading, Antiochus daughter, whether it were that shee now lothed that unnecessary custome in which shee had so long continued, or that her owne affection taught her to be in love with his perfections, our storie leaves unmentioned: but this for certaine, all the time that the Prince was studying with what trueth to unfolde this darke enigma, Desire flew in a robe of glowing blushes into her cheekes, and love inforced her to deliver thus much from hir owne tongue, that he was sole soveraigne of all her wishes, and he the gentleman (*of all her eies had ever yet behelde*) to whome shee wished a thriving happinesse.—*Wilkins*.

²⁵ *But faithfulness and courage.*

This is from the third book of Sidney's *Arcadia*: "Whereupon *asking advice of no other thought but faithfulness and courage*, he presently lighted from his own horse," &c. edit. 1633, p. 253.—*Stevens*.

Antiochus then first beganne to perswade him from the enterprize, and to discourage him from his proceedings, by shewing him the frightfull heads of the former Princes placed upon his Castle wall, and like to whome he must expect himselfe to be, if like them (as it was most like) hee failed in his attempt. *But Pericles armed with these noble armours, Faithfulness and Courage*, and making himselfe fitte for death, if death proved fitte for him, replied, That he was come now to meete Death willingly, if so were his misfortune, or to be made ever fortunate, by enjoying so glorious a beauty as was inthroned in his princely daughter, and was there now placed before him: which the tyrant receiving with an angry brow, threw downe the Riddle, bidding him, since perswasions could not alter him, to reade and die, being in himselfe confident the mysterie thereof was not to be unfolded: which the Prince taking up, read aloud, the purpose of which was in these wordes.—*Wilkins*.

The riddle as given by Wilkins differs very slightly indeed from the version in the play. In the second line, we have *that* for *which*; in the fourth line, *from* for *in*; and in the seventh line, *this* for *they*.

Then the king, being sharply moved, and disdaining at him, said, Heare then the question which thou must resolve, or else die: *I am carried with mischief; I ate my mothers fleshe; I seeke my brother my mothers husband, and I cannot finde him*. Apollonius having received the question, withdrew himselfe a while out of the kinges presence, and being desirous to understand what it meant, he found out the solution thereof in short space through the help of God, and returned againe to the king, saying; Your grace proposed a question unto me: I pray you heare the solution thereof. And wheras you said in your probleme, *I am carried with mischief*, you have not lied, for looke unto your owne selfe. But wheras you say further, *I ate my mothers flesh*, looke upon your daughter.—*Twine*.

With felonie I am upbore,
I ete, and have it not forlore,
My moders fleshe whose husbonde
My fader for to seche I fonde,

Which is the sonne eke of my wife,
 Hercof I am inquisitife.
 And who that can my tale save,
 All quite he shall my doughter have.
 Of his answeare and if he faile,
 He shall be dead withouten faile.—*Gower.*

²⁶ *Blows dust in others' eyes.*

That is, *which* blows dust, &c.—The man who knows of the ill practices of princes, is unwise if he reveals what he knows; for the publisher of vicious actions resembles the wind, which, while it passes along, blows dust into men's eyes.—When the blast is over, the eye that has been affected by the dust, suffers no farther pain, but can see as clearly as before; so by the relation of criminal acts, the eyes of mankind—though they are affected, and turn away with horror,—are opened, and see clearly what before was not even suspected: but by exposing the crimes of others, the relater suffers himself; as the breeze passes away, so the breath of the informer is gone; he dies for his temerity. Yet, to stop the course or ventilation of the air, would hurt the eyes; and to prevent informers from divulging the crimes of men would be prejudicial to mankind. Such, I think, is the meaning of this obscure passage.—*Malone.*

²⁷ *Copp'd hills towards heaven.*

Copp'd hills, topped hills, hills with a top or head. “Copped, *cristatus*; to make coppes, or sharpe at the toppe, *cacumino*,” Baret's *Alvearie*, 1580. “*Acresté*, crested, copped,” Cotgrave. “Both these kindes of chamæleons have a copped head, like to a camell,” Topsell's *Serpents*, 1608.

The wattris 3eden and decreesiden til to the tenthe monethe, for in the tenthe monethe, in the firste dai of the monethe, the *coppis* of *hillis* apeeriden.—*MS. Bodl.* 277.

²⁸ *The earth is throug'd by man's oppression.*

The old reading is more forcible. The earth is oppressed by the injuries which crowd upon her. So, in the *Tatler*, as quoted by Johnson in his *Dictionary* in voc.: “His mother could not longer bear the agitation of so many passions as *througed* upon her.”—*Boswell.*

Your courtesies to one so *throug'd* in misery as myselfe dulls my behaviour, that I know not how enough to laud or thanke you.—*The Knave in Graine new Vampt*, 1640.

²⁹ *And the poor worm doth die for't.*

I suppose he means to call the *mole*, (which suffers in its attempts to complain of man's injustice) a *poor worm*, as a term of commiseration. Thus, in the *Tempest*, Prospero speaking to Miranda, says: “*Poor worm!* thou art infected.” The mole remains secure till he has thrown up those hillocks, which, by pointing out the course he is pursuing, enable the vermin-hunter to catch him.—*Steevens.*

³⁰ *But I will gloze with him.*

The kinge was wondre sorie tho,
 And thought, if that he said it oute,
 Then were he shamed all aboute:
 With *slie wordes* and with *felle*
 He sayth: My sonne I shall thee telle,
 Though that thou be of littel witte, &c.—*Gower.*

³¹ *Fourty days longer we do respite you.*

In the *Gesta Romanorum*, *Confessio Amantis*, and the *History of King Appolyn*, *thirty* days only are allowed for the solution of this question. It is difficult to account for this minute variation, but by supposing that our author copied some translation of the *Gesta Romanorum* hitherto undiscovered.—*Malone.*

Now the king, as soone as he perceived that Apollonius had resolved his probleme, fearing lest his wickednesse should be discovered, he looked upon him with a wrathfull countenance, saying; Thou art farre wide from the solution of my demand, and hast hit no part of the meaning thereof: wherefore thou hast deserved to be beheaded. Howbeit, I will shew thee this courtesie as to give thee *thirtie daies* respite to bethinke thyselfe of this matter. Wherefore returne home into thine owne countrey, and if thou canst find out the solution of my probleme, thou shalt have my daughter to wife: if not, thou shalt be beheaded. Then Apollonius, being much troubled and molested in mind, accompanying himself with a sufficient train, tooke shipping, and returned into his owne countrey.—*Twine.*

By which time the prince, having fully considered upon what he had read, and found the meaning, both of the secret, and their abhominable sinnes, Antiochus rising up, demanded the solution of his question, or to attend the sentence of his death. But the gentle Prince wisely foreknowing that it is as dangerous to play with tyrants evils, as the flie to sport with the candles flame, rather seemed to dissemble what he knew, than to discover his insight to Antiochus knowledge, yet so circumspectly, that Antiochus suspected, or at least, his owne known guilt made him so suspect, that hee had found the meaning of his foule desire, and their more foule actions; and seeming (as it were) then to pittie him whom now in soule he hated, and that he rather required his future happinesse, than any blemish to his present fortunes, he tolde him, that for the honour of his name, the noblenesse of his woorth, nay his owne deere and present love to him (were it not against the dignity and state of his owne love) in his tender and princely disposition, he could from the whole world select him as a choice husband for his daughter, since hee found him so farre wide from revealing of the secret; yet thus farre hee should perceive his love should extend towards him, which before time had not bcene seene to stretch it selfe to any of those decaied princes, of whose falls, his eies were carefull witnesses, that for *forty dayes* he gave him onely longer respite, if by which time (and with all the indevours, counsell and advise hee could use) he can finde out what was yet concealed from him, it should be evident how gladly he would rejoyce *to joy in such a sonne*, rather than have cause of sorrow by his untimely ruine; and in the meane time, in his owne Court, by the royaltie of his entertainment hee should perceive his welcom.—*Wilkins.*

³² *Your entertain shall be.*

I'faith, she is an honorable lady,
And I much wonder that her ladyship
Gives *entertain* to such bad men as these.

Fair Maid of the Exchange, 1607.

³³ *How courtesy would seem to cover sin!*

With which, and other such like gratulations their presences being divided, Antiochus betooke himselfe to his chamber, and princely Pericles to diligent consultations of his present estate, where when hee had a while considered with

himselfe, that what he had found, was true, and this substantially was the true meaning of his Riddle, hee was become both father, sonne, and husband by his uncomely and abhorred actions with his owne child, and shee a devourer of her mothers flesh, by the unlawful couplings with her owne father, *and the defiling of her mothers bed*, and that this *curtesie* of Antiochus toward him, was but his hypocrisie, to have *his sinne concealed*, till he found fit occasion to take fit revenge (by the instruments of tyrants,) *poyson, treason*, or by any meanes, he resolved himselfe with all expedition, (the next darknesse being his best conductor,) to flie backe to Tyre.—*Wilkins*.

³⁴ *Where now you're.*

Where, in this place, has the power of *whereas*. So, in the Two Gentlemen of Verona :—

And *where* I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have been cherish'd by her childlike duty,
I am now full resolv'd to take a wife.

Where (and with the same meaning) occurs again in Act II. Se. III. of this play :—“*Where* now his son's a glow-worm,” &c.—*Steevens*.

³⁵ *Antioch, farewell!*

Wherof he dradde, and was amayed
Of treson that he deye sholde,
For he the kyng his soth tolde;
And sodenly the nyhtes tide,
That more wolde he nott abide,
Alle prively his barge he hente,
And home ayen to Tyr he wente.—*Gower*.

³⁶ *Poison and treason are the hands of sin.*

Theobald, in a manuscript note in his copy of ed. 1619, proposes to alter *sin* to *blame*.

³⁷ *He hath found the meaning.*

In Twyne's novel, Apollonius returns to Tyre at the King's desire, and Thaliarchus is at once sent thither to assassinate him,—“But so soone as he was departed, Antiochus called unto him his steward, named Thaliarehus, to whom he spake in maner following. Thaliarchus, the only faithfull and trustie minister of my secrets, understand that Apollonius, prince of Tirus, hath found out the solution of my question. Wherefore, take shipping and followe him inmediately, and if thou canst not overtake him upon the sea, seeke him out when thou comest to Tirus, and slay him either with sword or poyson; and when thou returnest I will bountifully reward thee.”

Which he effecting, and Antiochus being now private in his lodging, and ruminating with himselfe, that Pericles had found out the secret of his evill, which hee in more secret had committed; and knowing, that he had now power to rip him open to the world, and make his name so odious, that as now heaven did, so at the knowledge thereof all good men would contemne him.—*Wilkins*.

³⁸ *And our mind.*

And in this study, not knowing how otherwise to helpe himselfe from this prooffe, he hastily calleth for one Thalyart, who was steward of his housholde, and in many things before had received the *imbracement* of his *minde*; this Thalyart, (as Pericles fore-thought,) hee presently bribde with *gold*, and furthered with *poyson*, to be this harmles gentlemans executioner. To which purpose, as

hee was about to receive his othe, there came hastily *a messenger* that brought him newes, the Tyrian shippes were that night departed his harbor, and that by intelligence hee had learned the Prince also was fled for Tyre : at whose escape Antiochus storming, but not desisting from his former practise, hee commaunded his murdering minister Thalyart to dispatch his best performance after him, sometime perswading him, at others threatning him, in Tyre to see him, in Tyre to kil him, or back to Antioch *never to returne*, which villainous mind of his as ready to yeeld, as the tyrant was to command.—*Wilkins*.

³⁹ *Thaliard, behold, here's poison, and here's gold.*

The kynge a stronge puyson diht
 Withinne a boxe, and golde therto,
 In all hast and badde hym go
 Strauht unto Tyr, and for no coste
 Ne spare, til he hadde loste
 The prynee, which he wolde spille.—*Gower*.

⁴⁰ *Within my pistol's length.*

Thaliard was one of the courtiers of Antiochus the third, who reigned 200 years before Christ ; a period rather too early for the use of pistols.—*Steevens*.

⁴¹ *Why should this change of thoughts ?*

Change, old copies ; *charge*, Steevens. *Change of thoughts*, I think preferable to the amendment. By *change of thoughts*, Pericles means, that change in the disposition of his mind—that unusual propensity to melancholy and cares, which he afterwards describes, and which made his body pine, and his soul to languish.—*Mason*.

⁴² *And with th'ostent of war.*

So amended by Tyrwhitt, from *stint* of the old copies, and not *stent*, as Steevens misprinted it : he quoted several instances of the use of the expression 'ostent of war' in writers of the time, and such were probably the author's words in this play.—*Collier*.

Stint, 'which is the reading of all the copies, has here no meaning,' according to Malone. *Ostent* is therefore adopted. But what has been said just before ? —'He'll stop the course by which it might be known ?' He will stop it, by the *stint of war*. *Stint* is synonymous with *stop*, in the old writers.—*Knight*.

In the first place, "the *ostent of war*," besides that it is an expression frequently found in early authors, accords well with the rest of the line "will look so huge,"—words which were most unlikely to have occurred to the poet if he had written "the *stint of war*." Secondly, "the *stint of war*" could not possibly mean 'the *stop of anything by war* : ' the only meaning that can be wrung out of it is, 'the *stop of the war itself*.'—*A. Dyce*.

Again, and more appositely, in Chapman's translation of Homer's *Batrachomachia* :—"Both heralds bearing the *ostents of war*." Again, in Decker's *Entertainment of James I. 1604* :—"And why you bear, alone, th' *ostent of warre*."—*Steevens*.

⁴³ *Enter Helicanus, and other Lords.*

At the commencement of this scene, the quarto of 1609 has, "Enter Pericles with his Lords ;" and here it has, "Enter all the Lords to Pericles." The other old editions have the former stage-direction, but they omit the latter one. Surely, the first speech of Pericles is spoken to himself.—*A. Dyce*.

⁴⁴ *An angry brow, dread lord.*

In this sorrowe consisting, one Helycanus, a grave and wise counsellor of his, as a good Prince is ever knowne by his prudent counsell, as much greaved in mind for his Princes distemperature, as his Prince was troubled with the feare of his subjects mishap, came hastily into the chamber to him, and finding him so distasting mirth, that he abandoned all familiar society, he boldly beganne to reprove him, and not sparingly tolde him, he did not well so to abuse himselfe, to waste his body there with pyning sorrow, upon whose safety depended the lives and prosperity of a whole kingdome, that it was ill in him to doe it, and no lesse in his counsell to suffer him, without contradicting it. At which, although the Prince *bent his brow stearnely against him*, he left not to go forward, but plainly tolde him, it was as fit for him being a Prince to heare of his owne error, as it was lawfull for his authority to commaund, that while he lived so shut up, so unseene, so carelesse of his government, order might be disorder for all him, and what detriment soever his subjects should receive by this his neglect, it were injustice to be required at his hands, which chiding of this good olde lord, the gentle Prince curteously receiving, tooke him into his armes, thankt him that he was *no flatterer*, and commaunding him to seat himselfe by him, he from poynt to poynt related to him all the occurrents past, and that his present sorrow was for the feare he had of Antiochus tyranny, his present studies were for the good of his subjects, his present care was for the continuing safety of his kingdome, of which himselfe was a member, which for slacknesse chide him: which uprightnes of this Prince calling teares into the old mans eies, *and compelling his knees to the earth*, he humbly asked his pardon, confirming that what he had spoke, sprung from the power of his dutie, and grew not from the nature of disobedience. When Pericles no longer suffring such honored aged knees to stoope to his youth, lifting him up, desired of him that his counsell now would teach him how to avoide that danger, which his feare gave him cause to mistrust; which in this manner was by the good Helicanus advised, and by princely Pericles yeilded unto. That he should forthwith betake *himselfe to travel*, keeping his intent whither, as private from his subjects, as his journey was suddaine, that upon his trust he should leave the government, grounding which counsel upon this principle, —Absence abates that edge that presence whets.—*Wilkins.*

⁴⁵ *How dare the plants look up to heaven.*

Thus the quarto 1609. Rowe, &c. read:—

How dare the *planets* look up unto heaven
From whence they have their nourishment?

It would puzzle a philosopher to ascertain the quality of planetary *nourishment*, or to discover how *planets*, which are already in heaven, can be said to *look up* to it.—*Stevens.*

With reference to this note, it should be observed that some copies of ed. 1609 read also *planets*.

⁴⁶ *Should let their ears hear their faults hid.*

A jingle much in Shakespeare's manner. Heaven forbid that Kings should allow their ears to listen to speeches in which their faults are concealed. Mr. Dyce accepts *let* in the sense of *hinder*, and alters *hid* to *chid*; but the construction with the verb *let* in that sense is exceedingly awkward.

⁴⁷ *But smooth.*

To smooth is to *sooth*, *coax*, or *flatter*. Thus in King Richard III. :—' Smile

in men's faces, *smooth*, deceive, and cog.' So in Titus Andronicus :—'Yield to his humour, *smooth*, and speak him fair.' The verb to *smooth* is frequently used in this sense by our elder writers ; for instance by Stubbes in his Anatomie of Abuses, 1583 :—'If you will learn to deride, scoffe, mock, and flowt, to flatter and *smooth*,' &c.—*Singer*.

⁴⁸ *Bethought me what was past, what might succeed.*

Thaliart in all secresie is shipt from Antioch, while Pericles in this interim is arrived at Tyre, where, *knowing what was past, and fearing what might succeed*, not to himself, but for *the care he had of his subjects*, remembring his power, *too weake* if occasion were offred, *to contend with the greatnes* of Antiochus ; he was so troubled in mind, that no advise of counsell could perswade him, *no delights of the eye content him*, neither any *pleasure* whatsoever comfort him, but still taking to heart, that should Antiochus *make warre* upon him, as fearing lest he should speake his shame, which he intended not to reveale, his misfortune should be the ruine of his harmesse people.—*Wilkins*.

⁴⁹ *And should he doubt it.*

The quarto 1609 reads :—“And should he *doo't*, as no doubt he doth —.” from which the reading of the text has been formed. The repetition is much in our author's manner, and the following words, to lop that *doubt*, render this emendation almost certain.—*Malone*.

Here is an apparent corruption. I should not hesitate to read—*doubt on't*—or,—*doubt it*. To *doubt* is to remain in suspense or uncertainty.—Should he *be in doubt* that I shall keep this secret,—as there is no doubt but he is,—why, to “lop that doubt,” i. e., to get rid of that painful uncertainty, he will strive to make me appear the aggressor, by attacking me first as the author of some supposed injury to himself.—*Steevens*.

⁵⁰ *I thought it princely charity to grieve them.*

That is, to lament their fate. The eldest quarto reads—to grieve *for* them.—But a rhyme seems to have been intended. The reading of the text was furnished by the third quarto 1630, which, however, is of no authority.—*Malone*.

⁵¹ *Thou showd'st a subject's shine.*

Shine is by our ancient writers frequently used as a substantive. So, in Chloris, or the Complaint of the passionate despised Shepheard, by W. Smith, 1596 :—

Thou glorious sunne, from whence my lesser light
The substance of his chrystal *shine* doth borrow.

This sentiment is not much unlike that of Falstaff : “I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life ; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince.”—*Malone*.

Shewdst, ed. 1609, altered in some copies to *shewest*.

⁵² *I perceive he was a wise fellow.*

Who this wise fellow was, may be known from the following passage in Barnabie Riche's Souldier's Wishe to Briton's Welfare, or Captaine Skill and Captaine Pill, 1604, p. 27 : “I will therefore commende the poet Philipides, who being demaunded by King Lisimachus, what favour he might doe unto him for that he loved him, made this answere to the King, that your majesty would never impart unto me *any of your secrets*.”—*Steevens*.

⁵³ *He's gone to travel.*

Taliarchus promised to accomplish his commandement with all diligence, and taking to him his shield, with monie sufficient for the journey, departed on his way, and shortly after arived at the coast of Tirus. But Apollonius was come home unto his owne pallace long time before, and withdrawing himselfe into his studie, perused all his bookes concerning the kings probleame, finding none other solution than that which he had alreadie told the king. And thus he said within himselfe: Surely, unlesse I be much deceived, Antiochus burneth with disordinate love of his daughter: and discoursing farther with himselfe upon that point, What sayest thou now, or what intendest thou to doe, Appollonius? said he to himselfe. Thou hast resolved his probleme, and yet not received his daughter, and God hath therefore brought thee away that thou shouldest not die. Then brake hee off in the midst of these cogitations, and immediatly commanded his ships to be prepared, and to be laden with an hundred thousand bushels of wheate, and with great plentie of gold, silver, and rich apparell, and taking unto him a few of his most trustiest servants, about midnight imbarked himself, and hoysing up his sails, committed himselfe to the wide sea.—*Twine.*

⁵⁴ *The king's seas must please.*

There must be some corruption, and *sea*, at the close of the next line, should probably be *seas*, for the sake of the rhyme. In Twyne's novel, Taliarchus, the character corresponding to Thaliard, is represented as being glad when he hears that Apollonius had fled from Tyre,—“Now, so soone as Taliarchus heard these tidings, he returned joyfully unto his ships, and tooke his journey backe to Antiochia, and, being landed, he hastened unto the king, and fell downe on his knees before him, saying: All haile, most mightie prince, rejoyce and be glad; for Apollonius, being in feare of your grace, is departed no man knoweth whether. Then answered the king: He may well flie away from mee, but he shall never escape my handes.”—In Wilkins' novel, 1608, Thaliard does not proceed to Tyre at all, the intelligence that Pericles had fled from that city arriving at the same time with the news of his departure from Antioch.

⁵⁵ *And seen.*

Thus in the original copies. Malone proposed *unseen*; but Dionyza means to say that here their griefs are but felt and seen with mischief's eyes—eyes of discontent and suffering; but if topp'd with other tales—that is, cut down by the comparison—like groves they will rise higher, be more unbearable.—*Knight.*

⁵⁶ *If the gods slumber.*

“If heaven slumber,” old eds. As these lines stand they are ungrammatical. The original reading was, no doubt, *if the Gods slumber*, which was altered by the licencer of the press. This should either be restored, or the whole rendered correct.—*Douce.*

⁵⁷ *For riches strew'd herself even in the streets.*

Shakspeare generally uses *riches* as a singular noun. Thus, in Othello:—“The *riches* of the ship *is* come ashore.” Again, *ibid.*:—“But *riches* fineless *is* as poor as winter—.” Again, in his 87th Sonnet:—“And for *that riches* where is my deserving?”—*Malone.*

⁵⁸ *Those palates, who not yet two summers younger.*

“Those pallats who not yet too sauers younger,” ed. 1609. The reading in the text, suggested by Mason, is confirmed by the corresponding narrative in the novel of Wilkins, 1608, although the sequenee of thought is not followed in that work.

Prince Pericles by the advise of his good Counsellor Helieanus, having left Tyre, and intended his whole eourse for Tharsus, of which eity lord Cleon was governor, who at this instanee with Dyonyssa his wife, were relating the present miseries wherein themselves and their citty Tharsus consisted: the ground of which forced lamentation was, *to see the power of change*, that this their eity, *who not two summers younger*, did so excell in pompe, and bore a state, whom all hir neighbors envied for hir greatnes, to whom *strangers* resorted, as to the schoole of variety, where they might best enrich their understandings with experience, whose houses were like so many eourts for Kings, rather than sleeping plaees for subjects, whose people were eurious in their diet, rich in attire, envious in lookes, where was *plenty in aboundance, pride in fulnesse*, nothing in searenesse, *but Charitie and Love, the dignitie of whose pallats* the whole riches of Nature could hardly satisfie, the ornaments of whose attire Art it selfe with all invention *could not content*, are now so altered, that in steade of dowlmy beds, they make their pillowes on boords, in stead of full furnished tables, hunger ealles now out for so much bread, as may but satisfie life; saeke-cloth is now their wearing instead of silke, teares instead of inticing glaunces, are now the acquaintance of their eyes, in briefe, riot hath heere lost all her dominion, and now is no exeesse, but whats in sorrow, *heere standes one weeping*, and there lies another dying, *so sharpe are hungers teeth*, and so ravenous the devouring mouth of famine, that *all pittie is exiled betweene the husband and the wife*, nay all tendernesse betweene the mother and the children, *faintnesse* hath now got that *emperie over strength*, there is none so whole to releve the sieke, *neither have the living sufficiencie to give buriall to the dead.*—*Wilkins.*

There is some discrepancy in the text as to the period the famine had lasted. Cleon, in one speech, talks of “our woes felt several years,” while in the present one he talks of,—

These mouths, whom but *of late*, earth, sea, and air,
Were all too little to content and please.

Query,—should the partiele *yet* be omitted?

⁵⁹ *To nousle up their babes.*

Nousle, to nestle; to eherish; to wrap up. Also spelt *nozzle*. “See with what erroneous trumperies antiquitie hath bene *nozzeled*,” Batman’s Golden Booke, 1577, ded. *Nuzzeled*, brought up in youth, Holinshed, Hist. Engl. i. 108; nursed, habituated, Holinshed, Conq. Ireland, pp. 46, 78.

And *nusled* once in wicked deedes I feard not to offende,
From bad, to worse and worst I fell, I would at leysure mende.

1st *Part of Promos and Cassandra*, ii. 6.

Phillip of Spaine, *nousled* from his infaneie in the darke and obscure dungeon of papistry, led as one blinded with the vale of ignoranee.—*Greene’s Spanish Masquerado*, 1589.

⁶⁰ *Speak out thy sorrows.*

Thus while this Cleon, Lord Governour of Tharsus, and Dyonyssa his lady,

with interchanging wordes were describing the sorrows which their almost unpeopled citty felt, who from the height of multiplication were substracted, almost to nothing: for what is life, if it want sustenance? a fainting messenger came slowly into them, his fearefull lookes described that he brought *sorrowe*, and in slowe wordes hee delivered this, that upon their coastes there was discovered a *fleete of shippes making thither ward*, which Cleon supposing to be an army, which *some neighbour nation (taking advantage of their present mishap)* had sent for their utter overthrowe, hee commaunded the bringer, upon their landing, to this purpose to salute their generall, that Tharsus was subdued before their comming, and that it was *small conquest* to subdew where there was no abilitie to resist, that they desired but this, that their citty might still stand, and that for the riches which their prosperitic had purchased, they freely resigned to them, they though their enemies (for humanities sake) in the place of breeding, would afford them buriall.—*Wilkins*.

⁶¹ *If he on peace consist.*

If he *stands* on peace. A Latin sense.—*Malone*.

⁶² *Be, like a beacon fir'd.*

Mr. Fairholt sends this note,—“Upon the summit of a small watch-tower constructed in an angle of the tower of Hadley church, near Barnet, has been preserved the beacon, here represented. It consists of an iron fire-pot, supported on a strong wooden post, and is traditionally reported to have been last lighted in 1745, when the troops passed northward to oppose the Young Pretender.”



⁶³ *We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre.*

Nothing has yet been said to account for the store of corn so opportunely brought by Pericles to the starving city. Wilkins thus naturally introduces the subject,—“In breefe, Pericles knew Helicanus trusty, and consented: so with store of corne and all necessaries fit

for a kingly voyage, he in secret hath shipt himselfe from Tyre, Helycanus is protector of the kingdome in his absence.”

⁶⁴ *Who are hunger-starv'd.*

He warmes with zeale, and with his blood he feedeth
Our spirites that are cold and *hunger-starved*.

Lever's Crucifixe, or a Meditation upon Repentance, 1607.

⁶⁵ *And harbourage for ourself, our ships, and men.*

Pericles going to the place of Judgement, causing all the living to be assembled thither, thus freely delivered to them: You cittizens of Tharsus, whom penury of victual pincheth at this present, Know you, that I Pericles, Prince of Tyre, am come purposely to releve you, in respect of which benefit, I doubt not but you will be thus thankfull as to concealc my arriving heere, and for a while to give me safe *harborage*, and hospitalitie for *my shippes and men*, since by the tyranny

of Antiochus, though not driven, yet for a while I am desirous to leave mine owne countrey, and continue my residence heere with you, in recompence of which love, I have brought with me a hundred thousand bushells of wheate, which equally for your releefe shall be distributed amongst you, each man paying for every bushell eight peeces of brasse, the price bestowed thereon in my owne country.—*Twine.*

Forthi, with-uten taken leve,
 A privelech as he myht,
 He goth hym to the se by nyht,
 In shippes that ben whete-laden;
 Here takel redy tho thei maden,
 And baled seile, and forth they fare.—*Gower.*

Act the Second.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Here have you seen a mighty king
His child, I wis, to incest bring ;
A better prince, and benign lord,
That will prove awful both in deed and word.
Be quiet, then, as men should be,
Till he hath pass'd necessity.
I'll show you those in troubles reign,
Losing a mite, a mountain gain.¹
The good in conversation—
To whom I give my benizon—
Is still at Tharsus, where each man
Thinks all is writ he spoken can :²
And to remember what he does,
Build his statue to make him glorious :³
But tidings to the contrary
Are brought your eyes ; what need speak I ?

Dumb show.

*Enter at one door PERICLES, talking with CLEON ; all the Train
with them. Enter at another door, a Gentleman, with a*

Letter to PERICLES : PERICLES shows the Letter to CLEON ; then gives the Messenger a reward, and knights him. Exeunt PERICLES, CLEON, &c. severally.

Gow. Good Helicane hath stay'd at home,
 Not to eat honey like a drone,
 From others' labours ; for though he strive
 To killen bad, keep good alive ;
 And, to fulfil his prince' desire,
 Sends word of all that haps in Tyre :⁴
 How Thaliard came full bent with sin,
 And hid intent,⁵ to murder him ;
 And that in Tharsus was not best
 Longcr for him to make his rest.
 He, knowing so, put forth to seas,
 Where when men been, there's seldom ease,
 For now the wind begins to blow ;
 Thunder above, and deeps below,
 Make such unquiet, that the ship,
 Should house him safe, is wreck'd and split ;⁶
 And he, good prince, having all lost,
 By waves from coast to coast is tost.
 All perishen of man, of pelf,
 Ne aught escapen but himself ;⁷
 Till fortune, tired with doing bad,⁸
 Threw him ashore, to give him glad :
 And here he comes. What shall be next,
 Pardon old Gower ; this 'longs the text.⁹

[*Exit.*

SCENE I.—Pentapolis.¹⁰ *An open Place by the Sea Side.*

Enter PERICLES, wet.

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

*Enter three Fishermen.*¹¹

1 *Fish.* What, ho, Pilch!¹²

2 *Fish.* Ho! come, and bring away the nets.

1 *Fish.* What, Patch-breech, I say!

3 *Fish.* What say you, master?

1 *Fish.* Look how thou stirrest now! come away, or I'll
 fetch thee with a wannion.¹³

3 *Fish.* 'Faith, master, I am thinking of the poor men, that
 were cast away before us even now.

1 *Fish.* Alas, poor souls! it grieved my heart to hear what
 pitiful cries they made to us to help them, when, well-a-day,
 we could scarce help ourselves.

3 *Fish.* Nay, master, said not I as much, when I saw the
 porpus,¹⁴ how he bounced and tumbled? they say, they are half
 fish, half flesh: a plague on them! they ne'er come, but I
 look to be washed. Master, I marvel how the fishes live in
 the sea.

1 *Fish.* Why as men do a-land:¹⁵ the great ones eat up the
 little ones.¹⁶ I can compare our rich misers to nothing so fitly
 as to a whale; 'a plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before

him, and at last devours them all at a mouthful. Such whales have I heard on the land, who never leave gaping, till they've swallowed the whole parish, church, steeple, bells and all.

Per. A pretty moral.

3 Fish. But, master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry.

2 Fish. Why, man?

3 Fish. Because he should have swallowed me too; and when I had been in his belly, I would have kept such a jangling of the bells, that he should never have left, till he east bells, steeple, church, and parish, up again. But if the good king Simonides were of my mind——

Per. Simonides?

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

Per. How from the finny subject of the sea¹⁷
These fishers tell the infirmities of men;
And from their watery empire recollect
All that may men approve, or men detect!—
Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.

2 Fish. Honest! good fellow, what's that? if it be a day fits you,¹⁸ search out of the ealendar, and no body look after it.

Per. Y' may see, the sea hath cast me upon your coast—

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

Per. A man whom both the waters and the wind,
In that vast tennis-court, hath made the ball¹⁹
For them to play upon, entreats you pity him;
He asks of you, that never us'd to beg.

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

2 Fish. Canst thou catch any fishes, then?

Per. I never practis'd it.

2 Fish. Nay, then thou wilt starve, sure; for here's nothing to be got now a-days, unless thou canst fish for't.

Per. What I have been I have forgot to know,
But what I am want teaches me to think on;
A man throng'd up with cold: my veins are ehill,
And have no more of life, than may suffice
To give my tongue that heat to ask your help;
Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead,

For that I am a man, pray see me buried.

1 *Fish*. Die quoth-a? Now, gods forbid it! I have a gown here;²⁰ come, put it on; keep thee warm. Now, afore me, a handsome fellow!²¹ Come, thou shalt go home, and we'll have flesh for holidays, fish for fasting-days, and moreo'er puddings and flap-jacks;²² and thou shalt be welcome.

Per. I thank you, sir.

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

Per. I did but crave.

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

Per. Why, are all your beggars whipped, then?

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

[*Exeunt Two of the Fishermen.*]

Per. How well this honest mirth becomes their labour!

1 *Fish*. Hark you, sir; do you know where you are?

Per. Not well.²³

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

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

1 *Fish*. Ay, sir; and he deserves to be so called, for his peaceable reign, and good government.

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

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

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

1 *Fish*. O, sir! things must be as they may; and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for—his wife's soul.²⁴

Re-enter the Two Fishermen, drawing up a Net.

2 *Fish*. Help, master, help! here's a fish hangs in the net, like a poor man's right in the law;²⁵ 'twill hardly come out. Ha! bots on't;²⁶ 'tis come at last, and 'tis turned to a rusty armour.

Per. An armour, friends ! I pray you, let me see it.²⁷
 Thanks, fortune, yet, that, after all crosses,
 Thou giv'st me somewhat to repair myself :
 And though it was mine own, part of mine heritage,
 Which my dead father did bequeath to me,
 With this strict charge—even as he left his life—
 “ Keep it, my Pericles, it hath been a shield
 ’Twixt me and death ; ”—and pointed to this braec²⁸—
 “ For that it sav'd me, keep it ; in like necessity,
 The which the gods protect thee from ! it may defend thee.”
 It kept where I kept, I so dearly lov'd it,
 Till the rough seas, that spare not any man,
 Took it in rage, though calm'd, have given 't again.
 I thank thee for't : my shipwreck now's no ill,
 Since I have here my father's gift in his will.

1 Fish. What mean you, sir ?

Per. To beg of you, kind friends, this coat of worth,
 For it was sometime target to a king ;
 I know it by this mark. He lov'd me dearly,
 And for his sake I wish the having of it ;
 And that you'd guide me to your sovereign's court,
 Where with it I may appear a gentleman :
 And if that ever my low fortunes better,
 I'll pay your bounties ; till then, rest your debtor.

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

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

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

2 Fish. Ay, but hark you, my friend ; 'twas we that made up
 this garment through the rough seams of the waters : there are
 certain condolences, certain vails. I hope, sir, if you thrive,²⁹
 you'll remember from whence you had it.

Per. Believe it, I will.

By your furtherance I am eloth'd in steel ;
 And spite of all the rapture of the sea,³⁰
 This jewel holds his building on my arm :
 Unto thy value will I mount myself
 Upon a courser, whose delightful steps
 Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread.—
 Only, my friend, I yet am unprovided
 Of a pair of bases.³¹

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

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

[*Exeunt*.

SCENE II.—*The Same. A Platform leading to the Lists. A Pavilion near it, for the reception of the King, Princess, Ladies, Lords, &c.*

Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, and Attendants.

Sim. Are the knights ready to begin the triumph ?³²

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

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

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

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

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

Enter a Knight : he passes over the Stage, and his Squire presents his Shield to the Princess.

Sim. Who is the first that doth prefer himself ?

Thai. A knight of Sparta, my renowned father ;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is a black Æthiop, reaching at the sun ;
The word, *Lux tua vita mihi*.³³

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

[*The second Knight passes over.*

Who is the second that presents himself ?

Thai. A prince of Macedon, my royal father ;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is an arm'd knight, that's conquer'd by a lady :
The motto thus, in Spanish, *Piu per dulçura que per fuerça.*³⁴

[*The third Knight passes over.*]

Sim. And what the third ?

Thai. The third of Antioch ;
And his device, a wreath of chivalry :
The word, *Me pompæ provexit apex.*³⁵

[*The fourth Knight passes over.*]

Sim. What is the fourth ?

Thai. A burning torch, that's turned upside down ;³⁶
The word, *Quod me alit, me extinguit.*

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

[*The fifth Knight passes over.*]

Thai. The fifth, a hand environed with clouds,
Holding out gold that's by the touchstone tried ;
The motto thus, *Sic spectanda fides.* [*The sixth Knight passes over.*]

Sim. And what's the sixth and last, the which the knight
himself

With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd ?

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

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

1 *Lord.* He had need mean better, than his outward show
Can any way speak in his just commend ;
For by his rusty outside he appears
To have practis'd more the whipstock,³⁷ than the lance.

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

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

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

[*Exeunt.*]

[*Great Shouts, and all cry, The mean knight !*³⁸]

SCENE III.—*The Same. A Hall of State.—A Banquet prepared.*

Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Ladies, Lords, Knights, and Attendants.

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

Thai. But you, my knight and guest ;
To whom this wreath of victory I give,³⁹
And crown you king of this day's happiness.

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

Sim. Call it by what you will, the day is yours ;
And here, I hope, is none that envies it.
In framing an artist art hath thus decreed,
To make some good, but others to exceed ;
And you're her labour'd scholar. Come, queen o' the feast,—
For, daughter, so you are—here take your place :
Marshal the rest, as they deserve their grace.

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

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

Marshal. Sir, yond's your place.

Per. Some other is more fit.

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

Per. You are right courteous knights.

Sim. Sit, sir ; sit.

By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,
These cates resist me,⁴⁰ she but thought upon.⁴¹

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

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

Thai. To me he seems like diamond to glass.

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

Sim. What! are you merry, knights?

I *Knight.* Who can be other, in this royal presence?

Sim. Here, with a cup that's stor'd unto the brim,—
As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips—
We drink this health to you.

Knights. We thank your grace.

Sim. Yet pause a while;
Yond' knight doth sit too melancholy,⁴²
As if the entertainment in our court
Had not a show might countervail his worth.
Note it not you, Thaisa?

Thai. What is it
To me, my father?

Sim. O! attend, my daughter:
Princes, in this, should live like gods above,
Who freely give to every one that comes
To honour them; and princes, not doing so,
Are like to gnats, which make a sound, but kill'd
Are wonder'd at.⁴³
Therefore, to make his entrance more sweet, here say,
We drink this standing-bowl of wine to him.⁴⁴

Thai. Alas, my father! it befits not me⁴⁵
Unto a stranger knight to be so bold:

He may my proffer take for an offence,
 Since men take women's gifts for impudence.

Sim. How!

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

Thai. [*Aside.*] Now, by the gods, he could not please me better.⁴⁶

Sim. And farther tell him, we desire to know,
 Of whence he is, his name, and parentage.⁴⁷

[*THAISA rises from her seat and takes the wine-bowl to PERICLES.*

Thai. The king my father, sir, has drunk to you.

Per. I thank him.

Thai. Wishing it so much blood unto your life.

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

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

Per. A gentleman of Tyre—my name, Pericles,
 My education been in arts and arms—
 Who looking for adventures in the world,
 Was by the rough seas reft of ships and men,
 And after shipwreck driven upon this shore.

Thai. [*Returning to her seat.*] He thanks your grace;⁴⁸ names
 himself Pericles,

A gentleman of Tyre,
 Who only by misfortune of the seas
 Bereft of ships and men, cast on the shore.

Sim. Now by the gods, I pity his misfortune,⁴⁹
 And will awake him from his melancholy.
 Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,
 And waste the time which looks for other revels.
 Even in your armours, as you are address'd,
 Will very well become a soldier's dance.
 I will not have excuse, with saying, this
 Loud music is too harsh⁵⁰ for ladies' heads,
 Since they love men in arms, as well as beds.

[*The Knights dance.*

So, this was well ask'd, 'twas so well perform'd.
 Come, sir;

Here is a lady that wants breathing too:
 And I have often heard, you knights of Tyre
 Are excellent in making ladies trip,
 And that their measures are as excellent.

Per. In those that practise them, they are, my lord.

Sim. O ! that's as much, as you would be denied

[*The Knights and Ladies dance.*

Of your fair courtesy.—Unclasp, unclasp ;
Thanks, gentlemen, to all ; all have done well,
But you the best. [*To PERICLES.*] Pages and lights, to conduct
These knights unto their several lodgings !—Yours, sir,
We have given order to be next our own.⁵¹

Per. I am at your grace's pleasure.

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

[*Exeunt.*

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

Enter HELICANUS and ESCANES.

Hel. No, Escanes ;⁵² know this of me,
Antiochus from incest liv'd not free :
For which the most high gods, not minding longer
To withhold the vengeance that they had in store,
Due to this heinous capital offence,
Even in the height and pride of all his glory,
When he was seated,⁵³ and his daughter with him,
In a chariot of inestimable value,
A fire from heaven came,⁵⁴ and shrivell'd up
Their bodies, even to loathing ; for they so stunk,
That all those eyes ador'd them ere their fall,
Scorn now their hand should give them burial.

Esca. 'Twas very strange.

Hel. And yet but just ; for though
This king were great, his greatness was no guard
To bar heaven's shaft, but sin had his reward.

Esca. 'Tis very true.

Enter Three Lords.

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

2 *Lord*. It shall no longer grieve without reproof.

3 *Lord*. And curs'd be he that will not second it.

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

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

1 *Lord*. Know, that our griefs are risen to the top,⁵⁵
And now at length they overflow their banks.

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

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

2 *Lord*. Whose death's, indeed, the strongest in our censure:
And knowing this kingdom is without a head,
Like goodly buildings left without a roof,
Soon fall to ruin, your noble self,
That best know'st how to rule, and how to reign,
We thus submit unto, our sovereign.

All. Live, noble Helicane!

Hel. For honour's cause,⁵⁶ forbear your suffrages:
If that you love prince Pericles, forbear.
Take I your wish, I leap into the seas,
Where's hourly trouble for a minute's ease.
A twelvemonth longer, let me entreat you
To forbear the absence of your king;
If in which time expir'd he not return,
I shall with aged patience bear your yoke.
But if I cannot win you to this love,
Go search like nobles, like noble subjects,
And in your search spend your adventurous worth;
Whom if you find, and win unto return,
You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.

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

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

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

*Enter SIMONIDES, reading a Letter : the Knights meet him.*⁵⁷

1 *Knight.* Good morrow to the good Simonides.

Sim. Knights, from my daughter this I let you know,
That for this twelvemonth she'll not undertake
A married life.

Her reason to herself is only known,
Which yet from her by no means can I get.

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

Sim. 'Faith, by no means ; she hath so strictly tied her
To her chamber, that it is impossible.

One twelve moons more she'll wear Diana's livery ;
This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd,
And on her virgin honours will not break it.

3 *Knight.* Though loath to bid farewell, we take our leaves.

[*Exeunt.*]

Sim. So,

They're well despatch'd ; now to my daughter's letter.⁵⁸

She tells me here, she'll wed the stranger knight,
Or never more to view nor day nor light.

'Tis well, mistress ; your choice agrees with mine ;

I like that well :—nay, how absolute she's in't,

Not minding whether I dislike or no.

Well, I commend her choice,

And will no longer have it be delay'd.

Soft ! here he comes : I must dissemble it.⁵⁹

Enter PERICLES.

Per. All fortune to the good Simonides !

Sim. To you as much, sir. I am beholding to you,

For your sweet music this last night :⁶⁰ I do

Protest, my ears were never better fed

With such delightful pleasing harmony.

Per. It is your grace's pleasure to commend,

Not my desert.

Sim. Sir, you are music's master.

Per. The worst of all her scholars, my good lord.

Sim. Let me ask one thing ;

What do you think of my daughter, sir ?

Per. As of a most virtuous princess.

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

Per. As a fair day in summer ; wondrous fair.

Sim. My daughter, sir, thinks very well of you ;

Ay, so well, sir, that you must be her master,⁶¹

And she'll your scholar be : therefore, look to it.

Per. I am unworthy for her schoolmaster.

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

Per. [*Aside.*] What's here ?

A letter, that she loves the knight of Tyre ?⁶²

'Tis the king's subtilty to have my life.

[*Kneeling.*] O ! seek not to entrap me, gracious lord,

A stranger and distressed gentleman,

That never aim'd so high, to love your daughter,

But bent all offices to honour her.

Sim. Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter, and thou art
A villain.

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

Sim. Traitor, thou liest.

Per. Traitor !

Sim. Ay, traitor.

Per. [*Rising.*] Even in his throat, unless it be the king,
That calls me traitor, I return the lie.

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

Per. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
That never relish'd of a base descent.

I came unto your court for honour's cause,⁶³

And not to be a rebel to her state ;

And he that otherwise accounts of me,

This sword shall prove he's honour's enemy.

Sim. No !—

Here comes my daughter, she can witness it.

Enter THAISA.

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

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

Sim. Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory?—

[*Aside.*] I am glad on't with all my heart.

[*To her.*] I'll tame you; I'll bring you in subjection.

Will you, not having my consent,
Bestow your love and your affections
Upon a stranger? [*Aside.*] who, for aught I know,
May be—nor can I think the contrary—
As great in blood as I myself.

Therefore, hear you, mistress; either frame
Your will to mine; and you, sir, hear you,
Either be rul'd by me, or I will make you—
Man and wife.—Nay, come; your hands,
And lips must seal it too;
And being join'd, I'll thus your hopes destroy;
And for farther grief,—God give you joy!—
What, are you both pleas'd?

Thai. Yes, if you love me, sir.

Per. Even as my life, or blood that fosters it.⁶⁴

Sim. What! are you both agreed?

Both. Yes, if't please your majesty.

Sim. It pleaseth me so well, I'll see you wed;
Then, with what haste you can get you to bed.

[*Exeunt.*]

Notes to the Second Act.

¹ *Losing a mite, a mountain gain.*

I will now exhibit to you persons, who, after suffering small and temporary evils, will at length be blessed with happiness.—I suspect our author had here in view the title of the chapter in *Gesta Romanorum*, in which the story of Apollonius is told; though I will not say in what language he read it. It is this: “De tribulatione temporali quæ in gaudium sempiternum postremo commutabitur.”—*Malone*.

² *Thinks all is writ he spoken can.*

Pays as much respect to whatever Pericles says, as if it were holy *writ*. “As true as the *gospel*,” is still common language.—*Malone*.

Writ may certainly mean *scripture*; the holy writings, by way of eminence, being so denominated. We might, however, read—*wit*, i. e. wisdom. So, Gower, in this story of Prince Appolyn:—“Though that thou be of littel *witte*.”—*Stevens*.

³ *Build his statue to make him glorious.*

In King Appolyn of Thyre, 1510:—“In *remembrance* they *made* an ymage or statue of *clene golde*.” In the fragment of the Old Metrical Romance the statue is of brass:—

Tho made they an *ymage of bras*,
A scheef of whete he helde an honde,
That to my licknes maad was,
Uppon a buschel they dyde hym stonde,
And wryte aboute the storye.
To Appolyn this hys y-do,
To have hym ever in memorye.

It is thus described by Gower,—

But sithen fyrst this worlde began,
 Was never yet to suche a man
 More joye made than thei hym made ;
 For thei were all of hym so glade,
 That *thei for ever in remembrance*
Made a figure in resemblance
Of hym, and in a common place
 Thei set it up ; so that his face
 Might every maner man beholde,
 So as the citee was beholde :
 It was of laton over-gylte ;
 Thus hath he nought his yefte spilte.

And when the citizens perceived the great benefites which he had bestowed upon their citee, they *erected* in the marked place a *monument* in the memoriall of him, *his stature, made of brasse*, standing in a charret, holding corne in his right hand, and spurning it with his left foot : and on the baser foot of the pillar whereon it stode was ingraven in great letters this superscription,—Apollonius, prince of Tirus, gave a gift unto the city of Tharsus, whereby hee delivered it from a cruell death.—*Twine*.

Which when the citizens understoode, to gratifie these large benefites, and to acknowledge him their patron and releever sent them by the gods, they *erected* in the market place a monument *in the memoriall of him*, and made his *statue* of brasse, standing in a charriot, holding corne in his right hand, and spurning it with his left foote, and on the bases of the pillar whereon it stode, was ingraven in great letters this inscription :—*Pericles Prince of Tyre gave a gift unto the City of Tharsus, whereby he delivered it from cruell death.*—*Wilkins*.

⁴ *Sends word of all that haps in Tyre.*

“Sau’d one of all,” ed. 1609. The correction adopted, originally suggested in a MS. note by Theobald, is undoubted, as appears from the corresponding passage in Wilkins’ *Painfull Adventures of Pericles*, 1608,—“Good Helycanus as *provident at home*, as his Prince was prosperous abroad, let no occasion slip whercin hee might *send word* to Tharsus of what occurrents soever had happened in his absence, the chicfe of which was, that Thalyart by Antiochus was sent, *with purpose to murther him*, and that Antiochus, though fayling in his practise by his absence, seemed not yet to desist from like intents, but that he againe, suborned such like instruments to the like treason, advising him withall for his more certaine safetie, for a while to leave Tharsus, as a refuge too neere the reach of the tyrant. To which Pericles consenting, hee takes his leave of his hoste *Cleon and Dyonysa*, and the cittizens as sory to leave him, as sorrow can bee for the lacke of comfort.” In Twyne’s novel, Apollonius leaves Tharsus “by the perswasion of Stranguilio and Dionisiades his wife,” the persons at whose house Apollonius resided when in Tharsus.

⁵ *And hid intent.*

That is, concealed purpose. Malone informs us that his quarto, 1609, reads, “and hid in Tent;” adding, “this is only mentioned to show how inaccurately this play was originally printed.” The fact is, that the quarto, 1609, in the library of the Duke of Devonshire, has “And hid intent,” exactly as in our text, and the correction, like some others, must have been introduced while the sheet

was in the press. The quarto, 1619, alters it to "And *had* intent," which is followed in all the later impressions.—*Collier*.

The copy of ed. 1609 in the King's Library in the British Museum reads,—
"And had intent."

⁶ *Is wreck'd and split.*

It has been proposed to alter the word *split*, on account of the defective rhyme, but that it is correct may be gathered from the account of the storm given in Wilkins' novel of *Pericles*, 1608,—“the skies shone with flashes of fire; day now had no other shew but only name, for darkenes was on the whole face of the waters, hills of seas were about him, one sometimes tossing him even to the face of heaven, while another sought to sincke him to the rooffe of hell, some cryed, others laboured, hee onely prayed; at last, two ravenous billowes meeting, the one, with intent so stoppe up all clamour, and the other, to wash away all labour, his vessells no longer able to wrestle with the tempest, were all *split*. In briefe, he was shipwrackt, his good friends and subjectes all were lost, nothing left to help him but distresse, and nothing to complaine unto but his misery.”

⁷ *Ne aught escapen but himself.*

Bot He that alle thyng may kepe,
Unto this lord was merciablen,
And brouht hym sauft uppon a table,
Wich to the londe hym hath uppe bore;
The remenaunt was alle for-lore.—*Gower*.

With a courteous farewell on ech side given, the marriners weighed anker, hoysed sailes, and away they goe, committing themselves to the wind and water. Thus sailed they forth along in their course three days and three nights, with prosperous winde and weather, untill sodainly the whole face of heaven and sea began to change; for the skie looked blacke, and the northerne wind arose, and the tempest increased more and more, insomuch that prince Apollonius and the Tyrians that were with him were much apalled, and began to doubt of their lives. But, loe, immediatly the winde blew fiercely from the south-west, and the north came singing on the other side; the rain poured down over their heads, and the sea yeelded forth waves as it had beene mountanes of water, that the ships could no longer wrestle with the tempest, and especially the admirall, wherein the good prince himselfe fared, but needs must they yeeld unto the present calamitie. There might you have heard the winds whistling, the raine dashing, the sea roaring, the cables cracking, the tacklings breaking, the shippe tearing, the men miserable, shouting out for their lives. There might you have seene the sea searching the shippe, the bordes fleeting, the goods swimming, the treasure sincking, the men shifting to save themselves, where, partly through violence of the tempest, and partly through darekness of the night which then was come upon them, they were all drowned, onely Apollonius excepted, who by the grace of God, and the helpe of a simple boord, was driven upon the shoare of the Pentapolitanes.—*Twine*.

⁸ *Till Fortune, tired with doing bad.*

There might you have heard the windes whistling, theraine dashing, the sea roaring, the cables cracking, the tacklings breaking, the ship tearing, the men miserably crying out to save their lives; there might you have seene the sea searching the ship, the boordes fleeting, the goodes swimming, the treasure sincking, and the poore soules shifting to save themselves, but all in vaine, for

partly by the violence of the tempest, and partely thorow that dismall darkenesse, which unfortunately was come upon them, they were all drowned, gentle Pericles only excepted, till (*as it were Fortune tyred with this mishap*) by the helpe of a plancke, which in this distresse hee got holde on, hee was, with much labour, and more feare, driven on the shore of Pentapolis.—*Wilkins*.

⁹ *This longs the text.*

Which Steevens thus explains; “Excuse old Gower from telling you what follows. The very text to it has proved of too considerable a length already.” But has he not missed the meaning of this elliptical mode of expression, which seems to be, “Excuse old Gower from relating what follows; this *belongs* to the text, i. e. the play itself, not to me the commentator?” In the third Act he uses a similar speech,—

I will relate; action may
Conveniently the rest convey.—*Douce*.

¹⁰ *Pentapolis.*

“This,” says Steevens, “is an imaginary *city*, and its name might have been borrowed from some romance. We meet, indeed, in history with *Pentapolitana regio*, a country in Africa, and from thence perhaps some novelist furnished the sounding title of *Pentapolis*,” &c. But there was no absolute reason for supposing it a *city* in this play, as Gower in the *Confessio Amantis* had done, a circumstance which had previously misled Steevens. In the original Latin romance of Apollonius Tyrius, it is most accurately called *Pentapolis Cyrenorum*, and was, as both Strabo and Ptolemy informs us, a *district* of Cyrenaica in Africa, comprising *five cities*, of which Cyrene was one.—*Douce*.

¹¹ *Enter three fishermen.*

This scene seems to have been formed on the following lines in the *Confessio Amantis* :—

Thus was the yonge lorde all alone,
All naked in a poure plite.—
There came a fisher in the weye,
And sigh a man there naked stonde,
And when that he hath understonde
The cause, he hath of hym great routh;
And onely of his poure trouth
Of such clothes as he hadde
With great pitee this lorde he cladde:
And he hym thonketh as he sholde,
And sayth hym that it shall be yolde
If ever he gete his state ageyne;
And praith that he would hym syne,
If nigh were any towne for hym.
He sayd, ye Pentapolim,
Where both kynge and quene dwellen.
Whan he this tale herde tellen,
He gladdeth him, and gan beseche,
That he the weye hym wolde teche—.

Shakspeare, delighting to describe the manners of such people, has introduced three fishermen instead of one, and extended the dialogue to a considerable length.—*Malone*.

¹² *What, ho, Pilche!*

All the old copies read—What *to pelche*. The latter emendation was made by Tyrwhitt. For the other I am responsible. *Pilche*, as he has observed, is a leathern coat. The context confirms this correction. The first fisherman appears to be the master, and speaks with authority, and some degree of contempt, to the third fisherman, who is a servant.—His next speech, “What, Patch-breech, I say!” is in the same style. The second fisherman seems to be a servant likewise; and, after the master has called—What, *ho Pilche!*—(for so I read,)—explains what it is he wants:—“Ho, come and bring away the nets.”—*Malone*.

The Second fisherman calls his colleague *Pilch* in reference to the garment he wore, a sort of rough leather outer jacket, worn by seamen, carriers, and persons engaged in out-door pursuits and were much exposed to the inclemency of the weather. The First Fisherman returns the complement by calling the other *Patch-breech*.

And when he had recovered to land, wearie as he was, he stode upon the shoare, and looked upon the calme sea, saying: O most false and untrustie sea! I will choose rather to fall into the handes of the most cruell king Antiochus, than venture to returne againe by thee into mine owne countrey: thou hast shewed thy spite upon me, and devoured my trustie friendes and companions, by meanes whereof I am nowe left alone, and it is the providence of almightie God that I have escaped thy greedie jawes. Where shall I now finde comfort? or who will succour him in a strange place that is not knowen? And whilest he spake these wordes, hee sawe a man comming towards him, and he was a rough fisherman, with an hooide upon his head, and *a filthie leatherne pelt upon his backe*, unseemely clad, and homely to beholde.—*Twine*.

Keep back there, keep back, or Ile make your *leather pelches* cry twango else; for some of them, I am sure I made 'em smoak so, that I fear'd I had set 'em a-fire.—*Comedy of the Two Merry Milkmaids*.

¹³ *With a wannion.*

Used only in the phrase, *with a wanion*, but totally unexplained, though exceedingly common in use. It seems to be equivalent to *with a vengeance*, or *with a plague*. Boswell conjectured “with a *winnowing*,” for a beating; but this is not very satisfactory.—*Nares*.

Mary gup, thought I, *with a wanion*; he passt by me as proude; mary foh, are you growne humourous, thought I? and so shut the doore, and in I came.—*The Shoemakers Holiday*.

Marry gap with a *wanion*, quoth Arthur-a-Bland,
Art thou such a goodly man?
I care not a fig for thy looking so big,
Mend yourself where you can.

Ballad of Robin Hood and the Tanner.

¹⁴ *Said I not as much, when I saw the porpus?*

Now when His Highness had got into the channel [of the Thames], the waves were very high and boisterous, and we saw a great many large black fishes called porpoises, which are from eight to ten feet long, and rise high out of the water. His Highness shot at one of these, and the sailors told us it was a sure sign of rough weather and ill luck, which we, indeed, soon afterwards, with the extremest danger of our lives, only too much experienced, and found to be true.—*Travels of Frederick, Duke of Wirtemberg, in England, in 1592.*

¹⁵ *Why as men do a-land.*

They tolde Marius he should doe well to goe *a land* to cate somewhat, and refresh his sea sicke body.—*North's Plutarch.*

In rotten paper and in boysterous weather,
Darke nights, through wet, and toyled altogether,
But being come to Quinborough and *aland*,
I tooke my fellow Roger by the hand,
And both of us ere we two steps did goe
Gave thankes to God that had preserv'd us so.

The Workes of Taylor the Water-Poet, 1630.

¹⁶ *The great ones eat up the little ones.*

Compare the following in Wilkins' novel of Pericles, 1608,—“where a while complaining him of his mishaps, and accusing the gods of this injury doone to his innocencie, not knowing on what shoare, whether friend or foe he had, being certayne fishermen, who had also suffered in the former tempest, and had beene witnesses of his untimely shipwracke, the day being cleered againe, were come out from their homely cottages to dry and repaire their nettes, who being busied about their work, and no whit regarding his lamentation, passed away their labour with discourse to this purpose, in comparing the sea to brokers and usurers, who seeme faire, and looke lovely, till they have got men into their clutches, when one tumbles them, and an other tosses them, but seldome leaving until they have suncke them. Againe comparing our rich men to *whales*, that make a great shew in the worlde, rowling and *tumbling* up and downe, but are good for little, but to sincke others; that *the fishes live in the sea, as the powerful on shoare, the great ones eat up the little ones.*”

¹⁷ *How from the finny subject of the sea.*

Fenny, old copies. The words in the text are introduced into Wilkins' novel of Pericles, 1608,—“with which morall observations driving out their labor, and prince Pericles, wondring that *from the finny subjects of the sea* these poore countrey people learned *the infirmities of men*, more than mans obduracy and dulnes could learne one of another; at length overcharged with cold which the extreimity of water had pressed him with, and no longer being able to endure, he was compelled to demaund their simple helpe, offering to their eares the mishap of his shipwracke, which hee was no sooner about to relate, but they remembered their eies, not without much sorrow, to have bin the witnesses thereof; and beholding the comely feature of this gentleman, the chiefe of these fishermen was mooved with compassion toward him, and lifting him up from the ground, himselfe with the helpe of his men, led him to his house, where with such fare as they presently had, or they could readily provide, they with a hearty welcome feasted him, and the more to expresse their tendernesse to his misfortune, the master dishabited himselfe of his outward apparell to warme and cherish him, which curteous Pericles as curteously receiving, vowing, if ever his fortunes came to their ancient height, their curtesies should not die unrecompensed.”

¹⁸ *If it be a day fits you.*

The old copy reads—if it be a day fits you, *search out* of the calendar, and *nobody look after it*. Part of the emendation suggested by Steevens, is confirmed by a passage in the Coxcombe, by Beaumont and Fletcher, quoted by Mason:—

I fear shrewdly, I should do something
That would quite *scratch* me out of the calendar.—*Malone.*

The preceding speech of Pericles affords no apt introduction to the reply of the fisherman. Either somewhat is omitted that cannot now be supplied, or the whole passage is obscured by more than common depravation. It should seem that the prince had made some remark on the badness of the day. Perhaps the dialogue originally ran thus:—

Per. Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen;
The day is rough and thwarts your occupation.

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

The following speech of Pericles is equally abrupt and inconsistent:—" *May* see the sea hath cast upon your coast." The folio reads:—" *Y'* may see the sea hath cast *me* upon your coast." I would rather suppose the poet wrote:—" *Nay*, see the sea hath cast upon your coast —." Here the *fisherman* interposes. The prince then goes on:—" A man," &c.—*Steevens*.

May not here be an allusion to the *dies honestissimus* of Cicero?—" If you like the day, find it out in the almanack, and nobody will take it from you."—*Farmer*.

The allusion is to the lucky and unlucky days which are put down in some of the old calendars.—*Douce*.

Some difficulty, however, will remain, unless we suppose a preceding line to have been lost; for Pericles (as the text stands) has said nothing about the day. I suspect that in the lost line he wished the men *a good day*.—*Malone*.

¹⁹ *In that vast tennis-court, hath made the ball.*

So, in Sidney's *Arcadia*, book v.: " In such a shadow, &c. mankind lives, that neither they know how to foresee, nor what to feare, and are, *like tennis balls, tossed by the racket of the higher powers.*"—*Steevens*.

At last, fortune having brought him heere, where she might make him *the fittest tennis-ball for her sport*: even as sodainely as thought this was the alteration, the Heavens beganne to thunder.—*Wilkins*.

²⁰ *I have a gown here.*

Of such clothes as he hadde
With grete pite this lorde he cladde.—*Gower*.

Thou gave me half thy sclaveyne,
And bed me y schulde thenke on the.

Apollonius, a Poem xv. Cent., MS.

²¹ *Now, afore me, a handsome fellow!*

When hee drewe neare, Apollonius, the present necessitie constraining him thereto, fell down prostrate at his feet, and powring forth a floud of teares he said unto him: Whosoever thou art, take pitie upon a poore sea-wracked man, cast up nowe naked, and in simple state, yet borne of no base degree, but sprung forth of noble parentage. And that thou maiest in helping me knowe whome thou succourest, I am that Apollonius, prince of Tyrus, whome most part of the worlde knoweth, and I beseech thee to preserve my life by shewing mee thy friendly reliefe. When the fisherman beheld *the comlinesse and beantie* of the yong gentleman, hee was mooved with compassion towards him, and lifted him up from the ground, and lead him into his house, and feasted him with such fare as he presently had; and the more amplie to expresse his great affection towards him, *he disrobed himselfe of his poore and simple cloke*, and dividing it into two parts, gave the one halfe thereof unto Apollonius, saying: Take here at my handes such poore entertainment and furniture as I have, and goe into the citie,

where perhappes thou shalt finde some of better abilitie, that will rue thine estate : and if thou doe not, returne then againe hither unto mee, and thou shalt not want what may be performed by the povertie of a poore fisherman.—*Twine.*

²² *Puddings and flap-jacks.*

A *flap-jack*, a sort of pancake. The word is still retained in our provincial dialect, generally now applied to an apple-turnover, an apple baked without a pan, in a square thin piece of paste, with the two opposite corners turned over the apple ; but sometimes to a fritter.

Then there is a thing cald wheaten flowre, which the sulphory necromanticke cookes doe mingle with water, egges, spice, and other tragicall magicall inchantments, and then they put it by little and little into a frying-pan of boyling suet, where it makes a confused dismall hissing (like the Learnean snakes in the reeds of Acheron, Stix, or Phlegeton) until at last, by the skill of the cooke, it is transform'd into the forme of a flap-jack, which in our translation is cald a pancake, which ominous incantation the ignorant people doe devoure very greedily (having for the most part well dined before :), but they have no sooner swallowed that sweet candyed baite, but straight their wits forsake them, and they runne starke mad, assembling in routs and throngs numberlesse of ungoverned numbers, with uncivill civill commotions.—*The Workes of Taylor the Water-Poet, 1630.*

²³ *Not well.*

What follows in this dialogue is closely repeated in Wilkins' novel, 1608,—“and being somewhat repayred in heart by their releefe, he demaunded of the country on the which he was driven, of the name of the King, and of the manner of the government. When the maister fisherman commaunding his servants to goe dragge up some other nettes, which yet were abroade, he seated himselfe by him, and of the question he demaunded to this purpose, resolved him ; Our country heere on the which you are driven, sir, is called Pentapolis, and our good king thereof is called Symonides : the Good King call you him, quoth Pericles ? Yea, and rightly so called sir, quoth the poore fisherman, who so governes his kingdome with justice and uprightnesse, that he is no readier to commaund, than we his subjects are willing to obey. He is a happy King, quoth Pericles, since he gaine the name of Good by his gouvernement, and then demaunded how farre his Court was distant from that place ; wherein he was resolved, some halfe a dayes journey, and from point to point also informed, that the King had a princely daughter named Thaysa, in whome was Beauty so joynd with Vertue, that it was as yet unresolved which of them deserved the greater comparison ; and in memory of whose birth day, her father yeerely celebrated feasts and triumphes, in the honour of which, many Princes and Knights from farre and remote countries came, partly to approove their chivalry, but especially, being her fathers only child, in hope to gaine her love : which name of chivalry to approove, that all the violence of the water had not power to quench the noblenesse of his minde,—Pericles, sighing to himselfe, he broke out thus :—Were but my fortunes aunswerable to my desires, some should feele that I would be one there.”

²⁴ *His wife's soul.*

The passage is no doubt mutilated. It has been thus explained,—“Things must be as they are appointed to be ; and what a man is not sure to compass, he has yet a right to attempt :—it is for example scarcely possible that a man's wife should not be damned ; but still a man should strive to save her.”

²⁵ *Like a poor man's right in the law.*

When as if all the gods had given a plaudite to his wordes, the fishermen, who before were sent out by their maister to dragge out the other nettes, having found somewhat in the botome too ponderous for their strength to pull up, they beganne to lewre and hallow to their maister for more helpe, crying that there was a fish hung in their net, *like a poore mans case in the lawe*, it would hardly come out, but industry being a prevayling workeman, before helpe came, up came the fish expected, but proved indeede to be a rusty armour.—*Wilkins.*

²⁶ *Bots on't.*

The *bots* are the *worms that breed in horses*. This comic execration was formerly used in the room of one less decent. It occurs in King Henry IV. and in many other old plays.—*Malone.*

See the Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, in the old song of the Miller of Mansfield, Part II. line 65:—"Quoth Dick, *a bots on you.*"—*Percy.*

Ay, that's it; *a bots on't*, I cannot hit of these marrying terms yet: And I'll desire my landlord here and his son to be at the celebration of my marriage too:—I'faith, Peter, you shall cram your guts full of cheese-cakes and custards there.—And, sirra Clerk, if thou wilt say amen stoutly, y'faith, my powder-beef slave, I'll have a rump of beef for thee, shall make thy mouth stand o' the tother side.—*Wily Beguiled.*

²⁷ *I pray you, let me see it.*

At the name of which word armour, Pericles being rowzed, he desired of the poore fishermen, that he who, better than they, was acquainted with such furniture, might have the view of it. In briefe, what hee could aske of them, was granted; the armour is by Pericles viewed, and knowne to be a defence which his father at his last will gave him in charge to keepe, that it might prove to be a defender of the sonne, which he had knowne to be a preserver of the father; so accompting all his other losses nothing, since he had that agayne, whereby his father could not challenge him of disobedience.—*Wilkins.*

²⁸ *And pointed to this brace.*

The *brace* is *the armour for the arm*. So, in Troilus and Cressida:—

I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,
And in my vant-*brace* put this wither'd brawn.

Avant *bras*, Fr.—*Steevens.*

²⁹ *I hope, sir, if you thrive.*

In the meane time of this one thing onelie I put thee in mind, that when thou shalt be restored to thy former dignitie, thou doe not despise to thinke on the basenesse of the poore peece of garment. To which Apollonius answered: If I remember not thee and it, I wish nothing else but that I may sustaine the like shipwracke.—*Twine.*

³⁰ *And spite of all the rapture of the sea.*

Rupture, old eds. Compare Wilkins' novel of Pericles, 1608,—“and thanking Fortune, that after all her crosses, she had yet given him somewhat to repayre his fortunes, begging this armour of the fishermen, and telling them, that with it he would shew the vertue hee had learned in armes, and trie his chivalry for their Princesse Thaysa, which they applauding, and one furnishing him with an old *gowne* to make caparisons for his horse, which horse hee provided with a jewell, whom all the *raptures* of the sea could not bereave from his arme, and other furnishing him with the long sideskirtes of their cassockes, to make him

bases, his armour rusted; and thus disgracefully habilited, Prince Pericles with their conduct is gone to the Court of Symonides, where the fishermen had foretolde him was all the preparation, that eyther art or industrie might attaine unto, to solemnize the birth day of faire Thaysa the good King Symonides daughter.”

³¹ *A pair of bases.*

These were a sort of petticoat that hung down to the knees, and were suggested by the Roman military dress, in which they seem to have been separate and parallel slips of cloth or leather. Gayton in his Festivous notes on Don Quixote, p. 218, says, that “all heroick persons are *pictured* in *bases* and buskins.” In the celebrated story of Friar John and Friar Richard, as related in Heywood’s History of Women, p. 253, the skirts of the *armed* friar’s gown are made to serve as *bases*. At the justs that were held in honour of Queen Catherine in the second year of Henry VIII., some of the knights had “their *basses* and trappers of cloth of golde, every of them his name embroudered on his *basse* and trapper.”—Halle’s Chronicle. But here the term seems applied to the furniture of the horses. The *bases* appear to have been made of various materials. If in tilting they fell to the ground, the heralds claimed them as a fee, unless redeemed by money; this indeed was the case with respect to any piece of armour that happened to be detached from the owner. Sometimes *bases* denoted the hose merely; as in the comedy of Lingua, 1607, where Auditus, one of the characters, is dressed in “a cloth of silver mantle upon a pair of sattin *bases*.” In Rider’s Latin Dictionary, 1659, *bases* are rendered *palliolum curtum*. The term seems to have been borrowed from the French, who at a very early period used *batche* for a woman’s petticoat.—See Carpentier *Clossar. medii avi.*—Douce.

