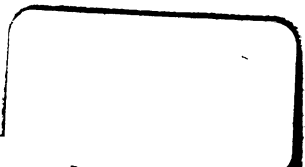


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**THE  
TEMPLE SHAKESPEARE**



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*From the  
Heminge and Condell Monument.  
By C. J. Allen, 1896.*

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NOT if men's tongues and angels' all in one  
Spake, might the word be said that might speak Thee.  
Streams, winds, woods, flowers, fields, mountains, yea, the sea,  
What power is in them all to praise the sun?  
His praise is this,—he can be praised of none.  
Man, woman, child, praise God for him; but he  
Exults not to be worshipped, but to be.  
He is; and, being, beholds his work well done.  
All joy, all glory, all sorrow, all strength, all mirth,  
Are his: without him, day were night on earth.  
Time knows not his from time's own period.  
All lutes, all harps, all viols, all flutes, all lyres,  
Fall dumb before him ere one string inspires.  
All stars are angels; but the sun is God.

SWINBURNE.

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Ym  
SHAKESPEARE'S  
RAPE OF LUCRECE



WITH PREFACE  
GLOSSARY & BY  
ISRAEL GOLLANCZ  
M.A.

MDCCCXCVI: PUBLISHED BY J. M. DENT  
AND CO: ALDINE HOUSE: LONDON: E. C.

1864-  
1416

ALDINE HOUSE

"THE Venus and Adonis did not perhaps allow the display of the deeper passions. But the story of Lucretia seems to favour, and even demand, their intensest workings. And yet we find in Shakespeare's management of the tale neither pathos nor any other dramatic quality. There is the same minute and faithful imagery as in the former poem, in the same vivid colours, inspired by the same impetuous vigour of thought, and diverging and contracting with the same activity of the assimilative and of the modifying faculties; and with a yet larger display, and a wider range of knowledge and reflection; and lastly, with the same perfect dominion, often domination, over the whole world of language. What, then, shall we say? even this, that Shakespeare, no mere child of nature, no automaton of genius; no passive vehicle of inspiration possessed by the spirit, not possessing it: first studied patiently, meditated deeply, understood minutely, till knowledge, become habitual and intuitive, wedded itself to his habitual feelings, and at length gave birth to that stupendous power, by which he stands alone, with no equal or second in his own class; to that power which seated him on one of the two glory-smitten summits of the poetic mountain, with Milton as his compeer not rival. . . . All things and modes of action shape themselves anew in the being of Milton; while Shakespeare becomes all things, yet for ever remaining himself. O what great men hast thou produced, England! my country! Truly, indeed,

*"Must we be free or die, who speak the tongue,  
Which Shakespeare spake; the faith and morals hold,  
Which Milton held; in every thing we are sprung  
Of earth's first blood, have titles manifold."*

COLERIDGE.

5 May 20. 544

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# Preface.

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The Early Editions. The first edition of "LUCRECE" was published in quarto in 1594, with the following title-page:—

"LVCRECE | LONDON. | Printed by Richard Field, for John Harrison, and are | to be sold at the signe of the White Greyhound | in Paules Church-yard. 1594 |."\*

The running title is "The Rape of Lvcrece." The Bodleian Library copies of this edition differ in some important readings, showing that the text was corrected while passing through the press. Seven new editions appeared by the year 1655; the 1616 issue purported to be "newly revised," but the variant readings are of very doubtful value.

The Source of the Plot. The story of Lucrece had been treated by many English writers before Shakespeare chose it as the subject of 'the second heir' of his invention. Chaucer told her story in his *Legend of Good Women*, quoting 'Ovid and Titus Livius' as his originals (*cp.* Ovid's *Fasti*, ii. 741; Livy, Bk. 1, chs. 57, 58). Lydgate treated the same theme in his *Falls of Princes*; Painter, in his "*Palace of Pleasure*," 1567. There were other English renderings, notably "ballads" entered on the Stationers' Registers in the years 1568, 1570; a ballad was also printed in 1576.

\* *Cp.* No. 35, 'Shakespeare Quarto Fac-similes.'



Shakespeare seems to have read Ovid's version, and this may be considered his main source.\*

**The Date of Composition.** In the dedication of "*Venus and Adonis*" to the Earl of Southampton, the poet had vowed "to take advantage of all idle hours" till "I have honoured you with some graver labour." "*Lucrece*" must therefore have been written after the dedication containing these words, and before its entry on the books of the Stationers' Company, *i.e.* between April 1593 and May 1594.

Like the former poem, *Lucrece* was also addressed to Southampton: it is instructive, however, to compare the two dedications; between the first and second letters timid deference towards an exalted patron has ripened into affectionate devotion.

A comparison of the two companion poems, *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece*, the one a study of "female lust and boyish coldness," the other of "male lust and womanly chastity," brings out prominently the advance made in the later poem in respect of ease of versification, maturity of observation, and didactic tendency. This latter superiority seems to have been noted by Shakespeare's contemporaries:— †

"Who loves chaste life, there *Lucrece* for a teacher:  
Who list read lust there's *Venus and Adonis*."

(FREEMAN'S *Runne and a Great Cast*, 1614.)

\* *Cp.* Baynes' essay on Shakespeare and Ovid, with reference to his early poems (*Fraser's Magazine*, xxi.)

† *Cp.* Preface to "*Venus and Adonis*." The earliest allusion to Shakespeare by name occurs in connection with a reference to his *Lucrece*, in the commencing verses of a laudatory address prefixed to "*Willobie his Avis*," 1594. In the same year the author of an *Elegy on Lady Helen Branch* included among "our greater poetes":—"You that have writ of *Chaste Lucretia*": Drayton's reference, in his *Matilda*, also in 1594, may

# The Rape of Lucrece, &c. Preface.

"A Lover's Complaint." This "Complaint" was first printed in 1609, at the end of the volume of "Sonnets."

In all probability the poem belongs to about the same period as "*The Rape of Lucrece*"; it is written in the same metre. Francis Meres may possibly have included it in his suggestive "*et cetera*," when he enumerated the poems of "mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakespeare."

The framework of "*A Lover's Complaint*," its picturesqueness, versification, diction, repression, tenderness, and beauty, give to it a thoroughly Spenserian character, and convey the impression that we have here an early exercise in the Spenserian style; as such the poem links itself ultimately to the exquisite "Complaints" of Spenser's great master, Geoffrey Chaucer, with their ruthful burden:—" *Pitè is dede and buried in gentil herte.*" \*

have been to a play on the subject, as, in all probability, was Heywood's allusion in his *Apology for Actors*, 1612. Heywood's play on *Lucrece* is not devoid of merit. In 1595 the following words are found in the margin of a curious volume, entitled *Polimanteia*, published at Cambridge:—" *All praise worthy Lucrecia Sweet Shakspeare.*"

Sir John Suckling's "supplement of an imperfect Copy of Verses of Mr Wil. Shakespears" appears at first sight to commence with two six-line stanzas, representing a different and perhaps earlier recension of *Lucrece*, but this is doubtful, and in all probability the alterations were Sir John Suckling's, the verses being derived from one of the books of *Elegant Extracts*, e.g. "*England's Parnassus*."

\* Spenser's volume entitled "*Complaints: containing Sundry Small Poems of the World's Vanity*," was published in 1591: *cp.* the following opening lines of "*The Ruins of Time*" with "*A Lover's Complaint*":—

" *A woman sitting sorrowfully wailing,  
Rending her yellow locks like wiry gold,  
About her shoulders carelessly down trailing,  
And streams of tears from her fair eyes forth railing;  
In her right hand a broken rod she held,  
Which towards heaven she seemed on high to weld.*"

Preface.  The Rape of Lucrece, &c.

The Phoenix and the Turtle. This poem first appeared in a collection published by Robert Chester in 1601, under the following descriptive title:—

“*Love's Martyr; or Rosalin's Complaint. Allegorically shadowing the truth of Love in the constant Fate of the Phoenix and Turtle. A Poem entelaced with much variety and raritie; now first translated out of the venerable Italian Torquato Caliano, by Robert Chester. With the true legend of famous King Arthur, the last of the nine Worthies, being the first essay of a new British poet; collected out of diverse authentical Records. To these are added some new compositions, of several modern writers whose names are subscribed to their severall works, upon the first subject: viz., the Phanix and Turtle.*”

The following title prefaces these new compositions:—

“HEREAFTER | FOLLOW DIVERSE | Poeticall Essaies on the former sub- | ject; viz. the Turtle and Phoenix. Done by the best and chiefest of our | moderne writers with their names sub- | scribed to their particular works: | never before extant: | And (now first) consecrated by them all generally, | to the love and merit of the true-noble Knight, | Sir John Salisburie. | *Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori.* MDCL.”

The genuineness of the contribution with Shakespeare's name subscribed is now generally admitted, though no successful attempt has yet been made to explain the allegory, nor is any light thrown upon it by the other poems in the collection; among the contributors, in addition to Shakespeare, were Jonson, Chapman, and Marston. In all probability the occasion and subject of the whole collection, which has so long baffled patient research, will some day be discovered, and Shakespeare's meaning will be clear. It would seem from the title-page that the private family history of Sir John Salisbury ought to yield

# The Rape of Lucrece, &c. Preface.

the necessary clue to the events. There is not much to be said in favour of the view that the *Phoenix* shadows forth Queen Elizabeth, and the *Turtle-dove* typifies "the brilliant but impetuous, the greatly dowered but rash, the illustrious but unhappy Robert Devereux, second Earl of Essex."\* On the other hand, the problem is not settled by describing the allegory as "the delineation of spiritual union," and refusing to recognise the personal allegory. †

Emerson's words, ‡ uttered some twenty years ago, may well bear repetition:—"I should like to have the Academy of Letters propose a prize for an essay on Shakespeare's poem, *Let the bird of loudest lay*, and the *Threnos* with which it closes, the aim of the essay being to explain, by a historical research into the poetic myths and tendencies of the age in which it was written, the frame and allusions of the poem."

"Now yield your aids, . . . light my weaker eye, . . .  
That whilst of this same Metaphysical,  
God, man, nor woman, but elix'd of all,  
My labouring thoughts with strain'd ardour sing,  
My muse may mount with an uncommon wing."

\* Cf. Dr Grosart's edition of *Love's Martyr* (*New Shak. Soc.* 1878); vide also the same scholar's remarks in his privately printed scarce Elizabethan books, *Manchester*, 1880, etc.; cf. *Transactions of New Shak. Soc.*

† Cf. Halliwell-Phillips' *Outlines*, vol. I. 191.

‡ Preface to *Parnassus*, 1875.



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## THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

To the  
RIGHT HONOURABLE, HENRY WRIOTHESLEY,  
Earle of Southhampton, and Baron of Titchfield.

THE loue I dedicate to your Lordship is without end: whereof this Pamphlet without beginning is but a superfluous Moity. The warrant I haue of your Honourable disposition, not the worth of my untutord Lines makes it assured of acceptance. What I haue done is yours, what I haue to doe is yours, being part in all I haue, deuoted yours. Were my worth greater, my duty would shew greater, meane time, as it is, it is bound to your Lordship; To whom I wish long life still lengthned with all happinesse.

Your Lordships in all duty.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

## THE ARGUMENT.

LUCIUS TARQUINIUS, for his excessive pride surnamed Superbus, after he had caused his own father-in-law Servius Tullius to be cruelly murdered, and, contrary to the Roman laws and customs, not requiring or staying for the people's suffrages, had possessed himself of the kingdom, went, accompanied with his sons and other noblemen of Rome, to besiege Ardea. During which siege the principal men of the army meeting one evening at the tent of Sextus Tarquinius, the king's son, in their discourses after supper every one commended the virtues of his own wife; among whom Collatinus extolled the incomparable chastity of his wife Lucretia. In that pleasant humour they all posted to Rome; and intending, by their secret and sudden arrival, to make trial of that which every one had before avouched, only Collatinus finds his wife, though it were late in the night, spinning amongst her maids: the other ladies were all found dancing and revelling, or in several disports. Whereupon the noblemen yielded Collatinus the victory, and his wife the fame. At that time Sextus Tarquinius being inflamed with Lucrece' beauty, yet smothering his passions for the present, departed with the rest back to the camp; from whence he shortly after privily withdrew himself, and was, according to his estate, royally entertained and lodged by Lucrece



## ≡ The Rape of Lucrece

at Collatium. The same night he treacherously stealeth into her chamber, violently ravished her, and early in the morning speedeth away. Lucrece, in this lamentable plight, hastily dispatcheth messengers, one to Rome for her father, another to the camp for Collatine. They came, the one accompanied with Junius Brutus, the other with Publius Valerius; and finding Lucrece attired in mourning habit, demanded the cause of her sorrow. She, first taking an oath of them for her revenge, revealed the actor and whole manner of his dealing, and withal suddenly stabbed herself. Which done, with one consent they all vowed to root out the whole hated family of the Tarquins; and bearing the dead body to Rome, Brutus acquainted the people with the doer and manner of the vile deed, with a bitter invective against the tyranny of the king: wherewith the people were so moved, that with one consent and a general acclamation the Tarquins were all exiled, and the state government changed from kings to consuls.



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# The Rape of Lucrece.

FROM the besieged Ardea all in post,  
Borne by the trustless wings of false desire,  
Lust-breathed Tarquin leaves the Roman host,  
And to Collatium bears the lightless fire,  
Which, in pale embers hid, lurks to aspire,  
    And girdle with embracing flames the waist  
    Of Collatine's fair love, Lucrece the chaste.

Haply that name of 'chaste' unhappily set  
This bateless edge on his keen appetite;  
When Collatine unwisely did not let  
    10  
To praise the clear unmatched red and white  
Which triumph'd in that sky of his delight,  
    Where mortal stars, as bright as heaven's beauties,  
    With pure aspects did him peculiar duties.

For he the night before, in Tarquin's tent,  
 Unlock'd the treasure of his happy state ;  
 What priceless wealth the heavens had him lent  
 In the possession of his beauteous mate ;  
 Reckoning his fortune at such high-proud rate,  
     That kings might be espoused to more fame,      20  
     But king nor peer to such a peerless dame.

O happiness enjoy'd but of a few !  
 And, if possess'd, as soon decay'd and done  
 As is the morning's silver-melting dew  
 Against the golden splendour of the sun !  
 An expired date, cancell'd ere well begun :  
     Honour and beauty, in the owner's arms,  
     Are weakly fortress'd from a world of harms.

Beauty itself doth of itself persuade  
 The eyes of men without an orator ;      30  
 What needeth then apologies be made,  
 To set forth that which is so singular ?  
 Or why is Collatine the publisher  
     Of that rich jewel he should keep unknown  
     From thievish ears, because it is his own ?

Perchance his boast of Lucrece' sovereignty  
Suggested this proud issue of a king ;  
For by our ears our hearts oft tainted be :  
Perchance that envy of so rich a thing,  
Braving compare, disdainfully did sting 40  
    His high-pitch'd thoughts, that meaner men should  
    vaunt  
    That golden hap which their superiors want.

