

PR
2848
A2C32

www.libcat.com.cn

PR
2848
A2C32

www.libtool.com.cn

CORNELL
UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY



THIS BOOK IS ONE OF A
COLLECTION MADE BY
BENNO LOEWY
1854-1919
AND BEQUEATHED TO
CORNELL UNIVERSITY

DATE DUE

~~MAY 08 1984~~

~~AUG 14 1985~~

~~Interlibrary Loan
1986~~

~~MAY 10 1987~~

~~MAY 18 1988~~

GAYLORD

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

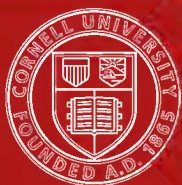
Cornell University Library
PR 2848.A2C32

The sonnets of William Shakspeare, rearran



3 1924 013 143 452

ohh



Cornell University
Library

The original of this book is in
the Cornell University Library.

There are no known copyright restrictions in
the United States on the use of the text.

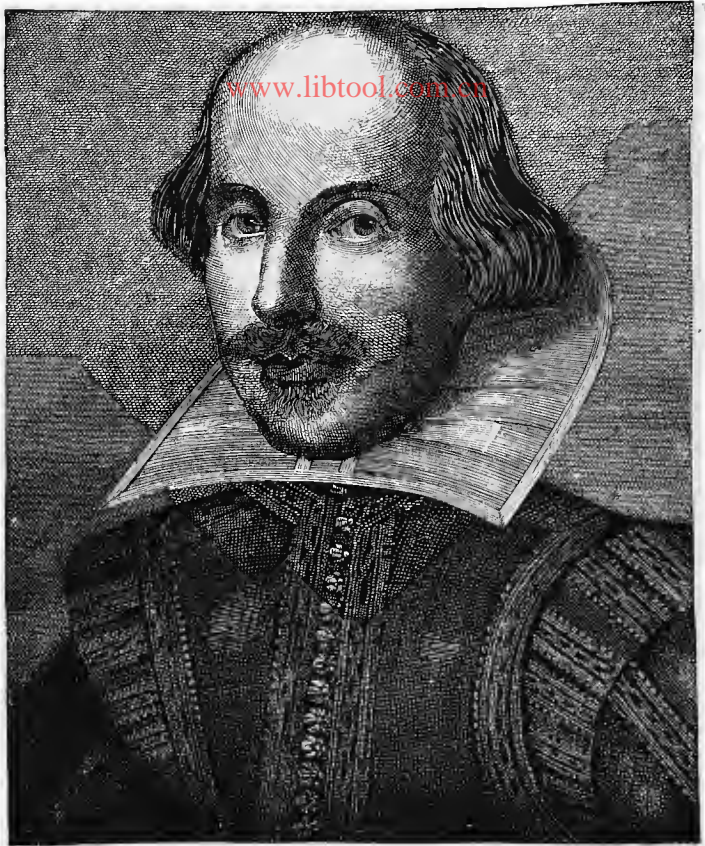
www.libtool.com.cn

www.libtool.com.cn

www.libtool.com.cn

www.libtool.com.cn

www.libtool.com.cn



Martin Droghda, sculpsit, London.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

www.libtool.com.cn

www.libtool.com.cn

THE
S O N N E T S

www.libtool.com.cn
OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE,

REARRANGED AND DIVIDED

INTO

FOUR PARTS.

WITH AN

INTRODUCTION AND EXPLANATORY NOTES.

LONDON
JOHN RUSSELL SMITH,
36, SOHO SQUARE.

M.DCCC.LIX.

www.libtool.com:cn

PK
2848
A2C32

A613245

LONDON:
F. PICKTON, PRINTER,
PERRY'S PLACE, 29, OXFORD STREET.

Lacey

ON THE
SONNETS OF SHAKSPERE.

THESE Sonnets were published without the consent or knowledge of the author in 1609, with the following dedication:—

TO . THE . ONLIE . BEGETTER . OF .
THESE . INSUING . SONNETS .
MR . W . H . ALL . HAPPINESSE .
AND . THAT . ETERNITIE .
PROMISED .
BY .
OUR . EVER-LIVING . POET .
WISHETH .
THE . WELL-WISHING .
ADVENTURER . IN .
SETTING .
FORTH . T . T .

It has been strongly advocated by Mr. Boaden, and very generally believed, that William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, is the person to whom the Sonnets are addressed; but I trust the following pages will satisfactorily refute this ingenious supposition. The dedication, in my opinion, merely means, Mr. T. T., Thos. Thorpe, the publisher, wishes Mr. W. H., the collector of these sonnets, all happiness and that eternity, which the Poet promised his friend.

“Some have thought these sonnets are arranged according to a definite, although shadowy, plan, while others maintain they are quite disjointed and fragmentary; some that they are all addressed to one individual, and others that they are addressed to various persons; some that they are substantially real, and others that they are entirely fictitious. It is most singular how the mystery, which more or less shrouds Shakspeare’s entire history, should have intensified into a very blackness of darkness over the only work of his, which partakes of an autobiographical character.”¹

Many of the sonnets naturally form little poems or fragments; and Mr. C. Knight, in his illustrations of the sonnets in the *Pictorial Shakspeare*, has made an arrangement according to the leading idea in the different pieces; but has, unfortunately, been misled by the supposition, that the sonnets were principally fictitious, and written in imitation of the Italian poetry.

Having a wish to read the poems of Shakspeare once again—not having read them since more than thirty years ago, I resolved, “with regard to the reality or unreality of the sonnets, or as to the occasion of their being written,” to examine them carefully and minutely, merely as an amusement or mental exercise, and certainly not with the idle vanity of supposing I could start fresh game on such a well-beaten field.

After having read the *Venus and Adonis* and the

¹ Poetical Works of Shakspeare and Surrey, ed. 1856.

Lucrece, it again seemed to me strange, as it did formerly, that Shakspeare should have dedicated to the Earl of Southampton, *æt.* 20, two poems of such an opposite character. Mr. C. Knight has justly observed, “there is to our mind the difference of eight or even ten years in the aspect of these poems;” and why?—because Shakspeare, during the twelve months which elapsed between their publication, passed through one of those convulsions, as purifying to the moral atmosphere of the soul, as a storm in the dog-days is to the world without; from the sonnets, however, may be extracted the following explanation:—

It would appear, that Shakspeare, some months after the publication of the *Venus and Adonis*, discovered, that his *Adonis* had succumbed to the assaults of his *Venus*; as soon as he had recovered from the shock of this discovery, having received his repentant friend again to his heart, and remembering his promise about “some graver labour,” he selects the story of *Lucretia*, as peculiarly applicable under existing circumstances, and as an excellent vehicle for delivering a lecture on morality—not only to his young friend, but especially to the lady. It is also highly probable, that the *Venus and Adonis* was written with the good intention of rousing the dormant feelings of his chaste and virtuous friend, and stimulating him to marriage; but, unfortunately, the poem was published after the Earl had become acquainted with Marlowe, and subject to the influence of his immoral character.

Having looked over the sonnets the first time merely for the general impression, I again took up the book one evening for a more minute inspection; and after reading the first six or seven sonnets it struck me, that as marriage was being recommended under various images, there must be some meaning, some thread of connection, though invisible as in a lady's bracelet. I therefore recommenced at the beginning, and soon caught the train of ideas; charmed and delighted with the beautiful imagery and increasing elevation of tone, I hurried on, carried away by the enthusiasm of the poet, to the end of the 20th Sonnet;—the Rubicon was passed,—and I found myself in possession of a most sweet poem—not a mere collection of isolated sonnets, having only a “leading idea” or general reference to the same object—but a perfect poem with the stanzas following in successive order.

✓ It is evident, that the connection of the 20th Sonnet with the preceding one has never been perceived; it has always been regarded as a sonnet by itself, and separated from the 19th, with which, however, it is most intimately and essentially connected; there is, from the 15th, a gradual rise in the strength of feeling and splendour of declamation, 'till in the 19th, “the poet's eye in a fine phrensy rolling,” and “suiting the action to the word,” he bids defiance to Time,

“Yet do thy worst, old Time, despite thy wrong,
My love shall in my verse ever live young,”

then, still full of poetic fervour, rapt, inspired, he

describes the beauty of his love in the 20th Sonnet, being the culminating point, the Corinthian capital, the complement of the whole preceding stanzas, which without it would be tame and lifeless—a body without a head.

www.libtool.com.cn

The portrait of his love has also been greatly misapprehended, the connoisseurs apparently dazzled by the richness of the colouring; but on a close inspection, it reveals itself as a poetical conception of the highest order of art; nothing material, all expression 'a woman's face, a man in hue; a woman's gentle heart, a man's bright eye; and then with a few magical touches he paints an ideal face of the most exquisite beauty, the master-mistress of his passion, the love of the beautiful, that intense feeling or passion, that sits crowned in the soul of every artist, be he painter, poet, or sculptor; but so true to nature does the poet paint, mingling the real and ideal, and the ideal and real, as only Shakspeare can, that some writers have considered it, as merely the description of a beautiful youth, an Adonis, a British cadet hog-hunting, or an immaculate middy; well, each to his taste; there is in them also a divinity that stirreth.

Shakspeare's mind appears to have been as practical as poetical; and a mind so constituted may readily have caught the ridiculous side of sonneteering in general, and of the Delias and Amoretti in particular, many of which, though not yet published, were no doubt floating about in private circles; and thus the origin of his taking a beautiful youth for his poetical

lady-love may have been a quiz on those follies, just as Pamela gave rise to Joseph Andrews.

It may here be remarked, that 'my love' means 'my friend'; but the expression always carries with it a high degree of respect. It should also always be borne in mind, that these sonnets were not written for publication, were given, it is presumable, to the youth himself, by himself distributed amongst his own personal friends, and were preserved as precious jewels with such care, that they were not even surreptitiously printed, 'till ten years after it was known, many 'sugared sonnets' by Shakspeare were in circulation amongst 'private friends'; and further, it should be remembered, that the gist of the story runs, marry and transmit a copy of your beautiful face to posterity, or you must live in my immortal lines; so that the poet naturally, and of necessity, swaggers up his own rhymes; yet parties, mistaking this healthy and cheerful vein, accuse him of a presuming and boastful strain.

In the 58th Sonnet, the "better spirit" is supposed to be Spenser or Daniel; and the 63rd is supposed to refer to Dr. Dee; but it is not probable, that Spenser, living in Ireland, could have been a rival for the favour or friendship of Southampton or of any other lord; and Daniel's versification does not correspond with "the proud full sail of his great verse"; nor could he "write above a mortal pitch"; but Marlowe is the man—Tamburlaine and Faustus; the familiar ghost, Mephistophiles; Marlowe was also just the splendid

and dissipated character to dazzle and lead the young lord astray. There was another and more creditable bond of union between them—both being Cambridge men. Marlowe was born in Feb., 1564, and took his degree of A.M. in 1587; and Southampton, in 1589. Marlowe, though only two months older, became a celebrity before Shakspeare: having produced Tamburlaine the Great before 1587, which was the first successful experiment in blank verse on the public stage.