He shall go to the armarie, and there take the kynges best herneis, save one, the best and rich *bases* sayng one, then of the plumes.—Hall, *Henry VIII.*, fol. 4.

On his breast an angels head imboast of gold, the labells of the sleeves, and short *bases* of watchet embrodered with the same.—*Albion’s Triumph*, 1631.

Mr. Fairholt sends this note,—“Bases were short skirts hanging from the waist to the middle of the thigh, like a petticoat. They were sometimes imitated in metal as part of the armour of a knight. The cut here given is copied from the figure of a knight armed for tilting, in the volume describing the great Tournament held at Stuttgard in 1609. It will be noticed that the bases are here made of a different material to the breeches, and are apparently quilted or gamboised.”



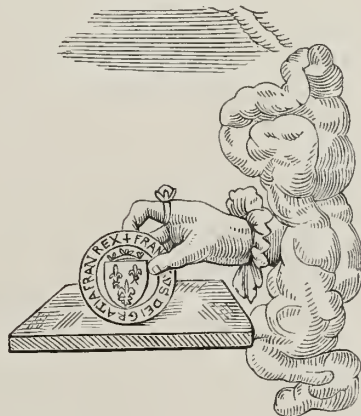
³² *Are the knights ready to begin the triumph?*

In Gower’s Poem, and Kynge Appolyn of Thyre, 1510, certain gymnastic exercises only are performed before the Pentapolitan monarch, antecedent to the marriage of Appollinus, the Pericles of this play. The present tournament, however, as well as the dance in the next scene, seems to have been suggested by a passage of the former writer, who, describing the manner in which the wedding of Appollinus was celebrated, says:—

The *knights* that be yonge and proude,
Thei *juste* first, and after *daunce*.—*Malone*.

A *triumph*, in the language of Shakspeare's time, signified any publick *show*, such as a *Mask*, or *Revel*, &c. Thus, in King Richard II.:—"hold those justs and *triumphs*?" Again, in King Henry VI.:—"With stately *triumphs*, mirthful comick shows."—*Steevens*.

This is the day, this Symonides Court, where the King himselfe, with the Princesse his daughter, have placed themselves in a gallery, to beholde the triumphes of severall Princes, who in honour of the Princes birth day, but more in hope to have her love, came purposely thither, to approve their chivalrie. They thus seated, and Prince Pericles, as well as his owne providing, and the fishermens care could furnish him, likewise came to the court. In this maner also five severall princes (their horses richly caparasoned, but themselves more richly armed, their pages before them bearing their devices on their shields) entred then the tilting place. The first a prince of Macedon, and the device hee bore upon his shield was a blacke Ethiopie reaching at the sunne, the word, *Lux tua vita mihi*: which being by the knights page delivered to the lady, and from her presented to the King her father, hee made playne to her the meaning of each impresse: and for this first, it was, that the Macedonian Prince loved her so well hee helde his life of her. The second, a Prince of Corinth, and the device hee bare upon his shield was a wreathe of chivalry, the word, *Me pompæ provexet apex*, the desire of renowne drew him to this enterprise. The third of Antioch, and his device was an armed Knight being conquered by a lady, the word, *Pue per dolcera qui per sforsa*: more by lenitie than by force. The fourth of Sparta, and the device he bare was a mans arme environed with a cloude, holding out golde thats by the touchstone tride, the word, *Sic spectanda fides*, so faith is to be looked into. The fift of Athens, and his device was a flaming torch turned downeward, the word, *Qui me alit me extinguit*, that which gives me life gives me death. The sixt and last was Pericles, Prince of Tyre, who having neither page to deliver his shield, nor shield to deliver, making his device according to his fortunes, which was a withered braunch being onely greene at the top, which proved the abating of his body, decayed not the noblenesse of his minde, his word, *In hac spe vivo*, In that hope I live. Himselfe with a most gracefull curtesie presented it unto her, which shee as curteously received, whilst the peeres attending on the King forbare not to scoffe, both at his presence, and the present hee brought, being himselfe in a rusty armour, the caparison of his horse of plaine country russet, and his owne bases but the skirtes of a poore fishermans coate, which the King mildely reprooving them for,



hee tolde them, that as Vertue was not to be approved by wordes, but by actions, so the outward habite was the least table of the inward minde, and counselling them not to condemne ere they had cause to accuse.—*Wilkins*.

³³ *The word, Lux tua vita mihi.*

What we now call the *motto*, was sometimes termed the *word* or *mot* by our old writers. *Le mot*, French. So, in Marston's Satires, 1599:—

— Fabius' perpetual golden coat,
Which might have *semper idem* for a *mot*.

These Latin mottos may perhaps be urged as a proof of the learning of Shakspeare, or as an argument to show that he was not the author of this play; but tournaments were so fashionable and frequent an entertainment in the time of Queen Elizabeth, that he might easily have been furnished with these shreds of literature.—*Malone*.

Niece. What's here? an entire ruby, cut into a heart,
And this the *word*, *Istud amoris opus?*

Sir Greg. Yes, yes;
I have heard him say, that love is the best stone-cutter.

Wit at Several Weapons, p. 70, ed. Dyce.

³⁴ *Piu per &c.*

That is, 'more by sweetness than by force.' The author should have written *Mas per dulçura*, &c. *Più* in Italian signifies *more*; but, I believe, there is no such Spanish word.—*Malone*.

³⁵ *The word, Me pompæ provexit apex.*

Pompæ, and not *Pompei*, is undoubtedly the true word; and the whole of Steevens's reasoning in favour of the latter is at once disposed of by referring to the work which appears to have furnished the author of the play with this and the two subsequent devices of the knights. It is a scarce little volume entitled, *The heroicall devises of M. Claudius Paradin canon of Beaujeu, whereunto are added the lord Gabriel Symeon's and others. Translated out of Latin into English, by P. S. 1591, 24mo.* The *sixth* device, from its peculiar reference to the situation of Pericles, may perhaps have been altered from one in the same collection used by Diana of Poitiers. It is a green branch issuing from a tomb with the motto SOLA VIVIT IN ILLO. The following are what have been immediately borrowed from Paradin; but it is also proper to state that the torch and the hand issuing from a cloud



are to be found in Witney's Emblems, 1586, 4to. As they are all more elegantly engraved in the original editions of Paradin and Symeon than in the English book above mentioned, the copies here given have been made from the former.—*Douce*.

³⁶ *A burning torch, that's turned upside down.*

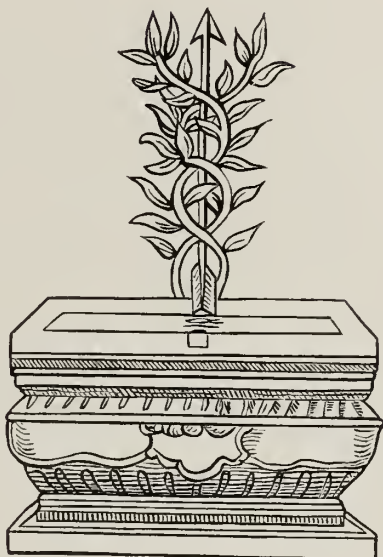
This device and motto may have been taken from Daniel's translation of Paulus Jovius, in 1585, in which they are found. Signat. H. 7. b.—*Malone*. The same idea occurs again in King Henry VI. Part I. :—

Here *dies* the dusky torch of Mortimer,
Chok'd, &c.—*Steevens*.

The next device has already been given from Paradin and Whitney. The sixth is supposed by Douce to be altered from the one here copied from Paradin.

³⁷ *Practis'd more the whipstock
than the lance.*

The whipstock is properly defined as the handle of a whip. "Whypstocke, *manche dung fouet*," Palsgrave, 1530. The term was, however, sometimes used for the whip itself, especially a carter's whip, and in derision for the lowest kind of weapon.



³⁸ *Great shouts, and all cry, "the mean knight."*

This stage-direction is followed from the edition of 1609. The victory of Pericles no doubt was represented in dumb-show.

They went forward to the triumph, in which noble exercise they came almost all, as short of Pericles perfections, as a body dying, of a life flourishing. To be short, both of Court and Commons, the praises of none were spoken of, but of the meane Knights, for by any other name he was yet unknowne to any.—*Wilkins*.

³⁹ *To whom this wreath of victory I give.*

But the Triumphes being ended, Pericles as chiefe, for in this dayes honour hee was champion, with all the other Princes, were by the Kings Marshall conducted into the presence, where Symonides and his daughter Thaysa, with a most stately banquet stayed to give them a thankfull intertainment. At whose entraunce, the lady first saluting Pericles, gave him a wreathe of chivalry, welcommed him as her knight and guest, and crowned him King of that dayes noble enterprise.—*Wilkins*.

⁴⁰ *These cates resist me.*

The prince recollecting his present state, and comparing it with that of Simonides, wonders that he can eat. In Gower, where this entertainment is particularly described, it is said of Appollinus, the Pericles of the present play, that—

He sette and cast about his eie
And saw the lordes in estate,
And with hym selfe were in debate
Thynkende what he had lore :
And such a sorowe he toke therefore,

That he sat ever stille and *thought*,
As he which of no meat rought.

So, in *Kyng Appolyn of Thyre*, 1510: “— at the last he sate him down at the table, and *without etynge*, he behelde the noble company of lordes and grete estates.—Thus as he looked all about, a great lord that served at the kynges table sayde unto the kyng, Certes, syr, this man wolde gladly your honour, for he *dooth not ete*, but beholdeth hertely your noble magnifycence, and is in poynt to weep.” The words *resist me*, however, do not well correspond with this idea. Perhaps they are corrupt.—*Malone*.

“These cates *resist me*,” i. e., go against my stomach.—*Steevens*.

⁴¹ *She but thought upon.*

This speech, in the original, is assigned to Simonides, and for *she but* we have *hee not*. The emendation is by Mason, and seems confirmed by the disposition of the next speech and by the context. Compare, however, Wilkins' novel of *Pericles*, 1608, whence it might appear that these two lines might be left as in the original copy, merely altering *not* to *but*,—“In the end, all being seated by the marshall at a table, placed directly over-against where the king and his daughter sate as it were by some divine operation, both King and daughter at one instant were so strucke in love with the noblenesse of his woorth, that they could not spare so much time to satisfie themselves with the delicacie of their viands, for talking of his prayes.”

⁴² *Yon knight doth sit too melancholy.*

Immediately the boorde was furnished with all kinde of princelie fare, the guests fed apace, every man on that which he liked; onelie Apollonius sate still and eate nothing, but earnestlie beholding the golde, silver, and other kingly furniture, whereof there was great plentie, hee could not refraine from sheading teares. Then saide one of the guests that sate at the table unto the king: This yong man, I suppose, envieth at your graces prosperite. No, not so, answered the king: you suppose amisse; but he is sorie to remember that he hath lost more wealth then this is: and looking upon Apollonius with a smiling countenance, Be mery, yong man, quoth he, and eate thy meate with us, and trust in God, who doubtlesse will send thee better fortune.—*Twine*.

⁴³ *But kill'd are wonder'd at.*

That is, when they are found to be such small insignificant animals, after making so great a noise.—*Percy*.

The sense appears to be this.—When kings, like insects, lie dead before us, our admiration is excited by contemplating how in both instances the powers of creating bustle were superior to those which either object should seem to have promised. The worthless monarch, and the idle gnat, have only lived to make an empty bluster; and when both alike are dead, we wonder how it happened that they made so much, or that we permitted them to make it:—a natural reflection on the death of an unserviceable prince, who having dispensed no blessings, can hope for no better character. I cannot, however, help thinking that this passage is both corrupted and disarranged, having been originally designed for one of those rhyming couplets with which the play abounds:—

And princes, not doing so, are like the gnat,
Which makes a sound, but kill'd is wonder'd at.—*Steevens*.

⁴⁴ *We drink this standing-bowl of wine to him.*

Mr. Fairholt sends this note,—“the allusion is to those great bowls of potent drink passed round the table at festive gatherings by our ancestors. They were ordinarily manufactured from the wood of the maple, and sometimes decorated with silver rims. A very fine example is here engraved from the original in the possession of Evelyn P. Shirley, Esq., believed to be of the time of Richard the second. Upon the embossed rim of silver-gilt is inscribed the distich :—



In the name of the trinite
Fille the kay and drinke to me.”

⁴⁵ *Alas, my father, it befits not me.*

This is in reply to something which has been omitted in the conclusion of the speech of Simonides, which no doubt was a command to Thaisa to carry the bowl to Pericles. Simonides says afterwards, “and *further* tell him.”

While Pericles on the other side observing the dignity wherein the King sate, that so many Princes came to honour him, so many Peeres stoode ready to attend him, hee was stricke with present sorrow, by remembring the losse of his owne. Which the good Symonides taking note of, and accusing himselfe before there was cause, that Pericles spirites were dumpt into their melancholy, through some dislike of the slackenesse hee found in his entertainment, or neglect of his worth, calling for a boule of wine, hee dranke to him, and so much further honoured him, that he made his daughter rise from her seate to beare it to him, and withall, willing her to demaund of him his name, COUNTRY, and fortunes, a message (gentle lady) shee was as ready to obey unto, as her father was to commaund, rejoycing that shee had any occasion offered her whereby shee might speake unto him.—*Wilkins*.

⁴⁶ *He could not please me better.*

Nowe, when the lady perceived hir fathers mind, she turned about unto Apollonius, and saide, Gentleman, whose grace and comliness sufficiently bewraieth the nobilitie of your birth, if it be not grievous unto you, shew me your name, I beseech you, and your adventures. Then answered Apollonius: Madam, if you aske my name, I have lost it in the sea: if you enquire of my nobilitie, I have left that at Tyrus. Sir, I beseech you, then said the lady Lucina, tel me this more plainly, that I may understand. Then Apolonius, craving licence to speake, declared his name, his birth and nobilitie, and unripped the whole tragedie of his adventures, in order as is before rehearsed; and when he had made an end of speaking, he burst forth into most plentifull teares. Which when the king beheld, he saide unto Lucina:—Deere daughter, you have done evill in requiring to know the yong mans name, and his adventures, wherein you have renewed his forepassed griefes. But since nowe you have understoode all the trueth of him, it is meete, as it becommeth the daughter of a king, you likewise extend your liberalitie towards him, and whatsoever you give him, I will see it performed.

Then Lucina, *having already in hir heart professed to doe him good*, and nowe perceiving very luckily her fathers mind to be inclined to the desired purpose, she cast a friendly looke upon him, saying: Apollonius, nowe lay sorrowe aside, for my father is determined to enrich you: and Apollonius, according to the curtesie that was in him, with sighes and sobbes at remembrance of that whereof he had so lately spoken, yeilded great thankes unto the faire ladie Lucina.—*Twine*.

⁴⁷ *Your name and parentage.*

His doughter ———
 He bad to go on his message,
 And fond for to make him glade,
 And she did as her fader bade;
 And goth to him the softe paas,
 And asketh whens and what he was,
 And praithe he shulde his thought leve.—*Gower*.

⁴⁸ *He thanks your grace.*

This speech is so evidently mutilated in the original, it may be perhaps assumed, from the corresponding portion of Wilkins' novel, 1608, that Thaisa nearly repeats the words of Pericles.

Pericles by this time hath *pledged* the King, and by his daughter (according to his request) thus returneth what hee is, that hee was *a Gentleman of Tyre, his name Pericles, his education beene in artes and armes, who looking for adventures in the world, was by the rough and unconstant seas, most unfortunately bereft both of shippes and men, and after shipwrecke, throwen upon that shoare.*—*Wilkins*.

⁴⁹ *Now, by the gods, I pity his misfortune.*

Which mis-haps of his the king understanding of, hee was strucke with present pittie to him, and rising from his state, he came foorthwith and imbraced him, bade him be cheered, and tolde him, that whatsoever misfortune had impayred him of, Fortune, by his helpe, could repayre to him, for both himselfe and countrey should be his friendes; and presently calling for a goodly milke white steede, and a payre of golden spurres, them first hee bestowed upon him, telling him, they were the prises due to his merite, and ordained for that dayes enterprise; which kingly curtesie Pericles as thankfully accepting. Much time beeing spent in dauncing and other revells, the night beeing growne olde, the King commaunded the Knights shoulde be conducted to their lodgings, giving order that Pericles chamber should be next his owne, where wee will leave them to take quiet rest, and returne backe to Tyre.—*Wilkins*.

⁵⁰ *This loud music is too harsh.*

That is, the loud noise made by the clashing of their armour. The dance here introduced is thus described in an ancient Dialogue Against the Abuse of Dancing, bl. l. no date:—

There is a dance called Choria,
 Which joy doth testify;
 Another called Pyrricke
 Which warlike feats doth try;
 For men in armour gestures made,
 And leapt, that so they might,
 When need requires, be more prompt
 In publike weale to fight.—*Malone*.

In Twyne's novel, dancing in armour is mentioned as one of the amusements on the occasion of the marriage of Apollonius to the Princess,—“What shall I

nowe speake of the noble cheare and princely provision for this feast? And after dinner of the exquisite musicke, fine dauncing, heavenly singing, sweete devising, and pleasant communication among the estates? I may not discourse at large of the liberall challenges made and proclaimed at the tilt, barriers, running at the ring, joco di can, managing fierce horses, running a foote, and *daunsing in armour.*”

⁵¹ *We have given order to be next our own.*

The kynge his chamberleyne let calle,
And bad that he by all weye
A chamber for this man purvei
Which nigh his own chambre bee.—Gower.

⁵² *No, Escanes.*

The strangenesse of their deaths were soone rumored over that part of the world, and as soone brought to the eares of Helycanus, who was a carefull watchman to have knowledge of whatsoever hapned in Antioch, and by his knowledge to prevent what daunger might succede, eyther to his Prince, or to his subjectes in his absence, of which tragedy he having notice, presently he imparted the news thereof to his grave and familiar friend Lord Eschines, and now told him what till now hee had concealed, namely of their incest together, and that onely for the displeasure which princely Pericles feared Antiochus bore towards him, and might extend to his people, by his knowledge thereof, hee thus long by his counsell had discontinued from his kingdome.—*Wilkins.*

⁵³ *When he was seated.*

when he was seated in
A chariot of an inestimable value, and his daughter
With him; a fire &c.—ed. 1609.

Perhaps with the aid of the novel of 1608 this mutilated passage may be in some degree restored. The account given in that novel runs as follows,—“Antiochus, who as before is discoursed, having committed with his owne daughter so foule a sinne, shamed not in the same foulnesse to remaine in it with her, neither had shee that touch of grace, by repentaunce to constraîne him to abstinence, or by perswasion to deny his continuance; long, like those miserable serpents did their greatnesse flourish, who use fairest shewes for fowlest evils, till one day himselfe seated with her in a charriot made of the purest golde, attended by his peeres, and gased on by his people, both apparrelled all in jewells, to out face suspicion, and beget wonder (as if that glorious outsides were a wall could keepe heavens eye from knowing our intents) in great magnificence rode they through Antioch; But see the justice of the Highest, though sinne flatter, and man persevere, yet surely Heaven at length dooth punish. For as thus they rode, gazing to be gazed upon, and proud to be accompted so, Vengeance with a deadly arrow drawne from foorth the quiver of his wrath, prepared by lightning, and shot on by thunder, hitte and strucke dead these proud incestuous creatures where they sate, leaving their faces blasted, and their bodies such a contemptfull object on the earth, that all those eyes, but now with reverence looked upon them, all hands that served them, and all knees adored them, scorned now to touch them, loathd now to looke upon them, and disdained now to give them buriall. Nay, such is heavens hate to these and such like sinnes, and such his indignation to his present evill, that twixt his stroke and death, hee lent not so much mercy to their lives, wherein they had time to crie out; justice, be mercifull, for we repent us. They thus dead, thus contemned, and insteede of kingly monument for their bodies left,

to be intombed in the bowelles of ravenous fowles, if fowles would eate on them."

In Twyne's novel, the news of the death of Antiochus is brought to Apollonius and the Princess, after their marriage, while they were walking on the sea-shore,—“ as it fortun'd that the lord Apollonius and his ladie on a day walked along the sea side for their disporte, hee sawe a faire shippe fleeting under saile, which hee knew well to be of his countrey, and he hallowed unto the maister, whose name was Calamitus, and asked of him of whence his ship was? The maister answered, of Tyrus. Thou hast named my country, said Apollonius: Art thou then of Tyrus, said the maister? Yea, answered Apollonius. Then, said the maister, knowest thou one Apollonius, prince of that countrey? If thou doe, or shalt heare of him heereafter, bid him now be glad and rejoyce, for king Antiochus and his daughter are strooken dead with lightning from heaven; and the citie of Antiochia with all the riches, and the whole kingdome, are reserved for Apollonius. With these words, the ship being under saile, departed, and Apollonius being filled with gladnes, immediatly began to breake with his ladie to give him leave to go and receive his kingdom."

⁵⁴ *A fire from heaven came.*

————— they hym tolde,
That for vengeance as God it wolde,
Antiochus, as men maie witte,
With thonder and lightnyng is forsmitte.
His doughter hath the same chance,
So ben thei both in o balance.—*Gower.*

⁵⁵ *Know that our griefs are risen to the top.*

Now it hapned that these tydings arrived to his eares, just at the instant when his grave counsell could no longer alay the head-strong multitude from their uncivil and giddy muteny; and the reason of them (who most commonly are unreasonable in their actions) to drawe themselves to this faction, was, that they supposed their prince was dead, and that being dead, the kingdome was left without a successeful inheritor, that they had bin onelie by Helicanus with vaine hope of Pericles returne, deluded, and that even now the power being, by his death, in their hands, they would create to themselves a new soveraigne, and Helycanus should be the man. Many reasons hee used to perswade them, many arguments to withstand them; nothing but this onely prevailed with them, that since he only knew their Prince was gone to travell, and that that travell was undertaken for their good, they would abstaine but for three months longer from bestowing that dignity which they calld their love, though it was his dislike upon him, and if by that time (which they with him should still hope for) the gods were not pleased for their perpetuall good to restore unto them their absent Prince, hee then with all willingnesse would accept of their suffrages. This then (though with much trouble) was at last by the whole multitude accepted, and for that time they were all pacified, when Helicanus assembling all the peeres unto him, by the advise of all, chose some from the rest, and after his best instructions, or rather by perswasions and grave counsell given, hee sent them to inquire of their Prince, who lately left at Pentapolis was highly honoured by good Symonides.

⁵⁶ *For honour's cause.*

Try honour's cause, old eds. Steevens remarked, 'Perhaps we should read 'Try honour's *course*:' but the error does not lie in the word *cause*. The right reading is,—“*For honour's cause, forbear your suffrages:*” the letter *r* was frequently written *below the line*, and hardly to be distinguished from *y*; hence

the mistake here of the original compositor. In the next scene we find,—“I came unto your court *for honour's cause.*”—*A. Dyce.*

⁵⁷ *The knights meet him.*

In the Historie of King Appolyn of Thyre, “two *kynges sones*” pay their court to the daughter of Archystrates, the Simonides of the present play. He sends two rolls of paper to her, containing their names, &c. and desires her to choose which she will marry. She writes him a letter, in answer, of which Appolyn is the bearer,—that she will have the man “which hath passed the daungerous undes and perylles of the sea—all other to refuse.” The same circumstance is mentioned by Gower, who has introduced *three* suitors instead of *two*, in which our author has followed him.—*Malone.*

After a few dayes that this happened, three noble yong men of the same cuntry, which had been suters a long time unto Lucina for marriage, came unto the court, and being brought into the kinges presence saluted him dutifully. To whom the king said, Gentlemen, what is the cause of your comming? They answered, Your Grace hath oftentimes promised to bestow your daughter in marriage upon one of us, and this is the cause of our comming at this time. Wee are your subjectes, wealthie, and descended of noble families; might it therefore please your Grace to choose one among us three, to be your sonne in law. Then answered the king: You are come unto me at an unseasonable time, for my daughter now applieth her studie, and lieth sicke for the desire of learning, and the time is much unmeet for marriage.—*Twine.*

⁵⁸ *Now to my daughter's letter.*

Then said Lucina, Maister, if you loved me you woulde be sorie; and therewithall she called for inke and paper, and wrote an answere unto her father in forme following. Gracious king and deare father, forasmuch as of your goodnesse you have given me free choice, and libertie to write my minde, these are to let you understand, that I would marry with the sea-wrecked man, and with none other:—your humble daughter, Lucina.—*Twine.*

So write I to yowe, fader, thus:—
 But if y have Appollinus,
 Of alle this worlde what so bytide,
 I wolle noon othir man abide:
 And certes if I of hym faile
 I wote riht welle, with-ouen faile,
 Ye shull for me be douhterles.—*Gower.*

The following is the form of the Princess's letter in Wilkins' novel of Pericles, 1608,—“*The Lady Thaysaes Letter to the King her Father.*—My most noble Father, what my blushing modesty forbids me to speake, let your fatherly love excuse that I write; I am subdude by love, yet not inthralld through the licentiousnes of a loose desire, but made prisoner in that noble battell twixt affection and zeale; I have no life but in this liberty, neither any liberty but in this thraldome, nor shall your tender selfe, weighing my affections truely in the scale of your judgement, have cause to contradict me, since him I love hath as much merite in him, to challenge the title of a sonne, as I blood of yours to inherite the name of a daughter; then if you shall refuse to give him me in marriage, deny not I pray you to make ready for my funerall.—*Tis the stranger Pericles.*”

⁵⁹ *I must dissemble it.*

And as hee was now thus contracting them together in his rejoyeing thoughts, even in the instant came in Perieles, to give his graee that salutation which the morning required of him, when the king intending to dissemble that in shew, which hee had determined on in heart, hee first tolde him that his daughter had that morning sent unto him that letter, wherein shee intreated of him that his graee would be pleased that himselfe (whom shee knew to eall by no other name but the stranger Pericles) might become her schoolemaister, of whose rariety in musieke, exeelleneie in song, with comelinese in dauneing, not onely shee had heard, but himselfe had borne testimonie to be the best that ever their judgements had had cause to judge of. When Perieles, though willing to yeelde any courtesies to so gracious a lady, and not disdainig to be commaunded any serviees by so good a lord, yet replied, Though all his abilities were at his graces pleasure, yet he thought himselfe unwoorthy to be his daughters schoolemaister. I but, quoth Symonides, shee will not be denied to be your seholler, and for manifest prooffe thereof heere is her owne character, which to that purpose shee hath sent unto us, and we to that purpose give you leave to reade; which Pericles overlooking, and finding the whole tenour thereof to be, that his daughter from all the other Prinees, nay from the whole worlde, sollicitied him for her husband, he straitway rather conjeetured it to be some subiltie of the father to betray his life, than any eonstaney of the princesse to love him; and foorthwith prostrating himselfe at the kings feete, hee desired that his graee would no way seeke to staine the noblensse of his minde, by any way seeking to intrappe the life of so harmlesse a gentleman, or that with evill he would conelude so much good which he already had begunne toward him, protesting that for his part, his thoughts had never that ambition, so much as to ayme at the love of his daughter, nor any action of his, gave cause of his princely displeasure; but the king faining still an angry brow, turned toward him, and tolde him, that like a traitour, hee lyed. Traytour, quoth Pericles? I, traytour, quoth the king, that thus disguised, art stolne into my court, with the witeheraft of thy aetions to bewiteh the yeelding spirit of my tender childe. Which name of traytor being againe redoubled, Perieles then, insteade of humblensse seemed not to forget his auntient courage, but boldly replied, That were it in any in his Court, except himselfe, durst eall him traytor, even in his bosome he would write the lie; affirming that he came into his Court in search of honour, and not to be a rebell to his state, his blood was yet untainted, but with the heate, got by the wrong the king had offered him, and that he boldly durst, and did defie, himselfe, his subjectes, and the prowdest danger, that eyther tyranny or treason could infliet upon him. Which noblensse of his, the king inwardly eommending, though otherwise dissembling, he answered, he should proove it otherwise, since by his daughters hand, it there was evident, both his practise and her eonsent therein. Which wordes were no sooner uttered, but Thaysa (who ever since she sent her father her letter, could not containe her selfe in any quiet, till she heard of his aunswer) came now in, as it had beene her parte, to make aunswere to her fathers last sillable, when prince Perieles yeelding his body toward her, in most curteous manner demaunded of her by the hope she had of heaven, or the desire she had to have her best wishes fulfilled heere in the worlde, that shee would now satisfie her now displeased father, if ever he, by motion, or by letters, by amorous glaunces, or by any meanes that lovers use to compasse their disseignes, had sought to be a friend in the noblensse of her thoughts, or a copartner in the worthinesse of her love, when she as eonstant to finish, as she was forward to attempt, againe required of him, that suppose he had, who durst take offence thereat, since that it was her

pleasure to give him to knowe that he had power to desire no more than she had willingnesse to performe? How, minion, quoth her father, taking her off at the very word, who dare be displeas'd withall? Is this a fit match for you? a stragling Theseus borne we knowe not where, one that hath neither bloud nor merite for thee to hope for, or himselfe to challenge even the least allowaunce of thy perfections, when she humbling her princely knees before her father, besought him to consider, that suppose his birth were base (when his life shewed him not to be so) yet hee had vertue, which is the very ground of all nobilitie, enough to make him noble; she intreated him to remember that she was in love, the power of which love was not to be confined by the power of his will. And my most royall father, quoth shee, what with my penne I have in secret written unto you, with my tongue now I openly confirme, which is, that I have no life but in his love, neither any being but in the enjoying of his worth. But daughter, quoth Symonides, equalles to equalles, good to good is joyned, this not being so, the bavine of your minde in rashnesse kindled must againe be quenched, or purchase our displeasure. And for you, sir, speaking to prince Pericles, first learne to know, I banish you my Court, and yet scorning that our kingly inragement should stoope so lowe, for that your ambition, sir, Ile have your life. Be constant, quoth Thaysa, for everie droppe of blood hee sheades of yours, he shall draw an other from his onely childe. In briefe, the king continued still his rage, the lady her constancie. While Pericles stooode amazed at both, till at last the father being no longer able to subdue that which he desired as much as shee, catching them both rashly by the handes, as if hee meant strait to have inforced them to imprisonment, he clapt them hand in hand, while they as lovingly joyned lip to lip, and with tears trickling from his aged eyes, adopted him his happy sonne, and bade them live together as man and wife. What joy there was at this coupling, those that are lovers and enjoy their wishes, can better conceive, than my pen can set downe; the one rejoycing to be made happy by so good and gentle a lord, the other as happy to be inriched by so vertuous a lady.—*Wilkins.*

⁶⁰ *For your sweet music this last night.*

She, to doone hir faders hest,
 Hir harpe set, and in the feste
 Upon a chaire, whiche thei sette,
 Hir selfe next to this man she sette.
 With harpe both and eke with mouth
 To him she did all that she couth,
 To make him chere; and ever he sigheth,
 And she him asketh howe him liketh.

Madame, certes well, he saied;
 But if ye the measure plaied,
 Whiche, if you list, I shall you lere,
 It were a glad thing for to here.
 A leve, sir, tho quod she,
 Nowe take the harpe, and lete me see
 Of what measure that ye mene.—

He taketh the harpe, and in his wise
 He tempreth, and of such assize
 Synginge he harpeth forth withall,
 That as a voice celestial
 Hem thought it sowned in her ere,
 As though that it an angell were.—*Gower.*

Then saide the king unto his daughter; Madame, I pray you take your harpe into your handes, and play us some musike to refresh our guests withall, for we have all too long hearkened unto sorrowful matters. And when she had called for her harpe, she beganne to play so sweetely, that all that were in companie highly commended her, saying that in all their lives they never heard pleasanter harmonie. Thus whilst the guests, every man for his part, much commended the ladies cunning, onely Apollonius spake nothing. Then saide the king unto him: You are too blame, Apollonius, since all praise my daughter for her excellencie in musike, and you commend not her, or rather dispraise her by holding your peace. Apollonius answered:—My soveraigne and good lord, might it please you to pardon me, and I will say what I think: the lady Lucina your daughter is pretily entred; but she is not yet come to perfection in musike. For prooffe whereof, if it please your grace to command the harp to be delivered unto me, she shall well perceive, that she shal heare that which she doth not yet know. The king answered: I see well, Apollonius, you have skill in all things, and is nothing to be wished in a gentleman, but you have perfectly learned it: wherefore, hold; I pray you take the harpe, and let us heare some part of your cunning. When Apollonius had received the harp, he went forth, and put a garland of flowers upon his head, and fastned his raiment in comly manner about him, and entred into the parlour againe, playing before the king and the residue with such cunning and sweetnes, that he seemed rather to be Apollo then Apollonius, and the kings guests confessed that in al their lives they never heard the like before.—*Twine.*

⁶¹ *You must be her master.*

In Twyne's novel, the Prince becomes literally music-master to the Princess. The heading of the sixth chapter is,—“How Apollonius is made schoolemaster to Lucina, and how she preferreth the love of him above all the nobilitie of Pentapolis.”

⁶² *A letter that she loves the knight of Tyre.*

In Twyne's novel, the princess declares that she will only “marry with the sea-wrecked man,” which the King imagines to be one of the three suitors; but “when the king Altristrates could not finde out which of them had suffered shipwrack, he looked towards Apollonius, saying: Take these letters and read them, for it may be that I doe not knowe him whom thou knowest, who was present. Apollonius receiving the letters, perused them quickly, and perceiving himselfe to be loved, blushed wonderfully. Then said the king to Apollonius, Hast thou found the sea-wrecked man? But Apollonius answered little or nothing, wherein his wisdom the rather appeared according to the saying of the wise man, in many words there wanteth discretion; whereas contrariwise, many an indiscreet person might be accounted wise if hee had but this one point of wisdom, to hold his tongue. Wherin indeed consisteth the whole triall, or rather insight of a man, as signified the most wise philosopher Socrates.”

⁶³ *I came unto your court for honour's cause.*

I shall proceed to the second point, in order to show, as I think, beyond contradiction, that the novel under consideration contains passages which must have been written by Shakspeare, but which have not come down to us in the play of Pericles, as printed in quarto in 1609, 1619, and 1630, or in folio in 1664 or 1685. This part of my undertaking is not so easy, because the evidence must necessarily be of a negative character: I have to adduce passages that are like Shakspeare, but that have never yet been imputed to him. In Act 2, sc. 5, of the play, we meet with these lines, put into the mouth of Pericles:—

*I came into your court for honour's cause,
And not to be a rebel to her state ;
And he that otherwise accounts of me,
This sword shall prove he's honour's enemy.*

How does this passage, addressed to Antiochus, appear in the novel founded upon the play? Thus:—"That were it any in his court, except himself, durst call him traitor, even in his bosom he would write the lie, affirming that he came into his court to search for honour, and not to be a rebel to his state. His blood was yet untainted, but with the heat got by the wrong the King had offered him, and that he boldly durst, and did defy himself, his subjects, and the proudest danger, that either tyranny or treason could inflict upon him." Therefore, for the passage from "His blood was yet untainted" to the end of the paragraph, there is no parallel in the play; and, omitting only a few unimportant particles, it will be seen in an instant how easily it may be put into blank verse. Read it thus:—

His blood was yet untainted, but with heat
Got by the wrong the king had offer'd him,
And that he boldly durst, and did defy him,
His subjects, and the proudest danger, that
Of tyranny or treason could inflict.

Would the above have run so readily into blank-verse if it had not, in fact, been so originally written, and recited by the actor when 'Pericles' was first performed?—*Collier*.

⁶⁴ *Even as my life, or blood that fosters it.*

My blood, ed. 1609. Read, by all means, with the quarto of 1619:—"Even as my life, or blood that fosters it,"—which Mr. Knight gives, and rightly explains, "Even as my life, or as my blood that fosters my life."—*A. Dyce*.

Act the Third.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Now sleep yslaked hath the rout ;
No din, but snores, the house about,¹
Made louder by the o'er-fed breast
Of this most pompous marriage feast.²
The cat with eyne of burning coal,³
Now couches 'fore the mouse's hole ;
And crickets sing at the oven's mouth,
Are the blither⁴ for their drouth.
Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,
Where, by the loss of maidenhead,
A babe is moulded.—Be attent,⁵
And time that is so briefly spent,
With your fine fancies quaintly eche ;⁶
What's dumb in show, I'll plain with speech.

Dumb show.

*Enter PERICLES and SIMONIDES at one door, with Attendants ;
a Messenger meets them, kneels, and gives PERICLES a
Letter : PERICLES shows it to SIMONIDES ;⁷ the Lords kneel
to the former.⁸ Then, enter THAISA with child, and*

LYCHORIDA: SIMONIDES shows his Daughter the Letter; she rejoices: she and PERICLES take leave of her Father, and all depart.

Gow. By many a dearn and painful perch
 Of Perieles the careful search
 By the four opposing eoignes,
 Which the world together joins,
 Is made, with all due diligence,
 That horse, and sail, and high expenee,
 Can stead the quest. At last from Tyre—
 Fame answering the most strong inquire,⁹—
 To the court of king Simonides
 Are letters brought, the tenour these:—
 Antioehus and his daughter dead:
 The men of Tyrus on the head
 Of Helicanus would set on
 The crown of Tyre, but he will none:
 The mutiny he there hastes t' appease;¹⁰
 Says to them, if king Perieles
 Come not home in twice six moons,
 He, obedient to their dooms,
 Will take the crown. The sum of this,
 Brought hither to Pentapolis,
 I-ravished the regions round,¹¹
 And every one with elaps ean sound,—
 “Our heir apparent is a king!
 Who dream'd, who thought of such a thing?”
 Brief, he must henee depart to Tyre:
 His queen, with child, makes her desire—
 Which who shall cross?—along to go;¹²
 Omit we all their dole and woe:
 Lychorida, her nurse, she takes,¹³
 And so to sea. Their vessel shakes
 On Neptune's billow; half the flood
 Hath their keel cut;¹⁴ but fortune's mood
 Varies again:¹⁵ the grisly north¹⁶
 Disgorges such a tempest forth
 That, as a duck for life that dives,
 So up and down the poor ship drives.
 The lady shrieks,¹⁷ and well-a-near,¹⁸
 Does fall in travail with her fear:

And what ensues in this fell storm
Shall for itself itself perform.
I nil relate, action may
Conveniently the rest convey,
Which might not what by me is told.¹⁹
In your imagination hold
This stage the ship, upon whose deck
The seas-tost Pericles appears to speak.²⁰

[*Exit.*

SCENE I.—*Enter PERICLES, on shipboard.*

Per. Thou God of this great vast, rebuke these surges,²¹
 Which wash both heaven and hell ; and thou, that hast
 Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,
 Having call'd them from the deep. O ! still
 Thy deafening, dreadful thunders ; gently queneh
 Thy nimble, sulphurous flashes !—O ! how, Lyehorida,
 How does my queen ?—Thou storm, venomously
 Wilt thou spit all thyself ?—The seaman's whistle
 Is as a whisper in the ears of death,
 Unheard.—Lyehorida !—Lucina, O !
 Divinest patroness, and midwife, gentle
 To those that cry by night, convey thy deity
 Aboard our dancing boat ; make swift the pangs
 Of my queen's travails !—Now, Lyehorida——

Enter LYCHORIDA, with an Infant.

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

Per. How ! how, Lyehorida !

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

Per. O you gods !
 Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,
 And snatch them straight away ? We, here below,
 Recall not what we give, and therein may
 Use honour with you.²²

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

Per. Now, mild may be thy life !
 For a more blust'rous birth had never babe :

Quiet and gentle thy conditions !
 For thou'rt the rudeliest welcome to this world,²³
 That e'er was prince's child. Happy what follows !
 Thou hast as chiding a nativity,
 As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can make,
 To herald thee from the womb : even at the first,
 Thy loss is more than can thy portage quit,²⁴
 With all thou canst find here.—Now the good gods
 Throw their best eyes upon it !

Enter Two Sailors.

1 *Sail.* What courage, sir ? God save you.

Per. Courage enough. I do not fear the flaw ;
 It hath done to me the worst :²⁵ yet, for the love
 Of this poor infant, this fresh new sea-farer,
 I would it would be quiet.

1 *Sail.* Slack the bolins there ;²⁶ thou wilt not, wilt thou ?—
 Blow, and split thyself.

2 *Sail.* But sea-room, an the brine and cloudy billow kiss the
 moon, I care not.

1 *Sail.* Sir, your queen must overboard : the sea works high,
 the wind is loud, and will not lie till the ship be cleared of the
 dead.²⁷

Per. That's your superstition.

1 *Sail.* Pardon us, sir ; with us at sea it hath been still
 observed, and we are strong in custom.²⁸ Therefore briefly
 yield her, for she must overboard straight.

Per. As you think meet.—Most wretched queen !

Lyc. Here she lies, sir.

Per. A terrible child-bed hast thou had, my dear ;
 No light, no fire : the unfriendly elements
 Forgot thee utterly ; nor have I time
 To give thee hallow'd to thy grave, but straight
 Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the ooze ;
 Where, for a monument upon thy bones,
 And aye-remaining lamps,²⁹ the belching whale,
 And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse,
 Lying with simple shells.—O Lychorida !
 Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink and paper,
 My casket and my jewels ; and bid Nicander
 Bring me the satin coffer :³⁰ lay the babe

Upon the pillow. Hie thee, whiles I say
A priestly farewell to her : suddenly, woman.

[*Exit* Lychorida.]

2 *Sail*. Sir, we have a chest beneath the hatches, caulk'd and bitumed ready.

Per. I thank thee. Mariner, say what coast is this ?

2 *Sail*. We are near Tharsus.

Per. Thither, gentle mariner,
Alter thy course for Tyre.³¹ When canst thou reach it ?

2 *Sail*. By break of day, if the wind cease.

Per. O ! make for Tharsus.—

There will I visit Cleon, for the babe
Cannot hold out to Tyrus : there I'll leave it
At careful nursing.—Go thy ways, good mariner :
I'll bring the body presently.

[*Exeunt*.]

SCENE II.—Ephesus. *A Room in CERIMON'S House.*

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

Cer. Philemon, ho !

Enter PHILEMON.

Phil. Doth my lord call ?³²

Cer. Get fire and meat for these poor men :
It has been a turbulent and stormy night.

Serv. I have been in many ; but such a night as this,
Till now I ne'er endur'd.

Cer. Your master will be dead ere you return :
There's nothing can be minister'd to nature,
That can recover him. Give this to the 'pothecary,
And tell me how it works.

[*To* PHILEMON.]

[*Exeunt* PHILEMON, Servant, and the rest.]

Enter Two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent*.

Good morrow.

2 *Gent.* Good morrow to your lordship.

Cer.

Gentlemen,

Why do you stir so early ?

1 *Gent.* Sir,

Our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea,
Shook, as the earth did quake ;
The very principals did seem to rend,
And all to-topple. Pure surprise and fear
Made me to quit the house.

2 *Gent.* That is the cause we trouble you so early ;
'Tis not our husbandry.

Cer. O ! you say well.

1 *Gent.* But I much marvel that your lordship, having
Rich tire about you, should at these early hours
Shake off the golden slumber of repose.
'Tis most strange,
Nature should be so conversant with pain,
Being thereto not compell'd.

Cer.

I hold it ever,

Virtue and cunning were endowments greater
Than nobleness and riches : careless heirs
May the two latter darken and expend ;
But immortality attends the former,
Making a man a god. 'Tis known, I ever
Have studied physic, through which secret art,
By turning o'er authorities, I have—
Together with my practice—made familiar
To me and to my aid, the blest infusions
That dwell in vegetives,³³ in metals, stones ;
And can speak of the disturbances that nature
Works, and of her cures ; which doth give me
A more content in course of true delight
Than to be thirsty after tottering honour,
Or tie my treasure up in silken bags,
To please the fool and death.³⁴

2 *Gent.* Your honour has through Ephesus pour'd forth³⁵
Your charity, and hundreds call themselves
Your creatures, who by you have been restor'd :
And not your knowledge, your personal pain, but even
Your purse, still open, hath built lord Cerimon
Such strong renown as time shall never raze.³⁶

Enter Two Servants with a Chest.

Serv. So; lift there.

Cer. What is that?

Serv. Sir, even now

Did the sea toss upon our shore this chest:

'Tis of some wreck.

Cer. Set it down; let's look upon't.

2 Gent. 'Tis like a coffin, sir.

Cer. Whate'er it be,

'Tis wondrous heavy. Wrench it open straight:

If the sea's stomach be o'ereharg'd with gold,

'Tis a good constraint of fortune it belches upon us.

2 Gent. 'Tis so, my lord.

Cer. How close 'tis caulk'd and bitum'd.³⁷

Did the sea cast it up?

Serv. I never saw so huge a billow, sir,

As toss'd it upon shore.

Cer. Come, wrench it open.³⁸

Soft, soft! it smells most sweetly in my sense.

2 Gent. A delicate odour.

Cer. As ever hit my nostril. So, up with it.

O, you most potent gods! what's here? a corse?

1 Gent. Most strange!

Cer. Shrouded in cloth of state;³⁹ balm'd and entreaured⁴⁰

With full bags of spices! A passport too:

Apollo, perfect me i' the characters!

[*Unfolds a Scroll.*]

Here I give to understand,⁴¹—

If e'er this coffin drive a-land—

I, King Pericles, have lost

This queen, worth all our mundane cost.

Who finds her, give her burying;⁴²

She was the daughter of a king:

Besides this treasure for a fee,

The gods requite his charity!

[*Reads.*]

If thou liv'st, Pericles, thou hast a heart

That even cracks for woe!—This chanc'd to-night.

2 Gent. Most likely, sir.

Cer. Nay, certainly to-night;

For look, how fresh she looks.⁴³—They were too rough,⁴⁴
 That threw her in the sea. Make fire within ;
 Fetch hither all the boxes in my closet.⁴⁵
 Death may usurp on nature many hours,
 And yet the fire of life kindle again
 The overpressed spirits. I heard
 Of an Egyptian, that had nine hours lien dead,
 By good appliances was recovered.⁴⁶

Enter a Servant, with Boxes, Napkins, and Fire.

Well said, well said ; the fire and the cloths.—
 The rough and woful music that we have,
 Cause it to sound, 'beseech you.
 The vial once more ;⁴⁷—how thou stirr'st, thou block !—
 The music there !—I pray you, give her air.
 Gentlemen,
 This queen will live : nature awakes a warm
 Breath out of her :⁴⁸ she hath not been entranc'd
 Above five hours. See, how she 'gins to blow
 Into life's flower again !

1 *Gent.* The heavens,
 Through you, increase our wonder, and set up
 Your fame for ever.

Cer. She is alive ! behold,
 Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels
 Which Pericles hath lost,
 Begin to part their fringes of bright gold :⁴⁹
 The diamonds of a most praised water
 Do appear to make the world twice rich. Live,
 And make us weep to hear your fate, fair creature,
 Rare as you seem to be !

[*She moves.*]

Thai. O dear Diana !
 Where am I ? Where's my lord ? What world is this ?⁵⁰

2 *Gent.* Is not this strange ?

1 *Gent.* Most rare.

Cer. Hush, gentle neighbours !
 Lend me your hands ; to the next chamber bear her.
 Get linen : now this matter must be look'd to,
 For her relapse is mortal. Come, come ;
 And Æsculapius guide us ! [*Exeunt, carrying THAISA away.*]

SCENE III.—Tharsus. *A Room in CLEON'S House.*

Enter PERICLES, CLEON, DIONYZA, LYCHORIDA, and MARINA.

Per. Most honour'd Cleon, I must needs be gone :
My twelve months are expir'd, and Tyrus stands
In a litigious peace. You, and your lady,
Take from my heart all thankfulness ; the gods
Make up the rest upon you !

Cle. Your shafts of fortune, though they hurt you mortally,
Yet glance full wanderingly on us.

Dion. O your sweet queen !
That the strict fates had pleas'd you had brought her hither,
To have bless'd mine eyes !

Per. We cannot but obey
The powers above us. Could I rage and roar
As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end
Must be as 'tis. My gentle babe Marina—whom,
For she was born at sea, I have nam'd so⁵¹—here
I charge your charity withal, and leave her
The infant of your care ; beseeching you
To give her princely training, that she may
Be manner'd as she is born.

Cle. Fear not, my lord, but think
Your grace, that fed my country with your corn,—
For which the people's prayers still fall upon you—
Must in your child be thought on. If neglection
Should therein make me vile, the common body,
By you reliev'd, would force me to my duty ;
But if to that my nature need a spur,
The gods revenge it upon me and mine,
To the end of generation !

Per. I believe you ;
Your honour and your goodness teach me to't,
Without your vows. Till she be married, madam,
By bright Diana, whom we honour, all,
Unscissar'd shall this hair of mine remain,⁵²
Though I show ill in't.⁵³ So I take my leave.

Good madam, make me blessed in your care
In bringing up my child.

Dion. I have one myself,
Who shall not be more dear to my respect,
Than yours, my lord.

Per. Madam, my thanks and prayers.

Cle. We'll bring your grace even to the edge o' the shore ;
Then give you up to the mask'd Neptune, and
The gentlest winds of heaven.

Per. I will embrace
Your offer. Come, dear'st madam.—O! no tears,
Lychorida, no tears :
Look to your little mistress, on whose grace
You may depend hereafter.—Come, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Ephesus. *A Room in CERIMON'S House.*

Enter CERIMON and THAISA.

Cer. Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels,
Lay with you in your coffer, which are
At your command.⁵⁴ Know you the character?

Thai. It is my lord's.
That I was shipp'd at sea, I well remember,
Even on my eaning time;⁵⁵ but whether there
Delivered or no, by the holy gods,
I cannot rightly say. But since king Pericles,
My wedded lord, I ne'er shall see again,
A vestal livery will I take me to,
And never more have joy.

Cer. Madam, if this you purpose as you speak,
Diana's temple is not distant far,⁵⁶
Where you may abide till your date expire.
Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine⁵⁷
Shall there attend you.

Thai. My recompense is thanks, that's all ;
Yet my good will is great, though the gift small.

[*Exeunt.*]

Notes to the Third Act.

¹ *No din, but snores, the house about.*

The quarto 1609, and the subsequent copies read:—"No din but snores *about the house.*" As Gower's speeches are all in rhyme, it is clear that the old copy is here corrupt. It first occurred to me that the author might have written:—"Now sleep yslaked hath the *rouse*;" i. e. the carousal. But the mere transposition of the latter part of the second line renders any further change unnecessary. *Rout* is likewise used by Gower for a *company* in the tale of Appolinus, the Pericles of the present play:—

Upon a tyme with a *route*
This lord to play goeth hym out.

Again:—

It fell a daie thei riden oute,
The kinge and queene and all the *route*.—*Malone.*

² *Of this most pompous marriage feast.*

What speede there was to that marriage, let those judge who have the thoughtes of Thaysa at this instant; only conceive the solempnities at the Temple are doone, the feast in most solempne order finished, the day spent in musicke, dauncing, singing, and all courtly communication, halfe of the night in maskes and other courtly shewes, and the other halfe in the happy and lawfull imbracements of these most happy lovers. The discourse at large of the liberall chalenges made and proclaimed, at tilt, barriers, running at the ring, *joco di can*, managing fierce horses, running on foote, and dauncing in armours, of the stately presented playes, shewes disguised, speeches, maskes and mummeries, with continuall harmony of all kindes of musicke, with banquetting in all delicacie, I leave to the consideration of them who have behelde the like in courtes, and at the wedding of princes, rather than afford them to the description of my penne, only let such conceive, all things in due order were accomplished, the duties of marriage performed; and faire Thaysa this night is conceived with child.—*Wilkins.*

³ *The cat with eyne of burning coal.*

The plural *eyne* is common both in Chaucer and Spenser. So, in Chaucer's Character of the Prioress, Tyrwhitt's edit. v. 152:—"his *eyen* grey as glass." Again, in Spenser's Fairy Queen, b. i. c. iv. st. 9:—"While flashing beams do dare his feeble *eyen*.—*Steevens*.

⁴ *Are the blither.*

So in ed. 1609, and no doubt rightly. As Mr. Collier well observes, *that* is understood before *sing* in the previous line.

⁵ *Be attent.*

On the other syde the fyddel, harpe, or any other musicall instrument requyreth silence and *attent* audyence.—*Taverner's Adagies*, 1552.

⁶ *Eche.*

The same as to eke, or lengthen out. Here the rhyme fixes it. In other passages it has been silently changed to *eke*. In the chorus to the 2d Act of Henry V. the same thought and expression occur, but in the first folio is spelt *eech*:—

— Still be kind,
And *eech* out our performance with your mind.—*Nares*.

⁷ *Pericles shows it to Simonides.*

Which letter when he had read, he presently imparted the news thereof to his kingly Father, who upon view received hee strait knew (what untill then the modesty of Pericles had concealed) that his sonne whome from proverty hee advanced to be the bedfellow of his daughter, was Prince of Tyre, who for the feare he had of Antiochus, had forsooke his kingdome, and now had given unto him the kingdome of Antiochus for recompence.—*Wilkins*.

⁸ *The Lords kneel to the former.*

The Lords kneel to Pericles, because they are now, for the first time, informed by this letter, that he is king of Tyre. "No man," says Gower, in his *Confessio Amantis*:

————— knew the soth cas,
But he hym selfe; what man he was.

By the death of Antiochus and his daughter, Pericles has also succeeded to the throne of Antioch, in consequence of having rightly interpreted the riddle proposed to him.—*Malone*.

It happened, that as the good Symonides and princely Pericles with his faire Thaysa were walking in the garden adjoining to their pallace, one of the lords, who (as before) were sent by grave and carefull Helycanus, in search of their absent prince, came hastily in to them, who *uppon his knee* delivered unto the young prince a letter, which, being opened, the contents therein spake thus unto him:—that Antiochus and his daughter (as is before described) were with the violence of lightning, shot from heaven, strucke sodainely dead. And moreover, that by the consent of the generall voyces the cittie of Antioch, with all the riches therein, and the whole kingdome were reserved for his possession and princely government.—*Wilkins*.

⁹ *Fame answering the most strong inquire.*

The old copy reads—"the most *strange* inquire;" but it surely was not strange

that Pericles' subjects should be solicitous to know what was become of him. We should certainly read—"the most *strong* inquire;"—this earnest, anxious inquiry. The same mistake has happened in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, folio, 1623:—"Whose weakness married to thy *stranger* state—," instead of *stronger*. The same mistake has also happened in other places.—*Malone*.

¹⁰ *The mutiny there he hastes t' appease.*

T'oppress, old eds. Not only does the rhyme show that *appease* is right, but such is the very word in Wilkins' novel, where we read, "Helicanus had not without much labour *appeased* the stubborne mutiny of the Tyrians."—*Collier*.

Grave Helycanus had not without much labour, *appeased* the stubborne mutiny of the Tyrians, who in his absence would have elected him their king, and that to avoyde a future insurrection, (his whole state) in safety, how necessary it was for him to make a speedy returne, which gladnesse Symonides imparted to his daughter, who as gladly received them.—*Wilkins*.

¹¹ *I-ravished the regions round.*

Iranished, ed. 1609. "Joy-ravished, or Y-ravished," MS. note by Theobald. The emendation in the text is strongly confirmed by the following passage in Gower, *De Confessione Amantis*:—

This tale after the kyng it had
Pentapolin all oversprad,
There was no joye for to seche,
 For every man it had in speche,
 And saiden all of one accorde,
A worthy kyng shall ben our lorde,
 That thought us first an heavines,
 Is shape us nowe to great gladnes.
Thus goth the tydinge over all.—*Malone*,

¹² *Along to go.*

She burst out into teares, saying;—My lorde, if you were nowe in some farre countrie, and heard say that I were neere my time to be delivered, you ought to make haste home unto me. But since you be nowe with me, and know in what case I am, me thinks you should not now desire to depart from me. Howbeit, if your pleasure be so, and tarriance breede danger, and kingdomes want not heirs long, as I would not perswade you to tarry, so doe I request you to take me with you. This discrete answeere pleased Apollonius well; wherefore he kissed his lady, and they agreed it should be so. And when they were returned from walking, Lucina rejoycing came unto the king her father, saying, Deare father, rejoyce I beseech you, and be glad with my lord Apollonius and me, for the most cruell tyrant Antiochus and his daughter are by the just judgement of God destroyed with lightning from heaven; and the kingdome and riches are reserved for us to inherite. Moreover, I pray you, good father, let me have your goodwill to travel thither with my husband. The king rejoyced much at this tidings, and graunted her reasonable request, and also commaunded all things to be provided immediatly that were necessary for the journey.—*Twine*.

While Pericles intending a while to leave his deerest deere behinde him, considering how dangerous it was for her to travell by sea, being with childe, and so neere her time, he beganne to intreate of his kingly father of all necessarie provision for his departure, since the safety of twoo kingdomes did importune so much; when on the other side Thaysa falling at her fathers feete, her teares speaking in her sute faster than her wordes, shee humbly requested that, as his

reverend age tendered her, or the prosperitie of the infant wherewith shee thought her selfe happy to be imburthened, hee would not permitte her to remaine behinde him. Which teares of hers prevayling with the aged king, though compelling his teares to take a loth and sorrowfull departure of her.—*Wilkins*.

¹³ *Lychorida, her nurse, she takes.*

Lychorida for hire office
Was take, wich was a norice,
To wende with this yonge wiff.—*Gower*.

Moreover, whatsoever fortune might befall, the king prepared to sail with them *Ligozides the nurse*, and a midwife, and all things meet for the childe whensoever Lucina should neede them: and with great honour himselfe accompanieth them unto the sea side.—*Twine*.

¹⁴ *Half the flood hath their keel cut.*

They have made half their voyage with a favourable wind. So, Gower:—

When thei were in the sea *amid*,
Out of the *north* thei see a cloude ;
The storme arose, the wyndes loude
Thei blewen many a dredeful blaste,
The welkin was all over-caste.—*Malone*.

¹⁵ *But Fortune's mood varies again.*

But nothing in this world that is permanent, Time is the father of *Fortune*, *hee is slippery*, and then of necessitie must his childe be fickle: and this was his alteration; a cloude seemed to arise from forth the south, which being by the maister and marriners beheld, they tolde Prince Pericles that it was messenger of a storme.—*Wilkins*.

¹⁶ *The grisly north.*

“The grislee North,” ed. 1609; “the grisled North,” other copies. So, a few lines lower, some copies of ed. 1609 read *fell storme*, but others, *selfe storme*. Again, a little lower, the *gently quench* of some copies is *dayly quench* in others.

¹⁷ *The lady shrieks.*

This yonge ladye wepte and cride,
To whome no comfort myht availe ;
Of childe she began travaile.—*Gower*.

¹⁸ *Well-a-near!*

Alas! This term is still in use in the northern provinces of England. “Wherefore was it? well a neare,” Knave in Grain new Vampt, 1640. “*Well-anearin*, lackaday, alas, alas,” Yorkshire Glossary.

Nor could it choose then but bring much terror to our sea-sicke Queene, who had beene used to better attendance, than was now offered her by these ill tutored servantes, Winde and Water; but they who neither respect birth nor blood, prayers nor threats, time nor occasion, continued still their boysterous havocke. With which stirre, good lady, her eies and eares, having not till then bin acquainted, she is strucke into such a hasty fright, *that welladay she falles in travell*, is delivered of a daughter, and in this childe-birth dies.—*Wilkins*.

The marriners immediatly merrily hoisted saile and departed; and when they had sailed two dayes, the master of the shippe warned Apollonius of a tempest approaching, which nowe came on, and increased so fast, that all the companie was amazed, and Lucina, what with sea-sicknes and feare of danger, fel in labor

of child, wherewith she was so weakened, that there was no hope of recoverie, but she must now die; yet being first delivered of a faire daughter, insomuch that now all tokens of life were gone, and she appeared none other but to be dead.—*Twine.*

¹⁹ *Which might not what by me is told.*

That is, which might not *conveniently convey* what by me is told, &c. What ensues may conveniently be exhibited in action; but action could not well have displayed all the events that I have now related.—*Malone.*

²⁰ *The sea-tost Pericles appears to speak.*

It is clear from these lines, that when the play was originally performed, no attempt was made to exhibit either a sea or a ship. The ensuing scene and some others must have suffered considerably in the representation, from the poverty of the stage apparatus in the time of our author. The old copy has—*seas tost.* Rowe made the correction.—*Malone.*

I can hardly agree with Malone in considering that any attempt was originally made to represent the sea or a ship on the stage. On the contrary, Gower expressly asks the audience to draw upon their imagination for the scenery.

²¹ *Rebuke these surges.*

The expression is borrowed from the sacred writings: “The *waters* stood above the mountains;—at thy *rebuke* they fled; at the voice of thy thunder they hasted away.” It should be remembered, that Pericles is here supposed to speak from the deck of his ship. Lychorida, on whom he calls, in order to obtain some intelligence of his queen, is supposed to be beneath, in the cabin.—This great *vast*, is, this *wide expanse.*—*Malone.*

While her princely husband, being above the hatches, is one while praying to heaven for her safe deliverance, an other while suffering for the sorow wherewith he knew his Queene was imburthened, he chid the contrary storme (as if it had been sensible of hearing) to be so unmanerly, in this unfitting season, and when so good a Queene was in labor, to keep such a blustering.—*Wilkins.*

²² *And therein may use honour with you.*

The explanations given of this passage are very forced and unsatisfactory. There is probably some corruption.

²³ *For thou’rt the rudeliest welcome to this world.*

In Wilkins’ novel of Pericles, 1608, these words are preceded by the exclamation, “Poor inch of nature!” Mr. Collier believes that this quaint address to the infant came from the pen of Shakespeare, but, if so, it must be placed at the very commencement of the speech in the text, where it can be very well dispensed with. I do not see any impossibility in the supposition that Wilkins was the author of the words in question.

Thus while the good Prince remayned reprooving the one, and pitying the other, up comes Lycorida the nurse, sent along by good Symonides with his daughter, and into his armes delivers his sea-borne babe, which he taking to kisse, and pitying it with these words:—poore inch of Nature (quoth he) thou arte as rudely welcome to the worlde, as ever Princesse babe was, and hast as chiding a nativitie, as fire, ayre, earth, and water can affoord thee, when, as if he had forgot himselfe, he abruptly breaks out;—but say, Licorida, how doth my Queene? O sir (quoth she) she hath now passed all daungers, and hath given uppe her griefes by ending her life. At which wordes, no tongue is able to expresse the tide of sorrowe that over-bounded Pericles, first looking on his babe, and then crying out

for the mother, pittying the one that had lost her bringer ere shee had scarce saluted the worlde, lamenting for himselfe that had beene bereft of so inestimable a jewell by the losse of his wife. — *Wilkins*.

²⁴ *Thy loss is more than can thy portage quit.*

That is, thou hast already lost more (by the death of thy mother) than thy safe arrival at the port of life can counterbalance, with all to boot that we can give thee. *Portage* is used for *gate* or *entrance* in one of Shakspeare's historical plays.—*Steevens*.

Portage is used in King Henry V. where it signifies an open space :—"Let it [*the eye*] pry through the *portage* of the head." *Portage* is an old word signifying a *toll* or *impost*, but it will not commodiously apply to the present passage. Perhaps, however, Pericles means to say, you have lost more than the *payment* made to me by your birth, together with all that you may hereafter acquire, can countervail.—*Malone*.

²⁵ *It hath done to me the worst.*

—— a wife!

My joye, my lust, and my desyre,

My welth and my recoverire!

Why shall I live, and thou shalt die?

Ha, thou fortune, I thee defie,

Now hast thou do to me thy werst;

A herte! why ne wilt thou berst?—*Gower*.

²⁶ *Slack the bolins there.*

Bowlines are ropes by which the sails of a ship are governed when the wind is unfavourable. They are slackened when it is high. This term occurs again in the Two Noble Kinsmen :—

—— the wind is fair,

Top the *bowling*.

They who wish for more particular information concerning *bolings*, may find it in Smith's Sea Grammar, 4to, 1627, p. 23.—*Steevens*.

Which was no sooner spoken, but as if the heavens had conspired with the waters, and the windes bin assistant to both, they kept such a blustering, and such an unruly stirre, that none could be heard to speake but themselves, seas of waters were received into their ships while others fought against them to expell them out, stop the leage there, cries out one, *hale uppe the maine bowlings there*, calles out another, and with their confusion (neither understanding other, since the storme had gotte the maistry) they made such a hideous noyse, that it had had power to have awakened Death, and to have affrighted Patience.—*Wilkins*.

²⁷ *Till the ship be cleared of the dead.*

This superstitious belief is also commemorated by Fuller in his Historie of the Holy Warre, book iv. ch. 27: "His body was carried into France there to be buried, and was most miserably tossed; it being observed, that *the sea cannot digest the crudity of a dead corpse, being a due debt to be interred where it dieth; and a ship cannot abide to be made a bier of.*" A circumstance exactly similar is found in the Lyfe of Saynt Mary Magdalene, in the Golden Legend, Wynkyn de Worde's edition, fo. elxix.—*Steevens*.

The se by wey of his nature

Receyve may no creature,

With-inne hymself as for to holde
 The wich is dede ; for-thi thei wolde,
 As thei counseilen alle aboute,
 The dede body castyn oute.—*Gower.*

Howbeit, in the hottest of the sorrowe the governour of the ship came unto Apollonius, saying, My lord, plucke up your heart, and be of good cheere, and consider, I pray you, that the ship may not abide to carrie the dead carkas, and therefore command it to be cast into the sea, that we may the better escape.—*Twine.*

²³ *And we are strong in custom.*

“And we are strong in *easterne*,” ed. 1609. I would read—“strong in *custom*.” They say they have still observed it at sea, and are strong in their adherence to their usages. If the letters *c* and *u* were slurred, they might easily be mistaken for *ea* ; the *o* not joined at the top might seem like *er*, and the last stroke of the *m*, if disjoined from the others, or carelessly formed, might pass for *ne*. The experience of my corrector of the press has sanctioned my conjecture.—*Boswell.*

In which sorrowe as he would have proceeded, uppe came the maister to him, who for that the storme continued still in his tempestuous height, brake off his sorrowe with these sillables. Sir, the necessitie of the time affoordes no delay, and we must intreate you to be contented to have the dead body of your Queene throwne over-boorde. How, varlet! quoth Pericles, interrupting him, wouldest thou have me cast that body into the sea for buriall, who being in misery received me into favour? We must intreate you to temperance, sir (quoth the maister) as you respect your owne safety, or the prosperitie of that pretie babe in your armes. At the naming of which word babe, Pericles looking mournfully upon it, shooke his head, and wept. But the maister going on, tolde him, that by *long experience* they had tried, that a shippe may not abide to carry a dead carcasse, nor would the lingering tempest cease while the dead body remayned with them. But the Prince seeking againe to perswade them, tolde them, that it was but the fondnes of their superstition to thinke so. Call it by what you shal please, sir (quoth the maister) *but we that by long practise have tried the prooffe of it*, if not with your graunt, then without your consent (for your owne safety, which wee with all duety tender) must so dispose of it.—*Wilkins.*

²⁹ *And aye-remaining lamps.*

“The aye remaying lampes,” ed. 1609. The emendation is by Malone, but the text appears to be mutilated beyond the power of verbal correction to restore. Steevens thus explains the amended text,—“Instead of a monument erected over thy bones, *and* perpetual lamps to burn near them, the spouting whale shall oppress thee with his weight, and the mass of waters shall roll with low heavy murmur over thy head.”

³⁰ *Bring me the satin coffer.*

Coffin, old editions ; but this chest was not the coffin in which the queen was to be placed. The latter was provided by the sailors. Nevertheless, in the novels of Twyne and Wilkins, the chest to be used as a coffin is procured by the servants of Pericles.

My trusty servants, whome this common mischance grieveth as wel as me, since sorowing wil not help that which is chanced, assist me, good sirs, to provide for the present necessity. Let us make forthwith a large chest, and bore the lid full of small holes, and we will seare it all over within with pitch and rosen molten

together, whereinto we will put cunningly a sheete of lead, and in the same we will inclose the tender corps of the wife of me, of all other a most unfortunate husband.—*Twine.*

The satin coffer was no doubt required as containing the “princely apparel” mentioned by Twine,—“This was no sooner said, but it was almost likewise done with semblable celeritie. Then tooke they the body of the faire lady Lucina, and arraid her in princely apparel, and layd her into the chest, and Apollonius placed a great summe of golde at her head, and a great treasure of silver at her feet, and he kissed her, letting fall a flood of salt teares on her face, and he wrote a bill, and put it in also, the tenor whereof was in forme as foloweth:—Whosoever shal find this chest, I pray him to take ten pieces of gold for his paines, and to bestowe tenne pieces more upon the buriall of the corpse; for it hath left many teares to the parents and friends, with dolefull heaps of sorow and heavines. But whosoever shall doe otherwise than the present griefe requireth, let him die a shamefull death, and let there be none to bury his body.—And then closing all up verie safe, commaunded the chest to be lifted overboorde into the sea, and willed the childe to be nursed with all diligence, that if ever fortune should so fall, he might present unto good king Altistrates a neece in steede of a daughter.”

³¹ *Alter thy course for Tyre.*

That is, which is now for Tyre.

The chest then being nayled up close, he commaunded it to be lifted overboorde, and then naming his childe Marina, for that she was borne upon the sea, he directed his maister to alter the course from Tyre, (being a shorter cutte to Tharsus) and for whose safety he thither intended, where with his hoste Cleon and Dionysa his wife, he intended to leave his little infant, to be fostered and brought up. The dead body being thus throwne overboorde, when as if Fortune had bethought her, that shee had wrought her utmost spight to him, by bereaving him of so great a comfort, even in the instant the tempest ceaseth, where we will leave Prince Pericles upon calme waters, though not with a calme winde, sayling to Tharsus.—*Wilkins.*

³² *Doth my lord call?*

In Twyne’s novel, Cerimon is a physician, and Lucina, the prototype of Thaisa, is restored to life by one of his pupils. Shakespeare, with greater art, introduces Cerimon as a philanthropic nobleman who has devoted himself to the study of medicine for the sake of being useful to his fellow creatures. In the Argument prefixed to the novel of Wilkins, he is called “a most skilfull physition,” and in the list of characters in the same work merely “a phisition;” but, in the book itself, Wilkins follows Shakespeare.

