



VENVS AND ADONIS

*Vilia miretur vulgus: mihi flauus Apollo
Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua.*



LONDON.

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TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE
Henrie VVriothesly, Earle of Southampton,
and Baron of Titchfield.

Right Honourable, I know not how I shall offend in dedicating my unpolisht lines to your Lordship, nor how the world will censure me for choosing so strong a proppre to support so weake a burthen, onely if your Honour seeme but pleased, I account my selfe highlie praysed, and vow to take aduantage of all idle houres, till I haue honoured you with some grauer labour. But if the first heyre of my inuention proue deformed, I shall be sory it had so noble a god-father: and neuer after eare so barren a land, for feare to see me still so bad a haruest, I leaue it to your Honourable Iudgement, and your Honor to your hearts content, which I wish may alwayes answere your owne wish, and the worlds hopefull expectation.

Your Honors in all dutie,

William Shakespeare.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE

Henry Whithell, Earl of Southampton

and Baron of Tipton

Affectionate remembrance of your

kindness in your letter of the 10th

inst. in relation to the

proceedings in the

case of your Honor's

deceased wife's

estate, and your

kindness in

providing me with

the enclosed

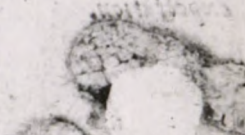
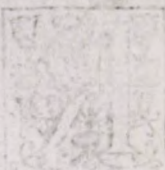
papers, I leave it to your

discretion to

send them to

Your Honor in

William P. [unclear]





V E N U S A N D A D O N I S .

EVEN as the sunne with purple-colour'd face,
Had tane his last leaue of the weeping morne,
Rose-cheekt Adonis hied him to the chace,
Hunting he lou'd, but loue he laught to scorne,
Sick-thoughted Venus makes amaine vnto him,
And like a bold fac'd suter ginnes to woo him.

Thrise fairer then my selfe, (thus she began)
The fields chiefe flower, sweete aboue compare,
Staine to all Nimphs, more louely then a man,
More white, and red, then doves, or roses are:

Nature that made thee with her selfe at strife,
Saith that the world hath ending with thy life.

Vouchsafe thou wonder to alight thy steed,
And raine his proud head to the saddle bow,
If thou wilt daine this fauor, for thy meed
A thousand honie secrets shalt thou know:
Here come and sit, where neuer serpent hisses,
And being set, Ile smother thee with kisses.

VENVS AND ADONIS.

- 11 And yet not cloy thy lips with loth'd facietie,
- 11 But rather famish them amid their plentie,
- 11 Making them red, and pale, with fresh varietie:
- 11 Ten kisses short as one, one long as twentie:
- 11 A sommers day will seeme an houre but shor,
- 11 Being wasted in such time-beguiling sport.

VVith this she ceazeth on his sweating palme,
The president of pith, and liuelyhood,
And trembling in her passion, calls it balme,
Earths soueraigne salue, to do a goddesse good,
Being so enrag'd, desire doth lend her force,
Couragiously to plucke him from his horse.

Ouer one arme the lusty coursers raine,
Vnder her other was the tender boy,
VVho blusht, and powted in a dull disdain,
VVith leaden appetite, vnapt to toy,
She red, and hot, as coles of glowing fire,
He red for shame, but frostie in desire.

The studded bridle on a ragged bough,
Nimble she fastens, (ô how quicke is loue!)
The steed is stalled vp, and euen now,
To tie the rider she begins to proue:
Backward she pusht him, as she would be thrust,
And governd him in strength though not in lust.

So

VENUS AND ADONIS

So soone was she along, as he was downe,
Each leaning on their elbowes and their hips:
Now doth she stroke his cheek; now doth he frown,
And gins to chide, but soone she stops his lips,
And kissing speaks, with lust-full language brokē,
If thou wilt chide, thy lips shall neuer open.

He burnes with bashfull shame, she with her teares
Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheekes,
Then with her windie sighes, and golden heares,
To fan, and blow them dry againe she seekes.

He saith, she is immodest, blames her misse,
VVhat followes more, she murders with a kisse.

Euen as an emptie Eagle sharpe by fast,
Tires with her beake on feather, flesh, and bone,
Shaking her wings deuouring all in hast,
Till either gorge be stuf, or pray be gone:
Euen so she kist his brow, his cheek, his chin,
And where she ends, she doth anew begin.

Forst to content, but neuer to obey,
Panting he lies, and breatheth in her face;
She feedeth on the steame, as on a pray,
And calls it heauenly moisture, aire of grace,
VVishing her cheeks were gardens full of flowers,
So they were dew'd with such distilling showers.

V E N U S A N D A D O N I S

{ Looke how a bird lyes tangled in a net,
 { So fastned in her armes Adonis lyes,
 Pure shame and aw'd resistance made him fret,
 VVhich bred more beauty in his angry eyes:
) Raine added to a riuer that is ranke,
) Perforce will force it ouerflow the banke.

Still shee intreats, and prettily intreats,
 For to a pretty eare she tunes her tale.
 Still is he fullein, still he lowres and frets,
 Twixt crimson shame, and anger ashie pale,
 Being red she loues him best, and being white,
 Her best is betterd with a more delight.

Looke how he can, she cannot chuse but loue,
 And by her faire immortall hand she sweares,
 From his soft bosome neuer to remoue,
 Till he take truce with her contending teares,
 VVhich lōg haue rained, making her cheeks all wet,
 And one sweet kisse shal pay this compleesse debt.

Vpon this promise did he raise his chin,
 { Like a diuedapper peering through a waue,
 { VVho being lookt on, ducks as quickly in:
 So offers he to giue what she did craue,
 But when her lips were ready for his pay,
 He winks, and turnes his lips another way.

Neuer

VENVVS AND ADONIS.

Neuer did passenger in sommers heat,
 More thirst for drinke, then she for this good turne,
 Her helpe she sees, but helpe she cannot get,
 She bathes in water, yet her fire must burne:

Oh pitty gan she crie, flint hearted boy,
 'Tis but a kisse I begge, why art thou coy?

" I haue beene wooed as I intreat thee now,
 " Euen by the sterne, and direfull God of warre,
 " Whose sinowie necke in battell nere did bow,
 " VVho conquers where he comes in euery iarre,
 " Yet hath he beene my captiue, and my slaue,
 " And begd for that which thou vnaskt shalt haue.

Ouer my Altars hath he hong his launce,
 His battred shield, his vncontrolled crest,
 And for my sake hath learnd to sport, and daunce,
 To toy, to wanton, dally, smile, and iest,
 Scorning his churlish drumme, and ensigne red,
 Making my armes his field, his tent my bed.

Thus he that ouer-ruld, I ouer-swayed,
 Leading him prisoner in a red rose chaine,
 Strong temperd steele his stronger strength obaied.
 Yet was he seruile to my coy disdaine,
 Oh be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,
 For maistring her that foyle the God of fight.

VENVS AND ADONIS.

" Touch but my lips with those faire lips of thine,
 " Though mine be not so faire, yet are they red,
 " The kisse shalbe thine owne as well as mine,
 " VVhat seest thou in the ground? hold vp thy head,
 " Looke in mine eie-balls, there thy beauty lyes,
 " Then why not lips on lips, since eyes in eyes?

" Art thou asham'd to kisse? then winke againe,
 " And I will winke, so shall the day seeme night.
 " Loue keeps his reuels where there be but twaine:
 " Be bold to play, our sport is not in sight,
 " These blew-veind violets whereon we leane,
 " Neuer can blab, nor know not what we meane.