But some untimely thought did instigate  
His all-too-timeless speed, if none of those :  
His honour, his affairs, his friends, his state,  
Neglected all, with swift intent he goes  
To quench the coal which in his liver glows.  
    O rash-false heat, wrapp'd in repentant cold,  
    Thy hasty spring still blasts, and ne'er grows old !

When at Collatium this false lord arrived, 50  
Well was he welcomed by the Roman dame,  
Within whose face beauty and virtue strived  
Which of them both should underprop her fame :  
When virtue bragg'd, beauty would blush for shame ;  
    When beauty boasted blushes, in despite  
    Virtue would stain that o'er with silver white.

But beauty, in that white intituled,  
 From Venus' doves doth challenge that fair field :  
 Then virtue claims from beauty beauty's red,  
 Which virtue gave the golden age to gild 60  
 Their silver cheeks, and call'd it then their shield ;  
     Teaching them thus to use it in the fight,  
     When shame assail'd, the red should fence the white.

This heraldry in Lucrece' face was seen,  
 Argued by beauty's red and virtue's white :  
 Of either's colour was the other queen,  
 Proving from world's minority their right :  
 Yet their ambition makes them still to fight ;  
     The sovereignty of either being so great,  
     That oft they interchange each other's seat. 70

This silent war of lilies and of roses,  
 Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field,  
 In their pure ranks his traitor eye encloses ;  
 Where, lest between them both it should be kill'd,  
 The coward captive vanquished doth yield  
     To those two armies, that would let him go  
     Rather than triumph in so false a foe.

Now thinks he that her husband's shallow tongue,  
The niggard prodigal that praised her so,  
In that high task hath done her beauty wrong, 80  
Which far exceeds his barren skill to show :  
Therefore that praise which Collatine doth owe  
    Enchanted Tarquin answers with surmise,  
    In silent wonder of still-gazing eyes.

This earthly saint, adored by this devil,  
Little suspecteth the false worshipper ;  
For unstain'd thoughts do seldom dream on evil ;  
Birds never limed no secret bushes fear :  
So guiltless she securely gives good cheer  
    And reverend welcome to her princely guest, 90  
    Whose inward ill no outward harm express'd :

For that he colour'd with his high estate,  
Hiding base sin in plaits of majesty ;  
That nothing in him seem'd inordinate,  
Save sometime too much wonder of his eye,  
Which, having all, all could not satisfy ;  
    But, poorly rich, so wanteth in his store,  
    That, cloy'd with much, he pineth still for more.

But she, that never coped with stranger eyes,  
Could pick no meaning from their parling looks,      100  
Nor read the subtle-shining secrecies  
Writ in the glassy margents of such books :  
She touch'd no unknown baits, nor fear'd no hooks ;  
Nor could she moralize his wanton sight,  
More than his eyes were open'd to the light.

He stories to her ears her husband's fame,  
Won in the fields of fruitful Italy ;  
And decks with praises Collatine's high name,  
Made glorious by his manly chivalry  
With bruised arms and wreaths of victory :      110  
Her joy with heaved-up hand she doth express,  
And wordless so greets heaven for his success.

Far from the purpose of his coming hither,  
He makes excuses for his being there :  
No cloudy show of stormy blustering weather  
Doth yet in his fair welkin once appear ;  
Till sable Night, mother of dread and fear,  
Upon the world dim darkness doth display,  
And in her vaulty prison stows the day.

For then is Tarquin brought unto his bed, 120  
Intending weariness with heavy spright ;  
For after supper long he questioned  
With modest Lucrece, and wore out the night :  
Now leaden slumber with life's strength doth fight ;  
And every one to rest themselves betake,  
Save thieves and cares and troubled minds that wake.

As one of which doth Tarquin lie revolving  
The sundry dangers of his will's obtaining ;  
Yet ever to obtain his will resolving,  
Though weak-built hopes persuade him to abstaining : 130  
Despair to gain doth traffic oft for gaining,  
And when great treasure is the meed proposed,  
Though death be adjunct, there 's no death supposed.

Those that much covet are with gain so fond  
That what they have not, that which they possess,  
They scatter and unloose it from their bond,  
And so, by hoping more, they have but less ;  
Or, gaining more, the profit of excess  
Is but to surfeit, and such griefs sustain,  
That they prove bankrupt in this poor-rich gain. 140





Now stole upon the time the dead of night,  
When heavy sleep had closed up mortal eyes :  
No comfortable star did lend his light,  
No noise but owls' and wolves' death-boding cries ;  
Now serves the season that they may surprise  
The silly lambs : pure thoughts are dead and still,  
While lust and murder wakes to stain and kill.

And now this lustful lord leap'd from his bed,  
Throwing his mantle rudely o'er his arm ; 170  
Is madly toss'd between desire and dread ;  
Th' one sweetly flatters, th' other feareth harm ;  
But honest fear, bewitch'd with lust's foul charm,  
Doth too too oft betake him to retire,  
Beaten away by brain-sick rude desire.

His falchion on a flint he softly smiteth,  
That from the cold stone sparks of fire do fly ;  
Whereat a waxen torch forthwith he lighteth,  
Which must be lode-star to his lustful eye ;  
And to the flame thus speaks advisedly : 180  
'As from this cold flint I enforced this fire,  
So Lucrece must I force to my desire.'

Here pale with fear he doth premeditate  
 The dangers of his loathsome enterprise,  
 And in his inward mind he doth debate  
 What following sorrow may on this arise :  
 Then looking scornfully he doth despise  
 His naked armour of still-slaughter'd lust,  
 And justly thus controls his thoughts unjust :

' Fair torch, burn out thy light, and lend it not      190  
 To darken her whose light excelleth thine :  
 And die, unhallow'd thoughts, before you blot  
 With your uncleanness that which is divine :  
 Offer pure incense to so pure a shrine :  
     Let fair humanity abhor the deed  
     That spots and stains love's modest snow-white weed.

' O shame to knighthood and to shining arms !  
 O foul dishonour to my household's grave !  
 O impious act, including all foul harms !  
 A martial man to be soft fancy's slave !      200  
 True valour still a true respect should have ;  
     Then my digression is so vile, so base,  
     That it will live engraven in my face.

‘ Yea, though I die, the scandal will survive,  
And be an eye-sore in my golden coat ;  
Some loathsome dash the herald will contrive,  
To cipher me how fondly I did dote ;  
That my posterity, shamed with the note,  
    Shall curse my bones, and hold it for no sin  
    To wish that I their father had not bin. 210

‘ What win I, if I gain the thing I seek ?  
A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy.  
Who buys a minute’s mirth to wail a week ?  
Or sells eternity to get a toy ?  
For one sweet grape who will the vine destroy ?  
    Or what fond beggar, but to touch the crown,  
    Would with the sceptre straight be stricken down ?

‘ If Collatinus dream of my intent,  
Will he not wake, and in a desperate rage  
Post hither, this vile purpose to prevent ? 220  
This siege that hath engirt his marriage,  
This blur to youth, this sorrow to the sage,  
    This dying virtue, this surviving shame,  
    Whose crime will bear an ever-during blame.

' O what excuse can my invention make,  
 When thou shalt charge me with so black a deed ?  
 Will not my tongue be mute, my frail joints shake,  
 Mine eyes forgo their light, my false heart bleed ?  
 The guilt being great, the fear doth still exceed ;  
 And extreme fear can neither fight nor fly,  
 But coward-like with trembling terror die.

230

' Had Collatinus kill'd my son or sire,  
 Or lain in ambush to betray my life,  
 Or were he not my dear friend, this desire  
 Might have excuse to work upon his wife,  
 As in revenge or quittal of such strife :  
 But as he is my kinsman, my dear friend,  
 The shame and fault finds no excuse nor end.

' Shameful it is ; ay, if the fact be known :  
 Hateful it is ; there is no hate in loving :  
 I'll beg her love ; but she is not her own :  
 The worst is but denial and reproving :  
 My will is strong, past reason's weak removing.  
 Who fears a sentence or an old man's saw  
 Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe.'

240

Thus graceless holds he disputation  
'Tween frozen conscience and hot-burning will,  
And with good thoughts makes dispensation,  
Urging the worse sense for vantage still ;  
Which in a moment doth confound and kill  
All pure effects, and doth so far proceed  
That what is vile shows like a virtuous deed.

250

Quoth he, 'she took me kindly by the hand,  
And gazed for tidings in my eager eyes,  
Fearing some hard news from the warlike band,  
Where her beloved Collatinus lies.  
O, how her fear did make her colour rise !  
First red as roses that on lawn we lay,  
Then white as lawn, the roses took away.

' And how her hand, in my hand being lock'd,  
Forced it to tremble with her loyal fear !  
Which struck her sad, and then it faster rock'd,  
Until her husband's welfare she did hear ;  
Whereat she smiled with so sweet a cheer  
That had Narcissus seen her as she stood  
Self-love had never drown'd him in the flood.

260

‘ Why hunt I then for colour or excuses ?  
All orators are dumb when beauty pleadeth ;  
Poor wretches have remorse in poor abuses ;  
Love thrives not in the heart that shadows dreadeth : 270  
Affection is my captain, and he leadeth ;  
And when his gaudy banner is display’d,  
The coward fights, and will not be dismay’d.

‘ Then, childish fear avaunt ! debating die !  
Respect and reason wait on wrinkled age !  
My heart shall never countermand mine eye :  
Sad pause and deep regard beseems the sage ;  
My part is youth, and beats these from the stage :  
Desire my pilot is, beauty my prize ;  
Then who fears sinking where such treasure lies ?’

As corn o’ergrown by weeds, so heedful fear                    281  
Is almost choked by unresisted lust.  
Away he steals with open listening ear,  
Full of foul hope and full of fond mistrust ;  
Both which, as servitors to the unjust,  
So cross him with their opposite persuasion,  
That now he vows a league, and now invasion.

Within his thought her heavenly image sits,  
And in the self-same seat sits Collatine :  
That eye which looks on her confounds his wits ;      290  
That eye which him beholds, as more divine,  
Unto a view so false will not incline ;  
    But with a pure appeal seeks to the heart,  
    Which once corrupted takes the worser part ;

And therein heartens up his servile powers,  
Who, flatter'd by their leader's jocund show,  
Stuff up his lust, as minutes fill up hours ;  
And as their captain, so their pride doth grow,  
Paying more slavish tribute than they owe.  
    By reprobate desire thus madly led,      300  
    The Roman lord marcheth to Lucrece' bed.

The locks between her chamber and his will,  
Each one by him enforced, retires his ward ;  
But, as they open, they all rate his ill,  
Which drives the creeping thief to some regard :  
The threshold grates the door to have him heard ;  
    Night-wandering weasels shriek to see him there ;  
    They fright him, yet he still pursues his fear.



As each unwilling portal yields him way,  
Through little vents and crannies of the place 310  
The wind wars with his torch to make him stay,  
And blows the smoke of it into his face,  
Extinguishing his conduct in this case ;  
But his hot heart, which fond desire doth scorch,  
Puffs forth another wind that fires the torch :

And being lighted, by the light he spies  
Lucretia's glove, wherein her needle sticks :  
He takes it from the rushes where it lies,  
And griping it, the needle his finger pricks ;  
As who should say ' This glove to wanton tricks 320  
Is not inured ; return again in haste ;  
Thou see'st our mistress' ornaments are chaste.'

But all these poor forbiddings could not stay him ;  
He in the worst sense construes their denial :  
The doors, the wind, the glove, that did delay him,  
He takes for accidental things of trial ;  
Or as those bars which stop the hourly dial,  
Who with a lingering stay his course doth let,  
Till every minute pays the hour his debt.

The Rape of Lucrece      Verses 48—50

'So, so,' quoth he, 'these lets attend the time,      330  
Like little frosts that sometime threat the spring,  
To add a more rejoicing to the prime,  
And give the sneaped birds more cause to sing.  
Pain pays the income of each precious thing;  
    Huge rocks, high winds, strong pirates, shelves and  
    sands,  
    The merchant fears, ere rich at home he lands.'

Now is he come unto the chamber door,  
That shuts him from the heaven of his thought,  
Which with a yielding latch, and with no more,  
Hath barr'd him from the blessed thing he sought.      340  
So from himself impiety hath wrought,  
    That for his prey to pray he doth begin,  
    As if the heavens should countenance his sin.

But in the midst of his unfruitful prayer,  
Having solicited the eternal power  
That his foul thoughts might compass his fair fair,  
And they would stand auspicious to the hour,  
Even there he starts: quoth he, 'I must deflower:  
    The powers to whom I pray abhor this fact;  
    How can they then assist me in the act?'      350

‘Then Love and Fortune be my gods, my guide !  
My will is back’d with resolution :  
Thoughts are but dreams till their effects be tried ;  
The blackest sin is clear’d with absolution ;  
Against love’s fire fear’s frost hath dissolution.  
The eye of heaven is out, and misty night  
Covers the shame that follows sweet delight.’

This said, his guilty hand pluck’d up the latch,  
And with his knee the door he opens wide.  
The dove sleeps fast that this night-owl will catch : 360  
Thus treason works ere traitors be espied.  
Who sees the lurking serpent steps aside ;  
But she, sound sleeping, fearing no such thing,  
Lies at the mercy of his mortal sting.

Into the chamber wickedly he stalks  
And gazeth on her yet unstained bed.  
The curtains being close, about he walks,  
Rolling his greedy eyeballs in his head :  
By their high treason is his heart misled ;  
Which gives the watch-word to his hand full soon  
To draw the cloud that hides the silver moon. 371



Without the bed her other fair hand was,  
On the green coverlet ; whose perfect white  
Show'd like an April daisy on the grass,  
With pearly sweat, resembling dew of night.  
Her eyes, like marigolds, had sheathed their light,  
And canopied in darkness sweetly lay,  
Till they might open to adorn the day.

Her hair, like golden threads, play'd with her breath ;  
O modest wantons ! wanton modesty ! 401  
Showing life's triumph in the map of death,  
And death's dim look in life's mortality :  
Each in her sleep themselves so beautify  
As if between them twain there were no strife,  
But that life lived in death and death in life.

Her breasts, like ivory globes circled with blue,  
A pair of maiden worlds unconquered,  
Save of their lord no bearing yoke they knew,  
And him by oath they truly honoured. 410  
These worlds in Tarquin new ambition bred ;  
Who, like a foul usurper, went about  
From this fair throne to heave the owner out.