And beholde, the next morning, by which time, the waves had rouled from wave to wave this chest to land, and cast it ashoare on the coast of Ephesus, in which citty lived a lord called Cerimon, who, though of noble bloud, and great possessions, yet was he so addicted to studie, and in searching out the excellencie of arts, that his felicitie consisted in contemplation, wisely fore-knowing, so icie is the state of riches, that it is thawed to nothing by the least adversitie, that carelesse heires may dispend, and riot consume them, when one vertue, and our deserved fame attendeth immortality, this consideration made him so to apply his time in letters, and in searching out the nature of simples, that he grew so excellent in the secret of physicke, as if Apollo himselfe, or another Aesculapius had beene his schoolemaister; nor was he of this plentie a niggard to the needie,

but so bountifull to the distressed, that his house and hand were accompted the hospitalls for the diseased.—*Wilkins*.

A worthy clerk, a surgyen,
And eke a grete phisicien,
Of alle that londe the wisest oon,
Wich hiht maister Cerymon.—*Gower*.

³³ *That dwell in vegetives.*

Then proud Narcissus, whose rare beauty had
Far lesse excuse, and cause, to make him mad,
When in his own eyes, flourishing alive ;
Than since he was become a *vegetive*.
With these, the jealous Crocus, and the chaste
Anemone, whose blushes ever last.—*Davenant's Works*, 1673.

³⁴ *To please the fool and death.*

In old farces, to show the inevitable approaches of death and destiny, the *Fool* of the farce is made to employ all his stratagems to avoid Death or *Fate* ; which very stratagems, as they are ordered, bring the *Fool*, at every turn, into the very jaws of *Fate*. To this Shakspeare alludes again in Measure for Measure :—

— merely thou art *Death's Fool* ;
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
And yet run'st towards him still—.

It is plain from all this, that the nonsense of *pertaunt-like*, should be read, *portent-like*, i. e., I would be his fate or destiny, and, like a *portent*, hang over, and influence his fortunes. For *portents* were not only thought to *forebode*, but to *influence*. So the Latins called a person destined to bring mischief, *fatale portentum*.—*Warburton*.

Malone (as I had been) is on this occasion misled by a positive and hitherto uncontradicted assertion of Warburton. But I now think myself authorised to declare, on the strength of long and repeated enquiries, urged by numerous friends as well as myself, that no Morality in which *Death* and the *Fool* were agents, ever existed among the early French, English, or Italian stage-representations. *I have seen, indeed, (though present means of reference to it are beyond my reach,) an old Flemish print in which Death is exhibited in the act of plundering a miser of his bags, and the Fool (discriminated by his bauble, &c.) is standing behind, and grinning at the process.* The subsequent *notitiæ* are derived from two different gentlemen, whose report reflects a light upon each other.

Douce assures me that some years ago, at a fair in a large market town, he observed a solitary figure sitting in a booth, and apparently exhausted with fatigue. This person was habited in a close black vest, painted over with bones in imitation of a skeleton. But my informant being then very young, and wholly uninitiated in theatrical antiquities, made no enquiry concerning so whimsical a phenomenon. Indeed but for what follows, I might have been induced to suppose that the object he saw was nothing more or less than the hero of a well known pantomime, entitled Harlequin Skeleton. This circumstance, however, having accidentally reached the ears of a venerable clergyman who is now more than eighty years of age, he told me that he very well remembered to have met with such another figure, above fifty years ago, at Salisbury. Being there during the time of some public meeting, he happened to call on a surgeon at the very instant when the representative of *Death* was brought in to be let blood on account of a tumble he had had on the stage, while in pursuit of his antagonist, a *Merry Andrew*,

who very anxiously attended him (dressed also in character) to the phlebotomist's house. The same gentleman's curiosity a few days afterwards, prevailed on him to be spectator of the dance in which our emblem of mortality was a performer. The dance, he says, entirely consisted of *Death's* contrivances to surprize the *Merry Andrew*, and of the *Merry Andrew's* efforts to elude the stratagems of *Death*, by whom at last he was overpowered; his *finale* being attended with such circumstances as mark the exit of the Dragon of Wantley.

What Dr. Warburton therefore has asserted of the drama, is only known to be true of the dance; and the subject under consideration was certainly more adapted to the latter than the former, agility and grimace, rather than the dialogue, being necessary to its exhibition. They who seek after the last lingering remains of ancient modes of amusement, will rather trace them with success in the country, than in the neighbourhood of London, from whence even *Punch*, the legitimate and undoubted successor of the old *Vice*, is almost banished.

It should seem, that the general idea of this serio-comic *pas-de-deux* had been borrowed from the ancient Dance of Machabre, commonly called the Dance of Death, a grotesque ornament of cloisters both here and in foreign parts. The aforesaid combination of figures, though erroneously ascribed to Hans Holbein, was certainly of an origin more remote than the times in which that eminent painter is known to have flourished.—*Stevens*.

Although the subject before us was certainly borrowed from the ancient Dance of Macaber, which I conceive to have been acted in churches, (but in a perfectly serious and moral way,) it receives a completer illustration from an old initial letter belonging to a set of them in my possession, on which is a dance of Death, infinitely more beautiful in point of design than even the celebrated one cut in wood and likewise ascribed to the graver of Holbein. In this letter, the *Fool* is engaged in a very stout combat with his adversary, and is actually buffeting him with a bladder filled with peas or small pebbles, an instrument yet in fashion among Merry Andrews. It is almost unnecessary to add that these initials are of foreign

workmanship; and the inference is that such farces were common upon the continent, and are here alluded to by the artist. I should not omit to mention, that the letter in question has been rudely copied in an edition of Stowe's Survey of London.—*Douce*.



In Don Quixote, Part 2, Book 1, Chapter 11, the Knight encounters a company of strolling players attired for the performance of a drama entitled the Parliament of Death. We are told that "the first figure that presented itself to Don Quixote's eyes was that of Death itself in human shape; an angel with large painted wings sitting by him; on the other side stood an emperor, with a crown, seemingly of gold, on his head, and at Death's feet the little god Cupid was squatted, not blindfolded, but with his bow, quiver, and arrows." In addition to these characters there was an armed knight, and, as appears afterwards, a Fool, who is described as "one of the motley crew, in an antic dress, hung round with bells, and carrying at the end of a stick three full blown ox-bladders."

³⁵ *Through Ephesus pour'd forth.*

Nor can it be disparagement to me to use my best practise on this Queene, to which by the gentlemen that accompanied him, hee was encouraged to attempt,

since that the recovery of her could not but appeare to be a worke of wonder, and since that his fortune was so successfull in his ministring, that all Ephesus was replete with his helpe.—*Wilkins*.

³⁶ *Such strong renown as time shall never raze.*

The last word, supplied by Mr. Dyce, is omitted in ed. 1609. The other editions have, "Such strong renown as never shall decay."

³⁷ *Bitum'd.*

Bottomed, ed. 1609; but the correction is obvious from what the Second Sailor says in the first scene of this Act. Compare also *Wilkins'* novel of *Pericles*, 1608,—“So calling for his servants about him, he willed one of them to bring him a chest, which he foorthwith caused to be well *bitumed* and well leaded for her coffin; then taking up the body of his (even in death) faire Thaysa, he arrayed her in princely apparell, placing a crowne of golde uppon her head, with his owne hands, (not without store of funerall teares) he layed her in that toombe, then placed hee also store of golde at her head, and great treasure of silver at her feete.”

³⁸ *Come, wrench it open.*

Thei comen home, and tarye nouht;
This cofre into chambre brouht,
Wich that thei fynde faste stoke,
Bot thei with crafte it have unloke.—*Gower*.

³⁹ *Shrouded in cloth of state.*

A Duke of Florence invited to his pallace at Rome the earle of Tendilia, Spaines Ambassadour, to supper, and the Duke would have placed him at the upper end of the boord under his *cloth of estate*; but the earle greatly gainesaid it, and refused it. Then the Duke, waxing hereat civilly angrie, commaunded one of his gentlemen to bring him foorthwith the keyes of his pallace, to the end to yeeld them up to the earle.—*Copley's Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, 1614.

When Cerimon came home he opened the chest, marveling what should be therein, and found a lady arayed in princely apparell and ornaments, very faire and beautifull to beholde, whose excellencie in that respect as many as beheld were strangely affectioned thereat, perceiving such an incomparable gleame of beautie to be resident in her face, wherein nature had not committed the least error that might be devised, saving that shee made her not immortall.—*Twine*.

⁴⁰ *Balm'd and entreasur'd.*

This lord Cerimon had his residence built so neare the shoare, that in his windowes he over-looked the sea; and being this morning in conference with some that came to him both for helpe for themselves, and reliefe for others; and some that were relating the crueltie of the last nights tempest, on a sodayne casting his eye from foorth his casement towards the maine, he might espie the waters, as it were, playing with the chest wherein the dead Queene was incoffind, and which was upon the sodayne, by a more eager billow, cast on his bankes, when presently thinking it to be the remnant of some shippewracke, caused in the last nights storme, calling for his servants, hee foorthwith commaunded them to have it brought uppe to him as forfeited unto him, being cast on his ground, which accordingly performed, hee as presently gave charge it should be opened, when not without much wonder he straitway viewed the dead body of the Queene, so crowned, so royally apparelled, so *intreasured* as before, and taking up the writing which he likewise found placed upon her breast, hee read it to the

gentlemen, who at that time accompanied him, and knowing it thereby to be the dead Queene to Prince Pericles.—*Wilkins*.

⁴¹ *Here I give to understand.*

The lines given in Wilkins' novel of Pericles, 1608, vary considerably from those in the text,—

If ere it hap this Chest be driven
On any shoare, on coast or haven,
I Pericles the Prince of Tyre,
(That loosing her, lost all desire,
Intreate you give her burying,
Since she was daughtler to a King :
This golde I give you as a fee,
The Gods requite your charitie.

And as he spake those wordes, hee perceived the golde that lay at her head, and the silver that lay at her feet, with a scroll of paper written, the which hee tooke up and read, the tenor whereof was this :—Whosoever shal finde this chest, I pray him for to take tenne peeces of golde for his paines, and to bestowe tenne peeces more on the buriall of the corps ; for it hath left many teares to the parents and friends, with dolefull heapes of sorrowe and heavinesse. But whosoever shall doe otherwise than the present grieffe requireth, let him die a shamefull death, and let there be none to burie his bodie.—*Twine*.

⁴² *Who finds her, give her burying.*

Here lith a kynges doulter ded ;
And who that happeth here to fynde,
For charite take in his mynde,
And do so that she be bygrave,
With this tresour wich he shalle have.—*Gower*.

⁴³ *How fresh she looks.*

Now surely, quoth Pericles (Cerimon?), thou hast a bodie even drowned with woe for the losse of so goodly a creature ; for gentlemen, sayde he, as you may perceive, such was the excellencie of her beauty, that grimme Death himselfe hath not power to suffer any deformitie to accompany it—*Wilkins*.

⁴⁴ *They were too rough.*

Perhaps *rough* is an error for *rash*. Compare the novel of Pericles by Wilkins, 1608,—“For certainly, quoth he, I thinke this Queene will live, and suppose that she hath bin much abused, for she hath not beene long inтраунced, condemning them for rashnesse so hastily to throwe her over-boorde.”

⁴⁵ *Fetch hither all the boxes in my closet.*

So calling for a servant of his to attend him with certayne boxes which he named were in his studie, as also with fire and necessary linnen, invoking Apollo to be gracious to his empericke, and the worke in hand, he began to apply to her. First pulling downe the clothes from off the ladies bosome, he powred upon her a most precious oyntment, and bestowing it abroad with his hand, perceived some warmth in her breast, and that there was life in the body, whereat somewhat astonished, he felt her pulses, layde his cheeke to her mouth, and examining all other tokens that he could devise, he perceived how death strove with life within her, and that the conflict was dangerous, and doubtfull who should prevaile.—*Wilkins*.

⁴⁶ *Who was by good appliances recover'd.*

Wilkins, in his novel of Pericles, reverses the process, and refers to Egyptians who have restored apparently lifeless bodies after a trance of four hours' duration. Mr. Collier considers that this variation proves that the text of the play is corrupt, but I am rather inclined to think it more likely that here Wilkins misinterpreted a hasty note taken at the theatre.

Now surely, gentlemen, quoth hee turning to them, who were greedily set round about him, this Queene hath not long beene intraunced, and I have read of some Egyptians, who after foure houres death, (if man may call it so) have raised impoverished bodies, like to this, unto their former health.—*Wilkins.*

⁴⁷ *The vial once more.*

The edition of 1609 reads *violl*, but this was only a common orthography of *vial*. Judging solely from the spelling, either reading may be right, but it seems more natural that here Cerimon should administer a cordial, an order for music to play occurring immediately before and immediately afterwards.

—— this worthie kinges wife
Honestlie thei token oute,
And maden fyres all aboute ;
Thei leied hir on a couche softe,
And with a shete warmed ofte
Hir colde breste began to heate,
Hir herte also to slacke and beate.
This maister hath hir every joynte
With certein oyle and balsam anynte,
And put a licour in hir mouthe
Whiche is to fewe clerkes couthe.—*Gower.*

⁴⁸ *Nature awakes a warm breath out of her.*

So some copies of ed. 1609, others reading *warmth*, and some editors read,—
“ Nature awakes ; a warmth breathes out of her.”

Then came Machaon unto the corps, and pulled the clothes from the ladies bosome, and poured fourth the ointment, and bestowing it abroad with his hand, perceived some *warmth* in her breast, and that there was life in the body. Machaon stode astonished, and hee felt her pulses, and layde his cheeke to her mouth, and examined all other tokens that he could devise, and he perceived how death strived with life within her, and that the conflict was daungerous and doubtfull, who should prevaile.—*Twine.*

Then laying his hand gently upon her cheeke, he bethought him that life had not lost all the workemanshippe that Nature had bestowed uppon her, for even at the opening of the chest, and as it were she then receiving fresh aire, he might perceve a new but calm glowing to recspire in her cheeks.—*Wilkins.*

Here colde breste beganne to hete,
Here herte also to flakke and bete.—*Gower.*

⁴⁹ *Begin to part their fringes of bright gold.*

Which beeing done, he chafed the body against the fire, untill the bloud which was congealed with colde was wholly dissolved, *when pouring a precious liquor into her mouth*, hee perceived warmth more and more to encrease in her, and the *golden fringes of her eyes a litle to part* ; then calling softly to the gentlemen who were witnesses about him, he bade them that they should commaund some still musicke to sound.—*Wilkins.*

⁵⁰ *What world is this?*

And first hir eyen up she caste,
 And whan she more of strength caught,
 Hir armes both forth she straughte;
 Helde up hir honde and piteouslie
 She spake, and said, *where am I?*
Where is my lorde? What worlde is this?
 As she that wote not howe it is.—*Gower.*

And when he had so said, he tooke the body reverently into his armes, and bare it into his owne chamber, and layed it upon his bed groveling upon the breast; then tooke hee certaine hote and comfortable oiles, and warming them upon the coles, he dipped faire wooll therein, and fomented all the bodie over therewith, untill such time as the congealed bloud and humours were thorowly resolved, and the spirites in due forme recovered their woonted course, the veines waxed warme, the arteries beganne to beate, and the lungs drew in the fresh ayre againe, and being perfectly come to her selfe, lifting up those now againe *pricelesse diamonds of her eyes*, O Lord (quoth shee) *where am I?* for it seemeth to me that I have beene in a strange countrey. And *wheres my lord*, I pray you?, I long to speake with him. But Cerimon, who best knew, that now with any thing to discomfort her, might breede a relapse, which would be unrecoverable, intreated her to be cheered, for her lord was well, and that anone, when the time was more fitting, and that her decayed spirites were repayred, hee would gladly speake with her: So, as it were, being but newly awaked from death, to the great amasement of the beholders, she presently fell into a most comfortable slumber, which Lord Cerimon giving charge none should disturbe her of, he in the meane time, and against she should awake, provided cherishing meates, and as her strength grew, gave wholesome clothes to refresh her with.—*Wilkins.*

⁵¹ *Whom, for she was born at sea, I have nam'd so.*

Our storie biddeth us looke backe unto sorrowfull Pericles, whose shippe with fortunate winde, favour of the heavens, and providence of his pylate, arrived at the shoarc of Tharsus, where upon his landing hee was curteously received by Cleon and Dyonysa; whome he as curteously saluted, telling them the heavie chaunces which had befallen him, both of the great stormes and tempests on the sea, which he with patience had indured, as also of the death of the good lady Thaysa, which he not without much sorrow suffered, onely, quoth he, have heere left a little picture of her, who *for it was given unto me at sea, I have named Marina*, and I thanke the heavens, is so like unto her, that I never doe looke uppon it, but with much comfort, in whose protection and education I meane to use your friendship, while I goe on in travell to receive the kingdome of Antiochus, which is reserved for mee.—*Wilkins.*

⁵² *Unscissar'd shall this hair of mine remain.*

Old copy:—"Unsisster'd shall this heir of mine," &c. But a more obvious and certain instance of corruption perhaps is not discoverable throughout our whole play. I read, as in the text; for so is the present circumstance recited in Act V. and in consequence of the oath expressed at the present moment:—

————— And now,
This ornament, that makes me look so dismal,
 Will I, my lov'd Marina, *clip to form*;
 And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd,
 To *grace thy marriage day*, I'll beautify.

Without the present emendation, therefore, Pericles must appear to have behaved unaccountably; as the binding power of a romantic oath could alone have been the motive of his long persistence in so strange a neglect of his person. The words—*unscissar'd* and *hair*, were easily mistaken for—*unsister'd* and *heir*; as the manuscript might have been indistinct, or the compositor inattentive.—*Steevens*.

And when hee had made an end of talking, he delivered the infant and the nurce unto Strangulio, and therewithal great store of golde, silver, and raiment; and hee sware a solemne othe, that he would not poule his head, clip his beard, nor pare his nailes, untill hee had married his daughter at ripe yeares. They wondred much at so strange an othe, promising faithfully to bring up his daughter with all diligence.—*Twine*.

Of which having likewise promise, he delivered the infant and the nurse to Cleon, and therewithall, great sums of golde, silver, and apparrell, and vowing solemnely by othe to himselfe, his head should grow uncisserd, his beard untrimmed, himselfe in all uncomely, since he had lost his Queene, and till he had married his daughter at ripe yeares. When they much wondring at so strange a resolve, and promising to be most faithfull with all diligence according to his directions, Pericles tooke his leave.—*Wilkins*.

Where he with great care delivered thee unto this thine hoste Cleon and Dyonysa his wife, diligently to be fostered up, and left me heere also to attend uppon thee, swearing this oath to keepe inviolate, his haire should be uncisserd, his face untrimmed, himselfe in all things uncomely continually to mourne for your dead mother, untill your ripe yeares gave him occasion to marry you to some prince worthy your birth and beauty.—*Ibid*.

⁵³ *Though I show ill in't.*

“Though I shew will in't,” ed. 1609. The correction, as Mr. Dyce observes, is supported by the following passage in the fifth act,—

Thaisa
This prince, the fair-betrothed of your daughter,
Shall marry her at Pentapolis. And now,
This ornament,
Makes me look dismal, will I clip to form;
And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd,
To grace thy marriage-day, I'll beautify.

⁵⁴ *Which are now at your command.*

And he here tolde howe in a kiste
The see here threwe uppon the londe,
And what tresoure with here he fonde
Wich is alle redy att hire wile.—*Gower*.

⁵⁵ *Even on my eaning time.*

The quarto, 1619, and the folio, 1664, which was probably printed from it, both read *eaning*. The first quarto reads *learning*. Steevens asserts that *eaning* is a term only applicable to sheep when they produce their young, and substituted *yearning*, which he interprets ‘her *groaning* time.’ But it should be observed that to *ean* or *yeen*, in our elder language, as in the Anglo Saxon, signified to bring forth young, without any particular reference to sheep. I have therefore preferred the reading in the text to Steevens’s conjecture.—*Singer*.

“Enyne, or brynge forthe kyndelyngys, *feto*,” Prompt. Parv.

⁵⁶ *Diana's temple is not distant far.*

Mr. Fairholt sends this note,—“This celebrated temple, one of the most renowned in the ancient world, is well represented in the large brass medallion of Antoninus Pius preserved in the French national collection. The edifice is an eight columned temple of the Ionic order, raised on three steps. In the centre is seen the characteristic statue of the goddess.”



⁵⁷ *A niece of mine.*

In Gower, a daughter. Twyne makes Cerimon adopt her as his own daughter, in which he is followed by Wilkins.

Act the Fourth.

*Enter GOWER.*¹

Gow. Imagine Pericles arriv'd at Tyre,²
Welcom'd and settled to his own desire :
His woful queen we leave at Ephesus,
Unto Diana there a votaress.
Now to Marina bend your mind,
Whom our fast-growing scene must find
At Tharsus, and by Cleon train'd
In music, letters ;³ who hath gain'd
Of education all the grace,
Which makes her both the heart and place
Of general wonder. But alack !
That monster envy, oft the wrack
Of earned praise, Marina's life
Seeks to take off by treason's knife.
And in this kind hath our Cleon
One daughter, and a wench full grown,
Even ripe for marriage rite :⁴ this maid
Hight Philoten ; and it is said
For certain in our story, she
Would ever with Marina be :
Be't when she weav'd the sleided silk⁵
With fingers, long, small, white as milk ;

Or when she would with sharp needle wound
The cambric, which she made more sound
By hurting it ; or when to the lute
She sung, and made the night-bird mute,
That still records with moan ;⁶ or when
She would with rich and constant pen
Vail to her mistress Dian ; still
This Philoten contends in skill
With absolute Marina :⁷ so
With the dove of Paphos might the crow
Vie feathers white. Marina gets
All praises, which are paid as debts,
And not as given. This so darks
In Philoten all graceful marks,
That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,⁸
A present murderer does prepare
For good Marina, that her daughter
Might stand peerless by this slaughter.
The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,
Lychorida, our nurse, is dead :
And cursed Dionyza hath
The pregnant instrument of wrath
Prest for this blow. The unborn event
I do commend to your content :
Only I carried winged time
Post on the lame feet of my rhyme ;
Which never could I so convey,
Unless your thoughts went on my way.—
Dionyza doth appear,
With Leonine, a murderer.

[*Exit.*

SCENE I.—Tharsus. *An open Place near the Sea-shore.*

Enter DIONYZA *and* LEONINE.

Dion. Thy oath remember ; thou hast sworn to do't :
'Tis but a blow, which never shall be known.
Thou canst not do a thing i' the world so soon,
To yield thee so much profit. Let not conscience,
Which is but cold,⁹ inflaming love in thy bosom,
Inflame too nicely ; nor let pity, which
Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be
A soldier to thy purpose.

Leon. I'll do't ; but yet she is a goodly creature.¹⁰

Dion. The fitter then the gods should have her.¹¹ Here
Weeping she comes for her old nurse's death.¹²
Thou art resolv'd ?

Leon. I am resolv'd.

Enter MARINA, *with a Basket of Flowers.*

Mar. No, I will rob Tellus of her weed,
To strew thy green with flowers : the yellows, blues,
The purple violets, and marigolds,
Shall, as a carpet,¹³ hang upon thy grave,
While summer days do last. Ah me, poor maid !
Born in a tempest, when my mother died,
This world to me is like a lasting storm,
Whirring me from my friends.¹⁴

Dion. How now, Marina ! why do you keep alone ?¹⁵
How chance my daughter is not with you ? Do not
Consume your blood with sorrowing : you have
A nurse of me. Lord ! how your favour's chang'd
With this unprofitable woe ! Come, come ;
Give me your flowers, ere the sea mar it.¹⁶
Walk with Leonine ; the air is quick there,
And it pierces and sharpens the stomach. Come,
Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her.

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

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

Mar. Well, I will go ;
But yet I have no desire to it.

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

Leon. I warrant you, madam.

Dion. I'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a while.
Pray you walk softly, do not heat your blood :
What ! I must have care of you.

Mar. Thanks, sweet madam.—

[*Exit* DIONYZA.]

Is the wind westerly that blows ?

Leon. South-west.

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

Leon. Was't so ?

Mar. My father, as nurse said, did never fear,
But cry'd "good seamen !" to the sailors, galling
His kingly hands hauling ropes ;
And, elapsing to the mast, endur'd a sea
That almost burst the deck.

Leon. When was this ?

Mar. When I was born :
Never were waves nor wind more violent ;
And from the ladder-tackle washes off
A canvass-climber. "Ha !" says one, "wilt out ?"
And with a dropping industry they skip
From stem to stern :¹⁷ the boatswain whistles, and
The master calls, and trebles their confusion.

Leon. Come ; say your prayers.

Mar. What mean you ?

Leon. If you require a little space for prayer,¹⁸
I grant it. Pray ; but be not tedious,
For the gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn
To do my work with haste.

Mar. Why will you kill me ?¹⁹

Leon. To satisfy my lady.

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

Leon. My commission
Is not to reason of the deed, but do it.

Mar. You will not do't for all the world, I hope.
You are well favour'd, and your looks foreshow
You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately,
When you caught hurt in parting two that fought :
Good sooth, it show'd well in you : do so now :
Your lady seeks my life ; come you between,
And save poor me, the weaker.

Leon. I am sworn,
And will despatch.

Enter Pirates, whilst MARINA is struggling.

1 *Pirate.* Hold, villain ! [LEONINE runs away.²⁰

2 *Pirate.* A prize ! a prize !

3 *Pirate.* Half-part, mates, half-part.²¹ Come, let's have her
aboard suddenly. [Exeunt Pirates with MARINA.

SCENE II.—*Near the Same.**Enter* LEONINE.

Leon. These roguing thieves serve the great pirate Valdes;²²
 And they have seiz'd Marina. Let her go:
 There's no hope she'll return. I'll swear she's dead,²³
 And thrown into the sea.—But I'll see farther;
 Perhaps they will but please themselves upon her,
 Not carry her abroad. If she remain,
 Whom they have ravish'd must by me be slain. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—Mitylene. *A Room in a Brothel.**Enter* Pander, Bawd, and BOULT.*Pand.* Boul't.*Boul't.* Sir.

Pand. Search the market narrowly; Mitylene is full of gallants: we lost too much money this mart, by being too wenchless.

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

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

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

Boul't. Ay, to eleven; and brought them down again.²⁴ But shall I search the market?

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

Pand. Thou say'st true; they're too unwholesome o' conscience. The poor Transilvanian is dead, that lay with the little baggage.

Boult. Ay, she quickly pooped him;²⁵ she made him roast-meat for worms. But I'll go search the market. [*Exit BOULT.*

Pand. Three or four thousand chequins²⁶ were as pretty a proportion to live quietly, and so give over—

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

Pand. O! our credit comes not in like the commodity; nor the commodity wages not with the danger: therefore, if in our youths we could pick up some pretty estate, 'twere not amiss to keep our door hatched.²⁷ Besides, the sore terms we stand upon with the gods will be strong with us for giving over.

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

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

Enter BOULT, and the Pirates with MARINA.

Boult. Come your ways. My masters, you say she's a virgin?

1 Pirate. O, sir! we doubt it not.

Boult. Master, I have gone through²⁸ for this piece, you see: if you like her, so; if not, I have lost my earnest.

Bawd. Boult, has she any qualities?

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

Bawd. What's her price, Boult?

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

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

[*Exeunt Pander and Pirates.*

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

Boult. Performance shall follow. [*Exit BOULT*

Mar. Alack, that Leonine was so slack, so slow! He should have struck, not spoke; or that these pirates,—

Not enough barbarous—had not o'erboard thrown me
For to seek my mother!

Bawd. Why lament you, pretty one?

Mar. That I am pretty.

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

Mar. I accuse them not.

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

Mar. The more my fault,²⁹

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

Bawd. Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.

Mar. No.

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

Mar. Are you a woman?

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

Mar. An honest woman, or not a woman.

Bawd. Marry, whip thee, gosling: I think I shall have something to do with you. Come, you are a young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would have you.

Mar. The gods defend me!

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

Re-enter BOULT.

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

Boult. I have cried her almost to the number of her hairs: I have drawn her picture with my voice.³⁰

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

Boult. Faith, they listened to me, as they would have hearkened to their father's testament. There was a Spaniard's mouth so watered, that he went to bed to her very description.

Bawd. We shall have him here to-morrow with his best ruff on.³¹

Boult. To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do you know the French knight that cowers i' the hams?

Bawd. Who? monsieur Veroles?

Boult. Ay: he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation;

but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.

Bawd. Well, well ; as for him, he brought his disease hither : here he does but repair it. I know, he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun.³²

Boult. Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this sign.³³

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

Mar. I understand you not.

Boult. O ! take her home, mistress, take her home : these blushes of her's must be quenched with some present practice.

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

Boult. Faith, some do, and some do not. But, mistress, if I have bargained for the joint,³⁴—

Bawd. Thou may'st cut a morsel off the spit.

Boult. I may so ?

Bawd. Who should deny it ? Come, young one, I like the manner of your garments well.³⁵

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

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

Boult. I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels,³⁶ as my giving out her beauty stir up the lewdly inclined. I'll bring home some to-night.

Bawd. Come your ways ; follow me.

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

Bawd. What have we to do with Diana ? Pray you, will you go with us ?

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Tharsus. *A Room in CLEON'S House.*

Enter CLEON and DIONYZA.

Dion. Why, are you foolish? Can it be undone?

Cle. O Dionyza! such a piece of slaughter³⁷
The sun and moon ne'er look'd upon.

Dion. I think,
You'll turn a child again.

Cle. Were I chief lord of all this spacious world,
I'd give it to undo the deed. O lady!
Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess
To equal any single crown o' the earth,
I' the justice of compare! O villain Leonine!
Whom thou hast poison'd too.

If thou hadst drunk to him, it had been a kindness
Becoming well thy fact:³⁸ what canst thou say,
When noble Pericles shall demand his child?³⁹

Dion. That she is dead. Nurses are not the fates,
To foster it, nor ever to preserve.

She died at night; I'll say so. Who can cross it?
Unless you play the pious innocent,⁴⁰
And for an honest attribute, cry out,—
“She died by foul play.”

Cle. O! go to. Well, well;
Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods
Do like this worst.

Dion. Be one of those, that think
The pretty wrens of Tharsus will fly hence,
And open this to Pericles. I do shame
To think of what a noble strain you are,
And of how coward a spirit.

Cle. To such proceeding
Who ever but his approbation added,
Though not his pre-consent, he did not flow
From honourable sources.⁴¹

Dion. Be it so, then;
Yet none does know, but you, how she came dead,
Nor none can know, Leonine being gone.

She did distain my child,⁴² and stood between
 Her and her fortunes : none would look on her,
 But cast their gazes on Marina's face ;
 Whilst ours was blurted at,⁴³ and held a malkin,⁴⁴
 Not worth the time of day. It pierc'd me thorough ;
 And though you call my course unnatural,
 You not your child well loving, yet I find,
 It greets me as an enterprise of kindness,
 Perform'd to your sole daughter.

Cle. Heavens forgive it !

Dion. And as for Pericles,
 What should he say ? We wept after her hearse,
 And even yet we mourn : her monument
 Is almost finish'd, and her epitaphs
 In glittering golden characters express
 A general praise to her, and care in us
 At whose expense 'tis done.

Cle. Thou art like the harpy,
 Which, to betray, doth with thine angel's face,
 Seize with thine eagle's talons.

Dion. You are like one, that superstitiously
 Doth swear to the gods, that winter kills the flies :
 But yet, I know, you'll do as I advise.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter GOWER, before the Monument of MARINA at Tharsus.

Gow. Thus time we waste, and longest leagues make
 short ;
 Sail seas in cockles, have, and wish but for't ;
 Making—to take your imagination—
 From bourn to bourn, region to region.
 By you being pardon'd, we commit no crime
 To use one language, in each several clime,
 Where our scenes seem to live. I do beseech you,
 To learn of me, who stand i' the gaps to teach you,
 The stages of our story. Pericles
 Is now again thwarting the wayward seas,
 Attended on by many a lord and knight,
 To see his daughter, all his life's delight.
 Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late
 Advanc'd in time to great and high estate,

Is left to govern. Bear you it in mind,
 Old Helicanus goes along behind.
 Well-sailing ships, and bounteous winds, have brought
 This king to Tharsus,—think his pilot thought ;
 So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow on—
 To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone.
 Like motes and shadows see them move awhile ;
 Your ears unto your eyes I'll reconcile.

Dumb show.

Enter PERICLES with his Train, at one door ; CLEON and DIONYZA at the other. CLEON shows PERICLES the Tomb of MARINA ; whereat PERICLES makes lamentation,⁴⁵ puts on Sackcloth,⁴⁶ and in a mighty passion departs.⁴⁷ Then CLEON and DIONYZA retire.

Gow. See, how belief may suffer by foul show !
 This borrow'd passion stands for true old woe ;⁴⁸
 And Pericles, in sorrow all devour'd,
 With sighs shot through, and biggest tears o'er show'r'd,
 Leaves Tharsus, and again embarks. He swears
 Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs ;
 He puts on sackcloth, and to sea. He bears
 A tempest, which his mortal vessel tears,
 And yet he rides it out. Now, please you, wit
 The epitaph is for Marina writ⁴⁹
 By wicked Dionyza.

*The fairest, sweet'st, and best, lies here,
 Who wither'd in her spring of year :⁵⁰
 She was of Tyrus, the king's daughter,
 On whom foul death hath made this slaughter.
 Marina was she call'd ; and at her birth,
 Thetis, being proud, swallow'd some part o' the earth :⁵¹
 Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erflow'd,
 Hath Thetis' birth-child on the heavens bestow'd :
 Wherefore she does—and swears she'll never stint—
 Make raging battery upon shores of flint.*

No visor does become black villany,
 So well as soft and tender flattery.
 Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead,

And bear his courses to be ordered
 By lady fortune ; while our scene must play⁵²
 His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day,
 In her unholy service. Patience then,
 And think you now are all in Mitylen.

[*Exit.*

SCENE V.—Mitylene. *A Street before the Brothel.*

Enter from the Brothel, Two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Did you ever hear the like ?

2 *Gent.* No ; nor never shall do in such a place as this, she being once gone.

1 *Gent.* But to have divinity preached there ! did you ever dream of such a thing ?

2 *Gent.* No, no. Come, I am for no more bawdy-houses. Shall we go hear the vestals sing ?

1 *Gent.* I'll do any thing now that is virtuous ; but I am out of the road of rutting for ever. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*The Same.* *A Room in the Brothel.*

Enter Pander, Bawd, and BOULT.

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

Bawd. Fie, fie upon her ! she is able to freeze the god Priapus, and undo a whole generation : we must either get her ravished, or be rid of her. When she should do for clients her fitment,⁵³ and do me the kindness of our profession, she has me her quirks, her reasons, her master reasons, her prayers, her knees, that she would make a puritan of the devil, if he should cheapen a kiss of her.

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

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

Bawd. Faith, there's no way to be rid on't, but by the way to the pox. Here comes the lord Lysimaehus, disguised.⁵⁴

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

Enter LYSIMACHUS.

Lys. How now! How a dozen of virginities?

Bawd. Now, the gods to-bless your honour!

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

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

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

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

Bawd. Your honour knows what 'tis to say, well enough.

Lys. Well, call forth, call forth.

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

Lys. What, pr'ythee?

Boult. O, sir! I can be modest.

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

Enter MARINA.

Bawd. Here comes that which grows to the stalk;—never plucked yet, I can assure you.—Is she not a fair creature?

Lys. Faith, she would serve after a long voyage at sea. Well, there's for you: leave us.

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

Lys. I beseech you, do.

Bawd. First, I would have you note, this is an honourable man.⁵⁵

[*To* MARINA.]

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

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

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

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

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

Lys. Have you done ?

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

[*Exeunt* Bawd, Pander, and BOULT.]

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

Mar. What trade, sir ?

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

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

Lys. How long have you been of this profession ?

Mar. Ever since I can remember.

Lys. Did you go to it so young ? Were you a gamester at five, or at seven ?

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

Lys. Why, the house you dwell in proclaims you to be a creature of sale.⁵⁶

Mar. Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into it ?⁵⁷ I hear say, you are of honourable parts, and are the governor of this place.

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

Mar. Who is my principal ?

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

Mar. If you were born to honour, show it now ;⁵⁸
If put upon you, make the judgment good
That thought you worthy of it.

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

Mar. For me,
That am a maid, though most ungentle fortune
Hath plac'd me in this sty, where, since I came,
Diseases have been sold dearer than physic,—
That the gods
Would set me free from this unhallow'd place,
Though they did change me to the meanest bird
That flies i' the purer air !

Lys. I did not think
 Thou could'st have spoke so well; ne'er dream'd thou could'st.
 Had I brought hither a corrupted mind,
 Thy speech had alter'd it. Hold, here's gold for thee:⁵⁹
 Persever in that clear way thou goest,⁶⁰
 And the gods strengthen thee!

Mar. The gods preserve you!

Lys. For me, be you thoughten
 That I came with no ill intent; for to me
 The very doors and windows savour vilely.
 Farewell. Thou art a picce of virtue,⁶¹ and
 I doubt not but thy training hath been noble.
 Hold, here's more gold for thee.
 A curse upon him, die he like a thief,
 That robs thee of thy goodness! If thou dost hear
 From me, it shall be for thy good.

Enter BOULT.

Boult. I beseech your honour, one picce for me.⁶²

Lys. Avaunt, thou damned door-keeper! Your house,
 But for this virgin that doth prop it, would
 Sink, and overwhelm you. Away! [*Exit* LYSIMACHUS.]

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

Mar. Whither would you have me?

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

Re-enter Bawd.

Bawd. How now! what's the matter?

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

Bawd. O, abominable!

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

Bawd. Marry, hang her up for ever!

Boult. The nobleman would have dealt with her like a noble-

man, and she sent him away as cold as a snow-ball; saying his prayers, too.

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

Boulton. An if she were a thornier piece of ground than she is, she shall be ploughed.

Mar. Hark, hark, you gods!

Bawd. She conjures: away with her. Would she had never come within my doors.—Marry, hang you!—She's born to undo us.—Will you not go the way of women-kind? Marry come up, my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays!⁶³ [*Exit Bawd.*]

Boulton. Come, mistress; come your way with me.

Mar. Whither wilt thou have me?

Boulton. To take from you the jewel you hold so dear.

Mar. Pr'ythee, tell me one thing first.

Boulton. Come now, your one thing.

Mar. What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?

Boulton. Why, I could wish him to be my master; or rather, my mistress.⁶⁴

Mar. Neither of these are so bad as thou art,
 Since they do better thee in their command.
 Thou hold'st a place, for which the pained'st fiend
 Of hell would not in reputation change:
 Thou'rt the damn'd door-keeper to every coystrel⁶⁵
 That hither comes inquiring for his Tib;⁶⁶
 To the choleric fisting of each rogue thy ear
 Is liable; thy food is such
 As hath been belch'd on by infected lungs.

Boulton. What would you have me do? go to the wars, would you, where a man may serve seven years for the loss of a leg, and have not money enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?

Mar. Do any thing but this thou doest. Empty
 Old receptacles, or common sewers, of filth;
 Serve by indenture to the common hangman:
 Any of these ways are yet better than this;
 For what thou professest, a baboon, could he speak,
 Would own a name too dear. That the gods
 Would safely deliver me from this place!
 Here, here's gold for thee.⁶⁷
 If that thy master would gain by me,
 Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance,

With other virtues, which I'll keep from boast ;
And I will undertake all these to teach.
I doubt not but this populous city will
Yield many scholars.

Boult. But can you teach all this you speak of ?

Mar. Prove that I cannot, take me home again,
And prostitute me to the basest groom
That doth frequent your house.

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

Mar. But, amongst honest women ?

Boult. Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst them. But
since my master and mistress have bought you, there's no going
but by their consent ; therefore, I will make them acquainted
with your purpose, and I doubt not but I shall find them
tractable enough.⁶⁸ Come ; I'll do for thee what I can : come
your ways. [*Exeunt.*

Notes to the Fourth Act.

¹ *Enter Gower.*

This chorus, and the two following scenes, have hitherto been printed as part of the third Act. In the original edition of this play, the whole appears in an unbroken series. The editor of the folio, in 1664, first made the division of Acts and Scenes (which has been since followed,) without much propriety. The poet seems to have intended that each Act should begin with a chorus. On this principle the present division is made. Gower, however, interposing eight times, a chorus is necessarily introduced in the middle of this and three times in the ensuing Act.—*Malone.*

² *Imagine Pericles arriv'd at Tyre.*

And thanne he taketh his leve, and torneth
To ship, and goth hym home to Tyr ;
Where every man with grete desire
Awaiteth uppon his commyng.—*Gower.*

³ *In music, letters.*

The old copy reads, I think corruptly,—In *musicks* letters. The corresponding passage in Gower's *Confessio Amantis*, confirms the emendation now made :—

My doughter *Thaise* by your leve
I thynke shall with you be leve
As for a tyme : and thus I praie,
That she be kepte by all waie,
And whan she hath of age more
That she be set to *bokes lore*, &c.

Again :—

————— she dwelleth
In Tharse, as the Cronike telleth ;
She was well kept, she was well loked,
She was well taught, she was well boked ;
So well she sped hir in hir youth,
That she of every wysedome couth—.—*Malone.*

But this decree of hers being accomplished, and all the rites thereof faithfully fulfilled, she dismissed her bodie of her mourning attire, and againe apparrelled her selfe as before, in her most costly habilliments, frèquenting the Schooles, and diligently endevouring the studies of the liberall sciences, wherein she so out-went in perfection the labours of all that were studious with her, that shee was rather used amongst them as their schoolemistris to instruct, than their fellow scholler to learne, onely for her recreation betwixt the houres of study, dauncing, singing, sowing, or what experience soever (for in no action was she unexpert, as also every morning, and at noone, before she made her meale) she forgotte not to revisite her Nurses sepulchre.—*Wilkins*.

⁴ *Even ripe for marriage-rite.*

“Even right for marriage sight,” ed. 1609, in some copies *right* being altered to *ripe*. The reading in the text is Mr. Dyce’s. If the original read *right*, the mistake of *sight* was an easy one to make. *Rite* is frequently spelt *right* in old English books. “With all the ceremonial *rights* of marriage,” Carlell’s *Passionate Lovers*, 1655.

⁵ *Be’t when she weav’d the sleided silk.*

The old copies read:—“Be it when *they* weav’d,” &c. But the context shows that *she* was the author’s word. To have praised even the hands of Philoten would have been inconsistent with the general scheme of the present chorus. In all the other members of this sentence we find Marina alone mentioned:—

Or when *she* would, &c.
 — or when to the lute
She sung, &c.—*Malone*.

Sleided silk is *untwisted silk*, prepared to be used in the weaver’s *sley* or *slay*.—*Percy*.

⁶ *That still records with moan.*

To *record* anciently signified to *sing*. So, in Sir Philip Sydney’s *Ourania*, by N. B. [Nicholas Breton] 1606:—“*Recording* songs unto the Deitie—.” A bird, I am informed, is said to *record*, when he sings at first low to himself, before he becomes master of his song and ventures to sing out. The word is in constant use with bird-fanciers at this day.—*Malone*.

⁷ *With absolute Marina.*

That is, highly accomplished, perfect. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:—

— at sea
 He is an *absolute* master.

Again, in Greene’s *Tu Quoque*, 1614: “— from an *absolute* and most complete gentleman, to a most absurd, ridiculous, and fond lover.”—*Malone*.

⁸ *With envy rare.*

But what of all this? he is absent, and Lycorida her Nurse is dead: Shee in beauty out-shines my childe, and I have her fathers treasure in possession, though given for her use, shall make my daughter out-shine her. What though I knowe her father did releevè our citty? I agayne doe knowe, that but few in these dayes requite benefites with thankes, longer than while they are in receiving. In bricfe, I envy her, and she shall perish for it.—*Wilkins*.

⁹ *Which is but cold.*

“Let not conscience which is but cold, in flaming, thy lone bosome, enflame

too nicelie," ed. 1609. The passage, observes Mr. Dyce, is evidently so mutilated as to defy any satisfactory restoration. The repetition of *inflame* is probably an error.

¹⁰ *But yet she is a goodly creature.*

With the which wordes she had no sooner concluded, but in comes a servant of hers, and she now intended to make him the divells. When this Leonine she thus began to interprete her will; Leonine, quoth she, thou knowst Marina. And madame, quoth he, for a most vertuous gentlewoman.—*Wilkins.*

¹¹ *The fitter then the gods should have her.*

In Wilkins' novel of Pericles, 1608, this sentiment is put into the mouth of Leonine at the time of the murder,—“out rushed this Leonine, and with a looke as cruell as his heart, and speech as harsh as his intent, he resolved her in blunt wordes, that he was come to kill her, that hee was hired unto it by Dyonyssa her foster mother, that she was too good for men, and therefore he would send her to the gods, that if she would pray, pray, for hee had sworne to kill her, and he would kill her, and a thousand more, ere he would be damned for perjury.”

¹² *Weeping she comes for her old nurse's death.*

Old copy:—“Here she comes weeping for her *only mistresse* death.” As Marina had been trained in music, letters, &c., and had gained all the graces of education, Lychorida could not have been her *only mistress*. I would therefore read:—“Here comes she weeping for her *old nurse's* death.”—*Percy.*

Tharsia much lamented the death of Ligozides, her nurce, and caused her bodie to be solemnly buried not farre of in a field without the walles of the citie, and mourned for her an whole yeere following. But when the yeare was expired, she put off her mourning atire, and put on her other apparel, and frequented the schooles and the studie of liberall sciences, as before. And whensoever she returned from schoole, she would receive no meate before she had visited her nurces sepulchre, which she did daily, entring thereinto, and carrying a flagon of wine with her, where she used to abide a space.—*Twine.*

Marina having thus by Lycoridaes meanes had knowledge of her parentes, and Lycorida having beene in her life her most carefull nurse, shee (not without just cause) lamented her death, and caused her body to be solempnely interred in a field without the walles of the cittie, raising a monument in remembrance of her, vowing to her selfe a yeares solemne sadnesse, and that her eies also for so long a time should daily pay their dewy offerings, as lamenting the losse of so good a friend.—*Wilkins.*

¹³ *As a carpet.*

So the old copies. The modern reading is *chaplet*. But it is evident that the poet was thinking of the *green* mound that marks the last resting-place of the humble, and not of the sculptured tomb to be adorned with wreaths. Upon the grassy grave Marina will hang a *carpet* of flowers—she will *strew* flowers, she has before said. The *carpet* of Shakspeare's time was a piece of tapestry, or embroidery, spread upon tables; and the real flowers with which Marina will cover the grave of her friend might have been, in her imagination, so intertwined as to resemble a carpet, usually bright with the flowers of the needle.—*Knight.*

¹⁴ *Whirring me from my friends.*

Thus the earliest copy; I think rightly. The second quarto, and all the subsequent impressions, read—“*Hurrying* me from my friends.” *Whirring* or *whirrying* had formerly the same meaning. A bird that flies with a quick

motion, accompanied with noise, is still said to *whirr* away. Thus, Pope:—
 “Now from the brake the *whirring* pheasant springs.” The verb to *whirry* is used in the ancient ballad entitled Robin Goodfellow,—

More swift than wind away I go,
 O'er hedge and lands,
 Thro' pools and ponds,
 I *whirry*, laughing ho ho ho.—*Malone*.

¹⁵ *Why do you keep alone.*

So some copies of ed. 1609, others reading *weepe alone*. To say nothing of the parallel line in *Macbeth*, act iii. se. 2;—“*How now, my lord! why do you keep alone?*,” the context proves that *weep* is a misprint. *Dionyza* first asks *Marina* why she keeps alone, without the company of *Philoten*; and then bids her not indulge in grief.—*A. Dyce*.

¹⁶ *Give me your flowers, ere the sea mar it.*

There is probably some corruption or omission here. *Malone* proposed to read, *wreath of flowers*.

¹⁷ *From stem to stern.*

The old copies read—“From *stern* to *stern*.” But we certainly ought to read—“From *stem* to *stern*.” So, *Dryden*:—

Orontes' barque, even in the hero's view,
 From *stem* to *stern* by waves was overborne.

A hasty transcriber, or negligent compositor, might easily have mistaken the letter *m* and put *rn* in its place.—*Malone*.

¹⁸ *If you require a little space for prayer.*

This circumstance is likewise found in the *Gesta Romanorum*: “*Peto domine,*” says *Tharsia* (the *Marina* of this play) “*ut si nulla spes est mihi, permittas me deum testare. Villicus ait, ‘testate; et Deus ipse scit quod coactus te interficio.’ Illa vero eum esset posita in oratione, venerunt pyratae,*” &c.—*Malone*.

This maide tho for fere shrihte,
 And for the love of God alle-myht
 She preyth, that for a litell stounde
 She myht knele upponn the grounde
 Towarde the hevене, for to crave
 Here wofulle sowle that she may save.—*Gower*.

O, said the mayden, would to God he had not done so! but I pray thee, *Theophilus*, since there is no hope for me to escape with life, give mee licence to say my praiers before I die. I give thee lieence, saide the villaine; and I take God to record that I am constrained to murther thee against my will.—*Twine*.

¹⁹ *Why will you kill me?*

When she that was on her knees before making her orisons to heaven, was now compelled to turne her intreaties to him; and first demaunded of him what offence her ignoraunce had done (for wittingly shee knew shee coulde doe none) eyther to him, that (as himselfe said) came to murther her, or to her that hired him.—*Wilkins*.

²⁰ *Leonine runs away.*

As fortune, or rather the providence of God served, while *Tharsia* was devoutly making her praiers, certaine pyratts which were come aland, and stood under the side of an hill watching for some prey, beholding an armed man offering violenee

unto a mayden, cried unto him, and said: Thou cruel tyrant! that maiden is our prey and not thy victorie; and therefore hold thine hands from her, as thou lovest thy life. When the villain heard that, he ran away as fast as he could, and hid himselfe behind the sepulchre. Then came the pyrats and rescued Tharsia, and carried her away to their ships, and hoysed saile, and departed. And the villaine returned home to his mistres, and saide unto her:—That which you commaunded me to doe is dispatched, and therefore now I thinke it good that you put on a mourning garment, and I also, and let us counterfeit great sorrowe and heavinesse in the sight of all the people, and say that shee died of some greivous disease.—*Twine.*

²¹ *Half-part.*

“If a boy finde a brasse peece or a counter, hee cries *halfe part*,” Characters of Theophrastus, translated by Healey.

²² *The great pirate Valdes.*

The Spanish armada, I believe, furnished our author with this name. Don Pedro de *Valdes* was an Admiral in that fleet, and had the command of the great galleon of Andalusia. His ship being disabled, he was taken by Sir Francis Drake, on the twenty-second of July, 1588, and sent to Dartmouth. This play, therefore, we may conclude, was not written till after that period.—The making one of this Spaniard’s ancestors a pirate, was probably relished by the audience in those days.—*Malone.*

In Robert Greene’s Spanish Masquerado, 1589, the curious reader may find a very particular account of this *Valdes*, who was commander of the Andalusian troops, and then prisoner in England.—*Steevens.*

²³ *I’ll swear she’s dead.*

This fals clerke to this ladye,
Whan she came home alle pryvely,
He seith—Madame, slayn I have
This maide Thaise.—*Gower.*

²⁴ *And brought them down again.*

I have *brought up* (i. e. educated) says the Bawd, some eleven. Yes, (answers Boulton) to eleven (i. e. as far as eleven years of age) and then brought them down again. The latter clause of the sentence requires no explanation. Thus, in the Play of the Wether, by John Heywood, Mery Report says:—

Oft tyme is sene both in court and towne,
Longe be women a bryngynge up, and sone *brought downe*.—*Steevens.*

²⁵ *She quickly pooped him.*

This was acted to the life, whilst my two gallants, being *poopt* of what they enjoy’d meerly to feel misery in the losse, departed the house.—*The Life of a Satyirical Puppy called Nim*, 1657.

²⁶ *Three or four thousand chequins.*

Mr. Fairholt sends this note,—“the Venetian chequin of Shakespeare’s era is here represented. The name *zecca* and *zecchino* used at Venice, and corrupted elsewhere into *sequin* and *chequin*, is by some numismatists supposed to be derived from the ancient *Cyzicenes*, or coins of the Greek colony of Cyzicus, which were celebrated for their purity, as well as for being of greater weight than those of other cities.”



²⁷ *To keep our door hatched.*

A *hatch* is a half door, sometimes placed within a street door, preventing access farther than the entry of a house. When the top of a *hatch* was guarded by a row of spikes no person could reach over and undo its fastening, which was always within side, and near its bottom. This domestic portcullis perhaps was necessary to our ancient brothels. Secured within such a barrier, Mrs. Overdone could parley with her customers, refuse admittance to the shabby visitor, bargain with the rich gallant, defy the beadle, or keep the constable at bay. From having been her usual defence, the *hatch* became the unequivocal denotement of her trade; for though the *hatch with a flat top* was a constant attendant on butteries in great families, colleges, &c. the *hatch with spikes* on it was peculiar to early houses of amorous entertainment, and Steevens was informed that the bagnios of Dublin were not long since so defended.—*Singer*.

It's good to have an *hatch* before the dore;
Then there's some good in the house of an whoore.

Davies's Scourge of Folly, 1611.

²⁸ *I have gone through for this piece.*

That is, says Steevens, I have bid a high price for her, gone far in my attempt to purchase her; gone to extremities as to price.

This Leon amongst others, staring upon her, and knowing her face to be a fit faire signe for his maisters house, and with which signe he made no doubt, but to lodge under their rooffe, all th'intemperate (even from youth to age) thorow the whole citty, hee foorthwith demaunded the price, intending to buy her, at what rate soever, and in the end, *went thorow*, and bargained to have her, paying a hundred sesterces of golde, and so presently having given earnest, he takes Marina, and the rest of the pirates home with him to his Maisters house, Marina was there to be taught how to give her body uppe a prostitute to sinne, and the pirates for their new stuffe to receive their money.—*Wilkins*.

²⁹ *The more my fault.*

Here *fault* means 'misfortune;' as in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, act i. sc. 1, "'tis your *fault*, 'tis your *fault*." See Gifford's note on Massinger's Works, ii. 98, ed. 1813.—*A. Dyce*.

³⁰ *I have drawn her picture with my voice.*

Marina was no sooner thus concluded for by the hee bawde, but the pyrates were as soone brought home to his masters house, and received their payment; when, after their departure, she giving commaund to the pander her man, that he should goe backe into the market place, and there with open crie proclaime, what a *picture* of nature they had at home, for every lascivious eie to gaze upon.—*Wilkins*.

³¹ *With his best ruff on.*

The annexed example of a Spaniard with his best ruff on is selected by Mr. Fairholt from a Spanish portrait of the date of 1593.

³² *To scatter his crowns in the sun.*

"There is here," says Malone, "perhaps, some allusion to the *lues venerea*, though the words *French crowns* in their literal acceptation were certainly also in Boulton's thoughts." Mason sees no

allusion whatever to the above disease. That a French crown did signify the *lues*

venerea cannot be doubted; but Mason's difference of opinion might be further supported by reflecting that if the Frenchman came to *renovate* his malady, he could not well be said to scatter it. It must therefore be inferred that he was to scatter nothing but his money. As Mason has not favoured us with an explanation of the coins in question, it is necessary to state that they were *crowns of the sun* specifically so called, *écus du soleil*; and in this instance, for the sake of antithesis, termed crowns *in the sun*. They were of gold, originally coined by Louis XI. Their name was derived from the mint mark of a sun; and they were current in this kingdom by weight, in the same manner as certain English coins were in France.—*Douce*.

³³ *We should lodge them with this sign.*

If a traveller from every part of the globe were to assemble in Mitylene, they would all resort to this house, while we had such a sign to it as this virgin. This, I think, is the meaning. A similar eulogy is pronounced on Imogen in *Cymbeline*: "She's a good *sign*, but I have seen small reflection of her wit."—*Malone*.

³⁴ *If I have bargained for the joint.*

For it is to be noted, not any that parted the house besides Lysimachus, but even as he did, so they in like manner rayled against them, so forcibly had his persuasions prevailed with them; whereupon, for that purpose they gave her up to the pandar, who first agreed for her, saying; That he that had bargained for the whole joynt, it was fittest for him to cut a morsell from off the spit.—*Wilkins*.

³⁵ *I like the manner of your garments well.*

When she understanding unwillingly what all these wordes tended unto, she fell prostrate at her feete, and with teares showred downe in abundance, she intreated her, not to make hire of her bodie to so diseasefull a use, which shee hoped the gods had ordained to a more happy purpose. When the bawde answered her, Come, come, these droppes availe thee not, thou arte now mine, and I will make my best of thee; and I must now learne you to know, we whom the worlde calles bawdes, but more properly are to be stiled factors for men, are in this like the hangman, neither to regard prayers, nor teares, but our owne profite. So calling for her slave, which was governour over her she-houshold, this was her appoyntment unto him, Goe, quoth shee, and take this mayden, as shee is thus decked in costly apparell, for it is to be remembred, that the former pirates had no way dispoyled her of her ornaments, with purpose to prise her at the higher rate.—*Wilkins*.

³⁶ *Thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels.*

Thunder is not supposed to have an effect on fish in general, but on eels only, which are roused by it from the mud, and are therefore more easily taken. So, in Marston's *Satires*:—

They are nought but eeles, that never will appeare,
Till that tempestuous winds, or thunder, teare
Their slimy beds.—L. ii. Sat. vii. v. 204.—*Whalley*.

It is a decided fact that in thunder storms eels are in extraordinary commotion. Yarrell, in his valuable notes on the generation of eels, states that "Dr. Marshall Hall subjected some eels to a very slight galvanic discharge passed through a vessel of water containing them, and observed them to become, in consequence, violently agitated." This high degree of irritability of the muscular fibre, Yarrell regards as explanatory "of the restless motions of eels during thunder-storms."—*Fennell*.

³⁷ *O Dionyza, such a piece of slaughter.*

Then casting his eies up towards heaven, O God, said hee, thou knowest that I am innocent from the bloud of silly Tharsia, which thou hast to require at Dionisiades handes: and therewithall he looked towards his wife, saying, Thou wicked woman! tell me, how hast thou made away prince Apollonius daughter? thou that livest both to the slaunder of God and man?—*Twine*.

³⁸ *Becoming well thy fact.*

Face, old copies, corrected by Mr. Dyce. Wilkins, in his novel of Pericles, 1608, would seem to lead us to read *act*.

And then demaunding of Dyonyssa how she could give Prince Pericles accompt of his childe, having robbed him of his childe, how she could appease the fury of his wrath, if her *acte* were knowne to him? or how alay the displeasure of the gods, from whome nothing can be hid.—*Wilkins*.

³⁹ *When noble Pericles shall demand his child.*

So, in the ancient romance of Appolyn of Thyre, “— tell me now what rekenyng we shall gyve hym of his doughter,” &c. Again, in Twine’s translation: “Thou reportedst that Prince Appollonius was dead; and loe now where he is come to require his daughter. What shall we now doe or say to him?”—*Stevens*.

So also, in the Gesta Romanorum: “Quem [Apollonium] cum vidisset Strangulio, perrexit rabido cursu, dixitque uxori suæ Dyonisidi—Dixisti Apollonium naufragum esse mortuum. Ecce, venit ad repetendam filiam. Ecce, quid dicturi sumus pro filia?”—*Malone*.

⁴⁰ *Unless you play the pious innocent.*

It stands “*impious innocent*” in the quarto, 1609: all the later impressions omit the incongruous epithet. Monck Mason proposed to read “*pious innocent*,” and his conjecture is fully confirmed by the novel founded upon the play, for there Dionyza says to her husband, “If such a *pious innocent* as yourself do not reveal it unto him.”—*Collier*.

For Pericles, quoth she, if such a *pious innocent* as your selfe do not reveale it unto him, how should he come to the knowledge thereof, since that the whole citty is satisfied by the monument I caused to be erected, and by our dissembling outside, that she died naturally, and for the gods, let them that list *be of the minde* to *thinke* they can make stones speake, and raise them up in evidence, for my parte I have my wish, I have my safety, and feare no daunger till it fall upon me. But Cleon rather cursing then commending this obduracy in her, he continued mourning unfainedly, but she according to her sinful condition.—*Wilkins*.

⁴¹ *From honourable sources.*

Courses, old editions. Corrected by Mr. Dyce.

⁴² *She did distain my child.*

Disdain, old editions, but I think erroneously. Marina was not of a *disdainful* temper. Her excellence indeed *disgraced* the meaner qualities of her companion, i. e. in the language of Shakspeare, *distained* them. Thus, Adriana, in the Comedy of Errors, says—“I live *distained*;” and, in Tarquin and Lucrece, we meet with the same verb again:—

Were Tarquin night (as he is but night’s child)
The silver-shining queen he would *distain*—.

The verb—to *stain* is frequently used by our author in the sense of—to *disgrace*.—*Steevens*.

⁴³ *Whilst ours was blurted at.*

Thus the quarto 1609. All the subsequent copies have—*blurred* at. To blurt at, to hold in contempt. *Nares*. Florio translates *boccheggidre*, “to make mouthes or *blurt* with ones lips;” and *chicchere*, “a flurt with ones fingers, or *blurt* with ones mouth in scorne or derision.”

Bot fame, wich wolle ever renne,
Came alday to hire moder ere
And seith, where ever hire douhter were
With Tayse sett in eny place,
The comonne voyse, the comonne grace,
Was alle upponn that othir mayde,
And of hire douhter no man seide.—*Gower*.

Now, on a day it fortun'd that as she pass'd through the street with Dionisiades, and her companion Philomacia, the people, beholding the beautie and comlinessse of Tharsia, said, Happy is that father that hath Tharsia to his daughter, but her companion that goeth with her is foule and evill favoured. When Dionisiades heard Tharsia commended, and her owne daughter Philomacia so dispraised, shee returned home wonderfull wroth.—*Twine*.

In very deede, the whole course of her life was so affable and curteous, that she wonne the love of all and every man, accompting his tongue (the father of speech) a trewant, which was not liberall in her prayses; so that it fortun'd as she pass'd along the streete with Dyonyssa her daughter, who was her companion and schoole-fellow, and who till then she supposed had beene her sister. The people, as at other times, came running out of their doores with greedy desire to looke upon her; and beholding the beauty and comelinessse of Marina so farre to out-shine Dyonyssaes daughter, who went side by side with her, could not containe themselves from crying out, Happy is that father who hath Marina to his daughter, but her companion that goeth with her is fowle and ill-favoured. Which when Dyonyssa heard, her envy of those prayses bred in her a contempt, and that contempt soone transformed it selfe into wrath.—*Wilkins*.

⁴⁴ *And held a malkin.*

A *malkin* is a *coarse wench*. A kitchen-*malkin* is mentioned in *Coriolanus*. *Not worth the time of day*, is, not worth a *good day*, or *good morrow*; undeserving the most common and usual salutation.—*Steevens*.

It would appear from the *Medulla* that this word was also used as an opprobrious appellation: “*Gallinacius*, i, homo debilis, a *malkyn*, and a *capoun*.” Forby gives *maukin* as signifying either a dirty wench, or a scarecrow of shreds and patches.—*Way*.

⁴⁵ *Whereat Pericles makes lamentation.*

And Apollonius beleeving indeede that she was dead, saide unto his servants: Take up this stuffe, and beare it away unto the ships, and I will goe walke unto my daughters monument. And when he came there, hee read the superscription in manner as is above written, and he fell suddenly, as it were, into an outrageous affection, and cursed his owne eies, saying: O most cruell eies! why can you not yeelde foorth sufficient teares, and woorthily bewaile the death of my deare daughter? And with that word, with grieve and extreme sorrowe, he fell into a sowne.—*Twine*.

⁴⁶ *Puts on sackcloth.*

Whereuppon Pericles giving credite to this report of her death, he commaunded his servants to take up what she had brought, and beare them to his shippes, while he himselfe would goe visite his daughters monument. Which when he beheld, and had read the epitaph, as before written, his affection brake out into his eies, and he expressed more actuall sorrow for the losse of her then inditement can expresse; first, tumbling himselfe uppon her monument, he then fell into a swownd, as if, since he might not leave all his life with her, yet he would leave halfe at least, from which trance being at the length recovered, hee apparrelles himselfe in sacke-cloth, running hastily unto his shippes, desireth the sea to take him into their wombe, since neither land nor water was fortunate unto him; for the one had bereft him of a daughter, the other of a wife.—*Wilkins.*

⁴⁷ *And in a mighty passion departs.*

Pericles returnes from Tyre toward Tharsus, to visite the hospitable Cleon, Dyonyssa, and his yoong daughter Marina, where by Dyonyssaes dissembling teares, and a toombe that was erected for her, Pericles is brought to beleve that his Marina lies there buried, and that shee died of her naturall death, for whose losse hee teares his haire, throwes off his garments, forswears the societie of men, or any other comfort. In which *passion* for many moneths continuuing, hee at last arrives at Metelyne.—*Wilkins.*

⁴⁸ *This borrow'd passion stands for true old woe.*

That is, for such tears as were shed when, the world being in its infancy, dissimulation was unknown. All poetical writers are willing to persuade themselves that sincerity expired with the first ages. Perhaps, however, we ought to read—true *told* woe.—*Stevens.*

⁴⁹ *The epitaph is for Marina writ.*

The following version of the epitaph is given in the prose story of Pericles by Wilkins, 1608,—

The fairest, chastest, and most best lies heere,
Who wythred in her spring of yeere:
In Natures garden, though by growth a Bud,
Shee was the chieffest flower, she was good.

⁵⁰ *Who wither'd in her spring of year.*

Shakespeare may here perhaps have had in his mind the words of Gower,—

Hire epitaffe of gode assise
Was write aboute, and in this wise
It spake—O ye that this byholde,
Lo, here lith she, the wich was holde
The fairest, and the *floure* of alle,
Whose name Taysis men calle.
The kynge of Tyre, Appollinus,
Here fader was; nowe lith she thus.

⁵¹ *Thetis, being proud, swallow'd some part o'the earth.*

Some copies of ed. 1609, corruptly read *That is* for *Thetis*. The inscription alludes to the violent storm which accompanied the birth of Marina, at which time the sea, proudly o'erswelling its bounds, swallowed, as is usual in such hurricanes, some part of the earth. The poet ascribes the swelling of the sea to the pride which Thetis felt at the birth of Marina in her element; and

supposes that the earth, being afraid to be overflowed, bestowed this birth-child of Thetis on the heavens; and that Thetis, in revenge, makes raging battery against the shores. The line, "Therefore the earth fearing to be o'erflow'd," proves beyond doubt that the words "some part of the earth," in the line preceding, cannot mean the *body* of Thaisa, but a *portion* of the continent.—*M. Mason*.

⁵² *While our scene must play.*

The old copies have—"while our *steare* must play." For the emendation I am responsible. So, in *As You Like It* :—

This wide and universal theatre,
Presents more woful pageants than the *scene*
Wherein we *play* in.

Again, in the *Winter's Tale* :—

———— as if
The *scene* you *play*, were mine.

It should be remembered, that *scene* was formerly spelt *sceane*; so there is only a change of two letters, which in the writing of the early part of the last century were easily confounded.—*Malone*.

⁵³ *When she should do for clients her fitment.*

They cried against her, they should be all undoone by her, their house would grow uncustomed, and their trading would fall to decay by her squeamishnesse, and want of familiaritie to their *clients*, resolving now that there was no way to bring her unto their bowe, but by having her ravished.—*Wilkins*.

⁵⁴ *Here comes the lord Lysimachus, disguised.*

So, in the ancient prose romance of Appolyn, 1510, "—Than anone as Anthygoras prynce of the cyte it wyste, went and he *disguysed* himselfe, and went to the bordell whereas Tareye was," &c.—*Steevens*.

So also, in the *Gesta Romanorum*: "Cum lenone antecedente et tuba, tertia die cum symphonia ducitur [Tharsia] ad lupanar. Sed *Athenagoras princeps* primus ingreditur *velato corpore*. Tharsia autem videns eum projecit se ad pedes ejus, et ait," &c. No mention is made in the *Confessio Amantis* of this interview between Athenagoras (the Lysimachus of our play) and the daughter of Appollinus. So that Shakespeare must have taken this circumstance either from King Appolyn of Thyre, or some other translation of the *Gesta Romanorum*.—*Malone*.

When shee was come thither, Athanagoras, the prince, disguising his head and face because hee woulde not be knowen, came first in unto her; whome when Tharsia sawe, shew threw her selfe downe at his feete, and saide unto him: For the love of God, gentleman, take pittie on me! and by the name of God I adjure and charge you, that you do no violence unto me, but bridle your lust.—*Twine*.

⁵⁵ *This is an honourable man.*

Shee tooke her up with her into a private chamber, when the fruite of her instructions were, how she should now learne to behave her selfe, for she had fortunes comming uppon her, she was nowe to be received, respected, and regarded of a man that was honourable. Heaven graunt that I may finde him so, quoth Marina. Thou needest not doubt it, sweete-heart, quoth the bawde, for though I tell it thee in private, which for a million he would not have to be knowne publikely; hee is no woorse a man thou arte shortly to deale withall than the governour of this whole citty, a gentleman that is curteous, a favourer of our

calling, one that will as soone have his hand in his pocket, as such a pretty dilling as thou shalt come in his eye, and not as most of our gentlemen doe, drawe it out empty, but filling it full of golde, will most Jove-like rayne it downe into his Danaes lap. In briefe, he is a nobleman, and, which is a thing which we respect more than his nobilitie, he is liberall; he is curteous, and thou mayest commaund him, he is vertuous and thou mayest learne of him. All these indeede, answered Marina, are properties due unto so worthy a gentleman whom you picture him to be; and if he be liberall in good, I shall be glad to taste of his bountie; if curteous, I shall as willingly become his seryant; and if vertuous, it shal be in me no way to make him vicious. Well, well, well, sayes the bawde, we must have no more of this puling, and I must have you learne to know, that vice is as hereditary to our house, as the olde barne to your countrey beggar.—*Wilkins*.

⁵⁶ *A creature of sale.*

Where a woman is, there wants no woe; God keepe mee from imbarcking my selfe with them; they are whores, harlots, trulls, baggages, bayards, turne-ups, curtesanes, friendly wenches, coves, *women of sale*, young frighsters, stales, or bawdes, who, because they were foundred in Rome, goe to recover at Genoa.—*The Passenger of Benvenuto*, 1612.