" The tender spring vpon thy tempting lip,
 " Shewes thee vnripe; yet maist thou well be tasted,
 " Make vse of time, let not aduantage slip,
 " Beauty within it selfe should not be wasted,
 " Faire flowers that are not gathered in their prime,
 " Rot, and consume themselves in little time.

" VVere I hard-fauour'd, foule, or wrinckled old,
 " Il-nurtur'd, crooked, churlish, harsh in voice,
 " Ore-worne, despised, reumatique, and cold,
 " Thicke-sighted, barren, leane, and lacking iuyce;
 " Thē mightst thou pause, for thē I were not for thee,
 " But hauing no defects, why doest abhor me?

Thou

VENVS AND ADONIS.

" Thou canst not see one wrinkle in my brow,
 " Mine eyes are grey, and bright, & quicke in turning:
 " My beautie as the spring doth yearelie grow,
 " My flesh is soft, and plumpe, my marrow burning,
 " My smooth moist hand, were it with thy hand felt,
 " VVould in thy palme dissolue, or seeme to melt.

" Bid me discourse, I will inchaunt thine eare,
 " Or like a Fairie, trip vpon the greene,
 " Or like a Nimph, with long disheueled heare,
 " Daunce on the sands, and yet no footing scene.
 Loue is a spirit all compact of fire,
 Not grosse to sinke, but light, and will aspire.

" VVitnessse this Primrose banke whereon I lie,
 " These forceles flowers like sturdy trees support me:
 " Two strēghthes doues wil draw me through the skie
 " From morne till night, euen where I list to sport me.
 Is loue so light sweet boy, and may it be,
 That thou shouldst thinke it heauy vnto thee?

Is thine owne heart to thine owne face affected?
 Can thy right hand ceaze loue vpon thy left?
 Then woo thy selfe, be of thy selfe reiected:
 Steale thine own freedome, & complaine on these
 " Narcissus so him selfe him selfe forsooke,
 " And died to kisse his shadow in the brooke.

VENVS AND ADONIS.

7ⁿ Torches are made to light, iewels to weare,
 11 Dainties to tast, fresh beautie for the vse,
 11 Herbes for their smell, and sappie plants to beare.
 11 Things growing to themselues, are growths abuse,
 11 Seeds spring frō seeds, & beauty breedeth beauty,
 11 Thou wast begot, to get it is thy duty.

11 Vpon the earths increase why shouldst thou feed,
 11 Vnlesse the earth with thy increase be fed?
 11 By law of nature thou art bound to breed,
 11 That thine may liue, when thou thy selfe art dead:
 11 And so in spite of death thou doest suruiue,
 11 In that thy likenesse still is left aliue.

By this the loue-sicke Queene began to sweate,
 For where they lay the shadow had forsooke them,
 And Titan tired in the midday heate,
 With burning eye did hotly ouerlook them,
 Withing, Adonis had his teame to guide,
 So he were like him, and by Venus side.

And now Adonis with a lazie sprite,
 And with a heauy, darke, disliking eye,
 His lowring browes ore-whelming his faire sight,
 Like mistie vapors when they blot the skie,
 Sowing his cheekes, cries, sic, no more of loue,
 The sunne doth burne my face, I must remoue.

Ay, me,

VENVS AND ADONIS.

" Ay, me, (quoth Venus) young, and so vnkinde,
 " VVhat bare excuses mak'st thou to be gon?
 " Ile sigh celestially breath, whose gentle winde,
 " Shall coole the heate of this descending sun:
 " Ile make a shadow for thee of my heares,
 " If they burne too, Ile quench them with my teares.

" The sun that shines from heauen, shines but warme,
 " And lo I lye betweene that sunne and thee:
 " The heate I haue from thence doth litle harme,
 " Thine eye darts forth the fire that burneth me,
 " And were I not immortall, life were done,
 " Betweene this heauenly and earthly sunne.

" Art thou obdurate, flintie, hard as Steele?
 " Nay more then flint, for stone at raine relenteth:
 " Art thou a womans sonne and canst not feele
 " VVhat tis to loue, how want of loue tormenteth?
 " O had thy mother borne so bad a minde,
 " She had not brought forth thee, but died vnkind.

" VVhat am I that thou shouldst contemne me this?
 " Or what great danger, dwels vpon my sute?
 " VVhat were thy lips the worse for one poore kis?
 " Speake faire, but speake faire words, or else be mute:
 " Giue me one kisse, Ile giue it thee againe,
 " And one for intrest, if thou wilt haue twaine.

VENVS AND ADONIS.

- " Fie, liuelesse picture, cold, and sencelesse stone,
 " VVell painted idoll, image dull, and dead,
 " Statuë contenting but the eye alone,
 " Thing like a man, but of no woman bred:
 " Thou art no man, though of a mans complexion,
 " For men will kisse euen by their owne direction.

This said, impatience chokes her pleading tongue,
 And swelling passion doth prouoke a pause,
 Red cheeks, and fierie eyes blaze forth her wrong:
 Being Iudge in loue, she cannot right her cause.
 And now she weeps, & now she faine would speake
 And now her sobs do her intendments breake.

Sometime she shakes her head, and then his hand,
 Now gazeth she on him, now on the ground;
 Sometime her armes infold him like a band,
 She would, he will not in her armes be bound:
 And when from thence he struggles to be gone,
 She locks her lillie fingers one in one.

Fondling, she saith, since I haue hemd thee here
 VVithin the circuit of this iuorie pale,
 Ile be a parke, and thou shalt be my deare:
 Feed where thou wilt, on mountaine, or in dale;
 Graze on my lips, and if those hills be drie,
 Stray lower, where the pleasant fountaines lie.

VVithin

VENVS AND ADONIS.

- 1) Within this limit is reliefe inough,
 2) Sweet bottome grasse, and high delightfull plaine,
 3) Round rising hillocks, brakes obscure, and rough,
 4) To shelter thee from tempest, and from raine:
 5) Then be my deare, since I am such a parke,
 6) No dog shal rowze thee, though a thousand bark.

At this Adonis smiles as in disdain,
 That in ech cheek appears a prettie dimple;
 Loue made those hollowes, if himselfe were slaine,
 He might be buried in a tombe so simple,
 Foreknowing well, if there he came to lie,
 Why there loue liu'd, & there he could not die.

These louely caues, these round inchanting pits,
 Opend their mouthes to swallow Venus liking:
 Being mad before, how doth she now for wits?
 Strucke dead at first, what needs a second striking?
 Poore Queene of loue, in thine own law forlorne,
 To loue a cheek that smiles at thee in scorne.

Now which way shall she turne? what shall she say?
 Her wordes are done, her woes the more increasing,
 The time is spent, her obiekt will away,
 And from her twining armes doth vrgē releasing:
 Pitie she cries, some fauour, some remorse,
 Away he springs, and hasteth to his horse.

3 ad 55 VENVS AND ADONIS.

But loe from forth a copp's that neighbors by,
A breeding lenner, lusty, young, and proud,
Adonis trampling Courser doth espie:
And forth she rushes, snorts, and neighs aloud.
The strong-neckt steed being tied vnto a tree,
Breaketh his raine, and to her straight goes he.

Imperiously he leapes, he neighs, he bounds,
And now his wouen girths he breakes atunder,
The bearing earth with his hard hoofe he wounds,
VVhose hollow womb resounds like heauens thun-
The iron bit he crusheth tweene hir teeth, (der,
Controlling what he was controlled with.

His eares vp prickt, his braided hanging maine,
Vpon his compast crest now stand on end,
His nostrils drinke the aire, and forth againe
As from a fornace, vapors doth he send:
His eye which scornefully glisters like fire,
Shewes his hote courage, and his high desire.