What could he see but mightily he noted ?  
What did he note but strongly he desired ?  
What he beheld, on that he firmly doted,  
And in his will his wilful eye he tired.  
With more than admiration he admired  
Her azure veins, her alabaster skin,  
Her coral lips, her snow-white dimpled chin. 420

As the grim lion fawneth o'er his prey,  
Sharp hunger by the conquest satisfied,  
So o'er this sleeping soul doth Tarquin stay,  
His rage of lust by gazing qualified ;  
Slack'd, not suppress'd ; for standing by her side,  
His eye, which late this mutiny restrains,  
Unto a greater uproar tempts his veins :

And they, like straggling slaves for pillage fighting,  
Obdurate vassals fell exploits effecting,  
In bloody death and ravishment delighting, 430  
Nor children's tears nor mothers' groans respecting,  
Swell in their pride, the onset still expecting :  
Anon his beating heart, alarm striking,  
Gives the hot charge, and bids them do their liking.

His drumming heart cheers up his burning eye,  
His eye commends the leading to his hand ;  
His hand, as proud of such a dignity,  
Smoking with pride, march'd on to make his stand  
On her bare breast, the heart of all her land ;  
Whose ranks of blue veins, as his hand did scale,  
Left their round turrets destitute and pale. 441

They, mustering to the quiet cabinet  
Where their dear governess and lady lies,  
Do tell her she is dreadfully beset,  
And fright her with confusion of their cries :  
She, much amazed, breaks ope her lock'd-up eyes,  
Who, peeping forth this tumult to behold,  
Are by his flaming torch dimm'd and controll'd.

Imagine her as one in dead of night  
From forth dull sleep by dreadful fancy waking, 450  
That thinks she hath beheld some ghastly sprite,  
Whose grim aspect sets every joint a-shaking ;  
What terror 'tis ! but she, in worsè taking,  
From sleep disturbed, heedfully doth view  
The sight which makes supposed terror true.

Wrapp'd and confounded in a thousand fears,  
Like to a new-kill'd bird she trembling lies ;  
She dares not look ; yet, winking, there appears  
Quick-shifting antics, ugly in her eyes :  
Such shadows are the weak brain's forgeries ; 460  
    Who, angry that the eyes fly from their lights,  
    In darkness daunts them with more dreadful sights.

His hand, that yet remains upon her breast,—  
Rude ram, to batter such an ivory wall !—  
May feel her heart, poor citizen ! distress'd,  
Wounding itself to death, rise up and fall,  
Beating her bulk, that his hand shakes withal.  
    This moves in him more rage and lesser pity,  
    To make the breach and enter this sweet city.

First, like a trumpet, doth his tongue begin 470  
To sound a parley to his heartless foe ;  
Who o'er the white sheet peers her whiter chin,  
The reason of this rash alarm to know,  
Which he by dumb demeanour seeks to show ;  
    But she with vehement prayers urgeth still  
    Under what colour he commits this ill.







'So thy surviving husband shall remain  
The scornful mark of every open eye ; 520  
Thy kinsmen hang their heads at this disdain,  
Thy issue blurr'd with nameless bastardy :  
And thou, the author of their obloquy  
Shalt have thy trespass cited up in rhymes  
And sung by children in succeeding times.

'But if thou yield, I rest thy secret friend :  
The fault unknown is as a thought unacted ;  
A little harm done to a great good end  
For lawful policy remains enacted.  
The poisonous simple sometime is compacted 530  
In a pure compound ; being so applied,  
His venom in effect is purified.

'Then, for thy husband and thy children's sake,  
Tender my suit : bequeath not to their lot  
The shame that from them no device can take,  
The blemish that will never be forgot ;  
Worse than a slavish wipe or birth-hour's blot :  
For marks descried in men's nativity  
Are nature's faults, not their own infamy.'

Here with a cockatrice' dead-killing eye 540  
He rouseth up himself, and makes a pause ;  
While she, the picture of true piety,  
Like a white hind under the gripe's sharp claws,  
Pleads, in a wilderness where are no laws,  
    To the rough beast that knows no gentle right,  
    Nor aught obeys but his foul appetite.

But when a black-faced cloud the world doth threat,  
In his dim mist the aspiring mountains hiding,  
From earth's dark womb some gentle gust doth get,  
Which blows these pitchy vapours from their biding,  
Hindering their present fall by this dividing ; 551  
    So his unhallow'd haste her words delays,  
    And moody Pluto winks while Orpheus plays.

Yet, foul night-waking cat, he doth but dally,  
While in his hold-fast foot the weak mouse panteth :  
Her sad behaviour feeds his vulture folly,  
A swallowing gulf that even in plenty wanteth ;  
His ear her prayers admits, but his heart granteth  
    No penetrable entrance to her plaining :  
    Tears harden lust, though marble wear with raining.

Her pity-pleading eyes are sadly fixed 561  
 In the remorseless wrinkles of his face ;  
 Her modest eloquence with sighs is mixed,  
 Which to her oratory adds more grace.  
 She puts the period often from his place,  
 And midst the sentence so her accent breaks  
 That twice she doth begin ere once she speaks.

She conjures him by high almighty Jove,  
 By knighthood, gentry, and sweet friendship's oath,  
 By her untimely tears, her husband's love, 570  
 By holy human law and common troth,  
 By heaven and earth, and all the power of both,  
 That to his borrow'd bed he make retire,  
 And stoop to honour, not to foul desire.

Quoth she : ' Reward not hospitality  
 With such black payment as thou hast pretended ;  
 Mud not the fountain that gave drink to thee ;  
 Mar not the thing that cannot be amended ;  
 End thy ill aim before thy shoot be ended ;  
 He is no woodman that doth bend his bow 580  
 To strike a poor unseasonable doe.

‘My husband is thy friend ; for his sake spare me :  
Thyself art mighty ; for thine own sake leave me :  
Myself a weakling ; do not then ensnare me :  
Thou look’st not like deceit ; do not deceive me.  
My sighs, like whirlwinds, labour hence to heave thee :  
    If ever man were moved with woman’s moans,  
    Be moved with my tears, my sighs, my groans :

‘All which together, like a troubled ocean,  
Beat at thy rocky and wreck-threatening heart,      590  
To soften it with their continual motion ;  
For stones dissolved to water do convert.  
O, if no harder than a stone thou art,  
    Melt at my tears, and be compassionate !  
    Soft pity enters at an iron gate.

‘In Tarquin’s likeness I did entertain thee :  
Hast thou put on his shape to do him shame ?  
To all the host of heaven I complain me,  
Thou wrong’st his honour, wound’st his princely name.  
Thou art not what thou seem’st ; and if the same,      600  
    Thou seem’st not what thou art, a god, a king ;  
    For kings, like gods, should govern every thing.

'How will thy shame be seeded in thine age,  
 When thus thy vices bud before thy spring!  
 If in thy hope thou darest do such outrage,  
 What darest thou not when once thou art a king?  
 O, be remember'd, no outrageous thing  
 From vassal actors can be wiped away;  
 Then kings' misdeeds cannot be hid in clay.

'This deed will make thee only loved for fear;      610  
 But happy monarchs still are fear'd for love:  
 With foul offenders thou perforce must bear,  
 When they in thee the like offences prove:  
 If but for fear of this, thy will remove;  
     For princes are the glass, the school, the book,  
     Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do look.

'And wilt thou be the school where Lust shall learn?  
 Must he in thee read lectures of such shame?  
 Wilt thou be glass wherein it shall discern  
 Authority for sin, warrant for blame,      620  
 To privilege dishonour in thy name?  
     Thou back'st reproach against long-living laud,  
     And makest fair reputation but a bawd.

‘Hast thou command? by him that gave it thee,  
From a pure heart command thy rebel will :  
Draw not thy sword to guard iniquity,  
For it was lent thee all that brood to kill.  
Thy princely office how canst thou fulfil,  
When, pattern’d by thy fault, foul sin may say  
He learn’d to sin and thou didst teach the way ?

‘Think but how vile a spectacle it were, 631  
To view thy present trespass in another.  
Men’s faults do seldom to themselves appear ;  
Their own transgressions partially they smother :  
This guilt would seem death-worthy in thy brother.  
O, how are they wrapp’d in with infamies  
That from their own misdeeds askance their eyes !

‘To thee, to thee, my heaved-up hands appeal,  
Not to seducing lust, thy rash relier :  
I sue for exiled majesty’s repeal ; 640  
Let him return, and flattering thoughts retire :  
His true respect will prison false desire,  
And wipe the dim mist from thy doting eyne,  
That thou shalt see thy state and pity mine.’



'Have done,' quoth he : ' my uncontrolled tide  
 Turns not, but swells the higher by this let.  
 Small lights are soon blown out, huge fires abide,  
 And with the wind in greater fury fret :  
 The petty streams that pay a daily debt  
     To their salt sovereign, with their fresh falls' haste  
     Add to his flow, but alter not his taste.'      651

'Thou art,' quoth she, ' a sea, a sovereign king ;  
 And, lo, there falls into thy boundless flood  
 Black lust, dishonour, shame, misgoverning,  
 Who seek to stain the ocean of thy blood.  
 If all these petty ills shall change thy good,  
     Thy sea within a puddle's womb is heard,  
     And not the puddle in thy sea dispersed.

' So shall these slaves be king, and thou their slave ;  
 Thou nobly base, they basely dignified ;      660  
 Thou their fair life, and they thy fouler grave :  
 Thou loathed in their shame, they in thy pride :  
 The lesser thing should not the greater hide ;  
     The cedar stoops not to the base shrub's foot,  
     But low shrubs wither at the cedar's root.

‘So let thy thoughts, low vassals to thy state’—  
‘No more,’ quoth he; ‘by heaven, I will not hear thee :  
Yield to my love; if not, enforced hate,  
Instead of love’s coy touch, shall rudely tear thee :  
That done, despitefully I mean to bear thee 670  
    Unto the base bed of some rascal groom,  
    To be thy partner in this shameful doom.’

This said, he sets his foot upon the light,  
For light and lust are deadly enemies :  
Shame folded up in blind concealing night,  
When most unseen, then most doth tyrannize.  
The wolf hath seized his prey, the poor lamb cries ;  
    Till with her own white fleece her voice controll’d  
    Entombs her outcry in her lips’ sweet fold :

For with the nightly linen that she wears 680  
He pens her piteous clamours in her head,  
Cooling his hot face in the chastest tears  
That ever modest eyes with sorrow shed.  
O, that prone lust should stain so pure a bed !  
    The spots whereof could weeping purify,  
    Her tears should drop on them perpetually.

But she hath lost a dearer thing than life,  
 And he hath won what he would lose again :  
 This forced league doth force a further strife ;  
 This momentary joy breeds months of pain ;                   690  
 This hot desire converts to cold disdain :  
     Pure Chastity is rifled of her store,  
     And Lust, the thief, far poorer than before.

Look, as the full-fed hound or gorged hawk,  
 Unapt for tender smell or speedy flight,  
 Make slow pursuit, or altogether balk  
 The prey wherein by nature they delight,  
 So surfeit-taking Tarquin fares this night :  
     His taste delicious, in digestion souring,  
     Devours his will, that lived by foul devouring.   700

O, deeper sin than bottomless conceit  
 Can comprehend in still imagination !  
 Drunken Desire must vomit his receipt,  
 Ere he can see his own abomination.  
 While Lust is in his pride, no exclamation  
     Can curb his heat or rein his rash desire,  
     Till, like a jade, Self-will himself doth tire.

The Rape of Lucrece      Verses 102—104

And then with lank and lean discolour'd cheek,  
With heavy eye, knit brow, and strengthless pace,  
Feeble Desire, all recreant, poor and meek,      710  
Like to a bankrupt beggar wails his case :  
The flesh being proud, Desire doth fight with Grace,  
For there it revels, and when that decays  
The guilty rebel for remission prays.

So fares it with this faultful lord of Rome,  
Who this accomplishment so hotly chased ;  
For now against himself he sounds this doom,  
That through the length of times he stands disgraced :  
Besides, his soul's fair temple is defaced,  
To whose weak ruins muster troops of cares,      720  
To ask the spotted princess how she fares.

She says, her subjects with foul insurrection  
Have batter'd down her consecrated wall,  
And by their mortal fault brought in subjection  
Her immortality, and made her thrall  
To living death and pain perpetual :  
Which in her prescience she controlled still,  
But her foresight could not forestall their will.

Even in this thought through the dark night he stealeth,  
A captive victor that hath lost in gain ; 730  
Bearing away the wound that nothing healeth,  
The scar that will, despite of cure, remain ;  
Leaving his spoil perplex'd in greater pain.  
She bears the load of lust he left behind,  
And he the burthen of a guilty mind.

He like a thievish dog creeps sadly thence ;  
She like a wearied lamb lies panting there ;  
He scowls, and hates himself for his offence ;  
She, desperate, with her nails her flesh doth tear ;  
He faintly flies, sweating with guilty fear ; 740  
She stays, exclaiming on the direful night ;  
He runs, and chides his vanish'd, loathed delight.

He thence departs a heavy convertite ;  
She there remains a hopeless cast-away ;  
He in his speed looks for the morning light ;  
She prays she never may behold the day,  
'For day,' quoth she, 'night's 'scapes doth open lay,  
And my true eyes have never practised how  
To cloak offences with a cunning brow.

‘They think not but that every eye can see      750  
The same disgrace which they themselves behold ;  
And therefore would they still in darkness be,  
To have their unseen sin remain untold ;  
For they their guilt with weeping will unfold,  
    And grave, like water that doth eat in steel,  
    Upon my cheeks what helpless shame I feel.’

Here she exclaims against repose and rest,  
And bids her eyes hereafter still be blind.  
She wakes her heart by beating on her breast,  
And bids it leap from thence, where it may find      760  
Some purer chest to close so pure a mind.  
    Frantic with grief thus breathes she forth her spite  
    Against the unseen secrecy of night :

‘O comfort-killing Night, image of hell !  
Dim register and notary of shame !  
Black stage for tragedies and murders fell !  
Vast sin-concealing chaos ! nurse of blame !  
Blind muffled bawd ! dark harbour for defame !  
    Grim cave of death ! whispering conspirator  
    With close-tongued treason and the ravisher !      770



## The Rape of Lucrece Verses 114—116

‘ Where now I have no one to blush with me,  
To cross their arms and hang their heads with mine,  
To mask their brows and hide their infamy ;  
But I alone alone must sit and pine,  
Seasoning the earth with showers of silver brine,  
Mingling my talk with tears, my grief with groans,  
Poor wasting monuments of lasting moans.

‘ O Night, thou furnace of foul-reeking smoke,  
Let not the jealous Day behold that face 800  
Which underneath thy black all-hiding cloak  
Immodestly lies martyr’d with disgrace !  
Keep still possession of thy gloomy place,  
That all the faults which in thy reign are made  
May likewise be sepulchred in thy shade !

‘ Make me not object to the tell-tale Day !  
The light will show, character’d in my brow,  
The story of sweet chastity’s decay,  
The impious breach of holy wedlock vow :  
Yea, the illiterate, that know not how 810  
To cipher what is writ in learned books,  
Will quote my loathsome trespass in my looks.





‘ If, Collatine, thine honour lay in me,  
From me by strong assault it is bereft.  
My honey lost, and I, a drone-like bee,  
Have no perfection of my summer left,  
But robb’d and ransack’d by injurious theft :  
    In thy weak hive a wandering wasp hath crept,  
    And suck’d the honey which thy chaste bee kept.