⁵⁷ *And will come into it.*

Why, quoth Lysimachus, this house wherein thou livest is even the receptacle of all mens sinnes, and nurse of wickednesse, and how canst thou then be otherwise then naught, that livest in it? It is not good, answered Marina, when you that are the Governour, who should live well, the better to be bolde to punish evil, doe *knowe* that there is such a *roofe*, and yet *come under it*. Is there a necessitie (my yet good lord) if there be fire before me, that I must strait then thither flie and burne my selfe? Or if suppose this house, which too too many feele such houses are, should be the Doctors patrimony, and surgeons feeding; folowes it therefore, that I must needs infect my self to give them maintenance? O my good lord, kill me, but not deflower me, punish me how you please, so you spare my chastitie, and since it is all the dowry that both the gods have given, and men have left to me, do not you take it from me; make me your servant, I will willingly obey you; make mee your bondwoman, I will accompt it freedome; let me be the worst that is called vile, so I may still live honest, I am content: or if you thinke it is too blessed a happinesse to have me so, let me even now, now in this minute die, and Ile accompt my death more happy than my birth.—*Wilkins*.

⁵⁸ *If you were born to honour, show it now.*

In the *Gesta Romanorum*, Tharsia (the Marina of the present play) preserves her chastity by the recital of her story: “Miserere me propter Deum et per Deum te adjuro, ne me violes. Resiste libidini tuæ, et audi casus infelicitatis meæ, et unde sim diligenter considera. Cui cum universos casus suos exposuisset, princeps confusus et pietate plenus, ait ei,—‘Habeo et ego filiam tibi similem, de qua similes casus metuo.’ Hæc dicens, dedit ei viginti aureos, dicens, ecce habes amplius pro virginitate quam impositus est. Dic advenientibus sicut mihi dixisti, et liberaberis.” The affecting circumstance which is here said to have struck the mind of Athenagoras, the danger to which his own daughter was liable, was probably omitted in the translation. It hardly, otherwise, would have escaped our author.—*Malone*.

It is preserved in Twine’s translation, as follows: “Be of good cheere, Tharsia, for surely I rue thy case; and I myselfe have also a daughter at home, to whome I doubt that the like chances may befall,” &c.—*Steevens*.

If as you say (mylorde) you are the Governour, let not your authoritie, which should teach you to rule others, be the meanes to make you mis-gouverne your selfe; If the eminence of your place came unto you by discent, and the royalty of your blood, let not your life prove your birth a bastard: If it were throwne upon you by opinion, make good that opinion was the cause to make you great. What reason is there in your justice, who hath power over all, to undoe any? If you take from mee mine honour, you are like him, that makes a gappe into forbidden ground, after whome too many enter, and you are guiltie of all their evilles: my life is yet unspotted, my chastitie unstained in thought. Then if your violence deface this building, the workemanship of heaven, made up for good, and not to be the exercise of sinnes intemperance, you do kill your owne honour, abuse your owne justice, and impoverish me.—*Wilkins*.

⁵⁹ *Hold, here's gold for thee.*

And when he had so said, he gave her twenty peeces of gold, saying: Holde heere a greater price or reward for thy virginie than thy master appointed; and say as much unto others that come unto thee as thou hast done to me, and thou shalt withstand them. Then Tharsia fell on her knees, and weeping saide unto him: Sir, I give you most hartie thanks for your great compassion and curtesie, and most hartily I beseech you upon my knees, not to descry unto any that which I have saide unto you.—*Twine*.

⁶⁰ *In that clear way thou goest.*

Clear is pure, innocent. Thus in the Two Noble Kinsmen:—

———— For the sake
Of *clear* virginie, be advocate
For us and our distresses.

So in the Tempest:—

———— nothing but heart's sorrow,
And a *clear* life ensuing.—*Singer*.

⁶¹ *Thou art a piece of virtue.*

With which wordes (being spoken upon her knees) while her eyes were the glasses that carried the water of her mis-hap, the good gentlewoman being mooved, hee lift her up with his hands, and even then imbraced her in his hart, saying aside; Now surely this is Vertues image, or rather, Vertues selfe, sent downe from heaven a while to raigne on earth, to teach us what we should be. So in steede of willing her to drie her eyes, he wiped the wet himselfe off, and could have found in his heart with modest thoughts to have kissed her, but that hee feared the offer would offend her. This onely hee sayde, Lady, for such your vertues are, a farre more worthy stile your beuty challenges, and no way lesse your beauty can promise me that you are; I hither came with thoughtes intemperate, foule and deformed, the which your paines so well hath laved, that they are now white; continue still to all so, and for my parte, who hither came but to have payd the price, a peece of golde, for your virginie, now give you twenty to releve your honesty. It shall become you still to be even as you are, a *peece of goodnesse*, the best wrought uppe that ever Nature made, and if that any shall inforce you ill, if you but send to me, I am your friend. With which promise, leaving her presence, she most humbly thanked the gods for the preservation of her chastitie, and the reformation of his mind.—*Wilkins*.

⁶² *I beseech your honour, one piece for me.*

At last, all of them being departed, and the house unfrequented, onely of

their owne householde, and of the Governour, the bawde standing ready at the doore, as hee should goe out, making his obeysaunce unto him as hee should returne, in hope of his fee or rewarde, hee with an angry brow turned towards him saying, Villaine, thou hast a house heere, the weight of whose sinne would sincke the foundation, even unto hell, did not the vertue of one that is lodged therein keepe it standing; and so, as it were intraged, giving them nothing, he departed.—*Wilkins*.

⁶³ *My dish of chastity with rosemary and bays!*

Anciently many dishes were served up with this garniture, during the season of Christmas. The Bawd means to call her a piece of ostentatious virtue.—*Steevens*.

He (the bay) is a great companion with the rosemary, who is as good a gossip in all feasts, as he a trencher-man.—*A Strange Metamorphosis of Man*, 1634.

⁶⁴ *My master, or rather, my mistress.*

So leaving them together, and telling him, they gave her up to his power, to doe even what he would with her; the man and wife (though both bawdes) departed, when the pandar going to her, tolde her, that he, his master, nor their antient family would as thus long they had beene, be undoone by ere a Puritane peece of them all. And therefore, quoth he; Come on and resolve your selfe without more whining, for I am but the bawdes servant. The bawde hath commaunded me, and every servant by the indenture of his duety, is bound to obey his master: So catching her rashly by the hand, as he would have inforced her to his will; she first calling on Diana, patronesse of Chastitie, to defend her, fell likewise down at his feete, and besought him but to heare her; which being graunted, she demaunded of him what thing he could wish himselfe to be, which was more vile than he was, or more hatefull than he would make himselfe to be? Why my master or my mistris (quoth the villaine) I thinke, who have all the sinnes subject to mankind raining in them, and are (indeede) as bad as the divell himselfe; yet (quoth Marina) thou goest about to be worse then they, and to doe an office at their setting on, which thy master himselfe hath more pittie than to attempt, to robbe me of mine honour, which in spite of them and thee, the gods (who I hope will protect it still) have till this breathing protected, to leproous my chaste thoghts, with remembrance of so foule a deede, which thou then shalt have doone, to damne thine owne soule, by undoing of mine.—*Wilkins*.

⁶⁵ *To every coystrel.*

A *coystril*, says Tollet, is a paltry groom, one only fit to carry arms, but not to use them. So, in Holinshed's Description of England, vol. i. p. 162: "*Costerels*, or bearers of the armes of barons or knights." Vol. iii. p. 248: "So that a knight with his esquire and *coistrell* with his two horses." p. 272: "women lackies, and *coisterels*, are considered as the unwarlike attendants on an army." So again, in p. 127, and 217, of his History of Scotland.

Yet am I not against it, that these men by their mechanicall trades should come to besparage gentlemen and chuff-headed burghomasters; but that better places should bee possessed by *coystrells*, and the coblers crowe, for crying but *ave Caesar*, be more esteemed than rarer birds, that have warbled sweeter notes unrewarded.—*Pierce Penilesse*.

⁶⁶ *That hither comes enquiring for his tib.*

"A tib, *mulier sordida*," Coles. "On's mother side a bawde profess'd, then a *tybb*, then a trypewife," The Cruell Brother, 1630. "So close by the ribs, you may strike your tibs," Tom Tyler and his Wife, p. 17.

⁶⁷ *Here, here is gold for thee.*

At which word, the villaine being stricke into some remorce, and standing in a pawse, Marina went forward, and tolde him; If thou wantest golde, there is some for thee (part of that she had reserved which before was given hir, from the bawdes knowledge:) or if thou wantest maintenaunce, provide mee but some residence in an honest house, and I have experience in many things which shall labour for thee, as namely, I am skilfull in the seaven liberall sciences, well exercised in all studies, and dare approve this, that my skill in singing and playing on instruments exceeds any in the citty; therefore (quoth she) as thou before didst proclame my beuty in the market to the open world, whereby to have made me a common prostitute, so now agayne proclame my vertues unto them, and I doubt not but this honorable citty will afford schollers sufficient, the instructing of whome will returne profite enough, both to repay the maister what hee payed out for me, provide an honester course for thee then this thou livest in; and give a quiet content unto my selfe. Sooth (quoth the villaine) being now mooved unto much more compassion of her; If you have (as you say) these qualities, I will labour with my master, and doe my best for your release. If not, answered Marina, I give thee free leave to bring me backe againe, and prostitute me to that course which was first pretended for me. In brieffe, the villaine so laboured with the bawde his maister, that though hee woulde not give her leave to depart his house, yet in hope of the profit, which would come in by her other qualities, she should stay in his house, and none, with her former greivances disturbe her, and withall charged the pander to set up a bill in the market-place of her excellencie in speaking and in singing. At the report of which there crowded as many to the bawdes great profite to be delighted with her woorth, as there came before to have made spoyle of her vertue, and not any man but gave her money largely, and departed contented, onely above the rest the lorde Lysimachus had evermore an especiall regarde in the preservation of her safety no otherwise than if she had bene descended from himselfe, and rewarded the villaine very liberally for the diligent care hee had over her.—*Wilkins.*

⁶⁸ *I shall find them tractable enough.*

Whereunto Tharsia replied: I am skilful in the liberal sciences, and well exercised in all studies, and no man singeth or playeth on instruments better than I; wherefore bring mee into the market place of the citie, that men may heare my cunning; or let the people propound any maner of questions, and I will resolve them, and I doubt not but by this practise I shall get store of money daily. When the villaine heard this devise, and bewailed the maidens mishappe, he willingly gave consent thereto, and brake with the bawd his master touching that matter, who hearing of her skill, and hoping for the gaine, was easily perswaded.—*Twine.*

Act the Fifth.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Marina thus the brothel scapes, and chances
Into an honest house, our story says.
She sings like one immortal, and she dances
As goddess-like to her admired lays.
Deep clerks she dumbs,¹ and with her neeld composes²
Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or berry,
That even her art sisters the natural roses ;
Her inkle, silk, twin with the rubied cherry :³
That pupils lacks she none of noble race,
Who pour their bounty on her ; and her gain
She gives the cursed bawd. Here we her place,
And to her father turn our thoughts again,
Where we left him on the sea, tumbled and tost ;
And, driven before the winds, he is arriv'd⁴
Here where his daughter dwells : and on this coast
Suppose him now at anchor. The city striv'd
God Neptune's annual feast to keep :⁵ from whence
Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies,
His banners sable, trimm'd with rich expense ;⁶
And to him in his barge with fervour hies.⁷
In your supposing once more put your sight⁸
Of heavy Pericles, think this the bark :
Where, what is done in action, more, if might,
Shall be discover'd ; please you, sit, and hark.

[*Exit.*

SCENE I.—*On board PERICLES' Ship, off Mitylene. A Pavilion on deck, with a Curtain before it; PERICLES within it, reclining on a Couch. A Barge lying beside the Tyrian vessel.*

Enter Two Sailors, one belonging to the Tyrian vessel, the other to the Barge; to them HELICANUS.

Tyr. Sail. Where's the lord Helicanus? he can resolve you.
[*To the Sailor of Mitylene.*]

O here he is.—

Sir, there's a barge put off from Mitylene,
And in it is Lysimachus, the governor,
Who craves to come aboard. What is your will?
Hel. That he have his. Call up some gentlemen.
Tyr. Sail. Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.

Enter Two Gentlemen.

1 Gent. Doth your lordship call?

Hel. Gentlemen,

There is some of worth would come aboard: I pray
Greet him fairly.⁹

[*Gentlemen and Sailors descend, and go on board the Barge.*]

Enter, from thence, LYSIMACHUS and Lords; the Tyrian Gentlemen and the Two Sailors.

Tyr. Sail. Sir,
This is the man that can in aught you would
Resolve you.

Lys. Hail, reverend sir! The gods preserve you!

Hel. And you, sir, to outlive the age I am,
And die as I would do.

Lys. You wish me well.
Being on shore, honouring of Neptune's triumphs,
Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,
I made to it to know of whence you are.

Hel. First, what is your place?

Lys. I am the governor of this place you lie before.

Hel. Sir,

Our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king;
A man, who for this three months hath not spoken
To any one,¹⁰ nor taken sustenance,
But to prorogue his grief.

Lys. Upon what ground is his distemperature?

Hel. It would be too tedious to repeat;
But the main grief springs from the loss
Of a beloved daughter and a wife.

Lys. May we not see him, then?

Hel. You may,
But bootless is your sight; he will not speak
To any.

Lys. Yet, let me obtain my wish.

Hel. Behold him. [PERICLES *discovered*.¹¹] This was a
goodly person,
Till the disaster, that, one mortal night,¹²
Drove him to this.

Lys. Sir king, all hail! the gods preserve you!
Hail, royal sir!¹³

Hel. It is in vain; he will not speak to you.

I Lord. Sir, we have a maid in Mitylene, I durst wager,
Would win some words of him.

Lys. 'Tis well bethought.

She, questionless, with her sweet harmony,¹⁴
And other choice attractions, would allure,
And make a battery through his deafen'd parts,¹⁵
Which now are midway stopp'd:
She is all happy as the fair'st of all,
And with her fellow maids is now upon
The leafy shelter¹⁶ that abuts against
The island's side.

[*He whispers one of the attendant Lords.*—*Exit Lord.*]

Hel. Sure, all effectless; yet nothing we'll omit,
That bears recovery's name.
But, since your kindness we have stretch'd thus far,
Let us beseech you,
That for our gold we may provision have,
Wherein we are not destitute for want,
But weary for the staleness.

Lys. O, sir! a courtesy,
Which, if we should deny, the most just God
For every graff would send a eaterpillar,
And so inflict our provinee.—Yet once more
Let me entreat to know at large the cause
Of your king's sorrow.

Hel. Sit, sir, I will recount it to you;—
But see, I am prevented.

Enter Lord, MARINA, and a young Lady.

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

Hel. She's a gallant lady.

Lys. She's such a one, that were I well assur'd she came
Of gentle kind, and noble stoek, I'd wish
No better ehoice, and think me rarely wed.—
Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty
Expect even here, where is a kingly patient:
If that thy prosperous and artificial feat¹⁷
Can draw him but to answer thee in aught,
Thy saered physic shall receive such pay¹⁸
As thy desires can wish.

Mar. Sir, I will use
My utmost skill in his reeovery,
Provided none but I and my companion
Be suffer'd to come near him.

Lys. Come, let us leave her,
And the gods make her prosperous! [MARINA sings.¹⁹

Lys. Mark'd he your music?

Mar. No, nor look'd on us.²⁰

Lys. See, she will speak to him.

Mar. Hail, sir! my lord, lend ear.—

Per. Hum! ha! [He pushes her from him.²¹

Mar. I am a maid,
My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,
But have been gaz'd on like a comet: she speaks,
My lord, that, may be, hath endur'd a grief
Might equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd.
Though wayward fortune did malign my state,
My derivation was from ancestors

Who stood equivalent with mighty kings ;
 But time hath rooted out my parentage,
 And to the world and awkward casualties
 Bound me in servitude.—I will desist ;
 But there is something glows upon my cheek,
 And whispers in mine ear, “ Go not till he speak.”

Per. My fortunes—parentage—good parentage—
 To equal mine !—was it not thus ? what say you ?

Mar. I say, my lord,²² if you did know my parentage,²³
 You would not do me violence.²⁴

Per. I do think so.

I pray you, turn your eyes again upon me.—
 You are like something that—What countrywoman ?
 Here of these shores ?

Mar. No, nor of any shores ;
 Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am
 No other than I appear.

Per. I am great with woe, and shall deliver weeping.
 My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one
 My daughter might have been : my queen’s square brows ;
 Her stature to an inch ; as wand-like straight ;
 As silver-voic’d ; her eyes as jewel-like,
 And cas’d as richly : in pace another Juno ;
 Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry,
 The more she gives them speech.—Where do you live ?

Mar. Where I am but a stranger : from the deck
 You may discern the place.

Per. Where were you bred ?
 And how achiev’d you these endowments, which
 You make more rich to owe ?

Mar. Should I tell my history,
 ’Twould seem like lies, disdain’d in the reporting.

Per. Pr’ythee, speak :
 Falseness cannot come from thee, for thou look’st
 Modest as justice, and thou seem’st a palace
 For the crown’d truth to dwell in. I’ll believe thee,
 And make my senses credit thy relation,
 To points that seem impossible ; for thou look’st
 Like one I lov’d indeed. What were thy friends ?
 Didst thou not say, when I did push thee back,—
 Which was when I perceiv’d thee—that thou cam’st
 From good descending ?

Mar. So indeed I did.

Per. Report thy parentage. I think thou said'st
Thou hadst been toss'd from wrong to injury,²⁵
And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal mine,
If both were open'd.

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

Per. Tell thy story ;
If thine consider'd prove the thousandth part
Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I
Have suffer'd like a girl : yet thou dost look
Like Patience, gazing on kings' graves, and smiling
Extremity out of aet.²⁶ What were thy friends ?
How lost thou them ? Thy name, my most kind virgin ?
Recount, I do beseech thee. Come, sit by me.

Mar. My name is Marina.²⁷

Per. O ! I am mock'd,
And thou by some incensed god sent hither
To make the world to laugh at me.

Mar. Patience, good sir,
Or here I'll cease.

Per. Nay, I'll be patient.
Thou little know'st how thou dost startle me,
To call thyself Marina.

Mar. The name
Was given me by one that had some power ;
My father, and a king.

Per. How ! a king's daughter ?
And call'd Marina ?

Mar. You said you would believe me ;
But, not to be a troubler of your peace,
I will end here.

Per. But are you flesh and blood ?
Have you a working pulse ? and are no fairy
Motion ?²⁸—Well ; speak on. Where were you born,
And wherefore call'd Marina ?

Mar. Call'd Marina,
For I was born at sea.

Per. At sea ! what mother ?

Mar. My mother was the daughter of a king ;
Who died the minute I was born,

As my good nurse Lyehorida hath oft
Deliver'd weeping.

Per. O! stop there a little.

This is the rarest dream that e'er dull'd sleep
Did mock sad fools withal; this cannot be.

My daughter's buried.—Well:—where were you bred?
I'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story,
And never interrupt you.

Mar. You scorn: believe me, 'twere best I did give o'er.

Per. I will believe you by the syllable
Of what you shall deliver. Yet, give me leave:
How came you in these parts? where were you bred?

Mar. The king, my father, did in Tharsus leave me,
Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,
Did seek to murder me; and having woo'd
A villain to attempt it, who having drawn to do't,
A crew of pirates came and rescued me;
Brought me to Mitylene. But, good sir,
Whither will you have me? Why do you weep? It may be,
You think me an impostor: no, good faith;
I am the daughter to King Pericles,
If good king Pericles be.

Per. Ho, Helicanus!

Hel. Calls my gracious lord?

Per. Thou art a grave and noble counsellor,
Most wise in general: tell me, if thou canst,
What this maid is, or what is like to be,
That thus hath made me weep?

Hel. I know not; but

Here is the regent, sir, of Mitylene,
Speaks nobly of her.

Lys. She would never tell
Her parentage; being demanded that,
She would sit still and weep.

Per. O Helicanus! strike me, honour'd sir;
Give me a gash, put me to present pain,
Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me,
O'erbear the shores of my mortality,
And drown me with their sweetness. O! come hither,
Thou that beget'st him that did thee beget;²⁹
Thou that wast born at sea, buried at Tharsus,
And found at sea again.—O Helicanus!

Down on thy knees, thank the holy gods as loud
As thunder threatens us : this is Marina.—
What was thy mother's name ? tell me but that,
For truth can never be confirm'd enough,
Though doubts did ever sleep.

Mar. First, sir, I pray,
What is your title ?

Per. I am Pericles of Tyre : but tell me, now,
My drown'd queen's name,—as in the rest you said
Thou hast been godlike perfect—the heir of kingdoms,
And another life³⁰ to Pericles thy father.

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

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

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

Per. I embrace you ;
Give me my robes ! I am wild in my beholding.
O heavens, bless my girl ! But hark ! what music ?—
Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him
O'er, point by point,³¹ for yet he seems to doubt,
How sure you are my daughter.—But what music ?

Hel. My lord, I hear none.

Per. None ?

The music of the spheres ! list, my Marina.

Lys. It is not good to cross him : give him way.

Per. Rarest sounds ! Do ye not hear ?

[*Music.*

Lys. My lord, I hear.³²

Per. Most heavenly music :
It nips me unto list'ning, and thick slumber
Hangs upon mine eyes : let me rest.

[*He sleeps.*

Lys. A pillow for his head.

[*The Curtain before the Pavilion of PERICLES is closed.*
So leave him all.—Well, my companion-friends,

If this but answer to my just belief,
I'll well remember you.

[*Exeunt* LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA, and Lady.]

SCENE II.—*The Same.*

PERICLES *on the Deck asleep*; DIANA *appearing to him in a vision.*

Dia. My temple stands in Ephesus:³³ hie thee thither,
And do upon mine altar sacrifice.
There, when my maiden priests are met together,
Before the people all,
Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife:
To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's, call,
And give them repetition to the life.³⁴
Or perform my bidding, or thou liv'st in woe:
Do it, and happy;³⁵ by my silver bow.
Awake, and tell thy dream. [DIANA *disappears.*
Per. Celestial Dian, goddess argentine,
I will obey thee!—Helicanus!

Enter LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, and MARINA.

Hel. Sir.

Per. My purpose was for Tharsus, there to strike
The inhospitable Cleon: but I am
For other service first; toward Ephesus
Turn our blown sails; efts³⁶ I'll tell thee why.—
Shall we refresh us, sir, upon your shore,
And give you gold for such provision
As our intents will need?

Lys. Sir, with all my heart, and when you come ashore,
I have another suit.³⁷

Per. You shall prevail,
Were it to woo my daughter; for it seems
You have been noble towards her.

Lys. Sir, lend your arm.

Per. Come, my Marina. [Exeunt.]

Enter GOWER, before the Temple of DIANA at Ephesus.

Gow. Now our sands are almost run ;
 More a little, and then dumb.
 This, as my last boon, give me,
 For such kindness must relieve me,
 That you aptly will suppose
 What pageantry, what feats, what shows,
 What minstrelsy, and pretty din,
 The regent made in Mitylin,
 To greet the king. So he thriv'd,
 That he is promis'd to be wiv'd³³
 To fair Marina ; but in no wise
 Till he had done his saeriffee,
 As Dian bade : whereto being bound,
 The interim, pray you, all confound.
 In feather'd briefness sails are fill'd,
 And wishes fall out as they're will'd.
 At Ephesus, the temple see,
 Our king, and all his company.
 That he can hither come so soon,
 Is by your fancy's thankful doom.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*The Temple of DIANA at Ephesus ; THAISA standing near the Altar, as high Priestess ;³⁹ a number of Virgins on each side ; CERIMON and other Inhabitants of Ephesus attending.*

Enter PERICLES, with his Train ; LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA, and a Lady.

Per. Hail Dian !⁴⁰ to perform thy just command,
 I here confess myself the king of Tyre ;
 Who, frighted from my country, did wed
 At Pentapolis, the fair Thaisa.
 At sea in childbed died she, but brought forth
 A maid-child call'd Marina ; who, O goddess !

Wears yet thy silver livery. She at Tharsus
Was nurs'd with Clcon, whom at fourteen years
He sought to murder, but her better stars
Brought her to Mitylene ; against whose shore
Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard us,
Where, by her own most clear remembrance, she
Made known herself my daughter.

Thai. Voice and favour !—

You are, you are—O royal Pericles !— [*She faints.*⁴¹

Per. What means the woman ?⁴² she dies : help, gentlemen !

Cer. Noble sir,

If you have told Diana's altar true,
This is your wife.

Per. Reverend appearer, no :

I threw her overboard with these very arms.

Cer. Upon this coast, I warrant you.

Per. 'Tis most certain.

Cer. Look to the lady.—O ! she's but o'erjoy'd.

Early in blust'ring morn this lady was
Thrown on this shore. I op'd the coffin,
Found there rich jewels ; recover'd her, and plac'd her
Here, in Diana's temple.

Per. May we see them ?

Cer. Great sir, they shall be brought you to my house,
Whither I invite you. Look ! Thaisa is recover'd.

Thai. O, let me look !

If he be none of mine, my sanctity
Will to my sense bend no licentious ear,
But curb it, spite of seeing. O, my lord !
Are you not Pericles ? Like him you speak,
Like him you are. Did you not name a tempest,
A birth, and death ?

Per. The voice of dead Thaisa !

Thai. That Thaisa am I, supposed dead,
And drown'd.⁴³

Per. Immortal Dian !

Thai. Now I know you better.—

When we with tears parted Pentapolis,
The king, my father, gave you such a ring. [*Shows a Ring.*

Per. This, this : no more, you gods ! your present kindness
Makes my past miseries sport :⁴⁴ you shall do well,
That on the touching of her lips I may

Melt, and no more be seen. O! come, be buried
A second time within these arms.

Mar. My heart

Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom. [*Kneels to THAISA.*]

Per. Look, who kneels here. Flesh of thy flesh, Thaisa ;
Thy burden at the sea, and call'd Marina,
For she was yielded there.

Thai. Bless'd, and mine own!

Hel. Hail, madam, and my queen!

Thai. I know you not.

Per. You have heard me say, when I did fly from Tyre,
I left behind an ancient substitute :
Can you remember what I call'd the man ?
I have nam'd him oft.

Thai. 'Twas Helicanus, then.

Per. Still confirmation!

Embrace him, dear Thaisa ; this is he.
Now do I long to hear how you were found,
How possibly preserv'd, and whom to thank,
Besides the gods, for this great miracle.⁴⁵

Thai. Lord Cerimon, my lord ; this man
Through whom the gods have shown their power ; that can
From first to last resolve you.

Per. Reverend sir,
The gods can have no mortal officer
More like a god than you. Will you deliver
How this dead queen re-lives?

Cer. I will, my lord :
Beseech you, first go with me to my house,
Where shall be shown you all was found with her ;
How she came placed here in the temple,
No needful thing omitted.

Per. Pure Dian ! bless thee for thy vision.
I will offer night oblations to thee. Thaisa,
'This prince, the fair-betrothed of your daughter,
Shall marry her at Pentapolis. And now,
This ornament,⁴⁶
Makes me look dismal, will I clip to form ;
And what this fourteen years⁴⁷ no razor touch'd,
To grace thy marriage-day, I'll beautify.

Thai. Lord Cerimon hath letters of good credit ;
Sir, my father's dead.

Per. Heavens make a star of him ! Yet there, my queen,
We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves
Will in that kingdom spend our following days :
Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus reign.⁴⁸
Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay,
To hear the rest untold.—Sir, lead's the way.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter GOWER.

Gow. In Antiochus, and his daughter, you have heard
Of monstrous lust the due and just reward :
In Pericles, his queen, and daughter, seen,
Although assail'd with fortune fierce and keen,
Virtue preserv'd from fell destruction's blast,
Led on by heaven, and crown'd with joy at last.
In Helicanus may you well descry
A figure of truth, of faith, and loyalty :
In reverend Cerimon there well appears,
The worth that learned charity aye wears.
For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame
Had spread their cursed deed, the honour'd name
Of Pericles, to rage the city turn ;
That him and her they in his palace burn.⁴⁹
The gods for murder seemed so content
To punish them, although not done, but meant.
So on your patience evermore attending,
New joy wait on you ! Here our play has ending.

[*Exit.*

Notes to the Fifth Act.

¹ *Deep clerks she dumbs.*

And whome it liketh for to carpe
Proverbes and demandes slyehe,
Another such thei never sihe
Wich that science so wel tauht.—*Gower.*

² *And with her neeld composes.*

Neeld, needle. Thus, in Sir Arthur Gorges' translation of Lucan, 1614:—

Thus Cato spake, whose feeling words
Like pricking *neelds*, or points of swords, &c.

Again, in Stanyhurst's Virgil, 1582:—"on *neeld*-wrought carpets."—*Steevens.*

"Item, half a dozen of quysshyngs, and one *neeld* workt quysshying," Inventory, 1606, Stratford-on-Avon MSS.

³ *Her inkle, silk, twin with the rubied cherry.*

Inkle is a species of *tape*. It is mentioned in *Love's Labour's Lost*, and in the *Winter's Tale*. All the copies read, I think, corruptly,—*twine* with the rubied cherry. The word which I have substituted is used by Shakspeare in *Othello*:—"Though he had *twinn'd* with me, both at a birth." Again, in *Coriolanus*:—"who *twine* as it were in love."—*Malone.*

Again, more appositely, in the *Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Fletcher:—

Her *twinning cherries* shall their sweetness fall
Upon thy tasteful lips.

Inkle, however, as I am informed, anciently signified a particular kind of *crewel* or *worsted* with which ladies worked flowers, &c. It will not easily be discovered how Marina could work such resemblances of nature with *tape*.—*Steevens.*

In old point lace we often find narrow tape inserted.

⁴ *Whence, driven before the winds, he is arriv'd.*

They had not thus sailed long in their course, but the winde came about to a contrary quarter, and blew so stiffly, that it troubled both sea and shippes. The raine fell fiercely over head, the sea wrought wonderously under the ships, and, to be short, the tempest was terrible for the time. It was then thought best in that extremitie to strike saile, and let the helme go, and to suffer the shippe to drive with the tide, whither it shoulde please God to direct it. But as joy evermore followeth heavinesse, so was this sharpe storme occasion of a sweet meeting of the father with the daughter, as in processe heereafter it shall appeare; for while Apollonius shippe runneth thus at random, it striketh upon the shoare of the citie Machilenta, where at that present his daughter Tharsia remained.—*Twine*.

When hee perceiving the winde to stand fitte for their departure, hee hoysed uppe sailes, and gave farewell to the shoare, nor had they long sailed in their course, but the winde came about into a contrary quarter, and blew so fiercely that it troubled both sea and shippes, the raine fell fiercely from above, and the sea wrought woonderously underneath, so that the tempest being terrible for the time, it was in that extremitie thought fittest to strike sayle, to let the helme goe, and to suffer the shippe to drive with the tide, whither it would please the gods to direct it; But as joy evermore succeedeth heavinesse, so was this sharpe storme occasion of a joyful meeting betwixt this sorrowful father and his lost daughter; for while Prince Pericles shippe is thus governed at random, by fortune it striketh upon the shoare of the citie Meteline, where now Marina remained, of whose death he (as before) being fully perswaded, in whose life he had hope his decayed comfortes should againe have had new growth.—*Wilkins*.

⁵ *God Neptune's annual feast to keep.*

And hapneth thilke tyme so,
The lordes bothe, and the comune
The hihe feste of Neptune,
Upponn the stronde att ryvage.—*Gower*.

⁶ *Trim'd with rich expence.*

He fonde the shippe of grete aray.—*Gower*.

As fortune thereto served, and delight to take the fresh aire moved Athanagoras, prince of the citie, to walk toward the sea side, he sawe Apollonius ships riding at anker: at the view wherof he tooke great pleasure, especially at the admirall, which was a great ship, and a beautiful, wherin Apollonius himself was carried, the like whereof haply he had not seene often before.—*Twine*.

⁷ *And to him in his barge with fervour hies.*

Former hyes, ed. 1609; *ferror hyes*, other copies of the same edition. So *Gower*,—

—— and after *soue*,
Whan that he sihe it was to done,
His barge was for him arayd,
And he goth forth, and hath assaid.

⁸ *In your supposing once more put your sight.*

That is, in your imagination once more fix your eyes of (or on) heavy Pericles.—*A. Dyce*.

⁹ *To greet him fairly.*

So in ed. 1609; *them* in the other editions. Mr. Collier explains *some of*

worth, in the previous line, "some person of worth." That *some* was occasionally used in this sense appears from Heywood's *Fortune by Land and Sea*, 1655,—

Old Har. Over my garden-wall! Is't possible?

Good. Over this wall I saw him leap it lightly.

Old Har. That we shall quickly know. See, here's my wife;
She can inform us best.

Fos. Saw you not, Mrs. Harding, a young man
Mount o'er this garden-wall with his sword drawn?

Mrs. H. My eyes were stedfast on my work in hand,
And, trust me, I saw none.

Old Har. Perhaps he took down to the neighbour village,
And when he saw my wife, alter'd his course.

Mrs. H. 'Tis very like so, for I heard a bustling
About that hedge; besides a sudden noise
Of *some* that swiftly ran towards your fields.
Make haste; 'twas now; he cannot be far off.

Old Har. Gentlemen, take my word: I am High Constable.
It is part of my office: I'll be no shelter
For any man that shall offend the law.
If we surprise him, I will send him bound
To the next Justice. Follow you your search.

¹⁰ *Hath not spoken to any one.*

And being now agayne at sea, he vowed to himselfe never more to have fellowshippe or conference with any man, charging all his folowers, of whome Helycanus was one, that none of them upon the paine of his displeasure (and who is ignorant that the displeasure of kings is as daungerous as death) should dare to speake unto him; no not so much as they who attended him with meate, and withall commaunded them that they should not ordayne for him any more but so small a competence, as might even scarcely maintaine nature, accompting now that life which he possessed, tedious to him, and wishing death in the most unfriendly languishment.—*Wilkins.*

He preyth that he here lorde may see,
Bot thei hym tolde it may not be,
For he lith in so derke a place,
That ther may no wiht se his face.
Bot for alle that thouth hem be loth,
He fonde the laddre, and downn he goth,
And to hym spake, bot noon answeare
Ayein of hym ne myht he here,
For oult that he can don or saynn;
And thus he goth him uppe ayenn.—*Gower.*

¹¹ *Pericles discovered.*

Few of the stage-directions that have been given in this and the preceding Acts, are found in the old copy. In the original representation of this play, Pericles was probably placed in the back part of the stage, concealed by a curtain, which was here drawn open. The ancient narratives represent him as remaining in the cabin of his ship. Thus, in the *Confessio Amantis*, it is said:—

But for all that though hem be lothe,
He [Athenagoras, the governor of Mitylene,] fonde the ladder and *downe*
he *goeth*
And to him spake——.

So also, in King Appolyn of Thyre, 1510: “—he is here *benethe* in tenebres and obscurete, and for nothinge that I may doe he wyll not yssue out of the place where he is.”—But as in such a situation Pericles would not be visible to the audience, a different stage-direction is now given.—*Malone*.

¹² *That, one mortal night.*

The copies all read—“one mortal *wight*.” The word which I suppose the author to have written, affords an easy sense. *Mortal* is here used for *pernicious*, *destructive*. So, in Macbeth:—“Hold fast the *mortal* sword.”—*Malone*.

¹³ *Hail, royal sir!*

In which state while he consisted, pining of his body, and perplexed in minde, it happened, that at one selfe same time Lord Helycanus going from the Princes shippe, and landing on the shoare, the Governour Lysimachus, who (as before is mentioned) tenderd Marina, was standing at the haven, and noting Pericles ships riding there at anker, he beganne with himselfe to commend the comelinesse of the vessells, and applaude the state they uphelde in their burthens, and in especially, that of the Admirall, wherein the Prince himselfe was, who seeing Helycanus come on shoare, and his grave and reverent countenance promising him to be a father of experience, and worthy of his conference, hee in curteous manner saluted him, and demaunded of him, of whence those shippes were, for, sir, quoth he, by their armes and ensignes I perceive they are strangers to our harbours, as also that it would please him to deliver to him who was the owner of them, when Helycanus, as in the whole storie, discoursed unto him his misfortunes, as also of his former woorth, and his present languishment, from which he could not be remooved, neither by his owne wisdome, nor by the counsell of his friends. When Lysimachus pittying his ruine, intreated Helycanus that he might speake with him, whereby to try if his perswasions had power to prevayle with him more then the will of himselfe, or power of his subjects. Which being by Helycanus graunted, he forthwith conducted him downe where his Maister lay; whom when Lysimachus beheld, so attired from the ordinary habite of other men, as with a long over-growne beard, diffused hayre, undecent nayles on his fingers, and himselfe lying uppon his covech groveling on his face. He somewhat astonished at the strangenes thereof, caled unto him with a soft voice, Prince Pericles, who hearing himselfe named, and thinking it to be some of his men, that called upon him contrary to his commaundement, hee arose up sodainely with a fierce countenance; but seeing him to be a stranger, verie comely and honourably attyred, hee shruncke himselfe downe uppon his pillow, and held his peace. When Lysimachus demaunded of Helicanus if it were his custome to be so silent to all men. Sir, it is, quoth he, and hath continued so for the space of this moneth, neither dare any of us his subjects, though we suffer much sorrow for him, by our perswasions seeke to alter him.—*Wilkins*.

¹⁴ *She, questionless, with her sweet harmony.*

How surely, quoth Lysimachus, though his misfortunes have beene great, and by which he hath great cause for this sorrow, it is great pitty he should continue thus perverse and obstinate, or so noble a gentleman came to so dishonorable a death; and thereuppon bethinking with himselfe what honourable meanes he might use to recover him, he sodainely remembring the wisdom that he had known Marina had in perswasion; and having heard since of her excellent skill in musicke, singing and dauncing; he, by the consent of Helycanus, caused her to be sent for, resolving with himselfe, that if the excellencie of her ministry had no power to worke on him, all phisicke was in vaine, and he from thence would resigne him over to his grave.—*Wilkins*.

¹⁵ *Through his deafen'd parts.*

Defend, ed. 1609, some copies of that edition reading *defended*. I have no doubt that the poet wrote—"through his *deafen'd* parts,"—i. e. ears, which were to be assailed by the melodious voice of Marina. In the old quarto few of the participles have an elision-mark. This kind of phraseology, though it now appears uncouth, was common in our author's time.—*Malone*.

¹⁶ *Is now upon the leafy shelter.*

In a spot sheltered by trees. Marina and her fellow-maids, we may suppose, had retired a little way from the crowd, and seated themselves under the adjoining trees, to see the triumph. This circumstance was an invention of the poet's. In King Appolyn of Thyre, Tharsye, the Marina of this play, is brought from the *bordel* where she had been placed. In the *Confessio Amantis*, she is summoned, by order of the governor, from the *honest house* to which she had retreated.—*Malone*.

¹⁷ *And artificial feat.*

"Veni ad me, Tharsia;" (says Athenagoras) "ubi nunc *ars studiorum* tuorum ut consoleris dominum navis in tenebris sedentem; ut provoces eum exire ad lucem, quia nimis dolet pro conjuge et filia suâ?"—*Gesta Romanorum*, p. 586, edit. 1558.

The old copy has—artificial *fate*. For this emendation the reader is indebted to Dr. Percy. *Feat* and *fate* are at this day pronounced in Warwickshire alike; and such, I have no doubt, was the pronunciation in the time of Queen Elizabeth. The two words were easily confounded.—*Malone*.

¹⁸ *Thy sacred physic shall receive such pay.*

The messenger speedily is returned, bringing Marina along with him; whome when Lysimachus beheld, Marina, quoth he, let me request of thee, thy help and uttermost knowledge in comforting the owner of this shippe which lieth in darknesse, and will receive no comfort, nor come abroade into the light, for the sorrow that he conceiveth through the losse of a wife and a daughter. From which if thou recover him, and to his former health restore him, I will, as I am a gentleman, give thee in recompence thirtie sistorcies of golde, and as many of silver, and though the bawd hath bought thee, according to the laws of our citty, from whom no authoritie can compell thee, yet for thirtie dayes will I redeeme thee.—*Wilkins*.

¹⁹ *Marina sings.*

The song written by Shakespeare for this place has unfortunately not been preserved. In Twyne's novel, the following are the wretched lines assigned to this occasion—

Amongst the harlots foul I walk,—Yet harlot none am I:
The rose among the thorns it grows,—And is not hurt thereby.
The thief that stole me, sure I think,—Is slain before this time:
A bawd me bought, yet am I not—Defil'd by fleshly crime.
Were nothing pleasanter to me—Than parents mine to know:
I am the issue of a king,—My blood from kings doth flow.
I hope that God will mend my state,—And send a better day:
Leave off your tears, pluck up your heart,—And banish care away.
Show gladness in your countenance,—Cast up your cheerful eyes:
That God remains that once of nought—Created earth and skies.
He will not let, in care and thought,—You still to live, and all for nought.

In Wilkins' novel, the song is essentially the same, but the last two lines are omitted, the chief other variation being found in the following verse,—

In time, the heavens may mend my state,
And send a better day,
For sorrow addes unto our griefes,
But helps not any way.

²⁰ *No, nor look'd on us.*

Whan she hath understonden itt,
She goth hire down there as he lay,
Where that she harpeth many a lay,
And lich an angele song with alle ;
Bot he no more than the walle
Tooke hede of eny thyng he herde.—*Gower.*

With this musicke of Marinaes, as with no delight else was he a whit altered, but lay groveling on his face, onely casting an eye uppon her, as hee were rather discontented than delighted with her indeavour. Whereupon she beganne with morall precepts to reprove him, and tolde him, that hee was borne a Prince, whose dignity being to governe others, it was most foule in him to misgoverne himselfe. Which while he continued in that sullen estate, he did no lesse, thus to mourne for the losse of a wife and childe, or at any of his owne misfortunes, approved that he was an enemy to the authoritie of the heavens, whose power was to dispose of him and his, at their pleasure : and that it was as unfitte for him to repine (for his continuing sorrow shewed he did no lesse) against their determinations and their unaltered willes, as it was for the giants to make warre against the gods, who were confounded in their enterprise. Not fitte to sorrow, quoth he, rising up like a cloude, that bespeakes thunder ; presumptuous bewty in a childe, how darest thou urge so much ? and therewithall, in this rash distemperature, strucke her on the face. When she, who never untill that time knew what blowes were, fell sodainely in a swowne : but beeing againe recovered, shee cryed out ; O humilitie ! ordained especially for Princes, who having power over all, shuld contemne none, whither art thou fled ?—*Wilkins.*

²¹ *He pushes her from him.*

This stage-direction is founded literally upon subsequent words of Pericles. See also what Marina says in the third speech from this.

²² *I say, my lord.*

“ I sed my Lord,” ed. 1609, but Marina proceeds to add something she had not previously stated.

²³ *If you did know my parentage.*

His hed wepyng away he caste,
And half in wrath he bade here go,
Bot yit she woulde nouht do so ;
And in the derke forth she goth
Til she hym towchith, and he wroth,
And aftir hire with his honde
He smote ; and thus whan she hym fonde
Diseasyd, courtesly she seide—
Avoy, my lorde, I am a mayde,
And if ye wiste what I am,
And owte of what lynage I cam,
Ye wolde not be so salvage.—*Gower.*

²⁴ *You would not do me violence.*

In Twyne's novel, there is an incident not mentioned in the play, but which has been thought to be referred to in the text,—“When he had done speaking, Tharsia wondering at his wisdom, and the rather lamenting his discomfortableness, threw her selfe upon him, and with clasped armes embraced him, saying, O good gentleman, hearken unto the voice of her that beseecheth thee, and have respect to the suite of a virgin, that thinking it a far unworthy thing that so wise a man should languish in griefe, and die with sorrow. But if God of his goodnes would restore unto thee thy wife safe, whom thou so much lamented; or if thou shouldst find thy daughter in good case, whom thou supposest to be dead, then wouldest thou desire to live for joy. Then Apollonius fell in a rage, and forgetting all courtesie, his unbridled affection stirring him thereunto, rose up sodainly, and stroke the maiden on the face with his foote, so that shee fell to the ground, and the blood gushed plentifully out of her cheekes.”

²⁵ *Thou hadst been toss'd from wrong to injury.*

Then weeping a while; And, O you Gods!, creators both of heaven and earth, looke upon my afflictions, and take compassion upon me, that am unfortunate in all things; I have bin tossed from wrong to injurie, I was borne amongst the waves and troublesome tempests of the sea, my mother died in paines and pangs of child-birth, and buriall was denyed her on the earth, whome my father adorned with jewelles, layd golde at her head, and silver at her feete, and inclosing her in a chest, committed her to the sea: As for me, unfortunate wretch, my father, who with princely furniture, put me (in trust) to Cleon and Dyonyssa, who commanded a servant of theirs to murder me, from whose cruelty by pirates I was rescued, brought by them to this citty, and sold to have beene hackneyd by a common bawde, though (I thanke the heavens) I have preserved my chastity; and now after al these crosses, for my curtesies to be stricke thus to bleeding! O cruel fate!—*Wilkins.*

²⁶ *And smiling extremity out of act.*

By her beauty and patient meekness disarming Calamity, and preventing her from using her uplifted sword. So, in King Henry IV. Part II. :—

And hangs resolv'd correction in the arm,
That was uprear'd to execution.

Extremity (though not personified as here) is in like manner used in King Lear, for the utmost of human suffering :—

————— another,
To amplify too much, would make much more,
And top *extremity*.—*Malone.*

Rhe. How he eyes the company! sure my passion will betray my weakness.— O my master, my noble master, do not forget me; I am still the humblest, and the most faithful in heart of those that serve you.

Mel. Ha, ha, ha!

Rhe. There's wormwood in that laughter, 'tis the usher to a violent *extremity*.

Mel. I am a weak old man. All these are come to jeer my ripe calamities.—*The Lover's Melancholy.*

²⁷ *My name, sir, is Marina.*

By which tale of hers Pericles being mooved, since by all the circumstances he ghesed she was his childe, and yet not knowing whether he might beleeve

himselfe to be awake, or in a dreame, he beganne agayne to capitulate with her of her former relation, as namely, where she was borne, who were her parents, and what her name was. To the which she answered, My name is Marina, and so called because I was borne upon the sea. O, my Marina, cryed out Pericles, being stricke into such an extasie of joy that hee was not able to containe himselfe! willing her agayne to discourse unto him the storie of her misfortunes, for hee could not heare too much.—*Wilkins*.

²⁸ *And are no fairy motion.*

That is “Have you really life in you, or are you merely a puppet formed by enchantment? the work of fairies.” The present reading cannot be right, for fairies were supposed to be animated beings, and to have working pulses as well as men.—*M. Mason*.

²⁹ *Thou that beget'st him that did thee beget.*

Which she obeying him in, and he knowing her to be his childe, seeing that the supposed dead was risen again, he falls on hir necke, and kisses her, calles upon Helycanus to come unto him, shewes him his daughter, biddes him to kneele to her, thanketh Lysimachus that so fortunately had brought her to begette life in the father who beget her; so one while weeping at others joying, and his senses being masterd by a gentle conquerour, in that extremitie of passion, he fell into a slumber.—*Wilkins*.

³⁰ *And another life.*

“And an other like,” ed. 1609. I think that a slight alteration will restore the passage, and read it thus:—

—— But tell me now

My drown'd queen's name (as in the rest *you said*

Thou hast been godlike perfect) thou'rt heir of kingdoms,

And another *life* to Pericles thy father.

That is, ‘Do but tell me my drowned queen's name, and thou wilt prove the heir of kingdoms, and *another life* to your father Pericles.’ This last amendment is confirmed by what he says in the speech preceding, where he expresses the same thought:—

—— O come hither,

Thou that *beget'st him* that did thee beget.—*M. Mason*.

³¹ *Point by point.*

A similar expression occurs in Gower, but there introduced in another way,—

Fro poynt to poynt alle she hym tolde,

That she hath longe in herte holde.

³² *My lord, I hear.*

The old editions have, “Musicke my Lord, I heare;” but “Musicke” is a stage-direction crept into the text. The author evidently intended that the music, a prelude to the appearance of Diana, which had already been ringing in the ears of Pericles, should now be heard by the audience, though those on the stage with Pericles were supposed not to hear it.—*A. Dyce*.

³³ *My temple stands in Ephesus.*

The hie God, which wolde hym kepe

Whan that this kynge was fast aslepe,

By nightes tyme he hath hym bede
 To sayle unto another stede :
 To Ephesum he bad hyme drawe,
 And as it was that tyme lawe,
 He shall do there hys sacrifice ;
 And eke he bad in all wise,
*That in the temple, amongst all,
 His foretune, as it is befalle,
 Touchyng his doughter and his wife,
 He shall be knowe upon his life.*

Gower's Confessio Amantis, ap. Malone.

And when they had sailed one whole day, and night was come, that Apollonius laide him downe to rest, there appeared an angell in his sleepe, commaunding him to leave his course toward Tharsus, and to saile unto Ephesus, and to go into the temple of Diana, accompanied with his sonne in lawe and his daughter, and there with a loude voyce to declare all his adventures, whatsoever had befallen him from his youth unto that present day.—*Twine*.

In which sweet sleepe of his, hee was by Diana warned to hie to Ephesus ; and there upon the altare of that goddessse to offer uppe his sacrifice before the priests, and there to discourse the whole progresse of his life ; which he remembring, being awake, he accordingly shipped himselfe with Lysimachus, Marina, and his owne subjects to perfourme.—*Wilkins*.

³⁴ *And give them repetition to the life.*

The old copies read—to the *like*. For the emendation, which the rhyme confirms, the reader is indebted to Lord Charlemont. “Give them repetition to the life,” means, as he observes, “Repeat your misfortunes so feelingly and so exactly, that the language of your narration may imitate to the life the transactions you relate.” So in *Cymbeline* :—

—— The younger brother, Cadwall,
 Strikes *life* into my speech.

In a *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, these words are again confounded, for in the two old quartos we find :—“Two of the first, *life* coats in heraldry,” &c.—*Malone*.

³⁵ *Do it, and happy.*

That is as the preceding line evinces, “and *thou liv'st happy*.” Diana declares, “by her silver bow,” that Pericles shall be either wretched or happy, as he disobeys or obeys her bidding.—*A. Dyce*.

³⁶ *Eftsoons.*

That is, immediately, very soon ; literally, soon after, from the Anglo-Saxon.

At Phœbus word therefore, and in respect of his great grace,
 Ascanius backe they kept that eager was, themselves in place
 Succeeds, and ventring lives, *eftsoones* to dangers turne their face.

Virgil translated by Phaer, ed. 1600.

Eftsoones the lady Princesse, and one of her ladyes with her, in apparell after the Spanish guise, came downe, there dauncing other two baas daunces, and departed againe bothe up to the Queene.—*MS. Harl.* 69.

³⁷ *I have another suit.*

The old copies read—“I have another *sleight*.” But the answer of Pericles

shows clearly that they are corrupt. The sense requires some word synonymous to *request*. I therefore read—"I have another *suit*." So, in King Henry VIII:—"I have a *suit* which you must not deny me."—*Malone*.

³⁸ *That he is promis'd to be wiv'd.*

Hym thouhte his herte wolle to-breke
 Tille he may to this maide speke.
 And to hire fader eke also
 For mariage; and it felle so
 That alle was do riht as he thouht.—*Gower*.

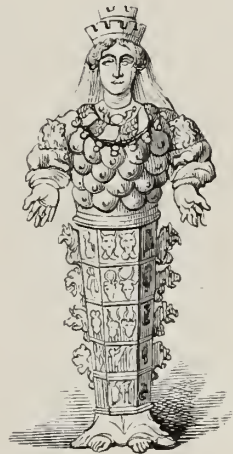
³⁹ *Thaisa standing near the altar, as high priestess.*

Apollonius and his companie forthwith forsooke their shippes, and came aland, and, according to the commaundement of the angell, tooke his journey to the temple of Diana, where as it is before mentioned, his long lamented wife, lady Lucina, remained in vertuous life and holy contemplation among the religious nunnes. And when he was come thither, he besought one of the nunnes, that had the keeping of the temple, that he might have licence to go in, and she willingly granted his request, and opened the doore unto him. By this time report was blowen abroad, that a certaine strange prince was lately landed with his sonne in lawe and his daughter, in very costly and rich ornaments, and gone into the temple; and the ladie Lucina, as desirous as the rest to see the strangers, decked her head with rich attire, and put on a purple robe, and, with convenient retinue attending upon her, came into the temple. Now, Lucina was passing beautifull, and, for the great love which she bare unto chastitie, all men revered her, and there was no virgin in al the number in like estimation unto her. Whom when Apollonius beheld, although he knew not what she was, yet such was the exceeding brightnes and majestie of her countenance, that he fel downe at her feet, with his sonne in law likewise, and his daughter; for hee thought shee glittered like a diademe, and exceeded the brightest starres in beautie. But Lucina curteously lifted them up from the ground, and bid them welcome, and afterward went to bestow the plate and ornaments of the temple in decent order, which thing was part of the nunnes duety. Then Apollonius settled himselfe to doe as the angell had commaunded him in the vision, and thus he beganne to say: I, being borne prince of Tyrus, was called Apollonius; and when in youth I had attained unto all kinde of knowledge, I resolved the cruel king Antiochus parable, to the intent to have married with his daughter, whome he most shamefully defiled, and kept her from all men to serve his owne filthie lust, and sought meanes to slay me. Then I fled away, and lost all my goodes in the sea, hardly escaping my selfe with life, and in my greatest extremitie I was courteously intertained by Altistrates, king of Pentapolis; and so highly received into favor, that he left no kindes of favour on me untried, insomuch that hee bestowed upon mee his faire daughter and onelie childe, Lucina, to be my wife. But when Antiochus and his daughter, by the just judgement of God, were stroken dead with lightning from heaven, I carried my wife with me to receive my kingdome, and she was delivered of this my daughter and hers upon the sea, and died in the travell: whome I enclosed in a chest, and threwe into the sea, laying twentie sesterces of golde at her head, and as much in silver at her feete, to the intent that they that should find her might have wherewithall to bury her honorably, leaving also a superscription that they might perceiv with what griefe of her friends she died, and of what priucelie parentage shee descended. Afterwardes I arrived at the citie of Tharsus, where I put in trust my yoong daughter to be brought up unto certain wicked persons; and from thence I departed unto

the higher partes of Egypt. But when from that time fourteene yeeres were expired, and I returned thither to fetch my daughter, they told me that shee was dead, which I beleaving to be true, put on mourning attire, and desired nothing so much as to die: and while I was in that extremitie of sorrowe, and determined to have sayled unto Tyrus, while I was on my way upon the sea, the winde turned, and there arose a tempest, and drave me unto the citie Machilenta, where my daughter was restored unto me. Then went I with my sonne in law, and my daughter once againe, to have sailed unto Tyrus by Tharsus; and as I was now in the journey, I was admonished in my sleepe by an angell to turne my course unto Ephesus; and there in the temple to declare aloud al my adventures that had befallen me, since my youth unto this present day, which hath hitherto guided me in all my troubles, will nowe send an happy end unto all mine afflictions.
—*Twine.*

⁴⁰ *Hail, Dian!*

Mr. Fairholt sends this note,—“The appearance of this famed idol, the Ephesian Diana, has been preserved in many antique copies; one in the Vatican collection of marbles is here engraved. Unlike “the Queen and huntress, chaste and fair” of the Romans; or the personation of Luna; she was here represented as the universal mother Nature, and her breast covered with nipples to indicate her fertility. The outstretched arms and open hands typified her benevolence; the animals on the case covering the lower part of the body, her universal sway over all creation.”



⁴¹ *She faints.*

For pure joye, as inne a rage,
She strauht unto hym alle att ones,
And felle a-swone upponn the stones
Wherof the temple flore was paved.—*Gower.*

⁴² *What means the woman?*

So the quarto, 1619, and subsequent editions: the quarto, 1609, “What means the *mum*?” which may have been a misprint for *nun*: it would suit the measure better, and it would not be unprecedented to call a priestess of Diana a nun.—*Collier.*

Mr. Collier’s suggestion of *nun* may be thought supported by a passage in Twyne’s novel, in which he speaks of “how prince Apollonius had found out his ladie and wife among the *nunnes* in the temple;” and again,—“Then Lucina discoursed unto her lord and husband, Apollonius, of all the strange accidents that happened unto her after his casting her forth into the sea; namely, howe her chest was cast on land at the coast of Ephesus, and taken up by a phisition; and how she was revived and by him adopted, and, for preservation of her honestie, placed among the nunnes in the temple of Diana, where hee then found her, accordingly as it appeareth before in the historie; wherefore they blessed the name of God, and yeilded most heartie thankes unto him, that hee had preserved them hitherto, and graunted them so joyfull a meeting.”

Who landing at Ephesus, and giving notice of the purpose, for which he was come, he was by all the priests and votaries attended to the Temple; and being

brought to the altare, this was the substance of his sacrifice, I Pericles, borne prince of Tyre, who having in youth attained to all kinde of knowledge, resolved the riddle of Antiochus, to the intent to have married his daughter, whome he most shamefully defiled. To preserve my selfe from whose anger, I fled to sea, suffered shipwracke, was curteously entertained by good Symonides king of Pentapolis, and after espoused his faire daughter Thaysa. At the naming of whome, she her selfe being by, could not choose but starte: for in this Temple was she placed to be a nunne, by Lord Cerimon, who preserved her life.—*Wilkins.*

⁴³ *And drown'd.*

That is, cast beneath the waves. “To drowne or plunge in the water, *mergo*; to drowne boates, *mergere cymbas*; overwhelmed or drowned in snowe,” Baret’s *Alvearie*, 1580. The ordinary meaning of the term does not suit the context, for Thaisa was not supposed to be suffocated by water.

⁴⁴ *Makes my past miseries sport.*

Pericles, though at the first astonished, joy had now so revived his spirites, that hee knew her to be herselfe; but throwing his head into her bosome, having nothing but this to utter, he cried aloude, O you heavens! my misfortunes were now againe blessings, since wee are agayne contracted; so giving his daughter to her armes to embrace her as a child, and Lysimachus to enfolde her as a wife, and giving order the solemnity of marriage should strait be provided for.—*Wilkins.*

⁴⁵ *For this great miracle.*

Tho was there joye many folde,
For every man this tale hath tolde
As for myracle, and weren glade.—*Gower.*

⁴⁶ *This ornament.*

So, in *Much Ado About Nothing*: “—— the barber’s man hath been seen with him; and the old *ornament* of his cheek hath already stuffed tennis balls.” The author has here followed *Gower*, or *Gesta Romanorum*:

—— this a vowe to God I make
That I shall never for hir sake,
My berde for no likynge shave,
Till it befalle that I have
In convenable time of age
Besette hir unto mariage.—Confessio Amantis.

The word *so* in the first line, and the words—*my lov’d Marina*, in the second, which both the sense and metre require, I have supplied.—*Malone.*

The author is in this place guilty of a slight inadvertency. It was but a short time before, when Pericles arrived at Tharsus, and heard of his daughter’s death, that he made a vow never to wash his face or cut his hair.—*M. Mason.*

There is an inadvertency somewhere; for if Pericles made such a vow once, he would scarcely have to make it again.—*Boswell.*

I do not see that there is inadvertency. Pericles, when he leaves his daughter in the care of Dionyza, vows never to cut his hair until she is married. This is the vow here alluded to, not the distinct one made when he supposes Marina to be dead, the latter being annulled by the discovery of her at Mitylene.

Apollonius refused not that friendly offer, but immediately prepared himselfe to goe with him; and caused his head to be polled, and his beard to be trimmed, and his nailes to be pared, and put on a princely robe upon his backe, and a

crowne of golde upon his head, and so passed forth together upon the way.—
Twine.

⁴⁷ *And what this fourteen years.*

Fourtene yere she was of age,
When deth hire toke to his viage.

Marina's Epitaph in Gower.

⁴⁸ *Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus reign.*

And aftir soone, as thou shalt here,
A parlement he hath somoned,
Where he his douhter hath coroned
Forth with the lorde of Mitilene,
That oon is kyng, that othir is queene.—*Gower.*

⁴⁹ *That him and her they in his palace burn.*

“That him and his,” old copies. In Gower’s poem, Strangulio and Dyonise are burned. In Twyne’s novel they are stoned by the populace, and, in Wilkins’ tale, they undergo the same punishment by the order of Pericles.

Venus and Adonis.

P R E F A C E.

THE whole tenour of the dedication to Venus and Adonis leads to the conclusion that it had been but recently completed before the early part of the year 1593, when that dedication was doubtlessly written, and that it was the first complete original work of any magnitude composed by the great poet. Shakespeare, it is true, had written one or more songs on the subject of the Spanish Armada, probably in 1588 or not later than 1589, and, as early as 1592, he is known to have been engaged on altering the dramatic productions of others; but if we accept Venus and Adonis as his first original work, strictly so called, and as composed in the year 1592, when he was twenty-eight years of age, such an opinion will be consistent with all the information we now have on the subject.

Venus and Adonis was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company on April 18th, 1593, in the following form,—“xviiij.º Aprilis—*Richard Feild*—Entred for his copie, under thandes of the Archbishop of Cant. and Mr. Warden Stirrop, a booke intuled Venus and Adonis,” *intuled* being of course a clerical error for *intituled*. Field's edition appeared in the same year under the title of—

“Venus and Adonis.

*Vilia miretur vulgus : mihi flavus Apollo
Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua.*

London Imprinted by Richard Field, and are to be sold at the signe of the white Greyhound in Paules Church-yard. 1593.”
4to.

It was republished by Field in the following year, 1594, with the same title and imprint, the date only being altered, and so similar in appearance that it requires a close examination to discover that it is really a second impression, not merely the previous edition with a new title. A memorandum in a later hand, attached to the entry in the Stationers' Register of April 18th, 1593, states that Field assigned the copyright of the poem in June, 1594, to John Harrison, — "assigned over to Mr. Harrison sen. 25 Junii, 1594," a circumstance which proves that Field's edition of *Venus and Adonis*, 1594, was published early in that year. The accuracy of this memorandum is confirmed by a more precise entry dated 25 June, 1594, in the same register— "25 Junij.—*Mr. Harrison senior*,—Assigned over unto him from Richard Feild in open court, holden this day, a booke called *Venus and Adonis*, the which was before entred to Ric. Feild, 18 April, 1593." The probability is that another edition soon followed that of 1594, but the earliest one published by Harrison now known was "Imprinted at London by R. F. for Iohn Harison. 1596," in small octavo. This edition was published early in the year, for Harrison parted with the copyright to Leake in June, 1596, as appears from the following entry in the registers of the Stationers' Company,— "25 Junij, —*William Leake*,—Assigned over unto him for his copie from Mr. Harrison thelder in full Court holden this day by the said Mr. Harrisons consent, A booke called *Venus and Adonis*." The earliest known edition published by Leake appeared in 1602, — "Imprinted at London for William Leake, dwelling at the signe of the Holy Ghost in Paules Church-yard. 1602." Leake held the copyright until 1617, when he parted with it to Barrett. — "16^o Febr. 1616, anno regis 14^o,—*Mr. Barrett*,—Assigned over unto him by Mr. Leake and by order of a full Courte, *Venus and Adonis*." W. Barrett issued an edition in the same year, 1617, and in March, 1620, he assigned the copyright to John Parker, — "8^o Martij, 1619,—*John Parker*,—Assigned over unto him with the consent of Mr. Barrett, and order of a full Court holden this day, all his right in *Venus and Adonis*." Parker issued an edition the same year, 1620, and retained the copyright until 1626, when he parted with it to Haviland and Wright, — "7^o Maij, 1626,—*John : Haviland, John Wright*,—Assigned over unto them by Mr. Parker, and by consent of Mr. Islip, warden, a booke called *Venus and Adonis*." In 1627, a suppositious edition appeared at Edinburgh, the only early

8^o Mar^{ch} 1619
John Parker. Assigned unto him by consent
of Mr Barrett, and order of a full
Court Golden tith day all his right in
his Copies following viz
Palmerin of England 3 pte
Venus & Adonis } him b'ids

20 May (1609)
Sp. Group Assigned for his copy under the
hand of Mr Barrett & Mr
Lorance Warden a Book
called Shakespeares sonnets } him b'ids

16^o Feb^r 1611. Mr. 120.
Mr Barrett Assigned unto him by Mr Leake
and by order of a full Court all
his Copies following viz
Palmerin of England, 3 pte
Venus & Adonis. } him b'ids

William Lake. Assigned on (1596) 25 Juny
his copy from Mr Laverford & others
in full Court Golden tith day by
the said Mr Laverford consent.
A Book called Venus and
Adonis } him b'ids

16^o January 1625 Mr. 120. p^{er}mis
From: Williams. Assigned unto him by Mrs
Hartson wife of Roger Hartson
deceased and by order of a full
Court Golden tith day. all her
estate in his Copies p^{er}o after
mentioned. } him b'ids
23. Lucrece by Shakespeares.

impression of any of Shakespeare's works ever printed out of England,—“Edinbvrgh, Printed by Iohn Wreittoun and are to bee sold in his shop a litle beneath the Salt Trone. 1627.” Another edition is said to have appeared at London in 1630, the only authority for which is a statement in some copies of Lintot's reprints of 1711, copies of those reprints varying in the separate titles, that he copied the *Venus and Adonis* from an edition printed at London in 1630. The next impression I have met with appeared in 1636,—“London, printed by I. H. and are to be sold by Francis Coules in the Old Bailey without Newgate, 1636.” Some time previously to the year 1655, the copyright passed into the hands of Edward Wright, who assigned it in that year to William Gilbertson. This list of the old impressions of *Venus and Adonis* may be concluded with a note of a chap-book impression, “Printed by Elizabeth Hodgkinsonne, for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clark. 1675,” a quaint-looking diminutive volume of extreme rarity.

Dr. Farmer possessed an early edition of *Venus and Adonis*, wanting the title, bound up with the *Lucrece* and another piece, the two latter being “printed by I. H. for Iohn Harrison, 1600.” Owing to this circumstance, it was too hastily assumed that the *Venus and Adonis* issued from the same press at the same time, and the copy alluded to, now in the Bodleian Library, received a manuscript title-page with a copy of that imprint. It is, however, certain that no edition of 1600 with such an imprint ever existed, for Harrison had assigned the copyright to Leake four years previously.

The great popularity of *Venus and Adonis* from the time of its first publication to the close of the seventeenth century, is evidenced, not merely by the large number of editions above mentioned, but also by the very numerous notices of the poem by writers of that period. Meres, in 1598, thus prettily alludes to it,—“as the soule of Euphorbus was thought to live in Pythagoras, so the sweete wittie soule of Ovid lives in mellifluous and honytongued Shakespeare, witnes his *Venus and Adonis*.” This is a pleasing contemporary testimony to the exquisite versification of the following poem.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

HENRY WRIOTHESLY,

EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON OF TICHFIELD.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

I KNOW not how I shall offend in dedicating my unpolished lines to your lordship, nor how the world will censure me for choosing so strong a prop to support so weak a burden: only, if your honour seem but pleased, I account myself highly praised, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours, till I have honoured you with some graver labour.¹ But if the first heir of my invention prove deformed, I shall be sorry it had so noble a god-father, and never after ear so barren a land, for fear it yield me still so bad a harvest. I leave it to your honourable survey, and your honour to your heart's content; which I wish may always answer your own wish, and the world's hopeful expectation.²

Your honour's in all duty,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Venus and Adonis.

EVEN as the sun with purple-colour'd face
Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping morn,
Rose-check'd Adonis hied him to the chase ;
Hunting he lov'd, but love he laugh'd to scorn :
 Sick-thoughted Venus makes amain unto him,
 And like a bold-fac'd suitor gins to woo him.

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

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

And yet not eloy thy lips with loath'd satiety,
 But rather famish them amid their plenty,
 Making them red and pale with fresh variety ;
 Ten kisses short as one, one long as twenty :
 A summer's day will seem an hour but short,
 Being wasted in such time-beguiling sport.

With this she seizeth on his sweating palm,
 The preecedent of pith and livelihood,
 And, trembling in her passion, calls it balm,
 Earth's sovereign salve to do a goddess good :
 Being so enrag'd, desire doth lend her foree
 Courageously to pluck him from his horse.

Over one arm the lusty eourser's rein,
 Under her other was the tender boy,
 Who blush'd and pouted in a dull disdain,
 With leaden appetite, unapt to toy ;
 She red and hot as coals of glowing fire,
 He red for shame, but frosty in desire.

The studded bridle on a ragged bough
 Nimble she fastens ;—O, how quiek is love !—
 The steed is stalled up, and even now
 To tie the rider she begins to prove :
 Baekward she push'd him, as she would be thrust,
 And govern'd him in strength, though not in lust.

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

He burns with bashful shame, she with her tears
 Doth queneh the maiden burning of his cheeks ;
 Then with her windy sighs, and golden hairs,
 To fan and blow them dry again she seeks :
 He saith she is immodest, blames her miss ;³
 What follows more she murders with a kiss.

Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,
 Tires with her beak on feathers, flesh, and bone,
 Shaking her wings, devouring all in haste,
 Till either gorge be stuff'd, or prey be gone ;
 Even so she kiss'd his brow, his cheek, his chin,
 And where she ends she doth anew begin.

Forc'd to content, but never to obey,
 Panting he lies, and breatheth in her face ;
 She feedeth on the steam, as on a prey,
 And calls it heavenly moisture, air of grace,
 Wishing her checks were gardens full of flowers,
 So they were dew'd with such distilling showers.

Look how a bird lies tangled in a net,
 So fasten'd in her arms Adonis lies ;
 Pure shame and aw'd resistance made him fret,
 Which bred more beauty in his angry eyes :
 Rain added to a river that is rank,⁴
 Perforce will force it overflow the bank.

Still she entreats, and prettily entreats,
 For to a pretty ear she tunes her tale ;
 Still is he sullen, still he lowers and frets,⁵
 'Twixt crimson shame, and anger ashy-pale ;
 Being red, she loves him best ; and being white,
 Her best is better'd with a more delight.

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

Upon this promise did he raise his chin,
 Like a dive-dapper peering through a wave,⁶
 Who being look'd on ducks as quickly in ;
 So offers he to give what she did crave,
 But when her lips were ready for his pay,
 He winks, and turns his lips another way.

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

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

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

Thus he that over-rul'd, I oversway'd,
 Leading him prisoner in a red rose chain :
 Strong-temper'd steel his stronger strength obey'd,
 Yet was he servile to my coy disdain.
 O ! be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,
 For mastering her that foil'd the god of fight.

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

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

The tender spring upon thy tempting lip
 Shows thee unripe, yet may'st thou well be tasted.
 Make use of time, let not advantage slip ;
 Beauty within itself should not be wasted :
 Fair flowers that are not gather'd in their prime,
 Rot and consume themselves in little time.

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

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

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

Witness this primrose bank whereon I lie ;
 These forceless flowers like sturdy trees support me ;
 Two strengthless doves will draw me through the sky,
 From morn till night, even where I list to sport me :
 Is love so light, sweet boy, and may it be
 That thou should'st think it heavy unto thee ?

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

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

Upon the earth's increase why should'st thou feed,
 Unless the earth with thy increase be fed ?
 By law of nature thou art bound to breed,
 That thine may live, when thou thyself art dead ;
 And so in spite of death thou dost survive,
 In that thy likeness still is left alive.