Sometime he trots, as if he told the steps,
VVith gentle maiestie, and modest pride,
Anon he reres vp right, curuets, and leaps,
As who should saie, loe thus my strength is tride.
And this I do to captiuat the eye,
Of the faire breeder that is standing by.

VVhat

VVhat recketh he his riders angry sturre,
 His flattering holla, or his stand, I say,
 VVhat cares he now, for curbe, or pricking spurre,
 For rich caparisons, or trappings gay :
 He sees his loue, and nothing else he sees,
 For nothing else with his proud sight agrees.

Looke when a Painter would surpassse the life,
 In limming out a well-proportioned steed,
 His Art with Natures workmanship at strife,
 As if the dead the liuing should exceed :
 So did this Horse excell a common one,
 In shape, in courage, colour, pace and bone.

Round hooft, short ioynted, fetlocks shag, and long,
 Broad breast, full eye, small head, and nostrill wide,
 High crest, short eares, straight legs, & passing strōg,
 Thin mane, thicke taile, broad buttock, tender hide:
 Looke what a Horse should haue, he did not lacke,
 Saue a proud rider on so proud a backe.

Sometime he scuds farre off, and there he stares,
 Anon he starts, at sturring of a feather :
 To bid the wind a base he now prepares,
 And where he runne, or flie, they know not whether:
 For through his mane, & taile, the high wind sings,
 Fanning the haires, who waue like feathred wings.

VENVS AND ADONIS.

He lookes vpon his loue, and neighes vnto her,
She answers him, as if she knew his minde,
Being proud as females are, to see him woo her,
She puts on outward strangenessse, seemes vnkinde:
Spurnes at his loue, and scorns the heat he feesles,
Beating his kind imbracements with her heeles.

Then like a melancholy malcontent,
He vailes his taile that like a falling plume,
Coole shadow to his melting buttocke lent,
He stamper, and bites the poore flies in his fume:
His loue perceiuing how he was inrag'd,
Grew kinder, and his furie was asswag'd.

His testie maister goeth about to take him,
VVhen lo the vnbackt breeder full of feare,
Iealous of catching, swiftly doth forsake him,
VVith her the Horse, and left Adonis there:
As they were mad vnto the wood they hie them,
Out stripping crows, that striue to ouerfly them.

All swolne with chafing, downe Adonis sits,
Banning his boystrous, and vnruely beast;
And now the happie season once more fits
That louesicke loue, by pleading may be blest:
For louers say, the heart hath treble wrong,
VVhen it is bard the aydance of the tongue.

VENVS AND ADONIS.

An Ouen that is stopt, or riuer stayd,
Burneth more hotly, swelleth with more rage:
So of concealed sorow may be sayd,
Free vent of wordes loues fier doth asswage,
But when the hearts attorney once is mute,
The client breakes, as desperat in his sute.

He sees her comming, and begins to glow,
Euen as a dying coale reuiues with winde,
And with his bonnet hides his angrie brow,
Lookes on the dull earth with disturbed minde:
Taking no notice that she is so nye,
For all askance he holds her in his eye.

O what a sight it was wistly to view,
How she came stealing to the wayward boy,
To note the fighting conflict of her hew,
How white and red, each other did destroy:
But now her cheeke was pale, and by and by
It flasht forth fire, as lightning from the skie,

Now was she iust before him as he sat,
And like a lowly louer downe she kneeles,
VVith one faire hand she heaueth vp his hat,
Her other tender hand his faire cheeke feeles:
His tender cheeke, receiues her soft hands print,
As apt, as new faine snow takes any dint.

VENVS AND ADONIS.

Oh what a warre of looks was then betweene them,
 Her eyes petitioners to his eyes suing,
 His eyes saw her eyes, as they had not seene them,
 Her eyes wooed still, his eyes disdaind the wooing:
 And all this dumbe play had his acts made plain,
 With tears which Chorus-like her eyes did rain.

Full gently now she takes him by the hand,
 A lillie prisond in a gaile of snow,
 Or luorie in an alabaster band,
 So white a friend, ingirts so white a fo:
 This beautious combat wilfull, and vnwilling,
 Showed like two siluer doves that sit a billing.

Once more the engin of her thoughts began,
 O fairest mouer on this mortall round,
 Would thou wert as I am, and I a man,
 My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my wound,
 For one sweet looke thy helpe I would assure thee,
 Thogh nothing but my bodies bane wold cure thee
 Giue me my hand (saith he,) why dost thou feele it?
 Giue me my heart (saith she,) and thou shalt haue it.
 O giue it me lest thy hard heart do steele it,
 And being steeld, soft sighes can neuer graue it.
 Then loues deepe grones, I neuer shall regard,
 Because Adonis heart hath made mine hard.

For

VENVS AND ADONIS.

For shame he cries, let go, and let me go,
 My dayes delight is past, my Horse is gone,
 And tis your fault I am bereft him so,
 I praie you hence, and leaue me here alone,
 For all my mind, my thought, my busie care,
 Is how to get my palfrey from the mare.

Thus she replies, thy palfrey as he should,
 Welcomes the warme approach of sweet desire,
 Affection is a coale that must be coold,
 Else sufferd it will set the heart on fire,
 The sea hath bounds, but deepe desire hath none,
 Therefore no maruell though thy horse be gone.

How like a iade he stood tied to the tree,
 Seruilly maisterd with a leatherne raine,
 But when he saw his loue, his youths faire fee,
 He held such pettie bondage in disdaine:
 Throwing the base thong from his bending crest,
 Enfranchising his mouth, his backe, his brest.

Who seekes his true-loue in her naked bed,
 Teaching the sheets a whiter hew then white,
 But when his glutton eye so full hath fed,
 His other agents ayme at like delight?
 Who is so faint that dares not be so bold,
 To touch the fier the weather being cold?

VENVS AND ADONIS.

11 Let me excuse thy courser gentle boy,
 11 And learne of him I heartily beseech thee,
 11 To take aduantage on presented ioy,
 11 Though I were dūbe, yet his proceedings teach thee
 11 O learne to loue, the lesson is but plaine,
 11 And once made perfect, neuer lost againe.

11 I know not loue (quoth he) nor will not know it,
 11 Vnlesse it be a Boare, and then I chase it,
 11 Tis much to borrow, and I will not owe it,
 11 My loue to loue, is loue, but to disgrace it,
 11 For I haue heard, it is a life in death,
 11 That laughs and weeps, and all but with a breath.

11 VVho weares a garment shapelesse and vnfinisht?
 11 VVho plucks the bud before one leafe put forth?
 11 Ifspringing things be anie iot diminisht,
 11 They wither in their prime, proue nothing worth,
 11 The colt that's backt and burthend being yong,
 11 Loseth his pride, and neuer waxeth strong.

11 You hurt my hand with wringing, let vs part,
 11 And leaue this idle theame, this bootlesse chat,
 11 Remoue your siege from my vnyeelding heart,
 11 To loues alarmes it will not ope the gate,
 11 Dismiss your vows, your fained tears, your flattery
 11 For where a heart is hard they make no battry.

VVha

V E N U S A N D A D O N I S .

¶ VWhat canst thou talke (quoth she) haist thou a tong?
 ¶ O would thou hadst not, or I had no hearing,
 ¶ Thy marmaides voice hath done me double wrong,
 ¶ I had my lode before, now prest with bearing,
 ¶ Mellodious discord, heauenly tune harsh sounding,
 ¶ Eares deep sweet musik, & harts deep sore wounding.