It is pleasing to see, that Shakspeare respected the genius of his great competitor; and, no doubt, Bacchus took the good-humoured quizzing of Horace all for gospel, as a just tribute of respect due to his all-powerful muse; soon afterwards Marlowe died, having done his work,—improved the stage and corrupted our love,—who then broke the spell of the enchantress, setting his poor lover free to go onwards in his course, the mighty conqueror in the realms of thought.

As Marlowe died in June, 1593, the date of the first portion of the sonnets may be fixed in 1591-2, which supposition is corroborated by the 29th Sonnet, in which the poet says, he has been acquainted with his friend three years. As the young Earl took his degree at St. John's, Cambridge, in 1589, *æt.* sixteen, he may have been a frequenter of the theatre and acquainted with Shakspeare previously to Christmas of that year; and it is very probable, he may have been in London for a short time during the summer, in

which case this sonnet may have been written as early as June, 1592; and the first twenty sonnets presented to his lordship on his birthday in Oct., 1591, *æt.* 18, at which age Shakspeare married. In the 87th he describes himself unmistakably as a young man looking several years older than he actually is; the 88th is merely a continuation of the 87th; and it seems to me beyond a doubt, that the strong expressions about "tann'd antiquity, crush'd and o'erworn, and age's steepy night," are merely the exaggerations of a young poet "writing for effect;" the 95th has always been regarded as a proof, that the poet was at least in middle age, and had probably reached his fortieth year.

95th Sonnet.

That time of year thou may'st in me behold,
 When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
 Upon those houghs 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 sunset fadeth in the west,
 Which by and by black night doth take away,
 Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
 In me thou 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.

Let us analyse it—

"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."

I presume, he means us to understand by the glowing

embers on the ashes of his youth, that he is in early manhood—his youth just passed—in weakly health, and likely soon to die; divide life into three stages—youth, manhood, and old age; youth might extend to the twenty-fifth year, manhood to the fiftieth, and old age might claim the rest; he cannot, then, be regarded as older than *æt.* 32, since he is only kept alive by some youthful blood still flowing in his veins; and he is, under the circumstances, fully justified in depicting himself as in the twilight of his day, his sun set fast sinking into night; for had he shortly afterwards died, he would have uttered not only a poetical, but a literal truth.

“In me thou *seest* the glowing of such fire,”

“In me thou *seest* the twilight of such day.”

But he does not say,—

“That time of year thou ‘*dost*’ but thou *may’st*.”

He does not assert, that he actually is in the autumn of his life, but that he looks so. These sonnets, therefore, prove, that the poet is really a young man, but looking old for his years; in the 87th and 88th, in good health and spirits; but in the 95th, despondent, in bad health, anticipating an early death.

I therefore believe, that the sonnets extend over the period from 1591 to the spring of 1596 at latest, when the Earl went to Spain in his twenty-third year, and Shakspeare was just *æt.* 32.

Having thus settled the date of the sonnets, we may now examine, how far the first 126¹ form a

¹ Edition 1609.

continuous poem, or are more or less connected together.

From the 1st to the 14th stanza, the poet urges his friend, under various images, to marry and transmit a copy of his beautiful face to posterity; or else, "I prognosticate, thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date." In the 15th he says, "I engraft you new," the first gentle whisper of "my immortal lines." In the 16th, "But wherefore do not you, &c., than in my barren rhyme," still very gentle. In the 17th the breeze rises, "Who will believe," &c. In the 18th, "Shall I compare," &c.

"So long as man can breathe or eye can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee."

Nothing more about marriage and a son. In the 19th his enthusiasm carries him away, "Devouring Time, blunt thou," &c.; "My love shall in my verse ever live young"; and I should like to know how his love was to live for ever young, unless he described him; so, in the 20th, the poet gives us the unrivalled description of his love.

Thus, these seven last stanzas, of which I have merely pointed out the connecting links, form a masterpiece of poetic art, worked up with consummate skill, a labour of love.

Twenty years afterwards the same hand wrote, and the same heart poured forth the following burst of feeling:—

"*Ant.*—O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!

Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
 That ever lived in the tide of times.
 Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood !
 Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,—
 Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
 To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue,—
 A curse shall light upon the limbs of men ;
 Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,
 Shall cumber all the parts of Italy :
 Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
 And dreadful objects so familiar,
 That mothers shall but smile when they behold
 Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war ;
 All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds :
 And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
 With Até by his side, come hot from hell,
 Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
 Cry 'Havock,' and let slip the dogs of war ;
 That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
 With carrion men groaning for burial."

Julius Cæsar, act iii. sc. 1.

Probably, some writers may say, these lines are not consecutive, but merely continuous, being held together by a "leading idea," and wound up to the climax of a hyperbolical passion; certainly they do not appear to me to be so consecutive, so dependent one upon the other, as the seven sonnets, which, rising in successive order one above the other, resemble the marble steps ascending to a Grecian temple, the 20th the god within.

From this point, the reader, affected by the exquisite pathos of various passages, wanders uncertain on through confused and unconnected stanzas, till, like the bursting out of sunshine, or the memory of young and happy days, suddenly strike on his delighted

senses the Sonnets 53, '4, '5;¹ no doubt has he, that these belong to the beautiful poem, from which they are so far removed, like three magnificent bowlders, rent asunder from their native mountain, and borne far away by an antediluvian ice-river.

In the 53rd, the poet again describes, with a prelude from the world of shadows an ideal beauty, being the union or absorption of the feminine into the masculine perfections; the 55th is an imitation of the *exegi monumentum* of Horace, and is, no doubt, the last stanza of the poem; the first part of which consists of twenty stanzas, and in the second part the lost sonnets probably amount to seven or seventeen; and as in the 53rd and 54th the poet praises his friend for his constancy and truth, the two great virtues of chivalry, it is possible, the missing sonnets may refer to the virtues and career of a gentle knight; and I may further add, how unmeaning and unintelligible in their present position are the four lines about shadows in the 53rd; but how natural and full of meaning, if we view them as having a reference to previous sonnets, describing the knightly virtues and accomplishments of his friend.

Amongst all the sonnets there is not one that can be interposed between the 20th and 53rd, except a sonnet in the *Passionate Pilgrim*, having a reference to Spenser, and which, "unquestionably, bears the mark of Shakspeare's hand"; I have, therefore, placed it between the 20th and 53rd, as the representative of

¹ Ed. 1609; but in this Ed. 22, 23, 24.

the missing sonnets. As the 143rd and 151st were also published in the *Passionate Pilgrim* in 1599, it will be seen, I have not committed such an impropriety, nor taken so great a liberty, as might at first have been imagined; but in restoring this sonnet to its place, have only done an act of justice and benevolence. Furthermore, in the last line it confirms and ratifies my opinion, that the missing sonnets refer to the virtues and career of a gentle knight; it also corroborates the supposition, that the sonnets were commenced in 1591, at which time Dowland was the fashionable musician, and Spenser, who was in England in 1590-1, had just published in the *Tears of the Muses*,

“ He, the man whom Nature self had made
To mock herself, and Truth to imitate,
With kindly counter, under mimie shade,
Our pleasant Willy, ah! is dead of late.”

Here ends the First Part of the Sonnets, a Poem, essentially a work of art.

The Second and Third Parts consist of “poetical epistles,” or at least, of their lamentable remains; it is the man that speaks, sometimes showing his wit and ingenuity, occasionally glimpses of his innermost feelings; but not unfrequently the poet breaks forth, gilding or glooming the scene. In the arrangement of these epistles, I have been guided by the death of Marlowe, and the publication of the poems, but more especially, as far as my judgment goes, by their versification and tone, and by their internal contents.

The Journey, full of anxiety about thieves, naturally precedes the Rival, as a good opportunity for Marlowe to steal my love away and introduce him to a "fast set"; just as Steele, to the great distress and agony of Addison, carried off Sir Roger de Coverley.

The first epistle, I believe, was written about six months or so after the poem or First Part; I am led to this conclusion by its light, airy, and cheerful vein, and particularly by the second stanza, No. 26, where "both truth and beauty" directly connects it with the 14th in the First Part; and in the 29th, although he has known him for three years, "yet doth beauty, like a dial hand, steal from his figure and no pace perceived"; his friend must therefore still be a very young man, and to whom the term boy may, by a much older friend, still be applied; the 32nd most probably refers to domestic or internal peace, and to the general prosperity of the country, the Catholics having become reconciled to the Queen's government, and there being no longer any serious danger to be dreaded from the power of Spain; and though, probably, several sonnets are missing, the 37th must have been the last stanza of this epistle, or of a similar one, as "To witness duty not to show my wit," points to an epistle of some length.

This first epistle may have been written in June, 1592, the next in July; there was then a break in the intercourse; and the third and fourth were probably not written till December or January; the Journey in March or April, and the Rival in May; I

had so arranged them, when I found these notions or suppositions corroborated by the two sonnets to the lady, 122 and 123, on Absence in the Autumn and in April. Furthermore, the two epistles¹ following the Rival, not only as to the time of their composition, but also in the sentiments, coincide remarkably with the sonnets depicting the unhappiness of an illicit love. In the 75th, "And thou presentest a pure untainted prime," shows, that his young friend, though he had occasionally associated with Marlowe, had not yet become a rake or dissipated character, of which there is some danger according to the second epistle,² in the Third Part, written probably towards the end of the year; from which time we may presume, Shakspeare spent his leisure hours in composing the Lucrece, published in May, 1594, and which was probably intended to terminate the poetical connection; but it was again recommenced, perhaps towards Christmas, by the epistle on Time, Sonnets 87 to 92, in which the poet begins cheerfully, but soon passes by meditating on the subject into a more serious mood; the remaining epistles were, of course, written in 1595, or at latest, before Southampton went to Spain in 1596; from which time, Shakspeare devoted himself

¹ The 76th and 77th are two isolated sonnets; but they fit well in as an ending to the last epistle.

² Mr. C. Knight has clearly proved that this epistle, or at least the 84th Sonnet, must have been written long before 1596, since the line, "Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds," is quoted in Edward the Third, a play attributed to Shakspeare, and published in 1596, after being "sundry times played" in different theatres.

to the theatre and his farm, rapidly becoming a prosperous man, enjoying the best society in London, and acknowledged as the greatest poet of the day, and finally, spending the latter years of his life beloved and respected in his native town.

It is interesting to see how, in these latter epistles, Shakspeare has completely forgotten that his noble friend may, 'by advised respects,' find it necessary to drop the acquaintance of the 'poor player'; I cannot understand the two last, unless they mean, coloured by poetic diction and feeling, that the poet has been so much flattered and caressed by other noble friends, that he has literally turned the tables, and for a season has by his own advised respects neglected the society of his earlier friend. Nor do I see upon what grounds Hallam can speak so harshly of "Shakspeare's humiliation in addressing him (the youth) as a being before whose feet he crouches, whose frown he fears," unless the accomplished critic mistakes for meanness the loving tenderness and pathos of the poet, who even, to the last stanza, always speaks of his friend as his best and dearest bosom friend, "mutual render, only me for thee."