By this, the love-siek queen began to sweat,
 For where they lay the shadow had forsook them,
 And Titan, tired in the mid-day heat,
 With burning eye did hotly overlook them ;
 Wishing Adonis had his team to guide,
 So he were like him, and by Venus' side.

And now Adonis, with a lazy sprite,
 And with a heavy, dark, disliking eye,
 His lowering brows o'er-whelming his fair sight,
 Like misty vapours, when they blot the sky,
 Souring his cheeks, cries, Fie ! no more of love :
 The sun doth burn my face ; I must remove.

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

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

Art thou obdurate, flinty, hard as steel ?
 Nay more than flint, for stone at rain relenteth ;
 Art thou a woman's son, and canst not feel
 What 'tis to love ? how want of love tormenteth ?
 O ! had thy mother borne so hard a mind,
 She had not brought forth thee, but died unkind.⁷

What am I, that thou should'st contemn me this ?
 Or what great danger dwells upon my suit ?
 What were thy lips the worse for one poor kiss ?
 Speak, fair ; but speak fair words, or else be mute :
 Give me one kiss, I'll give it thee again,
 And one for interest, if thou wilt have twain.

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

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

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

Fondling, she saith, since I have hemm'd thee here,
 Within the circuit of this ivory pale,
 I'll be a park, and thou shalt be my deer ;
 Feed where thou wilt, on mountain or in dale :
 Graze on my lips, and if those hills be dry,
 Stray lower, where the pleasant fountains lie.

Within this limit is relief enough,
 Sweet bottom-grass, and high delightful plain,
 Round rising hillocks, brakes obscure and rough,
 To shelter thee from tempest, and from rain :
 Then, be my deer, since I am such a park ;
 No dog shall rouse thee, though a thousand bark.

At this Adonis smiles, as in disdain,
 That in each cheek appears a pretty dimple :
 Love made those hollows, if himself were slain,
 He might be buried in a tomb so simple ;
 Fore-knowing well, if there he came to lie,
 Why, there Love liv'd, and there he could not die.

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

Now which way shall she turn ? what shall she say ?
 Her words are done, her woes the more increasing ;
 The time is spent, her object will away,
 And from her twining arms doth urge releasing.
 Pity ! she cries, some favour, some remorse !
 Away he springs, and hasteth to his horse.

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

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

His ears up prick'd, his braided hanging mane
 Upon his compass'd crest⁸ now stands on end ;
 His nostrils drink the air, and forth again,
 As from a furnace, vapours doth he send :
 His eye, which scornfully glisters like fire,
 Shows his hot courage, and his high desire.

Sometime he trots, as if he told the steps,
 With gentle majesty, and modest pride ;
 Anon he rears upright, curvets and leaps,⁹
 As who should say, lo ! thus my strength is tried ;
 And this I do, to captivate the eye
 Of the fair breeder that is standing by.

What recketh he his rider's angry stir,
 His flattering holla,¹⁰ or his "Stand, I say ?"
 What cares he now for curb, or pricking spur,¹¹
 For rich caparisons, or trapping gay ?
 He sees his love, and nothing else he sees,
 For nothing else with his proud sight agrees.

Look, when a painter would surpass the life,
 In limning out a well-proportion'd steed,
 His art with nature's workmanship at strife,
 As if the dead the living should exceed ;
 So did his horse excel a common one,
 In shape, in courage, colour, pace, and bone.

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

Sometime he scuds far off, and there he stares ;
 Anon he starts at stirring of a feather :
 To bid the wind a base he now prepares,¹²
 And whe'r he run, or fly, they know not whether ;
 For through his mane and tail the high wind sings,
 Fanning the hairs, who wave like feather'd wings.

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

Then, like a melaneholy malecontent,
 He vails his tail, that, like a falling plume,
 Cool shadow to his melting buttock lent :
 He stamps, and bites the poor flies in his fume.
 His love, perceiving how he is enrag'd,
 Grew kinder, and his fury was assuag'd.

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

All swoln with chafing, down Adonis sits,
 Banning his boisterous and unruly beast :
 And now the happy season once more fits,
 That love-siek love by pleading may be blest ;
 For lovers say, the heart hath treble wrong,
 When it is barr'd the aidance of the tongue.

An oven that is stopp'd, or river stay'd,
 Burneth more hotly, swelleth with more rage :
 So of concealed sorrow may be said,
 Free vent of words love's fire doth assuage ;
 But when the heart's attorney once is mute,
 The client breaks, as desperate in his suit.

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

7^o May 1626. At Star Chamber /
John: Habiland }
John Wright } Entered as unto them by Mr Parker
and by consent of Mr Warden } b. s.
A book called Venus & Adonis &

4^o Dic Septembris 1638.
Mr John Habiland. }
John Wright sen } Entered for their Copies according
to a note under the hand and
Seale of the said Mr Habiland
and subscribed by Mr Warden
warden the said Copies and
parts of Copies following
Salvo Gun & iusting
the same being the proper Copies
and parts of Copies of the said
Mr Habiland & } p. b. s.

Venus & Adonis.

4^o Nouembrio 1639.
John Benson. Entered for his Copies under the
hand of D^r Wylkes & Mr Hutton
warden. In Addition of some
excellent Poems to Shakespeares
Poem by Iohn Goultman. wilt.
His mistrie drawes. and his mind
by Ben: Johnson. An Epistle to Ben:
Johnson by Fran. Beaumont. His
Mistrie shad. by R: Herrick. &c. } p. b. s.

4th of April 1655.
Mr Wm Gilbertson Entered for his Copies by vertue of an
Assignm^t under the hand & seale of Edward
Wright, the said booke or Copies
commonly called, as followeth: b. s.
7. Venus, & Adonis.

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

Now was she just before him as he sat,
 And like a lowly lover down she kneels ;
 With one fair hand she heaveth up his hat,¹³
 Her other tender hand his fair cheek feels :
 His tenderer cheek receives her soft hand's print,
 As apt as new-fall'n snow takes any dint.

O, what a war of looks was then between them !
 Her eyes, petitioners, to his eyes suing ;
 His eyes saw her eyes as they had not seen them ;
 Her eyes woo'd still, his eyes disdain'd the wooing :
 And all his dumb play had his acts made plain
 With tears, which, chorus-like, her eyes did rain.

Full gently now she takes him by the hand,
 A lily prison'd in a jail of snow,
 Or ivory in an alabaster band ;
 So white a friend engirts so white a foe :
 This beauteous combat, wilful and unwilling,
 Show'd like two silver doves that sit a billing.

Once more the engine of her thoughts began :
 O fairest mover on this mortal round,
 Would thou wert as I am, and I a man,
 My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my wound ;
 For one sweet look thy help I would assure thee,
 Though nothing but my body's bane would cure thee.

Give me my hand, saith he, why dost thou feel it ?
 Give me my heart, saith she, and thou shalt have it ;
 O! give it me, lest thy hard heart do steel it,
 And being steel'd, soft sighs can never grave it :
 Then, love's deep groans I never shall regard,
 Because Adonis' heart hath made mine hard.

For shame ! he eries, let go, and let me go ;
 My day's delight is past, my horse is gone,
 And 'tis your fault I am bereft him so :
 I pray you henec, and leave me here alone ;
 For all my mind, my thought, my busy care,
 Is how to get my palfrey from the mare.

Thus she replies : thy palfrey, as he should,
 Welcomes the warm approach of sweet desire :
 Affection is a coal that must be cool'd ;
 Else, suffer'd, it will set the heart on fire.
 The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath none ;
 Therefore, no marvel though thy horse be gone.

How like a jade he stood, tied to the tree,
 Servilely mastered with a leathern rein ;
 But when he saw his love, his youth's fair fee,
 He held such petty bondage in disdain ;
 Throwing the base thong from his bending erest,
 Enfranchising his mouth, his baek, his breast.

Who sees his true-love in her naked bed,¹⁴
 Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white,
 But, when his glutton eye so full hath fed,
 His other agents aim at like delight ?
 Who is so faint, that dare not be so bold
 To touch the fire, the weather being eold ?

Let me excuse thy courser, gentle boy,
 And learn of him, I heartily beseech thee,
 To take advantage on presented joy ;
 Though I were dumb, yet his proceedings teach thee :
 O ! learn to love ; the lesson is but plain,
 And once made perfect, never lost again.

I know not love, quoth he, nor will not know it :
 Unless it be a boar, and then I chase it ;
 'Tis much to borrow, and I will not owe it ;
 My love to love is love but to disgrace it ;
 For I have heard it is a life in death,
 That laughs, and weeps, and all but with a breath.

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

You hurt my hand with wringing; let us part,
 And leave this idle theme, this bootless chat:
 Remove your siege from my unyielding heart;
 To love's alarms it will not ope the gate:
 Dismiss your vows, your feigned tears, your flattery,
 For where a heart is hard, they make no battery.

What! canst thou talk?—quoth she,—hast thou a tongue?
 O, would thou hadst not, or I had no hearing!
 Thy mermaid's voice hath done me double wrong!
 I had my load before, now press'd with bearing:
 Melodious discord, heavenly tune harsh-sounding,
 Ear's deep-sweet music,¹⁵ and heart's deep-sore wounding.

Had I no eyes, but ears, my ears would love
 That inward beauty and invisible;
 Or, were I deaf, thy outward parts would move,
 Each part in me that were but sensible:
 Though neither eyes nor ears, to hear nor see,
 Yet should I be in love by touching thee.

Say, that the sense of feeling were bereft me,
 And that I could not see, nor hear, nor touch,
 And nothing but the very smell were left me,
 Yet would my love to thee be still as much;
 For from the stillitory of thy face exceeding
 Comes breath perfum'd, that breedeth love by smelling.

But O! what banquet wert thou to the taste,
 Being nurse and feeder of the other four:
 Would they not wish the feast might ever last,
 And bid suspicion double lock the door,
 Lest jealousy, that sour unwelcome guest,
 Should by his stealing in disturb the feast?

Once more the ruby-colour'd portal open'd,
 Which to his speech did honey-passage yield ;
 Like a red morn, that ever yet betoken'd
 Wreck to the sea-man, tempest to the field,
 Sorrow to shepherds, woe unto the birds,
 Gusts and foul flaws to herdmen and to herds.

This ill presage advisedly she marketh :
 Even as the wind is hush'd before it raineth ;
 Or as the wolf doth grin before he barketh,
 Or as the berry breaks before it staineth ;
 Or like the deadly bullet of a gun,
 His meaning struck her ere his words begun.

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

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

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

The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day :
 Her two blue windows faintly she up-heaveth,
 Like the fair sun, when in his fresh array
 He cheers the morn, and all the earth relieveth :
 And as the bright sun glorifies the sky,
 So is her face illumin'd with her eye ;

Whose beams upon his hairless face are fix'd,
 As if from thence they borrow'd all their shine.¹⁶
 Were never four such lamps together mix'd,
 Had not his clouded with his brow's repine ;
 But hers, which through the crystal tears gave light,
 Shone like the moon in water seen by night.

O ! where am I ? quoth she, in earth or heaven,
 Or in the ocean drench'd, or in the fire ?
 What hour is this ? or morn or weary even ?
 Do I delight to die, or life desire ?
 But now I liv'd, and life was death's annoy ;
 But now I died, and death was lively joy.

O ! thou didst kill me ; kill me once again :
 Thy eye's shrewd tutor, that hard heart of thine,
 Hath taught them scornful tricks, and such disdain,
 That they have murder'd this poor heart of mine ;
 And these mine eyes, true leaders to their queen,
 But for thy piteous lips no more had seen.

Long may they kiss each other for this cure !
 O ! never let their crimson liveries wear,
 And as they last, their verdure still endure,
 To drive infection from the dangerous year !¹⁷
 That the star-gazers, having writ on death,
 May say, the plague is banish'd by thy breath.

Pure lips, sweet seals in my soft lips imprinted,
 What bargains may I make, still to be sealing ?
 To sell myself I can be well contented,
 So thou wilt buy, and pay, and use good dealing ;
 Which purchase if thou make, for fear of slips
 Set thy seal-manual on my wax-red lips.¹⁸

A thousand kisses buys my heart from me,
 And pay them at thy leisure, one by one.
 What is ten hundred touches unto thee ?
 Are they not quickly told, and quickly gone ?
 Say, for non-payment that the debt should double,¹⁹
 Is twenty hundred kisses such a trouble ?

Fair queen, quoth he, if any love you owe me,
 Measure my strangeness with my unripe years :
 Before I know myself, seek not to know me ;
 No fisher but the ungrown fry forbears :
 The mellow plum doth fall, the green sticks fast,
 Or being early pluck'd is sour to taste.

Look, the world's comforter, with weary gait,
 His day's hot task hath ended in the west :
 The owl, night's herald, shrieks, 'tis very late ;
 The sheep are gone to fold, birds to their nest,
 And coal-black clouds that shadow heaven's light,
 Do summon us to part, and bid good night.

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

Till breathless he disjoin'd, and backward drew
 The heavenly moisture, that sweet coral mouth,
 Whose precious taste her thirsty lips well knew,
 Whereon they surfeit, yet complain on drouth :
 He with her plenty press'd, she faint with dearth,
 Their lips together glued, fall to the earth.

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

And having felt the sweetness of the spoil,
 With blindfold fury she begins to forage ;
 Her face doth reek and smoke, her blood doth boil,
 And careless lust stirs up a desperate courage ;
 Planting oblivion, beating reason back,
 Forgetting shame's pure blush, and honour's wrack.

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

What wax so frozen but dissolves with tempering,
 And yields at last to every light impression?
 Things out of hope are compass'd oft with venturing,
 Chiefly in love, whose leave exceeds commission:
 Affection faints not like a pale-fac'd coward,
 But then woos best, when most his choice is froward.

When he did frown, O! had she then gave over,
 Such nectar from his lips she had not suck'd.
 Foul words and frowns must not repel a lover;
 What though the rose have prickles, yet 'tis pluck'd:
 Were beauty under twenty locks kept fast,
 Yet love breaks through, and picks them all at last.

For pity now she can no more detain him;
 The poor fool prays her that he may depart:
 She is resolv'd no longer to restrain him,
 Bids him farewell, and look well to her heart,
 The which, by Cupid's bow she doth protest,
 He carries thence incaged in his breast.

Sweet boy, she says, this night I'll waste in sorrow,
 For my sick heart commands mine eyes to watch.
 Tell me, love's master, shall we meet to-morrow?
 Say, shall we? shall we? wilt thou make the match?
 He tells her, no; to-morrow he intends
 To hunt the boar with certain of his friends.

The boar!—quoth she—whercat a sudden pale,
 Like lawn being spread upon the blushing rose,
 Usurps her cheek: she trembles at his tale,
 And on his neck her yoking arms she throws;
 She sinketh down, still hanging by his neck,
 He on her belly falls, she on her back.

Now is she in the very lists of love,
 Her champion mounted for the hot encounter ;
 All is imaginary she doth prove,
 He will not manage her, although he mount her ;
 That worse than 'Tantalus' is her annoy,
 To elip Elysium, and to lack her joy.

Even as poor birds, deceiv'd with painted grapes,²⁰
 Do surfeit by the eye, and pine the maw,
 Even so she languisheth in her mishaps,
 As those poor birds that helpless berries saw.
 The warm effects which she in him finds missing,
 She seeks to kindle with continual kissing :

But all in vain ; good queen, it will not be :
 She hath assay'd as much as may be prov'd ;
 Her pleading hath deserv'd a greater fee ;
 She's love, she loves, and yet she is not lov'd.
 Fie, fie ! he says, you crush me ; let me go :
 You have no reason to withhold me so.

Thou hadst been gone, quoth she, sweet boy, ere this,
 But that thou told'st me, thou would'st hunt the boar.
 O ! be advis'd ; thou know'st not what it is
 With javelin's point a ehurlish swine to gore,
 Whose tushes²¹ never-sheath'd he wetteth still,
 Like to a mortal butcher, bent to kill.

On his bow-baek he hath a battle set
 Of bristly pikes, that ever threat his foes ;
 His eyes like glow-worms shine when he doth fret ;
 His snout digs sepulehres where'er he goes ;
 Being mov'd, he strikes whate'er is in his way,
 And whom he strikes his cruel tushes slay.

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

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

O ! let him keep his loathsome cabin still ;
 Beauty hath nought to do with such foul fiends :
 Come not within his danger by thy will ;
 They that thrive well take counsel of their friends.
 When thou didst name the boar, not to dissemble,
 I fear'd thy fortune, and my joints did tremble.

Didst thou not mark my face ? Was it not white ?
 Saw'st thou not signs of fear lurk in mine eye ?
 Grew I not faint ? and fell I not downright ?
 Within my bosom, whereon thou dost lie,
 My boding heart pants, beats, and takes no rest,
 But like an earthquake shakes thee on my breast.

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

This sour informer, this bate-breeding spy,
 This canker that eats up love's tender spring,
 This carry-tale, dissentious jealousy,
 That sometime true news, sometime false doth bring,
 Knocks at my heart, and whispers in mine ear,
 That if I love thee, I thy death should fear :

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

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

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

And when thou hast on foot the purblind hare,
 Mark the poor wretch, to overshoot his troubles,
 How he out-runs the wind, and with what care
 He cranks and crosses with a thousand doubles:
 The many musits through the which he goes,²²
 Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.

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

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

By this, poor Wat, far off upon a hill,²³
 Stands on his hinder legs with listening ear,
 To harken if his foes pursue him still:
 Anon their loud alarums he doth hear;
 And now his grief may be compared well
 To one sore siek, that hears the passing bell.

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

Lie quietly, and hear a little more ;
 Nay, do not struggle, for thou shalt not rise :
 To make thee hate the hunting of the boar,
 Unlike myself thou hear'st me moralize,²⁴
 Applying this to that, and so to so ;
 For love can comment upon every woe.

Where did I leave ?—No matter where, quoth he ;
 Leave me, and then the story aptly ends :
 The night is spent. Why, what of that ? quoth she ;
 I am, quoth he, expected of my friends ;
 And now 'tis dark, and going I shall fall.
 In night, quoth she, desire sees best of all.

But if thou fall, O ! then imagine this,
 The earth, in love with thee, thy footing trips,
 And all is but to rob thee of a kiss.
 Rich preys make true-men thieves ; so do thy lips
 Make modest Dian cloudy and forlorn,
 Lest she should steal a kiss, and die forsworn.

Now, of this dark night I perceive the reason :
 Cynthia for shame obscures her silver shine,
 Till forging Nature be condemn'd of treason,
 For stealing moulds from heaven that were divine,
 Whercin she fram'd thee, in high heaven's despite,
 To shame the sun by day, and her by night.

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

As burning fevers, agucs pale and faint,
 Life-poisoning pestilence, and frenzies wood ;
 The marrow-eating sickness, whose attaint
 Disorder breeds by heating of the blood :
 Surfeits, impostumes, grief, and damn'd despair,
 Swear nature's death for framing thee so fair.

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

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

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

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

Nay then, quoth Adon,²⁵ you will fall again
 Into your idle over-handled theme :
 The kiss I gave you is bestow'd in vain,
 And all in vain you strive against the stream ;
 For by this black-fac'd night, desire's foul nurse,
 Your treatise makes me like you worse and worse.

If love have lent you twenty thousand tongues,
 And every tongue more moving than your own,
 Bewitching like the wanton mermaid's songs,
 Yet from mine ear the tempting tune is blown ;
 For know, my heart stands armed in mine ear,
 And will not let a false sound enter there ;

Lest the deceiving harmony should run
 Into the quiet closure of my breast,
 And then my little heart were quite undone,
 In his bedchamber to be barr'd of rest.
 No, lady, no ; my heart longs not to groan,
 But soundly sleeps, while now it sleeps alone.

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

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

Love comforteth like sunshine after rain,
 But lust's effect is tempest after sun ;
 Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain,
 Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done :
 Love surfeits not, lust like a glutton dies ;
 Love is all truth, lust full of forged lies.

More I could tell, but more I dare not say ;
 The text is old, the orator too green.
 Therefore, in sadness, now I will away ;
 My face is full of shame, my heart of teen :
 Mine ears, that to your wanton talk attended,
 Do burn themselves for having so offended.

With this he breaketh from the sweet embrace
 Of those fair arms which bound him to her breast,
 And homeward through the dark laund²⁶ runs apace ;
 Leaves Love upon her baek deeply distress'd.

Look, how a bright star shooteth from the sky,
 So glides he in the night from Venus' eye ;

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

Whereat amaz'd, as one that unaware
 Hath dropp'd a preeious jewel in the flood,
 Or stonish'd as night wanderers often are,
 Their light blown out in some mistrustful wood ;
 Even so confounded in the dark she lay,
 Having lost the fair discovery of her way.

And now she beats her heart, whereat it groans,
 That all the neighbour-eaves, as seeming troubled,
 Make verbal repetition of her moans :
 Passion on passion deeply is redoubled.
 Ah me ! she eries, and twenty times, woe, woe !
 And twenty eehoes twenty times ery so.

She marking them, begins a wailing note,
 And sings extemporally a woeful ditty ;
 How love makes young men thrall, and old men dote :
 How love is wise in folly, foolish witty :
 Her heavy anthem still coneludes in woe,
 And still the choir of eehoes answer so.

Her song was tedious, and outwore the night,
 For lovers' hours are long, though seeming short :
 If pleas'd themselves, others, they think, delight
 In such like eircumstanees, with such like sport :
 Their copious stories, often times begun,
 End without audienee, and are never done.

For who hath she to spend the night withal,
 But idle sounds resembling parasites ;
 Like shrill-tongu'd tapsters answering every call,
 Soothing the humour of fantastic wits ?

She says, 'tis so : they answer all, 'tis so ;
 And would say after her, if she said no.

Lo ! here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
 From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
 And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
 The sun ariseth in his majesty ;

Who doth the world so gloriously behold,
 That cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold.

Venus salutes him with this fair good-morrow.
 O thou clear god, and patron of all light,
 From whom each lamp and shining star doth borrow
 The beauteous influence that makes him bright,

There lives a son that suck'd an earthly mother,
 May lend thee light, as thou dost lend to other.

This said, she hasteth to a myrtle grove,
 Musing the morning is so much o'erworn ;
 And yet she hears no tidings of her love :
 She hearkens, for his hounds, and for his horn :

Anon she hears them chaunt it lustily,
 And all in haste she coasteth to the cry.

And as she runs, the bushes in the way
 Some catch her by the neck, some kiss her face,
 Some twin'd about her thigh to make her stay.
 She wildly breaketh from their strict embrace,
 Like a milch doe, whose swelling dugs do ache,
 Hasting to feed her fawn hid in some brake.

By this she hears the hounds are at a bay,
 Whereat she starts, like one that spies an adder
 Wreath'd up in fatal folds, just in his way,
 The fear whereof doth make him shake and shudder :

Even so the timorous yelping of the hounds
 Appals her senses, and her spirit confounds.

For now she knows it is no gentle chase,
 But the blunt boar, rough bear, or lion proud,
 Because the cry remaineth in one place,
 Where fearfully the dogs exclaim aloud ;
 Finding their enemy to be so eurst,
 They all strain courtesy who shall cope him first.

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

Thus stands she in a trembling extasy,
 Till cheering up her senses all dismay'd,
 She tells them, 'tis a causeless fantasy,
 And childish error that they are afraid ;
 Bids them leave quaking, bids them fear no more :
 And with that word she spied the hunted boar ;

Whose frothy mouth bepainted all with red,
 Like milk and blood being mingled both together,
 A second fear through all her sinews spread,
 Which madly hurries her she knows not whither :
 This way she runs, and now she will no further,
 But back retires to rate the boar for murder.

A thousand spleens bear her a thousand ways ;
 She treads the path that she untreads again :
 Her more than haste is mated with delays,
 Like the proceedings of a drunken brain ;
 Full of respects, yet nought at all respecting,
 In hand with all things, nought at all affecting.

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

When he hath ceas'd his ill-resounding noise,
 Another flap-mouth'd mourner, blaek and grim,
 Against the welkin vollies out his voice ;
 Another and another answer him,
 Clapping their proud tails to the ground below,
 Shaking their seratch'd ears, bleeding as they go.

Look, how the world's poor people are amazed
 At apparitions, signs, and prodigies,
 Whereon with fearful eyes they long have gazed,
 Infusing them with dreadful propheeies ;
 So she at these sad sighs draws up her breath,
 And, sighing it again, exelaims on death.

Hard-favour'd tyrant, ugly, meagre, lean,
 Hateful divoree of love,—thus ehides she death—
 Grim grinning ghost, earth's worm, what dost thou mean,
 To stifle beauty, and to steal his breath,
 Who when he liv'd, his breath and beauty set
 Gloss on the rose, smell to the violet ?

If he be dead,—O no ! it eannot be,
 Seeing his beauty, thou should'st strike at it.
 O yes ! it may ; thou hast no eyes to see,
 But hatefully at random dost thou hit.
 Thy mark is feeble age ; but thy false dart
 Mistakes that aim, and cleaves an infant's heart.

Hadst thou but bid beware, then he had spoke,
 And hearing him thy power had lost his power.
 The destinies will curse thee for this stroke ;
 They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluck'st a flower.
 Love's golden arrow at him should have fled,
 And not death's ebon dart, to strike him dead.²⁷

Dost thou drink tears, that thou provok'st such weeping ?
 What may a heavy groan advantage thee ?
 Why hast thou east into eternal sleeping
 Those eyes that taught all other eyes to see ?
 Now Nature eares not for thy mortal vigour,
 Sinee her best work is ruin'd with thy rigour.

Here overcome, as one full of despair,
 She vail'd her eye-lids, who, like sluices, stopped
 The crystal tide that from her two cheeks fair
 In the sweet channel of her bosom dropped ;
 But through the flood-gates breaks the silver rain,
 And with his strong course opens them again.

O, how her eyes and tears did lend and borrow !
 Her eyes seen in the tears, tears in her eye ;
 Both crystals, where they view'd each other's sorrow,
 Sorrow that friendly sighs sought still to dry ;
 But like a stormy day, now wind, now rain,
 Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet again.

Variable passions throng her constant woe,
 As striving who should best become her grief ;
 All entertain'd, each passion labours so,
 That every present sorrow seemeth chief,
 But none is best ; then, join they all together,
 Like many clouds consulting for foul weather.

By this far off she hears some huntsman holla ;
 A nurse's song ne'er pleas'd her babe so well :
 The dire imagination she did follow
 This sound of hope doth labour to expel ;
 For now reviving joy bids her rejoice,
 And flatters her it is Adonis' voice.

Whereat her tears began to turn their tide,
 Being prison'd in her eye, like pearls in glass ;
 Yet sometimes falls an orient drop beside,
 Which her cheek melts, as scorning it should pass
 To wash the foul face of the sluttish ground,
 Who is but drunken, when she seemeth drown'd.

O hard-believing love, how strange it seems
 Not to believe, and yet too credulous !
 Thy weal and woe are both of them extremes ;
 Despair and hope make thee ridiculous :
 The one doth flatter thee in thoughts unlikely,
 In likely thoughts the other kills thee quickly.

Now she unweaves the web that she hath wrought ;
 Adonis lives, and Death is not to blame :
 It was not she that call'd him all to nought ;
 Now she adds honours²⁸ to his hateful name ;
 She clepes him king of graves, and grave for kings,
 Imperious supreme²⁹ of all mortal things.

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

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

Thus hoping that Adonis is alive,
 Her rash suspect she doth extenuate ;
 And that his beauty may the better thrive,
 With death she humbly doth insinuate :
 Tells him of trophies, statues, tombs, and stories,
 His victories, his triumphs, and his glories.

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

Fie, fie, fond love ! thou art so full of fear,
 As one with treasure laden, hemm'd with thieves :
 Trifles, unwitnessed with eye or ear,
 Thy coward heart with false bethinking grieves.
 Even at this word she hears a merry horn,
 Whereat she leaps that was but late forlorn.

As falcion to the lure, away she flies :
 The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light ;
 And in her haste unfortunately spies
 The foul boar's conquest on her fair delight :
 Which seen, her eyes, as murder'd with the view,
 Like stars asham'd of day, themselves withdrew.

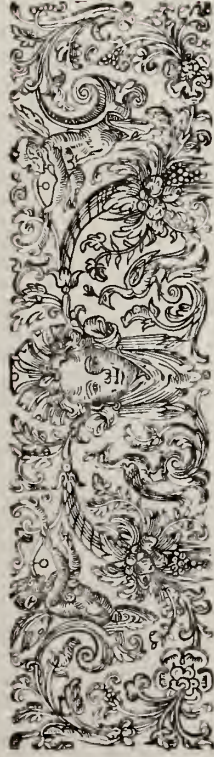
Or, as the snail, whose tender horns being hit,
 Shrinks backward in his shelly cave with pain,
 And there all smother'd up in shade doth sit,
 Long after fearing to creep forth again :
 So, at his bloody view, her eyes are fled
 Into the deep-dark cabins of her head :

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

Whereat each tributary subject quakes ;
 As when the wind, imprison'd in the ground,
 Struggling for passage, earth's foundation shakes,
 Which with cold terror doth men's minds confound.
 This mutiny each part doth so surprise,
 That from their dark beds once more leap her eyes ;

And, being open'd, threw unwilling light
 Upon the wide wound that the boar had trench'd
 In his soft flank ; whose wonted lily white
 With purple tears, that his wound wept, was drench'd :
 No flower was nigh, no grass, herb, leaf, or weed,
 But stole his blood, and seem'd with him to bleed.

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



VENVS AND ADONIS

*Vilia miretur vulgus: mihi flauus Apollo
Pocula Castalia plena ministrat aqua.*



LONDON

Imprinted by Richard Field, and are to be sold at
the signe of the white Greyhound in
Paules Church-yard.

1593.



LVCRECE.



LONDON.

Printed by Richard Field, for Iohn Harrison, and are
to be sold at the signe of the white Greyhound
in Paules Church-yard. 1594.

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

My tongue cannot express my grief for one,
 And yet, quoth she, behold two Adons dead !
 My sighs are blown away, my salt tears gone,
 Mine eyes are turn'd to fire, my heart to lead :
 Heavy heart's lead, melt at mine eyes' red fire !
 So shall I die by drops of hot desire.

Alas, poor world, what treasure hast thou lost !
 What face remains alive that's worth the viewing ?
 Whose tongue is music now ? what canst thou boast
 Of things long since, or any thing ensuing ?
 The flowers are sweet, their colours fresh and trim ;
 But true sweet beauty liv'd and died with him.

Bonnet nor veil henceforth no creature wear ;
 Nor sun nor wind will ever strive to kiss you :
 Having no fair to lose, you need not fear ;
 The sun doth scorn you, and the wind doth hiss you :
 But when Adonis liv'd, sun and sharp air
 Lurk'd like two thieves, to rob him of his fair :

And therefore would he put his bonnet on,
 Under whose brim the gaudy sun would peep,
 The wind would blow it off, and, being gone,
 Play with his locks : then, would Adonis weep,
 And straight in pity of his tender years,
 They both would strive who first should dry his tears.

To see his face, the lion walk'd along
 Behind some hedge, because he would not fear him ;
 To recreate himself when he hath sung,
 The tiger would be tame, and gently hear him ;
 If he had spoke, the wolf would leave his prey,
 And never fright the silly lamb that day.

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

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

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

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

She looks upon his lips, and they are pale ;
 She takes him by the hand, and that is cold ;
 She whispers in his ears a heavy tale,
 As if they heard the woful words she told :
 She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,
 Where lo ! two lamps, burnt out, in darkness lies :

Two glasses, where herself herself beheld
 A thousand times, and now no more reflect ;
 Their virtue lost, wherein they late excell'd,
 And every beauty robb'd of his effect :
 Wonder of time, quoth she, this is my spite,
 That, thou being dead, the day should yet be light.

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

It shall be fickle, false, and full of fraud ;
 Bud and be blasted in a breathing-while ;
 The bottom poison, and the top o'er-straw'd
 With sweets, that shall the truest sight beguile :
 The strongest body shall it make most weak,
 Strike the wise dumb, and teach the fool to speak.³⁰

It shall be sparing, and too full of riot,
 Teaching decrepit age to tread the measures ;
 The staring ruffian shall it keep in quiet,
 Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with treasures :
 It shall be raging mad, and silly mild,
 Make the young old, the old become a child.

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

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

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

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

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

Here was thy father's bed, here in my breast ;³¹
 Thou art the next of blood, and 'tis thy right :
 Lo ! in this hollow cradle take thy rest,
 My throbbing heart shall rock thee day and night :
 There shall not be one minute in an hour,
 Wherein I will not kiss my sweet love's flower.

Thus weary of the world, away she hies,
 And yokes her silver doves ; by whose swift aid
 Their mistress mounted through the empty skies
 In her light chariot quickly is convey'd ;
 Holding their course to Paphos, where their queen
 Means to immure herself and not be seen.

Notes.

¹ *Till I have honoured you with some graver labour.*

Compare Spenser's dedication of *Mother Hubberds Tale*, 1591, to Lady Compton, a dedication somewhat similar to the present one,—“the same I beseech your ladiship take in good part, as a pledge of that profession which I have made to you, and keepe with you untill with some other more worthie labour I do redeeme it out of your hands, and discharge my utmost dutie.”

² *And the world's hopeful expectation.*

Lord Southampton was but twenty years old when this poem was dedicated to him by Shakespeare, who was then twenty-nine.—*Malone.*

³ *Blames her miss.*

That is, her *misbehaviour*. So, in *Lily's Woman in the Moon*, 1597:—“Pale be my looks, to witness my *amiss*.” The same substantive is used in the 35th Sonnet. Again, in *Hamlet*:—“Each toy seems prologue to some great *amiss*.”—*Malone.*

⁴ *Rain added to a river that is rank.*

Full, abounding in the quantity of its waters. So, in *Julius Cæsar*:—“Who else must be let blood, who else is *rank*?” Again, more appositely in *King John*:—

We will untread the steps of damned flight,
And, like a 'bated and retired *flood*,
Leaving our *rankness* and irregular course,
Stoop low within those bounds we have o'erlook'd.—*Malone.*

⁵ *Still he low'rs and frets.*

We have here a proof of the great value of first editions; for the 16mo of 1596 reads corruptly,—“still *she* low'rs and frets.” The true reading is found in the original quarto, 1593. Adonis lowers and frets, actuated by the different passions of crimson shame and ashy-pale anger.—*Malone.*

⁶ *Like a dive-dapper peering through a wave.*

The charming little water-bird, the dabchick or didapper, whose habits are here so accurately alluded to, is still a common bird in England, and, in Shakespeare's time, when there were so many more reedy picces of water, must have been extremely so. "Some folkys cal her a dyvedopper or a doppechyk," Dialogues of Creatures Moralyed; and it is still called a dapchick in some parts of the country. "*Urinatrix*, a diver, a didopper or ducker," Nomenclator, 1585. "A dob-chick, a didapper or doucker," Kennett's Glossary, MS. Lansd. 1033.

From the deeps bottome cut a caper
As nimble as any *didaper*.—*Homer a la Mode*, 1665.

⁷ *But died unkind.*

Milton applies the same epithet, in the same way, in his Doctrine of Divorce:—"The desire and longing to put off an *unkindly* solitariness by uniting another body, but not without a fit soul, to his, in the cheerful society of wedlock."—*Knight*.

Bot, *unkind* coward, wo was him thare;
When he sailed in the Swin it sowed him sare.

Poems of Laurence Minot, ed. 1825, p. 18.

⁸ *Upon his compass'd crest.*

Compass'd is *arch'd*. "A compass'd ceiling" is a phrase yet in use.—*Malone*. So, in *Troilus and Cressida*:—"she came to him the other day into the *compass'd* window," i. e. the *bow* window.—*Stevens*.

⁹ *Currets and leaps.*

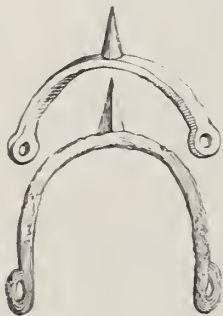
The corresponding rhyme shews that the pronunciation of Shakspeare's time was *lep*, in the midland counties, not *leap*, as the word is now commonly pronounced in England. In Ireland, where much of the phraseology and pronunciation of the age of Elizabeth is still retained, the ancient mode of pronouncing this word is preserved. So also Spenser, *Faery Queen*, b. i. c. 4, st. 39.—*Malone*.

¹⁰ *His fluttering holla.*

This seems to have been formerly a term of the manege. So, in *As You Like It*: "Cry *holla* to thy tongue, I prythee: it *currets* unseasonably." Again, in Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*:—"Holla, ye pamper'd *jades* of Asia," &c. See Cotgrave's *French Dictionary*: "*Holla*, interjection. Enough; soft, soft; no more of that, if you love me."—*Malone*.

¹¹ *What cares he now for curb, or pricking spur.*

Mr. Fairholt sends me this note,—“the term is peculiarly appropriate when applied to the Roman spur, which was never made with a rowel, but simply furnished with a single goad, either round or pyramidal in its form; as shewn in the specimens here engraved from originals in the Museo Borbonico at Naples.”



¹² *To bid the wind a base he now prepares.*

In other words, to challenge the wind to play a game at base, to a contest for superiority. Browne has a similar allusion in the *Britannia's Pastorals*, ii. 3,—

. . . The swains that thereby thriv'd,
 By the tradition from their sires deriv'd,
 Call'd it sweet Ina's Coomb : but whether she
 Werc of the earth or greater progeny
 Judge by her deeds ; once this is truly known
 She many a time hath on a bugle blown,
 And through the dale pursu'd the jolly chase,
 As she had *bid the winged winds a base*.

¹³ *With one fair hand she heaveth up his hat.*

Mr. Fairholt sends me this note,—“the felt hat with low crown and broad brim, adopted by the Romans from Greece, and known as the *Petanus*, was the only form adopted in both countries by travellers ; hence it was conventionally used by their artists to indicate a person on a journey, and is always worn by Mercury as messenger to the gods. In the Panathenaic procession from the Parthenon, now in the British Museum, the horsemen occasionally wear the *Petanus*, secured below the chin by a band, as in the example here engraved.”



¹⁴ *Who sees his true love in her naked bed.*

A person undressed and in bed was formerly said to be in naked-bed, and, according to Brockett, the phrase is still in use applied to any one entirely naked. The term was probably derived from the ancient custom of sleeping without night linen, which was most common in this country during the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries. The Danes and Saxons appear to have been far more civilized in this respect. In *Isumbras*, 102, a mother and her children are described as escaping from a fire “alle als nakede als thay were borne ;” but it would seem from a passage in *Piers Ploughman*, p. 273, that the practice was not quite universal. Compare also *Armin's Nest of Ninnies*, p. 24, “Jemy ever used to lye naked, as is the use of a number.” Two very curious anecdotes in *Hall, Henry VII.* ff. 20, 53, may also be consulted. “In naked bedde, *au lict couché tout nud*,” *Palsgrave*, 1530. The phrase continued long in use, an example of it occurring in *Love's Last Shift*, 1696, p. 17.

In stretchyng forth my slouthfull limmes amid my *naked bedde*.—*Grange's Garden*, 1577.

A noysom worm, or coverlid,
 Or side-piece of thy *naked bed*.—*Fletcher's Poems*, p. 105.

At twelve a'clock at night,
 It flowde with such a hed,
 Yea, many a woful wight
 Did swim in *naked bed*.—*Ballad by Tarleton*, 1570.

My vaile I cast aside, that so hath bred
 This thy dislike to enjoy thy *naked bed*.
Cotgrave's Wits Interpreter, 1671, p. 301.

So here I went the first time into a *naked bed*, only my drawers on ; and did sleep pretty well : but still both sleeping and waking had a fear of fire in my heart, that I took little rest.—*Pepys*, 7 Sept. 1666.

¹⁵ *Ear's deep-sweet music.*

Thus the original copy 1593. In the edition of 1600, we find—“*Earth's*

deep-sweet musick;" which has been followed in all the subsequent copies.—This and various other instances prove, that all the changes made in that copy were made without any authority, sometimes from carelessness, and sometimes from ignorance.—*Malone*.

¹⁶ *All their shine.*

Shine was formerly used as a substantive. So, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1609:—"Thou shew'dst a subject's *shine*." Again, in the 97th Psalm, v. 4: "His lightnings gave *shine* unto the world."—*Malone*.

¹⁷ *To drive infection from the dangerous year.*

The poet evidently alludes to a practice of his own age, when it was customary, in time of the plague, to strew the rooms of every house with rue and other strong smelling herbs, to prevent infection.—*Malone*.

¹⁸ *Set thy seal-manual on my wax-red lips.*



Mr. Fairholt sends me this note,—“personal seals were used in place of autographs in past times, and were accepted as credentials from messengers. Two specimens are here engraved, the upper one a Roman ring with a name upon it; the lower one of mediæval workmanship, having a coat of arms in the centre, and its owners name I. DE. GUET. surrounding it. Both are from the Londesborough collection.”

¹⁹ *The debt should double.*

The poet was thinking of a conditional bond's becoming forfeited for non-payment; in which case, the entire penalty, usually the double of the principal sum lent by the obligee, was formerly recoverable at law.—*Malone*.

²⁰ *Even as poor birds, deceiv'd with painted grapes.*

Our author alludes to the celebrated picture of *Zeuxis*, mentioned by *Pliny*, in which some grapes were so well represented that birds lighted on them to peck at them. *Sir John Davies* has the same allusion in his *Nosce Teipsum*, 1599:—

Therefore the bee did seek the painted flower,
And birds of grapes the cunning shadow peck.—*Malone*.

²¹ *Whose tushes.*

Tushes, tusks. Compare the following lines in the early copy of *Bevis of Hamtoun*, MS. Cantab. Ff. ii, 38,—

So hyt befelle upon a day,
Syr Befyse thocht hym to play;
A wylde bore was there abowte;
Alle men of hym had dowte;
Man and alle that he toke
With hys *tuschys* he alle to-schoke;
Thogh hym huntyd knyghtes x.
Of them he roght not a been;
Hys hed was herde and stronge,
And *tuschys* he had grete and longe;
No more durste hym assay,
Nothur be nyght nor be day.

²² *The many musits through the which he goes.*

A muse or musit, that is, a hole in a hedge through which a hare or rabbit passes. "*Trouée*, a gap or muset in a hedge," Cotgrave, ed. 1611. "A muse of a hare, *arctus leporis per sepes transitus, leporis lacuna*," Coles, 1677.

But the good and aproved hounds on the contrary, when they have found the hare, make shew therof to the hunter, by running more speedily, and with gesture of head, eyes, ears, and taile, winding to the hares *muse*, never give over prosecution with a gallant noise, no not returning to their leaders, least they loose advantage.—*Topsell's Four-Footed Beasts*, 1607, p. 152.

Or with hare-pypes set in a *muset* hole,
Wilt thou deceive the deep-earth-delving coney?
The Affectionate Shepheard, 1594.

An old hare had not more *muses* to deceive the hounds, then I had to receive cash by deceiving the people.—*The Proctor and Parator*, 1641.

²³ *By this, poor Wat, far off upon a hill.*

Wat, the usual name of a hare; like Philip, of a sparrow, Tom, of a cat, and so forth.

Lo, he seith, here sittes an hare;
Rise up, *Wat*, and goo belyve:
Then with myculle sorow and care,
Unnethe I may scape with my lyve.
The Mourning of the Hare, MS. Cantab. Ff. v, 48.

Ye are a wylly *wat*, and wander here full warelye.
Bale's Kynge Johan, p. 3.

Gil. They'l search in yonder meadow ground.
Meg. There will I be, and like a wily *wat*,
Untill they put me up, ile squat.
The Late Lancashire Witches, 1634.

²⁴ *Unlike myself, thou hear'st me moralize.*

So the quarto 1593. For *myself*, the edition of 1596 has *thysel*, which is followed in some of the subsequent copies. To *moralize* here means to *comment*; from *moral*, which our author generally uses in the sense of *latent meaning*. So, in the Taming of the Shrew: "He has left me here behind to expound the meaning or *moral* of his signs and tokens."—*Malone*.

²⁵ *Nay then, quoth Adon.*

And next her I sawe the complaynt of Medee,
How that she was falsed of Jason;
And nygh by Venus saw I syt *Addon*,
And all the maner howe the bore hym sloughe,
For whom she wepte and had pite inoughe.
Lydgate's Temple of Glas, MS.

²⁶ *Through the dark laund.*

The laund was properly a turfy road through a wood, a word here appropriately used, not merely a lawn.

For to hunt at the hartes in thas hye *laundes*
In Glamorgane with glee, there gladchipe was evere.
Morte Arthure, MS. Lincoln, f. 53.

²⁷ *And not Death's ebon dart, to strike him dead.*

Our poet had probably in his thoughts the well-known fiction of Love and Death sojourning together in an Inn, and on going away in the morning, changing their arrows by mistake. See Whitney's Emblems, p. 132.—*Malone*.

Massinger, in his *Virgin Martyr*, alludes to the same fable :

——— Strange affection !

Cupid once more hath changed his shafts with Death,
And kills instead of giving life——.

Gifford has illustrated this passage, by quoting one of the elegies of Joannes Secundus. The fiction is probably of Italian origin. Sanford, in his *Garden of Pleasure*, 1576, has ascribed it to Alciato, and has given that poet's verses, to which he has added a metrical translation of his own. Shirley has formed a masque upon this story—*Cupid and Death*, 1650.—*Boswell*.

²⁸ *Now she adds honours.*

So the quarto 1593, and 16mo. of 1596; for which the edition of 1600 has given *honour*; and the corruption was adopted in all the subsequent copies. The various honours of death are enumerated in a subsequent stanza :—

Tell him of trophies, statues, tombs and stories,
His victories, his triumphs, and his glories.—*Malone*.

²⁹ *Imperious supreme.*

So the first quarto, and the edition of 1596. That of 1600 reads *Imperial*. The original is the true reading, and had formerly the same meaning. So, in *Troilus and Cressida* :—“ I thank thee, most *imperious* Agamemnon.”—*Malone*.

³⁰ *And teach the fool to speak.*

Perhaps our poet had here in his thoughts the *Cymon and Iphigenia* of Boccaccio. I have not seen, indeed, any earlier translation of that story than that published in 1620; but it is certain several of Boccaccio's stories had appeared in English before.—*Malone*.

³¹ *Here in my breast.*

So in ed. 1593. “ Here *is*,” ed. 1596, a reading followed up to *Malone*'s time, but *Theobald* had suggested *in*, one of the proofs of the value of conjectural emendation.

The Rape of Lucrece.

INTRODUCTION.

THE dedication of *Venus and Adonis* to Lord Southampton in 1593 is written with a spirit of diffidence, almost of timidity. The *Rape of Lucrece* in 1594 is inscribed to the same nobleman, but in so different a tone that we may rest assured the author was then not only very high in the estimation of Lord Southampton, but felt that he had entered into the sunshine of popular favour. There can be no doubt but that both of these poems were extremely well received by the public. The publication of the *Rape of Lucrece* at once raised Shakespeare into the first rank of living poets. In the very year of its publication, it is spoken of by three contemporary writers, all in a complimentary strain. Thus the author of a *Funerall Song upon the Vertuous Life and Godly Death of the Lady Helen Branch*, 1594, invokes "greater poetes," amongst whom he includes,—

You that have writ of chaste Lucretia,
Whose death was witnessse of her spotlesse life.

and Drayton, in his *Matilda*, 1594, speaks of Lucrece, "lately reviv'd to live another age." To these notices must be added one in Willobie's poem of *Avisa*, also first printed in 1594, the earliest work by another author in which Shakespeare is introduced by name,—

Though Collatine have dearely bought
To high renowne a lasting life,
And found that most in vaine have sought
To have a faire and constant wife,
Yet Tarquine pluckt his glistering grape,
And Shake-speare paints poore Lucrecc rape.

and in the following year, 1595, "Lucrecia—Sweet Shakspeare" is a marginal note to *Polimantcia*, 4to. Cambridge, 1595, one which implies that the Rape of Lucrece was then considered his best work. It is frequently alluded to by writers after this date in terms of high appreciation.

A publisher named John Harrison, the same person who bought the copyright of *Venus and Adonis* in June, 1594, was the first publisher of the Rape of Lucrece, which was entered to him on the books of the Stationers' Company on May 9th, 1594,—“9 May,—*Mr. Harrison senior*,—Entred for his copie under thand of Mr. Cawood, warden, a booke intituled the Ravysheiment of Lucrece.” Harrison held the copyright until the year 1614, and, during the period of his ownership, issued the following editions,—*Lvcrece*. London. Printed by Richard Field for Iohn Harrison, and are to be sold at the signe of the white Greyhound in Paules Churh-yard. 1594. 4to.—*Lvcrece*. At London, Printed by P. S. for Iohn Harrison, 1598. 8vo.—*Lvcrece*. London. Printed by I. H for Iohn Harrison. 1600. 8vo.—*Lvcrece*. At London, Printed be N. O. for Iohn Harison. 1607. 8vo.

On the first of March, 1613-4, Harrison parted with the copyright of Lucrece to Roger Jackson, as appears from the following entry in the register of the Stationers' Company,—“primo Martij, 1613,—*Roger Jackson*,—Entred for his coppies by consent of Mr. John Harrison the eldest, and by order of a Court, these four bookes followinge, vizt., Mascalls first booke of Cattell, Mr. Dents sermon of repentance, Records Arithmetieke, Lucrece.” Jackson published two editions, thus entitled, — 1. “The Rape of Lvcrece. By Mr. William Shakespeare. Newly Reused. London: Printed by T. S. for Roger Iackson, and are to be solde at his shop neere the Conduit in Fleet-street. 1616.” In 16mo. 32 leaves.—2. “The Rape of Lvcrece. By Mr. William Shakespeare. Newly reused. London, Printed by I. B. for Roger Iackson, and are to be sold at his shop neere the Conduit in Fleet-street, 1624.” In 16mo. 32 leaves. I believe that the edition of 1624 is merely that of 1616 with a new title-page. The words “newly revised” are of no critical significance, the only variations in these two copies being those of compositors, and such variations being chiefly obvious blunders. Jackson and his widow retained the copyright until the year 1626, when it was assigned to Francis Williams,—“16^o Januarij, 1625, anno regis Caroli

Jermio Martij: 2613.

Roger Jarrifor Entered for his Copies by purchase of
Mr Jo. G. Harrison 400000 and by
order of a Court, the 4 books -
following vizt.
Mascalls first booke of Cattle 1576
Mr Dute sermon of serpentine.
Herods Historie of
Lucrece. —————

29 Junij 1630

Mr Harrison Assigned unto him by Mr Francis
Williams and order of a full Court
all his estate right title and
Interest in the Copies hereafter
mentioned vizt. —————
Lucrece.

15th of March. 1654.

John Stafford & } Entered for their Copies jointly by assignm^t
Mr W^m. Gilbertson. } under the hands & seals of Mrs Martha Harrison
with the small booke following. Vizt.
Markhams Method.
Secrets of English by Lawson.
Mascalls booke of Cattle.
Scoggins Jestes.
The booke of Ladders.
The rape of Lucrece.
The game at Chess.
Unto the assignm^t. dated the 12th of March. 1654
the cause of M^r. Norton Warden is subscribed.

m. 29th

primo,—*Fran: Williams*,—Assigned over unto him by Mrs. Jackson, wife of Roger Jackson deceased, and by order of a full Court holden this day, all her estate in Lucrece by Shackspeare.” Williams held the copyright till June, 1630, when he parted with it to a Mr. Harison, perhaps the son of its first publisher,—“29 Junij, 1630,—*Mr. Harison*,—Assigned over unto him by Mr. Francis Williams, and order of a full Court, all his estate, right, title, and interest, in Lucrece.” An edition appeared in 1632, the imprint of which is unknown to me. In March, 1654-5, the copyright again changed hands, as appears from the following entry,—“15th of March, 1654,—*John Stafford and Mr. Wm. Gilbertson*,—Entred for their copies joyntly by assignement under the hand and seale of Mrs. Martha Harison, widd., the rape of Lucrece, unto which assignment, dated the 12th of March, 1654, the hand of Mr. Norton, warden, is subscribed.” These publishers issued an edition the same year under this title,—“The Rape of Lucrece, Committed by Tarquin the Sixt; and the remarkable judgments that befel him for it. By the incomparable Master of our English Poetry, Will: Shakespeare Gent. Whereunto is annexed, The Banishment of Tarquin: or, the Reward of Lust. By J. Quarles. London. Printed by J. G. for John Stafford in George-yard neer Fleet-bridge, and Will: Gilbertson at the Bible in Giltspur-street. 1655.” In 16mo. The poem by Quarles, appended to this edition, is inserted at the end with a separate title-page. Prefixed to this volume is a frontispicce, at the top of which is a miniature portrait of Shakespeare in a medallion, a reversed copy of the Droeshout engraving.

One or more early editions of the Rape of Lucrece have most likely perished. I possess an impression of it, most unfortunately wanting title, which I believe to have been printed about the year 1610, and certainly, from internal textual evidence, before the impression of 1616.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

HENRY WRIOTHESLY,

EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON OF TICHFIELD.

THE love I dedicate to your lordship is without end ; whereof this pamphlet, without beginning, is but a superfluous moiety. The warrant I have of your honourable disposition, not the worth of my untutored lines, makes it assured of acceptance. What I have done is yours ; what I have to do is yours ; being part in all I have, devoted yours. Were my worth greater, my duty would show greater ; mean time, as it is, it is bound to your lordship, to whom I wish long life, still lengthened with all happiness.

Your lordship's in all duty,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

The Argument.¹

Lucius Tarquinius (for his excessive pride surnamed Superbus) after he had caused his own father-in-law, Servius Tullius, to be cruelly murdered, and, contrary to the Roman laws and customs, not requiring or staying for the people's suffrages, had possessed himself of the kingdom, went, accompanied with his sons and other noblemen of Rome, to besiege Ardea: during which siege, the principal men of the army meeting one evening at the tent of Sextus Tarquinius, the king's son, in their discourses after supper every one commended the virtues of his own wife; among whom, Collatinus extolled the incomparable chastity of his wife Lucretia. In that pleasant humour they all posted to Rome; and intending, by their secret and sudden arrival, to make trial of that which every one had before avouched, only Collatinus finds his wife—though it were late in the night—spinning amongst her maids:² the other ladies were all found dancing and revelling, or in several disports; whereupon the noblemen yielded Collatinus the victory, and his wife the fame. At that time Sextus Tarquinius, being inflamed with Lucrece's beauty, yet smothering his passions for the present, departed with the rest back to the camp; from whence he shortly after privily withdrew himself, and was—according to his estate—royally entertained and lodged by Lucrece at Collatium. The same night he treacherously stealth into her chamber, violently ravished her, and early in the morning speedeth away. Lucrece, in this lamentable plight, hastily dispatcheth messengers, one to

Rome for her father, another to the camp for Collatine. They came, the one accompanied with Junius Brutus, the other with Publius Valerius; and finding Lucrece attired in mourning habit, demanded the cause of her sorrow. She, first taking an oath of them for her revenge, revealed the actor, and whole manner of his dealing, and withal suddenly stabbed herself: which done, with one consent they all vowed to root out the whole hated family of the Tarquins; and bearing the dead body to Rome, Brutus acquainted the people with the doer, and manner of the vile deed, with a bitter invective against the tyranny of the king; wherewith the people were so moved, that, with one consent and a general acclamation, the Tarquins were all exiled, and the state government changed from kings to consuls.

The Rape of Lucrece.

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

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

For he the night before, in Tarquin's tent,
Unlock'd the treasure of his happy state ;³
What priceless wealth, the heavens had him lent
In the possession of his beauteous mate ;
Reckoning his fortune at such high proud rate,
 That kings might be espoused to more fame,
 But king nor peer to such a peerless dame.

O happiness ! enjoy'd but of a few ;
 And, if possess'd, as soon decay'd and done,
 As is the morning's silver-melting dew
 Against the golden splendour of the sun ;
 An expir'd date, cancell'd ere well begun :
 Honour and beauty, in the owner's arms,
 Are weakly fortress'd from a world of harms.

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

Perchance his boast of Lucrece' sovereignty
 Suggested this proud issue of a king,
 For by our ears our hearts oft tainted be :
 Perchance that envy of so rich a thing,
 Braving compare, disdainfully did sting
 His high-pitch'd thoughts, that meaner men should vaunt
 That golden hap which their superiors want.

But some untimely thought did instigate
 His all too timeless speed, if none of those :
 His honour, his affairs, his friends, his state,
 Neglected all, with swift intent he goes
 To quench the coal which in his liver glows.
 O rash, false heat ! wrapt in repentant cold,
 Thy hasty spring still blasts, and ne'er grows old.

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

But beauty, in that white intituled,
 From Venus' doves doth challenge that fair field ;
 Then, virtue claims from beauty beauty's red,
 Which virtue gave the golden age to gild
 Their silver cheeks, and call'd it then their shield ;
 Teaching them thus to use it in the fight,
 When shame assail'd, the red should fence the white.

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

This silent war of lilies and of roses,
 Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field,⁴
 In their pure ranks his traitor eye encloses ;
 Where, lest between them both it should be kill'd,
 The coward captive vanquished doth yield
 To those two armies, that would let him go,
 Rather than triumph in so false a foe.

Now thinks he, that her husband's shallow tongue,
 The niggard prodigal that prais'd her so,
 In that high task hath done her beauty wrong,
 Which far exceeds his barren skill to show :
 Therefore that praise which Collatine doth owe,
 Enchanted Tarquin answers with surmise,
 In silent wonder of still gazing eyes.

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

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

But she, that never cop'd with stranger eyes,
 Could pick no meaning from their parling looks,
 Nor read the subtle shining secrecies
 Writ in the glassy margents of such books :
 She touch'd no unknown baits, nor fear'd no hooks ;
 Nor could she moralize his wanton sight,⁵
 More than his eyes were open'd to the light.

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

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

For then is Tarquin brought unto his bed,
 Intending weariness with heavy sprite ;
 For after supper long he questioned
 With modest Lucrece, and wore out the night :
 Now leaden slumber with life's strength doth fight,
 And every one to rest themselves betake,
 Save thieves, and eares, and troubled minds, that wake.

As one of which doth Tarquin lie revolving
 The sundry dangers of his will's obtaining ;
 Yet ever to obtain his will resolving,
 Though weak-built hopes persuade him to abstaining :
 Despair to gain doth traffick oft for gaining ;
 And when great treasure is the meed proposed,
 Though death be adjunct, there's no death supposed.

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

The aim of all is but to nurse the life
 With honour, wealth, and ease, in waning age ;
 And in this aim there is such thwarting strife,
 That one for all, or all for one we gage ;
 As life for honour in fell battles' rage ;
 Honour for wealth, and oft that wealth doth cost
 The death of all, and all together lost.

So that in vent'ring ill,⁶ we leave to be
 The things we are for that which we expect ;
 And this ambitious foul infirmity,
 In having much, torments us with defect
 Of that we have : so then we do neglect
 The thing we have ; and, all for want of wit,
 Make something nothing by augmenting it.

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

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

And now this lustful lord leap'd from his bed,
 Throwing his mantle rudely o'er his arm,
 Is madly toss'd between desire and dread ;
 Th' one sweetly flatters, th' other feareth harm ;
 But honest fear, bewitch'd with lust's foul charm,
 Doth too too oft betake him to retire,
 Beaten away by brain-siek rude desire.

His falchion on a flint he softly smiteth,
 That from the cold stone sparks of fire do fly,
 Whereat a waxen toreh forthwith he lighteth,
 Which must be lode-star to his lustful eye ;
 And to the flame thus speaks advisedly :
 As from this cold flint I enfore'd this fire,
 So Luerece must I force to my desire.

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

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

O shame to knighthood, and to shining arms !
 O foul dishonour to my household's grave !
 O impious act, including all foul harms !
 A martial man to be soft fancy's slave !
 True valour still a true respect should have ;
 Then, my digression⁷ is so vile, so base,
 That it will live engraven in my face.

Yea, though I die, the scandal will survive,
 And be an eye-sore in my golden coat ;
 Some loathsome dash the herald will contrive,⁸
 To cipher me how fondly I did dote ;
 That my posterity, sham'd with the note,
 Shall curse my bones, and hold it for no sin
 To wish that I their father had not been.

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

If Collatinus dream of my intent,
 Will he not wake, and in a desperate rage
 Post hither, this vile purpose to prevent ?
 This siege that hath engirt his marriage,
 This blur to youth, this sorrow to the sage,
 This dying virtue, this surviving shame,
 Whose crime will bear an ever-during blame.

O! what excuse can my invention make,
 When thou shalt charge me with so black a deed ?
 Will not my tongue be mute, my frail joints shake,
 Mine eyes forego their light, my false heart bleed ?
 The guilt being great, the fear doth still exceed ;
 And extreme fear can neither fight nor fly,
 But coward-like with trembling terror die.

Had Collatinus kill'd my son or sire,
 Or lain in ambush to betray my life,
 Or were he not my dear friend, this desire
 Might have excuse to work upon his wife,
 As in revenge or quital of such strife ;
 But as he is my kinsman, my dear friend,
 The shame and fault finds no excuse nor end.

Shameful it is ;—ay, if the fact be known :
 Hateful it is ;—there is no hate in loving :
 I'll beg her love ;—but she is not her own :
 The worst is but denial, and reproving.
 My will is strong, past reason's weak removing :
 Who fears a sentence, or an old man's saw,
 Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The locks between her chamber and his will,
 Each one by him enforc'd retires his ward ;
 But as they open they all rate his ill,
 Which drives the creeping thief to some regard :
 The threshold grates the door to have him heard ;
 Night-wandering weasels shriek,⁹ to see him there ;
 They fright him, yet he still pursues his fear.

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

And being lighted, by the light he spies
 Lucretia's glove, wherein her needle sticks :
 He takes it from the rushes where it lies,¹⁰
 And griping it, the needle his finger pricks ;
 As who should say, this glove to wanton tricks
 Is not inur'd ; return again in haste ;
 Thou seest our mistress' ornaments are chaste.

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

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

Now is he come unto the chamber door,
 That shuts him from the heaven of his thought,
 Which with a yielding latch, and with no more,
 Hath barr'd him from the blessed thing he sought.
 So from himself impiety hath wrought,
 That for his prey to pray he doth begin,
 As if the heavens should countenance his sin.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Her lily hand her rosy cheek lies under,¹¹
 Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss,
 Who, therefore angry, seems to part in sunder,
 Swelling on either side to want his bliss,
 Between whose hills her head intombed is ;
 Where, like a virtuous monument, she lies,
 To be admir'd of lewd unhallowed eyes.

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

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

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

What could he see, but mightily he noted ?
 What did he note, but strongly he desir'd ?
 What he beheld, on that he firmly doted,
 And in his will his wilful eye he tir'd.¹²
 With more than admiration he admired
 Her azure veins, her alabaster skin,
 Her coral lips, her snow-white dimpled chin.

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

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

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

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

Imagine her as one in dead of night
 From forth dull sleep by dreadful fancy waking,
 That thinks she hath beheld some ghastly sprite,
 Whose grim aspect sets every joint a shaking ;
 What terror 'tis ! but she, in worsè taking,
 From sleep disturbed, heedfully doth view
 The sight which makes supposed terror true.

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

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

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

Thus he replies : The colour in thy face
 That even for anger makes the lily pale,
 And the red rose blush at her own disgrace,
 Shall plead for me, and tell my loving tale ;
 Under that colour am I come to scale
 Thy never conquer'd fort : the fault is thine,
 For those thine eyes betray thee unto mine.

Thus I forestall thee, if thou mean to chide ;
 Thy beauty hath ensnar'd thee to this night,
 Where thou with patience must my will abide,
 My will, that marks thee for my earth's delight,
 Which I to conquer sought with all my might ;
 But as reproof and reason beat it dead,
 By thy bright beauty was it newly bred.

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

I have debated, even in my soul,
 What wrong, what shame, what sorrow I shall breed ;
 But nothing can affection's course control,
 Or stop the headlong fury of his speed.
 I know repentant tears ensue the deed,
 Reproach, disdain, and deadly enmity,
 Yet strive I to embrace mine infamy.

This said, he shakes aloft his Roman blade,
 Which, like a falcon towering in the skies,
 Coucheth the fowl below with his wings' shade,
 Whose crooked beak threats, if he mount he dies :
 So under his insulting falchion lies
 Harmless Lucretia, marking what he tells,
 With trembling fear, as fowl hear falcon's bells.¹³

Lucrece, quoth he, this night I must enjoy thee :
 If thou deny, then force must work my way,
 For in thy bed I purpose to destroy thee.
 That done, some worthless slave of thine I'll slay,¹⁴
 To kill thine honour with thy life's decay ;
 And in thy dead arms do I mean to place him,
 Swearing I slew him, seeing thee embrace him.

So thy surviving husband shall remain
 The scornful mark of every open eye ;
 Thy kinsmen hang their heads at this disdain,
 Thy issue blurr'd with nameless bastardy :¹⁵
 And thou, the author of their obloquy,
 Shalt have thy trespass cited up in rhymes,
 And sung by children in succeeding times.

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

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

Here, with a cockatrice' dead-killing eye,
 He rouseth up himself, and makes a pause ;
 While she, the picture of pure piety,
 Like a white hind under the gripe's sharp claws,¹⁶
 Pleads in a wilderness, where are no laws,
 To the rough beast that knows no gentle right,
 Nor aught obeys but his foul appetite.

But when a black-fac'd cloud¹⁷ the world doth threat,
 In his dim mist th' aspiring mountains hiding,
 From earth's dark womb some gentle gust doth get,
 Which blows these pitchy vapours from their biding,
 Hindering their present fall by this dividing :
 So his unhallowed haste her words delays,
 And moody Pluto winks, while Orpheus plays.

Yet, foul night-waking cat, he doth but dally,
 While in his hold-fast foot the weak mouse panteth :
 Her sad behaviour feeds his vulture folly,
 A swallowing gulf that even in plenty wanteth.
 His ear her prayers admits, but his heart granteth
 No penetrable entrance to her plaining :
 Tears harden lust, though marble wear with raining.

Her pity-pleading eyes are sadly fixed
 In the remorseless wrinkles of his face ;
 Her modest eloquence with sighs is mixed,
 Which to her oratory adds more grace.
 She puts the period often from his place ;
 And 'midst the sentence so her accent breaks,
 That twice she doth begin, ere once she speaks.

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

Quoth she, reward not hospitality
 With such black payment as thou hast pretended ;
 Mud not the fountain that gave drink to thee ;
 Mar not the thing that cannot be amended ;
 End thy ill aim before thy shoot be ended :
 He is no wood-man, that doth bend his bow
 To strike a poor unseasonable doe.

My husband is thy friend, for his sake spare me ;
 Thyself art mighty, for thine own sake leave me ;
 Myself a weakling, do not then ensnare me ;
 Thou look'st not like deceit, do not deceive me :
 My sighs, like whirlwinds, labour hence to heave thee.
 If ever man were mov'd with woman's moans,
 Be moved with my tears, my sighs, my groans.

All which together, like a troubled ocean,
 Beat at thy rocky and wreck-threatening heart,
 To soften it with their continual motion ;
 For stones dissolv'd to water do convert.
 O, if no harder than a stone thou art,
 Melt at my tears and be compassionate !
 Soft pity enters at an iron gate.

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

How will thy shame be seeded in thine age,
 When thus thy vices bud before thy spring ?
 If in thy hope thou dar'st do such outrage,
 What dar'st thou not, when once thou art a king ?
 O, be remember'd ! no outrageous thing
 From vassal actors can be wip'd away ;
 Then, kings' misdeeds cannot be hid in clay.¹⁸

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

This said, he sets his foot upon the light,
 For light and lust are deadly enemies :
 Shame, folded up in blind eoneealing night,
 When most unseen, then most doth tyrannize.
 The wolf hath seiz'd his prey, the poor lamb eries ;
 Till with her own white fleeee her voiee eontroll'd
 Entombs her outery in her lips' sweet fold :

For with the nightly linen that she wears,
 He pens her piteous elamours in her head,
 Cooling his hot faee in the ehastest tears
 That ever modest eyes with sorrow shed.
 O, that prone lust¹⁹ should stain so pure a bed !
 The spots whereof eould weeping purify,
 Her tears should drop on them perpetually.

But she hath lost a dearer thing than life,
 And he hath won what he would lose again ;
 This forced league doth force a further strife ;
 This momentary joy breeds months of pain :²⁰
 This hot desire converts to cold disdain.

Pure chastity is rifled of her store,
 And lust, the thief, far poorer than before.

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

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

And then, with lank and lean discolour'd cheek,
 With heavy eye, knit brow, and strengthless pace,
 Feeble desire, all recreant, poor, and meek,
 Like to a bankrupt beggar wails his case :
 The flesh being proud, desire doth fight with grace,
 For there it revels ; and when that decays,
 The guilty rebel for remission prays.

So fares it with this faultful lord of Rome,
 Who this accomplishment so hotly chased ;
 For now against himself he sounds his doom,
 That through the length of times he stands disgraced :
 Besides, his soul's fair temple is defac'd ;
 To whose weak ruins muster troops of cares,
 To ask the spotted princess how she fares.

She says, her subjects with foul insurrection
 Have batter'd down her consecrated wall,
 And by their mortal fault brought in subjection
 Her immortality, and made her thrall
 To living death, and pain perpetual :

Which in her prescience she controlled still,
 But her foresight could not fore-stall their will.

Even in this thought through the dark night he stealeth,
 A captive victor that hath lost in gain ;
 Bearing away the wound that nothing healeth,
 The scar that will despite of cure remain ;
 Leaving his spoil perplex'd in greater pain.

She bears the load of lust he left behind,
 And he the burden of a guilty mind.

He, like a thievish dog, creeps sadly thence,
 She like a wearied lamb lies panting there ;
 He scowls, and hates himself for his offence,
 She desperate with her nails her flesh doth tear ;
 He faintly flies, sweating with guilty fear ;

She stays, exclaiming on the direful night ;
 He runs, and chides his vanish'd, loath'd delight.

He thence departs a heavy convertite,
 She there remains a hopeless cast-away ;
 He in his speed looks for the morning light,
 She prays she never may behold the day ;
 For day, quoth she, night's scapes doth open lay,
 And my true eyes have never practis'd how
 To cloke offences with a cunning brow.

They think not but that every eye can see
 The same disgrace which they themselves behold,
 And therefore would they still in darkness be,
 To have their unseen sin remain untold ;
 For they their guilt with weeping will unfold,
 And grave, like water that doth eat in steel,
 Upon my cheeks what helpless shame I feel.

Here she exclaims against repose and rest,
 And bids her eyes hereafter still be blind.
 She wakes her heart by beating on her breast,
 And bids it leap from thence, where it may find
 Some purer chrest to elose so pure a mind.