¶ Had I no eyes but eares, my eares would loue,
 ¶ That inward beauty and inuisible,
 ¶ Or were I deafe, thy outward parts would moue
 ¶ Ech part in me, that were but sensible,
 ¶ Though neither eyes, nor eares, to heare nor see,
 ¶ Yet should I be in loue, by touching thee.

¶ Say that the sence of feeling were bereft me,
 ¶ And that I could not see, nor heare, nor touch,
 ¶ And nothing but the verie smell were left me,
 ¶ Yet would my loue to thee be still as much,
 ¶ For from the stillitorie of thy face excellling, (ling.
 ¶ Coms breath perfumd, that breedeth loue by smell.

¶ But oh what banquet wert thou to the tast,
 ¶ Being nourse, and feeder of the other sence,
 ¶ VWould they not with the feast might euer last,
 ¶ And bid suspition double locke the dore;
 ¶ Least ieaalousie that sower vnwelcome guest,
 ¶ Should by his stealing in disturbe the feast?

VENVS AND ADONIS.

Once more the rubi-colour'd portall open'd,
VVhich to his speech did honie passage yeeld,
Like a red morne that euer yet betokend,
Y Vracke to the sea-man, tempest to the field:
Sorrow to sheapheards, wo vnto the birds,
Gufts, and fowle flawses, to heardmen, and to herds.

This ill presage aduisedly she marketh,
Euen as the wind is hush'd before it raineth:
Or as the wolfe doth grin before he barketh:
Or as the berrie breakes before it staineth:
Or like the deadly bullet of a gun:
His meaning strucke her ere his words begun.

And at his looke she flatly falleth downe,
For lookes kill loue, and loue by lookes reuiueth,
A smile recures the wounding of a frowne,
But blessed bankrout that by loue so thriueth.
The fillie boy beleeuing she is dead,
Claps her pale cheeke, till clapping makes it red.

And all amaz'd, brake off his late intent,
For shee hee hee did thinke to reprehend her,
VVhich cunning loue did wittily preuent,
Faile-fall the wit that can so well defend her:
For on the grasse shee lies as she were slaine,
Till his breath breatheth life in her againe.

VENVUS AND ADONIS.

He wrings her nose, he strikes her on the cheekes,
He bends her fingers, holds her pulses hard,
He chafes her lips, a thousand wayes he seekes
To mend the hurt, that his vnkindnesse mard,
He kisses her, and she by her good will,
VVill neuer rise, so he will kisse her still.

The night of sorrow now is turnd to day,
Her two blew windowes faintly she vphaueth,
Like the faire sunne when in his fier array,
He cheeres the morne, and all the world relieueth:
And as the bright sunne glorifies the skie:
So is her face illumind with her eye.

VVhose beames vpon his hairelesse face are fixt,
As if from thence they borrowed all their shine;
VVere neuer foure such lamps, together mixt,
Had not his clouded with his browes repine:
But hers, which through the cristal tears gaue light,
Shone like the Moone in water seene by night.

O where am I (quoth she,) in earth or heauen,
Or in the Ocean drencht, or in the fire:

VVhat houre is this, or morne, or wearie euen,
Do I delight to die or life desire?

But now I liu'd, and life was deaths annoy,
But now I dy'de, and death was liuelic ioy.

VENVVS AND ADONIS:

O thou didst kill me, kill me once againe,
 Thy eyes shrowd tutor, that hard heart of thine,
 Hath taught them scornfull tricks, & such disdain,
 That they haue murdred this poore heart of mine,
 And these mine eyes true leaders to their queene,
 But for thy piteous lips no more had scene.

Long may they kisse ech other for this cure,
 Oh neuer let their crimson liueries weare,
 And as they last, their verdour still endure,
 To driue infection from the dangerous yeare:
 That the star-gazers hauing writ on death,
 May say, the plague is banisht by thy breath.

Pure lips, sweet scales in my soft lips imprinted,
 VVhat bargaines may I make still to be sealing?
 To sell my selfe I can be well contented,
 So thou wilt buy, and pay, and vse good dealing,
 VVhich purchase if thou make, for feare of slips,
 Set thy seale manuell, on my wax-red lips.

A thousand kisses buyes my heart from me,
 And paie them at thy leysure, one by one,
 VVhat is ten hundred touches vnto thee,
 Are they not quickly told, and quickly gone?
 Say for none-paimēt, that the debt should double,
 Is twenty hundred kisses such a trouble?

Faire

V E N U S A N D A D O N I S .

11 Faire Queene (quoth he) if any loue you owe me,
 11 Measure my strangenesse with my vnripe yeares,
 11 Before I know my selfe, seeke not to know me,
 11 No fisher but the vngrowne frie forbears,
 11 The mellow plum doth fall, the greene sticks fast,
 11 Or being early pluckt, is sower to tast.

11 Looke the worlds comforter with wearie gate,
 11 His dayes hot taske hath ended in the west,
 11 The owle (nights herald) shrieks, tis verie late,
 11 The sheepe are gone to fold, birds to their nest,
 11 And cole-black clouds, that shadow heauens light,
 11 Do summon vs to part, and bid good night.

11 Now let me say good night, and so say you,
 11 If you will say so, you shall haue a kis;
 11 Goodnight (quoth she) and ere he sayes adue,
 11 The honie fee of parting tendred is,
 Her armes do lend his necke a sweet imbrace;
 11 Incorporat then they seeme, face growes to face.

Till breathlesse he disioynd, and backward drew,
 11 The heauenly moisture that sweet corall mouth,
 11 Whose precious tast, her thirstie lips well knew,
 11 Whereon they surfet, yet complaine on drouth,
 He with her plentie prest, she faint with dearth,
 11 Their lips together glewed, fall to the earth.

VENVSI AND ADONIS.

Now quicke desire hath caught the yeelding pray,
And gluttonlike she feeds, yet neuer filleth,
Her lips are conquerers, his lips obay,
Paying what ran some the insulter willeth:

VVhose vultur thought doth pitch the price so hie,
That she will draw his lips rich treasure drie.

And hauing felt the sweetnesse of the spoile,
VVith blind told fury she begins to forrage,
Her face doth reeke, & smoke, her blood doth boile,
And carelesse lust stirs vp a desperate courage,
Planting obliuion, beating reason backe,
Forgetting shames pure blush, & honors wracke.

Hot, faint, and wearie, with her hard imbracing,
Like a wild bird being tam'd with too much hādling,
Or as the fleet-foot Roe that's tyr'd with chāsing,
Or like the froward infant stild with dādling:

He now obayes, and now no more resisteth,
VVhile she takes all she can, not all she listeth.

VVhat waxe so frozen but dissolues with tempring,
And yeelds at last to euerie light impression?
Things out of hope, are compast oft with ventring,
Chiefly in loue, whose leaue exceeds commission;
Affection faints not like a pale fac'd coward,
But thē woes best, when most his choise is froward.

VVhen

VENVS AND ADONIS.

VWhen he did frowne, ô had she then gaue ouer,
 Such nectar from his lips she had not suckt,
 Foule wordes, and frownes, must not repell a louèr,
 VWhat though the rose haue prickles, yet tis pluckt?
 VWere beautie vnder twentie locks kept fast,
 Yet loue breaks through, & picks them all at last.

For pitie now she can no more detaine him,
 The poore foole praies her that he may depart,
 She is resolu'd no longer to restraine him,
 Bids him farewell, and looke well to her hart,
 The which by Cupids bow she doth protest,
 He carries thence incaged in his brest.