Having now sorted and drawn together the poem and epistles, we make the delightful discovery, that all the Amatory Sonnets have dropped through, like little fishes through the meshes of a net, and have no connection whatever with our love, *being, in fact, directly and essentially opposed to the whole spirit of the poem and epistles.* I have, therefore, placed them,

twenty-two in number, in the Fourth Part, forming the first portion of the Sonnets to a Lady.

To the above statement it may be added, that these sonnets give rise to a curious comparison between three great national divinities or gods—Shakspere, Goethe, and Voltaire :—Voltaire, with his lady intellectual and his princely love ; of them Carlyle has favoured us with his thoughts ;—Goethe, with his lady of the stony heart and his ducal love ; they may be left to the gentle handling of Mr. Lewes ;—Shakspere, with his lady of the raven black eyes and his lordly love ; of these it may be said, the moral power is not dead, but sleepeth ; and when in after-years in the sermon with Nature's own hand written, Antony and Cleopatra, Enobarbus and Octavia, and Cæsar, the impersonated moral force, appear upon the stage,¹ the conviction forces itself on our minds, that though for a time, Shakspere fell a victim at the shrine of beauty, yet his affections and esteem remained true to “ his country lass of low degree.”

It may be inferred from several observations, that Shakspere in this affair was not, like Goethe, the pur-

¹ Lepidus is evidently Marlowe ; and, strangest of all, Sextus Pompeius is William Herbert ; and Menas, Thomas Thorpe. It is not probable, that Miss Anne Hathaway ever dreamt of being the sister of Cæsar and the wife of a greater than Cæsar ; but was Shakspere himself conscious of his own position in the world of poetry and thought ? Certainly, this play proves it ; but this self-consciousness is not in the least degree necessarily connected with pride or vanity ; it is the repose, the calm majesty of the Olympian Jove ; and when Antony acknowledges himself a Roman by a Roman valiantly vanquished, it is the Shakspere of 1593 acknowledging the moral supremacy and greatness of him of 1613.

suer, but the pursued; and his defence of his friend may be reasonably conjectured as the true statement of his own case, "when a woman woos," &c.; but, be that as it may, it is evident, from various sonnets describing the torments of an unlawful passion, that he had already awakened from his infatuation, even before his friend so haply cut the Gordian knot and released him from his Egyptian bondage. The various utterances about "harmful deeds," "bewailed guilt," &c., merely refer to his position as a player, and to the ordinary pleasures of social life, harmless amusements in themselves, but carried to excess, harmful deeds, and regarded, then as now, even in their most innocent form, by the stricter religious sects as sins—the theatre the greatest crime of all. Coleridge says, Shakspeare has no innocent adulteries, no interesting incests, no virtuous vice, like Beaumont and Fletcher, the Kotzebues of the day; "even the letters of women of high rank in his age were often coarser than his writings;" and a Hertfordshire incumbent points to the moral sympathies evoked by his creations, as the basis or foundation of the future Christianity of India.

There was once an attempt to prove, that Shakspeare was brought up as a Catholic; he certainly knew something about the Confessional, as may be seen by the following extract from the *Lucrece*, Stanza 51, when Tarquin has his hand on the chamber-door, he starts, frightened at the thought of his *intended* crime, but *is instantly reassured*:—

“ Then Love and Fortune be my gods, my guide!
 My will is back'd with resolution:
 Thoughts are but dreams till their effects he tried,
The blackest sin is clear'd with absolution.”

The story, that he cut his wife off with an old bedstead, has been happily disproved by Mr. Knight, and thus what has always been regarded as a proof of his supposed profligacy, turns out to be a proof of his affection for his wife, “our plesant Willy” to the last. Putting aside idle reports and after-dinner jokes, all evidence, worthy of credit, leads to the conclusion, that with one single exception, Shakspeare's conduct through life was strictly moral and religious; as an atonement for this one error, he toiled twenty years in promoting the moral and intellectual development of his country and of the world at large, closing, as if by permission of Providence, his meritorious career with his “wonderful” Reply¹ to the tale in the Sonnets.

As all the various theories and hypotheses with regard to the reality or unreality, &c., of the sonnets have arisen from the defective arrangement in the Edition 1609, I now lay before the public this new arrangement, and with the greatest respect, leave it to their judgment to decide, how far I may have solved the mystery, or may, at least, have assisted in throwing a little more light on the subject.

¹ “Of all Shakspeare's historical plays,” says Coleridge, “Antony and Cleopatra is by far the most wonderful.” “The epithet wonderful,” observes Mr. C. Knight, “is unquestionably the right one to apply to this drama. It is too vast, too gorgeous, to be approached without some prostration of the understanding.”—*Pictorial Shakspeare; Tragedies*, vol. ii. page 355.

It may perhaps be advisable, and more satisfactory to the reader to point out, how far the characters in the Sonnets and in the Play agree or tally one with another.

The two ladies readily answer for themselves—Cleopatra being, of course, the lady with the raven black eyes; and Octavia, Mrs. W. Shakspeare.

Enobarbus also, the personal friend and favourite officer of Antony, treacherous, repentant, and forgiven, is easily recognized as Lord Southampton, who was in after-life “a great captain in the Spanish wars, and in the Low Countries.”

That Antony is Shakspeare, and not the Mark Antony of history, cannot be better shown than by quoting a few lines from the *Pictorial Shakspeare*: “Mark Antony, as Plutarch informs us, affected the Asiatic manner of speaking, which much resembled his own temper, being ambitious, unequal, and very rhodomontade.” “Antony,” says Mr. C. Knight, “was of the poetical temperament—a man of high genius,” &c. What can be more exquisite than his mention of Octavia’s weeping at the parting with her brother?—

The April’s in her eyes: it is love’s spring,
And these the showers to bring it on.

And, higher still:—

Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue: the swan’s down feather,
That stands upon the swell at the full tide,
And neither way inclines.

This, we think, is not the “Asiatic manner of speaking.”

At Pompey's feast, "the dashing, clever, genial Antony," "hoaxes Lepidus with the most admirable fooling."

"The scene which terminates with Antony falling on his sword is in the highest style of Shakspeare; but, be it observed, the poetry is all in keeping with the character of the man."

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'st me.

Eros. Ay, noble lord.

Ant. Sometime we see a cloud that's dragonish:
A vapour, sometime like a bear, or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon 't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air: thou hast seen these signs;
They are black vesper's pageants.

Eros. Ay, my lord.

Ant. That which is now a horse, even with a thought
The rack dislimns; and makes it indistinct,
As water is in water.

Eros. It does my lord.

Ant. My good knave, Eros, now thy captain is
Even such a body; here I am Antony,
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.

"The images describe the Antony, melting into nothingness; but the splendour of the imagery is the reflection of Antony's mind, which, thus enshrined in poetry, can never become "indistinct," will always "hold this visible shape."

Cæsar is the good Shakspeare, who thus beautifully portrays the contest and ultimate ascendancy of his moral feelings over his evil inclinations:—

Ant. Say to me,
Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's or mine?

Sooth. Cæsar's.

Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side :
 Thy demon (that thy spirit which keeps thee) is
 Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
 Where Cæsar's is not ; but near him thy angel
 Becomes a Fear, as being overpow'rd ; therefore
 Make space enough between you.

Notwithstanding the high eulogiums which have been lavished on this wonderful play, on making, as it were, an anatomical dissection thereof, we are forced to confess, the two last scenes in the second act bear all the appearance of an interpolation, as not being necessary to the action of the piece ; but such is not really the case ; Schlegel hits the mark, when he says, "under the apparent artlessness of adhering closely to history, as he (Sh.) found it, an uncommon degree of art is concealed ;" certainly, a degree of art that Schlegel never dreamt of. Learned physiologists have supposed, that Nature inserted the spleen into our left side merely to fill up a vacuum ; but, in reality, she put it there for a specific purpose of her own, and not merely to stop up a hole and give us poor mortals the ague and spleen ; so in like manner these two scenes, with a dinner of jolly fellows and an Emperor drunk, Shakspeare also inserted for a specific purpose of *his own*, and not merely to fill up a gap and give the ague and spleen to the critics of France.

"William Earl of Pembroke was the most universally beloved and esteemed of any man of that age." "He was not only a great favourer of learned and ingenious men, but was himself learned, and endowed to admiration with a poetical genie, as by those

amorous and not inelegant aires and poems of his composition doth evidently appear; some of which had musical notes set to them by Henry Lawes."

Heminge and Condell, in the dedication of Shakspeare's Plays in 1623, to William Earl of Pembroke, and Philip Earl of Montgomery, his brother, thus testify to the friendly connection between the Earl and the Poet:—

"But since your Lordshippes have beene pleased to thinke these trifles some-thing heereto-fore, and have prosecuted both them, and their author living, with so much favour: we hope that (they out-living him, and he not having the fate, common with some, to be exequutor to his owne writings), you will use the like indulgence towards them, you have done unto their parent."

Ant. Our slippery people begin to throw
 Pompey the Great, and all his dignities,
 Upon his son; who, high in name and power,
 Higher than both in blood and life, stands up
 For the main soldier:

and again,—

Ant. I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst Pompey;
 For he hath laid strange courtesies, and great,
 Of late upon me.

Pompey twice remarks, replying to Antony, "At land, indeed thou dost o'ercount me of my father's house." "O, Antony, you have my father's house;" what is all this about my father's house? True, Antony had bought the house of Pompey the Great and forgot to pay for it; but it is in these apparent

trifles, that Shakspeare shows his wonderful art, there being a concealed meaning attached to them; as if the nephew of Sir Philip Sydney had said, "You stand in my uncle's shoes, you are now the great poet of the day;" as Wm. Herbert himself was "endowed to admiration with a poetical genie," he thus stood to Shakspeare in the same relative position that Pompey did to Antony. Again, to Menas' proposal to murder "these three world-sharers" now in his galley, Pompey replies:—

Thou must know,
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour;
Mine honour, it.

How comes it, that Shakspeare did not use the very words of Pompey according to North's *Plutarch*, which are grander, more appropriate, and fall so naturally into verse—"as for myself, I was never taught to break my faith, nor to be counted a traitor." Why does he change these words into modern phraseology about honour,—because Shakspeare's opinion, derived from personal observation and acquaintance, coincided with what Clarendon says of the Earl of Pembroke (*vide* Boaden on the Sonnets, I like to give my authority), "after whose death he had likewise such offices of his as he most affected, of honour and command; none of profit, which he cared not for;" therefore, to speak with Boaden-like positiveness—"there can be no doubt about it—the fact is upon record"—Pompey is William Herbert—"the quotation" from Clarendon proves it. It is also evident, that W. H. knew something about the love affair,—

- Pom.* Then so much have I heard :—
 And I have heard, Apollodorus carried—
Eno. No more of that :—He did so.
Pom. What, I pray you ?
Eno. A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress.
Pom. I know thee now : how far'st thou, soldier ?