‘ Yet am I guilty of thy honour’s wrack ;                      841  
Yet for thy honour did I entertain him ;  
Coming from thee, I could not put him back,  
For it had been dishonour to disdain him :  
Besides, of weariness he did complain him,  
    And talk’d of virtue : O unlook’d-for evil,  
    When virtue is profaned in such a devil !

‘ Why should the worm intrude the maiden bud ?  
Or hateful cuckoos hatch in sparrows’ nests ?  
Or toads infect fair founts with venom mud ?                      850  
Or tyrant folly lurk in gentle breasts ?  
Or kings be breakers of their own behests ?  
    But no perfection is so absolute  
    That some impurity doth not pollute.

‘The aged man that coffers up his gold  
Is plagued with cramps and gouts and painful fits,  
And scarce hath eyes his treasure to behold,  
But like still-pining Tantalus he sits  
And useless barns the harvest of his wits,  
Having no other pleasure of his gain 860  
But torment that it cannot cure his pain.

‘So then he hath it when he cannot use it,  
And leaves it to be master’d by his young;  
Who in their pride do presently abuse it:  
Their father was too weak, and they too strong,  
To hold their cursed-blessed fortune long.  
The sweets we wish for turn to loathed sour  
Even in the moment that we call them ours.

‘Unruly blasts wait on the tender spring;  
Unwholesome weeds take root with precious flowers;  
The adder hisses where the sweet birds sing; 871  
What virtue breeds iniquity devours:  
We have no good that we can say is ours  
But ill-annexed Opportunity  
Or kills his life or else his quality.

‘O Opportunity, thy guilt is great !  
’Tis thou that executest the traitor’s treason ;  
Thou set’st the wolf where he the lamb may get ;  
Whoever plots the sin, thou point’st the season ;  
’Tis thou that spurn’st at right, at law, at reason ;      880  
    And in thy shady cell, where none may spy him,  
    Sits Sin, to seize the souls that wander by him.

‘Thou makest the vestal violate her oath ;  
Thou blow’st the fire when temperance is thaw’d ;  
Thou smother’st honesty, thou murder’st troth ;  
Thou foul abettor ! thou notorious bawd !  
Thou plantest scandal and displacest laud :  
    Thou ravisher, thou traitor, thou false thief,  
    Thy honey turns to gall, thy joy to grief!

‘Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame,      890  
Thy private feasting to a public fast,  
Thy smoothing titles to a ragged name,  
Thy sugar’d tongue to bitter wormwood taste :  
Thy violent vanities can never last.  
    How comes it then, vile Opportunity,  
    Being so bad, such numbers seek for thee ?

‘When wilt thou be the humble suppliant’s friend,  
And bring him where his suit may be obtained?  
When wilt thou sort an hour great strifes to end?  
Or free that soul which wretchedness hath chained? 900  
Give physic to the sick, ease to the pained?  
The poor, lame, blind, halt, creep, cry out for thee;  
But they ne’er meet with Opportunity.

‘The patient dies while the physician sleeps;  
The orphan pines while the oppressor feeds;  
Justice is feasting while the widow weeps;  
Advice is sporting while infection breeds:  
Thou grant’st no time for charitable deeds:  
Wrath, envy, treason, rape, and murder’s rages,  
Thy heinous hours wait on them as their pages. 910

‘When Truth and Virtue have to do with thee,  
A thousand crosses keep them from thy aid:  
They buy thy help, but Sin ne’er gives a fee;  
He gratis comes, and thou art well appaid  
As well to hear as grant what he hath said.  
My Collatine would else have come to me  
When Tarquin did, but he was stay’d by thee.



'Time's glory is to calm contending kings,  
 To unmask falsehood and bring truth to light,      940  
 To stamp the seal of time in aged things,  
 To wake the morn and sentinel the night,  
 To wrong the wronger till he render right,  
     To ruinate proud buildings with thy hours  
     And smear with dust their glittering golden towers ;

'To fill with worm-holes stately monuments,  
 To feed oblivion with decay of things,  
 To blot old books and alter their contents,  
 To pluck the quills from ancient ravens' wings,  
 To dry the old oak's sap and cherish springs,      950  
     To spoil antiquities of hammer'd steel  
     And turn the giddy round of Fortune's wheel ;

'To show the beldam daughters of her daughter,  
 To make the child a man, the man a child,  
 To slay the tiger that doth live by slaughter,  
 To tame the unicorn and lion wild,  
 To mock the subtle in themselves beguiled,  
     To cheer the ploughman with increaseful crops,  
     And waste huge stones with little water-drops.

The Rape of Lucrece      Verses 138—140

‘ Why work’st thou mischief in thy pilgrimage,      960  
Unless thou couldst return to make amends ?  
One poor retiring minute in an age  
Would purchase thee a thousand thousand friends,  
Lending him wit that to bad debtors lends :  
    O, this dread night, wouldst thou one hour come back,  
    I could prevent this storm and shun thy wrack !

‘ Thou ceaseless lackey to eternity,  
With some mischance cross Tarquin in his flight :  
Devise extremes beyond extremity,  
To make him curse this cursed crimeful night :      970  
Let ghastly shadows his lewd eyes affright,  
    And the dire thought of his committed evil  
    Shape every bush a hideous shapeless devil.

‘ Disturb his hours of rest with restless trances,  
Afflict him in his bed with bedrid groans ;  
Let there bechance him pitiful mischances,  
To make him moan ; but pity not his moans :  
Stone him with harden’d hearts, harder than stones ;  
    And let mild women to him lose their mildness,  
    Wilder to him than tigers in their wildness.      980



' Let him have time to tear his curled hair,  
 Let him have time against himself to rave,  
 Let him have time of time's help to despair,  
 Let him have time to live a loathed slave,  
 Let him have time a beggar's orts to crave,  
     And time to see one that by alms doth live  
     Disdain to him disdained scraps to give.

' Let him have time to see his friends his foes,  
 And merry fools to mock at him resort ;  
 Let him have time to mark how slow time goes      990  
 In time of sorrow, and how swift and short  
 His time of folly and his time of sport ;  
     And ever let his unrecalling crime  
     Have time to wail the abusing of his time.

' O Time, thou tutor both to good and bad,  
 Teach me to curse him that thou taught'st this ill !  
 At his own shadow let the thief run mad,  
 Himself himself seek every hour to kill !  
 Such wretched hands such wretched blood should spill ;  
     For who so base would such an office have      1000  
     As slanderous deathsmen to so base a slave ?

The Rape of Lucrece      Verses 144—146

‘The baser is he, coming from a king,  
To shame his hope with deeds degenerate :  
The mightier man, the mightier is the thing  
That makes him honour’d or begets him hate ;  
For greatest scandal waits on greatest state.  
The moon being clouded presently is miss’d,  
But little stars may hide them when they list.

‘The crow may bathe his coal-black wings in mire,  
And unperceived fly with the filth away ;      1010  
But if the like the snow-white swan desire,  
The stain upon his silver down will stay.  
Poor grooms are sightless night, kings glorious day :  
Gnats are unnoted wheresoe’er they fly,  
But eagles gazed upon with every eye.

‘Out, idle words, servants to shallow fools !  
Unprofitable sounds, weak arbitrators !  
Busy yourselves in skill-contending schools ;  
Debate where leisure serves with dull debaters ;  
To trembling clients be you mediators :      1020  
For me, I force not argument a straw,  
Since that my case is past the help of law.

'In vain I rail at Opportunity,  
 At Time, at Tarquin, and uncheerful Night ;  
 In vain I cavil with mine infamy,  
 In vain I spurn at my confirm'd despite :  
 This helpless smoke of words doth me no right.  
     The remedy indeed to do me good  
     Is to let forth my foul-defiled blood.

'Poor hand, why quiver'st thou at this decree?      1030  
 Honour thyself to rid me of this shame ;  
 For if I die, my honour lives in thee,  
 But if I live, thou livest in my defame :  
 Since thou couldst not defend thy loyal dame  
     And wast afraid to scratch her wicked foe,  
     Kill both thyself and her for yielding so.'

This said, from her be-tumbled couch she starteth,  
 To find some desperate instrument of death :  
 But this no slaughterhouse no tool imparteth  
 To make more vent for passage of her breath ;      1040  
 Which, thronging through her lips, so vanisheth  
     As smoke from Ætna that in air consumes,  
     Or that which from discharged cannon fumes.

The Rape of Lucrece      Verses 150—152

‘In vain,’ quoth she, ‘I live, and seek in vain  
Some happy mean to end a hapless life.  
I fear’d by Tarquin’s falchion to be slain,  
Yet for the self-same purpose seek a knife :  
But when I fear’d I was a loyal wife :  
    So am I now : O no, that cannot be ;  
    Of that true type hath Tarquin rifled me.      1050

‘O, that is gone for which I sought to live,  
And therefore now I need not fear to die.  
To clear this spot by death, at least I give  
A badge of fame to slander’s livery,  
A dying life to living infamy :  
    Poor helpless help, the treasure stol’n away,  
    To burn the guiltless casket where it lay !

‘Well, well, dear Collatine, thou shalt not know  
The stained taste of violated troth ;  
I will not wrong thy true affection so,      1060  
To flatter thee with an infringed oath ;  
This bastard graff shall never come to growth :  
    He shall not boast who did thy stock pollute  
    That thou art doting father of his fruit.

‘ Nor shall he smile at thee in secret thought,  
 Nor laugh with his companions at thy state ;  
 But thou shalt know thy interest was not bought  
 Basely with gold, but stol’n from forth thy gate.  
 For me, I am the mistress of my fate,

And with my trespass never will dispense,      1070  
 Till life to death acquit my forced offence.

‘ I will not poison thee with my attaind,  
 Nor fold my fault in cleanly-coin’d excuses ;  
 My sable ground of sin I will not paint,  
 To hide the truth of this false night’s abuses :  
 My tongue shall utter all ; mine eyes, like sluices,  
 As from a mountain-spring that feeds a dale,  
 Shall gush pure streams to purge my impure tale.’

By this, lamenting Philomel had ended  
 The well tuned warble of her nightly sorrow,      1080  
 And solemn night with slow sad gait descended  
 To ugly hell ; when, low, the blushing morrow  
 Lends light to all fair eyes that light will borrow :  
 But cloudy Lucrece shames herself to see,  
 And therefore still in night would cloister’d be.

Revealing day through every cranny spies,  
 And seems to point her out where she sits weeping ;  
 To whom she sobbing speaks : ‘ O eye of eyes,  
 Why pry’st thou through my window ? leave thy peeping :  
 Mock with thy tickling beams eyes that are sleeping :  
     Brand not my forehead with thy piercing light, 1091  
     For day hath nought to do what ’s done by night.’

Thus cavils she with every thing she sees :  
 True grief is fond and testy as a child,  
 Who wayward once, his mood with nought agrees :  
 Old woes, not infant sorrows, bear them mild ;  
 Continuance tames the one ; the other wild,  
     Like an unpractised swimmer plunging still  
     With too much labour drowns for want of skill.

So she, deep-drenched in a sea of care, 1100  
 Holds disputation with each thing she views,  
 And to herself all sorrow doth compare ;  
 No object but her passion’s strength renews,  
 And as one shifts, another straight ensues :  
     Sometime her grief is dumb and hath no words ;  
     Sometime ’tis mad and too much talk affords.

The little birds that tune their morning's joy  
 Make her moans mad with their sweet melody :  
 For mirth doth search the bottom of annoy ;  
 Sad souls are slain in merry company ;                    1110  
 Grief best is pleased with grief's society :  
     True sorrow then is feelingly sufficed  
     When with like semblance it is sympathized.

'Tis double death to drown in ken of shore ;  
 He ten times pines that pines beholding food ;  
 To see the salve doth make the wound ache more ;  
 Great grief grieves most at that would do it good ;  
 Deep woes roll forward like a gentle flood,  
     Who, being stopp'd, the bounding banks o'erflows ;  
     Grief dallied with nor law nor limit knows.            1120

' You mocking birds,' quoth she, ' your tunes entomb  
 Within your hollow-swelling feather'd breasts,  
 And in my hearing be you mute and dumb :  
 My restless discord loves no stops nor rests ;  
 A woeful hostess brooks not merry guests :  
     Relish your nimble notes to pleasing ears ;  
     Distress likes dumps when time is kept with tears.

The Rape of Lucrece      Verses 162—164

‘ Come, Philomel, that sing’st of ravishment,  
Make thy sad grove in my dishevell’d hair :  
As the dank earth weeps at thy languishment,      1130  
So I at each sad strain will strain a tear,  
And with deep groans the diapason bear ;  
For burden-wise I’ll hum on Tarquin still,  
While thou on Tereus descant’st better skill.

‘ And whiles against a thorn thou bear’st thy part,  
To keep thy sharp woes waking, wretched I,  
To imitate thee well, against my heart  
Will fix a sharp knife, to affright mine eye ;  
Who, if it wink, shall thereon fall and die.  
These means, as frets upon an instrument,      1140  
Shall tune our heart-strings to true languishment.

‘ And for, poor bird, thou sing’st not in the day,  
As shaming any eye should thee behold,  
Some dark deep desert, seated from the way,  
That knows not parching heat nor freezing cold,  
Will we find out ; and there we will unfold  
To creatures stern sad tunes, to change their kinds :  
Since men prove beasts, let beasts bear gentle minds.’





The Rape of Lucrece      Verses 168—170

‘ Her house is sack’d, her quiet interrupted,      1170  
Her mansion batter’d by the enemy ;  
Her sacred temple spotted, spoil’d, corrupted,  
Grossly engirt with daring infamy :  
Then let it not be call’d impiety,  
    If in this blemish’d fort I make some hole  
    Through which I may convey this troubled soul.

‘ Yet die I will not till my Collatine  
Have heard the cause of my untimely death ;  
That he may vow, in that sad hour of mine,  
Revenge on him that made me stop my breath.      1180  
My stained blood to Tarquin I ’ll bequeath,  
    Which by him tainted shall for him be spent,  
    And as his due writ in my testament.

‘ My honour I ’ll bequeath unto the knife  
That wounds my body so dishonoured.  
’Tis honour to deprive dishonour’d life ;  
The one will live, the other being dead :  
So of shame’s ashes shall my fame be bred ;  
    For in my death I murder shameful scorn :  
    My shame so dead, mine honour is new-born. 1190



The Rape of Lucrece        Verses 174—176

This plot of death when sadly she had laid,  
And wiped the brinish pearl from her bright eyes,  
With untuned tongue she hoarsely calls her maid,  
Whose swift obedience to her mistress hies ;  
For fleet-wing'd duty with thought's feathers flies.  
    Poor Lucrece' cheeks unto her maid seem so  
    As winter meads when sun doth melt their snow.