" Sweet boy she saies, this night Ile wast in sorrow,
 " For my sick heart commands mine eyes to watch,
 " Tell me loues maister, shall we meete to morrow,
 " Say, shall we, shall we, wilt thou make the match?
 He tell's her no, to morrow he intends,
 To hunt the boare with certaine of his frends.

" The boare (quoth she) whereat a suddain pale,
 Like lawne being spred vpon the blushing rose,
 Vsurpes her cheeke, she trembles at his tale,
 And on his neck her yoaking armes she throwes.
 She sincketh downe, still hanging by his necke,
 He on her bellie fall's, she on her backe.

VENVS AND ADONIS.

Now is she in the verie lists of loue,
 Her champion mounted for the hot incounter,
 All is imaginarie she doth proue,
 He will not mannage her, although he mount her,
 That worse then Tantalus is her annoy,
 To clip Elizium, and to lacke her ioy.

Euen so poore birds deceiu'd with painted grapes,
 Do surfet by the eye, and pine the maw:
 Euen so she languisheth in her mishaps,
 As those poore birds that helplesse berries saw,
 The warme effects which she in him finds missing,
 She seekes to kindle with continuall kissing.

But all in vaine, good Queene, it will not bee,
 She hath assai'd as much as may be prou'd,
 Her pleading hath deseru'd a greater fee,
 Shes loue; she loues, and yet she is not lou'd,
 Fie, fie, he saies, you crush me, let me go,
 You haue no reason to withhold me so.

- 11 Thou hadst bin gone (quoth she) sweet boy ere this,
 11 But that thou toldst me, thou woldst hunt the boare,
 11 Oh be aduisd, thou know'st not what it is,
 11 VVith iauelings point a churlish swine to goare,
 11 VVhose rushes neuer sheathd, he whetteth still,
 11 Like to a mortall butcher bent to kill.

VENVS AND ADONIS.

- " On his bow backe, he hath a battell set,
 " Of brisly pikes that euer threat his foes,
 " His eyes like glow-wormes shine, when he doth fret
 " His snout digs sepulchers where ere he goes,
 " Being mou'd he strikes, what ere is in his way,
 " And whom he strikes, his crooked tusshes slay.
- " His brawnie sides with hairie bristles armed,
 " Are better prooffe then thy speares point can enter,
 " His short thick necke cannot be easily harmed,
 " Being irefull, on the Lion he will venter,
 " The thornie brambles, and imbracing bushes,
 " As fearefull of him part, through whom he rushes.
- " Alas, he naught esteem's that face of thine,
 " To which loues eyes paies tributarie gazes,
 " Nor thy soft hands, sweet lips, and christall eine,
 " Whose full perfection all the world amazes,
 " But hauing thee at vantage (wondrous dread!)
 " VVold roote these beauties, as he root's the mead.
- " Oh let him keepe his loathsome cabin still,
 " Beautie hath naught to do with such foule fiends,
 " Come not within his danger by thy will,
 " They that thriue well, take counfell of their friends,
 " VVhē thou didst name the boare, not to dissemble,
 " I feard thy fortune, and my ioynts did tremble.

VENVS AND ADONIS.

11 Didst thou not marke my face, was it not white?
 11 Sawest thou not signes of feare lurke in mine eye?
 11 Grew I not faint, and fell I not downe right?
 11 V Vithin my bosome whereon thou doest lye,
 12 My boding heart, pants, beats, and takes no rest,
 11 But like an earthquake, shakes thee on my brest.

11 For where loue raignes, disturbing ieaalousie,
 11 Doth call himsele affections centinell,
 11 Giues false alarmes, suggesteth mutinie,
 11 And in a peacefull houre doth crie, kill, kill,
 12 Distempring gentle loue in his desire,
 11 As aire, and water do abate the fire.

11 This sower informer, this bate-breeding spie,
 11 This canker that eates vp loues tender spring,
 11 This carrie-tale, dissentious ieaalousie,
 11 That sometime true newes, sometime false doth bring,
 12 Knocks at my heart, and whispers in mine eare,
 11 That if I loue thee, I thy death should feare.

11 And more then so, presenteth to mine eye,
 11 The picture of an angrie chafing boare,
 11 Vnder whose sharpe fangs, on his backe doth lie,
 11 An image like thy selfe, all staind with goare,
 12 Whose blood vpon the fresh flowers being shed,
 11 Doth make the droope with grief, & hang the hed.

VWhat

VENVS AND ADONIS.

¶ What should I do, seeing thee so indeed?
 ¶ That tremble at th' imagination?
 ¶ The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed,
 ¶ And feare doth teach it diuination;
 ¶ I prophetic thy death, my liuing sorrow,
 ¶ If thou incounter with the boare to morrow.

¶ But if thou needs wilt hunt, be rul'd by me,
 ¶ Vncouple at the timorous flying hare,
 ¶ Or at the Foxe which liues by subtiltie,
 ¶ Or at the Roe which no incounter dare:
 ¶ Pursue these fearfull creatures o're the downes,
 ¶ And on thy webbreathd horse keep with thy hoüds

¶ And when thou hast on foote the purblind hare,
 ¶ Marke the poore wretch to ouer-shut his troubles,
 ¶ How he outruns the wind, and with what care,
 ¶ He crankes and crosses with a thousand doubles,
 ¶ The many musits through the which he goes,
 ¶ Are like a laberinth to amaze his foes.

¶ Sometime he runnes among a flocke of sheep,
 ¶ To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell,
 ¶ And sometime where earth-deluing Conies keepe,
 ¶ To stop the loud pursuers in their yell:
 ¶ And sometime sorteth with a heard of deare,
 ¶ Danger deuifeth shifts, wit waites on feare.

V E N V S A N D A D O N I S .

For there his smell with others being mingled,
 The hot sent-snuffing hounds are driuen to doubt,
 Ceasing their clamorous crie, till they haue singled
 V With much ado the cold fault cleanlie out,
 Then do they spend their mouth's, eccho replies,
 As if an other chase were in the skies.

By this poore wat farre off vpon a hill,
 Stands on his hinder-legs with listning eare,
 To hearken if his foes pursue him still,
 Anon their loud alarums he doth heare,
 And now his griefe may be compared well,
 To one sore sicke, that heares the passing bell.

Then shalt thou see the deaw-bedabbled wretch,
 Turne, and returne, indenting with the way,
 Ech enuious brier, his wearie legs do scratch,
 Ech shadow makes him stop, ech murmour stay,
 For miserie is troden on by manie,
 And being low, neuer releu'd by anie.

Lye quietly, and heare a litle more,
 Nay do not struggle, for thou shalt not rise,
 To make thee hate the hunting of the bore,
 Vnlike my selfe thou hear'st me moralize,
 Applying this to that, and so to so,
 For loue can comment vpon euerie wo,

VWhere

VENV S AND ADONIS.

Where did I leaue? no matter where (quoth he)
Leaue me, and then the storie aptly ends,
The night is spent; why what of that (quoth she?)
I am (quoth he) expected of my frends,
And now tis darke, and going I shall fall,
In night (quoth she) desire sees best of all.

But if thou fall, oh then imagine this,
The earth in loue with thee, thy footing trips,
And all is but to rob thee of a kis,
Rich prayes make true-men thecues: so do thy lips
Make modest Dyan, cloudie and forlorne,
Lest she should steale a kisse and die forsworne.

Now of this darke night I perceiue the reason,
Cinthia for shame, obscures her siluer shine,
Till forging nature be condemn'd of treason,
For stealing moulds from heauen, that were diuine,
VVherin she fram'd thee, in hie heauens despight,
To shame the sunne by day, and her by night.