What does this mean, but the recognition of the Earls, Pembroke and Southampton, under these assumed names.

In act ii. sc. 6, is the following discourse between Menas and Enobarbus :—

- Eno.* You have done well by water.
Men. And you by land.
Eno. I will praise any man that will praise me ;
 Though it cannot be denied what I have done by land.
Men. Nor what I have done by water.
Eno. Yes, something you can deny for your own safety :
 You have been a great thief by sea.
Men. And you by land.
Eno. There I deny my land service.

How trifling and unmeaning is such a conversation between these two great officers ; but when we know, that Menas, the pirate, is Thomas Thorpe, the piratical publisher, and Enobarbus, Lord Southampton, there comes a change over the scene ; then is Southampton's repentant expression, "there I deny my land service," highly amusing and rich in the extreme.

Marlowe was a learned man, but had no wit or humour in him ; a worthless character, drunken and irreligious ; *vide* his Life and Writings, by Rev. A. Dyce. "Chapman was a man religious and temperate—qualities Marlowe appears not to have possessed."

“ Then weeneth he his base drink-drowned spright
Rapt to the three-fold loft of heaven hight.”

“ A poet was he of repute,
And wrote full many a playe,
Now strutting in a silken sute,
Then begging by the way.”

“ It was not the production of Marlowe, to whom, we have good reason to believe, Nature had denied even a moderate talent for the humorous.”

Julius Cæsar, act iv. scene 1 :—

- Ant.* But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house ;
Fetch the will hither, &c. [Exit Lepidus.]
- Ant.* This is a slight unmeritable man, &c.
- Oct.* You may do your will ;
But he's a tried and valiant soldier.
- Ant.* So is my horse, Octavius ; &c.,
A barren-spirited fellow ; one that feeds
On objects, arts, and imitations,
Which, out of use, and stal'd by other men,
Begin his fashion.

How accurate is this description: a slight unmeritable man ; barren-spirited, no wit or humour in him ; feeds on objects and arts—a learned man ; and imitations stal'd by other men, a direct reference to Sonnets 55, 56, and 57 ; this line, “ feeds on objects, arts, and imitations,” has much distressed and sorely puzzled the critical mind ; but Marlowe is the pass-word ; Octavius, however, says, “ he is a tried and valiant soldier ;” to be sure, he has done some service—written Tamburlaine and Faustus.

In *Antony and Cleopatra*, act ii. scene 7, Antony “ hoaxes Lepidus with the most admirable fooling,” at Pompey's feast.

Lep. What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

Ant. It is shaped, sir, like itself, &c. &c.

Lep. 'Tis a strange serpent.

Ant. 'Tis so. And the tears of it are wet.

Cæs. Will this description satisfy him?

Ant. With the health that Pompey gives him; else he is a very epicure.

Pom. This health to Lepidus.

Ant. Bear him ashore.—I'll pledge it for him, Pompey.

Eno. There's a strong fellow, Menas.

[*Pointing to the Attendant who carries off Lepidus.*]

Men. Why?

Eno. A bears the third part of the world, man: seest not?

Is not this "hoaxing" identical with the Sonnets 58 and 63. "Oh, how I faint," &c. &c.; "by spirits taught to write above a mortal pitch," by the Devil, Belzebub, and Mephistophiles. Yet these sonnets are taken in a serious light by the commentators, who do not perceive, that Shakspeare is quizzing "the better spirit," nor do they see the delicate irony, with which he touches up the young Earl himself.

As Marlowe got his livelihood by writing plays, what was more natural, the theatres being closed on account of the plague, than that such a character should act the sycophant and panegyryze the rich and generous Southampton—the liberal patron of the Muses, and at the same time also, "his especial friend"—

Pom. Lepidus flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd; but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.

Act iii. sc. 2. *Agrippa* and *Enobarbus*.

Agr. 'Tis a noble Lepidus.

Eno. A very fine one: O, how he loves Cæsar!

Agr. Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony!

Eno. Cæsar? Why, he's the Jupiter of men.

Agr. What's Antony? The god of Jupiter.

Eno. Spake you of Cæsar? How? the non-pareil!

Agr. O Antony! O thou Arabian bird!

Eno. Would you praise Cæsar, say,—Cæsar;
—go no further.

Agr. Indeed, he plied them both with excellent praises.

Eno. But he loves Cæsar best:—yet he loves Antony:

Ho! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets, cannot
Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, ho, his love
To Antony. But as for Cæsar
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

Agr. Both he loves.

Eno. They are his shards, and he their beetle.

Can any Shaksperian critic explain or make a meaning out of the above beautiful piece of nonsense? What is meant by Agrippa saying, Antony is the god of Jupiter; when he knows that Cæsar's demon is the more powerful of the two; but light dawns upon us, on considering, that Marlowe, in his bombastic style, may have lauded Southampton as Jupiter, to whom Shakspeare was a god; and Cæsar is "Cæsar—go no further," is a direct reference to Sonnet 61.

Who is it that says most? which can say more,
Than this rich praise,—that you alone are you?
&c. &c.

Thus, this conversation, the imitations, and the hoaxing at Pompey's feast, all refer to the same epistle in the Sonnets, and to the same persons in the same relative position.

On the departure of Antony and Octavia, says,

Cæs. Adieu, be happy!

Lep. Let all the number of the stars give light
To thy fair way!

Cæs. Farewell, farewell!

Ant. Farewell!

And so exit Lepidus with Marlowe's "mighty line." May I ask, where did Shakspeare meet with this character of Lepidus—a slight unmeritable man, a tried and valiant soldier, barren-spirited, learned, an imitator, easily hoaxed, drunken, and a gross-painting, grandiloquent poet?

To conclude, Antony is evidently not the Mark Antony of history, but the fully developed Shakspeare of 1593—an archangel ruined; Lord Southampton is clearly pointed at in Enobarbus; the character of Marlowe is drawn with extraordinary accuracy; the Earl of Pembroke is very distinctly marked; and the allusion to Thomas Thorpe a home-thrust. It is impossible that Shakspeare, in his fiftieth year, could, even offhand as a sketch, have written these passages without a clear and definite object; and yet the two apparently trifling and unmeaning conversations, the one with Menas, and the other about Lepidus, might have been omitted, and the parts of Pompey and Lepidus might have been dismissed in a few words, just like Fulvia, without injury to the body of the work; and perhaps the play would then have been cast in a more classical mould, less distasteful to French critics, and more worthy of a Daniel or a Pembroke's mother; but it would not have been a Reply to the tale in the Sonnets.

www.libtool.com.cn

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

To avoid little disfiguring notes, the following words should be remembered; they occur several times:—Fair: beauty. To unfair: to deprive of beauty. To owe: to own. Amiss: fault. Counterfeit: portrait.

Sonnet 23.—‘ By ’ verse ’ is evidently a misprint for ‘ my ’; the poet means ‘ my immortal verse,’ and not anybody’s verse.

Sonnet 42.—“ My rose ” was formerly applicable to young gentlemen as well as to young ladies; Ophelia says of Hamlet, that he was “ the expectancy and rose of the fair state.”

Sonnet 45.—

None else to me, nor I to none alive,
That my steel’d sense or changes, right or wrong.¹

It must be granted, “ this passage is obscure, and that there is probably a misprint; ” if we read, “ or changes right or wrong, ” it might be explained, “ whatever I do, I am always in the wrong, therefore my steel’d sense (in reality, his indignant feelings) will make no change, no difference between right or wrong towards others; ” he will judge them as they judge him.

Sonnets 48 and 67.—Notwithstanding “ his singularly majestic personal presence, ” it has been supposed, that he was lame, from certain expressions in these two sonnets; but in each instance it means lame in character and not in body. Thus in the 67th, “ Speak of my lameness and I straight will halt, ” in other words say, I am lame, and straight I will be lame, has no meaning, or at least he was not bodily lame be-

¹ Ed. 1609.

fore. The author means, Speak of my occupation as a player, and straight I will acknowledge it, as just cause for your forsaking me. In the 48th the meaning is less obscure, and is clearly pointed out in the 44th.

Not only was the position of a 'poor player' in the social scale essentially 'low caste,' but in those times there was a general belief, a deep-rooted prejudice, that a player must necessarily be a bad man, of irreligious and licentious habits; and Shakspeare, being of a kind and genial disposition, was just the very subject, a rich prey for misrepresentations; how deeply he suffered at this period from these malignant scandal-mongers may be seen in various sonnets. It has been well observed by Mr. C. Knight, that "the friendship of Southampton in all likelihood raised the humble actor to that just appreciation of himself, which could alone prevent his nature from being subdued to what it worked in." So disreputable was it to have any connection with the stage, that he says in the 94th, "I am shamed by that which I bring forth;" even the productions of him and his compeers, being addressed to the million, were looked down upon by the classicists and scholars of the day, as not belonging to the legitimate drama, but as something gross and barbarous—a Ragged School of poetry.

Sonnet 96.—It has been observed, that in one passage, Shakspeare appears to speak of committing suicide; this suspicion has arisen from a misconception of this line, "the coward conquest of a wretch's knife;" but the whole context of the two sonnets, 95 and 96, forbids the application of the term wretch to the writer himself; the meaning of the passage is, "this body, the coward conquest of death's knife;" and in the first line, "that fell arrest without all bail," surely means the hand of death.

Sonnet 105.—*Seconds.*—There has been much discussion about the meaning of this word, &c. Seconds is an inferior kind of flour, second-best; the poet means, my oblation, my love is pure, and not mixed up with any inferior matter or base motive; it is not given to the Earl, high in favour at

Court, nor to the rich and bounteous patron, but to Henry Wriothesley, "mutual render, only me for thee"; and it was on these terms, that years afterwards, the Earl spoke of him as "his especial friend"; the preceding stanza shows the meaning distinctly. www.libtool.com.cn

Sonnet 125.—"My most true mind thus maketh mine untrue."¹ Untrue is said to be here used as a substantive; but "my most true mind thus maketh my untruth," has no sense, or very little; there is evidently an error in the text; that

"My most true mind thus maketh m' eye (or m' eyne) untrue," is the correct reading, is clearly shown by the first six lines of the sonnet, and by two lines in the next,

"Or whether shall I say mine eye saith true,
And that your love taught it this alchymy."

Sonnet 134.—By regarding the sonnets as isolated, the 74th has been erroneously considered as addressed to a female; and that exquisite sonnet, the 134th, has been quite misunderstood, since the expression, "save in thy deeds," refers to "tyrannous," and "slander" has reference to the sixth line.

Sonnet 155.—

"Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
Fool'd by those rebel powers that thee array,"

in the Pictorial Shakspeare, is the following note:—"In the original copy we have the following reading:—

'Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
My sinful earth these rebel powers that thee array.'