Her mistress she doth give demure good-morrow,  
With soft slow tongue, true mark of modesty,      1220  
And sorts a sad look to her lady's sorrow,  
For why her face wore sorrow's livery,  
But durst not ask of her audaciously  
    Why her two suns were cloud-eclipsed so,  
    Nor why her fair cheeks over-wash'd with woe.

But as the earth doth weep, the sun being set,  
Each flower moisten'd like a melting eye,  
Even so the maid with swelling drops 'gan wet  
Her circled eyne, enforced by sympathy  
Of those fair suns set in her mistress' sky,      1230  
    Who in a salt-waved ocean quench their light,  
    Which makes the maid weep like the dewy night.

A pretty while these pretty creatures stand,  
 Like ivory conduits coral cisterns filling :  
 One justly weeps ; the other takes in hand  
 No cause, but company, of her drops spilling :  
 Their gentle sex to weep are often willing,  
 Grieving themselves to guess at others' smart,  
 And then they drown their eyes or break their hearts.

For men have marble, women waxen, minds, 1240  
 And therefore are they form'd as marble will ;  
 The weak oppress'd, the impression of strange kinds  
 Is form'd in them by force, by fraud, or skill :  
 Then call them not the authors of their ill,  
 No more than wax shall be accounted evil  
 Wherein is stamp'd the semblance of a devil.

Their smoothness, like a goodly champaign plain,  
 Lays open all the little worms that creep ;  
 In men, as in a rough-grown grove, remain  
 Cave-keeping evils that obscurely sleep : 1250  
 Through crystal walls each little mote will peep :  
 Though men can cover crimes with bold stern looks,  
 Poor women's faces are their own faults' books.

No man inveigh against the withered flower,  
But chide rough winter that the flower hath kill'd :  
Not that devour'd, but that which doth devour,  
Is worthy blame. O, let it not be hild  
Poor women's faults, that they are so fulfill'd  
    With men's abuses : those proud lords to blame  
    Make weak-made women tenants to their shame.

The precedent whereof in Lucrece view,                      1261  
Assail'd by night with circumstances strong  
Of present death, and shame that might ensue  
By that her death, to do her husband wrong :  
Such danger to resistance did belong,  
    That dying fear through all her body spread ;  
    And who cannot abuse a body dead ?

By this, mild patience bid fair Lucrece speak  
To the poor counterfeit of her complaining :  
' My girl,' quoth she, ' on what occasion break              1270  
Those tears from thee, that down thy cheeks are raining ?  
If thou dost weep for grief of my sustaining,  
    Know, gentle wench, it small avails my mood :  
    If tears could help, mine own would do me good.

‘But tell me, girl, when went’—and there she stay’d  
Till after a deep groan—‘Tarquin from hence?’

‘Madam, ere I was up,’ replied the maid,

‘The more to blame my sluggard negligence :

Yet with the fault I thus far can dispense ;

Myself was stirring ere the break of day,

1280

And ere I rose was Tarquin gone away.

‘But, lady, if your maid may be so bold,

She would request to know your heaviness.’

‘O, peace!’ quoth Lucrece : ‘if it should be told,

The repetition cannot make it less,

For more it is than I can well express :

And that deep torture may be call’d a hell

When more is felt than one hath power to tell.

‘Go, get me hither paper, ink and pen :

Yet save that labour, for I have them here.

1290

What should I say? One of my husband’s men

Bid thou be ready by and by to bear

A letter to my lord, my love, my dear :

Bid him with speed prepare to carry it ;

The cause craves haste and it will soon be writ.’

Her maid is gone, and she prepares to write,  
First hovering o'er the paper with her quill :  
Conceit and grief an eager combat fight ;  
What wit sets down is blotted straight with will ;  
This is too curious-good, this blunt and ill : 1300  
    Much like a press of people at a door,  
    Throng her inventions, which shall go before.

At last she thus begins : 'Thou worthy lord  
Of that unworthy wife that greeteth thee,  
Health to thy person ! next vouchsafe t' afford—  
If ever, love, thy Lucrece thou wilt see—  
Some present speed to come and visit me.  
    So, I commend me from our house in grief :  
    My woes are tedious, though my words are brief.'

Here folds she up the tenour of her woe, 1310  
Her certain sorrow writ uncertainly.  
By this short schedule Collatine may know  
Her grief, but not her grief's true quality :  
She dares not thereof make discovery,  
    Lest he should hold it her own gross abuse,  
    Ere she with blood had stain'd her stain'd excuse.



Besides, the life and feeling of her passion  
 She hoards, to spend when he is by to hear her,  
 When sighs and groans and tears may grace the fashion  
 Of her disgrace, the better so to clear her 1320  
 From that suspicion which the world might bear her.  
 To shun this blot, she would not blot the letter  
 With words, till action might become them better.

To see sad sights moves more than hear them told ;  
 For then the eye interprets to the ear  
 The heavy motion that it doth behold,  
 When every part a part of woe doth bear.  
 'Tis but a part of sorrow that we hear :  
 Deep sounds make lesser noise than shallow fords,  
 And sorrow ebbs, being blown with wind of words.

Her letter now is seal'd and on it writ 1331  
 ' At Ardea to my lord with more than haste.'  
 The post attends, and she delivers it,  
 Charging the sour-faced groom to hie as fast  
 As lagging fowls before the northern blast :  
 Speed more than speed but dull and slow she deems :  
 Extremity still urgeth such extremes.

The homely villain court'sies to her low,  
And blushing on her, with a steadfast eye  
Receives the scroll without or yea or no,      1340  
And forth with bashful innocence doth hie.  
But they whose guilt within their bosoms lie  
Imagine every eye beholds their blame;  
For Lucrece thought he blush'd to see her shame :

When, silly groom ! God wot, it was defect  
Of spirit, life and bold audacity.  
Such harmless creatures have a true respect  
To talk in deeds, while others saucily  
Promise more speed but do it leisurely :  
Even so this pattern of the worn-out age      1350  
Pawn'd honest looks, but laid no words to gage.

His kindled duty kindled her mistrust,  
That two red fires in both their faces blazed ;  
She thought he blush'd, as knowing Tarquin's lust,  
And blushing with him, wistly on him gazed ;  
Her earnest eye did make him more amazed :  
The more she saw the blood his cheeks replenish,  
The more she thought he spied in her some blemish.

But long she thinks till he return again,  
And yet the duteous vassal scarce is gone. 1360  
The weary time she cannot entertain,  
For now 'tis stale to sigh, to weep and groan :  
So woe hath wearied woe, moan tired moan,  
That she her plaints a little while doth stay,  
Pausing for means to mourn some newer way.

At last she calls to mind where hangs a piece  
Of skilful painting, made for Priam's Troy ;  
Before the which is drawn the power of Greece,  
For Helen's rape the city to destroy,  
Threatening cloud-kissing Ilium with annoy ; 1370  
Which the conceited painter drew so proud,  
As heaven, it seem'd, to kiss the turrets bow'd.

A thousand lamentable objects there,  
In scorn of nature, art gave lifeless life :  
Many a dry drop seem'd a weeping tear,  
Shed for the slaughter'd husband by the wife :  
The red blood reek'd, to show the painter's strife ;  
And dying eyes gleam'd forth their ashy lights,  
Like dying coals burnt out in tedious nights.

There might you see the labouring pioner      1380  
Begrimed with sweat and smeared all with dust ;  
And from the towers of Troy there would appear  
The very eyes of men through loop-holes thrust,  
Gazing upon the Greeks with little lust :  
    Such sweet observance in this work was had  
    That one might see those far-off eyes look sad.

In great commanders grace and majesty  
You might behold, triumphing in their faces,  
In youth, quick bearing and dexterity ;  
And here and there the painter interlaces      1390  
Pale cowards, marching on with trembling paces ;  
    Which heartless peasants did so well resemble  
    That one would swear he saw them quake and tremble.

In Ajax and Ulysses, O, what art  
Of physiognomy might one behold !  
The face of either cipher'd either's heart ;  
Their face their manners most expressly told :  
In Ajax' eyes blunt rage and rigour roll'd ;  
    But the mild glance that sly Ulysses lent  
    Show'd deep regard and smiling government.      1400

There pleading might you see grave Nestor stand,  
 As 'twere encouraging the Greeks to fight,  
 Making such sober action with his hand  
 That it beguiled attention, charm'd the sight :  
 In speech, it seem'd, his beard all silver white  
     Wagg'd up and down, and from his lips did fly  
     Thin winding breath which purl'd up to the sky.

About him were a press of gaping faces,  
 Which seem'd to swallow up his sound advice ;  
 All jointly listening, but with several graces,      1410  
 As if some mermaid did their ears entice,  
 Some high, some low, the painter was so nice ;  
     The scalps of many, almost hid behind,  
     To jump up higher seem'd, to mock the mind.

Here one man's hand lean'd on another's head,  
 His nose being shadow'd by his neighbour's ear ;  
 Here one being throng'd bears back, all boll'n and red ;  
 Another smother'd seems to pelt and swear ;  
 And in their rage such signs of rage they bear  
     As, but for loss of Nestor's golden words,      1420  
     It seem'd they would debate with angry swords.

The Rape of Lucrece    Verses 204—206

For much imaginary work was there ;  
Conceit deceitful, so compact, so kind,  
That for Achilles' image stood his spear  
Griped in an armed hand ; himself behind  
Was left unseen, save to the eye of mind :  
A hand, a foot, a face, a leg, a head,  
Stood for the whole to be imagined.

And from the walls of strong-besieged Troy  
When their brave hope, bold Hector, march'd to field,  
Stood many Trojan mothers sharing joy                    1431  
To see their youthful sons bright weapons wield ;  
And to their hope they such odd action yield  
That through their light joy seemed to appear,  
Like bright things stain'd, a kind of heavy fear.

And from the strand of Dardan, where they fought,  
To Simois' reedy banks the red blood ran,  
Whose waves to imitate the battle sought  
With swelling ridges ; and their ranks began  
To break upon the galled shore, and than                    1440  
Retire again, till meeting greater ranks  
They join and shoot their foam at Simois' banks.

To this well-painted piece is Lucrece come,  
To find a face where all distress is stell'd.  
Many she sees where cares have carved some,  
But none where all distress and dolour dwell'd,  
Till she despairing Hecuba beheld,  
    Staring on Priam's wounds with her old eyes,  
    Which bleeding under Pyrrhus' proud foot lies.

In her the painter had anatomized 1450  
Time's ruin, beauty's wreck, and grim care's reign :  
Her cheeks with chaps and wrinkles were disguised ;  
Of what she was no semblance did remain :  
Her blue blood changed to black in every vein,  
    Wanting the spring that those shrunk pipes had fed,  
    Show'd life imprison'd in a body dead.

On this sad shadow Lucrece spends her eyes,  
And shapes her sorrow to the beldam's woes,  
Who nothing wants to answer her but cries,  
And bitter words to ban her cruel foes : 1460  
The painter was no god to lend her those ;  
    And therefore Lucrece swears he did her wrong,  
    To give her so much grief and not a tongue.

The Rape of Lucrece      Verses 210—212

‘ Poor instrument,’ quoth she, ‘ without a sound,  
I’ll tune thy woes with my lamenting tongue,  
And drop sweet balm in Priam’s painted wound,  
And rail on Pyrrhus that hath done him wrong,  
And with my tears quench Troy that burns so long,  
And with my knife scratch out the angry eyes  
Of all the Greeks that are thine enemies.      1470

‘ Show me the strumpet that began this stir,  
That with my nails her beauty I may tear.  
Thy heat of lust, fond Paris, did incur  
This load of wrath that burning Troy doth bear :  
Thy eye kindled the fire that burneth here ;  
And here in Troy, for trespass of thine eye,  
The sire, the son, the dame and daughter die.

‘ Why should the private pleasure of some one  
Become the public plague of many moe ?  
Let sin, alone committed, light alone      1480  
Upon his head that hath transgressed so ;  
Let guiltless souls be freed from guilty woe :  
For one’s offence why should so many fall,  
To plague a private sin in general ?



‘Lo, here weeps Hecuba, here Priam dies,  
 Here manly Hector faints, here Troilus swounds,  
 Here friend by friend in bloody channel lies,  
 And friend to friend gives unadvised wounds,  
 And one man’s lust these many lives confounds :  
     Had doting Priam check’d his son’s desire,     1490  
     Troy had been bright with fame and not with fire.’

Here feelingly she weeps Troy’s painted woes :  
 For sorrow, like a heavy-hanging bell  
 Once set on ringing, with his own weight goes ;  
 Then little strength rings out the doleful knell :  
 So Lucrece, set a-work, sad tales doth tell  
     To pencill’d pensiveness and colour’d sorrow ;  
     She lends them words, and she their looks doth  
     borrow.

She throws her eyes about the painting round,  
 And who she finds forlorn she doth lament.     1500  
 At last she sees a wretched image bound,  
 That piteous looks to Phrygian shepherds lent :  
 His face, though full of cares, yet show’d content ;  
     Onward to Troy with the blunt swains he goes,  
     So mild that Patience seem’d to scorn his woes.

In him the painter labour'd with his skill  
To hide deceit and give the harmless show  
An humble gait, calm looks, eyes wailing still,  
A brow unbent, that seem'd to welcome woe ;  
Cheeks neither red nor pale, but mingled so      1510  
    That blushing red no guilty instance gave,  
    Nor ashy pale the fear that false hearts have.

But, like a constant and confirmed devil,  
He entertain'd a show so seeming just,  
And therein so enconced his secret evil,  
That jealousy itself could not mistrust  
False-creeping craft and perjury should thrust  
    Into so bright a day such black-faced storms,  
    Or blot with hell-born sin such saint-like forms.

The well-skill'd workman this mild image drew      1520  
For perjured Sinon, whose enchanting story  
The credulous old Priam after slew ;  
Whose words, like wildfire, burnt the shining glory  
Of rich-built Ilion, that the skies were sorry,  
    And little stars shot from their fixed places,  
    When their glass fell wherein they view'd their faces.

This picture she advisedly perused,  
And chid the painter for his wondrous skill,  
Saying, some shape in Sinon's was abused ;  
So fair a form lodged not a mind so ill : 1530  
And still on him she gazed, and gazing still  
Such signs of truth in his plain face she spied  
That she concludes the picture was belied.

'It cannot be,' quoth she, 'that so much guile'—  
She would have said 'can lurk in such a look ;'  
But Tarquin's shape came in her mind the while,  
And from her tongue 'can lurk' from 'cannot' took :  
'It cannot be' she in that sense forsook,  
And turn'd it thus, 'It cannot be, I find,  
But such a face should bear a wicked mind : 1540

'For even as subtle Sinon here is painted,  
So sober-sad, so weary and so mild,  
As if with grief or travail he had fainted,  
To me came Tarquin armed : so beguiled  
With outward honesty, but yet defiled  
With inward vice : as Priam him did cherish,  
So did I Tarquin ; so my Troy did perish.