And therefore hath she brib'd the destinies,
To crosse the curious workmanship of nature,
To mingle beautie with infirmities,
And pure perfection with impure defeature,
Making it subiect to the tyrannie,
Of mad mi[chances], and much miserie.

VENVS AND ADONIS.

As burning feauers, agues pale, and faint,
 Life-poysoning pestilence, and frendzies wood,
 The marrow-eating sicknesse whose attaint,
 Disorder breeds by heating of the blood,
 Surfets, impostumes, grieve, and damnd dispaire,
 Swear natures death, for framing thee **(O faire.**

And not the least of all these maladies,
 But in one minutes fight brings beautie vnder,
 Both fauour, fauour, hew, and qualities,
 Whereat the impartiall gazer late did wonder,
 Are on the sudden wasted, thawed, and done,
 As mountain snow melts with the midday sunne.

Therefore despight of fruitlesse chastitie,
 Loue-lacking vestals, and selfe-louing Nuns,
 That on the earth would breede a scarcitie,
 And barraine dearth of daughters, and of sons;
 Be prodigall, the lampe that burnes by night,
 Dries vp his oile, to lend the world his light.

What is thy bodie but a swallowing graue,
 Seeming to burie that posteritie,
 Which by the rights of time thou needs must haue,
 If thou destroie them not in darke obscuritie?
 If so the world will hold thee in disdaine,
 Sith in thy pride, so faire a hope is flaine.

VENVS AND ADONIS.

11 So in thy selfe, thy selfe art made away,
 11 A mischief worse then ciuill home-bred strife,
 11 Or theirs whose desperat hands themselues do slay,
 11 Or butcher fire, that reaues his Sonne of life:
 11 Foule cankring rust, the hidden treasure frets,
 11 But gold that's put to vse more gold begets.

11 Nay then (quoth Adon) you will fall againe,
 11 Into your idle ouer-handled theame,
 11 The kisse I gaue you is bestowed in vaine,
 11 And all in vaine you striue against the streame,
 11 For by this black-fact night, desires foule nurse,
 11 Your treatise makes me like you, worse & worse.

11 If loue haue lent you twentie thousand tongues,
 11 And euerie tongue more mouing then your owne,
 11 Bewitching like the wanton Marmails songs,
 11 Yet from mine eare the tempting tune is blowne,
 11 For know my heart stands armed in mine eare,
 11 And will not let a false sound enter there.

11 Lest the deceiuing harmonie should ronne,
 11 Into the quiet closure of my brest,
 11 And then my litle heart were quite vndone,
 11 In his bed-chamber to be bard of rest,
 11 No Ladie no, my heart longs not to grone,
 11 But soundly sleeps, while now it sleeps alone.

VENVSI AND ADONIS.

11 VVhat haue you vrg'd, that I can not reprove?

11 The path is smooth that leadeth on to danger,

11 I hate not loue, but your deuise in loue,

11 That lends imbracements vnto euerie stranger,

11 You do it for increase, o strange excuse!

11 VVhen reason is the bawd to lusts abuse.

11 Call it not loue, for loue to heauen is fled,

11 Since sweating lust on earth vsurpt his name,

11 Vnder whose simple semblance he hath fed,

11 Vpon fresh beautie, blotting it with blame;

11 VVhich the hot tyrant stains, & soone bereaues:

11 As Caterpillers do the tender leaues.

11 Loue comforteth like sun-shine after raine,

11 But lusts effect is tempest after sunne,

11 Loues gentle spring doth alwayes fresh remaine,

11 Lusts winter comes, ere sommer halfe be donne:

11 Loue surfets not, lust like a glutton dies:

11 Loue is all truth, lust full of forged lies.

11 More I could tell, but more I dare not say,

11 The text is old, the Orator too Greene,

11 Therefore in sadnesse, now I will away,

11 My face is full of shame, my heart of teene,

11 Mine eares that to your wanton talke attended,

11 Do burne themselues, for hauing so offended.

VVith

VENUS AND ADONIS

V With this he breaketh from the sweet embrace,
 Of those faire armes which bound him to her brest,
 And homeward through the dark lawnd runs apace,
 Leaues loue vpon her backe, deeply distrest,
 Looke how a bright star shooteth from the skye;
 So glides he in the night from Venus eye.

V Which after him she dartes, as one on shore
 Gazing vpon a late embarked friend,
 Till the wilde waues will haue him seene no more,
 V Whose ridges with the meeting cloudes contends:
 So did the mercilesse, and pitchie night,
 Fold in the object that did feed her sight.

V Whereat amas'd as one that vnaware,
 Hath dropt a precious iewel in the flood,
 Or stonisht, as night wanders often are,
 Their light blowne out in some mistrustfull wood;
 Euen so confounded in the darke she lay,
 Hauing lost the faire discouerie of her way.

And now she beates her heart, whereat it grones,
 That all the neighbour caues as seeming troubled,
 Make yerball repetition of her mones,
 Passion on passion, deeply is redoubled,
 Ayme, she cries, and twentie times, wo, wo,
 And twentie ecchoes, twentie times crie fo.

V E N U S A N D A D O N I S.

She marking them, begins a wailing note,
 And sings extemporally a wofull dittie,
 How loue makes yong men thrall, & old men dote,
 How loue is wise in follie, foolish wittie:

Her beaue antheme still concludes in wo,
 And still the quier of ecchoes answer so.

Her song was tedious, and out-wore the night,
 For louers houres are long, though seeming short,
 If pleasd themselves, others they thinke delight
 In such like circumstance, with such like sport:

Their copious stories oftentimes begunne,
 End without audience, and are neuer donne.

For who hath she to spend the night withall,
 But idle sounds resembling parasites?
 Like shrill-tongu'd Tapsters answering euerie call,
 Soothing the humor of fantastique wits,
 She sayes tis so, they answer all tis so,
 And would say after her, if she said no.

Lo here the gentle lark wearie of rest,
 From his moyst cabinet mounts vp on hie,
 And wakes the morning, from whose siluer brest,
 The sunne ariseth in his maiestie,
 VVho doth the world so gloriously behold,
 That Ceader tops and hills, seeme burnisht gold.

Venus

V E N U S A N D A D O N I S

Venus salutes him with this faire good morrow,
 Oh thou cleare god, and patron of all light,
 From whom ech lamp, & shining star doth borrow,
 The beautious influence that makes him bright,
 There liues a sonne that suckt an earthly mother,
 May lend thee light, as thou doest lend to other.

This said, she hasteth to a mirtle groue,
 Musing the morning is so much ore-worne,
 And yet she heares no tidings of her loue;
 She harkens for his hounds, and for his horne,
 Anon she heares them chaunt it lustily,
 And all in hast she coasteth to the cry.

And as she runnes, the bushes in the way,
 Some catch her by the necke, some kisse her face,
 Some twine about her thigh to make her stay,
 She wildly breaketh from their strict imbrace,
 Like a milch Doe, whose swelling dugs do ake,
 Hasting to feed her fawne, hid in some brake.

By this she heares the hounds are at a bay,
 VVherat she starts like one that spies an adder,
 VVreathed vp in fatall folds iust in his way,
 The feare whereof doth make him shake, & shudder,
 Euen so the timerous yelping of the hounds,
 Appals her senses, and her spirit confounds.

V E N U S A N D A D O N I S .

For now she knowes it is no gentle chase,
But the blunt boare, rough beare, or lyon proud,
Because the crie remaineth in one place,
VVhere fearefully the dogsexclaime aloud,
 Finding their enemy to be so curst,
 They all straine curstie who shall cope him first.