The received reading is a conjectural emendation by Malone. When the change in the text must rest wholly on conjecture, and some change is absolutely necessary, it appears to us that the change which has been established is in most cases better than any improvement."

It appears, however, to me, that Malone's emendation is contrary to the spirit and pathos of the whole sonnet; the

¹ Edition 1609.

soul is not made a fool of, but makes itself a slave to the body, as we say, such a man is the slave of his passions; I have, therefore, ventured to make another emendation, and respectfully lay it before the critical public:—

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



S O N N E T S.

PART FIRST.

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 budhuriest 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.

II.

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,
 And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
 Thy youth's proud livery, so gazed on now,
 Will be a tatter'd weed, of small worth held :
 Then being ask'd where all thy beauty lies,
 Where all the treasure of thy lusty days ;
 To say, within thine own deep sunken eyes,
 Were an all-eating shame, and thriftless praise.
 How much more praise deserved thy beauty's use,
 If thou could'st 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, unless some mother.
 For where is she so fair, whose un-ear'd¹ womb
 Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry ?
 Or who is he so fond,² 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.

¹ 'Un-ear'd:' unploughed.—² 'Fond:' foolish.

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 boundless largess given thee to give?
 Profitless usurer, why dost thou use
 So great a sum of sums, yet canst not live?
 For having traffic with thyself alone,
 Thou of thyself thy sweet self dost deceive.
 Then how, when nature calls thee to be gone,
 What acceptable audit canst thou leave?
 Thy unused beauty must be tomb'd with thee,
 Which, used, lives thy 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'ersnow'd, and bareness everywhere:
 Then, were not summer's distillation left,
 A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,
 Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,
 Nor it, nor no remembrance what it was.
 But flowers distill'd, though they with winter meet,
 Lose¹ but their show; their substance still lives sweet.

¹ 'Lese:' lose.

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 happies¹ those that pay the willing loan ;
 That's for thyself to breed another thee,
 Or ten times happier, be it ten for one ;
 Ten times thyself were happier than thou art,
 If ten of thine ten times refigured thee :
 Then, what could death do if thou should'st 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 car,
 Like feeble age, he reeleth from the day,
 The eyes, 'fore duteous, now converted are
 From his low tract, and look another way :
 So thou, thyself outgoing in thy noon,
 Unlook'd on diest, unless thou get a son.

¹ 'Happies:' makes happy.

VIII.

Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly? ¹
 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-tunèd 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 wilt 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 ² wife:
 The world will be thy widow, and still weep
 That thou no form of thee hast left behind,
 When every private widow well may keep,
 By children's eyes, her husband's shape in mind.
 Look, what an unthrift in the world doth spend,
 Shifts but his place, for still the world enjoys it;
 But beauty's waste hath in the world an end,
 And kept unused, the user so destroys it.
 No love toward others in that bosom sits,
 That on himself such murderous shame commits.

¹ Thou, whom it is music to hear, why hearest thou, &c.

² 'Makeless:' mateless.

X.

For shame! deny that thou bear'st love to any,
 Who for thyself art so unprovident.
 Grant if thou wilt, thou art beloved 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.
 Oh change thy thought, that I may change my mind!
 Shall hate be fairer lodged 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 grow'st
 In one of thine, from that which thou departest;
 And that fresh blood which youngly thou bestow'st,
 Thou may'st call thine, when thou from youth convert
 Herein lives wisdom, beauty, and increase;
 Without this, folly, age, and cold decay:
 If all were minded so, the times should cease,
 And threescore years 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 thee more;
 Which bounteous gift thou should'st in beauty cherish
 She carved thee for her seal, and meant thereby,
 Thou should'st print more, nor 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 bredd, to brave him when he takes thee hence.

XIII.

Oh 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 ?
Oh ! 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 season's 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 heaveu 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 would'st convert :
 Or else of thee this I prognosticate,
 Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date.

XV.

When I consider everything that grows
 Holds in perfection but a little moment,
 That this huge state presenteth nought but shows
 Whereon the stars in secret influence comment ;
 When I perceive that men as plants increase,
 Cheerèd and check'd even by the 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 you living flowers,
Much liker than your painted counterfeit:
So should the lines of life that life repair,
Which this, Time's pencil, or my pupil pen,
Neither in inward worth, nor outward fair,
Can make you live yourself in eyes of men.
To give away yourself keeps yourself still;
And you must live, drawn by your own sweet skill.

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 stretched 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 chance, or nature's changing course, untrimm'd;
 But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
 Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
 Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
 When in eternal lines to time thou growest;
 So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
 So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

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-lived phoenix in her blood;
 Make glad and sorry seasons, as thou fleet'st,
 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:
 Oh 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,
 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.

If music and sweet poetry agree,
 As they must needs, the sister and the brother,
 Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
 Because thou lov'st the one, and I the other.
 Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch
 Upon the lute doth ravish human sense;
 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.

XXII.

What is your substance, whereof are you made,
 That millions of strange shadows on you tend?
 Since every one hath, every one, one's 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 foizon¹ 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.

XXIII.

Oh 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-blooms² have full as deep a dye,
 As the perfumèd tincture of the roses,
 Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
 When summer's breath their 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.

¹ 'Foizon:' plenty; the foison of the year: autumn.

² 'Canker-blooms:' the blossoms of the canker, or dog-rose.

XXIV.

Not marble, not the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme ;
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Than unswept stone, besmear'd with sluttish time. ✓
When wasteful war shall statues overturn, ✓
And broils root out the work of masonry,
Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn ✓
The living record of your memory.
'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth ; your praise shall still find room,
Even in the eyes of all posterity
That wear this world out to the ending doom.
So, till the judgment that yourself arise,
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

www.libtool.com.cn

www.libtool.com.cn

PART SECOND.

EP. I.]

XXV.

Where art thou, Muse, that thou forgett'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, restive 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 despisèd everywhere.
Give my love fame faster than Time wastes life;
So thou prevent'st his scythe, and crooked knife.

XXVI.

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 it lies in thee
To make him much outlive a gilded tomb,
And to be praised of ages yet to be.
Then do thy office, Muse; I teach thee how
To make him seem long hence as he shows now.

XXVII.

My love is strengthen’d, though more weak in seeming;
I love not less, though less the show appear;
That love is merchandised, whose rich esteeming
The owner’s tongue doth publish everywhere.
Our love was new, and then but in the spring,
When I was wont to greet it with my lays;
As Philomel in summer’s front doth sing,
And stops his pipe in growth of riper days:
Not that the summer is less pleasant now
Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night,
But that wild music burthens every bough,
And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.
Therefore, like her, I sometime hold my tongue,
Because I would not dull you with my song.

XXVIII.

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.
 Oh 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.

XXIX.

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
 For as you were when first your eye I eyed,
 Such seems your beauty still. Three winters cold
 Have from the forests shook three summers' pride;
 Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd
 In process of the seasons have I seen,
 Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,
 Since first I saw you fresh which yet are green,
 Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial hand,
 Steal from his figure, and no pace perceived;
 So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,
 Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceived,
 For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred,
 Ere you were born, was beauty's summer dead.

XXX.

Let not my love be call'd idolatry,
 Nor my belovèd as an idol show,
 Since all alike my songs and praises be,
 To one, of one, still such, and ever so.
 Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,
 Still constant in a wondrous excellence;
 Therefore my verse, to constancy confined,
 One thing expressing, leaves out difference.
 Fair, kind, and true, is all my argument,
 Fair, kind, and true, varying to other words;
 And in this change is my invention spent,
 Three themes in one, which wondrous scope affords.
 Fair, kind, and true, have often lived alone,
 Which three, till now, never kept seat in one.

XXXI.

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.

XXXII.

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
 Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,
 Can yet the lease of my true love control,
 Supposed as forfeit to a confined doom.
 The mortal moon hath her eclipse endured,
 And the sad augurs mock their own presage;
 Incertainties now crown themselves assured,
 And peace proclaims olives of endless age.
 Now with the drops of this most balmy time
 My love looks fresh, and death to me subscribes,¹
 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.

XXXIII.

What's in the brain that ink may character,
 Which hath not figured 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 case
 Weighs not the dust and injury of age,
 Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place,
 But makes antiquity for aye his page;
 Finding the first conceit of love there bred,
 Where time and outward form would show it dead.

¹ 'Subscribes:' submits.

XXXIV.

If there be nothing new, but that which is
 Hath been before, how are our brains beguiled,
 Which labouring for invention bear amiss
 The second burthen of a former child !
 Oh, 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 composèd wonder of your frame ;
 Whether we are mended, or whe'r¹ better they,
 Or whether revolution be the same.
 Oh ! sure I am, the wits of former days
 To subjects worse have given admiring praise.

XXXV.

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,²
 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.

¹ 'Whe'r:' whether.—² The ocean of light.

XXXVI.

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 famousèd for fight,
 After a thousand victories once foil'd,
 Is from the book of honour razèd 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.

XXXVII.

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.
 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 by moving,
 Points on me graciously with fair aspect,
 And puts apparel on my tatter'd loving,
 To show me worthy of thy sweet respect ;
 Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee,
 Till then, not show my head where thou may'st prove me.

EP. II.] 29

XXXVIII.

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
 I all alone bewep my outcast state,
 And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
 And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
 Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
 Featured like him, like him with friends possess'd,
 Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
 With what I most enjoy contented least ;
 Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
 Haply I think on thee,—and then my state
 ↗(Like to the lark at break of day arising
 From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's gate ;
 For thy sweet love remember'd, such wealth brings,
 That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

30

XXXIX.

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, unused to flow,
 For precious friends hid in death's dateless¹ night,
 And weep afresh love's long-since cancell'd woe,
 And moan the expense of² many a vanish'd sight.
 Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
 And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
 The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
 Which I new pay as if not paid before.
 But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
 All losses are restored, and sorrows end.

¹ 'Dateless : ' endless.—² 'Expense of : ' passing away of.

XL.

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 obsequious¹ tear
 Hath dear religious love stolen from mine eye,
 As interest of the dead, which now appear
 But things removed, that hidden in thee lie !
 Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
 Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,
 Who all their parts of me to thee did give ;
 That due of many now is thine alone :
 Their images I loved I view in thee,
 And thou (all they) hast all the all of me.

XLI.

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 outstripp'd by every pen,
 Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme,
 Exceeded by the height of happier men.
 Oh 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.'

¹ 'Obsequious : ' funereal.

EP. III.]

XLII.

Oh, 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.

XLIII.

Alas, 'tis true, I have gone here and there,
 And made myself a motley¹ to the view,
 Gored mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear,
 Made old offences of affections new.
 Most true it is, that I have look'd on truth
 Askance and strangely ; but, by all above,
 These blenches² gave my heart another youth,
 And worse essays proved thee my best of love.
 Now all is done, have what shall have no end :³
 Mine appetite I never more will grind
 On newer proof, to try an older friend,
 A God in love, to whom I am confined.
 Then give me welcome, next my heaven the best,
 Even to thy pure and most most loving breast.

¹ 'A motley:' a fool.—² 'Blenches:' deviations.—³ My constant affection.