‘ Look, look, how listening Priam wets his eyes,  
To see those borrow’d tears that Sinon sheds !  
Priam, why art thou old and yet not wise ?                    1550  
For every tear he falls a Trojan bleeds :  
His eye drops fire, no water thence proceeds ;  
Those round clear pearls of his that move thy pity  
Are balls of quenchless fire to burn thy city.

‘ Such devils steal effects from lightless hell ;  
For Sinon in his fire doth quake with cold,  
And in that cold hot-burning fire doth dwell ;  
These contraries such unity do hold,  
Only to flatter fools and make them bold :  
So Priam’s trust false Sinon’s tears doth flatter, 1560  
That he finds means to burn his Troy with water.’

Here, all enraged, such passion her assails,  
That patience is quite beaten from her breast.  
She tears the senseless Sinon with her nails,  
Comparing him to that unhappy guest  
Whose deed hath made herself herself detest :  
At last she smilingly with this gives o’er ;  
‘ Fool, fool ! ’ quoth she, ‘ his wounds will not be sore.’

Thus ebbs and flows the current of her sorrow,  
 And time doth weary time with her complaining. 1570  
 She looks for night, and then she longs for morrow,  
 And both she thinks too long with her remaining :  
 Short time seems long in sorrow's sharp sustaining :  
 Though woe be heavy, yet it seldom sleeps,  
 And they that watch see time how slow it creeps.

Which all this time hath overslipp'd her thought,  
 That she with painted images hath spent ;  
 Being from the feeling of her own grief brought  
 By deep surmise of others' detriment,  
 Losing her woes in shows of discontent. 1580  
 It easeth some, though none it ever cured,  
 To think their dolour others have endured.

But now the mindful messenger come back  
 Brings home his lord and other company ;  
 Who finds his Lucrece clad in mourning black :  
 And round about her tear-distained eye  
 Blue circles stream'd, like rainbows in the sky :  
 These water-galls in her dim element  
 Foretell new storms to those already spent.

The Rape of Lucrece    Verses 228—230

Which when her sad-beholding husband saw,    1590  
Amazedly in her sad face he stares :  
Her eyes, though sod in tears, look'd red and raw,  
Her lively colour kill'd with deadly cares.  
He hath no power to ask her how she fares :  
Both stood, like old acquaintance in a trance,  
Met far from home, wondering each other's chance.

At last he takes her by the bloodless hand,  
And thus begins : ' What uncouth ill event  
Hath thee befall'n, that thou dost trembling stand ?  
Sweet love, what spite hath thy fair colour spent ?    1600  
Why art thou thus attired in discontent ?  
Unmask, dear dear, this moody heaviness,  
And tell thy grief, that we may give redress.'

Three times with sighs she gives her sorrow fire,  
Ere once she can discharge one word of woe :  
At length address'd to answer his desire,  
She modestly prepares to let them know  
Her honour is ta'en prisoner by the foe ;  
While Collatine and his consorted lords  
With sad attention long to hear her words.    1610

And now this pale swan in her watery nest  
 Begins the sad dirge of her certain ending :  
 ‘ Few words,’ quoth she, ‘ shall fit the trespass best,  
 Where no excuse can give the fault amending :  
 In me moe woes than words are now depending ;  
     And my laments would be drawn out too long,  
     To tell them all with one poor tired tongue.

‘ Then be this all the task it hath to say :  
 Dear husband, in the interest of thy bed  
 A stranger came, and on that pillow lay 1620  
 Where thou wast wont to rest thy weary head ;  
 And what wrong else may be imagined  
     By foul enforcement might be done to me,  
     From that, alas, thy Lucrece is not free.

‘ For in the dreadful dead of dark midnight,  
 With shining falchion in my chamber came  
 A creeping creature, with a flaming light,  
 And softly cried “ Awake, thou Roman dame,  
 And entertain my love ; else lasting shame  
     On thee and thine this night I will inflict, 1630  
     If thou my love’s desire do contradict.

The Rape of Lucrece      Verses 234—236

‘ “For some hard-favour’d groom of thine,” quoth he,  
“Unless thou yoke thy liking to my will,  
I’ll murder straight, and then I’ll slaughter thee,  
And swear I found you where you did fulfil  
The loathsome act of lust, and so did kill.  
The lechers in their deed: this act will be  
My fame, and thy perpetual infamy.”

‘ With this, I did begin to start and cry ;  
And then against my heart he set his sword,      1640  
Swearing, unless I took all patiently,  
I should not live to speak another word ;  
So should my shame still rest upon record,  
And never be forgot in mighty Rome  
The adulterate death of Lucrece and her groom.

‘ Mine enemy was strong, my poor self weak,  
And far the weaker with so strong a fear :  
My bloody judge forbade my tongue to speak ;  
No rightful plea might plead for justice there :  
His scarlet lust came evidence to swear      1650  
That my poor beauty had purloin’d his eyes ;  
And when the judge is robb’d, the prisoner dies.



‘O, teach me how to make mine own excuse !  
 Or, at the least, this refuge let me find ;  
 Though my gross blood be stain’d with this abuse,  
 Immaculate and spotless is my mind ;  
 That was not forced ; that never was inclined  
 To accessary yieldings, but still pure  
 Doth in her poison’d closet yet endure.’

Lo, here, the hopeless merchant of this loss,                   1660  
 With head declined, and voice damm’d up with woe,  
 With sad-set eyes and wretched arms across,  
 From lips new-waxen pale begins to blow  
 The grief away that stops his answer so :  
     But, wretched as he is, he strives in vain ;  
     What he breathes out his breath drinks up again.

As through an arch the violent roaring tide  
 Outruns the eye that doth behold his haste,  
 Yet in the eddy boundeth in his pride  
 Back to the strait that forced him on so fast,                   1670  
 In rage sent out, recall’d in rage, being past :  
     Even so his sighs, his sorrows, make a saw,  
     To push grief on and back the same grief draw.

The Rape of Lucrece      Verses 240—242

Which speechless woe of his poor she attendeth  
And his untimely frenzy thus awaketh :  
' Dear lord, thy sorrow to my sorrow lendeth  
Another power ; no flood by raining slaketh.  
My woe too sensible thy passion maketh  
More feeling-painful : let it then suffice  
To drown one woe, one pair of weeping eyes. 1680

' And for my sake, when I might charm thee so,  
For she that was thy Lucrece, now attend me :  
Be suddenly revenged on my foe,  
Thine, mine, his own : suppose thou dost defend me  
From what is past : the help that thou shalt lend me  
Comes all too late, yet let the traitor die ;  
For sparing justice feeds iniquity.

' But ere I name him, you fair lords,' quoth she,  
Speaking to those that came with Collatine,  
' Shall plight your honourable faiths to me,                      1690  
With swift pursuit to venge this wrong of mine ;  
For 'tis a meritorious fair design  
To chase injustice with revengeful arms :  
Knights, by their oaths, should right poor ladies'  
harms.'

At this request, with noble disposition  
 Each present lord began to promise aid,  
 As bound in knighthood to her imposition,  
 Longing to hear the hateful foe bewray'd.  
 But she, that yet her sad task hath not said,  
 The protestation stops. 'O, speak,' quoth she, 1700  
 'How may this forced stain be wiped from me?'

'What is the quality of my offence,  
 Being constrain'd with dreadful circumstance?  
 May my pure mind with the foul act dispense,  
 My low-declined honour to advance?  
 May any terms acquit me from this chance?  
 The poison'd fountain clears itself again;  
 And why not I from this compelled stain?'

With this, they all at once began to say,  
 Her body's stain her mind untainted clears;                    1710  
 While with a joyless smile she turns away  
 The face, that map which deep impression bears  
 Of hard misfortune, carved in it with tears.  
 'No, no,' quoth she, 'no dame hereafter living  
 By my excuse shall claim excuse's giving.'

Here with a sigh, as if her heart would break,  
She throws forth Tarquin's name : 'He, he,' she says,  
But more than 'he' her poor tongue could not speak ;  
Till after many accents and delays,  
Untimely breathings, sick and short assays,      1720  
    She utters this : 'He, he, fair lords, 'tis he,  
    That guides this hand to give this wound to me.'

Even here she sheathed in her harmless breast  
A harmful knife, that thence her soul unsheathed :  
That blow did bail it from the deep unrest  
Of that polluted prison where it breathed :  
Her contrite sighs unto the clouds bequeathed  
    Her winged sprite, and through her wounds doth fly  
    Life's lasting date from cancell'd destiny.

Stone-still, astonish'd with this deadly deed,      1730  
Stood Collatine and all his lordly crew ;  
Till Lucrece' father, that beholds her bleed,  
Himself on her self-slaughter'd body threw ;  
And from the purple fountain Brutus drew  
    The murderous knife, and, as it left the place,  
    Her blood, in poor revenge, held it in chase ;

And bubbling from her breast, it doth divide  
In two slow rivers, that the crimson blood  
Circles her body in on every side,  
Who, like a late-sack'd island, vastly stood 1740  
Bare and unpeopled in this fearful flood.  
Some of her blood still pure and red remain'd,  
And some look'd black, and that false Tarquin stain'd.

About the mourning and congealed face  
Of that black blood a watery rigol goes,  
Which seems to weep upon the tainted place :  
And ever since, as pitying Lucrece' woes,  
Corrupted blood some watery token shows ;  
And blood untainted still doth red abide,  
Blushing at that which is so putrified. 1750

'Daughter, dear daughter,' old Lucretius cries,  
'That life was mine which thou hast here deprived.  
If in the child the father's image lies,  
Where shall I live now Lucrece is unliv'd ?  
Thou wast not to this end from me derived.  
If children pre-decease progenitors,  
We are their offspring, and they none of ours.

‘ Poor broken glass, I often did behold  
In thy sweet semblance my old age new born ;  
But now that fair fresh mirror, dim and old,      1760  
Shows me a bare-boned death by time outworn :  
O, from thy cheeks my image thou hast torn,  
    And shiver’d all the beauty of my glass,  
    That I no more can see what once I was.

‘ O time, cease thou thy course and last no longer,  
If they surcease to be that should survive.  
Shall rotten death make conquest of the stronger,  
And leave the faltering feeble souls alive ?  
The old bees die, the young possess their hive :  
    Then live, sweet Lucrece, live again, and see 1770  
    Thy father die, and not thy father thee ! ’

By this, starts Collatine as from a dream,  
And bids Lucretius give his sorrow place ;  
And then in key-cold Lucrece’ bleeding stream  
He falls, and bathes the pale fear in his face,  
And counterfeits to die with her a space ;  
    Till manly shame bids him possess his breath,  
    And live to be revenged on her death.

The deep vexation of his inward soul  
 Hath served a dumb arrest upon his tongue ; 1780  
 Who, mad that sorrow should his use control  
 Or keep him from heart-easing words so long,  
 Begins to talk ; but through his lips do throng  
 Weak words, so thick come in his poor heart's aid  
 That no man could distinguish what he said.

Yet sometime 'Tarquin' was pronounced plain,  
 But through his teeth, as if the name he tore.  
 This windy tempest, till it blow up rain,  
 Held back his sorrow's tide, to make it more ;  
 At last it rains, and busy winds give o'er : 1790  
 Then son and father weep with equal strife  
 Who should weep most, for daughter or for wife.

The one doth call her his, the other his,  
 Yet neither may possess the claim they lay.  
 The father says 'She's mine.' 'O, mine she is,'  
 Replies her husband : 'do not take away  
 My sorrow's interest ; let no mourner say  
 He weeps for her, for she was only mine,  
 And only must be wail'd by Collatine.'

'O,' quoth Lucretius, 'I did give that life      1800  
Which she too early and too late hath spill'd.'  
'Woe, woe,' quoth Collatine, 'she was my wife ;  
I owed her, and 'tis mine that she hath kill'd.'  
'My daughter' and 'my wife' with clamours fill'd  
The dispersed air, who, holding Lucrece' life,  
Answer'd their cries, 'my daughter' and 'my wife.'

Brutus, who pluck'd the knife from Lucrece' side,  
Seeing such emulation in their woe,  
Began to clothe his wit in state and pride,  
Burying in Lucrece' wound his folly's show.      1810  
He with the Romans was esteemed so  
As silly-jeering idiots are with kings,  
For sportive words and uttering foolish things :

But now he throws that shallow habit by  
Wherein deep policy did him disguise,  
And arm'd his long-hid wits advisedly  
To check the tears in Collatinus' eyes.  
'Thou wronged lord of Rome,' quoth he, 'arise :  
Let my unsounded self, supposed a fool,  
Now set thy long-experienced wit to school.      1820



'Why, Collatine, is woe the cure for woe?  
 Do wounds help wounds, or grief help grievous deeds?  
 Is it revenge to give thyself a blow  
 For his foul act by whom thy fair wife bleeds?  
 Such childish humour from weak minds proceeds:  
     Thy wretched wife mistook the matter so,  
     To slay herself, that should have slain her foe.

'Courageous Roman, do not steep thy heart  
 In such relenting dew of lamentations,  
 But kneel with me and help to bear thy part      1830  
 To rouse our Roman gods with invocations  
 That they will suffer these abominations,  
     Since Rome herself in them doth stand disgraced,  
     By our strong arms from forth her fair streets chased.

'Now, by the Capitol that we adore,  
 And by this chaste blood so unjustly stained,  
 By heaven's fair sun that breeds the fat earth's store,  
 By all our country rights in Rome maintained,  
 And by chaste Lucrece' soul that late complained  
     Her wrongs to us, and by this bloody knife,      1840  
     We will revenge the death of this true wife!'

This said, he struck his hand upon his breast,  
And kiss'd the fatal knife, to end his vow,  
And to his protestation urged the rest,  
Who, wondering at him, did his words allow :  
Then jointly to the ground their knees they bow ;  
And that deep vow, which Brutus made before,  
He doth again repeat, and that they swore.

When they had sworn to this advised doom,  
They did conclude to bear dead Lucrece thence, 1850  
To show her bleeding body thorough Rome,  
And so to publish Tarquin's foul offence :  
Which being done with speedy diligence,  
The Romans plausibly did give consent  
To Tarquin's everlasting banishment.



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## **A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.**

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A Lover's Complaint.

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

Upon her head a platted hive of straw,  
Which fortified her visage from the sun,  
Whereon the thought might think sometime it saw 10  
The carcass of a beauty spent and done :  
Time had not scythed all that youth begun,  
Nor youth all quit ; but, spite of heaven's fell rage,  
Some beauty peep'd through lattice of sear'd age.

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

20

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

Her hair, nor loose nor tied in formal plat,  
Proclaim'd in her a careless hand of pride ;  
For some, untuck'd, descended her sheaved hat,  
Hanging her pale and pined cheek beside ;  
Some in her threaten fillet still did bide,  
And, true to bondage, would not break from thence,  
Though slackly braided in loose negligence.