This dismall crie rings sadly in her eare,
Through which it enters to surprize her hart,
VVho ouercome by doubt, and bloudlesse feare,
VVith cold-pale weakenesse, numbs ech feeling part;
 Like soldiers when their captain once doth yeeld,
 They basely flie, and dare not stay the field.

Thus stands she in a trembling extasie,
Till cheering vp her senses all dismayd,
She tels them tis a causlesse fantasie,
And childish error that they are affrayd,
 Bids thē leaue quaking, bids them feare no more,
 And with that word, she spide the hunted boare.

VVhose frothie mouth bepainted all with red,
Like milke, & blood, being mingled both together,
A second feare through all her sinewes spred,
VVhich madly hurries her, she knowes not whither,
 This way she runs, and now she will no further,
 But backe retires, to rate the boare for murder.

VENV S AND ADONIS.

A thousand spleenes beare her a thousand wayes,
 She treads the path, that she vntreads againe;
 Her more then hast, is mated with delayes,
 Like the proceedings of a drunken braine,
 Full of respects, yet naught at all respecting,
 In hand with all things, naught at all effecting.

Here kenneld in a brake, she finds a hound,
 And askes the wearie caitiffe for his maister,
 And there another licking of his wound,
 Gainst venim'd sores, the onely soueraigne plaister.
 And here she meets another, sadly skowling,
 To whom she speaks, & he replies with howling.

VWhen he hath ceast his ill resounding noise,
 Another flapmouth'd mourner, blacke, and grim,
 Against the welkin, volies out his voyce,
 Another, and another, answer him,
 Clapping their proud tailes to the ground below,
 Shaking their scratcht-ears, bleeding as they go.

Looke how, the worlds poore people are amazed,
 At apparitions, signes, and prodigies,
 VWhereon with feareful eyes, they long haue gazed,
 Infusing them with dreadfull prophecies;
 So she at these sad signes, drawes vp her breath.
 And sighing it againe, exclames on death.

VENVS AND ADONIS.

Hard fauourd tyrant, ougly, meagre, leane,
 Hatefull diuorce of loue, (thus chides the death)
 Grim-grinning ghost, earths-worme what dost thou
 To stifle beautie, and to steale his breath? (meane?
 VVho when he liu'd, his breath and beautie set
 Glosse on the rose, smell to the violet.

If he be dead, ô no, it cannot be,
 Seeing his beautie, thou shouldst strike at it,
 Oh yes, it may, thou hast no eyes to see,
 But hatefully at randon doest thou hit,
 Thy marke is feeble age, but thy false dart,
 Mistakes that aime, and cleaues an infants hart.

Hadst thou but bid beware, then he had spoke,
 And hearing him, thy power had lost his power,
 The destinies will curse thee for this stroke,
 They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluckst a flower,
 Loues golden arrow at him should haue fled,
 And not deaths ebon dart to strike him dead.

Doest thou drink tears, that thou prouok'st such wee-
 VVhat may a heauie grone aduantage thee? (ping,
 VVhy hast thou cast into eternall sleeping,
 Those eyes that taught all other eyes to see?
 Now nature cares not for thy mortall vigour,
 Since her best worke is ruin'd with thy rigour.

Here

VENVS AND ADONIS.

Here ouercome as one full of dispaire,
 She vaild her eye-lids, who like sluces stopt,
 The christall tide, that from her two cheekes faire,
 In the sweet channell of her bosome dropt
 But through the flud-gates breaks the siluer rain,
 And with his strong course opens them againe.

O how her eyes, and teares, did lend, and borrow,
 Her eye seene in the teares, teares in her eye,
 Both christals, where they viewd ech others sorrow:
 Sorrow, that friendly sighs sought still to drye,
 But like a stormy day, now wind, now raine,
 Sighs drie her cheeks, tears make the wet againe.

Variable passions throng her constant wo,
 As striuing who should best become her grieffe,
 All entertaind, ech passion labours so,
 That euery present sorrow seemeth chiefe,
 But none is best, then ioyne they all together,
 Like many clouds, consulting for foule weather.

By this farre off, she heares some huntsman hallow,
 A nourses song nere pleasd her babe so well,
 The dyre imagination she did follow,
 This sound of hope doth labour to expell,
 For now reuiuing ioy bids her reioyce,
 And flatters her, it is Adonis voice.

VENVS AND ADONIS.

VVhereather teares began to turne their tide,
 Being prisond in her eye: like pearles in glasse,
 Yet sometimes fals an orient drop beside,
 VVhich her cheeke melts, as scorning it should passe
 To wash the foule face of the sluttish ground,
 VVho is but dronken when she seemeth drown'd.

O hard beleeuing loue how strange it seemes!
 Not to beleue, and yet too credulous:
 Thy weale, and wo, are both of them extreames,
 Despaire, and hope, makes thee ridiculous.
 The one doth flatter thee in thoughts vnlikely,
 In likely thoughts the other kils thee quickly.

Now she veweaues the web that she hath wrought,
 Adonis liues, and death is not to blame:
 It was not she that cald him all to nought;
 Now she ads honors to his hatefull name.
 She clepes him king of graues, & graue for kings,
 Imperious supreme of all mortall things.

No, no, quoth she, sweet death, I did but iest,
 Yet pardon me, I felt a kind of feare
 VVhen as I met the boare, that bloodie beast,
 VVhich knowes no pitie but is still seueare,
 Then gentle shadow (truth I must confesse)
 I rayld on thee, fearing my loues decesse.

VFNVS AND ADONIS.

- 11 Tis not my fault, the Bore prouokt my tong,
 11 Be wreakt on him (inuisible commander)
 11 Tis he foule creature, that hath done thee wrong,
 11 I did but a ct, he's aũthor of thy slaunder.
 11 Greefe hath two tongues, and neuer woman yet.
 11 Could rule them both, without ten womens wit.

Thus hoping that Adonis is aliue,
 Her rash suspect she doth extenuate,
 And that his beautie may the better thriue,
 VVith death she humbly doth insinuate.

Tels him of trophies, statues, tombes, and steries,
 His victories, his triumphs, and his glories.

- 11 O loue quoth she, how much a foole was I,
 11 To be of such a weake and sillie mind,
 11 To waile his death who liues, and must not die,
 11 Till mutuall ouerthrow of mortall kind?
 11 For he being dead, with him is beautie slaine,
 11 And beautie dead, blacke Chaos comes againe.

- 11 Fy, fy, fond loue, thou art as full offeare,
 11 As one with treasure laden, hem'd with theeues,
 11 Trifles vnwitnessed with eye, or eare,
 11 Thy coward heart with false bethinking greeues.
 Euen at this word she heares a merry horne,
 VVhereat she leaps, that was but late forlorne.

VENVVS AND ADONIS.

As Faulcons to the lure, away she flies,
 The grasse stoops not, she treads on it so light,
 And in her hast, vnfortunately spies
 The foule Boares conquest, on her faire delight,
 VVhich seene, her eyes are murdred with the view,
 Like stars asham'd of day, themselues withdrew.

Or as the snaile, whose tender hornes being hit,
 Shrinks backward in his shellie caue with paine,
 And, there all smoothred vp, in shade doth sit,
 Long after fearing to creepe forth againe:
 So at his bloudie view her eyes are fled,
 Into the deepe-darke cabbins of her head.

VVhere they resigne their office, and their light,
 To the disposing of her troubled braine,
 VVho bids them still consort with vgly night,
 And neuer wound the heart with lookes againe,
 VVho like a king perplexed in his throne,
 By their suggestion, giues a deadly grone.