XLIV.

Oh, for my sake do you with Fortune chide,
 The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
 That did not better for my life provide,
 Than public means, which public manners breeds.
 Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
 And almost thence my nature is subdued
 To what it works in, like the dyer's hand :
 Pity me then, and wish I were renew'd ;
 Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink
 Potions of eysell,¹ '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.

XLV.

Your love and pity doth the impression fill
 Which vulgar scandal stamp'd upon my brow ;
 For what care I who calls me well or ill,
 So you o'ergreen my bad, my good allow ?²
 You are my all-the-world, and I must strive
 To know my shames and praises from your tongue ;
 None else to me, nor I to none alive,
 That my steel'd sense or changes right or wrong.
 In so profound abysm I throw all care
 Of other's voices, that my adder's sense
 To critic and to flatterer stoppèd are.
 Mark how with my neglect I do dispense :—
 You are so strongly in my purpose bred,
 That all the world besides methinks are dead.

¹ Eysell : ' vinegar.—² ' Allow : ' approve.

XLVI.

'Tis better to be vile than vile esteem'd,
 When not to be receives reproach of being,
 And the just pleasure lost, which is so deem'd
 Not by our feeling, but by others' seeing.
 For why should others' false adulterate eyes
 Give salutation to my sportive blood?
 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.

EP. IV.]

XLVII.

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 separable¹ 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.

¹ 'Separable:' for separating.

XLVIII.

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 despised,
 Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give,
 That I in thy abundance am sufficed,
 And by a part of all thy glory live.
 Look what is best, that best I wish in thee ;
 This wish I have ; then ten times happy me !

XLIX.

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 ?
 Oh, 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 outlive long date.
 If my slight Muse do please these curious days,
 The pain be mine, but thine shall be the praise.

L.

Oh, how thy worth with manners may I sing,
 When thou art all the better part of me?
 What can mine own praise to mine own self bring?
 And what is 't but mine own, when I praise thee?
 Even for this let us divided live,
 And our dear love lose name of single one,
 That by this separation I may give
 That due to thee, which thou deserv'st alone.
 Oh absence, what a torment wouldst thou prove,
 Were it not thy sour leasure gave sweet leave
 To entertain the time with thoughts of love,
 (Which time and thoughts so sweetly doth deceive,)
 And that thou teachest how to make one twain,
 By praising him here, who doth hence remain!

EP. V.]

LI.

How heavy do I journey on the way,
 When what I seek—my weary travel's end—
 Doth teach that ease and that repose to say,
 'Thus far the miles are measured from thy friend!'
 The beast that bears me, tirèd with my woe,
 Plods dully on, to bear that weight in me,
 As if by some instinct the wretch did know
 His rider loved not speed, being made from thee:
 The bloody spur cannot provoke him on
 That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide,
 Which heavily he answers with a groan,
 More sharp to me than spurring to his side;
 For that same groan doth put this in my mind,
 My grief lies onward, and my joy behind.

LII.

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.
 Oh, 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.

LIII.

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 placèd are,
 Or captain¹ jewels in the carcanet.²
 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.

¹ ' Captain : ' chief.—² ' Carcanet : ' necklace.

LIV.

How careful was I when I took my way,
 Each trifle under truest bars to thrust,
 That, to my use, it might unuis'd 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 stolen, I fear,
 For truth proves thievish for a prize so dear.

EP. VI.]

LV.

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,¹
 That every word doth almost tell my name,
 Showing their birth, and where they did proceed ?
 Oh 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.

¹ ' Noted weed : ' a dress well known, and always the same.

LVI.

So oft have I invoked thee for my Muse,
And found such fair assistance in my verse,
As every alien pen hath got my use,
And under thee their poesy disperse.
Thine eyes, that taught the dumb on high to sing,
And heavy ignorance aloft to fly,
Have added feathers to the learned's wing,
And given grace a double majesty.
Yet be most proud of that which I compile,
Whose influence is thine, and born of thee :
In others' works thou dost but mend the style,
And arts with thy sweet graces gracèd be ;
But thou art all my art, and dost advance
As high as learning my rude ignorance.

LVII.

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.

LVIII.

Oh, how I faint when I of you do write,
 Knowing a better spirit¹ doth use your name,
 And in the ~~praise thereof spends all~~ his might,
 To make me tongue-tied, speaking of your fame !
 But since your worth (wide as the ocean is,)
 The humble as the proudest sail doth bear,
 My saucy bark, inferior far to his,
 On your broad main doth wilfully appear.
 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 godly pride :
 Then if he thrive, and I be cast away,
 The worst was this ;—my love was my decay.

LIX.

I grant thou wert not married to my Muse,
 And therefore may'st without attain't o'erlook
 The dedicated words which writers use
 Of their fair subject, blessing every book.
 Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue,
 Finding thy worth a limit past my praise ;
 And therefore art enforced to seek anew
 Some fresher stamp of the time-bettering days.
 And do so, love ; yet when they have devised
 What strained touches rhetoric can lend,
 Thou truly fair wert truly sympathised
 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.

¹ Marlowe.

LX.

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 modern¹ 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.

LXI.

Who is it that says most? which can say more,
 Than this rich praise,—that you alone are you?
 In whose confine immurèd 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 admirèd everywhere.
 You to your beauteous blessings add a curse,
 Being fond of praise, which makes your praises worse.

¹ 'Modern:' common.

LXII.

My tongue-tied Muse in manners holds her still,
 While comments of your praise, richly compiled,
 Reserve¹ their character with golden quill,
 And precious phrase by all the Muses filed.
 I think good thoughts, while others write good words,
 And, like unletter'd clerk, still cry 'Amen'
 To every hymn that able spirit affords,
 In polish'd form of well-refinèd pen.
 Hearing you praised, I say, ' 'Tis so, 'tis true,'
 And to the most of praise add something more;
 But that is in my thought, whose love to you,
 Though words come hindmost, holds his rank before.
 Then others for the breath of words respect,
 Me for my dumb thoughts, speaking in effect.

LXIII.

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 inhearse,
 Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew?
 Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write
 Above a mortal pitch, that struck me dead?
 No, neither he, nor his compeers by night
 Giving him aid, my verse astonished.
 He, nor that affable familiar ghost²
 Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,
 As victors, of my silence cannot boast;
 I was not sick of any fear from thence.
 But when your countenance filed³ up his line,
 Then lack'd I matter; that enfeebled mine.

¹ 'Reserve:' preserve.—² Mephistophiles.—³ 'Filed:' polished.

LXIV.

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.

EP. VII.]

LXV.

Against that time, if ever that time come,
 When I shall see thee frown on my defects,
 Whenas thy love hath cast his utmost sum,
 Call'd to that audit by advised respects;
 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.

LXVI.

When thou shalt be disposed to set me light,
 And place my merit in the eye of scorn,
 Upon thy side against myself I'll fight,
 And prove thee virtuous, though thou art forsworn,
 With mine own weakness being best acquainted,
 Upon thy part I can set down a story
 Of faults conceal'd, wherein I am attained ;
 That thou, in losing me, shalt win much glory :
 And I by this will be a gainer too ;
 For bending all my loving thoughts on thee,
 The injuries that to myself I do,
 Doing thee vantage, double-vantage me.
 Such is my love, to thee I so belong,
 That for thy right myself will bear all wrong.

LXVII.

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-belovèd 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

LXVIII.

Then hate me when thou wilt ; if ever, now ;
 Now while the world is bent my deeds to cross,
 Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,
 And do not drop in for an after-loss :
 Ah ! do not, when my heart hath 'scaped this sorrow,
 Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe ;
 Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
 To linger out a purposed overthrow.
 If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
 When other petty griefs have done their spite,
 But in the onset come ; so shall I taste
 At first the very worst of fortune's might ;
 And other strains of woe, which now seem woe,
 Compared with loss of thee will not seem so.

LXIX.

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.

LXX.

But do thy worst to steal thyself away,
 For term of life thou art assurèd 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.
 Oh 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 :

LXXI.

So shall I live supposing thou art true,
 Like a deceivèd 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 !

EP. VIII.]

LXXII.

Ah! wherefore with infection should he live,
 And with his presence grace impiety,
 That sin by him advantage should achieve,
 And lace¹ itself with his society?
 Why should false painting imitate his cheek,
 And steal dead seeming of the 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.
 Oh, him she stores, to show what wealth she had,
 In days long since, before these last so bad.

LXXIII.

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

¹ 'Lace:' embellish.

LXXIV.

Those parts of thee that the world's eye doth view,
 Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend :
 All tongues (the voice of souls) give thee that due,
 Uttering bare truth, even so as foes commend.
 Thine outward thus with outward praise is crown'd ;
 But those same tongues that gave 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 ¹ is this,—that thou dost common grow.

LXXV.

That thou art blamed shall not be thy defect,
 For slander's mark was ever yet the fair ;
 The ornament of beauty is suspect,²
 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 pass'd 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 should'st owe.

¹ 'Solve:' solution.—² 'Suspect:' suspicion.

LXXVVI.

Oh 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 delayed, answer'd must be,
 And her quietus is to render thee.

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, and thou shalt find
 Those children nursed, deliver'd from thy brain,
 To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.
 These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,
 Shall profit thee, and much enrich thy book.

www.libtool.com.cn

www.libtool.com.cn

PART THIRD,

EP. I.]

LXXVIII.

✓ 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 alchymy ;
 Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
 With ugly rack¹ on his celestial face,
 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.²

¹ ' Rack : ' vapours.—² ' Stain ' and ' staineth,' are here used with the signification of a verb neuter.

LXXIX.

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 :
 The offender's sorrow lends out but weak relief
 To him that bears the strong offence's cross.
 Ah ! but those tears are pearls, which thy love sheds,
 And they are rich, and ransom all ill deeds.

LXXX.

No more be grieved at that which thou hast done :
 Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud ;
 Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,
 And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud.
 All men make faults, and even I in this,
 Authorising 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.

LXXXI.

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 ¹ my love thou usest ;
 But yet be blamed, if thou thyself deceivest
 By wilful taste of what thyself refuseth.
 I do forgive thy robbery, gentle thief,
 Although thou steal thee all my poverty ;
 And yet, love knows, it is a greater grief
 To bear love's wrong than hate's known injury.
 Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shows,
 Kill me with spites ; yet we must not be foes.

LXXXII.

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

¹ 'For : ' because.

LXXXIII.

That thou hast her, it is not all my grief,
 And yet it may be said I loved her dearly ;
 That she hath thee, is of my wailing chief,
 A loss in love that touches me more nearly.
 Loving offenders, thus I will excuse ye :—
 Thou dost love her, because thou knew'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.

EP. II.]

LXXXIV.

They that have power to hurt and will do none,
 That do not do the thing they most do show,
 Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,
 Unmovèd, cold, and to temptation slow ;
 They rightly do inherit heaven's graces,
 And husband nature's riches from expense ;
 They are the lords and owners of their faces,
 Others but stewards of their excellence.
 The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
 Though to itself it only live and die ;
 But if that flower with base infection meet,
 The basest weed out-braves his dignity :
 For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds ;
 Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

LXXXV.