30

## A Lover's Complaint ❧

Verses 6—8

A thousand favours from a maund she drew  
Of amber, crystal, and of beaded jet,  
Which one by one she in a river threw,  
Upon whose weeping margent she was set ;  
Like usury, applying wet to wet,  
Or monarch's hands that lets not bounty fall  
Where want cries some, but where excess begs all.

40

Of folded schedules had she many a one,  
Which she perused, sigh'd, tore, and gave the flood ;  
Crack'd many a ring of posied gold and bone,  
Bidding them find their sepulchres in mud ;  
Found yet moe letters sadly penn'd in blood,  
With sleided silk feat and affectedly  
Enswathed, and seal'd to curious secrecy.

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

50



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

60

So slides he down upon his grained bat,  
 And comely-distant sits he by her side ;  
 When he again desires her, being sat,  
 Her grievance with his hearing to divide :  
 If that from him there may be aught applied  
 Which may her suffering ecstasy assuage,  
 'Tis promised in the charity of age.

70

'Father,' she says, 'though in me you behold  
 The injury of many a blasting hour,  
 Let it not tell your judgement I am old ;  
 Not age, but sorrow, over me hath power :  
 I might as yet have been a spreading flower,  
 Fresh to myself, if I had self-applied  
 Love to myself, and to no love beside.

## A Lover's Complaint ❖

Verses 12—14

‘But, woe is me! too early I attended  
A youthful suit—it was to gain my grace—  
Of one by nature's outwards so commended, 80  
That maidens' eyes stuck over all his face :  
Love lack'd a dwelling and made him her place ;  
And when in his fair parts she did abide,  
She was new lodged and newly deified.

‘His browny locks did hang in crooked curls ;  
And every light occasion of the wind  
Upon his lips their silken parcels hurls.  
What's sweet to do, to do will aptly find :  
Each eye that saw him did enchant the mind ;  
For on his visage was in little drawn 90  
What largeness thinks in Paradise was sawn.

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

' His qualities were beauteous as his form,  
For maiden-tongued he was, and thereof free ;      100  
Yet, if men moved him, was he such a storm  
As oft 'twixt May and April is to see,  
When winds breathe sweet, unruly though they be.  
His rudeness so with his authorized youth  
Did livery falseness in a pride of truth.

' Well could he ride, and often men would say,  
" That horse his mettle from his rider takes :  
Proud of subjection, noble by the sway,  
What rounds, what bounds, what course, what stop he  
    makes ! "

And controversy hence a question takes,      110  
Whether the horse by him became his deed,  
Or he his manage by the well-doing steed.

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

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

‘ That he did in the general bosom reign  
Of young, of old, and sexes both enchanted,  
To dwell with him in thoughts, or to remain  
In personal duty, following where he haunted : 130  
Consents bewitch’d, ere he desire, have granted,  
And dialogued for him what he would say,  
Ask’d their own wills and made their wills obey.

‘ Many there were that did his picture get,  
To serve their eyes, and in it put their mind ;  
Like fools that in the imagination set  
The goodly objects which abroad they find  
Of lands and mansions, theirs in thought assign’d :  
And labouring in moe pleasures to bestow them  
Than the true gouty landlord which doth owe them : 140

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

' Yet did I not, as some my equals did,  
 Demand of him, nor being desired yielded ;  
 Finding myself in honour so forbid, 150  
 With safest distance I mine honour shielded :  
 Experience for me many bulwarks builded  
 Of proofs new-bleeding, which remain'd the foil  
 Of this false jewel, and his amorous spoil.

' But, ah, who ever shunn'd by precedent  
 The destined ill she must herself assay ?  
 Or forced examples, 'gainst her own content,  
 To put the by-past perils in her way ?  
 Counsel may stop awhile what will not stay ;  
 For when we rage, advice is often seen 160  
 By blunting us to make our wits more keen.

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

‘ For further I could say “ This man’s untrue,”  
And knew the patterns of his foul beguiling ; 170  
Heard where his plants in others’ orchards grew,  
Saw how deceits were gilded in his smiling ;  
Knew vows were ever brokers to defiling ;  
Thought characters and words merely but art,  
And bastards of his foul adulterate heart.

‘ And long upon these terms I held my city,  
Till thus he ’gan besiege me : “ Gentle maid,  
Have of my suffering youth some feeling pity,  
And be not of my holy vows afraid :  
That’s to ye sworn to none was ever said ; 180  
For feasts of love I have been call’d unto,  
Till now did ne’er invite, nor never woo.

"All my offences that abroad you see  
 Are errors of the blood, none of the mind ;  
 Love made them not : with acture they may be,  
 Where neither party is nor true nor kind :  
 They sought their shame that so their shame did find ;  
 And so much less of shame in me remains  
 By how much of me their reproach contains.

"Among the many that mine eyes have seen,      190  
 Not one whose flame my heart so much as warmed,  
 Or my affection put to the smallest teen,  
 Or any of my leisures ever charmed :  
 Harm have I done to them, but ne'er was harmed ;  
 Kept hearts in liveries, but mine own was free,  
 And reign'd, commanding in his monarchy.

"Look here, what tributes wounded fancies sent me,  
 Of paled pearls and rubies red as blood ;  
 Figuring that they their passions likewise lent me  
 Of grief and blushes, aptly understood      200  
 In bloodless white and the encrimson'd mood ;  
 Effects of terror and dear modesty,  
 Encamp'd in hearts, but fighting outwardly.

‘ “And, lo, behold these talents of their hair,  
With twisted metal amorously impleach’d,  
I have received from many a several fair,  
Their kind acceptance weepingly beseech’d,  
With the annexions of fair gems enrich’d,  
And deep-brain’d sonnets that did amplify  
Each stone’s dear nature, worth and quality. 210

‘ “The diamond, why, ’twas beautiful and hard,  
Whereto his invised properties did tend ;  
The deep-green emerald, in whose fresh regard  
Weak sights their sickly radiance do amend ;  
The heaven-hued sapphire and the opal blend  
With objects manifold : each several stone,  
With wit well blazon’d, smiled or made some moan.

‘ “Lo, all these trophies of affections hot,  
Of pensived and subdued desires the tender,  
Nature hath charged me that I hoard them not, 220  
But yield them up where I myself must render,  
That is, to you, my origin and ender ;  
For these, of force, must your oblations be,  
Since I their altar, you enpatron me.



“ O, then, advance of yours that phraseless hand,  
Whose white weighs down the airy scale of praise ;  
Take all these similes to your own command,  
Hallow'd with sighs that burning lungs did raise ;  
What me your minister, for you obeys,  
Works under you ; and to your audit comes  
Their distract parcels in combined sums.

230

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

“ But, O my sweet, what labour is't to leave  
The thing we have not, mastering what not strives, 240  
Playing the place which did no form receive,  
Playing patient sports in unconstrained gyves ?  
She that her fame so to herself contrives,  
The scars of battle 'scapeth by the flight,  
And makes her absence valiant, not her might.

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

250

“ How mighty then you are, O, hear me tell !  
The broken bosoms that to me belong  
Have emptied all their fountains in my well,  
And mine I pour your ocean all among :  
I strong o'er them, and you o'er me being strong,  
Must for your victory us all congeat,  
As compound love to physic your cold breast.

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

260

‘ “When thou impresses, what are precepts worth  
 Of stale example? When thou wilt inflame,  
 How boldly those impediments stand forth  
 Of wealth, of filial fear, law, kindred, fame!                      270  
 Love's arms are peace, 'gainst rule, 'gainst sense, 'gainst  
     shame;      [www.libtool.com.cn](http://www.libtool.com.cn)  
 And sweetens, in the suffering pangs it bears,  
 The aloes of all forces, shocks and fears.

‘ “Now all these hearts that do on mine depend,  
 Feeling it break, with bleeding groans they pine;  
 And supplicant their sighs to you extend,  
 To leave the battery that you make 'gainst mine,  
 Lending soft audience to my sweet design,  
 And credent soul to that strong-bonded oath  
 That shall prefer and undertake my troth.”                      280

‘ This said, his watery eyes he did dismount,  
 Whose sights till then were levell'd on my face;  
 Each cheek a river running from a fount  
 With brinish current downward flow'd apace:  
 O, how the channel to the stream gave grace!  
 Who glazed with crystal gate the glowing roses  
 That flame through water which their hue encloses.

‘ O father, what a hell of witchcraft lies  
In the small orb of one particular tear !  
But with the inundation of the eyes 290  
What rocky heart to water will not wear ?  
What breast so cold that is not warmed here ?  
O cleft effect ! cold modesty, hot wrath,  
Both fire from hence and chill extinture hath.

‘ For, lo, his passion, but an art of craft,  
Even there resolved my reason into tears ;  
There my white stole of chastity I daff'd,  
Shook off my sober guards and civil fears ;  
Appear to him, as he to me appears,  
All melting ; though our drops this difference bore, 300  
His poison'd me, and mine did him restore.

‘ In him a plenitude of subtle matter,  
Applied to cautels, all strange forms receives,  
Of burning blushes, or of weeping water,  
Or swounding paleness ; and he takes and leaves,  
In either's aptness, as it best deceives,  
To blush at speeches rank, to weep at woes,  
Or to turn white and swound at tragic shows :

'That not a heart which in his level came  
 Could 'scape the hail of his all-hurting aim, 310  
 Showing fair nature is both kind and tame ;  
 And, veil'd in them, did win whom he would maim :  
 Against the thing he sought he would exclaim ;  
 When he most burn'd in heart-wish'd luxury,  
 He preach'd pure maid and praised cold chastity.

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

'O, that infected moisture of his eye,  
 O, that false fire which in his cheek so glow'd,  
 O, that forced thunder from his heart did fly,  
 O, that sad breath his spongy lungs bestow'd,  
 O, all that borrow'd motion seeming owed,  
 Would yet again betray the fore-betray'd,  
 And new pervert a reconciled maid ! ' 329

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## THE PHOENIX AND TURTLE.

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## The Phoenix and Turtle.

LET the bird of loudest lay,  
On the sole Arabian tree,  
Herald sad and trumpet be,  
To whose sound chaste wings obey.

But thou shrieking harbinger,  
Foul precurrer of the fiend,  
Augur of the fever's end,  
To this troop come thou not near !

From this session interdict  
Every fowl of tyrant wing,  
Save the eagle, feather'd king :  
Keep the obsequy so strict.



Let the priest in surplice white,  
 That defunctive music can,  
 Be the death-divining swan,  
 Lest the requiem lack his right.

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And thou treble-dated crow,  
 That thy sable gender makest  
 With the breath thou givest and takest,  
 'Mongst our mourners shalt thou go. 20

Here the anthem doth commence :  
 Love and constancy is dead ;  
 Phoenix and the turtle fled  
 In a mutual flame from hence.

So they loved, as love in twain  
 Had the essence but in one ;  
 Two distincts, division none :  
 Number there in love was slain.

Hearts remote, yet not asunder ;  
 Distance, and no space was seen 30  
 'Twixt the turtle and his queen :  
 But in them it were a wonder.

So between them love did shine,  
That the turtle saw his right  
Flaming in the phoenix' sight ;  
Either was the other's mine.

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

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

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

Whereupon it made this threne  
To the phoenix and the dove,      50  
Co-supremes and stars of love,  
As chorus to their tragic scene.

THRENOS.

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Beauty, truth, and rarity,  
Grace in all simplicity,  
Here enclosed in cinders lie.

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

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

60

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

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

# Glossary.

- ACCORDED, agreed; Comp. 3.  
ACTURE, action; Comp. 185.  
ADDRESS'D, prepared, ready; 1606.  
ADJUNCT, "be adj.", follow as a consequence; 133.  
ADVANCE, raise; 1705.  
ADVISEDLY, deliberately, 180, 1527, 1816.  
AFFECTION'S, passion's; 500.  
ALLOW, approve; 1845.  
ALL-TOO-TIMELESS, altogether unseasonable; 44.  
ALOES, bitterness; Comp. 273.  
ANATOMIZ'D, laid open, shown distinctly; 1450.  
ANNEXIONS, additions; Comp. 208.  
ANTICS, fantastic shapes; (Qq., "antiques"); 459.  
APPAID, satisfied; 914.  
ARDEA, capital of the Rutuli, twenty-four miles south of Rome; 1.  
ARRIVE, reach; 781.  
AS, that; 1372.  
ASKANCE, turn aside; 637.  
ASSAY, essay, try; Comp. 156.  
ASSAYS, attempts; 1720.  
ASTONISH'D, astounded; 1730.
- BALK, disregard, neglect; 696.  
BAN, curse; 1460.  
BARE, bareness; Comp. 95.  
BARNs, stores up; 859.  
BAT, staff; Comp. 64.  
BATELESS, not to be blunted; 9.  
BEGUIL'D, rendered guileful; 1544.  
BELDAM, grandmother; 953.  
BESEEMS, becomes; 277.
- BEWRAY'D, exposed; 1698.  
BLASTS, is blasted; 49.  
BLAZON'D, interpreted; Comp. 217.  
BLEND, blended; Comp. 215.  
BLOOD, passion; Comp. 162.  
BLOSSOMS, flower of the young nobility; Comp. 235.  
BLUNT, rude, rough; 1504.  
BOLL'N, swollen; 1417.  
BOND, claim given by a bond, ownership; 136.  
BRAVING, challenging; 40.  
BULK, chest; 467.  
BURDENWISE, as in the burden of a song; 1133.  
BUT, except; Ph. 32.
- CAN, knows; Ph. 14.  
CARELESS; "c. hand of pride," *i.e.* hand of careless pride; Comp. 30.  
CASE, dress; Comp. 116.  
CAUTELS, deceits; Comp. 303.  
CHAMPAIGN, open country; 1247.  
CHAPS, wrinkles (early Qs. "chops"); 1452.  
CHARACTERS, figures; Comp. 16.  
CHEER, face, look; 264.  
CHERUBIN, cherub; Comp. 319.  
CIPHER, decipher; 811.  
CIVIL, decorous; Comp. 298.  
CLEFT, double, two-fold; Comp. 293.  
COAT, coat-of-arms; 205.  
COCKATRICE, basilisk; 540.  
COLOUR, pretext; 267.  
COMFORTABLE, comforting; 164.  
COMMENDS, commits; 436.  
COMPARE, comparison; 40.

- COMPLAIN'D**, bewailed; 1839.  
**CONCEIT**, conception; 701, 1298.  
**CONCEITED**, imaginative; 1371.  
**CONCLUSION**, experiment; 1160.  
**CONDUCT**, that which guides; 313.  
**COUNFOUND**, ruin; 1202.  
**CONGEST**, gather in one; Comp. 258.  
**CONTRIVES**, devises (? wears away, spends); Comp. 243.  
**CONTROLL'D**, restrained; 448.  
**CONVERTITE**, convert, penitent; 743.  
**COP'D**, encountered, met; 99.  
**COPEMATE**, companion; 925.  
**COUCHETH**, causes to cower; 507.  
**COUNTERFEIT**, image; 1269.  
**CREDENT**, credulous; Comp. 279.  
**CREST-WOUNDING**, staining the family crest; 828.  
**CRIES**, cries for; Comp. 42.  
**CURIOUS**, careful; Comp. 49.  
  