Frantie with grief thus breathes she forth her spite
 Against the unseen secreey of night.

O, eomfort-killing night, image of hell !
 Dim register and notary of shame !
 Blaek stage for tragedies and murders fell !²¹
 Vast sin-eoneealing chaos ! nurse of blame !
 Blind muffled bawd ! dark harbour for defame !
 Grim eave of death, whispering conspirator
 With close-tongu'd treason and the ravisher !

O, hateful, vaporous, and foggy night !
 Since thou art guilty of my eureless erime,
 Muster thy mists to meet the eastern light,
 Make war against proportion'd eourse of time :
 Or if thou wilt permit the sun to elimb
 His wonted height, yet ere he go to bed,
 Knit poisonous clouds about his golden head.

With rotten damps ravish the morning air ;
 Let their exhal'd unwholesome breaths make sick
 The life of purity, the supreme fair,
 Ere he arrive his weary noon-tide priek ;
 And let thy misty vapours march so thiek,²²
 That in their smoky ranks his smother'd light
 May set at noon, and make perpetual night.

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

Where, now, I have no one to blush with me,
 To cross their arms, and hang their heads with mine,
 To mask their brows, and hide their infamy ;
 But I alone, alone must sit and pine,
 Seasoning the earth with showers of silver brine ;
 Mingling my talk with tears, my grief with groans,
 Poor wasting monuments of lasting moans.

O night ! thou furnace of foul-reeking smoke,
 Let not the jealous day behold that face
 Which underneath thy black all-hiding cloak
 Immodestly lies martyr'd with disgrace :
 Keep still possession of thy gloomy place,
 That all the faults which in thy reign are made,
 May likewise be sepulcher'd in thy shade.²³

Make me not object to the tell-tale day !
 The light will show, character'd in my brow,
 The story of sweet chastity's decay,
 The impious breach of holy wedlock vow :
 Yea, the illiterate, that know not how
 To cipher what is writ in learned books,
 Will quote my loathsome trespass in my looks.

The nurse to still her child will tell my story,
 And fright her crying babe with Tarquin's name ;
 The orator to deck his oratory
 Will couple my reproach to Tarquin's shame ;
 Feast-finding minstrels, tuning my defame,
 Will tie the hearers to attend each line,
 How Tarquin wronged me, I Collatine.

Let my good name, that senseless reputation,
 For Collatine's dear love be kept unspotted :
 If that be made a theme for disputation,
 The branches of another root are rotted,
 And undeserv'd reproach to him allotted,
 That is as clear from this attain of mine,
 As I ere this was pure to Collatine.

O unseen shame ! invisible disgrace !
 O unfelt sore ! crest-wounding, private sear !
 Reproach is stamp'd in Collatinus' face,
 And Tarquin's eye may read the mot afar,²⁴
 How he in peace is wounded, not in war.
 Alas ! how many bear such shameful blows,
 Which not themselves, but he that gives them, knows.

If, Collatine, thine honour lay in me,
 From me by strong assault it is bereft.
 My honey lost, and I, a drone-like bee,
 Have no perfection of my summer left,
 But robb'd and ransaek'd by injurious theft :
 In thy weak hive a wandering wasp hath erept,
 And suck'd the honey which thy chaste bee kept.

Yet am I guilty of thy honour's wreck ;²⁵
 Yet for thy honour did I entertain him ;
 Coming from thee, I could not put him back,
 For it had been dishonour to disdain him :
 Besides, of weariness he did complain him,
 And talk'd of virtue.—O, unlook'd for evil,
 When virtue is profan'd in such a devil !

Why should the worm intrude the maiden bud,
 Or hateful cuckoos hatch in sparrows' nests !
 Or toads infect fair founts with venom mud ?
 Or tyrant folly lurk in gentle breasts ?
 Or kings be breakers of their own behests ?
 But no perfection is so absolute,
 That some impurity doth not pollute.

The aged man that coffers up his gold,
 Is plagu'd with cramps, and gouts, and painful fits,
 And scarce hath eyes his treasure to behold,
 But like still-pining Tantalus he sits,
 And useless barns the harvest of his wits ;
 Having no other pleasure of his gain,
 But torment that it cannot cure his pain.

So, then he hath it, when he cannot use it,
 And leaves it to be master'd by his young ;
 Who in their pride do presently abuse it :
 Their father was too weak, and they too strong,
 To hold their cursed-blessed fortune long.

The sweets we wish for turn to loathed sour,
 Even in the moment that we call them ours.

Unruly blasts wait on the tender spring,
 Unwholesome weeds take root with precious flowers,
 The adder hisses where the sweet birds sing,
 What virtue breeds, iniquity devours ;
 We have no good that we can say is ours,
 But ill annexed opportunity
 Or kills his life, or else his quality.

O, Opportunity ! thy guilt is great :
 'Tis thou that execut'st the traitor's treason ;
 Thou sett'st the wolf where he the lamb may get ;
 Whoever plots the sin, thou 'point'st the season :
 'Tis thou that spurn'st at right, at law, at reason ;
 And in thy shady cell, where none may spy him,
 Sits sin to seize the souls that wander by him.

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

Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame,
 Thy private feasting to a public fast ;
 Thy smoothing titles to a ragged name,
 Thy sugar'd tongue to bitter wormwood taste :
 Thy violent vanities can never last.
 How comes it then, vile Opportunity,
 Being so bad, such numbers seek for thee ?

When wilt thou be the humble suppliant's friend,
 And bring him where his suit may be obtained?
 When wilt thou sort an hour²⁶ great strifes to end,
 Or free that soul which wretchedness hath chained?
 Give physie to the siek, ease to the pained?

The poor, lame, blind, halt, ereep, cry out for thee,
 But they ne'er meet with Opportunity.

The patient dies while the physician sleeps;
 The orphan pines while the oppressor feeds;
 Justice is feasting while the widow weeps;
 Advice is sporting while infection breeds:²⁷
 Thou grant'st no time for eharitable deeds.

Wrath, envy, treason, rape, and murders rages;
 Thy heinous hours wait on them as their pages.

When truth and virtue have to do with thee,
 A thousand crosses keep them from thy aid:
 They buy thy help; but sin ne'er gives a fee;
 He gratis comes, and thou art well appay'd,²⁸
 As well to hear, as grant what he hath said.

My Collatine would else have come to me,
 When Tarquin did; but he was stay'd by thee.

Guilty thou art of murder and of theft;
 Guilty of perjury and subornation;
 Guilty of treason, forgery, and shift;
 Guilty of incest, that abomination:
 An accessory by thine inclination

To all sins past, and all that are to come,
 From the creation to the general doom.

Mis-shapen Time, eopesmate of ugly night,²⁹
 Swift subtle post, carrier of grisly eare;
 Eater of youth, false slave to false delight,
 Base watch of woes, sin's pack-horse,³⁰ virtue's snare;
 Thou nursest all, and murderest all that are.

O hear me, then, injurious, shifting Time!
 Be guilty of my death, since of my erime.

Why hath thy servant, Opportunity,
 Betray'd the hours thou gav'st me to repose?
 Cancell'd my fortunes, and enchained me
 To endless date of never-ending woes?
 Time's office is to fine the hate of foes;³¹
 To eat up errors by opinion bred,
 Not spend the dowry of a lawful bed.

Time's glory is to calm contending kings,³²
 To unmask falsehood, and bring truth to light,
 To stamp the seal of time in aged things,
 To wake the morn, and sentinel the night,
 To wrong the wronger till he render right;³³
 To ruate proud buildings with thy hours,
 And smear with dust their glittering golden towers:

To fill with worm-holes stately monuments,
 To feed oblivion with decay of things,
 To blot old books, and alter their contents,
 To pluck the quills from ancient ravens' wings,
 To dry the old oak's sap, and cherish springs;³⁴
 To spoil antiquities of hammer'd steel,³⁵
 And turn the giddy round of Fortune's wheel:

To show the beldame daughters of her daughter,
 To make the child a man, the man a child,
 To slay the tiger that doth live by slaughter,
 To tame the unicorn and lion wild;
 To mock the subtle, in themselves beguil'd;
 To cheer the ploughman with increaseful crops,
 And waste huge stones with little water-drops;

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

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

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

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

Let him have time to see his friends his foes,
 And merry fools to mock at him resort ;
 Let him have time to mark how slow time goes
 In time of sorrow, and how swift and short
 His time of folly, and his time of sport :
 And ever let his unrecalling crime³⁶
 Have time to wail th' abusing of his time.

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

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

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

Out, idle words ! servants to shallow fools,
 Unprofitable sounds, weak arbitrators !
 Busy yourselves in skill-contending schools ;
 Debate where leisure serves with dull debaters ;
 To trembling clients be you mediators :
 For me, I force not argument a straw,³⁷
 Since that my case is past the help of law.

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

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

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

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

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

Well, well, dear Collatine, thou shalt not know
 The stained taste of violated troth ;
 I will not wrong thy true affection so,
 To flatter thee with an infringed oath ;
 This bastard graff shall never come to growth :³³
 He shall not boast, who did thy stock pollute,
 That thou art doting father of his fruit.

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

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

By this, lamenting Philomel had ended
 The well-tun'd warble of her nightly sorrow,
 And solemn night with slow, sad gait descended
 To ugly hell ; when lo ! the blushing morrow
 Lends light to all fair eyes that light will borrow :
 But cloudy Lucrece shames herself to see,
 And therefore still in night would eloister'd be.

Revealing day through every cranny spies,
 And seems to point her out where she sits weeping ;
 To whom she sobbing speaks : O eye of eyes !
 Why pry'st thou through my window ? leave thy peeping
 Mock with thy tickling beams eyes that are sleeping :
 Brand not my forehead with thy piercing light,
 For day hath nought to do what's done by night.

Thus cavils she with every thing she sees.
 True grief is fond and testy as a child,
 Who wayward once, his mood with nought agrees :
 Old woes, not infant sorrows, bear them mild ;
 Continuance tames the one ; the other wild ,
 Like an unpraetis'd swimmer plunging still,
 With too much labour drowns for want of skill.

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

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

'Tis double death to drown in ken of shore ;
 He ten times pines, that pines beholding food ;
 To see the salve doth make the wound ache more ;
 Great grief grieves most at that would do it good :
 Deep woes roll forward like a gentle flood,
 Who, being stopp'd, the bounding banks o'erflows :
 Grief dallied with nor law nor limit knows.

You mocking-birds, quoth she, your tunes entomb
 Within your hollow swelling feather'd breasts,
 And in my hearing be you mute and dumb :
 My restless discord loves no stops nor rests ;
 A woful hostess brooks not merry guests.
 Relish your nimble notes to pleasing ears ;³⁹
 Distress likes dumps, when time is kept with tears.

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

And whiles against a thorn thou bear'st thy part,⁴⁰
 To keep thy sharp woes waking, wretched I,
 To imitate thee well, against my heart
 Will fix a sharp knife, to affright mine eye,
 Who, if it wink, shall thereon fall and die.
 These means, as frets upon an instrument,
 Shall tune our heart-strings to true languishment.

And for, poor bird, thou sing'st not in the day,
 As shaming any eye should thee behold,
 Some dark deep desert, seated from the way,
 That knows not parching heat nor freezing cold,
 Will we find out ; and there we will unfold
 To creatures stern sad tunes to change their kinds :
 Since men prove beasts, let beasts bear gentle minds.

As the poor frightened deer, that stands at gaze,
 Wildly determining which way to fly,
 Or one encompass'd with a winding maze,⁴¹
 That cannot tread the way out readily ;
 So with herself is she in mutiny,
 To live or die which of the twain were better,
 When life is sham'd, and death reproach's debtor.

To kill myself, quoth she, alack ! what were it,
 But with my body my poor soul's pollution ?
 They that lose half, with greater patience bear it,
 Than they whose whole is swallow'd in confusion.
 That mother tries a merciless conclusion,
 Who having two sweet babes, when death takes one,
 Will slay the other, and be nurse to none.

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

Her house is sack'd, her quiet interrupted,
 Her mansion batter'd by the enemy ;
 Her sacred temple spotted, spoil'd, corrupted,
 Grossly engirt with daring infamy :
 Then, let it not be call'd impiety,
 If in this blemish'd fort I make some hole,
 Through which I may convey this troubled soul.

Yet die I will not, till my Collatine
 Have heard the cause of my untimely death,
 That he may vow, in that sad hour of mine,
 Revenge on him that made me stop my breath.
 My stained blood to Tarquin I'll bequeath,
 Which by him tainted shall for him be spent,
 And as his due writ in my testament.

My honour I'll bequeath unto the knife
 That wounds my body so dishonoured.
 'Tis honour to deprive dishonour'd life ;
 The one will live, the other being dead :
 So of shame's ashes shall my fame be bred ;
 For in my death I murder shameful scorn :
 My shame so dead, mine honour is new-born.

Dear lord of that dear jewel I have lost,
 What legacy shall I bequeath to thee ?
 My resolution, love, shall be thy boast,
 By whose example thou reveng'd may'st be.
 How Tarquin must be us'd, read it in me :
 Myself, thy friend, will kill myself, thy foe,
 And for my sake serve thou false Tarquin so.

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

Thou, Collatine, shalt oversee this will ;⁴²
 How was I overseen that thou shalt see it !
 My blood shall wash the slander of mine ill ;
 My life's foul deed my life's fair end shall free it.
 Faint not, faint heart, but stoutly say, " so be it."
 Yield to my hand ; my hand shall conquer thee :
 Thou dead, both die, and both shall victors be.

This plot of death when sadly she had laid,
 And wip'd the brinish pearl from her bright eyes,
 With untun'd tongue she hoarsely calls her maid,
 Whose swift obedienee to her mistress lies ;
 For fleet-wing'd duty with thought's feathers flies.
 Poor Luerece' e cheeks unto her maid seem so,
 As winter meads when sun doth melt their snow.

Her mistress she doth give demure good-morrow,
 With soft-slow tongue, true mark of modesty,
 And sorts a sad look to her lady's sorrow,
 For why, her faee wore sorrow's livery ;
 But durst not ask of her audaciously
 Why her two suns were cloud-eelipsed so,
 Nor why her fair cheeks over-wash'd with woe.

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

A pretty while⁴³ these pretty creatures stand,
 Like ivory conduits eoral cisterns filling :⁴⁴
 One justly weeps, the other takes in hand
 No eause but eompany of her drops spilling :
 Their gentle sex to weep are often willing,
 Grieving themselves to guess at others' smarts,
 And then they drown their eyes, or break their hearts.

For men have marble, women waxen, minds,
 And therefore are they form'd as marble will ;⁴⁵
 The weak oppress'd, th' impression of strange kinds
 Is form'd in them by foree, by fraud, or skill :
 Then, eall them not the authors of their ill,
 No more than wax shall be accounted evil,
 Wherein is stamp'd the semblance of a devil.

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

No man inveigh against the wither'd flower,
 But chide rough winter that the flower hath kill'd.
 Not that devour'd, but that which doth devour,
 Is worthy blame. O ! let it not be hild⁴⁶
 Poor women's faults, that they are so fulfill'd⁴⁷
 With men's abuses : those proud lords, to blame,
 Make weak-made women tenants to their shame.

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

By this, mild patience bid fair Lucrece speak
 To the poor counterfeit of her complaining :⁴⁸
 My girl, quoth she, on what occasion break
 Those tears from thce, that down thy cheeks are raining ?
 If thou dost weep for grief of my sustaining,
 Know, gentle wench, it small avails my mood :
 If tears could help, mine own would do me good.

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

But lady, if your maid may be so bold,
 She would request to know your heaviness.
 O peace! quoth Lucrece: if it should be told,
 The repetition cannot make it less;
 Far more it is than I could well express:
 And that deep torture may be call'd a hell,
 When more is felt than one hath power to tell.

Go, get me hither paper, ink, and pen,—
 Yet save that labour, for I have them here.
 What should I say?—One of my husband's men
 Bid thou be ready by and by, to bear
 A letter to my lord, my love, my dear:
 Bid him with speed prepare to carry it;
 The cause craves haste, and it will soon be writ.

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

At last she thus begins: "Thou worthy lord
 Of that unworthy wife that greeteth thee,
 Health to thy person: next, vouchsafe t' afford—
 If ever, love, thy Lucrece thou wilt see—
 Some present speed to come and visit me.
 So I commend me from our house in grief:⁴⁹
 My woes are tedious, though my words are brief."

Here folds she up the tenour of her woe,
 Her certain sorrow writ uncertainly.
 By this short schedule Collatine may know
 Her grief, but not her grief's true quality:
 She dares not thereof make discovery,
 Lest he should hold it her own gross abuse,
 Ere she with blood had stain'd her stain'd excuse.

Besides, the life and feeling of her passion
 She hoards, to spend when he is by to hear her ;
 When sighs and groans and tears may grace the fashion
 Of her disgrace, the better so to clear her
 From that suspieion which the world might bear her.
 To shun this blot she would not blot the letter
 With words, till action might become them better.

To see sad sights moves more than hear them told,
 For then the eye interprets to the ear
 The heavy motion that it doth behold,⁵⁰
 When every part a part of woe doth bear :
 'Tis but a part of sorrow that we hear ;
 Deep sounds make lesser noise than shallow fords,
 And sorrow ebbs, being blown with wind of words.

Her letter now is seal'd, and on it writ,
 " At Ardea to my lord, with more than haste."⁵¹
 The post attends, and she delivers it,
 Charging the sour-fae'd groom to hie as fast
 As lagging fowls before the northern blast :
 Speed more than speed but dull and slow she deems ;
 Extremity still urgeth such extremes.

The homely villain court'sies to her low,
 And, blushing on her, with a stedfast eye
 Receives the seroll, without or yea or no,
 And forth with bashful innocenee doth hie :
 But they whose guilt within their bosoms lie,
 Imagine every eye beholds their blame,
 For Lucrece thought he blush'd to see her shame ;

When, silly groom ! God wot, it was defect
 Of spirit, life, and bold audacity.
 Such harmless creatures have a true respect
 To talk in deeds, while others saucily
 Promise more speed, but do it leisurely :
 Even so this pattern of the worn-out age⁵²
 Pawn'd honest looks, but lay'd no words to gage.

His kindled duty kindled her mistrust,
 That two red fires in both their faces blazed ;
 She thought he blush'd, as knowing Tarquin's lust,
 And, blushing with him, wistly on him gazed ;
 Her earnest eye did make him more amazed :
 The more she saw the blood his cheeks replenish,
 The more she thought he spied in her some blemish.

But long she thinks till he return again,
 And yet the duteous vassal scarce is gone.
 The weary time she cannot entertain,
 For now 'tis stale to sigh, to weep, and groan :
 So woe hath wearied woe, moan tired moan,
 That she her plaints a little while doth stay,
 Pausing for means to mourn some newer way.

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

A thousand lamentable objects there,
 In scorn of nature, art gave lifeless life.
 Many a dry drop seem'd a weeping tear,
 Shed for the slaughter'd husband by the wife :
 The red blood reek'd to show the painter's strife ;
 And dying eyes gleam'd forth their ashy lights,
 Like dying coals burnt out in tedious nights.

There might you see the labouring pioneer
 Begrim'd with sweat, and smeared all with dust ;
 And from the towers of Troy there would appear
 The very eyes of men through loop-holes thrust,
 Gazing upon the Greeks with little lust :
 Such sweet observance in this work was had,
 That one might see those far-off eyes look sad.

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

In Ajax and Ulysses, O, what art
 Of physiognomy might one behold !
 The face of either 'cipher'd either's heart ;
 Their face their manners most expressly told :
 In Ajax' eyes blunt rage and rigour roll'd ;
 But the mild glance that sly Ulysses lent,
 Show'd deep regard and smiling government.⁵³

There pleading might you see grave Nestor stand,
 As 'twere encouraging the Grecks to fight ;
 Making such sober action with his hand,
 That it beguil'd attention, charm'd the sight.
 In speech, it seem'd, his beard all silver white,
 Wagg'd up and down, and from his lips did fly
 Thin winding breath, which purl'd up to the sky.⁵⁴

About him were a press of gaping faces,
 Which seem'd to swallow up his sound advice ;
 All jointly listening, but with several graces,
 As if some mermaid did their ears entice :
 Some high, some low ; the painter was so nice,
 The scalps of many, almost hid behind,
 To jump up higher seem'd, to mock the mind.

Here one man's hand lean'd on another's head,
 His nose being shadow'd by his neighbour's ear ;
 Here one, being throng'd, bears back, all boll'n and red ;⁵⁵
 Another, smother'd, seems to pelt and swear ;
 And in their rage such signs of rage they bear,
 As, but for loss of Nestor's golden words,
 It seem'd they would debate with angry swords.

For much imaginary work was there ;
 Conceit deceitful, so compact, so kind,
 That for Achilles' image stood his spear,
 Grip'd in an armed hand : himself behind
 Was left unseen, save to the eye of mind.
 A hand, a foot, a face, a leg, a head,
 Stood for the whole to be imagined.

And from the walls of strong besieged Troy
 When their brave hope, bold Hector, march'd to field,
 Stood many Trojan mothers, sharing joy
 To see their youthful sons bright weapons wield ;
 And to their hope they such odd action yield,
 That through their light joy seemed to appear—
 Like bright things stain'd—a kind of heavy fear.

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

To this well-painted piece is Luereee come,
 To find a face where all distress is steld.⁵⁶
 Many she sees, where eares have earved some,
 But none where all distress and dolour dwell'd,
 Till she despairing Heeuba beheld,
 Staring on Priam's wounds with her old eyes,
 Which bleeding under Pyrrhus' proud foot lies.

In her the painter had anatomiz'd
 Time's ruin, beauty's wreck, and grim care's reign :
 Her cheeks with chaps and wrinkles were disguis'd,
 Of what she was no semblance did remain ;
 Her blue blood chang'd to blaek in every vein,
 Wanting the spring that those shrunk pipes had fed,
 Show'd life imprison'd in a body dead.

On this sad shadow Lucrece spends her eyes,
 And shapes her sorrow to the beldam's woes,
 Who nothing wants to answer her but cries,
 And bitter words to ban her cruel foes :
 The painter was no God to lend her those ;
 And therefore Lucrece swears he did her wrong,
 To give her so much grief, and not a tongue.

Poor instrument, quoth she, without a sound,
 I'll tune thy woes with my lamenting tongue,
 And drop sweet balm in Priam's painted wound,
 And rail on Pyrrhus that hath done him wrong,
 And with my tears quench Troy, that burns so long,
 And with my knife scratch out the angry eyes
 Of all the Grecks that are thine enemies.

Show me the strumpet that began this stir,
 That with my nails her beauty I may tear.
 Thy heat of lust, fond Paris, did incur
 This load of wrath that burning Troy doth bear :
 Thine eye kindled the fire that burneth here ;
 And here, in Troy, for trespass of thine eye,
 The sire, the son, the dame, and daughter die.

Why should the private pleasure of some one
 Become the public plague of many mo ?
 Let sin, alone committed, light alone
 Upon his head that hath transgressed so ;
 Let guiltless souls be freed from guilty woe.
 For one's offence why should so many fall,
 To plague a private sin in general ?

Lo ! here weeps Hecuba, here Priam dies,
 Here manly Hector faints, here Troilus swoonds ;⁵⁷
 Here friend by friend in bloody channel lies,
 And friend to friend gives unadvised wounds,
 And one man's lust these many lives confounds.
 Had doting Priam check'd his son's desire,
 Troy had been bright with fame, and not with fire.

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

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

In him the painter labour'd with his skill
 To hide deceit, and give the harmless show ;
 An humble gait, calm looks, eyes wailing still,
 A brow unbent that seem'd to welcome woe ;
 Cheeks neither red nor pale, but mingled so
 That blushing red no guilty instance gave,
 Nor ashy pale the fear that false hearts have.

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

The well-skill'd workman this mild image drew
 For perjurd Sinon, whose enchancing story
 The credulous old Priam after slew ;
 Whose words like wild-fire burnt the shining glory
 Of rich-built Ilion, that the skies were sorry,
 And little stars shot from their fixed places,
 When their glass fell wherein they view'd their faces.

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

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

For even as subtle Sinon here is painted,
 So sober-sad, so weary, and so mild,—
 As if with grief or travail he had fainted—
 To me came Tarquin armed ; so beguil'd⁵⁸
 With outward honesty, but yet defil'd
 With inward vice : as Priam him did cherish,
 So did I Tarquin ; so my Troy did perish.

Look, look ! how listening Priam wets his eyes,
 To see those borrow'd tears that Sinon sheds.
 Priam, why art thou old, and yet not wise ?
 For every tear he falls a Trojan bleeds :
 His eye drops fire, no water thence proceeds ;
 Those round clear pearls of his, that move thy pity,
 Are balls of quenchless fire to burn thy city.

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

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

Thus ebbs and flows the current of her sorrow,
 And time doth weary time with her complaining.
 She looks for night, and then she longs for morrow,
 And both she thinks too long with her remaining.
 Short time seems long in sorrow's sharp sustaining :
 Though woe be heavy, yet it seldom sleeps ;
 And they that watch see time how slow it creeps.

Which all this time hath overslipp'd her thought,
 That she with painted images hath spent,
 Being from the feeling of her own grief brought
 By deep surmise of others' detriment ;
 Losing her woes in shows of discontent.
 It easeth some, though none it ever cured,
 To think their dolour others have endured.

But now the mindful messenger, come back,
 Brings home his lord and other company,
 Who finds his Luerece clad in mourning black ;
 And round about her tear-distained eye
 Blue circles stream'd, like rainbows in the sky :
 These water-galls in her dim element⁵⁹
 Foretel new storms to those already spent.

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

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

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

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

Then, be this all the task it hath to say :
 Dear husband, in the interest of thy bed
 A stranger came, and on that pillow lay
 Where thou wast wont to rest thy weary head ;
 And what wrong else may be imagined
 By foul enforcement might be done to me,
 From that, alas ! thy Lucrece is not free.

For in the dreadful dead of dark midnight,
 With shining falchion in my chamber came
 A creeping creature, with a flaming light,
 And softly cried, Awake, thou Roman dame,
 And entertain my love ; else lasting shame
 On thee and thine this night I will inflict,
 If thou my love's desire do contradict.

For some hard-favour'd groom of thine, quoth he,
 Unless thou yoke thy liking to my will,
 I'll murder straight, and then I'll slaughter thee,
 And swear I found you where you did fulfil
 The loathsome act of lust, and so did kill
 The leechers in their deed : this act will be
 My fame, and thy perpetual infamy.

With this I did begin to start and cry,
 And then against my heart he set his sword,
 Swearing, unless I took all patiently,
 I should not live to speak another word ;
 So should my shame still rest upon record,
 And never be forgot in mighty Rome
 Th' adulterate death of Lucrece and her groom.

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

O ! teach me how to make mine own excuse,
 Or, at the least, this refuge let me find :
 Though my gross blood be stain'd with this abuse,
 Immaculate and spotless is my mind ;⁶⁰
 That was not fore'd ; that never was inclin'd
 To accessory yieldings, but still pure
 Doth in her poison'd closet yet endure.

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

As through an arch the violent roaring tide
 Out-runs the eye that doth behold his haste,
 Yet in the eddy boundeth in his pride
 Back to the strait that forc'd him on so fast,
 In rage sent out, recall'd in rage, being past ;
 Even so his sighs, his sorrows, make a saw,
 To push grief on, and back the same grief draw.

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

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

But ere I name him, you fair lords, quoth she,—
 Speaking to those that came with Collatine—
 Shall plight your honourable faiths to me,
 With swift pursuit to venge this wrong of mine ;
 For 'tis a meritorious fair design,
 To chase injustice with revengeful arms :
 Knights, by their oaths, should right poor ladies' harms.

At this request, with noble disposition
 Each present lord began to promise aid,
 As bound in knighthood to her imposition,
 Longing to hear the hateful foe bewray'd ;
 But she, that yet her sad task hath not said,
 The protestation stops. O ! speak, quoth she,
 How may this forced stain be wip'd from me ?

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

With this, they all at once began to say,
 Her body's stain her mind untainted clears ;⁶¹
 While with a joyless smile she turns away
 The face, that map which deep impression bears
 Of hard misfortune, carv'd in it with tears.
 No, no, quoth she ; no dame, hereafter living,
 By my excuse shall claim excuse's giving.⁶²

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

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

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

And bubbling from her breast, it doth divide
 In two slow rivers, that the crimson blood
 Circles her body in on every side,
 Who like a late-sack'd island vastly stood,
 Bare and unpeopled, in this fearful flood.

Some of her blood still pure and red remain'd,
 And some look'd black, and that false Tarquin stain'd.

About the mourning and congealed face
 Of that black blood a watery rigol goes,
 Which seems to weep upon the tainted place :
 And ever since, as pitying Lucrece' woes,
 Corrupted blood some watery token shows ;
 And blood untainted still doth red abide,
 Blushing at that which is so putrify'd.

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

Poor broken glass, I often did behold
 In thy sweet semblance my old age new-born ;
 But now that fair fresh mirror, dim and old,⁶³
 Shows me a bare-bon'd death by time out-worn.
 O ! from thy cheeks my image thou hast torn,⁶⁴
 And shiver'd all the beauty of my glass,
 That I no more can see what once I was.

O time ! cease thou thy course, and last no longer,
 If they surcease to be that should survive.
 Shall rotten death make conquest of the stronger,
 And leave the faltering feeble souls alive ?
 The old bees die, the young possess their hive :
 Then, live sweet Lucrece ; live again, and see
 Thy father die, and not thy father thee !

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

The deep vexation of his inward soul
 Hath serv'd a dumb arrest upon his tongue ;
 Who, mad that sorrow should his use control,
 Or keep him from heart-easing words so long,
 Begins to talk ; but through his lips do throng
 Weak words, so thick come in his poor heart's aid,
 That no man could distinguish what he said.

Yet sometime Tarquin was pronounced plain,
 But through his teeth, as if the name he tore.
 This windy tempest, till it blow up rain,
 Held back his sorrow's tide to make it more ;
 At last it rains, and busy winds give o'er :
 Then, son and father weep with equal strife,
 Who should weep most, for daughter or for wife.

The one doth call her his, the other his,
 Yet neither may possess the claim they lay.
 The father says, She's mine : O ! mine she is,
 Replies her husband : Do not take away
 My sorrow's interest ; let no mourner say
 He weeps for her, for she was only mine,
 And only must be wail'd by Collatine.

O ! quoth Lucretius, I did give that life,
 Which she too early and too late hath spill'd.
 Woe, woe ! quoth Collatine, she was my wife,
 I ow'd her, and 'tis mine that she hath kill'd,
 " My daughter " and " my wife " with clamours fill'd
 The dispers'd air, who holding Lucrece' life,
 Answer'd their cries, " my daughter and my wife."

Brutus, who pluck'd the knife from Lucrece' side,
 Seeing such emulation in their woe,
 Began to clothe his wit in state and pride,
 Burying in Lucrece' wound his folly's show.
 He with the Romans was esteemed so
 As silly jeering idiots are with kings,
 For sportive words, and uttering foolish things :

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

Why, Collatine, is woe the cure for woe ?
 Do wounds help wounds, or grief help grievous deeds ?
 Is it revenge to give thyself a blow,
 For his foul act by whom thy fair wife bleeds ?
 Such childish humour from weak minds proceeds ;
 Thy wretched wife mistook the matter so,
 To slay herself that should have slain her foe.

Courageous Roman, do not steep thy heart
 In such relenting dew of lamentations,
 But kneel with me, and help to bear thy part,
 To rouse our Roman gods with invocations,
 That they will suffer these abominations,
 Since Rome herself in them doth stand disgraced,
 By our strong arms from forth her fair streets chased.

Now, by the Capitol that we adore,⁶⁵
 And by this chaste blood so unjustly stained,
 By heaven's fair sun that breeds the fat earth's store,
 By all our country rights in Rome maintain'd,
 And by chaste Lucrece' soul, that late complain'd⁶⁶
 Her wrongs to us, and by this bloody knife,
 We will revenge the death of this true wife.

This said, he struck his hand upon his breast,
And kiss'd the fatal knife to end his vow ;
And to his protestation urg'd the rest,
Who, wondering at him, did his words allow :
Then, jointly to the ground their knees they bow,
And that deep vow which Brutus made before,
He doth again repeat, and that they swore.

When they had sworn to this advised doom,
They did conclude to bear dead Luereee thence ;
To show her bleeding body thorough Rome,
And so to publish Tarquin's foul offence :
Which being done with speedy diligenee,
The Romans plausibly did give consent⁶⁷
To Tarquin's everlasting banishment.

Notes.

¹ *The Argument.*

This argument appears to have been written by Shakespeare, being prefixed to the original edition of 1594: and is a curiosity, this, and the two dedications to the earl of Southampton, being the only prose compositions of our great poet (not in a dramatic form) now remaining. To the edition of 1616, and that printed by Lintot in 1710, a shorter argument is likewise prefixed, under the name of Contents; which not being the production of our author, nor throwing any light on the poem, is now omitted.—*Malone.*

² *Spinning amongst her maids.*

At their comming, they found the kinges daughters sportinge themselves with sondrye pastimes. From thence they went to the house of Collatinus, where they found Lucrece, not, as the other before named, spending time in idlenes, but late in the night occupied and busie amonges her maydes in the middes of her house spinning of woll.—*The Palace of Pleasure, 1575.*

³ *Unlock'd the treasure of his happy state.*

Great preparation was made by the Romaines against a people called Rutuli, who had a citie named Ardea excelling in wealth and riches, which was the cause that the Romaine king, being exhausted and quite voyde of money by reason of his sumptuous buildinges, made warres uppon that countrie. In the time of the siege of that citie, the yonge Romaine gentlemen banqueted one another, amonges whom there was one called Collatinus Tarquinius, the sonne of Egerius. And by chaunce they entred in communication of their wives, every one praysing his several spouse. At length the talke began to grow hot, whereupon Collatinus said that words were vaine; for within few houres it might be tried how much his wife Lucretia did excel the rest; wherefore, quoth he, if there be any livelihood in you, let us take our horse to prove which of oure wives doth surmount. Wheruppon they roode to Rome in post.—*The Palace of Pleasure, 1575.*

⁴ *In her fair face's field.*

Field is here equivocally used. The *war* of lilies and roses requires a *field* of

battle; the *heraldry* in the preceding stanza demands another field, i. e. the ground or surface of a shield or escutcheon armorial.—*Stevens*.

⁵ *Nor could she moralize his wanton sight.*

To *moralize* here signifies to *interpret*, to investigate the latent meaning of his looks. So, in *Much Ado About Nothing*: “You have some *moral* in this Benedictus.” Again, in the *Taming of the Shrew*: “—and has left me here to expound the meaning or *moral* of his signs and tokens.”—*Malone*.

⁶ *So that in vent'ring ill.*

Thus the old copy. The modern editions read:—“So that in vent'ring *all*——.” But there is no need of change. “In venturing ill,” means,—from an *evil* spirit of *adventure*, which prompts us to covet what we are not possessed of.—*Malone*.

⁷ *Then my digression.*

That is, my transgression, my deviation from virtue. So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*: “I will have that subject newly writ o'er, that I may example my *digression* by some mighty precedent.”—*Malone*.

⁸ *Some loathsome dash the herald will contrive.*

In the books of heraldry a particular mark of disgrace is mentioned, by which the escutcheons of those persons were anciently distinguished, who “discourteously used a widow, maid, or wife, *against her will*.” There were likewise formerly marks of disgrace for him that “revoked a challenge, or went from his word; for him who fled from his colours,” &c. In the present instance our author seems to allude to the mark first mentioned.—*Malone*.

⁹ *Night-wandering weasels shriek.*

The property of the *weasel* is to *suck eggs*. To this circumstance our author alludes in *As You Like it*: “I suck melancholy out of a song, as a *weasel sucks eggs*.” Again, in *King Henry V.*:—

For once the eagle England being in prey,
To her unguarded nest the *weasel* Scot
Comes sneaking, and so *sucks* her princely *eggs*.

Perhaps the poet meant to intimate, that even animals intent on matrimonial plunder, gave the alarm at sight of a more powerful invader of the nuptial bed. But this is mere idle conjecture.—*Stevens*.

¹⁰ *He takes it from the rushes where it lies.*

The apartments in England being strewed with rushes in our author's time, he has given Lucretia's chamber the same covering. The contemporary poets, however, were equally inattentive to propriety. Thus Marlowe in his *Hero and Leander*:—

She fearing on the *rushes* to be flung,
Striv'd with redoubled *strength*.—*Malone*.

¹¹ *Her lily hand her rosy cheek lies under.*

Among the poems of Sir John Suckling, 1646, is one entitled, “A Supplement of an imperfect Copy of Verses of Mr. Wil. Shakespears;” which begins with these lines, somewhat varied. We can hardly suppose that Suckling would have called a passage extracted from a regular poem “an *imperfect* copy of verses.” Perhaps Shakspeare had written the lines quoted below, of which Sir John might have had a manuscript copy, on some occasion previous to the

publication of his *Lucrece*, and afterwards used them in this poem, with some variation. This supposed fragment is thus supplied by Suckling.—

I.

*One of her hands one of her cheeks lay under,
Cozening the pillow of a lawful kisse ;
Which therefore swel'd, and seem'd to part asunder,
As angry to be rob'd of such a blisse ;
The one lookt pale, and for revenge did long,
While t'other blusht 'cause it had done the wrong.*

II.

*Out of the bed the other fair hand was
On a green sattin quilt ; whose perfect white
Lookt like a dazie in a field of grasse,
And shew'd like unmelt snow unto the sight :
There lay this pretty perdue, safe to keep
The rest o' the body that lay fast aslep.*

Thus far Shakespear.

III.

*Her eyes (and therefore it was night) close laid
Strove to imprison beauty till the morn ;
But yet the doors were of such fine stuffe made,
That it broke through and shew'd itself in scorn ;
Throwing a kind of light about the place,
Which turn'd to smiles, stil as't came near her face.*

IV.

*Her beams, which some dul men call'd hair, divided
Part with her cheeks, part with her lips, did sport ;
But these, as rude, her breath put by still ; some
Wiselyer downwards sought ; but falling short,
Curl'd back in rings, and seem'd to turn agen,
To bite the part so unkindly held them in.—Malone.*

This description is given in *England's Parnassus*, p. 396, with only Shakspeare's name affixed to it ; and Suckling might have met with it there, and not knowing from what poem it was taken, supposed it a fragment.—*Boswell*.

¹² *And in his will his wilful eye he tir'd.*

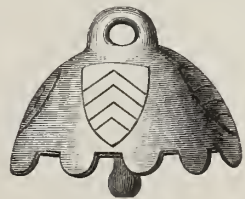
This may mean—'He glutted his lustful eye in the imagination of what he had resolved to do.' To *tire* is a term in falconry. So, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*: "Must with keen fang *tire* upon thy flesh." Perhaps we should read—"And on his will," &c.—*Stevens*.

¹³ *With trembling fear, as fowl hear falcon's bells.*

The unique example, here engraved, of a bell appertaining to the hawk of a nobleman, and bearing his arms, was communicated to me by William Whincopp, Esq., of Woodbridge.

¹⁴ *That done, some worthless slave of thine
I'll slay.*

The gentlewoman sore afrayed, being newly awaked oute of her sleepe, and seeing imminent death, could not tell what to do. Then Tarquinius confessed his love, and began to intreate her, and therewithall used sundry minacing wordes,



by all meanes attempting to make her quiet. When he saw her obstinate, and that she woulde not yelde to his request, notwithstanding his cruell threatens, he added shameful and villanous speach, saying that he would kill her, and when she was slaine, he woulde also kill his slave, and place him by her, that it might be reported howe she was slaine, being taken in adulterie.—*The Palace of Pleasure*, 1575.

¹⁵ *Thy issue blurr'd with nameless bastardy.*

The poet calls bastardy *nameless*, because an illegitimate child has no name by inheritance, being considered by the law as *nullius filius*.—*Malone*.

¹⁶ *Like a white hind under the gripe's sharp claws.*

“A griffon or gripe, *gryps*,” Baret's *Alvearie*, 1580. The term is oftener applied to a vulture.

A grype come in alle hur care,
Hur yonge sone away he bare.—*MS. Cantab.*

¹⁷ *But when a black-fac'd cloud.*

Malone altered *but* to *look*. The old copy, I think, is correct:—“He knows no gentle right, *but* still her words delay him, as a gentle gust blows away a black-faced cloud.”—*Boswell*.

¹⁸ *Then king's misdeeds cannot be hid in clay.*

The memory of the ill actions of kings will remain even after their death. So, in the *Paradise of Dainty Devises*, 1580:—“Mine owne good father, thou art gone; thine ears are *stopp'd* with *clay*.” Again, in *Kendal's Flowers of Epigrams*, 1577:—

The *corps* clapt fast in clotted *clay*,
That here *engrav'd* doth lie.—*Malone*.

¹⁹ *O, that prone lust.*

Thus the first quarto. The edition of 1600, instead of *prone*, has *proud*. That of 1616, and the modern copies, *foul*. *Prone* is *headstrong, forward, prompt*. In *Measure for Measure* it is used in somewhat a similar sense:—

—— in her youth
There is a *prone* and speechless dialect.—*Malone*.

Thus, more appositely, in *Cymbeline*: “Unless a man would marry a gallows, and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so *prone*.”—*Steevens*.

²⁰ *This momentary joy breeds months of pain.*

It is Sextus Tarquinius whoe, being an enemy insteede of a frende, the other night came unto me armed with his sword in his hand, and by violence carried away from me, the goddes know, a woful joy.—*The Palace of Pleasure*, 1575.

²¹ *Black stage for tragedies and murders fell!*

In our author's time, I believe the stage was hung with black, when tragedies were performed. The hanging however was, I suppose, no more than one piece of black baize placed at the back of the stage, in the room of the tapestry which was the common decoration when comedies were acted.—*Malone*.

²² *And let thy misty vapours march so thick.*

The quarto, by an evident error of the press, reads—*musty*. The subsequent copies have—*misty*. So, before:—“Muster thy *mists* to meet the eastern light.” Again:—

—— *misty* night
Covers the shame that follows such delight.—*Malone*.

Mr. Dyce confirms this emendation by a reference to Venus and Adonis,—
“Like *misty vapours* when they blot the sky.”

²³ *May likewise be sepulcher'd in thy shade!*

The word *sepulcher'd* is thus accented by Milton, in his verses on our author:—

And so sepulcher'd in such pomp does lie,
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.—*Malone.*

²⁴ *And Tarquin's eye may read the mot afar.*

The *motto*, or *word*, as it was sometimes formerly called. So, in Pericles, Prince of Tyre, 1609:—“The *word*, lux tua vita mihi.” Again, in the title of Nashe's Have With You to Saffron Walden, 1596: “—The *mott* or *pœsie*, instead of *omne tulit punctum, pacis fiducia nunquam.*” The modern editors read unintelligibly:—“may read the *mote* afar.”—*Malone.*

²⁵ *Yet am I guilty of thy honour's wrack.*

Malone altered “guilty” to *guiltless*, but Lucrece first accuses herself of being guilty by entertaining Tarquin, and then excuses herself by adding that she did it for her husband's honour. “Wreck,” at the end of the line, is the old spelling of *wreck*; and it is here necessary to preserve it for the sake of the rhyme.—*Collier.*

²⁶ *When wilt thou sort an hour.*

When wilt thou *choose out* an hour. So, in the Two Gentlemen of Verona:—

Let us into the city presently
To *sort* some gentlemen well-skill'd in music.—*Malone.*

²⁷ *Advice is sporting while infection breeds.*

While infection is spreading, the grave rulers of the state, that ought to guard against its further progress, are careless and inattentive.—*Advice* was formerly used for *knowledge* and *deliberation*. So, in the Two Gentlemen of Verona:—

How shall I dote on her with more *advice*,
That thus without *advice* begin to love her?—*Malone.*

²⁸ *And thou art well appay'd.*

That is, satisfied, pleased; generally used, as in this instance, with *well* preceding it. “In herte I wolde be wele apayed, myghte we do that dede,” MS. Lincoln, xv. Cent. “I apay, I content or suffyse, *je me contente*; I am well appayed, *je suis bien content*,” Palsgrave, 1530.

The country and the Thames afford their aide,
And careful magistrates their care attend;
All English harts are glad, and well *appaide*,
In readines their London to defend;
Defend them, Lord, and these fair nymphs likewise,
That ever they may do this sacrifice.

Device of the Pageant borne before Sir W. Dixie, 1585.

When Willy once he stayed,
To fetch home a lamb that straid,
Under a hill-side,
A bonny lasse he spide,
Of whom he was well *apaied*.

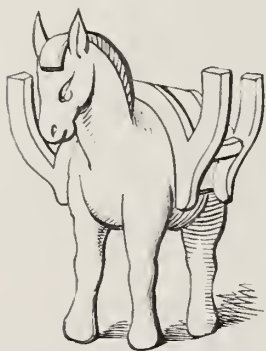
Ballad of the Two Yorkshire Lovers.

²⁹ *Copesmate.*

That is, friend, companion. According to Grose, the term was in use in his time in the North of England; but as I do not trace it in any recent glossary, it is most likely now obsolete.

Untill they have new provocations, and untill they come amongst their old *cofesmates* and sin-companions.—*Dent's Pathway to Heaven*, p, 305.

To cause therefore your daughter to take heed of such cogging *cofesmates* was the cause of my comming, least unadvisedly shee might buy repentance too deare.—*Mamillia, the second Part of the Triumph of Pallas*, 1593.

³⁰ *Sin's pack-horse.*

The pack-horse of the ancient Romans is here represented from an example which occurs on a piece of ancient terra-cotta which was found in some part of France.

³¹ *Time's office is to fine the hate of foes.*

To fine, that is, to end, to finish, to bring to an end. "Whose kyngdome ever shall laste, and never fyne," Lydgate, MS. Ashmole 39, fol. 28. Palsgrave insinuates that the word, in this sense, was becoming obsolete in the sixteenth century.

³² *Time's glory is to calm contending kings.*

The following note is communicated by Mr. Fairholt,—" *Veritas filia Temporis* was a favorite motto before and during the Shakesperian era, and must



have constantly been brought to notice in a variety of ways. During the reign of Queen Mary, it appeared on our national coinage in allusion to her attempt to re-establish the Roman Catholic faith. The engraving shows the reverse of the silver groat she issued. Time rescuing his daughter Truth from a cave despite the opposition of Envy, was used by one of the early Italian printers as his device upon his title-pages. This was Giolito of Venice, and



our copy of this admirable design is from a book published by him in 1552. The subject also occurs among the wood-cuts in Whitney's *Choice of Emblemes*, 1586, a book we know formed part of our Poet's library."

³³ *To wrong the wronger till he render right.*

To *punish* by the *compunctions* *visiting* of *conscience* the person who has done an injury to another, till he has made compensation. The *wrong* done in this instance by Time must be understood in the sense of *damnum sine injuria*; and in this light serves to illustrate and support Tyrwhitt's explanation of a passage in

Julius Cæsar, even supposing that it stood as Ben Jonson has maliciously represented it:—"Know, Cæsar, doth not *wrong*, but with *just cause*," &c. Dr. Farmer very elegantly would read:—"To *wring* the wronger till he render right."—*Malone*.

³⁴ *And cherish springs.*

By *springs* however may be understood (as has been observed by Tollett) the *shoots* or buds of young trees; and then the meaning will be,—It is the office of Time, on the one hand, to destroy the ancient oak, by drying up its sap; on the other, to *cherish* young *plants*, and to bring them to maturity. So, in our author's 15th Sonnet:—

When I perceive that men, as *plants*, increase,
Cheered and check'd even by the self-same sky —.

I believe this to be the true sense of the passage. *Springs* has this signification in many ancient English books; and the word is again used in the same sense in the Comedy of Errors:—

Even in the spring of love thy love-*springs* rot.

Again, in Venus and Adonis:—

This canker, that eats up love's tender *spring*.—*Malone*.

In Holinshed's Description of England, both the contested words in the latter part of the verse, occur. "We have manie woods, forrests, and parks, which *cherish* trees abundantlie, beside infinit numbers of hedge-rowes, groves, and *springs*, that are mainteined," &c.—*Tollett*.

³⁵ *To spoil antiquities of hammer'd steel.*

The poet was here, I believe, thinking of the costly monuments erected in honour of our ancient kings and some of the nobility, which were frequently made of iron, or copper, wrought with great nicety; many of which had probably even in his time begun to decay.—*Malone*.

³⁶ *And ever let his unrecalling crime.*

His crime which cannot be unacted. *Unrecalling* for *unrecalled*, or rather for *unrecalable*. This licentious use of the participle is common in the writings of our author and his contemporaries. The edition of 1616, which has been followed by all subsequent, reads—his unrecalling *time*.—*Malone*.

³⁷ *For me, I force not argument a straw.*

I do not *value* or *esteem* argument. So, in the Tragical Hystory of Romeus and Juliet, 1562:—

But when he, many monthes, hopeless of his recure,
Had served her, who *forced* not what paynes he did endure —.

Again, in Love's Labour's Lost:—

Your oath broke once, you *force* not to forswear.—*Malone*.

For Corin was her only joy,
Who *forc'd* her not a pin.—*Tottel's Songs and Sonnets*.

³⁸ *This bastard graff shall never come to growth.*

The edition of 1616, and all the moderns, have—This bastard *grass*.—The true reading was supplied by the earliest copy.—*Malone*.

This sentiment is adopted from the Wisdom of Solomon, ch. 4, v. 3: "But the multiplying brood of the ungodly shall not thrive, nor take deep rooting from

bastard slips, nor lay any fast foundation.” The same allusion is employed in one of our author’s historical plays.—*Stevens*.

³⁹ *Relish your nimble notes to pleasing ears.*

The quarto and all the other editions till that of 1616, read *ralish*, which was either used in the same sense as *relish*, or was a different mode of spelling the same word. *Relish* is used by Daniel in his 52d Sonnet in the same manner as here:—

If any pleasing *relish* here I use,
Then judge the world, her beauty gives the same.
O happy ground that makes the *musick* such —.

If *ears* be right, *pleasing*, I think, was used by the poet for *pleased*. In *Othello* we find *delighted* for *delighting*:—“If virtue no *delighted* beauty lack—.”—*Malone*.

Relish is spelt *rallish* in the 1623 edition of *Measure for Measure*.

⁴⁰ *And whiles against a thorn thou bear'st thy part.*

The nightingale, as soon as April bringeth
Unto her rest a sense, a perfect waking,
When late bare earth, proud of new clothing, springeth,
Sings out her woes, a thorn her song-book making.

Sir Philip Sidney's Sonnets.

Not from nobility doth virtue spring,
But virtue makes fit nobles for a king ;
From highest nests are croaking ravens borne,
While sweetest nightingales sit on a thorn.

William Browne's Pastorals.

⁴¹ *Or one encompass'd with a winding maze.*

Mr. Fairholt sends this note,—“the earliest representation of a maze occurs in the Greek coinage, and represents the renowned Cretan Labyrinth. It is very clearly seen upon the coins of Cnossus, one of which is here copied to a scale twice the size of the original.”



⁴² *Thou, Collatine, shalt oversee this Will.*

Thus the quarto. The edition of 1616 has:—
“*Then Collatine,*” &c. *Overseers* were frequently added in Wills from the superabundant caution of our ancestors; but our law acknowledges no such persons, nor are they (as contradistinguished from executors.) invested with any legal rights whatsoever. In some old Wills the term *overseer* is used instead of *executor*. Sir Thomas Bodley, the founder of the Bodleian Library in Oxford, not content with appointing two executors and two *overseers*, has likewise added three *supervisors*.—*Malone*.

⁴³ *A pretty while.*

Pretty seems formerly to have sometimes had the signification of *petty*,—as in the present instance. So also in Shelton’s translation of *Don Quixote*, 4to. 1612, vol. i. p. 407: The admiration and tears joined, indured in them all for a *pretty* space.—*Malone*.

⁴⁴ *Like ivory conduits coral cisterns filling.*

Mr. Fairholt sends this note, — “the simile receives direct and clear elucidation from the annexed engraving, copied from an illumination in the famed MS. Roman de Lancelot, a work of the fourteenth century, preserved in the Imperial Library at Paris.”



⁴⁵ *And therefore are they form'd as marble will.*

Hence do they (women) receive whatever impression their marble-hearted associates (men) choose. The expression is very quaint. — *Malone.*

⁴⁶ *O, let it not be hild.*

Hild, held. This form of the word, the preservation of which is here rendered necessary for the sake of the rhyme, occurs in Hall's Chronicle, Warner's Albions England, &c.

⁴⁷ *That they are so fulfill'd.*

Fulfilled had formerly the sense of *filled*. It is so used in our liturgy. — *Malone.*

Fulfilled means *completely filled*, till there be no room for more. The word, in this sense, is now obsolete. So, in the Prologue to Troilus and Cressida: — “And corresponsive and *fulfilling* bolts.” — *Steevens.*

⁴⁸ *To the poor counterfeit of her complaining.*

To her maid, whose countenance exhibited an image of her mistress's grief. A *counterfeit*, in ancient language, signified a *portrait*. So, in the Merchant of Venice: — “What have we here? fair Portia's *counterfeit*?” — *Malone.*

⁴⁹ *So I commend me from our house in grief.*

Shakespeare has here closely followed the practice of his own times. Thus, Anne Bullen concluding her pathetic letter to her savage murderer: “*From my doleful prison in the Tower, this 6th of May.*” So also Gascoigne the poet ends his address to the Youth of England prefixed to his works: “*From my poor house at Walthamstowe in the Forest, the second of February, 1575.*” — *Malone.*

The simplicity of this letter is exquisitely beautiful; and its pathos is deeper from the circumstance that it is scarcely raised above the tone of ordinary correspondence. — “So I commend me from our house in grief” is such a formula as we constantly find in ancient correspondence. In the ‘Paston Letters’ we have such conclusions as this: “Written at — when I was not well at ease.” — *Knight.*

⁵⁰ *The heavy motion that it doth behold.*

Our author seems to have been thinking of those *heavy motions* called *dumb-shows*, which were exhibited on the stage in his time. *Motion*, in old language, signifies a *puppet-show*; and the person who spoke for the puppets was called an *interpreter*. So, in Timon of Athens: —

— to the *dumbness* of the *gesture*
One might *interpret*. — *Malone.*

⁵¹ *At Ardea to my lord, with more than haste.*

Shakespeare seems to have begun early to confound the customs of his own country, with those of other nations. About a century and a half ago, all our letters that required speed were superscribed—*With post post haste.*—*Steevens.*

⁵² *Even so, this pattern of the worn-out age.*

Here we have another instance of variation in different copies of the quarto, 1594. The usual and, no doubt, true reading is that of our text; but in the Duke of Devonshire's copy the line is thus given:—"Even so *the* pattern of *this* worn-out age," which seems contrary to what was meant. In general the Lucrece, 1594, in the collection of the Duke of Devonshire, is more correct than that among Malone's books at Oxford, but this instance is an exception.—*Collier.*

⁵³ *Show'd deep regard and smiling government.*

Profound wisdom, and the complacency arising from the passions being under the command of reason. The former word (regard) has already occurred more than once in the same sense.—*Malone.*

⁵⁴ *Which purld up to the sky.*

To purl is to eddy, to curn or run in a spiral fashion, and hence, generally, to wind. So, in Peyton's Glasse of Time, 1623,—

But when Aurora, glory of the world,
Heavens candle bright, about the earth had *purld.*

⁵⁵ *All boll'n and red.*

Boll'n, swollen. "His mantle of sea-green or water-colour, thin, and *boln* out like a sail; bracelets about his wrists, of willow and sedge, a crown of sedge and reed upon his head, mixed with water-lilies; alluding to Virgil's description of Tyber."—*Ben Jonson.*

⁵⁶ *Where all distress is stel'd.*

Thus the quarto, and all the subsequent copies.—In our author's twenty-fourth Sonnet we find these lines:—

Mine eye hath play'd the *painter*, and hath *steel'd*
Thy beauty's form in table of my heart.

This therefore I suppose to have been the word intended here, which the poet altered for the sake of rhyme. So before—*hild* for *held*, and *than* for *then*. He might, however, have written:—

"—— where all distress is *spell'd.*"

i. e., *written.* So, in the Comedy of Errors:—

And careful hours with time's deformed hand
Have *written* strange defeatures in my face.—*Malone.*

⁵⁷ *Here Troilus swounds.*

In the play of Troilus and Cressida, his name is frequently introduced in the same manner as here, as a dissyllable. The mere English reader still pronounces the word as, I believe, Shakspeare did.

Swounds is *swoons*. *Swoon* is constantly written *sound* or *swound* in the old copies of our author's plays; and from this stanza it is probable that the word was anciently pronounced as it is here written. So also Drayton in his *Mortimeriados*. 4to. no date:

Thus with the pangs out of this traunce areysed,
As water sometime wakeneth from a *swound*,—
As when the bloud is cold, we feele the wound.—*Malone*.

⁵⁸ *So beguil'd.*

To beguild, old eds. *To* must, I think, have been a misprint for *so*. *Beguil'd* is *beguiling*. Our author frequently confounds the active and passive participle. Thus, in *Othello*, *delighted* for *delighting*:—"If virtue no *delighted* beauty lack —."—*Malone*.

I think the reading proposed is right; and would point thus:—

To me came Tarquin armed; so beguil'd
With outward honesty, but yet, &c.

So beguil'd is *so cover'd*, *so masked with fraud*, i. e., like *Sinon*. Thus in the *Merchant of Venice*, Act III. Sc. II. :—

Thus ornament is but the *guiled shore*
To a most dangerous sea.—*Steevens*.

⁵⁹ *These water-galls in her dim element.*

One of the men, going up to order the sail, espy'd about a furlong from them the water to spout up and fly in the air, which made them conceit at first it might be a *watergall* fallen into the sea.—*God's Marvellous Wonders in England*, 1694.

⁶⁰ *Immaculate and spotless is my mind.*

But it is my bodye onely that is violated; my minde, God knoweth, is giltles, whereof my death shalbe witness.—*The Palace of Pleasure*, 1575.

⁶¹ *Her body's stain her mind untainted clears.*

Then every one of them gave her their faith, and comforted the pensife and languishing lady, imputing the offence to the authour and doer of the same, affirming that her bodye was polluted, and not her minde, and where consent was not, there the crime was absente.—*The Palace of Pleasure*, 1575.

⁶² *By my excuse shall claim excuse's giving.*

"Ego me, etsi peccato absolvo, supplicio non libero; *nec ulla deinde impudica exemplo Lucretiæ vivet.*" *Liv.* lib. i. cap. 58.—No translation of the first book of *Livy* having appeared before the publication of this poem, this coincidence seemed to me extraordinary; but since the former edition I have observed that *Painter's* novel furnished our author with this sentiment. "As for my part, though I cleare my selfe of the offence, my body shall feel the punishment, for no unchaste or ill woman shall hereafter impute no dishonest act to *Lucrece*," *Palace of Pleasure*, 1567, vol. i. f. 7.—*Malone*.

⁶³ *Dim and old.*

Thus the quarto. The modern editions have—*dim* and *cold*, which I once thought might have been the true reading. This indeed is not a very proper epithet, because all mirrors are cold. But the poet, I conceived, might have thought that its being descriptive of *Lucretia's* state was sufficient. On a more mature consideration, however, I am of opinion that the old copy is right. As *dim* is opposed to *fair*, so *old* is to *fresh*.—*Malone*.

Old, I believe, is the true reading. Though *glass* may not prove subject to decay, the quicksilver behind it will perish through *age*, and it then exhibits a

faithless reflection. A *steel-glass*, however, would certainly grow *dim* in proportion as it grows *old*.—*Steevens*.

⁶⁴ *O, from thy cheeks my image thou hast torn!*

Thus the quarto. The edition of 1600, and all subsequent to it, have:—“O, from *my* cheeks my image thou hast torn!” But the father’s image was in his daughter’s countenance, which she had now disfigured. The old copy is therefore certainly right.—*Malone*.

⁶⁵ *Now by the Capitol that we adore.*



Mr. Fairholt sends this note,—"the renowned temple of Jupiter on the Capitoline hill at Rome, stood upon the spot now occupied by the church of the Ara Cœli. Its only representation occurs on the coinage of the Roman Emperors, the best being a large bronze medal of Vespasian, preserved in the national collection of France. Our copy of this shews the sumptuous character of the architecture and sculptural enrichment of this most sacred fane. The seated figure of Jupiter is very plainly indicated in the centre."

⁶⁶ *That late complain'd.*

To *complain* was anciently used in an active sense, without an article subjoined to it. So, in Fairfax’s translation of Tasso’s *Jerusalem Delivered*, 1600:—

Pale death our valiant leader hath oppress’d;
Come, wreak his loss, *whom* bootless ye *complain*.—*Malone*.

⁶⁷ *The Romans plausibly did give consent.*

That is, *with acclamations*. To express the same meaning, we should now say, *plausively*: but the other was the phraseology of Shakespeare’s age. So, in Stowe’s *Chronicle*, p. 1426, edit. 1605: "This change was very *plausible* or well pleasing to the nobility and gentry." Bullokar in his *English Expositor*, 8vo, 1616, interprets *plausible* thus: "That which greatly pleaseth, or *rejoiceth*."—*Malone*.

Plausibly may mean, *with expressions of applause*. *Plausibilis*, Lat. Thus, in the *Argument* prefixed to this poem: "—wherewith the people were so moved, that with one consent, and a general *acclamation*, the Tarquins were all exiled."—*Steevens*.

When Tarquinius was come to Rome, the gates were shutte against him, and he himselfe commaunded to avoide into exile. The campe received Brutus with great joye and triumphe, for that he had delivered the citie of such a tyraunte.—*The Palace of Pleasure*, 1575.

The Sonnets.

INTRODUCTION.

SONNETS were extremely fashionable amongst the more refined classes in the time of Shakespeare, and it was then very usual with individuals of both sexes to keep poetical albums in which were collected in manuscript short poems obtained from similar volumes in private hands and from printed books, accompanied when practicable with original pieces written by friends. Even Slender, who was obviously incapable of understanding much less of writing a poem, could not dispense with a "book of songs and sonnets." Sonnets composed for such miscellanies were sometimes addressed to the owners, sometimes to ideal friends or ideal mistresses, and were not unfrequently flights of fancy on subjects wholly imaginative and sometimes intentionally obscure. To such volumes Shakespeare was a contributor, as appears from an interesting notice in the *Palladis Tamia* of Meres, 1598,—“as the soule of Euphorbus was thought to live in Pythagoras, so the sweete wittie soule of Ovid lives in mellifluous and hony-tongued Shakespeare, — witnes his Venus and Adonis, his Lucrece, *his sugred Sonnets among his private friends, &c.*” One of these sonnets, the ninety-fourth in the printed collection, was certainly written before the year 1596, for a line from it is copied into the play of the *Raigne of King Edward the Third*, printed in that year; and, in all probability, many if not all of them belong to the sixteenth century, to the era of his “pupil pen,” as he writes in the sixteenth sonnet. Two others, the 138th and the 144th, are included in the *Passionate Pilgrim*, 1599, a small collection of songs and sonnets obtained chiefly from albums such as those above mentioned. These circumstances, taken in connexion with the testimony of Meres,

lead to the conclusion that the Sonnets of Shakespeare, at the close of the sixteenth century, were scattered amongst the numerous manuscript poetical miscellanies of the time, and were thus preserved in fragmentary portions. Some few perhaps may have been originally written continuously as a single poem and so preserved together, but the majority were no doubt composed separately on different occasions, and it is extremely unlikely that the whole were transcribed at that time anywhere in the form in which they were collectively published. So, when one Mr. W. H., about the year 1608, commenced making a collection of Shakespeare's sonnets, he would have recourse to the poetical albums of the poet's friends, of whom he may have himself been one, obtaining copies of as many of the sonnets as he could procure, which were probably, notwithstanding his efforts, not a complete collection. He contrived, however, to obtain no fewer than one hundred and fifty-four, a number sufficient to make a saleable volume, which he delivered to the care of one Thomas Thorpe, a London publisher, who entered it on the registers of the Stationers' Company in May, 1609,—“20 May,—*Tho. Thorpe*,—Entred for his copie under the handes of Mr. Wilson and Mr. Lownes, warden, a booke called Shakespeares Sonnettes.” Thorpe published the work the same year, employing two stationers for its sale, and for some reason apparently not offering the book himself to the public, the volume sometimes bearing this title,—“Shake-speares Sonnets. Neuer before Imprinted. At London—By G. Eld for T. T. and are to be solde by Iohn Wright, dwelling at Christ Church gate. 1609;” and oftener the following,—“Shake-speares Sonnets. Neuer before Imprinted. At London—By G. Eld for T. T. and are to be solde by William Aspley. 1609.” This rare and interesting collection is prefaced by the following singular dedication,—

TO. THE. ONLIE. BEGETTER. OF.
THESE. INSVING. SONNETS.
MR. W. H. ALL. HAPPINESSE.
AND. THAT. ETERNITIE.
PROMISED.
BY.
OUR. EVER-LIVING. POET.
WISHETH.
THE. WELL-WISHING.
ADVENTVRER. IN.
SETTING.
FORTH. T. T.



SHAKE-SPEARES

SONNETS.

Neuer before Imprinted.

AT LONDON
By *G. Eld* for *T. T.* and are
to be solde by *William Aspley*.
1.609.

TO. THE. ONLIE. BEGETTER. OF.
THESE. INSVING. SONNETS.
M^r. W. H. ALL. HAPPINESSE.
AND. THAT. ETERNITIE.
PROMISED.

BY.

OVR. EVER-LIVING. POET.

WISHETH.

THE. WELL-WISHING.
ADVENTVRER. IN.

SETTING.
FORTH.

T. T.

The name of the person intended by the initials W. H. has been a subject singularly fruitful of conjectures, but no evidence of any satisfactory kind has been produced which reveals the mystery, or even throws the smallest light upon the question. The term *begetter*, as Boswell observes, is merely the person who *gets* or *procures* a thing, with the common prefix *be* added to it. So in Decker's *Satiromastix*: "I have some cousin-germans at court shall *beget* you the reversion of the master of the king's revels." Thorpe inscribes the volume to the collector of the sonnets, and, well-wishing, hopes for the happiness of Mr. W. H., and that eternity which Shakespeare promises some friend in the eighty-first sonnet. The dedication is written in an hyperbolical style, so that no conclusion can safely be drawn from this latter allusion. Some critics, however, accept the term *begetter* as used by Thorpe in the more ordinary sense, and consider that the W. H. is the person who begot the sonnets, in other words, he who was the cause of their having been written, *the one* to whom they were inscribed—"the *only* begetter." The words of Meres, in conjunction with the obvious fact that the sonnets were addressed to more than one person, *and some to a lady*, suffice to invalidate this supposition. Others, again, imagine that the history of much of the great Poet's life is revealed in these obscure and remarkable compositions; as if a man of Shakespeare's practical wisdom, if we can believe that his passions so far outbalanced his judgment as to invest the history in the Sonnets with a truthful personal application, would have had the incredible folly to record the story of his indiscretions.

The Sonnets, a few being omitted, were reprinted in a small octavo volume entitled,—“Poems written by Wil. Shakespeare. Gent. Printed at London by Tho. Cotes, and are to be sold by Iohn Benson, dwelling in St. Dunstons Church-yard. 1640.” In this edition, the sonnets are considered as separate productions on a variety of subjects, and are so superscribed.

The following entry occurs in the register of the Stationers' Company under the date of January the 3rd, 1599-1600,—“*Eleazar Edgar*.—Entred for his cōpye under the handes of the wardens, a booke called Amours by J. D., with certen other sonnetes by W. S.” The sonnets here mentioned may possibly be some of Shakespeare's, but no copy of the book in which they are included is now known to exist.

The Sonnets.

I.

FROM fairest creatures we desire increase,
That thereby beauty's rose might never die,
But as the ripper should by time decease,
His tender heir might bear his memory :
But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes,
Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel,
Making a famine where abundance lies,
Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel.
Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament,
And only herald to the gaudy spring,
Within thine own bud buriest thy content,
And, tender churl, mak'st waste in niggarding.
Pity the world, or else this glutton be,
To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.¹

II.

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
Thy youth's proud livery, so gaz'd on now,
Will be a tatter'd weed, of small worth held :
Then, being ask'd where all thy beauty lies,
Where all the treasure of thy lusty days,
To say, within thine own deep-sunken eyes,
Were an all-eating shame, and thriftless praise.

How much more praise deserv'd thy beauty's use,
 If thou couldst answer—"This fair child of mine
 Shall sum my count, and make my old excuse,—"
 Proving his beauty by succession thine.

This were to be new made, when thou art old,
 And see thy blood warm, when thou feel'st it cold.

III.

Look in thy glass, and tell the face thou viewest,
 Now is the time that face should form another ;
 Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest,
 Thou dost beguile the world, unbless some mother.
 For where is she so fair, whose un-ear'd womb
 Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry ?
 Or who is he so fond, will be the tomb
 Of his self-love, to stop posterity ?
 Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee
 Calls back the lovely April of her prime :
 So thou through windows of thine age shalt see,
 Despite of wrinkles, this thy golden time.

But if thou live, remember'd not to be,
 Die single, and thine image dies with thee.

IV.

Unthrifty loveliness, why dost thou spend
 Upon thyself thy beauty's legacy ?
 Nature's bequest gives nothing, but doth lend ;
 And being frank, she lends to those are free.
 Then, beauteous niggard, why dost thou abuse
 The bounteous largess given thee to give ?
 Profitless usurer, why dost thou use
 So great a sum of sums, yet canst not live ?
 For, having traffie with thyself alone,
 Thou of thyself thy sweet self dost deceive.
 Then how, when nature calls thee to be gone,
 What acceptable audit canst thou leave ?

Thy unus'd beauty must be tomb'd with thee,
 Which, used, lives th' executor to be.

V.

Those hours, that with gentle work did frame
 The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell,
 Will play the tyrants to the very same,
 And that unfair, which fairly doth excel :
 For never-resting time leads summer on
 To hideous winter, and confounds him there ;
 Sap check'd with frost, and lusty leaves quite gone,
 Beauty o'er-snow'd and bareness every where :
 Then, were not summer's distillation left,
 A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,
 Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,
 Nor it, nor no remembrance what it was :
 But flowers distill'd, though they with winter meet,
 Leese but their show ;² their substance still lives sweet.

VI.

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

VII.

Lo ! in the orient when the gracious light
 Lifts up his burning head, each under eye
 Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,
 Serving with looks his sacred majesty ;
 And having climb'd the steep-up heavenly hill,
 Resembling strong youth in his middle age,
 Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,
 Attending on his golden pilgrimage :

But when from high-most pitch with weary ear,
 Like feeble age, he reeleth from the day,
 The eyes, 'fore duteous, now converted are
 From his low tract, and look another way.