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!
 Oh, 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.
 Oh, what a mansion have those vices got,
 Which for their habitation chose out thee!
 Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot,
 And all things turn to fair, that eyes can see!
 Take heed, dear heart, of this large privilege;
 The hardest knife ill-used doth lose his edge.

LXXXVI.

Some say, thy fault is youth, some wantonness;
 Some say, thy grace is youth and gentle sport;
 Both grace and faults are loved of more and less:
 Thou mak'st faults graces that to thee resort.
 As on the finger of a thronèd queen
 The basest jewel will be well esteem'd;
 So are those errors that in thee are seen
 To truths translated, and for true things deem'd.
 How many lambs might the stern wolf betray,
 If like a lamb he could his looks translate!
 How many gazers might'st thou lead away,
 If thou would'st 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.

EP. III.]

LXXXVII.

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 gracious¹ 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.

LXXXVIII.

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.

¹ 'Gracious:' beautiful.

LXXXIX.

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced
 The rich-proud cost of outworn buried age ;
 When sometime lofty towers I see down-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 wat'ry 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.

XC.

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
 But sad mortality o'ersways their power,
 How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
 Whose action is no stronger than a flower ?
 Oh, 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 ?
 Oh 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 ?
 Oh none, unless this miracle have might,
 That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

XCI.

Tired with all these, for restful death I cry,—
 As, to behold desert a beggar born,
 And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,
 And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
 And gilded honour shamefully misplaced,
 And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
 And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,
 And strength by limping sway disabled,
 And art made tongue-tied by authority,
 And folly (doctor-like) controlling skill,
 And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,¹
 And captive good attending captain ill :
 Tired with all these, from these would I be gone,
 Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

XCII.

Or I shall live your epitaph to make,
 Or you survive when I in earth am rotten ;
 From hence your memory death cannot take,
 Although in me each part will be forgotten.
 Your name from hence immortal life shall have,
 Though I, once gone, to all the world must die :
 The earth can yield me but a common grave,
 When you entomb'd in men's eyes shall lie.
 Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
 Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read ;
 And tongues to be, your being shall rehearse,
 When all the breathers of this world are dead ;
 You still shall live (such virtue hath my pen),
 Where breath most breathes,—even in the mouths of men.

¹ 'Simplicity : ' folly.

EP. IV.]

XCIII.

No longer mourn for me, when I am dead,
 Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
 Give warning to the world that I am fled
 From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell :
 Nay, if you read this line, remember not
 The hand that writ it ; for I love you so,
 That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
 If thinking on me then should make you woe.
 Oh 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.

XCIV.

Oh, lest the world should task you to recite
 What merit lived in me, that you should love
 After my death,—dear love, forget me quite,
 For you in me can nothing worthy prove ;
 Unless you would devise some virtuous lie,
 To do more for me than mine own desert,
 And hang more praise upon deceased I
 Than niggard truth would willingly impart :
 Oh, 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 shamed by that which I bring forth,
 And so should you, to love things nothing worth.

XCV.

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 sunset fadeth in the west,
 Which by and by black night doth take away,
 Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
 In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,
 That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
 As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
 Consumed with that which it was nourish'd by.
 This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,
 To love that well which thou must leave ere long :

XCVI.

But be contented : when that fell arrest
 Without all bail shall carry me away,
 My life hath in this line some iinterest,
 Which for memorial still with thee shall stay.
 When thou reviewest this, thou dost review
 The very part was consecrate to thee.
 The earth can have but earth, which is his due ;
 My spirit is thine, the better part of me :
 So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,
 The prey of worms, my body being dead ;
 The coward conquest of a wretch's knife,
 Too base of thee to be remembered.
 The worth of that is that which it contains,
 And that is this, and this with thee remains.

EP. V.]

XCVII.

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:
 Oh 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.

XCVIII.

Accuse me thus; that I have scanted all
 Wherein I should your great deserts repay;
 Forgot upon your dearest love to call,
 Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day;
 That I have frequent been with unknown minds,
 And given to time your own dear-purchased right;
 That I have hoisted sail to all the winds
 Which should transport me farthest from your sight.
 Book both my wilfulness and errors down,
 And on just proof surmise accumulate,
 Bring me within the level of your frown,
 But shoot not at me in your waken'd hate:
 Since my appeal says, I did strive to prove
 The constancy and virtue of your love.

XCIX.

Like as, to make our appetites more keen,
 With eager¹ compounds we our palate urge :
 As, to prevent our maladies unseen,
 We sicken to shun sickness, when we purge ;
 Even so, being full of your ne'er-cloying sweetness,
 To bitter sauces did I frame my feeding,
 And, sick of welfare, found a kind of meetness
 To be diseased, ere that there was true needing.
 Thus policy in love, to anticipate
 The ills that were not, grew to faults assured,
 And brought to medicine a healthful state,
 Which, rank of goodness, would by ill be cured.
 But thence I learn, and find the lesson true,
 Drugs poison him that so fell sick of you.

c.

What potions have I drunk of Syren tears,
 Distill'd from limbecs 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,²
 In the distraction of this madding fever !
 Oh benefit of ill ! now I find true
 That better is by evil still made better ;
 And ruin'd love, when it is built anew,
 Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater.
 So I return rebuked to my content,
 And gain by ill thrice more than I have spent.

¹ 'Eager:' sour, from the French *aigre*.—² 'Fitted:' started.

CI.

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.
 Oh that our night of woe might have remember'd ¹
 My deepest sense, how hard true sorrow hits,
 And soon to you, as you to me, then tender'd
 The humble salve wick wounded bosoms fits !
 But that your trespass now becomes a fee ;
 Mine ransoms yours, and yours must ransom me.

EP. VI.]

CII.

Thy gift, thy tables, are within my brain
 Full character'd with lasting memory,
 Which shall above that idle rank remain,
 Beyond all date, even to eternity :
 Or at the least so long as brain and heart
 Have faculty by nature to subsist ;
 Till each to razed oblivion yield his part
 Of thee, thy record never can be miss'd.
 That poor retention ² could not so much hold,
 Nor need I tallies, thy dear love to score ;
 Therefore to give them from me was I bold,
 To trust those tables that receive thee more :
 To keep an adjunct to remember thee,
 Were to import forgetfulness in me.

¹ 'Remember'd:' reminded.—² The table-book given to him by his friend.

CIII.

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 with thy continual haste :
 This I do vow, and this shall ever be,
 I will be true, despite thy scythe and thee :

CIV.

If my dear love were but the child of state,
 It might for Fortune's bastard be unfather'd,
 As subject to Time's love, or to Time's hate,
 Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers gather'd.
 No, it was builded far from accident ;
 It suffers not in smiling pomp, nor falls
 Under the blow of thrallèd discontent,
 Whereto the inviting time our fashion calls :
 It fears not policy, that heretic,
 Which works on leases of short-number'd hours,
 But all alone stands hugely politic,
 That it nor grows with heat, nor drowns with showers.
 To this I witness call the fools of time,
 Which die for goodness, who have lived for crime.

CV.

Were it 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.



www.libtool.com.cn

www.libtool.com.cn

PART FOURTH.

CVI.

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 complement 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 his huge rondure¹ hems.
 Oh let me, true in love, but truly write,
 And then believe me, my love is as fair
 As any mother's child, though not so bright
 As those gold candles fix'd in heaven's air :
 Let them say more that like of hearsay well ;
 I will not praise, that purpose not to sell.

¹ 'Rondure : ' circumference.

CVII.

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.
 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 ?
 Oh 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.

CVIII.

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'ercharged with burthen of mine own love's might.
 Oh let my books be then the eloquence
 And dumb presagers of my speaking breast ;
 Who plead for love, and look for recompense,
 More than that tongue that more hath more express'd.
 Oh learn to read what silent love hath writ :
 To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

CIX.

Mine eye hath played the painter, and hath stel'd¹
 Thy beauty's form in table of my heart;
 My body is the frame wherein 'tis held,
 And perspective it is best painter's art.
 For through the painter must you see his skill,
 To find where your true image pictured lies,
 Which in my bosom's shop is hanging still,
 That hath his windows glazèd with thine eyes.
 Now see what good turns eyes for eyes have done;
 Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for me
 Are windows to my breast, where-through the sun
 Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee;
 Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art,
 They draw but what they see, know not the heart.

CX.

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.

¹ 'Stel'd': traced.

CXI.

How can I then return in happy plight,
 That am debarr'd the benefit of rest?
 When day's oppression is not eased by night,
 But day by night and night by day oppress'd?
 And each, though enemies to either's reign,
 Do in consent shake hands to torture me,
 The one by toil, the other to complain
 How far I toil, still further off from thee.
 I tell the day, to please him, thou art bright,
 And dost him grace when clouds do blot the heaven:
 So flatter I the swart-complexion'd night;
 When sparkling stars twire¹ not, thou gild'st the even.
 But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer,
 And night doth nightly make grief's length seem stronger.

CXII.

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 tenor of thy jealousy?
 Oh 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.

¹ 'Twire:' twinkle.

CXIII.

When most I wink, then do mine eyes best see,
 For all the day they view things unrespected :¹
 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.

CXIV.

If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,
 Injurious distance should not stop my way ;
 For then, despite of space, I would be brought
 From limits far remote, where thou dost stay.
 No matter then, although my foot did stand
 Upon the farthest earth removed from thee,
 For nimble thought can jump both sea and land,
 As soon as think the place where he would be.
 But ah ! thought kills me, that I am not thought,
 To leap large lengths of miles when thou art gone,
 But that, so much of earth and water wrought,²
 I must attend time's leisure with my moan ;
 Receiving nought by elements so slow
 But heavy tears, badges of either's woe :

¹ 'Unrespected:' unregarded.—² Life in those days consisted of four elements—earth, water, air, and fire.

CXV.

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.

CXVI.

Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war,
 How to divide the conquest of thy sight ;
 Mine eye my heart thy picture's sight would bar,
 My heart mine eye the freedom of that right.
 My heart doth plead, that thou in him dost lie,
 (A closet never pierced with crystal eyes,)
 But the defendant doth that plea deny,
 And says in him thy fair appearance lies.
 To 'cide¹ this title is impannelled
 A quest² of thoughts, all tenants to the heart ;
 And by their verdict is determinèd
 The clear eye's moiety,³ 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.

¹ 'Cide:' decide.—² 'Quest:' inquest.—³ 'Moiety:' portion.

CXVII.

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.

CXVIII.

So are you to my thoughts, as food to life,
Or as sweet-season'd showers are to the ground ;
And for the peace of you I hold such strife
As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found ;
Now proud as an enjoyer, and anon
Doubting the filching age will steal his treasure ;
Now counting best to be with you alone,
Then better'd that the world may see my pleasure :
Sometime, all full with feasting on your sight,
And by and by clean starvèd for a look ;
Possessing or pursuing no delight,
Save what is had or must from you be took.
Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day,
Or gluttoning on all, or all away.