**DAFF'D**, doffed, put off; Comp. 297.  
**DASH**, mark of infamy; 206.  
**DEATHSMAN**, executioner; 1001.  
**DEFUNCTIVE**, funereal; Ph. 14.  
**DEPRIVE**, take away; 1186.  
**DESCANT'ST**, singest; 1134.  
**DIAPASON**, deep notes harmoniously accompanying high ones; 1132.  
**DIGRESSION**, transgression; 202.  
**DISMOUNT**, lower ("alluding to the old English fire-arms, which were supported on what was called a rest," Malone); Comp. 281.  
**DISPENSE WITH**, excuse; 1070.  
**DISTRACT**, disjoined; Comp. 231.  
**DONE**, ended; 23.  
 —, past, lost; Comp. 11.  
**DUMPS**, mournful lays; 1127.  
  
**ECSTASY**, excitement; Comp. 69.  
**EFFECTS**, outward manifestations (? efficacies); 1555.  
**ELEMENT**, sky; 1588.  
**ENPATRON**, "e. me", are my patron saint; Comp. 224.  
  
**ENSUE**, follow; 502.  
**EXCLAIMING ON**, crying out against; 741.  
**EXTINCTURE**, extinction; Comp. 294.  
  
**FACT**, deed (perhaps criminal deed); 349.  
**FALLS**, lets fall; 1551.  
**FANCY'S**, love's; 200.  
**FEAR**, the object of his fear; 308.  
**FEAST-FINDING**, attending banquets; 817.  
**FEAT**, featly, dexterously; Comp. 48.  
**FENCE**, defend; 63.  
**FIELD** (perhaps with a play upon its heraldic use); 72.  
**FIERY-POINTED**, "throwing darts with points of fire" (Steevens, "*fire-pointed*"); 372.  
**FINE**, bring to an end, (?) refine, soften; 936.  
**FLUXIVE**, flowing, weeping; Comp. 50.  
**FOIL**, setting, background; Comp. 153.  
**FOLLY**, wantonness; 851.  
**FOND**, foolishly fond; 134.  
**FONDLY**, foolishly; 207.  
**FORCE**; "of f."; perforce; Comp. 223.  
**FORCE NOT**, regard not, care not for; 1021.  
**FORESTALL**, prevent; 728.  
**FOR WHY**, because; 1222.  
**FRETS**, the stops that regulated the vibration of the strings in musical instruments; 1140.  
**FROM**, "fr. the way," i.e. "out of the way"; 1144.  
**FULFILL'D**, filled full; 1258.  
  
**GAGE**, stake; 144.  
**GAZE**; "at g."; staring about; 1149.  
**GENTRY**, gentle birth; 569.  
**GOVERNMENT**, self-control; 1400.  
**GRAFF**, graft; 1062.  
**GRAINED**, of rough wood; Comp. 64.  
**GRAVE**, engrave; 755.  
**GRIPE'S**, griffins; 543.

- HAVINGS**, accomplishments; Comp. 235.
- HEARTLESS**, bereft of all courage; 471.
- HELPLESS**, unavailing; 1027.
- HILD**, held (rhyming with "*fulfill'd*"); 1257.
- HIS**, its; 303.
- HIVE**, a kind of bonnet, resembling a hive; Comp. 8.
- ILL**, wickedness; 304.
- IMAGINARY**, imaginative; 1422.
- IMMUR'D**, shut up in a cloister; (Q., "*cessure*," rhyming with "*procure*"); Comp. 251.
- IMPLEACH'D**, entwin'd; Comp. 205.
- INSTANCE**; "guilty i.," *i.e.* "token of guilt"; 1511.
- INTENDING**, pretending; 121.
- INTITULED**, having a claim; 57.
- INTRUDE**, invade, enter; 848.
- INVIS'D**, invisible (? inspected, tried); Comp. 212.
- KEN**, sight; 1114.
- KIND**, natural; 1423.
- KINDS**, natures; 1242.
- LATE**, lately; 1801.
- LAUNDERING**, wetting; Comp. 17.
- LAWN**, fine linen; 258.
- LECTURES**, lessons; 618.
- LEISURES**, leisure hours; Comp. 193.
- LET**, forbear; 10.
- , hinder; 328.
- LEVELL'D**, (technical term for aiming a gun); Comp. 22.
- LIMED**, ensnared by bird-lime; 88.
- LINEN**, linen kerchief; 680.
- LUST**, pleasure; 1384.
- LUST-BREATHED**, animated by lust; 3.
- LUXURY**, lust; Comp. 314.
- MAP**, picture, image; 402.
- MARGENTS**, margins; 102.
- MAUND**, hand-basket; Comp. 36.
- MERMAID**, siren; 1411.
- MOE**, more; 1479.
- MOITY**, portion; Dedic. to Luc.
- MORALIZE**, interpret; 104.
- MORTALITY**; "life's m.," *i.e.* "mortal, human life"; 403.
- MOT**, motto; 830.
- NAPKIN**, handkerchief; Comp. 15.
- NEEDLE**, (monosyllabic); 319.
- NICE**, skilful; 1412.
- NIGHT-WAKING**, awake at night; 554.
- NOTE**, notoriety; Comp. 233.
- NOUGHT TO DO**, nothing to do with; 1092.
- ON**, "on ringing," *i.e.* "a-ringing"; 1494.
- ORCHARDS**, gardens; Comp. 171.
- ORTS**, scraps; 985.
- OUTWARDS**, external features; Comp. 80.
- OVERSEE**, superintend; 1205.
- OVERSEEN**, bewitched; 1206.
- OWE**, own, have; 82.
- OWED**, owned; 1803.
- PALED**, pale (Q., "*palyd*"); Comp. 198.
- PALMERS'**, pilgrims'; 791.
- PARNING**, speaking; 100.
- PEACE**, "love's arms are p.;" (so Q. *i.e.* non-resistant, accepting all consequences; Malone, "*proof*," &c.); Comp. 271.
- PEERS**, lets peer, shows; 472.
- PELLETED**, rounded; Comp. 18.
- PELT**, throw out angry words; 1418.
- PENSIV'D**, pensive; Comp. 219.
- PERPLEX'D**, bewildered; 733.
- PHILOMEL**, the nightingale; 1079.
- PHENIX**, matchless, rare; Comp. 93.
- PHRASELESS**, baffling description; Comp. 225.
- PLAINING**, complaining; 559.
- PLAITS**, folds; 93.

PLAUSIBLY, willingly; 1854.  
 POINT'ST, appointest; 879.  
 POSIED, inscribed with poesies; Comp.

45.  
 PRECEDENT, example; 1261.  
 PRESENT, instant; 1263.  
 PRETENDED, intended; 576.  
 PRICK, dial-point; 781.  
 PRIME, spring; 331.  
 PRONE, headlong; 684.  
 PROOF, experience; Comp. 163.  
 PROPERTY, individuality; Ph. 37.  
 PROPORTION'D, regular, orderly; 774.  
 PURIFIED, purged, rendered harmless;  
 532.  
 PURL'D, curled; 1407.

QUALIFIED, softened, abated; 424.  
 QUESTIONED, conversed; 122.  
 QUITTAL, requital; 236.  
 QUOTE, observe; 812.

RATE, chide; 304.  
 RECEIPT, what has been received; 703.  
 REGARD, thought, deliberation; 1400.  
 RELISH, serve up as a relish; 1126.  
 REMEMBER'D, "be r.", remember; 607.  
 REMORSELESS, pitiless; 562.  
 RENTS, rends; Comp. 55.  
 REPEAL, recall; 640.  
 REPLICATION, repartee; Comp. 122.  
 REQUIRING, asking; Argum. to Luc.  
 RESPECT, prudent consideration; 275.  
 RETIRES, draws back; 303.  
 RETIRING, returning; 962.  
 RIGOL, circle; 1745.  
 RUFFLE, noise, brawls; Comp. 58.

SAW, maxim; 244.  
 SAWN, sown; Comp. 91.  
 SCAPES, transgressions; 747.  
 SEATED, situated; 1144.  
 SECURELY, unsuspectingly; 89.  
 SEEKS TO, applies to; 293.  
 SEEMING; "s. owed," *i.e.* which he  
 seemed to possess; Comp. 327.

SENSELESS, *i.e.* "not sensible of the  
 wrong done it"; 820.  
 SHAMES, is ashamed; 1084.  
 SHAMING, being ashamed; 1143.  
 SHEAV'D, straw; Comp. 31.  
 SHIFT, trickery; 920.  
 SHIFTING (T) cozening; 930.  
 SIGHTLESS, blind, dark; 1013.  
 SILLY, harmless, innocent; 167.  
 SIMOIS, the river so often referred to by  
 Homer; 1437.  
 SLANDEROUS, disgraceful; 1001.  
 SLEIDED, untwisted; Comp. 48.  
 SMOOTHING, flattering; 892.  
 SNEAPED, nipped, frost-bitten; 333.  
 SORT, sort out, select; 899.  
 SORTS, adapts; 1221.  
 SPRINGS, young shoots; 950.  
 STELL'D, placed, fixed, 1444.  
 STILL-PINING, ever-longing; 858.  
 STILL-SLAUGHTER'D, ever killed but  
 never dying; 188.  
 STOLE, robe; Comp. 207.  
 STOPS (alluding to the stops in a  
 musical instrument); 1124.  
 STRANGE, foreign; 1242.  
 SUFFER, permit; 1832.  
 SUGGESTED, incited; 37.  
 SUPPOSED, imagined (by them); 377.  
 SURCEASE, cease; 1766.  
 SURMISE, reflection, thought; 83.  
 SWIFTEST, "the s. hour," the prime of  
 life; Comp. 60.  
 SWOUNDS, swoons; 1486.

TALENTS, lockets made of hair, plaited  
 and set in gold; Comp. 204.  
 TEEN, pain; Comp. 192.  
 TEMPERANCE, chastity; 884.  
 TENDER, favour; 534.  
 TERMLESS, indescribable; Comp. 94.  
 THAN, (rhyming with "began"), then;  
 1440.  
 THAT, so that; 177.  
 THICK, fast; 1784.  
 THINK (T) = methinks; Comp. 91.

- THOROUGH**, through, throughout; 1851.  
**THRENE**, threnody funeral song; Ph. 49.  
**TO**, in addition to; 1589.  
**TOWERING**, flying high (a term of falconry); 506.  
**TREBLE-DATED**, living thrice as long as man; Ph. 17.  
**TRUMPET**, trumpeter; Ph. 3.  
**UNADVISED**, inadvertent; 1488.  
**UNAPPROVED**, not approved, not proved true; Comp. 53.  
**UNCOUTH**, strange; 1598.  
**UNHAPPY**, mischievous, fatal; 1565.  
**UNRECALLING**, not to be recalled; 993.  
**VASTLY**, take a waste; 1740.  
**VILLAIN**, countryman; 1338.  
**WANT**, "to w.", *i.e.* "at missing"; 389.  
**WARD**, bolt; 303.  
**WATCH**; "w. of woes," *i.e.* "divided and marked only by woes"; 928.  
**WATER-GALLS**, secondary rainbows; 1588.  
**WEED**, garment; 196.  
**WHERE**, whereas; 792.  
**WINKING**, shutting the eyes; 458.  
**WINKS**, shuts the eyes, slumbers; 553.  
**WIPE**, brand; 537.  
**WISTLY**, wistfully; 1355.  
**WOODMAN**, huntsman; 580.  
**WOT**; "God w.", *i.e.* "God knows"; 1345.  
**WRAPP'D**, involved; 456.





## Notes.

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- LUCRECE; 8. 'unhappily'; Qq. 1, 2, 3, 'vnhap'ly'.  
24. 'morning's'; Q. 1 (Bodl. 1), 'morning'.  
31. 'apologies'; Q. 1 (Bodl. 1), 'appologie'.  
56. 'o'er'; Qq. 1, 2, 3, 'ore'; Q. 4, 'or'e'; Malone (1780),  
'or' (i.e. gold).  
134-136. Many emendations have been proposed to render  
clear the meaning of these lines, but no change is necessary:  
"the covetous have not, i.e. do not possess, that which they  
possess, longing for the possessions of others"; the second clause  
of line 135 is in apposition to the first.  
195. 'let'; Schmidt conj. 'lest'.  
239. 'ay, if'; early Qq. 'I, if'.  
637. i.e. "who, in consequence of their own misdeeds, look  
with indifference on the offences of others" (Schmidt).  
649. 'debt'; early Qq. 'det' (rhyming with 'fret'): similarly  
l. 696, 'balk'; Qq. 'bauk' (rhyming with 'hawk').  
782. 'misty'; Qq. 1, 2, 'mustic'.  
841. 'guilty'; Malone, 'guiltless', but no change is necessary;  
Lucrece's self-reproach at first assigns the guilt to herself.  
930. Perhaps we should read, 'injurious-shifting Time'.  
1134. 'descant'st'; Qq. 'descants'.  
1338. 'court'sies'; Qq. 'cursies'.  
1662. 'wretched'; S. Walker conj. 'wreathed'.

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT; 12. 'scythed'; Q. 'sithed'.

37. 'beaded'; Q. 'bedded' (?="imbedded, set").

39. 'weeping margent'; Malone conj. 'margent weeping'.

51. 'gan to tear'; Q. 'gave to teare'; Gildon, 'gave a tear'.

60. 'observed as they flew'; the clause is probably connected with 'hours'; "the reverend man had not let the swift hours pass by without gaining some knowledge of the world"; it is possible, however, that 'they' refers to the torn-up letters.

112. *manage*; Q. 'mannad'g'.

118. 'came'; Sewell's correction; Q. 'can'; Sewell's 2nd ed. 'can for additions get their purpose trim'.

182. 'woo'; Q. 'vow'.

164. 'sweets that seem'; Q. 'sweets that seemes'; Capell MS. 'sweet that seems'.

228. 'Hallow'd'; Q. 'hollowed'; Sewell's correction.

241. 'playing the place'; some error due to the printer has spoilt the line; the first word of the line has been caught up by the compositor's eye from the first of the next line, or *vice versa*: the most ingenious and plausible emendation is 'paling' for 'playing'.

260. 'nun'; Q. 'Sunne'.

261. 'ay'; Q. 'I'.

271. 'Love's arms are peace'; so Q.; Capell MS. and Malone conj. 'proof' for 'peace,' a plausible change, if any is necessary; other readings are:—'Love aims at peace'; 'Love charms our peace'; 'Love aims a piece'; etc.

286. 'who glaz'd with crystal gate'; Malone, 'who, glaz'd with crystal, gate' (*i. e.* *gate*="the ancient perfect tense of the verb to get," *flame* being its object).

308. 'swound'; Q. 'sound,' *cp.* 305, 'swounding'; Q. 'sounding'.