So thou, thyself out-going in thy noon,
 Unlook'd on diest, unless thou get a son.

VIII.

Music to hear,³ why hear'st thou music sadly?
 Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy.
 Why lov'st thou that which thou receiv'st not gladly,
 Or else receiv'st with pleasure thine annoy?
 If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,
 By unions married, do offend thine ear,
 They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds
 In singleness the parts that thou should'st bear.
 Mark, how one string, sweet husband to another,
 Strikes each in each by mutual ordering;
 Resembling sire and child and happy mother,
 Who all in one, one pleasing note do sing:

Whose speechless song, being many, seeming one,
 Sings this to thee,—thou single will prove none.

IX.

Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye,
 That thou consum'st thyself in single life?
 Ah! if thou issueless shalt hap to die,
 The world will wail thee, like a makeless wife;⁴
 The world will be thy widow, and still weep,
 That thou no form of thee hast left behind,
 When every private widow well may keep,
 By children's eyes, her husband's shape in mind.
 Look, what an unthrif in the world doth spend,
 Shifts but his place, for still the world enjoys it;
 But beauty's waste hath in the world an end,
 And, kept unus'd, the user so destroys it.

No love toward others in that bosom sits,
 That on himself such murderous shame commits.

X.

For shame! deny that thou bear'st love to any,
 Who for thyself art so unprovident.
 Grant, if thou wilt, thou art belov'd of many,
 But that thou none lov'st is most evident;
 For thou art so possess'd with murderous hate,
 That 'gainst thyself thou stick'st not to conspire,
 Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate,
 Which to repair should be thy chief desire.
 O, change thy thought, that I may change my mind!
 Shall hate be fairer lodg'd than gentle love?
 Be, as thy presence is, gracious and kind,
 Or to thyself, at least, kind-hearted prove:
 Make thee another self, for love of me,
 That beauty still may live in thine or thee.

XI.

As fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou growest
 In one of thine, from that which thou departest;
 And that fresh blood which youngly thou bestowest,
 'Thou may'st call thine, when thou from youth convertest.
 Herein lives wisdom, beauty, and increase;
 Without this, folly, age, and cold decay:
 If all were minded so, the times should cease,
 And threescore year would make the world away.
 Let those whom nature hath not made for store,
 Harsh, featureless, and rude, barrenly perish:
 Look, whom she best endow'd, she gave the more;⁵
 Which bounteous gift thou should'st in bounty cherish.
 She carv'd thee for her seal, and meant thereby,
 Thou should'st print more, not let that copy die.

XII.

When I do count the clock that tells the time,
 And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;
 When I behold the violet past prime,
 And sable curls all silver'd o'er with white;
 When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
 Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
 And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,
 Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard;

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

XIII.

O, that you were yourself! but, love, you are
 No longer yours, than you yourself here live :
 Against this coming end you should prepare,
 And your sweet semblance to some other give :
 So should that beauty which you hold in lease,
 Find no determination : then you were
 Yourself again, after yourself's decease,
 When your sweet issue your sweet form should bear.
 Who lets so fair a house fall to decay,
 Which husbandry in honour might uphold,
 Against the stormy gusts of winter's day,
 And barren rage of death's eternal cold ?
 O! none but unthrifths. Dear my love, you know,
 You had a father : let your son say so.

XIV.

Not from the stars do I my judgment pluck,
 And yet, methinks, I have astronomy,
 But not to tell of good, or evil luck,
 Of plagues, of dearths, or seasons' quality ;
 Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,
 Pointing to each his thunder, rain, and wind ;
 Or say with princes if it shall go well,
 By oft predict that I in heaven find :
 But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive,
 And, constant stars, in them I read such art,
 As truth and beauty shall together thrive,
 If from thyself to store thou wouldst convert ;
 Or else of thee this I prognosticate,
 Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date.

XV.

When I consider every thing that grows
 Holds in perfection but a little moment ;
 That this huge stage presenteth nought but shows,
 Whereon the stars in secret influence comment ;
 When I perceive that men as plants increase,
 Cheered and cheek'd even by the selfsame sky,
 Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease,
 And wear their brave state out of memory ;
 Then, the conceit of this inconstant stay
 Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,
 Where wasteful time debateth with decay,
 To change your day of youth to sullied night ;
 And, all in war with time, for love of you,
 As he takes from you, I engraft you new.

XVI.

But wherefore do not you a mightier way
 Make war upon this bloody tyrant, time,
 And fortify yourself in your decay
 With means more blessed than my barren rhyme ?
 Now stand you on the top of happy hours,
 And many maiden gardens, yet unset,
 With virtuous wish would bear your living flowers,
 Much liker than your painted counterfeit :
 So should the lines of life that life repair,
 Which this, time's peneil, or my pupil pen,
 Neither in inward worth, nor outward fair,
 Can make you live yourself in eyes of men.
 To give away yourself, keeps yourself still,
 And you must live, drawn by your own sweet skill.

XVII.

Who will believe my verse in time to come,
 If it were fill'd with your most high deserts ?
 Though yet, heaven knows, it is but as a tomb
 Which hides your life, and shows not half your parts.
 If I could write the beauty of your eyes,
 And in fresh numbers number all your graces,
 The age to come would say, " this poet lies ;
 Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly faces."

So should my papers, yellow'd with their age,
 Be scorn'd, like old men of less truth than tongue,
 And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage,
 And stretch'd metre of an antique song ;
 But were some child of yours alive that time,
 You should live twice—in it, and in my rhyme.

XVIII.

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day ?
 Thou art more lovely and more temperate :
 Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
 And summer's lease hath all too short a date.
 Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
 And often is his gold complexion dimm'd,
 And every fair from fair sometime declines,
 By ehanee, or nature's changing course, untrimm'd ;
 But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
 Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest ;
 Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
 When in eternal lines to time thou growest.
 So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
 So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

XIX.

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

XX.

A woman's face, with nature's own hand painted,
 Hast thou, the master-mistress of my passion ;
 A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted
 With shifting change, as is false women's fashion :
 An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,
 Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth ;
 A man in hue, all hues in his controlling,⁶
 Which steals men's eyes, and women's souls amazeth ;
 And for a woman wert thou first created ;
 Till nature, as she wrought thee, fell a-doting,
 And by addition me of thee defeated,
 By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.
 But since she prick'd thee out for women's pleasure,
 Mine be thy love, and thy love's use their treasure.

XXI.

So is it not with me, as with that muse
 Stirr'd by a painted beauty to his verse,
 Who heaven itself for ornament doth use,
 And every fair with his fair doth rehearse ;
 Making a couplement of proud compare,
 With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich gems,
 With April's first-born flowers, and all things rare
 That heaven's air in this huge rondure hems.
 O ! let me, true in love, but truly write,
 And then, believe me, my love is as fair
 As any mother's child, though not so bright
 As those gold candles fix'd in heaven's air :
 Let them say more that like of hear-say well ;
 I will not praise, that purpose not to sell.

XXII.

My glass shall not persuade me I am old,
 So long as youth and thou are of one date ;
 But when in thee time's furrows I behold,
 Then look I death my days should expiate ;⁷
 For all that beauty that doth cover thee,
 Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,
 Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me.
 How can I, then, be elder than thou art ?

O! therefore, love, be of thyself so wary,
 As I, not for myself, but for thee will,
 Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary
 As tender nurse her babe from faring ill.
 Presume not on thy heart, when mine is slain;
 Thou gav'st me thine, not to give back again.

XXIII.

As an unperfect actor on the stage,
 Who with his fear is put besides his part,
 Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage,
 Whose strength's abundance weakens his own heart;
 So I, for fear of trust, forget to say
 The perfect ceremony of love's rite,
 And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,
 O'er-charg'd with burden of mine own love's might.
 O! let my books be, then, the eloquence
 And dumb presagers of my speaking breast,
 Who plead for love, and look for recompence,
 More than that tongue that more hath more express'd
 O! learn to read what silent love hath writ:
 To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

XXIV.

Mine eye hath play'd the painter, and hath steel'd
 Thy beauty's form in table of my heart:
 My body is the frame wherein 'tis held,
 And perspective it is best painter's art;
 For through the painter must you see his skill,
 To find where your true image pictur'd lies;
 Which in my bosom's shop is hanging still,
 That hath his windows glazed with thine eyes.
 Now, see what good turns eyes for eyes have done:
 Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for me
 Are windows to my breast, where-through the sun
 Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee;
 Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art,
 They draw but what they see, know not the heart.

XXV.

Let those who are in favour with their stars
 Of public honour and proud titles boast,
 Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,
 Unlook'd for joy in that I honour most.
 Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread,
 But as the marigold at the sun's eye ;
 And in themselves their pride lies buried,
 For at a frown they in their glory die.
 The painful warrior, famed for fight,
 After a thousand victories once foil'd,
 Is from the book of honour razed quite,
 And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd :
 Then, happy I, that love and am beloved,
 Where I may not remove, nor be removed.

XXVI.

Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage
 Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,
 To thee I send this written embassy,
 To witness duty, not to show my wit :⁹
 Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine
 May make seem bare, in wanting words to show it,
 But that I hope some good conceit of thine
 In thy soul's thought, all naked, will bestow it ;
 Till whatsoever star that guides my moving,
 Points on me graciously with fair aspect,
 And puts apparel on my tattered loving,
 To show me worthy of thy sweet respect :¹⁰
 Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee ;
 Till then, not show my head where thou may'st prove me.

XXVII.

Weary with toil I haste me to my bed,
 The dear repose for limbs with travel tired ;
 But then begins a journey in my head,
 To work my mind, when body's work's expired :
 For then my thoughts—from far where I abide—
 Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
 And keep my drooping eyelids open wide,
 Looking on darkness which the blind do see :

Save that my soul's imaginary sight
 Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,
 Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,
 Makes black night beauteous, and her old face new.
 Lo! thus by day my limbs, by night my mind,
 For thee, and for myself, no quiet find.

XXVIII.

How can I, then, return in happy plight,
 That am debarr'd the benefit of rest?
 When day's oppression is not eas'd by night,
 But day by night, and night by day, oppress'd?
 And each, though enemies to either's reign,
 Do in consent shake hands to torture me;
 The one by toil, the other to complain
 How far I toil, still farther off from thee.
 I tell the day, to please him thou art bright,
 And dost him grace when clouds do blot the heaven:
 So flatter I the swart-complexion'd night,
 When sparkling stars twire not, thou gild'st the even:
 But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer,
 And night doth nightly make grief's length seem stronger.

XXIX.

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
 I all alone beweep my outcast state,
 And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
 And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
 Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
 Featur'd like him, like him with friends possess'd,
 Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
 With what I most enjoy contented least;
 Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
 Haply I think on thee, and then my state—
 Like to the lark at break of day arising
 From sullen earth—sings hymns at heaven's gate:
 For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings,
 That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

XXX.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
 I summon up remembrance of things past,
 I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
 And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste :
 Then can I drown an eye, unus'd to flow,
 For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
 And weep afresh love's long since cancell'd woe,
 And moan th' expence of many a vanish'd sight.
 Then, can I grieve at grievances fore-gone,
 And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
 The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
 Which I new pay, as if not paid before :
 But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
 All losses are restor'd, and sorrows end.

XXXI.

Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts,
 Which I by lacking have supposed dead,
 And there reigns love, and all love's loving parts,
 And all those friends which I thought buried.
 How many a holy and obsequious tear
 Hath dear religious love stol'n from mine eye,
 As interest of the dead, which now appear
 But things remov'd, that hidden in thee lie !
 Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
 Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,
 Who all their parts of me to thee did give ;
 That due of many now is thine alone :
 Their images I lov'd I view in thee,
 And thou, all they, hast all the all of me.

XXXII.

If thou survive my well-contented day,
 When that churl death my bones with dust shall cover ;
 And shalt by fortune once more re-survey
 These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover,
 Compare them with the bettering of the time ;
 And though they be out-stripp'd by every pen,
 Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme,
 Exceeded by the height of happier men.

O! then vouchsafe me but this loving thought :
 " Had my friend's muse grown with this growing age,
 A dearer birth than this his love had brought,
 To march in ranks of better equipage :
 But since he died, and poets better prove,
 Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his love."

XXXIII.

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
 Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,
 Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
 Gilding pale streams with heavenly alehemy ;
 Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
 With ugly rack on his celestial face,¹²
 And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
 Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace.
 Even so my sun one early morn did shine,
 With all triumphant splendour on my brow ;
 But out, alack ! he was but one hour mine,
 The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now.
 Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth ;
 Suns of the world may stain, when heaven's sun staineth.

XXXIV.

Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day,
 And make me travel forth without my cloak,
 To let base clouds o'ertake me in my way,
 Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke ?
 'Tis not enough that through the cloud thou break,
 To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face,
 For no man well of such a salve can speak,
 That heals the wound, and cures not the disgrace :
 Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief ;
 Though thou repent, yet I have still the loss :
 Th' offender's sorrow lends but weak relief
 To him that bears the strong offence's cross.
 Ah ! but those tears are pearl, which thy love sheds,
 And they are rich and ransom all ill deeds.

XXXV.

No more be griev'd at that which thou hast done :
 Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud ;
 Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,
 And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud.
 All men make faults, and even I in this,
 Authorizing thy trespass with compare ;
 Myself corrupting, salving thy amiss,
 Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are :
 For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense,
 Thy adverse party is thy advocate,
 And 'gainst myself a lawful plea commence.
 Such civil war is in my love and hate,
 That I an accessory needs must be
 To that sweet thief which sourly robs from me.

XXXVI.

Let me confess that we two must be twain,
 Although our undivided loves are one :
 So shall those blots that do with me remain,
 Without thy help by me be borne alone.
 In our two loves there is but one respect,
 Though in our lives a separable spite,
 Which though it alter not love's sole effect,
 Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's delight.
 I may not evermore acknowledge thee,
 Lest my bewailed guilt should do thee shame ;
 Nor thou with public kindness honour me,
 Unless thou take that honour from thy name :
 But do not so ; I love thee in such sort,
 As, thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

XXXVII.

As a decrepit father takes delight
 To see his active child do deeds of youth,
 So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spite,
 Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth ;
 For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,
 Or any of these all, or all, or more,
 Entitled in thy parts do crowned sit,
 I make my love engrafted to this store :

So then I am not lame, poor, nor despis'd,
 Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give,
 That I in thy abundanee am suffie'd,
 And by a part of all thy glory live.

Look what is best, that best I wish in thee :
 This wish I have ; then, ten times happy me !

XXXVIII.

How can my muse want subject to invent,
 While thou dost breathe ; that pour'st into my verse
 Thine own sweet argument, too excellent
 For every vulgar paper to rehearse ?
 O ! give thyself the thanks, if aught in me
 Worthy perusal stand against thy sight ;
 For who's so dumb that cannot write to thee,
 When thou thyself dost give invention light ?
 Be thou the tenth muse, ten times more in worth
 Than those old nine which rhymers invoke ;
 And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth
 Eternal numbers to out-live long date.

If my slight muse do please these eurious days,
 The pain be mine, but thine shall be the praise.

XXXIX.

O ! how thy worth with manners may I sing,
 When thou art all the better part of me ?
 What ean mine own praise to mine own self bring ?
 And what is't but mine own, when I praise thee ?
 Even for this let us divided live,
 And our dear love lose name of single one,
 That by this separation I may give
 That due to thee which thou deserv'st alone.
 O absence ! what a torment would'st thou prove,
 Were it not thy sour leisure gave sweet leave
 To entertain the time with thoughts of love,
 Which time and thoughts so sweetly doth deceive,
 And that thou teachest how to make one twain,
 By praising him here, who doth hencee remain.

XL.

Take all my loves, my love ; yea, take them all :
 What hast thou then more than thou hadst before ?
 No love, my love, that thou may'st true love call :
 All mine was thine before thou hadst this more.
 Then, if for my love thou my love receivest,
 I cannot blame thee, for my love thou usest ;
 But yet be blam'd, if thou thyself deceivest
 By wilful taste of what thyself refuseth.
 I do forgive thy robbery, gentle thief,
 Although thou steal thee all my poverty ;
 And yet love knows it is a greater grief
 To bear love's wrong, than hate's known injury.
 Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shows,
 Kill me with spites, yet we must not be foes.

XLI.

Those pretty wrongs that liberty commits,
 When I am sometime absent from thy heart,
 Thy beauty and thy years full well befits,
 For still temptation follows where thou art.
 Gentle thou art, and therefore to be won,
 Beauteous thou art, therefore to be assailed ;
 And when a woman woos, what woman's son
 Will sourly leave her till she have prevailed.
 Ah me ! but yet thou might'st my seat forbear,¹³
 And chide thy beauty and thy straying youth,
 Who lead thee in their riot even there
 Where thou art fore'd to break a two-fold truth ;
 Hers, by thy beauty tempting her to thee,
 Thine, by thy beauty being false to me.

XLII.

That thou hast her, it is not all my grief,
 And yet it may be said, I lov'd her dearly ;
 That she hath thee, is of my wailing chief,
 A loss in love that touches me more nearly.
 Loving offenders, thus I will excuse ye :—
 Thou dost love her, because thou know'st I love her ;
 And for my sake even so doth she abuse me,
 Suffering my friend for my sake to approve her.

If I lose thee, my loss is my love's gain,
 And losing her, my friend hath found that loss ;
 Both find each other, and I lose both twain,
 And both for my sake lay on me this cross :
 But here's the joy ; my friend and I are one.
 Sweet flattery !—then, she loves but me alone.

XLIII.

When most I wink, then do mine eyes best see,
 For all the day they view things unrespected ;
 But when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee,
 And darkly bright are bright in dark directed.
 Then thou, whose shadow shadows doth make bright,
 How would thy shadow's form, form happy show
 To the clear day with thy much clearer light,
 When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so ?
 How would, I say, mine eyes be blessed made
 By looking on thee in the living day,
 When in dead night thy fair imperfect shade
 Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stay ?
 All days are nights to see, till I see thee,
 And nights bright days, when dreams do show thee me.

XLIV.

If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,
 Injurious distance should not stop my way ;
 For then, despite of space, I would be brought
 From limits far remote where thou dost stay.
 No matter then, although my foot did stand
 Upon the farthest earth remov'd from thee ;
 For nimble thought can jump both sea and land,
 As soon as think the place where he would be.
 But ah ! thought kills me, that I am not thought,
 To leap large lengths of miles when thou art gone,
 But that, so much of earth and water wrought,¹⁴
 I must attend time's leisure with my moan ;
 Receiving nought by elements so slow
 But heavy tears, badges of either's woe.

XLV.

The other two, slight air and purging fire,
 Are both with thee, wherever I abide ;
 The first my thought, the other my desire,
 These present-absent with swift motion slide :
 For when these quicker elements are gone
 In tender embassy of love to thee,
 My life, being made of four, with two alone
 Sinks down to death, oppress'd with melancholy,
 Until life's composition be recured
 By those swift messengers return'd from thee,
 Who even but now come back again, assured
 Of thy fair health, recounting it to me :
 This told, I joy ; but then, no longer glad,
 I send them back again, and straight grow sad.

XLVI.

Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war,¹⁵
 How to divide the conquest of thy sight ;
 Mine eye my heart thy picture's sight would bar,
 My heart mine eye the freedom of that right.
 My heart doth plead, that thou in him dost lie,—
 A closet never pierc'd with crystal eyes—
 But the defendant doth that plea deny,
 And says in him thy fair appearance lies.
 To side this title is impannelled
 A quest of thoughts, all tenants to the heart ;
 And by their verdict is determined
 The clear eye's moiety,¹⁵ and the dear heart's part :
 As thus ; mine eye's due is thine outward part,
 And my heart's right thine inward love of heart.

XLVII.

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took,
 And each doth good turns now unto the other.
 When that mine eye is famish'd for a look,
 Or heart in love with sighs himself doth smother,
 With my love's picture then my eye doth feast,
 And to the painted banquet bids my heart :
 Another time mine eye is my heart's guest,
 And in his thoughts of love doth share a part :

So, either by thy picture or my love,
 Thyself away art present still with me ;
 For thou not farther than my thoughts canst move,
 And I am still with them, and they with thee ;
 Or, if they sleep, thy picture in my sight
 Awakes my heart to heart's and eye's delight.

XLVIII.

How careful was I, when I took my way,
 Each trifle under truest bars to thrust ;
 That to my use it might unused stay
 From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of trust !
 But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are,
 Most worthy comfort, now my greatest grief,
 Thou, best of dearest, and mine only care,
 Art left the prey of every vulgar thief.
 Thee have I not lock'd up in any chest,
 Save where thou art not, though I feel thou art,
 Within the gentle closure of my breast,
 From whence at pleasure thou may'st come and part ;
 And even thence thou wilt be stol'n, I fear,
 For truth proves thievish for a prize so dear.

XLIX.

Against that time, if ever that time come,
 When I shall see thee frown on my defects,
 Whenas thy love hath cast his utmost sum,
 Call'd to that audit by advis'd respects ;
 Against that time, when thou shalt strangely pass,
 And scarcely greet me with that sun, thine eye ;
 When love, converted from the thing it was,
 Shall reasons find of settled gravity ;
 Against that time do I ensconce me here,
 Within the knowledge of mine own desert,
 And this my hand against myself uprear,
 To guard the lawful reasons on thy part :
 To leave poor me thou hast the strength of laws,
 Since why to love I can allege no cause.

L.

How heavy do I journey on the way,
 When what I seek—my weary travel's end—
 Doth teach that ease and that repose to say,
 "Thus far the miles are measur'd from thy friend!"
 The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,
 Plods dully on to bear that weight in me,
 As if by some instinct the wretch did know,
 His rider lov'd not speed being made from thee.
 The bloody spur cannot provoke him on
 That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide,
 Which heavily he answers with a groan,
 More sharp to me than spurring to his side;
 For that same groan doth put this in my mind,
 My grief lies onward, and my joy behind.

LI.

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

LII.

So am I as the rich, whose blessed key
 Can bring him to his sweet up-locked treasure,
 The which he will not every hour survey,
 For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure,
 Therefore, are feasts so solemn and so rare,
 Since seldom coming, in the long year set
 Like stones of worth, they thinly placed are,
 Or captain jewels in the carcanet.

So is the time that keeps you as my chest,
 Or as the wardrobe which the robe doth hide,
 To make some special instant special-blest,
 By new unfolding his imprison'd pride.
 Blessed are you, whose worthiness gives scope,
 Being had, to triumph, being lack'd, to hope.

LIII.

What is your substance, whereof are you made,
 That millions of strange shadows on you tend?
 Since every one hath, every one, one shade,
 And you, but one, can every shadow lend.
 Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit
 Is poorly imitated after you;
 On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set,
 And you in Grecian tires are painted new:
 Speak of the spring, and foison of the year,
 The one doth shadow of your beauty show,
 The other as your bounty doth appear;
 And you in every blessed shape we know.
 In all external grace you have some part,
 But you like none, none you, for constant heart.

LIV.

O, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem,
 By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
 The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
 For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
 The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye,
 As the perfumed tincture of the roses;
 Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
 When summer's breath their masked buds discloses;
 But, for their virtue only is their show,
 They live unwoo'd, and unrespected fade;
 Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;
 Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made:
 And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
 When that shall fade, my verse distils your truth.

LV.

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
 Of princes, shall out-live this powerful rhyme ;
 But you shall shine more bright in these contents
 Than unswept stone, besmear'd with sluttish time.
 When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
 And broils root out the work of masonry,
 Nor Mars his sword, nor war's quick fire shall burn
 The living record of your memory.
 'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
 Shall you pace forth : your praise shall still find room
 Even in the eyes of all posterity,
 That wear this world out to the ending doom.
 So, till the judgment that yourself arise,
 You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

LVI.

Sweet love, renew thy force ; be it not said,
 Thy edge should blunter be than appetite,
 Which but to-day by feeding is allay'd,
 To-morrow sharpen'd in his former might :
 So, love, be thou ; although to-day thou fill
 Thy hungry eyes, even till they wink with fulness,
 To-morrow see again, and do not kill
 The spirit of love with a perpetual dulness.
 Let this sad interim like the ocean be
 Which parts the shore, where two contracted new
 Come daily to the banks, that when they see
 Return of love more blest may be the view ;
 Or call it winter, which being full of eare,
 Makes summer's welcome thrice more wish'd, more rare.

LVII.

Being your slave, what should I do but tend
 Upon the hours and times of your desire ?
 I have no precious time at all to spend,
 Nor services to do, till you require.
 Nor dare I ehide the world-without-end hour,
 Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,
 Nor think the bitterness of absence sour,
 When you have bid your servant once adieu :

Nor dare I question with my jealous thought,
 Where you may be, or your affairs suppose ;
 But, like a sad slave, stay and think of nought,
 Save where you are, how happy you make those.
 So true a fool is love, that in your will—
 Though you do any thing—he thinks no ill.

LVIII.

That God forbid, that made me first your slave,
 I should in thought control your times of pleasure,
 Or at your hand th' account of hours to crave,
 Being your vassal, bound to stay your leisure !
 O ! let me suffer—being at your beck—
 Th' imprison'd absence of your liberty ;
 And patience, tame to sufferance, bide each check,
 Without accusing you of injury.
 Be where you list ; your charter is so strong,
 That you yourself may privilege your time :
 Do what you will, to you it doth belong
 Yourself to pardon of self-doing crime.
 I am to wait, though waiting so be hell,
 Not blame your pleasure, be it ill or well.

LIX.

If there be nothing new, but that which is
 Hath been before, how are our brains beguil'd,
 Which, labouring for invention, bear amiss
 The second burden of a former child ?
 O ! that record could with a backward look,
 Even of five hundred courses of the sun,
 Show me your image in some antique book,
 Since mind at first in character was done ;
 That I might see what the old world could say
 To this composed wonder of your frame ;
 Whether we are mended, or where better they,
 Or whether revolution be the same.
 O ! sure I am, the wits of former days
 To subjects worse have given admiring praise.

LX.

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
 So do our minutes hasten to their end ;
 Each changing place with that which goes before,
 In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
 Nativity, once in the main of light,¹⁷
 Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
 Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
 And time that gave doth now his gift confound.
 Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,
 And delves the parallels in beauty's brow ;
 Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
 And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow :
 And yet to times in hope my verse shall stand,
 Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

LXI.

Is it thy will, thy image should keep open
 My heavy eyelids to the weary night ?
 Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,
 While shadows, like to thee, do mock my sight ?
 Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee
 So far from home, into my deeds to pry ;
 To find out shames and idle hours in me,
 The scope and tenour of thy jealousy ?
 O no ! thy love, though much, is not so great :
 It is my love that keeps mine eye awake ;
 Mine own true love that doth my rest defeat,
 To play the watchman ever for thy sake :
 For thee watch I, whilst thou dost wake elsewhere,
 From me far off, with others all too near.

LXII.

Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye,
 And all my soul, and all my every part ;
 And for this sin there is no remedy,
 It is so grounded inward in my heart.
 Methinks no face so gracious is as mine,
 No shape so true, no truth of such account ;
 And for myself mine own worth do define,
 As I all other in all worths surmount.

But when my glass shows me myself indeed,
 Beated and chopp'd with tann'd antiquity,
 Mine own self-love quite contrary I read ;
 Self so self-loving were iniquity.

'Tis thee, myself, that for myself I praise,
 Painting my age with beauty of thy days.

LXIII.

Against my love shall be, as I am now,
 With Time's injurious hand crush'd and o'erworn ;
 When hours have drain'd his blood, and fill'd his brow
 With lines and wrinkles ; when his youthful morn
 Hath travell'd on to age's steepy night ;
 And all those beauties, whereof now he's king,
 Are vanishing, or vanish'd out of sight,
 Stealing away the treasure of his spring ;
 For such a time do I now fortify
 Against confounding age's cruel knife,
 That he shall never cut from memory
 My sweet love's beauty, though my lover's life :
 His beauty shall in these black lines be seen,
 And they shall live, and he in them still green.

LXIV.

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced
 The rich proud cost of out-worn buried age ;
 When sometime lofty towers I see down-rased,
 And brass eternal, slave to mortal rage :
 When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
 Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
 And the firm soil win of the watery main,
 Increasing store with loss, and loss with store :
 When I have seen such interchange of state,
 Or state itself confounded to decay,
 Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminatè—
 That time will come and take my love away.
 This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
 But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

LXV.

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
 But sad mortality o'er-sways their power,
 How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
 Whose action is no stronger than a flower?
 O! how shall summer's honey-breath hold out
 Against the wreckful siege of battering days,
 When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
 Nor gates of steel so strong, but time decays?
 O fearful meditation! where, alack,
 Shall time's best jewel from time's chest lie hid?
 Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back?
 Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?
 O none! unless this miracle have might,
 That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

LXVI.

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

LXVII.

Ah! wherefore with infection should he live,
 And with his presence grace impiety,
 That sin by him advantage should achieve,
 And lace itself with his society?
 Why should false painting imitate his check,
 And steal dead seeing of his living hue?
 Why should poor beauty indirectly seek
 Roses of shadow, since his rose is true?

Why should he live, now nature bankrupt is,
 Beggar'd of blood to blush through lively veins?
 For she hath no exchequer now but his,
 And, proud of many, lives upon his gains.
 O! him she stores, to show what wealth she had
 In days long since, before these last so bad.

LXVIII.

Thus is his cheek the map of days out-worn,
 When beauty liv'd and died as flowers do now,
 Before these bastard signs of fair were born,¹⁸
 Or durst inhabit on a living brow;
 Before the golden tresses of the dead,
 The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,
 To live a second life on second head;¹⁹
 Ere beauty's dead fleec made another gay.
 In him those holy antique hours are seen,
 Without all ornament, itself, and true,
 Making no summer of another's green,
 Robbing no old to dress his beauty new;
 And him as for a map doth nature store,
 To show false art what beauty was of yore.

LXIX.

Those parts of thee that the world's eye doth view,
 Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend;
 All tongues, the voice of souls, give thee that due,²⁰
 Uttering bare truth, even so as foes commend.
 Thine outward thus with outward praise is crown'd;
 But those same tongues that give thee so thine own,
 In other accents do this praise confound,
 By seeing farther than the eye hath shown.
 They look into the beauty of thy mind,
 And that, in guess, they measure by thy deeds;
 Then, churls, their thoughts, although their eyes were kind,
 To thy fair flower add the rank smell of weeds:
 But why thy odour matcheth not thy show,
 The solve is this;²¹—that thou dost common grow.

LXX.

That thou art blam'd shall not be thy defect,
 For slander's mark was ever yet the fair ;
 The ornament of beauty is suspect,²²
 A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.
 So thou be good, slander doth but approve
 Thy worth the greater, being woo'd of time ;
 For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,
 And thou present'st a pure unstained prime.
 Thou hast past by the ambush of young days,
 Either not assail'd, or victor being charged ;
 Yet this thy praise cannot be so thy praise,
 To tie up envy, evermore enlarged :
 If some suspect of ill mask'd not thy show,
 Then, thou alone kingdoms of hearts shouldst owe.

LXXI.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead,
 Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
 Give warning to the world that I am fled
 From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell.
 Nay, if you read this line, remember not
 The hand that writ it ; for I love you so,
 That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
 If thinking on me then should make you woc.
 O! if, I say, you look upon this verse,
 When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
 Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,
 But let your love even with my life decay ;
 Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
 And mock you with me after I am gone.

LXXII.

O! lest the world should task you to recite
 What merit liv'd in me, that you should love
 After my death, dear love, forget me quite,
 For you in me can nothing worthy prove ;
 Unless you would devise some virtuous lie,
 To do more for me than mine own desert,
 And hang more praise upon deceased I,
 Than niggard truth would willingly impart.

O! lest your true love may seem false in this,
 That you for love speak well of me untrue,
 My name be buried where my body is,
 And live no more to shame nor me nor you.
 For I am sham'd by that which I bring forth,
 And so should you, to love things nothing worth.

LXXIII.

That time of year thou may'st in me behold,
 When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
 Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
 Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
 In me thou seest the twilight of such day
 As after sun-set fadeth in the west,
 Which by and by black night doth take away,
 Death's second self, that seals up all in rest:
 In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,
 That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
 As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
 Consum'd with that which it was nourish'd by.
 This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,
 To love that well which thou must leave ere long:

LXXIV.

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

LXXV.

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

LXXVI.

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

LXXVII.

Thy glass will show thee how thy beauties wear,
 Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste ;
 The vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will bear,
 And of this book this learning may'st thou taste :
 The wrinkles which thy glass will truly show,
 Of mouthed graves will give thee memory ;
 Thou by thy dial's shady stealth may'st know
 Time's thievish progress to eternity.

Look, what thy memory cannot contain,
 Commit to these waste blanks,²³ and thou shalt find
 Those children nurs'd, deliver'd from thy brain,
 To take a new acquaintanee of thy mind.

These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,
 Shall profit thee, and much enrich thy book.

LXXVIII.

So oft have I invok'd thee for my muse,
 And found such fair assistance in my verse,
 As every alien pen hath got my use,
 And under thee their poesy disperse.
 Thine eyes that taught the dumb on high to sing,
 And heavy ignorance aloft to fly,
 Have added feathers to the learned's wing,
 And given grace a double majesty.
 Yet be most proud of that which I compile,
 Whose influence is thine, and born of thee :
 In others' works thou dost but mend the style,
 And arts with thy sweet graces graced be ;
 But thou art all my art, and dost advance
 As high as learning my rude ignorance.

LXXIX.

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

LXXX.

O! how I faint when I of you do write,
 Knowing a better spirit doth use your name,²⁴
 And in the praise thereof spends all his might,
 To make me tongue-tied, speaking of your fame :
 But since your worth—wide as the ocean is—
 The humble as the proudest sail doth bear,
 My saucy bark, inferior far to his,
 On your broad main doth wilfully appear.
 Your shallowest help will hold me up afloat,
 Whilst he upon your soundless deep doth ride ;
 Or, being wreck'd, I am a worthless boat,
 He of tall building, and of goodly pride :
 Then, if he thrive, and I be cast away,
 The worst was this—my love was my decay.

LXXXI.

Or I shall live your epitaph to make,
 Or you survive when I in earth am rotten :
 From hence your memory death cannot take,
 Although in me each part will be forgotten.
 Your name from hence immortal life shall have,
 Though I, once gone, to all the world must die :
 The earth can yield me but a common grave,
 When you entombed in men's eyes shall lie.
 Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
 Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read ;
 And tongues to be your being shall rehearse,
 When all the breathers of this world are dead ;
 You still shall live—such virtue hath my pen,—
 Where breath most breathes, even in the mouths of men.

LXXXII.

I grant thou wert not married to my muse,
 And, therefore, may'st without attaint o'er-look
 The dedicated words which writers use
 Of their fair subject, blessing every book.
 Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue,
 Finding thy worth a limit past my praise ;
 And, therefore, art enfore'd to seek anew
 Some fresher stamp of the time-bettering days.

And do so, love ; yet when they have devis'd
 What strained touches rhetorie can lend,
 Thou, truly fair, wert truly sympathiz'd
 In true plain words, by thy true-telling friend ;
 And their gross painting might be better used
 Where cheeks need blood : in thee it is abused.

LXXXIII.

I never saw that you did painting need,
 And, therefore, to your fair no painting set ;
 I found, or thought I found, you did exceed
 The barren tender of a poet's debt :
 And, therefore, have I slept in your report,
 That you yourself, being extant, well might show
 How far a modern quill doth come too short,
 Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow.
 This silence for my sin you did impute,
 Which shall be most my glory, being dumb ;
 For I impair not beauty being mute,
 When others would give life, and bring a tomb.
 There lives more life in one of your fair eyes,
 Than both your poets can in praise devise.

LXXXIV.

Who is it that says most ? which can say more,
 Than this rich praise, that you alone are you ?
 In whose confine immured is the store,
 Which should example where your equal grew.
 Lean penury within that pen doth dwell,
 That to his subject lends not some small glory ;
 But he that writes of you, if he can tell
 That you are you, so dignifies his story,
 Let him but copy what in you is writ,
 Not making worse what nature made so clear,
 And such a counterpart shall fame his wit,
 Making his style admired every where.
 You to your beauteous blessings add a curse,
 Being fond on praise,²⁵ which makes your praises worse.

LXXXV.

My tongue-tied muse in manners holds her still,
 While comments of your praise, richly compil'd,
 Reserve their character with golden quill,
 And precious phrase by all the muses fil'd.
 I think good thoughts, whilst other write good words,
 And, like unletter'd elerk, still cry "Amen"
 To every hymn that able spirit affords,
 In polish'd form of well-refined pen.
 Hearing you prais'd, I say, "'tis so, 'tis true,"
 And to the most of praise add something more ;
 But that is in my thought, whose love to you,
 Though words come hindmost, holds his rank before.
 Then, others for the breath of words respect,
 Me for my dumb thoughts, speaking in effect.

LXXXVI.

Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,
 Bound for the prize of all too precious you,
 That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inherse,
 Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew ?
 Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write
 Above a mortal pitch, that struek me dead ?
 No, neither he, nor his compeers by night
 Giving him aid, my verse astonished :
 He, nor that affable familiar ghost,
 Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,
 As victors of my silenee cannot boast.
 I was not siek of any fear from thence ;
 But when your countenancee fil'd up his line,²⁶
 Then lack'd I matter ; that enfeebled mine.

LXXXVII.

Farewell : thou art too dear for my possessing,
 And like enough thou know'st thy estimate :
 The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing ;
 My bonds in thee are all determinate.
 For how do I hold thee but by thy granting ?
 And for that riches where is my deserving ?
 The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
 And so my patent back again is swerving.

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

LXXXVIII.

When thou shalt be dispos'd to set me light,
 And place my merit in the eye of scorn,
 Upon thy side against myself I'll fight,
 And prove thee virtuous, though thou art forsworn :
 With mine own weakness being best acquainted,
 Upon thy part I can set down a story
 Of faults conceal'd, wherein I am attainted,
 That thou, in losing me, shalt win much glory :
 And I by this will be a gainer too ;
 For bending all my loving thoughts on thee,
 The injuries that to myself I do,
 Doing thee vantage, double vantage me.
 Such is my love, to thee I so belong,
 That for thy right myself will bear all wrong.

LXXXIX.

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

XC.

Then, hate me when thou wilt ; if ever, now :
 Now, while the world is bent my deeds to cross,
 Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,
 And do not drop in for an after loss.
 Ah ! do not, when my heart hath scap'd this sorrow,
 Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe ;
 Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
 To linger out a purpos'd overthrow.
 If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
 When other petty griefs have done their spite.
 But in the onset come : so shall I taste
 At first the very worst of fortune's might ;
 And other strains of woe, which now seem woe,
 Compar'd with loss of thee, will not seem so.

XCI.

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,
 Some in their wealth, some in their body's force ;
 Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill ;
 Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse ;
 And every humour hath his adjunct pleasure,
 Wherein it finds a joy above the rest ;
 But these particulars are not my measure :
 All these I better in one general best.
 Thy love is better than high birth to me,
 Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost,
 Of more delight than hawks or horses be ;
 And having thee, of all men's pride I boast :
 Wretched in this alone, that thou may'st take
 All this away, and me most wretched make.

XCII.

But do thy worst to steal thyself away,
 For term of life thou art assured mine ;
 And life no longer than thy love will stay,
 For it depends upon that love of thine :
 Then, need I not to fear the worst of wrongs,
 When in the least of them my life hath end.
 I see a better state to me belongs
 Than that which on thy humour doth depend.

Thou canst not vex me with inconstant mind,
 Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie.
 O! what a happy title do I find,
 Happy to have thy love, happy to die :
 But what's so blessed fair that fears no blot?
 Thou may'st be false, and yet I know it not.

XCIII.

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

XCIV.

They that have power to hurt, and will do none,
 That do not do the thing they most do show,
 Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,
 Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow ;
 They rightly do inherit heaven's graces,
 And husband nature's riches from expense ;
 They are the lords and owners of their faces,
 Others but stewards of their excellence.
 The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
 Though to itself it only live and die ;
 But if that flower with base infection meet,
 The basest weed outbraves his dignity ;
 For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds :
 Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.²⁷

XCV.

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

XCVI.

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

XCVII.

How like a winter hath my absence been
 From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!
 What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen,
 What old December's bareness every where!
 And yet this time remov'd was summer's time;
 The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,
 Bearing the wanton burden of the prime,
 Like widow'd wombs after their lord's decease:

Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me
 But hope of orphans, and unfather'd fruit ;
 For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,
 And, thou away, the very birds are mute ;
 Or, if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer,
 That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near.

XCVIII.

From you have I been absent in the spring,
 When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,
 Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing,
 That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him :
 Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
 Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
 Could make me any summer's story tell,²⁸
 Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew :
 Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,
 Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose ;
 They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
 Drawn after you ; you pattern of all those.
 Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,
 As with your shadow I with these did play :

XCIX.

The forward violet thus did I chide :—
 Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet that smells,
 If not from my love's breath ? the purple pride
 Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells,
 In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dyed.
 The lily I condemned for thy hand,
 And buds of marjoram had stol'n thy hair :
 The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
 One blushing shame, another white despair ;
 A third, nor red nor white, had stolen of both,
 And to this robbery had annexed thy breath ;
 But, for his theft, in pride of all his growth
 A vengeful canker eat him up to death.
 More flowers I noted, yet I none could see,
 But sweet or colour it had stol'n from thee.

C.

Where art thou, Muse, that thou forget'st so long
 To speak of that which gives thee all thy might !
 Spend'st thou thy fury on some worthless song,
 Darkening thy power to lend base subjects light ?
 Return, forgetful Muse, and straight redeem
 In gentle numbers time so idly spent :
 Sing to the ear that doth thy lays esteem,
 And gives thy pen both skill and argument.
 Rise, resty Muse, my love's sweet face survey,
 If Time have any wrinkle graven there ;
 If any, be a satire to decay,
 And make Time's spoils despised every where.
 Give my love fame faster than Time wastes life ;
 So thou prevent'st his scythe,²⁹ and crooked knife.

CI.

O truant Muse ! what shall be thy amends,
 For thy neglect of truth in beauty dyed ?
 Both truth and beauty on my love depends ;
 So dost thou too, and therein dignified.
 Make answer, Muse : wilt thou not haply say,
 " Truth needs no colour, with his colour fix'd ;
 Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay ;
 But best is best, if never intermix'd."
 Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb ?
 Excuse not silence so ; for 't lies in thee
 To make him much out-live a gilded tomb,
 And to be prais'd of ages yet to be.
 Then, do thy office, Muse : I teach thee how
 To make him seem long hence as he shows now.

CII.

My love is strengthen'd, though more weak in seeming ;
 I love not less, though less the show appear :
 That love is merchandiz'd, whose rich esteeming
 The owner's tongue doth publish every where.
 Our love was new, and then but in the spring,
 When I was wont to greet it with my lays ;
 As Philomel in summer's front doth sing,
 And stops her pipe in growth of riper days :

Not that the summer is less pleasant now,
 Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night,
 But that wild music burdens every bough,
 And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.
 Therefore, like her, I sometime hold my tongue,
 Because I would not dull you with my song.

CIII.

Alack! what poverty my muse brings forth,
 That having such a scope to show her pride,
 The argument, all bare, is of more worth,
 Than when it hath my added praise beside.
 O! blame me not, if I no more can write:
 Look in your glass, and there appears a face,
 That over-goes my blunt invention quite,
 Dulling my lines, and doing me disgrace.
 Were it not sinful, then, striving to mend,
 To mar the subject that before was well?
 For to no other pass my verses tend,
 Than of your graces and your gifts to tell;
 And more, much more, than in my verse can sit,
 Your own glass shows you, when you look in it.

CIV.

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
 For as you were, when first your eye I ey'd,
 Such seems your beauty still. Three winters cold
 Have from the forests shook three summers' pride;
 Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd,
 In process of the seasons have I seen;
 Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,
 Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green.
 Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial hand,
 Steal from his figure, and no pace perceived;
 So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,
 Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceived:
 For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred.—
 Ere you were born was beauty's summer dead.

CV.

Let not my love be call'd idolatry,
 Nor my beloved as an idol show,
 Since all alike my songs and praises be,
 To one, of one, still such, and ever so.
 Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,
 Still constant in a wondrous excellence ;
 Therefore, my verse, to constancy confin'd,
 One thing expressing, leaves out difference.
 Fair, kind, and true, is all my argument,
 Fair, kind, and true, varying to other words ;
 And in this change is my invention spent,
 Three themes in one, which wondrous scope affords.
 Fair, kind, and true, have often liv'd alone,
 Which three, till now, never kept seat in one.

CVI.

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

CVII.

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
 Of the wide world, dreaming on things to come,
 Can yet the lease of my true love control,
 Suppos'd as forfeit to a confin'd doom.
 The mortal moon hath her eclipse endur'd,
 And the sad augurs mock their own presage ;
 Incertainties now crown themselves assur'd,
 And peace proclaims olives of endless age.

Now, with the drops of this most balmy time
 My love looks fresh, and death to me subscribes,
 Since, spite of him, I'll live in this poor rhyme,
 While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes :
 And thou in this shalt find thy monument,
 When tyrants' crests, and tombs of brass are spent.

CVIII.

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

CIX.

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

CX.

Alas! 'tis true, I have gone here and there,
 And made myself a motley to the view;
 Gor'd mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear,
 Made old offences of affections new:
 Most true it is, that I have look'd on truth
 Askance and strangely; but, by all above,
 These blenches gave my heart another youth,
 And worse essays prov'd thee my best of love.
 Now all is done, have what shall have no end:³⁰
 Mine appetite I never more will grind
 On newer proof, to try an older friend,
 A god in love, to whom I am confin'd.
 Then, give me welcome, next my heaven the best,
 Even to thy pure, and most most loving breast.

CXI.

O! for my sake do you with fortune chide,
 The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
 That did not better for my life provide
 Than public means, which public manners breeds:
 Thence comes it that my name receives a brand;
 And almost thence my nature is subdu'd
 To what it works in, like the dyer's hand.
 Pity me, then, and wish I were renew'd,
 Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink
 Potions of eysel 'gainst my strong infection;
 No bitterness that I will bitter think,
 Nor double penance, to correct correction.
 Pity me, then, dear friend, and I assure ye,
 Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

CXII.

Your love and pity doth th' impression fill
 Which vulgar scandal stamp'd upon my brow;
 For what care I who calls me well or ill,
 So you o'er-green my bad, my good allow?
 You are my all-the-world, and I must strive
 To know my shames and praises from your tongue;
 None else to me, nor I to none alive,
 That my steel'd sense³¹ or changes, right or wrong.

In so profound abysm I throw all care
 Of others' voices, that my adder's sense
 To critic and to flatterer stopped are.
 Mark how with my neglect I do dispense :—
 You are so strongly in my purpose bred,
 That all the world besides methinks they're dead.³²

CXIII.

Since I left you mine eye is in my mind,
 And that which governs me to go about
 Doth part his function, and is partly blind,
 Seems seeing, but effectually is out ;
 For it no form delivers to the heart
 Of bird, of flower, or shape, which it doth lateh :³³
 Of his quick objects hath the mind no part,
 Nor his own vision holds what it doth catch ;
 For if it see the rud'st or gentlest sight,
 The most sweet favour, or deformed'st creature,
 The mountain or the sea, the day or night,
 The erow or dove, it shapes them to your feature :
 Incapable of more, replete with you,
 My most true mind thus maketh mine untrue.³⁴

CXIV.

Or whether doth my mind, being crown'd with you,
 Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery ?
 Or whether shall I say, mine eye saith true,
 And that your love taught it this alchemy,
 To make, of monsters and things indigest,
 Such cherubins as your sweet self resemble,
 Creating every bad a perfect best,
 As fast as objects to his beams assemble ?
 O ! 'tis the first : 'tis flattery in my seeing,
 And my great mind most kingly drinks it up :
 Mine eye well knows what with his gust is greeing,
 And to his palate doth prepare the cup :
 If it be poison'd, 'tis the lesser sin
 That mine eye loves it, and doth first begin.

CXV.

Those lines that I before have writ do lie,
 Even those that said I could not love you dearer ;
 Yet then my judgment knew no reason why
 My most full flame should afterwards burn clearer.
 But reckoning time, whose million'd accidents
 Creep in 'twixt vows, and change decrees of kings,
 Tan sacred beauty, blunt the sharp'st intents,
 Divert strong minds t' the course of altering things ;
 Alas ! why, fearing of time's tyranny,
 Might I not then say, " now I love you best,"
 When I was certain o'er incertainty,
 Crowning the present, doubting of the rest ?
 Love is a babe ; then, might I not say so,
 To give full growth to that which still doth grow ?

CXVI.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
 Admit impediments : love is not love,
 Which alters when it alteration finds,
 Or bends with the remover to remove :
 O no ! it is an ever-fixed mark,
 That looks on tempests, and is never shaken ;
 It is the star to every wandering bark,
 Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
 Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
 Within his bending sickle's compass come ;
 Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
 But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
 If this be error, and upon me proved,
 I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

CXVII.

Accuse me thus : that I have scanted all
 Wherein I should your great deserts repay ;
 Forgot upon your dearest love to call,
 Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day ;
 That I have frequent been with unknown minds,
 And given to time your own dear-purchas'd right ;
 That I have hoisted sail to all the winds
 Which should transport me farthest from your sight :

Book both my wilfulness and errors down,
 And on just proof surmise accumulate ;
 Bring me within the level of your frown,
 But shoot not at me in your waken'd hate,
 Since my appeal says, I did strive to prove
 The eonstancy and virtue of your love.

CXVIII.

Like as, to make our appetites more keen,
 With eager compounds we our palate urge ;
 As, to prevent our maladies unseen,
 We sicken to shun sickness when we purge ;
 Even so, being full of your ne'er-cloying sweetness,
 To bitter sauces did I frame my feeding ;
 And, siek of welfare, found a kind of meetness
 To be diseas'd, ere that there was true needing.
 Thus policy in love, t' anticipate
 The ills that were not, grew to faults assur'd,
 And brought to medicine a healthful state,
 Which, rank of goodness, would by ill be eur'd ;
 But thence I learn, and find the lesson true,
 Drugs poison him that so fell sick of you.

CXIX.

What potions have I drunk of syren tears,³⁵
 Distill'd from limbecks foul as hell within,
 Applying fears to hopes, and hopes to fears,
 Still losing when I saw myself to win !
 What wretched errors hath my heart committed,
 Whilst it hath thought itself so blessed never !
 How have mine eyes out of their spheres been fitted,
 In the distraction of this madding fever !
 O benefit of ill ! now I find true,
 That better is by evil still made better ;
 And ruin'd love, when it is built anew,
 Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater.
 So I return rebuk'd to my content,
 And gain by ill thrice more than I have spent.

CXX.

That you were once unkind befriends me now,
 And for that sorrow, which I then did feel,
 Needs must I under my transgression bow,
 Unless my nerves were brass or hammer'd steel.
 For if you were by my unkindness shaken,
 As I by yours, you have pass'd a hell of time ;
 And I, a tyrant, have no leisure taken
 To weigh how once I suffer'd in your crime.
 O! that our night of woe might have remember'd
 My deepest sense, how hard true sorrow hits ;
 And soon to you, as you to me, then tender'd
 The humble salve which wounded bosoms fits !
 But that your trespass now becomes a fee ;
 Mine ransoms yours, and yours must ransom me.

CXXI.

'Tis better to be vile, than vile esteemed,
 When not to be receives reproach of being ;
 And the just pleasure lost, which is so deemed,
 Not by our feeling, but by others' seeing :
 For why should others' false adulterate eyes
 Give salutation to my sportive blood ?
 Or on my frailties why are frailer spies,
 Which in their wills count bad what I think good ?
 No, I am that I am ; and they that level
 At my abuses, reckon up their own :
 I may be straight, though they themselves be bevel ;
 By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be shown ;
 Unless this general evil they maintain,
 All men are bad, and in their badness reign.

CXXII.

Thy gift, thy tables,³⁶ are within my brain
 Full character'd with lasting memory,
 Which shall above that idle rank remain,
 Beyond all date, even to eternity ;
 Or, at the least, so long as brain and heart
 Have faculty by nature to subsist ;
 Till each to ras'd oblivion yield his part
 Of thee, thy record never can be miss'd.

That poor retention could not so much hold,⁸⁷
 Nor need I tallies thy dear love to score ;
 Therefore to give them from me was I bold,
 To trust those tables that receive thee more :
 To keep an adjunct to remember thee,
 Were to import forgetfulness in me.

CXXIII.

No ! Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change :
 Thy pyramids, built up with newer might,
 To me are nothing novel, nothing strange ;
 They are but dressings of a former sight.
 Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire
 What thou dost foist upon us that is old,
 And rather make them born to our desire,
 Than think that we before have heard them told.
 Thy registers and thee I both defy,
 Not wondering at the present, nor the past ;
 For thy records and what we see do lie,
 Made more or less by thy continual haste.
 This I do vow, and this shall ever be,
 I will be true, despite thy scythe and thee ;

CXXIV.

If my dear love were but the child of state,
 It might for fortune's bastard be unfathered,
 As subject to time's love, or to time's hate,
 Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers gathered.
 No, it was builded far from accident ;
 It suffers not in smiling pomp, nor falls
 Under the blow of thrall'd discontent,
 Whereto th' inviting time our fashion calls :
 It fears not policy, that heretic,
 Which works on leases of short number'd hours,
 But all alone stands hugely politic,
 That it nor grows with heat, nor drowns with showers.
 To this I witness call the fools of time,
 Which die for goodness, who have liv'd for crime.

CXXV.

Were 't aught to me I bore the canopy,
 With my extern the outward honouring,
 Or laid great bases for eternity,
 Which prove more short than waste or ruining?
 Have I not seen dwellers on form and favour
 Lose all, and more, by paying too much rent;
 For compound sweet foregoing simple savour,
 Pitiful thrivers, in their gazing spent?
 No; let me be obsequious in thy heart,
 And take thou my oblation, poor but free,
 Which is not mix'd with seconds, knows no art,
 But mutual render, only me for thee.

Hence, thou suborn'd informer! a true soul,
 When most impeach'd, stands least in thy control.

CXXVI.

O thou, my lovely boy! who in thy power
 Dost hold Time's fickle glass, his sickle, hour;
 Who hast by waning grown, and therein show'st
 Thy lovers withering, as thy sweet self grow'st;
 If nature, sovereign mistress over wrack,
 As thou goest onwards still will pluck thee back,
 She keeps thee to this purpose, that her skill
 May time disgrace, and wretched minutes kill.
 Yet fear her, O thou minion of her pleasure!
 She may detain, but not still keep her treasure:
 Her audit, though delay'd, answer'd must be,
 And her quietus is to render thee.

CXXVII.

In the old age black was not counted fair,
 Or if it were, it bore not beauty's name;
 But now is black beauty's successive heir,
 And beauty slander'd with a bastard shame;
 For since each hand hath put on nature's power,
 Fairing the foul with art's false borrow'd face,
 Sweet beauty hath no name, no holy bower,³⁸
 But is profan'd, if not lives in disgrace.

Therefore, my mistress' eyes are raven black,
 Her eyes so suited ; and they mourners seem³⁹
 At such, who, not born fair, no beauty lack,
 Slandering creation with a false esteem :
 Yet so they mourn, becoming of their woe,
 That every tongue says, beauty should look so.

CXXVIII.

How oft, when thou, my music, music playest,
 Upon that blessed wood, whose motion sounds
 With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently swayest
 The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,
 Do I envy those jacks, that nimble leap⁴⁰
 To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,
 Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest reap,
 At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand.
 To be so tickled, they would change their state
 And situation with those dancing chips,
 O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,
 Making dead wood more bless'd than living lips.
 Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,⁴¹
 Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

CXXIX.

Th' expense of spirit in a waste of shame
 Is lust in action ; and till action, lust
 Is perjur'd, murderous, bloody, full of blame,
 Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust ;
 Enjoy'd no sooner but despised straight ;
 Past reason hunted, and no sooner had,
 Past reason hated, as a swallow'd bait,
 On purpose laid to make the taker mad :
 Mad in pursuit, and in possession so ;
 Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme ;
 A bliss in proof,—and prov'd, a very woe ;
 Before, a joy propos'd ; behind, a dream.
 All this the world well knows, yet none knows well
 To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

CXXX.

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

CXXXI.

Thou art as tyrannous, so as thou art,
 As those whose beauties proudly make them cruel ;
 For well thou know'st, to my dear doting heart
 Thou art the fairest and most precious jewel.
 Yet, in good faith, some say that thee behold,
 Thy face hath not the power to make love groan :
 To say they err I dare not be so bold,
 Although I swear it to myself alone.
 And, to be sure that is not false I swear,
 A thousand groans, but thinking on thy face,
 One on another's neck, do witness bear,
 Thy black is fairest in my judgment's place.
 In nothing art thou black, save in thy deeds,
 And thence this slander, as I think, proceeds.

CXXXII.

Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,
 Knowing thy heart torments me with disdain,⁴²
 Have put on black, and loving mourners be,
 Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain.
 And, truly, not the morning sun of heaven
 Better becomes the grey cheeks of the east,
 Nor that full star that ushers in the even
 Doth half that glory to the sober west,

As those two mourning eyes become thy face.⁴³
 O! let it, then, as well beseem thy heart
 To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee grace,
 And suit thy pity like in every part :
 Then will I swear, beauty herself is black,
 And all they foul that thy complexion lack.

CXXXIII.

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

CXXXIV.

So, now I have confess'd that he is thine,
 And I myself am mortgag'd to thy will ;
 Myself I'll forfeit, so that other mine
 Thou wilt restore, to be my comfort still :
 But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,
 For thou art covetous, and he is kind ;
 He learn'd but, surety-like, to write for me,
 Under that bond that him as fast doth bind.
 The statute of thy beauty thou wilt take,
 Thou usurer, that put'st forth all to use,
 And sue a friend, came debtor for my sake ;
 So him I lose through my unkind abuse.
 Him have I lost ; thou hast both him and me :
 He pays the whole, and yet am I not free.

CXXXV.

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy *Will*,⁴⁴
 And *Will* to boot, and *Will* in over-plus ;
 More than enough am I,⁴⁵ that vex thee still,
 To thy sweet will making addition thus.
 Wilt thou, whose will is large and spacious,
 Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine ?
 Shall will in others seem right gracious,
 And in my will no fair acceptance shine ?
 The sea, all water, yet receives rain still,
 And in abundance addeth to his store ;
 So thou, being rich in *Will*, add to thy *Will*
 One will of mine, to make thy large *Will* more.
 Let no unkind, no fair beseechers kill ;
 Think all but one, and me in that one *Will*.

CXXXVI.

If thy soul check thee that I come so near,
 Swear to thy blind soul that I was thy *Will*,
 And will, thy soul knows, is admitted there ;
 Thus far for love, my love-suit, sweet, fulfil.
Will will fulfil the treasure of thy love,
 Ay, fill it full with wills, and my will one.
 In things of great receipt with ease we prove,
 Among a number one is reckon'd none :
 Then, in the number let me pass untold,
 Though in thy store's account I one must be ;
 For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold
 That nothing me, a something sweet to thee :
 Make but my name thy love, and love that still,
 And then thou lov'st me,—for my name is *Will*.

CXXXVII.

Thou blind fool, Love, what dost thou to mine eyes,
 That they behold, and see not what they see ?
 They know what beauty is, see where it lies,
 Yet what the best is, take the worst to be.
 If eyes, corrupt by over-partial looks,
 Be anchor'd in the bay where all men ride,
 Why of eyes' falsehood hast thou forged hooks,
 Whereto the judgment of my heart is tied ?

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

CXXXVIII.

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

CXXXIX.

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

CXL.

Be wise as thou art cruel ; do not press
 My tongue-tied patience with too much disdain ;
 Lest sorrow lend me words, and words express
 The manner of my pity-wanting pain.
 If I might teach thee wit, better it were,
 Though not to love, yet, love, to tell me so ;
 As testy sick men, when their deaths be near,
 No news but health from their physicians know :
 For, if I should despair, I should grow mad,
 And in my madness might speak ill of thee ;
 Now this ill-wresting world is grown so bad,
 Mad slanderers by mad ears believed be.
 That I may not be so, nor thou belied,
 Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart go wide.

CXLI.

In faith I do not love thee with mine eyes,
 For they in thee a thousand errors note ;
 But 'tis my heart that loves what they despise,
 Who in despite of view is pleas'd to dote.
 Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tune delighted ;
 Nor tender feeling, to base touches prone,
 Nor taste, nor smell, desire to be invited
 To any sensual feast with thee alone :
 But my five wits,⁴⁶ nor my five senses can
 Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee,
 Who leaves unsway'd the likeness of a man,
 Thy proud heart's slave and vassal wretch to be :
 Only my plague thus far I count my gain,
 That she that makes me sin awards me pain.

CXLII.

Love is my sin, and thy dear virtue hate,
 Hate of my sin, grounded on sinful loving.
 O ! but with mine compare thou thine own state,
 And thou shalt find it merits not reproving ;
 Or, if it do, not from those lips of thine,
 That have profan'd their scarlet ornaments,
 And seal'd false bonds of love as oft as mine,
 Robb'd others' beds revenues of their rents.

Be it lawful I love thee, as thou lov'st those
 Whom thine eyes woo as mine importune thee :
 Root pity in thy heart, that when it grows,
 Thy pity may deserve to pitied be.
 If thou dost seek to have what thou dost hide,
 By self-example may'st thou be denied !

CXLIII.

Lo ! as a careful housewife runs to catch
 One of her feather'd creatures broke away,
 Sets down her babe, and makes all swift dispatch
 In pursuit of the thing she would have stay ;
 Whilst her neglected child holds her in chace,
 Cries to catch her whose busy care is bent
 To follow that which flies before her face,
 Not prizing her poor infant's discontent :
 So run'st thou after that which flies from thee,
 Whilst I, thy babe, chasc thee afar behind ;
 But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to me,
 And play the mother's part, kiss me, be kind :
 So will I pray that thou may'st have thy *Will*,
 If thou turn back, and my loud crying still.

CXLIV.

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

CXLV.

Those lips that Love's own hand did make,
 Breath'd forth the sound that said, " I hate,"
 To me that languish'd for her sake ;
 But when she saw my woeful state,
 Straight in her heart did mercy come,
 Chiding that tongue, that ever sweet
 Was us'd in giving gentle doom,
 And taught it thus anew to greet.
 " I hate" she alter'd with an end,
 That follow'd it as gentle day
 Doth follow night, who, like a fiend,
 From heaven to hell is flown away :
 " I hate" from hate away she threw,⁴⁷
 And sav'd my life, saying—" not yet."

CXLVI.

Poor soul, the center of my sinful earth,
 Fool'd by these rebel powers⁴⁸ that thee array,
 Why dost thou pine within, and suffer dearth,
 Painting thy outward walls so costly gay ?
 Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
 Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend ?
 Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
 Eat up thy charge ? is this thy body's end ?
 Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
 And let that pine to aggravate thy store ;⁴⁹
 Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross ;
 Within be fed, without be rich no more :
 So shalt thou feed on death, that feeds on men,
 And, death once dead, there's no more dying then.

CXLVII.

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

Past cure I am, now reason is past care,
 And frantic mad with ever-more unrest :
 My thoughts and my discourse as madmen's are,
 At random from the truth vainly express'd ;
 For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee bright,
 Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.

CXLVIII.

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

CXLIX.

Canst thou, O cruel ! say, I love thee not,
 When I, against myself, with thee partake ?⁵⁰
 Do I not think on thee, when I forgot
 Am of myself, all tyrant, for thy sake ?
 Who hateth thee that I do call my friend ?
 On whom frown'st thou that I do fawn upon ?
 Nay, if thou low'rst on me, do I not spend
 Revenge upon myself with present moan ?
 What merit do I in myself respect,
 That is so proud thy service to despise,
 When all my best doth worship thy defect,
 Commanded by the motion of thine eyes ?
 But, love, hate on, for now I know thy mind :
 Those that can see thou lov'st, and I am blind.

CL.

O! from what power hast thou this powerful might,
 With insufficiency my heart to sway?
 To make me give the lie to my true sight,
 And swear that brightness doth not grace the day?
 Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,
 That in the very refuse of thy deeds
 There is such strength and warrantise of skill,
 That in my mind thy worst all best exceeds?
 Who taught thee how to make me love thee more,
 The more I hear and see just cause of hate?
 O! though I love what others do abhor,
 With others thou should'st not abhor my state:
 If thy unworthiness rais'd love in me,
 More worthy I to be belov'd of thee.

CLI.

Love is too young to know what conscience is;
 Yet who knows not, conscience is born of love?
 Then, gentle cheater, urge not my amiss,
 Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove:
 For, thou betraying me, I do betray
 My nobler part to my gross body's treason;
 My soul doth tell my body that he may
 Triumph in love; flesh stays no farther reason,
 But rising at thy name, doth point out thee
 As his triumphant prize. Proud of this pride,
 He is contented thy poor drudge to be,
 To stand in thy affairs, fall by thy side.
 No want of conscience hold it, that I call
 Her love, for whose dear love I rise and fall.

CLII.

In loving thee thou know'st I am forsworn,
 But thou art twice forsworn, to me love swearing;
 In act thy bed-vow broke, and new faith torn,
 In vowing new hate after new love bearing.
 But why of two oaths' breach do I accuse thee,
 When I break twenty? I am perjur'd most;
 For all my vows are oaths but to misuse thee,
 And all my honest faith in thee is lost:

For I have sworn deep oaths of thy deep kindness,
 Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy constancy ;
 And to enlighten thee, gave eyes to blindness,
 Or made them swear against the thing they see ;
 For I have sworn thee fair : more perjur'd I,
 To swear against the truth so foul a lie !

CLIII.

Cupid laid by his brand, and fell asleep :
 A maid of Dian's this advantage found,
 And his love-kindling fire did quickly steep
 In a cold valley-fountain of that ground ;
 Which borrow'd from this holy fire of love
 A dateless lively heat, still to endure,
 And grew a seething bath, which yet men prove,
 Against strange maladies a sovereign cure.
 But at my mistress' eye love's brand new-fir'd,
 The boy for trial needs would touch my breast ;
 I sick withal, the help of bath desir'd,⁶¹
 And thither hied, a sad distemper'd guest,
 But found no cure : the bath for my help lies
 Where Cupid got new fire, my mistress' eyes.

CLIV.

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

Notes.

¹ *To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.*

The sentiment in the lines before us, it must be owned, is quaintly expressed ; but the obscurity arises chiefly, I think, from the awkward collocation of the words for the sake of the rhyme. The meaning seems to me to be this.—‘ *Pity the world*, which is daily depopulated by the grave, and beget children, in order to supply the loss ; or, if you do not fulfil this duty, acknowledge, that as a glutton swallows and consumes more than is sufficient for his own support, so you (who by the course of nature must die, and by your own remissness are likely to die childless) thus “living and dying in single blessedness,” consume and destroy *the world's due* ; to the desolation of which you will doubly contribute : 1. by thy death ; 2. by thy dying childless.”—*Malone*.

² *Leese but their show.*

Leese, to lose. “I lese a thyng, as, I lese my goodes, or my frendes, or any suche lyke thyng by neglygence or chaunce, *je pers*,” Palsgrave, 1530.

³ *Music to hear.*

This sonnet occurs in the following form in a manuscript miscellany of the first part of the seventeenth century,—

In laudem musice et opprobrium contemptorii ejusdem.

1.

Musicke to heare, why hearest thou musicke sadly ?
Sweete wth sweetes warre not, joy delights in joy ;
Why lovest y^u that w^{ch} thou receavest not gladly,
Or els receavest wth pleasure thine annoy ?

2.

If the true concord of well tuned soundes
By unions maried, doe offend thy eare,
They doe but sweetlie chide thee, whoe confoundes
In singlenes a parte w^{ch} thou shouldst beare.

3.

Marke howe one stringe, sweet husband to another,
 Strikes each on each by mutuall orderinge,
 Resemblinge ehilde, and syer, and happy mother,
 W^{ch} all in one this single note dothe singe :
 Whose speechles souge, beeing many, seeming one,
 Singe this to thee, Thou single shalt prove none.

W. Shakspeare.

⁴ *Like a makeless wife.*

As a widow bewails her lost husband. *Make* and *mate* were formerly synonymous. So, in Kyng Appolyn of Thyre, 1510: "Certes, madam, I sholde have great joy yfe ye had such a prynee to your *make*." Again, in the Tragicall Hystory of Romeus and Juliet, 1562:—"Betwixt the armes of me, thy perfect-loving *make*."—*Malone*.

His meanes was marriage, married he would be,
 But where to choose a *make* he could not see.
 For choose he might and please his curious eyne,
 Each bird made suite to be his valentine.

Scots Philomythie, 1616.

⁵ *She gave the more.*

So the old editions, quite intelligibly: modern editors have needlessly substituted *thee* for "the." The meaning seems to be, that nature gave the more to those whom she endowed with her best gifts. The comparison is between those who are "harsh, featureless, and rude," and those to whom nature has been more bountiful of beauty.—*Collier*.

⁶ *A man in hew all hues in his controlling.*

This line is thus exhibited in the old copy:—"A man in hew all *Hews* in his controwling." *Hews* was the old mode of spelling *hues* (colours), and also *Hughes*, the proper name. See the printer's dedication of these sonnets to W. H.—*Malone*.

It was Tyrwhitt's fancy that this line indicated that the W. H. of the dedieation was a person of the name of Hughes, but it was not at all unusual to print substantives with capitals and in italics. The word *satire* is so printed in the hundredth sonnet, ed. 1609.

⁷ *Then look I death my days should expiate.*

The old reading is certainly right. Then do I expect, says Shakspeare, that death *should fill up the measure* of my days. The word *expiate* is used nearly in the same sense in the tragedy of Loerine, 1595:—"Lives Sabren yet to *expiate* my wrath?" i. e. *fully to satisfy* my wrath. So also, in Byron's Conspiracie, a tragedy by Chapman, 1608, an old courtier says, he is—"A poor and *expiate* humour of the court." Again, in our author's King Richard III.:—"Make haste; the hour of death is *expiate*."—*Malone*.

⁸ *The painful warrior famoused for fight.*

The old copy reads—famoused for *worth*, which not rhyming with the concluding word of the corresponding line (*quite*), either one or the other must be corrupt. The emendation was suggested by Theobald, who likewise proposed, if *worth* was retained, to read—razed *forth*.—*Malone*.

⁹ *To witness duty, not to show my wit.*

So, in the Dedication of the Rape of Lucrece: “*The warrant I have of your honourable disposition, not the worth of my untutor’d lines*, makes it assured of acceptance. What I have done is yours; what I have to do is yours; being part in all I have, devoted yours. Were my worth greater, my *duty* would show greater; meantime, as it is, it is *bound* to your lordship.”—*Anon.*

¹⁰ *To show me worthy of thy sweet respect.*

The old copy has—“of *their* sweet respect.” It is evidently a misprint. For the correction I am answerable. The same mistake has several times happened in these Sonnets, owing probably to abbreviations having been formerly used for the words *their* and *thy*, so nearly resembling each other as not to be easily distinguished. I have observed the same error in some of the old English plays.—*Malone.*

¹¹ *When sparkling stars twire not.*

Twire, to peep out, and hence, to twinkle, to gleam. In Ben Jonson, maids are said to *twire*, when they peep through their fingers, thinking not to be observed.