CXIX.

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 care,
 Makes summer's welcome thrice more wish'd, more rare.

CXX.

Being your slave, what should I do but tend
 Upon the hours and times of your desire ?
 I have no precious time at all to spend,
 Nor services to do, till you require.
 Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour,
 Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,
 Nor think the bitterness of absence sour,
 When you have bid your servant once adieu ;
 Nor dare I question with my jealous thought
 Where you may be, or your affairs suppose,
 But, like a sad slave, stay and think of nought,
 Save, where you are how happy you make those :
 So true a fool is love, that in your will
 (Though you do anything) he thinks no ill.

CXXI.

That God forbid, that made me first your slave,
 I should in thought control your times of pleasure,
 Or at your hand the account of hours to crave,
 Being your vassal, bound to stay your leisure !
 Oh, let me suffer (being at your beck)
 The imprison'd absence of your liberty,
 And patience, tame to sufferance, bide each check
 Without accusing you of injury.
 Be where you list ; your charter is so strong,
 That you yourself may privilege your time :
 Do what you will, to you it doth belong
 Yourself to pardon of self-doing crime.
 I am to wait, though waiting so be hell ;
 Not blame your pleasure, be it ill or well.

CXXII.

How like a winter hath my absence been
 From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year !
 What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen !
 What old December's bareness everywhere !
 And yet this time removed ¹ was summer's time ;
 The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,
 Bearing the wanton burden of the prime,
 Like widow'd wombs after their lords' decease :
 Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me
 But hope of orphans, and unfather'd fruit ;
 For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,
 And, thou away, the very birds are mute ;
 Or, if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer,
 That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near.

¹ During my absence.

CXXIII.

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,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew.
Nor did I wonder at the lilies 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 :

CXXIV.

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 stolen 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 his robbery had annex'd thy breath ;
But for his theft, in pride of all his growth
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.
More flowers I noted, yet I none could see,
But sweet or colour it had stolen from thee.

CXXV.

Since I left you, mine eye is in my mind,
 And that which governs me to go about
 Doth part his function, and is partly blind,
 Seems seeing, but effectually is out ;
 For it no form delivers to the heart
 Of bird, of flower, or shape, which it doth latch ;¹
 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,² or deformed'st creature,
 The mountain or the sea, the day or night,
 The crow or dove, it shapes them to your feature.
 Incapable of more, replete with you,
 My most true mind thus maketh m' eye untrue.

CXXVI.

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 alchymy,
 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 ?
 Oh, '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.

¹ 'Latch:' lay hold of.—² 'Favour:' countenance.

CXXVII.

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 to 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 ?

CXXVIII.

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 his holy fire of love
 A dateless lively heat, still to endure,
 And grew a seething bath, which yet men prove
 Against strange maladies a sovereign cure.
 But at my mistress' eye Love's brand new-fired,
 The boy for trial needs would touch my breast ;
 I, sick withal, the help of bath desired,
 And thither hied, a sad distemper'd guest,
 But found no cure ; the bath for my help lies
 Where Cupid got new fire ;—my mistress' eyes.

CXXIX.

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 diseased; but I, my mistress' thrall,
 Came there for cure, and this by that I prove,
 Love's fire heats water, water cools not love.

CXXX.

How oft, when thou, my music, music play'st,
 Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds
 With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway'st
 The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,
 Do I envy those jacks,¹ that nimble leap
 To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,
 Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest reap,
 At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand!
 To be so tickled, they would change their state
 And situation with those dancing chips,
 O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,
 Making dead wood more bless'd than living lips.
 Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,
 Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

¹ 'Jacks:' small hammers, moved by the keys, which strike the strings of the virginal.

CXXXI.

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

CXXXII.

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.

CXXXIII.

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 hour,
But is profaned, if not lives in disgrace.
Therefore my mistress' eyes are raven black,
Her eyes so suited ; and they mourners seem
At such, who, not born fair, no beauty lack,
Slandering creation with a false esteem :
Yet so they mourn, becoming of their woe,
That every tongue says, beauty should look so.

CXXXIV.

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.

CXXXV.

Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,
 Knowing thy heart torments me with disdain,
 Have put on black, and loving mourners be,
 Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain.
 And truly not the morning sun of heaven
 Better becomes the grey cheeks of the east,
 Nor that full star that ushers in the even
 Doth half that glory to the sober west,
 As those two mourning eyes become thy face :
 Oh, 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.

CXXXVI.

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy will,
 And will to boot, and will in over-plus ;
 More than enough am I that vex thee still,
 To thy sweet will making addition thus.
 Wilt thou, whose will is large and spacious,
 Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine ?
 Shall will in others seem right gracious,
 And in 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*.

CXXXVII.

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 my stores' 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*.

CXXXVIII.

Lo, as a careful housewife runs to catch
 One of her feather'd creatures broke away,
 Sets down her babe, and makes all swift despatch
 In púrsuit of the thing she would have stay ;
 Whilst her neglected child holds her in chase,
 Cries to catch her whose busy care is bent
 To follow that which flies before her face,
 Not prizing her poor infant's discontent ;
 So runn'st thou after that which flies from thee,
 Whilst I thy babe chase thee afar behind ;
 But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to me,
 And play the mother's part, kiss me, be kind :
 So will I pray that thou may'st have thy *Will*,
 If thou turn back, and my loud crying still.

CXXXIX.

Oh, 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 outright 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 believèd be.
 That I may not be so, nor thou belied,
 Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart go wide.

CXLI.

Caust thou, oh cruel ! say I love thee not,
 When I, against myself, with thee partake ?¹
 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'r'st on me, do I not spend
 Revenge upon thyself 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.

CXLI.

Thon 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 forgèd hooks,
 Whereto the judgment of my heart is tied ?
 Why should my heart think that a several plot²
 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 err'd,
 And to this false plague are they now transferr'd.

¹ Take part.—² 'Several plot:': an enclosed field.

CXLIII.

When my love swears that she is made of truth,
I do believe her, though I know she lies ;
That she might think me some untutor'd youth,
Unlearnèd in the world's false subtilties.
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 ?
Oh, 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.

CXLIV.

In faith I do not love thee with mine eyes,
For they in thee a thousand errors note ;
But 'tis my heart that loves what they despise,
Who in despite of view is pleased to dote.
Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tune delighted ;
Nor tender feeling, to base touches prone,
Nor taste nor smell, desire to be invited
To any sensual feast with thee alone :
But my five wits, nor my five senses can
Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee,
Who leaves unsway'd the likeness of a man,
Thy proud heart's slave and vassal wretch to be :
Only my plague thus far I count my gain,
That she that makes me sin, awards me pain.

CXLV.

Love is my sin, and thy dear virtue hate,
 Hate of my sin, grounded on sinful loving :
 Oh, but with mine compare thou thine own state,
 And thou shalt find it merits not reprov'ing ;
 Or, if it do, not from those lips of thine,
 That have profaned their scarlet ornaments,
 And seal'd false bonds of love as oft as mine ;
 Robb'd others' beds' revenues of their rents.
 Be it lawful I love thee, as thou lov'st those
 Whom thine eyes woo as mine impórtune 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 !

CXLVI.

My love is as a fever, longing still
 For that which longer nurseth the disease ;
 Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,
 The uncertain sickly appetite to please.
 My reason, the physician to my love,
 Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,
 Hath left me, and I desperate now approve
 Desire is death, which physie did except.
 Past cure I am, now reason is past care,
 And frantie mad with evermore unrest ;
 My thoughts and my discourse as mad men'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.

CXLVII.

Oh 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 censures¹ 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? Oh 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.
 Oh cunning Love! with tears thou keep'st me blind,
 Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should find.

CXLVIII.

Oh, 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?
 Oh, though I love what others do abhor,
 With others thou should'st not abhor my state;
 If thy unworthiness raised love in me,
 More worthy I to be beloved of thee.

¹ 'Censures:' estimates.

CXLIX.

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 further reason ;
 But, rising at thy name, doth point out thee
 As his triumphant prize. Proud of this pride,
 He is contented thy poor drudge to be,
 To stand in thy affairs, fall by thy side.
 No want of conscience hold it that I call
 Her—love, for whose dear love I rise and fall.

CL.

In loving thee thou know'st I am forsworn,
 But thou art twice forsworn, to me love swearing ;
 In act thy bed-vow broke, and new faith torn,
 In vowing new hate after new love bearing.
 But why of two oaths' breach do I accuse thee,
 When I break twenty ? I am perjured most ;
 For all my vows are oaths but to misuse thee,
 And all my honest faith in thee is lost :
 For I have sworn deep oaths of thy deep kindness,
 Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy constancy ;
 And, to enlighten thee, gave eyes to blindness,
 Or made them swear against the thing they see ;
 For I have sworn thee fair : more perjured I,
 To swear, against the truth, so foul a lie !

CLL.

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,
 Which like two spirits do suggest¹ me still :
 The better angel is a man right fair,
 The worser spirit a woman, colour'd ill.
 To win me soon to hell, my female evil
 Tempteth my better angel from my side,
 And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
 Wooing his purity with her foul pride.
 And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend,
 Suspect I may, 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.

CLII.

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 engross'd ;
 Of him, myself, and thee, I am forsaken ;
 A torment thrice three-fold thus to be cross'd.
 Prison my heart in thy steel bosom's ward,
 But then my friend's heart let my poor heart bail ;
 Whoe'er keeps me, let my heart be his guard ;
 Thou canst not then use rigour in my gaol :
 And yet thou wilt ; for I, being pent in thee,
 Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.

¹ 'Suggest : ' tempt.

CLIII.

So now I have confess'd that he is thine,
 And I myself am mortgaged to thy will ;
 Myself I'll forfeit, so that other mine
 Thou wilt restore, to be my comfort still :
 But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,
 For thou art covetous, and he is kind ;
 He learn'd but, surety-like, to write for me,
 Under that bond that him as fast doth bind.
 The statute¹ of thy beauty thou wilt take,
 Thou usurer, that putt'st forth all to use,
 And sue a friend, came debtor for my sake ;
 So him I lose through my unkind abuse.
 Him have I lost ; thou hast both him and me ;
 He pays the whole, and yet am I not free.

CLIV.

The expense of spirit in a waste of shame
 Is lust in action ; and till action, lust
 Is perjured, murderous, bloody, full of blame,
 Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust ;
 Enjoy'd no sooner, but despisèd straight ;
 Past reason hunted ; and no sooner had,
 Past reason hated, as a swallow'd bait,
 On purpose laid to make the taker mad :
 Mad in pursuit, and in possession so ;
 Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme ;
 A bliss in proof,—and proved, a very woe ;
 Before, a joy proposed ; behind, a dream ;
 All this the world well knows : yet none knows well
 To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

¹ ' Statute : ' obligation, security.

CLV.

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



www.libtool.com.cn

www.libtool.com.cn

www.libtool.com.cn

www.libtool.com.cn

www.libtool.com.cn