VVhereat ech tributarie subiect quakes,
 As when the wind imprisond in the ground,
 Struggling for passage, earths foundation shakes,
 VVhich with cold terror, doth mens minds confound:
 This mutinie ech part doth so surprise,
 That frõ their dark-beds once more leap her eies,
 And

V E N U S A N D A D O N I S .

And being opend, threw vnwilling light
 Vpon the wide wound, that the Boare had trencht
 In his soft flanke, whose wonted lillie white
 VWith purple tears that his woūd wept, had drencht,
 No floure was nigh, no grasse, hearb, leaf, or weed,
 But stole his blood, and seemd with him to bleed.

This solemne sympathie, poore Venus noteth,
 Ouer one shoulder doth she hang her head,
 Dumble she passions, frantikely she doteth,
 She thinkes he could not die, he is not dead,
 Her voice is stopt, her ioynts forget to bow,
 Her eyes are mad, that they haue wept till now.

Vpon his hurt she lookes so stedfastly,
 That her sight dazling, makes the wound seem three,
 And then she reprehends her mangling eye,
 That makes more gashes, where no breach shuld be:
 His face seemes twain, ech seuerall lim is doubled,
 For oft the eye mistakes, the brain being troubled.

“ My tongue cannot expresse my grieffe for one,
 “ And yet (quoth she) behold two Adons dead,
 “ My sighes are blowne away, my salt teares gone,
 “ Mine eyes are turn'd to fire, my heart to lead,
 “ Heauie hearts lead melt at mine eyes red fire,
 “ So shall I die by drops of hot desire.

V E N U S A N D A D O N I S .

- 11 Alas poore world what treasure hast thou lost,
 11 VVhat face remains aliue that's worth the viewing?
 11 VVhose tong is musicke now? what canst thou boast
 11 Of things long since, or anie thing ensuing?
 11 The flowers are sweet, their colours fresh, & trim,
 11 But true sweet beautie liu'd, and di'de with him.

 11 Bonnet, nor vaile hencefoorth no creature weare,
 11 Nor sunne, nor winde will euer striue to kisse you,
 11 Hauing no faire to loose, you need not feare,
 11 The sun doth scorne you, & the wind doth hiss you.
 11 But when Adonis liu'd, sunne, and sharpe aire,
 11 Lurkt like two theeues, to rob him of his faire.

 11 And therefore would he put his bonnet on,
 11 Vnder whose brim the gaudie sunne would peepe,
 11 The wind would blow it off, and being gon,
 11 Play with his locks, then would Adonis weepe.
 11 And straight in pitie of his tender yeares, (teares.
 11 They both would striue who first should drie his

 11 To see his face the Lion walkt along,
 11 Behind some hedge, because he would not fear him:
 11 To recreate himselfe when he hath song,
 11 The Tygre would betame, and gently hear him.
 11 If he had spoke, the woffe would leaue his praie,
 11 And neuer fright the sillie lambe that daie.

VVhen

VENUS AND ADONIS.

" V When he beheld his shadow in the brooke,
 " The fishes spread on it their golden gills,
 " V When he was by the birds such pleasure tooke,
 " That some would sing, some other in their bills
 " V Would bring him mulberies & ripe-red cherries,
 " He fed them with his sight, they him with berries.

" But this foule, grim, and vrchin-snowted Boare,
 " V whose downward eye still looketh for a graue:
 " Ne're saw the beautious liuerie that he wore,
 " V Vitnesse the intertainment that he gaue.
 " If he did see his face, why then I know,
 " He thought to kisse him, and hath kild him so.

" 'Tis true, tis true, thus was Adonis slaine,
 " He ran vpon the Boare with his sharpe speare,
 " V Who would not whet his teeth at him againe,
 " But by a kisse thought to perswade him there.
 " And noulling in his flanke the louing swine,
 " Sheath'd vnaware his tuske in his soft groine.

" Had I bene tooth'd like him I must confesse,
 " V With kissing him I should haue kild him first,
 " But he is dead, and neuer did he blesse
 " My youth with his, the more am I accurst. "
 " V With this she falleth in the place she stood,
 " And stains her face with his congealed bloud.

VENVS AND ADONIS.

She lookes vpon his lips, and they are pale,
 She takes him by the hand, and that is cold:
 She whispers in his eares a heauy tale,
 As if they heard the wofull words she told,
 She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,
 VVhere lo, two lamps burnt out in darknesse lies.

Two glasses where her selfe, her selfe beheld
 A thousand times, and now no more reflect,
 Their vertue lost, wherein they late exceld,
 And euerie beautie robd of his effect;
 " VVonder of time (quoth she) this is my spight,
 " That thou being dead, the day shuld yet be light.

" Since thou art dead, loe here I prophetic,
 " Sorrow on loue hereafter shall attend:
 " It shall be wayted on with ieaiousie,
 " Find sweet beginning, but vnsauoric end,
 " Nere setled equally, but high or lo,
 " That all loues pleasure shall not match his wo.

" It shall be fickle, false, and full of fraud,
 " Bud, and be blasted, in a breathing while,
 " The bottome poyson, and the top ore strawd
 " VVith sweets, that shall the truest sight beguile,
 " The strongest bodie shall it make most weake,
 " Strike the wise dumb, & teach the foole to speake

- " It shall be sparing, and too full of ryot,
 " Teaching decrepit age to tread the measures,
 " The staring ruffian shall it keepe in quiet,
 " Pluck down the rich, inrich the poore with treasures,
 " It shall be raging mad, and sillie mild,
 " Make the yong old, the old become a child.

- " It shall suspect where is no cause of feare,
 " It shall not feare where it should most mistrust,
 " It shall be mercifull, and too seueare,
 " And most deceiuing, when it seemes most iust,
 " Peruerse it shall be, where it showes most toward,
 " Put feare to valour, courage to the coward.

- " It shall be cause of warre, and dire euent,
 " And set dissention twixt the sonne, and fire,
 " Subiect, and seruill to all discontents :
 " As drie combustious matter is to fire,
 " Sith in his prime, death doth my loue destroy,
 " They that loue best, their loues shall not enioy.

By this the boy that by her side lay kild,
 Vvas melted like a vapour from her sight,
 And in his bloud that on the ground laie spild,
 A purple floure sprung vp, checkred with white,
 Resembling well his pale cheekes, and the blood,
 VVhich in round drops, vpō their whitenes stood.

She bowes her head, the new sprong floure to smell,
 Comparing it to her Adonis breath,
 And saies within her bosome it shall dwell,
 Since he himselfe is rest from her by death;
 She crops the stalke, and in the breach appears,
 Green-dropping sap, which she cōpares to teares.

¶ Poore floure (quoth she) this was thy fathers guise,
 ¶ Sweet issue of a more sweet smelling sire,
 ¶ For euerie little griefto wet his eies,
 ¶ To grow vnto himselfe was his desire;
 ¶ And so tis thine, but know it is as good,
 ¶ To wither in my brest, as in his blood.

¶ Here was thy fathers bed, here in my brest,
 ¶ Thou art the next of blood, and tis thy right.
 ¶ Lo in this hollow cradle take thy rest,
 ¶ My throbbing hart shall rock thee day and night;
 ¶ There shall not be one minute in an houre,
 ¶ VVherein I will not kisse my sweet loues floure.

Thus wearie of the world, away she hies,
 And yokes her siluer doves, by whose swift aide,
 Their mistresse mounted through the emptie skies,
 In her light chariot, quickly is conuaide,
 Holding their course to Paphos, where their queen,
 Meanes to immure her selfe, and not be seen.

F I N I S.