I saw the wench that *twir’d* and twinkled at thee
The other day.—*B. & Fl. Woman Pleas’d*, iv. 1.—*Nares.*

¹² *With ugly rack on his celestial face.*

Tooke, in his full discussion of the meaning of this word (Diversions of Purley, Part II., Chap. IV.), holds that *rack* means “merely that which is *recked* ;” and that in all the instances of its use by Shakespeare the word signifies *vapour*. He illustrates the passage before us by quoting the lines in the First Part of Henry IV., where the Prince in some degree justifies his course of profligacy.—*Knight.*

¹³ *My seat forbear.*

Altered by Malone to, “my *sweet*, forbear,” but Boaden well supports the original reading on the strength of a passage in Othello, act ii. sc. 1.—*A. Dyce.*

¹⁴ *So much of earth and water wrought.*

That is, being so thoroughly compounded of these two ponderous elements. Thus, in Antony and Cleopatra:—

—— I am air and fire, my other *elements*
I give to *baser life*.—*Stevens.*

Again, in King Henry V.: “He is pure air and fire; and the *dull elements of earth and water* never appear in him.”—*Malone.*

¹⁵ *Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war.*

So, in a passage in Golding’s Translation of Ovid, 1576, which our author has imitated in the Tempest:—“Among the earth-bred brothers you a *mortal war* did set.”—*Malone.*

¹⁶ *The clear eye’s moiety.*

“Moiety,” in the time of Shakespeare, was not used merely for *half*, but for any portion or share. In the dedication of his Lucrece, Shakespeare speaks of “a superfluous *moiety*,” for a superfluous *part*.—In the two next lines of this sonnet, “thine” is misprinted in the quarto, 1609, *their*.—*Collier.*

On a conditional bond’s becoming forfeited for non-payment of money borrowed, the whole penalty, which is usually the double of the principal sum

lent by the obligee, was formerly recoverable at law. To this our poet here alludes.—*Malone*.

¹⁷ *Nativity once in the main of light.*

As the *main* of waters would signify the great body of waters, so the *main of light* signifies the mass or flood of light into which a new-born child is launched.—*Knight*.

¹⁸ *Before these bastard signs of fair were born.*

In this line the modern editors follow the spelling of the quarto, *borne*, the usual old spelling of the word, whatever be its signification; but, surely, the meaning is,—before these bastard signs of fair were produced,—came into fashion.—*A. Dyce*.

¹⁹ *To live a second life on second head.*

Nay more than this, they'll any thing endure,
And with large sums they stick not to procure
Hair from the dead, yea, and the most unlean:
To help their pride they nothing will disdain.—*Drayton*.

²⁰ *Give thee that due.*

This is Tyrwhitt's emendation of *end* of the quarto, 1609—"give thee that *end*." As *Malone* observes, the letters in the two words are the same, if the *n* be inverted. In the next line but one, *Their* of the old copy ought, in all probability, to be "Thine."—*Collier*.

²¹ *The solve is this.*

This is the *solution*. The quarto reads:—"The *solye* is this—." I have not found the word now placed in the text, in any author: but have inserted it rather than print what appears to me unintelligible. We meet with a similar sentiment in the 102d Sonnet: "— sweets grown common lose their dear delight."—*Malone*.

²² *The ornament of beauty is suspect.*

Suspicion or slander is a constant attendant on beauty, and adds new lustre to it. *Suspect* is used as a substantive in King Henry VI. Part II. Again, by Middleton in *A Mad World my Masters*, a comedy, 1608:—"And poize her words i' the ballance of *suspect*."—*Malone*.

I have been in prison thus long, only upon the occasion of the disputation made in the convocation-house, and upon *suspect* of the setting forth the report thereof.—*Philpot's Works*, p. 5.

²³ *Commit to these waste blanks.*

The old copy has—waste *blacks*. The emendation was proposed by Theobald. It is fully supported by a preceding line: 'The *vacant leaves*, &c.—*Malone*.

²⁴ *Knowing a better spirit doth use your name.*

Spirit is here, as in many other places, used as a monosyllable. Curiosity will naturally endeavour to find out who this *better spirit* was, to whom even Shakespeare acknowledges himself inferior. There was certainly no poet in his own time with whom he needed to have feared a comparison; but these Sonnets being probably written when his name was but little known, and at a time when Spenser was in the zenith of his reputation, I imagine he was the person here alluded to.—*Malone*.

²⁵ *Being fond on praise.*

That is, being fond of such panegyric as debases what is praiseworthy in you, instead of exalting it. *On* in ancient books is often printed for *of*. It may mean, "behaving foolishly *on* receiving praise."—*Steevens*.

Fond on was certainly used by Shakespeare for *fond of*. So, in *Twelfth Night*:—

—— my master loves her dearly ;
And I, poor monster, *fond* as much *ou* him.

Again, in Holland's translation of Suetonius, folio, 1606, p. 21: "He was enamoured also upon queenes."—*Malone*.

²⁶ *Fil'd up his line.*

That is, polish'd it. So, in Ben Jonson's Verses on Shakspeare:—"In his well-torned and true-*fil'd* lines."—*Steevens*.

²⁷ *Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.*

That poysen shewes worst in a golden cup ;
Darke night seemes darker by the lightning flash ;
Lillies that fester smel far worse then weeds,
And every glory that inclynes to sin,
The shame is treble by the opposite.

The Raigne of King Edward the Third, 1596.

I am very much inclined to believe that the play here quoted received some lines from the pen of Shakespeare, not going, however, so far as to believe, with some, that he was the author of the whole of it.

²⁸ *Could make me any summer's story tell.*

By a *summer's story* Shakespeare seems to have meant some *gay fiction*. Thus, his comedy founded on the adventures of the king and queen of the fairies, he calls *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. On the other hand, in the *Winter's Tale* he tells us, "a *sad tale's* best for *wiuter*." So also, in *Cymbeline*:—

—— if it be *summer* news,
Smile to it before : if winterly, thou need'st
But keep that countenance still.—*Malone*.

²⁹ *So thou prevent'st his scythe.*

That is, so by anticipation thou hinderest the destructive effects of his weapons.—*Steevens*.

³⁰ *Have.*

Have. This is the word of the old copy. The reading of all modern editions is—"Now all is done, *save* what shall have no end." *Malone* says the original reading is unintelligible. His conjectural reading, which *Tyrwhitt* recommended, appears to us more so. "Now all is done" clearly applies to the *blenches*, the *worse essays* ; but the poet then adds, "*have* thou what shall have no end,"—my constant affection, my undivided friendship.—*Knight*.

³¹ *That my steel'd sense.*

It appears from the next line but one, that *sense* is here used for *senses*. We might better read:—"e'er changes, right or wrong."—*Malone*.

The meaning of this seems to be—"You are the only person who has power to change my stubborn resolution, *either* to what is right, or to what is wrong."—*Steevens*.

³² *Methinks they're dead.*

So Mr. Dyce. The quarto has—"That all the world besides methinks *y'are* dead." *Y'are* was, I suppose, an abbreviation for *they are* or *th' are*. Such unpleasing contractions are often found in our old poets.—*Malone*.

The sense is this,—'I pay no regard to the sentiments of mankind; and observe how I account for this my indifference. I think so much of you, that I have no leisure to be anxious about the opinions of others. I proceed as if the world, yourself excepted, were no more.'—*Steevens*.

³³ *Which it doth latch.*

The old copy reads—it doth *lack*. The corresponding rhyme shows that what I have now substituted was the author's word. To *latch* formerly signified to *lay hold of*. So, in *Macbeth* :—

—— But I have words,
That should be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not *latch* them.—*Malone*.

³⁴ *My most true mind thus maketh mine untrue.*

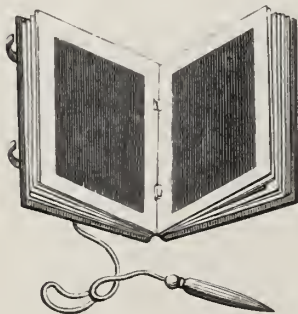
The word *untrue* is used as a substantive. "The sincerity of my affection is the cause of my untruth;" i. e. of my not seeing objects truly, such as they appear to the rest of mankind. So, in *Measure for Measure* :—"Say what you can, my false outweighs your *true*." —*Malone*.

³⁵ *What potions have I drunk of syren tears.*

The annexed engraving of syrens is copied by Mr. Fairholt from an illuminated manuscript of the fourteenth century.

³⁶ *Thy tables.*

The writing-tables, or, as they were frequently called, tables, of the Shaksperian period, are well represented in the annexed engraving. They are very frequently alluded to by our old poets.

³⁷ *That poor retention could not so much hold.*

That poor retention is the table-book given to him by his friend, incapable of *retaining*, or rather of containing, so much as the *tablet of the brain*.—*Malone*.

³⁸ *No holy bower.*

So the original, not "holy *hour*," as *Malone* and all modern editors after him

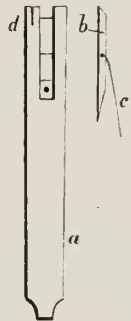
have printed it. "Holy bower" is much more intelligible than "holy hour," taking "bower," of course, in the sense of dwelling-place.—*Collier*.

³⁹ *And they mourners seem.*

They seem to mourn that those who are not born fair, are yet possessed of an artificial beauty, by which they pass for what they are not, and thus dishonour nature by their imperfect imitation and false pretensions.—*Malone*.

⁴⁰ *Those jacks, that nimble leap.*

Mr. Fairholt sends me this note,—“The virginal jack was a small flat piece of wood, furnished on the upper part with a quill, affixed to it by springs of bristle. These jacks were directed by the finger-key to the string, which was struck by the quill, then forced past the string by the elastic spring, giving it liberty to sound as long as the finger rested on the key. When the finger was removed, the quill returned to its place, and a small piece of cloth, fixed on the top of the jack, resting on the string, stopped its vibration. The annexed diagram exhibits the whole of this mechanism:—*a*, is the jack; *b*, the quill; *c*, the bristle spring; *d*, the cloth damper. The quill is here shewn beside the jack, its proper place is the groove in the upper part of the jack; the bristle being held in the small hole seen there.”



⁴¹ *Since saucy jacks so happy are in this.*

He is here speaking of a small kind of spinnet, anciently called a *virginal*. So, in *Ram Alley, or Merry Tricks*, 1611:—

Where be these rascals that skip up and down,
Like *virginal jacks*?—*Steevens*.

⁴² *Knowing thy heart torments me with disdain.*

This line is misprinted thus in the quarto, 1609:—“Knowing thy heart torment me with disdain.” It is, in fact, parenthetical; and the meaning of the passage is, that the eyes of his mistress, knowing that her heart torments him with disdain, have put on black: the ordinary reading is little better than nonsense:—

Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,
Knowing thy heart, torment me with disdain;
Have put on black, &c.—*Collier*.

⁴³ *As those two mourning eyes become thy face.*

The old copy has—*morning*. The context, I think, clearly shows, that the poet wrote—*mourning*. So before:—

Thine eyes —
Have put on *black*, and living *mourners* be.

The two words were, I imagine, in his time pronounced alike. In a Sonnet of our author's, printed by W. Jaggard, 1599, we find:—“In black *morne* I —.” The same Sonnet is printed in *England's Helicon*, 1600, and there the line stands;—“In black *mourn* I.”—*Malone*.

⁴⁴ *Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy will.*

Kinde Katheren to her husband kist these words,
 Mine owne sweet Will, how deere I love thee ?
 If true, quoth Will, the world no such affords,
 And that 'tis true I durst his warrant be :
 For nere heard I of woman good or ill,
 But alwayes loved best her owne sweet Will.

Parrot's Laquei Ridiculosi, or Springes for Woodcocks, 1613.

⁴⁵ *Am I.*

Query—*I am*? In Shakespeare's time, quibbles of this kind were common. Compare the following in the Booke of Merry Riddles, ed. 1617,—

The li. Riddle.

My lover's will
 I am content for to fulfill ;
 Within this rime his name is framed ;
 Tell me then how he is named ?

Solution.—His name is William ; for in the first line is *will*, and in the beginning of the second line is *I am*, and then put them both together, and it maketh *William*.

⁴⁶ *But my five wits.*

That is, but neither my wits nor senses can, &c. So, in Measure for Measure :—"More *nor* less to others paying—" "The *wits*," Dr. Johnson observes, "seem to have been reckoned five, by analogy to the five senses, or the five inlets of ideas. *Wit* in our author's time was the general term for the intellectual power." From Stephen Hawes's poem called Graunde Amour and La Bell Pucel, 1554, ch. 24, it appears that the five wits were "common wit, imagination, fantasy, estimation, and memory."—*Malone*.

⁴⁷ "*I hate*" from *hate away she threw*.

The meaning is—she removed the words *I hate* to a distance from *hatred* ; she changed their natural import, and rendered them inefficacious, and undescriptive of dislike, by subjoining *not you*. The old copy is certainly right. The poet relates what the lady said ; she is not herself the speaker. We have the same kind of expression in the Rape of Lucrece :—

It cannot be, quoth she, that so much guile
 (She would have said) *can lurk in such a look* ;
 But Tarquin's shape came in her mind the while,
 And from her tongue *can lurk* from *cannot* took.—*Malone*.

⁴⁸ *Fool'd by these rebel powers.*

The old copy reads :—

Poor soul, the center of my sinful earth,
My sinful earth these rebel pow'rs that thee array.

It is manifest that the compositor inadvertently repeated the last three words of the first verse in the beginning of the second, omitting two syllables, which are sufficient to complete the metre. What the omitted word or words were, it is impossible now to determine. Rather than leave an hiatus, I have hazarded a conjecture, and filled up the line.—*Malone*.

⁴⁹ *To aggravate thy store.*

Copies of the same edition of the Sonnets rarely differ, but in this line some of them read "*my store.*" That belonging to Lord Francis Egerton has it correctly, "*thy store,*" the error having been discovered as the sheet was passing through the press.—*Collier.*

⁵⁰ *With thee partake.*

That is, take part with thee against myself. So in Psalm l. "Thou hast been *partaker* with adulterers." A *partaker* was in Shakspeare's time the term for an *associate* or *confederate* in any business.—*Malone.*

⁵¹ *The help of bath desir'd.*

This and the following Sonnet are composed of the very same thoughts differently versified. They seem to have been early essays of the poet, who perhaps had not determined which he should prefer. He hardly could have intended to send them both into the world.—*Malone.*

These last two sonnets have been thought by some to indicate that Shakespeare had visited Bath. I wish that it were so, for the sake of connecting the personal history of the great dramatist with one of the most beautiful localities of England; but the theory at present rests upon a very slender foundation.

A Lover's Complaint.

INTRODUCTION.

This beautiful and touching poem appeared at the end of the first edition of the Sonnets, 4to. Lond. 1609, where it is entitled,—“A Louers complaint. By William Shake-speare.” It commences, immediately after the conclusion of the Sonnets, on the reverse of sig. K, and fills the last eleven pages of the book. Nothing further is known of its history. It is included in the small octavo edition of Shakespeare’s Poems, 1640, under the same title, but the text in the latter work is of course of no value or authority.

A Lober's Complaint.

FROM off a hill whose concave womb re-worded
A plaintful story from a sistring vale,
My spirits t' attend this double voice accorded,
And down I laid to list the sad-tun'd tale ;
Ere long espy'd a fickle maid full pale,
Tearing of papers, breaking rings a-twain,
Storming her world with sorrow's wind and rain.¹

Upon her head a platted hive of straw,
Which fortified her visage from the sun,
Whereon the thought might think sometime it saw
The carcase of a beauty spent and done :
Time had not scythed all that youth begun,
Nor youth all quit ; but, spite of heaven's fell rage,
Some beauty peep'd through lattice of sear'd age.²

Oft did she heave her napkin to her eyne,
Which on it had conceited characters,
Laundering the silken figures in the brine³
That season'd woe had pelleted in tears,⁴
And often reading what contents it bears ;
As often shrieking undistinguish'd woe
In clamours of all size, both high and low.

Sometimes her level'd eyes their carriage ride,⁵
 As they did battery to the spheres intend ;
 Sometime, diverted, their poor balls are tied
 To the orb'd earth ; sometimes they do extend
 Their view right on ; anon their gazes lend
 To every place at once, and no where fix'd,
 The mind and sight distractedly commix'd.

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

A thousand favours from a maund she drew⁶
 Of amber, crystal, and of beaded jet,⁷
 Which one by one she in a river threw,
 Upon whose weeping margent she was set ;
 Like usury, applying wet to wet,
 Or monarchs' hands, that let not bounty fall
 Where want cries "some," but where excess begs all.

Of folded schedules had she many a one,
 Which she perus'd, sigh'd, tore, and gave the flood ;
 Crack'd many a ring of posied gold and bone,⁸
 Bidding them find their sepulchres in mud ;
 Found yet no letters⁹ sadly pen'd in blood,
 With sleided silk feat and affectedly¹⁰
 Enswath'd, and seal'd to curious secrecy.

These often bath'd she in her fluxive eyes,
 And often kiss'd, and often gave to tear ;¹¹
 Cry'd, O false blood ! thou register of lies,
 What unapproved witness dost thou bear !
 Ink would have seem'd more black and damned here.
 This said, in top of rage the lines she rents,
 Big discontent so breaking their contents.

A reverend man that graz'd his cattle nigh,—
 Sometime a blustcrer, that the ruffle knew¹²
 Of court, of city, and had let go by
 The swiftest hours, observed as they flew,—
 Towards this afflicted fancy fastly drew ;
 And, privileg'd by age, desires to know,
 In brief, the grounds and motives of her woe.

So slides he down upon his grained bat,
 And comely-distant sits he by her side ;
 When he again desires her, being sat,
 Her grievance with his hearing to divide :
 If that from him there may be aught applied,
 Which may her suffering ecstasy assuage,
 'Tis promis'd in the charity of age.

Father, she says, though in me you behold
 The injury of many a blasting hour,
 Let it not tell your judgment I am old ;
 Not age, but sorrow, over me hath power :
 I might as yet have been a spreading flower,
 Fresh to myself, if I had self-applied
 Love to myself, and to no love beside.

But woe is me ! too early I attended
 A youthful suit, it was to gain my grace ;
 Of one by nature's outwards so commended,
 That maidens' eyes stuck over all his face :
 Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him her place ;¹³
 And when in his fair parts she did abide,
 She was new lodg'd, and newly deified.

His browny locks did hang in crooked curls,
 And every light occasion of the wind
 Upon his lips their silken parcels hurls :
 What's sweet to do, to do will aptly find ;
 Each eye that saw him did enchant the mind,
 For on his visage was in little drawn,
 What largeness thinks in paradise was sawn.¹⁴

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

His qualities were beauteous as his form,
 For maiden-tongu'd he was, and thereof free ;
 Yet, if men mov'd him, was he such a storm
 As oft 'twixt May and April is to see,
 When winds breathe sweet, unruly though they be.
 His rudeness so, with his authoriz'd youth,
 Did livery falseness in a pride of truth.

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

But quickly on this side the verdict went.
 His real habitude gave life and grace
 To appertainings and to ornament,
 Accomplish'd in himself, not in his case :
 All aids, themselves made fairer by their place,
 Came for additions,¹⁵ yet their purpos'd triun
 Piec'd not his grace, but were all grac'd by him.

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

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

Many there were that did his picture get,
 To serve their eyes, and in it put their mind;
 Like fools that in th' imagination set
 The goodly objects which abroad they find
 Of lands and mansions, their's in thought assign'd;
 And labouring in more pleasures to bestow them,
 Than the true gouty landlord which doth owe them.

So many have, that never touch'd his hand,
 Sweetly suppos'd them mistress of his heart.
 My woeful self, that did in freedom stand,
 And was my own fee-simple,¹⁶—not in part—
 What with his art in youth, and youth in art,
 Threw my affections in his charmed power,
 Reserv'd the stalk, and gave him all my flower.

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

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

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

For further I could say, "this man's untrue,"
 And knew the patterns of his foul beguiling;
 Heard where his plants in others' orchards grew,¹⁷
 Saw how deceits were gilded in his smiling;
 Knew vows were ever brokers to defiling;
 Thought characters, and words, merely but art,
 And bastards of his foul adulterate heart.

And long upon these terms I held my city,
 Till thus he gan besiege me: "Gentle maid,
 Have of my suffering youth some feeling pity,
 And be not of my holy vows afraid:
 That's to you sworn, to none was ever said;
 For feasts of love I have been call'd unto,
 Till now did ne'er invite, nor never woo."¹⁸

All my offences that abroad you see,
 Are errors of the blood, none of the mind;
 Love made them not: with acture they may be,¹⁹
 Where neither party is nor true nor kind:
 They sought their shame that so their shame did find,
 And so much less of shame in me remains,
 By how much of me their reproach contains.

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

Look here, what tributes wounded fancies sent me,
 Of paled pearls, and rubies red as blood ;
 Figuring that they their passions likewise lent me
 Of grief and blushes, aptly understood
 In bloodless white and the encrimson'd mood ;
 Effects of terror and dear modesty,
 Encamp'd in hearts, but fighting outwardly.

And lo ! behold these talents of their hair,²⁰
 With twisted metal amorously impleach'd,²¹
 I have receiv'd from many a several fair,—
 Their kind acceptance weepingly beseech'd—
 With the annexions of fair gems enrich'd,
 And deep-brain'd sonnets, that did amplify
 Each stone's dear nature, worth, and quality.

The diamond ; why, 'twas beautiful and hard,
 Whereto his invis'd properties did tend ;²²
 The deep-green emerald, in whose fresh regard
 Weak sights their sickly radiance do amend ;
 The heaven-hued sapphire, and the opal blend
 With objects manifold : each several stone,
 With wit well blazon'd, smil'd, or made some moan.

Lo ! all these trophies of affections hot,
 Of pensiv'd and subdued desires the tender,
 Nature hath charg'd me that I hoard them not,
 But yield them up where I myself must render ;
 That is, to you, my origin and ender :
 For these, of force, must your oblations be,
 Since I their altar, you enpatron me.

O ! then, advance of yours that phraseless hand,
 Whose white weighs down the airy scale of praise ;²³
 Take all these similes to your own command,
 Hallow'd with sighs that burning lungs did raise ;
 What me, your minister, for you obeys,
 Works under you ; and to your audit comes
 Their distract parcels in combined sums.

Lo! this devicē was sent me from a nun,
 Or sister sanctified, of holiest note;
 Which late her noble suit in court did shun,
 Whose rarest havings made the blossoms dote:
 For she was sought by spirits of richest coat,²⁴
 But kept cold distance, and did thence remove,
 To spend her living in eternal love.

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

O, pardon me, in that my boast is true!
 The accident which brought me to her eye,
 Upon the moment did her force subdue,
 And now she would the caged cloister fly;
 Religious love put out religion's eye:
 Not to be tempted, would she be immur'd,²⁵
 And now, to tempt all, liberty procur'd.

How mighty then you are, O hear me tell!
 The broken bosoms that to me belong,
 Have emptied all their fountains in my well,
 And mine I pour your ocean all among:
 I strong o'er them, and you o'er me being strong,
 Must for your victory us all congeat,
 As compound love to physic your cold breast.

My parts had power to charm a sacred nun,
 Who, disciplin'd, ay, dieted in grace,²⁶
 Believ'd her eyes, when they t' assail begun,
 All vows and consecrations giving place.
 O most potential love! vow, bond, nor space,
 In thee hath neither sting, knot, nor confine,
 For thou art all, and all things else are thine.

When thou impresses, what are precepts worth
 Of stale example? When thou wilt inflame,
 How coldly those impediments stand forth
 Of wealth, of filial fear, law, kindred, fame?
 Love's arms are peace,²⁷ 'gainst rule, 'gainst sense, 'gainst
 shame;
 And sweetens, in the suffering pangs it bears,
 The aloe of all forces, shocks, and fears.

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

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

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

For lo! his passion, but an art of craft,
 Even there resolv'd my reason into tears;
 There my white stole of chastity I daff'd;
 Shook off my sober guards, and civil fears:
 Appear to him, as he to me appears,
 All melting; though our drops this difference bore,
 His poison'd me, and mine did him restore.

In him a plenitude of subtle matter,
 Applied to cautels, all strange forms receives,
 Of burning blushes, or of weeping water,
 Or swooning paleness ; and he takes and leaves,
 In either's aptness, as it best deceives
 To blush at speeches rank, to weep at woes,
 Or to turn white, and swoon at tragic shows :

That not a heart which in his level came,
 Could scape the hail of his all-hurting aim,
 Showing fair nature is both kind and tame,
 And veil'd in them, did win whom he would maim :
 Against the thing he sought he would exclaim ;
 When he most burn'd in heart-wish'd luxury,
 He preach'd pure maid, and prais'd cold chastity.

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

O, that infected moisture of his eye !
 O, that false fire, which in his cheek so glowed !
 O, that forc'd thunder from his heart did fly !
 O, that sad breath his spongy lungs bestowed !
 O, all that borrow'd motion, seeming owed ;²⁸
 Would yet again betray the fore-betray'd,
 And new pervert a reconciled maid !

Notes.

¹ *Storming her world with sorrow's wind and rain.*

So, in Julius Cæsar :—

—— and the state of a man,
Like to a little *kingdom*, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Again, in Hamlet :—

—— Remember thee?
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted *globe*.

Again, in King Lear :—

Strives in his little *world* of man to out-scorn
The to-and-fro conflicting wind and rain.

Sorrow's *wind and rain* are *sighs* and *tears*. Thus, in Antony and Cleopatra :
“ We cannot call her *winds* and *waters*, *sighs* and *tears*.” The modern editions
read corruptedly :—“ Storming her *words* with *sorrows*, wind,” &c.—*Malone*.

² *Beauty peep'd through lattice of scar'd age.*

Thus, in the 3d Sonnet :—

So thou through *windows* of thine *age* shalt see,
Despight of wrinkles, this thy golden time.

Again, in Cymbeline :—

—— or let her *beauty*
Look through a casement, to allure false hearts,
And be false with them.

In Macbeth we meet with the same epithet applied as here :—

—— my way of life
Is fallen into the *scar*, the yellow leaf.—*Malone*.

Shakespeare has applied this image to a comic purpose in King Henry VI. Part II. : "He call'd me even now, my lord, through a red *lattice*, and I could discern no part of his face from the window : at last I spied his eyes ; and methought he had made two holes in the ale-wife's new-petticoat, and *peep'd through*."—*Steevens*.

³ *Laund'ring the silken figures in the brine.*

Laund'ring, washing. "Sudds launders bands, and starches them," Herrick, ap. Nares.

⁴ *That season'd woe had pelleted in tears.*

"*Pelleted*," says Steevens, "is from the *kitchen*. *Pellet* was the ancient culinary term for a *forced meat ball*, a well-known *seasoning*." Steevens is certainly right, and the reader will perceive that the terms, with which this word is surrounded, are derived from the lower objects of domestic occupation—*Laund'ring*—*brine*—*season'd*—*size*. The familiar metaphor of the *brine of tears* has forced on the poet this peculiar vein of language, though the ideas connected with it were certainly not present to his mind. *Pelleted* is again used with another term derived from the same source in Antony and Cleopatra,—“By the *discandying* of this *pelleted* storm.” *Discandying* is the dissolving what is *candied*.—*Whiter*.

⁵ *Her level'd eyes their carriage ride.*

The allusion, which is to a piece of ordnance, is very quaint and far-fetched.—*Malone*.

In the Merchant of Venice, the eyes of Portia's Picture are represented as mounted on those of Bassanio :—

—— Move these eyes ?
Or whether, *riding* on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion ?—*Steevens*.

⁶ *A thousand favours from a maund she drew.*

A *maund*, a handbasket with two lids or opening covers, chiefly used by market-women to carry butter and eggs ; a maund of merchandise, in the Book of Rates, is a large hamper containing eight bales or two fats.—*Kennett's Glossary*, MS. Lansd. 1033.

"*Manne*, a maund, flasket, open basket or pannier having handles," Cotgrave, ed. 1611. "Item, paid for a mawnd, ij. ob.," Accounts of the Lestrange Family.

⁷ *And of beaded jet.*

"*Bedded jet*," ed. 1609. The modern editions read—*beaded jet*, which may be right ; *beads* made of jet. The construction, I think is,—she drew from a maund a thousand favours, of amber, crystal, &c.—*Malone*.

Baskets made of *beads* were sufficiently common even since the time of our author. I have seen many of them. *Beaded jet*, is jet formed into *beads*.—*Steevens*.

⁸ *Crack'd many a ring of posied gold and bone.*

Mr. Fairholt sends me this note,—“The Londesborough collection furnishes us with the two examples of posy-rings here engraved. The first is formed in

imitation of the garter worn by the knights of the order of the Garter, and has the motto inscribed outside. Inside the hoop are engraved the words—"I'll win and wear you if I can." The second ring is of a plainer, but more usual form, and has the rhyming posy, within the hoop:—

" God above
Encrease our love."



⁹ *Found yet no letters.*

Mo—more. This word is now invariably printed *more*. It occurs in subsequent stanzas. Why should we destroy this little archaic beauty by a rage for modernizing?—*Knight*.

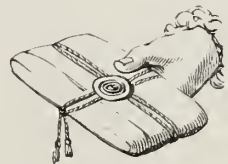
¹⁰ *With sleided silk feat and affectedly.*

Sleided silk is, as Dr. Percy has elsewhere observed, untwisted silk, prepared to be used in the weaver's *sley* or *slay*. So, in *Pericles*:—"Be't, when she weav'd the *sleided silk*." A weaver's *sley* is formed with teeth like a comb. *Feat* is, curiously, nicely.—*Malone*.

To be convinced of the propriety of this description, let the reader consult the Royal Letters, &c., in the British Museum, where he will find that anciently the ends of a piece of narrow ribbon were placed under the *seals* of letters, to connect them more closely.—*Stevens*.

Florio's Italian and English Dialogues, entitled his *Second Frutes*, 1591, confirm Stevens's observation. In p. 89, a person, who is supposed to have just written a letter, calls for "some wax, some *sealing thread*, his dust-box, and his seal."—*Malone*.

Mr. Fairholt sends this note,—“It was customary in the sixteenth century to secure important letters not only by sealing, but by crossing and recrossing them with thin silken strings which passed beneath the wax; as exhibited in the accompanying cut copied from a picture of the period.”



¹¹ *And often gave to tear.*

Gave. So the original. *Malone* changes the word to '*gan*'. This appears to us, although it has the sanction of Mr. Dyce's adoption, an unnecessary change; *gave* is here used in the sense of gave the mind to, contemplated, made a movement towards, inclined to. Shakspeare has several times "my mind gave me;" and the word may therefore, we think, stand alone here, as expressing inclination.—*Knight*.

¹² *That the ruffle knew.*

Rufflers were a species of *bullies* in the time of Shakespeare. "To *ruffle* in the common wealth," is a phrase in *Titus Andronicus*.—*Stevens*.

In *Sherwood's French and English Dictionary* at the end of *Cotgrave's Dictionary*, *ruffle* and *hurliburly* are synonymous.—*Malone*.

¹³ *And made him her place.*

Place here signifies a *seat*, a *mansion*, a *residence*. So, in the first book of *Samuel*: "Saul set him up a *place*, and is gone down to Gilgal." Again, in *Chaucer's Prologue to the Canterbury Tales*:—

His wonning was ful fayre upon an heth,
With grene trees yshadewed was his *place*.

We still use the word in compound with another, as—St. James's *place*, Rathbone *place*; and Crosby *place*, in King Richard III. &c.—*Stevens*.

Yeff Gode hath lent the grace,
That thou hast vencoust thy foos,
Ne sekes nat at oure *ples*
By day ne be nynght.—*Sir Degrevant*.

¹⁴ *In Paradise was sawn.*

Boswell thought that Shakespeare here meant to use the northern provincialism “sawn” for *sown*, while Malone contended that “sawn” was put for *seen*, in the distress of the rhyme. Surely the latter could hardly be Shakespeare’s reason for using so irregular and unprecedented a participle, especially when it would have been easy for him to have constructed the passage differently.—*Collier*.

¹⁵ *Came for additions.*

The old copy and the modern editions read—*can* for additions. This appearing to me unintelligible, I have substituted what I suppose to have been the author’s word. The same mistake happened in *Macbeth*, where we find—

— As thick as tale
Can post with post—

printed instead of—“*Came* post with post.”—*Malone*.

¹⁶ *And was my own fee-simple.*

Had an absolute power over myself; as large as a tenant in fee has over his estate.—*Malone*.

¹⁷ *In others’ orchards grew.*

Orchard and *garden* were, in ancient language, synonymous. Our author has a similar allusion in his 16th Sonnet:—

— many *maiden gardens* yet *unset*,
With virtuous wish would bear you living *flowers*,
Much liker than your painted counterfeit.—*Malone*.

¹⁸ *Nor never woo.*

“Nor never vow,” ed. 1609. Corrected by Mr. Collier.

¹⁹ *With acture they may be.*

Thus the old copy. I have not found the word *acture* in any other place, but suppose it to have been used as synonymous with *action*. We have, I think, *enactures* in *Hamlet*. His *offences* that might be *seen abroad* in the world, were the plants before mentioned, that he had set in others’ gardens. The meaning of the passage then should seem to be—My illicit amours were merely the effect of constitution, and not approved by my reason: Pure and genuine love had no share in them or in their consequences; for the mere congress of the sexes may produce such fruits, without the affections of the parties being at all engaged.—*Malone*.

²⁰ *And lo ! behold these talents of their hair.*

The *talents* of golde were on her head sette,
Hanged low downe to her knee;
And every ring on her small finger
Shone of the chrystall free.—*King Estmere*, 67.

²¹ *With twisted metal amorously impleach'd.*

Mr. Fairholt communicates this note,—“Love-gifts of locks of hair, were, in the time of our poet, combined with jewellers work, and worn as decoration to the person. At Ham house, Richmond, is still preserved a lock of the hair of Sir Walter Raleigh, affixed to the drop of an earring, and affirmed to have been thus worn by his daughter. The engraving represents a more elaborate specimen of the jewellers art; it is a lock of hair of Mary, Queen of Scots, presented by her to George Gordon, fourth Earl of Huntley, and still preserved by his descendants. It is attached to a small ivory skull, connected by a twisted skein of silk with a figure of Cupid shooting an arrow, enamelled white upon gold, with the wings, hair, and bow coloured; standing upon a heart transfix'd by a dart.”

²² *His invis'd properties.*

Invis'd for *invisible*. This is, I believe, a word of Shakespeare's coining. His *invis'd* properties are the *invisible* qualities of his mind. So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis* :—

Had I no eyes, but ears, my ears would love
Thy *inward* beauty and *invisible*.—*Malone*.

²³ *The airy scale of praise.*

The “*airy scale of praise*” is the ‘*scale filled with verbal eulogiums.*’ *Air* is often thus used by our author. So, in *Much Ado About Nothing* :—“*Charm ache with air, and agony with words.*”—*Malone*.

²⁴ *For she was sought by spirits of richest coat.*

By “*spirits of richest coat*” is certainly meant, as the commentators have observed, “*nobles, whose high descent is mark'd by the number of quarters in their coats of arms;*” and it is remarkable in this association, that the word *suit* recalls to the poet's mind, as in former instances, the idea of *dress*, and the term expressing it; though that term *coat* bearing a double sense is applied with a different signification.—*Whiter*.

²⁵ *Not to be tempted, would she be immur'd.*

The quarto has *enur'd*; for which the modern editions have properly given *immur'd*.—*Malone*.

Immur'd is a verb used by Shakspeare in *King Richard III.* and the *Merchant of Venice*. We likewise have *immures*, subst. in the Prologue to *Troilus and Cressida*.—*Steevens*.

²⁶ *Ay, dieted in grace.*

“*I died in grace,*” some copies of ed. 1609, others reading, “*I dieted in grace.*” Query, *i-dieted*.

²⁷ *Love's arms are peace.*

I suspect our author wrote :—“*Love's arms are proof 'gainst rule,*” &c. The meaning, however, of the text as it stands, may be—*The warfare that love*

carries on against rule, sense, &c. produces to the parties engaged a *peaceful* enjoyment, *and sweetens*, &c. The construction in the next line is perhaps irregular.—Love's arms are peace, &c. and *love* sweetens—.—*Malone*.

Perhaps we should read :—

Love *aims at* peace—
Yet sweetens, &c.—*Steevens*.

Mr. Dyce suggests,—“Love arms our peace.”

²⁸ *Seeming ow'd*.

That passion which he copied from others so naturally that it seemed real and his *own*. *Ow'd* has here, as in many other places in our author's works, the signification of *owned*.—*Malone*.

The Passionate Pilgrim.

INTRODUCTION.

THE twenty-two poetical fragments which follow were published in 1599 under the following title,—“The Passionate Pilgrime. *By W. Shakespeare.* At London—Printed for W. Iaggard, and are to be sold by W. Leake, at the Grey-hound in Paules Churchyard. 1599.” Why the book received the title of the Passionate Pilgrim does not appear, but it was most likely a device of the publisher to lead the public to the idea that the whole was a new poem by Shakespeare. Instead of this, the volume is clearly an unauthorised and surreptitious collection of a variety of pieces, some of which are not by the great poet at all, as will be seen from the following enumeration,—

1. This, with verbal variations, is the same with the 138th Sonnet in the collective edition of 1609.

2. This, with verbal variations, is the same with the 144th Sonnet in the collective edition of 1609.

3. A sonnet occurring also in *Love's Labour's Lost*, ed. 1598, with, however, a few trifling variations.

4. Found only in the *Passionate Pilgrim*.

5. This occurs in *Love's Labour's Lost*, 1598, with a few trifling verbal variations.

6. Found only in the *Passionate Pilgrim*.

7. Found only in the *Passionate Pilgrim*.

8. This sonnet is taken from the latter part of Barnfield's *Encomion of Lady Pecunia*, 1598, a small collection of poems

with a separate title-page,—“Poems: in Divers Humors. London, Printed by G. S. for John Iaggard, and are to be solde at his shoppe neere Temple-barre, at the Signe of the Hand and starre. 1598.” Barnfield calls these poems “fruits of unriper yeares,” meaning that he was then young. He also expressly asserts, “I write these lines.” The sonnet in question is the first in the collection, and is superscribed,—“Sonnet I., to his friend Maister R. L. in praise of musique and poetrie.” This evidenee is so explicit, Barnfield must be accepted as the author of the sonnet. It is true that this and other pieces are omitted in the second edition of *Lady Peeunia*, 1605, but so also is the collection entitled “Poems in Divers Humors,” in place of which is merely given his “Remembrance of some English Poets.”

9. Found only in the *Passionate Pilgrim*.

10. Found only in the *Passionate Pilgrim*.

11. This sonnet, with some important variations, also occurs in B. Griffin's *Fidessa more Chaste than Kinde*, 16mo. 1596.

12. First Published in the *Passionate Pilgrim*. A copy of this ditty, with additions, occurs in the Third Part of Deloney's *Garland of Good-Will*.

13. Found only in the *Passionate Pilgrim*.

14. Found only in the *Passionate Pilgrim*.

15. Found only in the *Passionate Pilgrim*.

After this, in the original edition of 1599, a separate part commences with another title-page,—“Sonnets to sundry notes of Musieke. At London—Printed for W. Iaggard, and are to be sold by W. Leake, at the Greyhound in Paules Church-yard.”—

16. Found only in the *Passionate Pilgrim*.

17. This, with two additional lines, occurs in *Love's Labour's Lost*, 1598. It is introduced also in *England's Helicon*, 1600, with Shakespeare's name attached to it.

18. This song is printed, with some variations, in the collection of *Madrigals of Thomas Weelkes*, 1597. A copy of it also occurs in *England's Helicon*, 1600, entitled, “The Unknown Shepheard's Complaint,” and there subscribed *Ignoto*, so that it is clear that Bodenham was unacquainted with the name of its author.

19. Found only in the *Passionate Pilgrim*. A very early manuscript copy of this poem, with many variations, is preserved

no gon to fyne eye gats uspe the same
a lante up dave y, from monest ffranke
let reason sub fnynde moortys bland
ad well as fancye partyall like
take comfoll of some othez gredde
negre bmyde non yet to mownde

And wgen you comest the, take to tell
mytt not the tange notyfyed talks
hreste the some subtil pteaty f small
a cryple bman fynde end gankte
but playmyde saye you best for well
and lett the upon fartye to sete.

And to exr well frame all the wayde
spare not to spende a stryke theort
no ex the crypced may somde the prayde
by myngte always in exr care
the strengest m sell forer or forme
the godd on bullst gats beat downe

Exer always not a frowd truste
in the fnyte be gymbled fronde
poult the ladye pndet noniust
soke never fyne to fange anore
no gon fynd ody fowd the be not stakke
to proff for fnyngge the putt it backe

no gat fnyngge you frowningt browed be bent
for tlenye lookes will cleave exr myghte
And the perchappes will sou report
the the dysmbled for deligto
and fynde define exr it be sayd
the the myde come the put awayd

no gat fnyngge the frowd to faye exr througth
a vnde a bracke a saye the maye
the foble fore will ydax at length
a craft gats fangst the fynd to saye
gad noom on bene av frowg as men
in fartye you gad not yet it the

A gynte weemen love to matop not mon
and not to live so like a dante
spre to no spawer, the, splyd the
beyme wgen eye doise the m attynte
wert by fnyng all the joyde in hede
one woman neede another wedde

The ge wylde and shyld that in fyne hntes
dysmbled not an outwarde fyne
the fnynde's tope pmanod to vooxle
the rorke the fwynded the m fall not knowe
Exer you not gward that saye full of the
a woman mayd ody stand for noughte

Thowd you myngge too myngge fyne
for if my larye gawd the fnyde
the will not stakke to ringt my care
to fange my fonyte to be so fynde
exot woude the blusse Exer be it fynde
to spawd for stakke fynd bannayde.
finis

in a poetical miscellany compiled, I believe, some years before the appearance of the *Passionate Pilgrim*.

20. The first of these poems is incomplete, and the second, ealled *Love's Answere*, still more so. See vol. ii, p. 375. In England's Helicon, 1600, the first of them is given to Marlowe, the second to Ignoto; and Dr. Percy observes that there is good reason to believe that Christopher Marlowe wrote the song, and Sir Walter Raleigh the Nymph's Reply; for so we are positively assured by Isaac Walton, who has inserted them both in his *Compleat Angler*, under the character of "that smooth song which was made by Kit Marlowe, now at least fifty years ago; and an *answer* to it, which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh in his younger days Old fashioned poetry, but choicely good."

21. This occurs amongst the Poems in *Divers Humors* appended to Barnfield's *Encomion of Lady Pecunia*, 1598. It is also inserted in England's Helicon, 1600, but there subscribed *Ignoto*.

22. This also occurs amongst the Poems in *Divers Humors* appended to Barnfield's *Encomion of Lady Pecunia*, 1598, in which work it forms a portion of the last poem.

There was a second edition of the *Passionate Pilgrim* published at some time between the years 1599 and 1612, but no copy of it is known to exist. In the year last named, Jaggard added to the former miscellany pieces written by Thomas Heywood, and re-published the collection under the following title: "The passionate Pilgrime, or certaine Amorous Sonnets betweene Venvs and Adonis, newly corrected and augmented. By W. Shakespere. The third edition. Wherevnto is newly added two loue epistles, the first from Paris to Hellen, and Hellen's answere backe againe to Paris," Printed by W. Jaggard. 1612." The addition of the last-mentioned poems, the authorship of which were thus by implication given to Shakespeare, naturally offended Heywood, who, in a letter appended to the *Apology for Actors*, 1612, thus speaks of the transaction, and informs us that Jaggard's proceedings were not countenanced by the great dramatist,—“Here likewise I must necessarily insert a manifest injury done to me in that worke, [Britaynes Troy,] by taking the two epistles of Paris to Hellen, and Hellen to Paris, and printing them in a lesse volume under the name of another; which may put the world in opinion I might steale them from

him, and hee, to doe himselfe right, hath since published them in his owne name: but as I must acknowledge my lines not worthy his patronage under whom he hath publisht them, so, the author, *I know*, much offended with M. Jaggard, that (altogether unknowne to him,) presumed to make so bold with his name." In consequence probably of remonstrances on the parts of Heywood and Shakespeare, Jaggard appears to have cancelled the title-page above described, and issued another in which Shakespeare's name is altogether omitted. A copy of the book, in which both title-pages, by the negligence of the binder, have been preserved, is in the Malone collection.

The Passionate Pilgrim.

I.

WHEN my love swears that she is made of truth
I do believe her, though I know she lies,
That she might think me some untutor'd youth
Unskilful in the world's false forgeries.
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
Although I know my years be past the best,
I smiling credit her false speaking tongue,
Out-facing faults in love with love's ill rest.
But wherefore says my love that she is young?
And wherefore say not I that I am old?
O! love's best habit is a soothing tongue,
And age, in love, loves not to have years told.
Therefore I'll lie with love, and love with me,
Since that our faults in love thus smother'd be.

II.

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,
Which like two spirits do suggest me still:
The better angel is a man, right fair,
The worser spirit a woman, colour'd ill.
To win me soon to hell, my female evil
Tempteth my better angel from my side,
And would corrupt a saint to be a devil,
Wooing his purity with her fair pride:

And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend,
 Suspect I may, but not directly tell ;
 For being both to me, both to each friend,
 I guess one angel in another's hell.
 The truth I shall not know, but live in doubt,
 'Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

III.

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

IV.

Sweet Cytherea, sitting by a brook,
 With young Adonis, lovely, fresh and green,
 Did court the lad with many a lovely look,
 Such looks as none could look but beauty's queen.
 She told him stories to delight his ear ;
 She show'd him favours to allure his eye ;
 To win his heart, she touch'd him here and there :
 Touches so soft still conquer chastity.
 But whether unripe years did want conceit,¹
 Or he refus'd to take her figur'd proffer,
 The tender nibbler would not touch the bait,
 But smile and jest at every gentle offer :
 Then, fell she on her back, fair queen, and toward :
 He rose and ran away ; ah, fool too froward !

V.

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

VI.

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

VII.

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

Her lips to mine how often hath she joined,
 Between each kiss her oaths of true love swearing!
 How many tales to please me hath she coined,
 Dreading my love, the loss whereof still fearing!
 Yet in the midst of all her pure protestings,
 Her faith, her oaths, her tears, and all were jestings.

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

VIII.

If music and sweet poetry agree,
 As they must needs, the sister and the brother,
 Then, must the love be great twixt thee and me,
 Because thou lov'st the one, and I the other.
 Douland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch
 Upon the lute doth ravish human sense:
 Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such,
 As passing all conceit needs no defence.
 Thou lov'st to hear the sweet melodious sound
 That Phœbus' lute, the queen of music, makes;
 And I in deep delight am chiefly drown'd
 Whenas himself to singing he betakes.
 One god is god of both, as poets feign,
 One knight loves both, and both in thee remain.

IX.

Fair was the morn, when the fair queen of love,³
 * * * * *
 Paler for sorrow than her milk-white dove,
 For Adon's sake, a youngster proud and wild;
 Her stand she takes upon a steep up hill:
 Anon Adonis comes with horn and hounds;
 She, silly queen, with more than love's good will,
 Forbade the boy he should not pass those grounds.

Once, quoth she, did I see a fair sweet youth
 Here in these brakes deep-wounded with a boar,
 Deep in the thigh, a spectacle of ruth !
 See, in my thigh, quoth she, here was the sore.
 She showed hers ; he saw more wounds than one,
 And blushing fled, and left her all alone.

X.

Sweet rose, fair flower, untimely pluck'd, soon faded,
 Pluck'd in the bud, and faded in the spring !⁴
 Bright orient pearl, alack ! too timely shaded !
 Fair creature, kill'd too soon by death's sharp sting !
 Like a green plum that hangs upon a tree,
 And falls, through wind, before the fall should be.

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

XI.

Venus with Adonis sitting by her,⁵
 Under a myrtle shade, began to woo him :
 She told the youngling how god Mars did try her,
 And as he fell to her, she fell to him.
 Even thus, quoth she, the warlike god embrac'd me ;
 And then she elipp'd Adonis in her arms ;
 Even thus, quoth she, the warlike god unlae'd me,
 As if the boy should use like loving charms :
 Even thus, quoth she, he seized on my lips,
 And with her lips on his did aet the seizure ;
 And as she fetched breath, away he skips,
 And would not take her meaning, nor her pleasure.
 Ah ! that I had my lady at this bay,
 To kiss and elip me till I ran away !

XII.

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

XIII.

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good,
 A shining gloss that fadeth suddenly ;
 A flower that dies, when first it 'gins to bud ;
 A brittle glass, that's broken presently :
 A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,
 Lost, faded, broken, dead within an hour.

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

XIV.

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

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

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

XV.

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

For she doth welcome day-light with her ditty,
 And drives away dark dismal-dreaming night :
 The night so pack'd, I post unto my pretty ;
 Heart hath his hope, and eyes their wished sight ;
 Sorrow chang'd to solace, solace mix'd with sorrow ;
 For why ? she sigh'd, and bade me come to-morrow.

Were I with her, the night would post too soon ;
 But now are minutes added to the hours ;
 To spite me now, each minute seems a moon ;⁷
 Yet not for me, shine sun to succour flowers !
 Pack night, peep day, good day, of night now borrow :
 Short, night, to-night, and length thyself to-morrow.

XVI.

It was a lording's daughter,
 The fairest one of three,
 That liked of her master
 As well as well might be,
 Till looking on an Englishman,
 The fairest that eye could see,
 Her fancy fell a turning.

Long was the combat doubtful,
 That love with love did fight,
 To leave the master loveless,
 Or kill the gallant knight :
 To put in practice either,
 Alas ! it was a spite
 Unto the silly damsel.

But one must be refused,
 More mickle was the pain,
 That nothing could be used,
 To turn them both to gain ;
 For of the two the trusty knight
 Was wounded with disdain :
 Alas ! she could not help it.

Thus art with arms contending
 Was victor of the day,
 Which by a gift of learning
 Did bear the maid away ;
 Then lullaby, the learned man
 Hath got the lady gay ;
 For now my song is ended.

XVII.

On a day—alack the day !—
 Love, whose month was ever May,
 Spied a blossom passing fair,
 Playing in the wanton air :
 Through the velvet leaves the wind,
 All unseen, gan passage find ;

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

XVIII.

My flocks feed not,
 My ewes breed not,
 My rams speed not,
 All is amiss :
 Love is dying,
 Faith's defying,
 Heart's denying,
 Causer of this.
 All my merry jigs are quite forgot,
 All my lady's love is lost, God wot :
 Where her faith was firmly fix'd in love,
 There a nay is plac'd without remove.
 One silly cross
 Wrought all my loss ;
 O frowning Fortune, cursed, fickle dame !
 For now I see
 Inconstancy
 More in women than in men remain.

In black mourn I,
 All fears scorn I,
 Love hath forlorn me,
 Living in thrall :
 Heart is bleeding,
 All help needing,
 O cruel speeding !
 Fraughted with gall !

My shepherd's pipe can sound no deal,⁸
 My wether's bell rings doleful knell ;
 My curtail dog that wont to have play'd,
 Plays not at all, but seems afraid ;
 My sighs so deep,⁹
 Procure to weep,
 In howling-wise, to see my doleful plight.
 How sighs resound
 Through heartless ground,
 Like a thousand vanquish'd men in bloody fight !

Clear wells spring not,
 Sweet birds sing not,
 Green plants bring not
 Forth their dye ;
 Herds stand weeping,
 Flocks all sleeping,
 Nymphs back peeping
 Fearfully :
 All our pleasure known to us poor swains,
 All our merry meetings on the plains,
 All our evening sport from us is fled ;
 All our love is lost, for love is dead.
 Farewell, sweet lass,
 Thy like ne'er was
 For a sweet content, the cause of all my moan.¹⁰
 Poor Coridon
 Must live alone,
 Other help for him I see that there is none.

XIX.

When as thine eye hath chose the dame,
 And stall'd the deer that thou shouldst strike,
 Let reason rule things worthy blame,
 As well as partial fancy like :¹¹
 Take counsel of some wiser head,
 Neither too young, nor yet unwed.

And when thou com'st thy tale to tell,
 Smooth not thy tongue with filed talk,
 Lest she some subtle practice smell ;
 A cripple soon can find a halt :
 But plainly say thou lov'st her well,
 And set thy person forth to sell.¹²

What though her frowning brows be bent,
 Her cloudy looks will clear ere night ;¹³
 And then too late she will repent
 That thus dissembled her delight ;
 And twice desire, ere it be day,
 That which with scorn she put away.

What though she strive to try her strength,
 And ban and brawl,¹⁴ and say thee nay,
 Her feeble force will yield at length,
 When craft hath taught her thus to say,—
 “ Had women been so strong as men,
 In faith you had not had it then.”

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

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

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

Think, women still to strive with men¹⁵
 To sin, and never for to saint :
 There is no heaven ; be holy then,
 When time with age shall them attain.
 Were kisses all the joys in bed,
 One woman would another wed.

But soft ! enough,—too much, I fear ;
 Lest that my mistress hear my song,
 She will not stiek to wring my ear,¹⁶
 To teach my tongue to be so long :
 Yet will she blush, here be it said,
 To hear her secrets so bewray'd.

XX.

Live with me and be my love,
 And we will all the pleasures prove,
 That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
 And the eraggy mountain yields.

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

There will I make thee a bed of roses,
 With a thousand fragrant posies ;
 A eap of flowers, and a kirtle
 Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
 With eoral clasps and amber studs ;
 And if these pleasures may thee move,
 Then, live with me and be my love.

LOVE'S ANSWER.

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

XXI.

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

XXII.

Whilst as fickle fortune smil'd,
 Thou and I were both beguil'd :
 Every one that flatters thee
 Is no friend in misery.
 Words are easy, like the wind ;
 Faithful friends are hard to find :
 Every man will be thy friend,
 Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend ;
 But if store of crowns be scant,
 No man will supply thy want.

If that one be prodigal,
Bountiful they will him call,
And with such like flattering,
Pity but he were a king.
If he be addict to vice,
Quickly him they will entice :
If to women he be bent,
They have him at commandment ;
But if fortune once do frown,
Then, farewell his great renown :
They that fawn'd on him before,
Use his company no more.
He that is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee in thy need :
If thou sorrow, he will weep ;
If thou wake, he cannot sleep :
Thus of every grief in heart,
He with thee does bear a part.
These are certain signs to know
Faithful friend from flattering foe.

Notes.

¹ *But whether unripe years did want conceit.*

But whether unripe yeares did want conceite,
Or he *did scorne* to take hir ffigured proffer,
The tender nibbler would not *take* the baite,
But *blusht* and *smil'd* at every gentle offer.

Copy in MS. of 17th Century.

² *To me like oaks, to thee like
osiers bow'd.*

Mr. Fairholt communicates this note,—“The Fable of the Oak and Osier is prettily illustrated by the engraving, here copied, in Witney’s Choice of Emblemes, 1586, a book certainly used by Shakespeare. The following verses accompany it :—



“The mightie Oake, that shrinkes not with a blaste,
But stiflie standes, when Boreas most doth blowe,
With rage thereof, is broken downe at laste,
When bending reedes, that couche in tempestes lowe,
With yeelding still, doe safe, and sounde appeare :
And looke alofte, when that the cloudes be cleare.

“When Envie, Hate, Contempt, and Slaunder, rage :
Which are the stormes, and tempestes, of this life ;
With patience, then, wee must the combat wage,
And not with force resist their deadlie strife :
But suffer still, and then we shall in fine,
Our foes subdue, when they with shame shall pine.”

³ *Fair was the morn, when the fair queen of love.*

The next line is wanting in both editions of the *Passionate Pilgrim*: of course it would rhyme with *wild*, which closes the fourth line.—*Collier*.

⁴ *Faded in the spring.*

The verb *fade*, throughout these little fragments, is always spelt *vaded*, either in compliance with ancient pronunciation, or in consequence of a primitive which perhaps modern lexicographers may feel some reluctance to acknowledge. They tell us that we owe this word to the French *fade*; but I see no reason why we may not as well impute its origin to the Latin *vado*, which equally serves to indicate departure, motion, and evanescence.—*Steevens*.

This note is not strictly correct. In ed. 1599, the word is spelt *vaded* in this line and *faded* in the previous one.

⁵ *Venus with young Adonis sitting by her.*

Venus, and young Adonis sitting by her,
 Under a myrtle shade began to woe him,
 She told the yong-ling how god Mars did trie her,
 And as he fell to her, so fell she to him.
 Even thus (quoth she) the wanton god embrac'd me,
 And then she clasp'd Adonis in her armes;
 Even thus (quoth she) the warlike god unlac'd me,
 As if the boy should use like loving charmes.
 But he, a wayward boy, refusde her offer,
 And ran away the beautious Queene neglecting;
 Shewing both folly to abuse her proffer,
 And all his sex of cowardise detecting.
 Oh that I had my mistris at that bay,
 To kiss and clippe me till I ranne away!

Griffin's Fidessa, 1596.

⁶ *As faded gloss no rubbing will refresh.*

A copy of this poem said to be printed from an ancient MS. and published in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. xxix. p. 39, reads:—"As faded gloss no rubbing will *excite*," and in the corresponding line:—"As broken glass no cement can *unite*."

Shakespeare, I believe, alludes to faded silk, of which the colour, when once faded, cannot be restored but by a second dying.—*Malone*.

⁷ *Each minute seems a moon.*

The old copy reads—each minute seems *an hour*. The want of rhyme to the corresponding line shows that it must be corrupt. I have therefore not hesitated to adopt an emendation proposed by *Steevens*—each minute seems a *moon*; i. e. month. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:—

Which had superfluous kings for messengers,
 Not many *moons* gone by.

Again, in *Othello*:—

— Since these arms had seven years' pith
 Till now some nine *moons* wasted—.

In *Romeo and Juliet* our poet describes the impatience of a lover not less strongly than in the passage before us:—

I must hear from thee *every day of the hour*,
 For *in a minute there are many days*.—*Malone*.

⁸ *My shepherd's pipe can sound no deal.*

Mr. Fairholt sends this note,—“The amusements of a shepherd's life were favorite subjects in art, whether in the pictures of Calendars, painted in a manuscript, or engraved as wood-cuts in books; or in tapestry hangings, wall-paintings, or sculpture. The bassi-relievi on the exterior of the Hotel Bourgtheroulde at Rouen (temp. Francis I.) are devoted to such country scenes; among them is the group here engraved, which is curiously identical with the Poet's words.”



⁹ *My sighs so deep.*

Jaggard's copy and England's Helicon read—*With sighs, &c.* I some years ago conjectured that Shakespeare wrote—*My sighs*; and the copy in Weelkes's Madrigals which I have lately seen, confirms my conjecture. After the word *procure*, *him*, or the dog, must be understood.—*Malone.*

The verb *procure* is used with great laxity by Shakespeare in *Romeo and Juliet* :—

— it is my lady mother :
What unaccustom'd cause *procures* her hither ?—*Steevens.*

¹⁰ *The cause of all my moan.*

This reading was furnished by the copy printed in England's Helicon. The rhyme shows it to be the true one. The *Passionate Pilgrim* and Weelkes's copy have—“the cause of all my *woe*.” Perhaps we ought to read—*thou* cause, &c.—*Malone.*

¹¹ *As well as fancy partial like.*

“As well as fancy (partlyall might),” ed. 1599. The reading in the text is taken from the very early MS. copy mentioned at p. 466.

¹² *And set thy person forth to sell.*

The old copy has—“And set *her* person forth to *sale*.” Steevens conjectured that *sell* was the author's word, and such is the reading of the manuscript above mentioned. It likewise furnished the true reading in a former part of the line.—*Malone.*

¹³ *Her cloudy looks will clear ere night.*

So the manuscript copy; instead of which the *Passionate Pilgrim* reads—“will *calm*.” See the 148th Sonnet :—“The sun itself sees not, till heaven *clears*.”—*Malone.*

¹⁴ *And ban and brawl.*

“And chide and brawle,” MS. temp. Elizabeth.

¹⁵ *Think women still to strive with men.*

Thinke women love to matche with men
and not to live soe like a sainte
here is no heaven, they holye then
beginne when age dothe them attaynte. — MS.

¹⁶ *She will not stick to wring mine ear.*

“She will not stick to round me on th’are,” ed. 1599. “She will not sticke to ringe my eare,” MS. To roun or round in the ear, to whisper.

Which rebellion, I think, thou didst devise, S.

When thou didst *rowne* the butterflie *in the eare*.

Heywood’s Spider and Flie, 1556.

He *rounds me in the ear*, and tells me that for forty shillings to master high-sheriff’s man that wears the russet satin doublet and the yellow silk stockings, he will undertake I shall have a jury of good freeholders.—Harrington’s Apology, 1596. S.

The Phoenix and Turtle.

INTRODUCTION.

THE following singular poem, the authenticity of which as a work by Shakespeare is certain, occurs near the conclusion of a work by one Robert Chester, first printed in the year 1601 under the title of *Love's Martyr or Rosalin's Complaint*, and republished in 1611 as the *Annals of Great Brittain*, the first portion of the book relating chiefly to the early history of England. The appendix to this work consists of poems on the subject of the Turtle and Phoenix, all inscribed to the honour of Sir John Salisbury, and is preceded by the following separate title,—“ Hereafter follow diverse Poeticall Essaies on the former subiect, viz: the Turtle and Phoenix. Done by the best and chiefest of our moderne writers, with their names subscribed to their particular workes: neuer before extant. And (now first) consecrated by them all generally, to the loue and merite of the true-noble Knight, Sir Iohn Salisburie. *Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori.* MDCL.” The “best and chiefest of our moderne writers,” who, according to the title-page, assisted Chester in this whim, were Shakespeare, Marston, Chapman, Jonson, and one other whose name is not given. The following verses are conspicuously signed, *William Shake-speare*.

The Phoenix and Turtle.

LET the bird of loudest lay,
On the sole Arabian tree,¹
Herald sad and trumpet be,
To whose sound chaste wings obey.

But thou shrieking harbinger,²
Foul pre-currer of the fiend,
Augur of the fever's end,
To this troop come thou not near.

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

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

And thou, treble-dated crow,³
That thy sable gender mak'st
With the breath thou giv'st and tak'st,⁴
'Mongst our mourners shalt thou go.

Here the anthem doth commence :
 Love and constancy is dead ;
 Phoenix and the turtle fled
 In a mutual flame from hence.

So they lov'd, as love in twain
 Had the essence but in one ;
 Two distincts, division none :
 Number there in love was slain.

Hearts remote, yet not asunder ;
 Distance, and no space was seen
 'Twixt this turtle and his queen :
 But in them it were a wonder.

So between them love did shine,
 That the turtle saw his right⁵
 Flaming in the Phoenix' sight :
 Either was the other's mine.

Property was thus appall'd,⁶
 That the self was not the same ;
 Single nature's double name
 Neither two nor one was call'd.

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

That it cry'd, how true a twain
 Seemeth this concordant one !⁷
 Love hath reason, reason none,⁸
 If what parts can so remain.

Whereupon it made this threne,⁹
 To the phœnix and the dove,
 Co-supremes and stars of love,
 As chorus to their tragic scene.

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Let the bird of Iowdell lay,
On the sole Arabian tree,
Herauld sad and trumpet be;
To whose sound chaffe wings obay,

But thou striking harbinget,
Foule precurer of the fiend,
Augour of the feuers end,
To this troupe come thou nor neere,

From this Selfson interdickt
Euery foule of fyraunt wing,
Sauē the Eagle feathered King,
Keepe the obsequie so strict,

Let the Priest in Surples white,
That desunctiue Musicke can,
Be the death-deuining Swan,
Lest the *Reginens* lacke his right.

And thou treble dated Crow,
That thy fable gender makst,
With the breath thou giu'st and takst,
Mongst our mourners shalt thou go.

Here the Antheme doth commence,
Loue and Conflancie is dead,
Phoenix and the *Turtle* fled,
In a mutual flame from hence.

So they Ioued as loue in twaine,
Had the essence but in one,

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Two distinct, Diuision none,
Number there in loue was flaine.

Hearts remote, yet not alunder;
Distance and no space was seene,
T wixt this *Turtle* and his Queene;
But in them it were a wonder.

So betweene them Loue did shine,
That the *Turtle* saw his right,
Flaming in the *Phoenix* fight;
Eithers was the others mine.

Propertie was thus appalled,
That the selfe was not the fame:
Single Natures double name,
Neither two nor one was called.

Reason in it selfe confounded,
Saw Diuision grow together,
To themselves yet either neither,
Simple were so well compounded.

That it cried, how true a twaine,
Seemeth this concordant one,
Loue hath Reason, Reason none,
If what parts, can for remaine.

Whereupon it made this *Trenns*,
To the *Phoenix* and the *Dove*,
Co-supremes and Barres of Loue,
As *Chorus* to their Tragique Scene.



Trenns.

Beautie, Truth, and Raritie,
Grace in all simplicitie,
Here enclode, in cinders lie.

Death is now the *Phoenix* nest,
And the *Turtles* loyall brest,
To eternitie doth rest.

Leauing no posteritie,
T was not their infirmitie,
It was married Chastitie.

Truth may seeme, but cannot be,
Beautie bragge, but tis not she,
Truth and Beautie buried be.

To this vrne let thofe repaire,
That are either true or faire,
For these dead Birds, sigh a prayer.

William Shake-speare.



Tw-

THRENOS.

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

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

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

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

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

Notes.

¹ *On the sole Arabian tree.*

I myself verily have heard straunge things of this kind of tree ; and namely in regard of the bird *Phœnix*, which is supposed to have taken that name of this date tree ; for it was assured unto me, that the said bird died with that tree, and revived of itselfe as the tree sprung again.—*Holland's Pliny.*

Our poet had probably Lyly's Euphues, and his England, particularly in his thoughts : signat. Q 3.—“ As there is but one phœnix in the world, so is there but *one tree* in Arabia wherein she buildeth.” See also, Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598 : “ *Rasin*, a tree in Arabia, whereof there is but *one* found, and upon it the phœnix sits.”—*Malone.*

² *But thou shrieking harbinger.*

The *shrieking harbinger* here addressed, is the *scritch owl*, the *foul precurrer* of death. So, in A Midsummer-Night's Dream :—

Now the wasted brands do glow,
While the *scritch-owl*, scritch'ing loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a shrowd.—*Malone.*

³ *And thou, treble-dated crow.*

So, in the Rape of Lucrece :—“ To pluck the quills from *ancient* ravens' wings.”—*Malone.*

⁴ *With the breath thou giv'st and tak'st.*

This is explained by a passage in Swan's Speculum Mundi, 1655, p. 397,—“ Neither (as is thought) doth the raven conceive by conjunction of male and female, but rather by a kinde of *billing at the mouth*, which Plinie (x. 12) mentioned as an opinion of the common people.”

⁵ *That the turtle saw his right.*

The turtle saw those qualities which were his *right*, which were peculiarly *appropriated* to him, in the phoenix.—*Malone*.

⁶ *Property was thus appall'd.*

This communication of *appropriated* qualities alarmed the power that presides over *property*. Finding *that the self was not the same*, he began to fear that nothing would remain distinct and individual; that all things would become common.—*Malone*.

⁷ *Seemeth this concordant one!*

Still in her breast his secret thoughts she beares,
Nor can her tongue pronounce an *I*, but *wee*;
Thus two in one, and one in two they bee;
And as his soule possesseth head and heart,
She's all in all, and all in every part.

Drayton's Mortimeriados, 1596, ap. Malone.

⁸ *Love hath reason, reason none.*

Love is reasonable, and reason is folly (has no reason), *if two that are disunited* from each other can yet remain together and undivided.—*Malone*.

⁹ *Whereupon it made this threne.*

This *funeral song*. So, in Kendal's Poems, 1577:—
Of verses, *threnes*, and epitaphs,
Full fraught with tears of *teene*.

A book entitled David's *Threanes*, by J. Heywood, was published in 1620. Two years afterwards it was reprinted under the title of David's *Tears*: the former title probably was discarded as obsolete. For this information I am indebted to Dr. Farmer.—*Malone*.

Concluding Note.

FEW words are requisite in dismissing the last volume of the present work, and those must necessarily be of an apologetic character. No editor of the Works of Shakespeare, who is not blinded by ignorance or vanity, will aspire to produce a text which shall be accepted as permanent and authoritative. The state in which some of the early copies have descended to us, with their irreconcilable variations, and the acknowledged inaccuracies in all, forbid the indulgence of the honest entertainment of such an expectation. There must always remain a very large number of critical questions in connexion with passages in those works which will admit of reasonable differences of opinion,—questions which can surely be calmly discussed without participating in the violence of angry controversy, and respecting which opinions can be given divested of the assumption of infallibility. It is to be hoped that an endeavour to avoid these errors at least, which have tended in past years to throw discredit on Shakespearian criticism, has been to some degree successful.

The utmost that any editor can reasonably hope to accomplish is to add something to our critical knowledge of the early authorities upon which the text must be founded, to restore a few corruptions, to settle the meaning of some of the Poet's obscure or archaic phraseology, and to explain some of his allusions not previously understood. The imagination of

Shakespeare so far outran the efforts of his pen, that his language constantly fails to express the precise tenour of his thought, and it frequently does not admit of translation even in cases where the general meaning is undoubted. When to this source of perplexity are added the immense number of typographical corruptions which pervade the best authorities upon which the text is based, it is no matter for wonder that there is an endless occupation for innumerable critics, each being useful in his generation, but no one doing more than a little that can be expected to yield a permanent result.

Nothing beyond this is anticipated from the materials accumulated in the present work. So many of these, however, are new, some can scarcely fail to be of use to future critics, as, indeed, several have already been honoured by the notice of my contemporaries. Most of the facsimiles by Mr. E. W. Ashbee will also be found of great interest and value, while the woodcuts and illustrations by Mr. F. W. Fairholt frequently explain the text more intelligibly than could be accomplished by description. A few notes by Mr. Fairholt, acknowledged in their several places, comprise all the literary assistance which I have received during the progress of the work. It need only be added that a collection of various readings, originally contemplated, has been rendered superfluous by the publication of the valuable edition of the Works of Shakespeare lately produced under the care of the Rev. W. G. Clark, and Mr. W. Aldis Wright.

I VENTURE,
WITH ALL HUMILITY,
TO DEDICATE THIS WORK,
TO THE
MEMORY OF THE ABLEST AND THE MOST NEGLECTED OF
SHAKESPEARIAN CRITICS,—

EDWARD CAPELL.

