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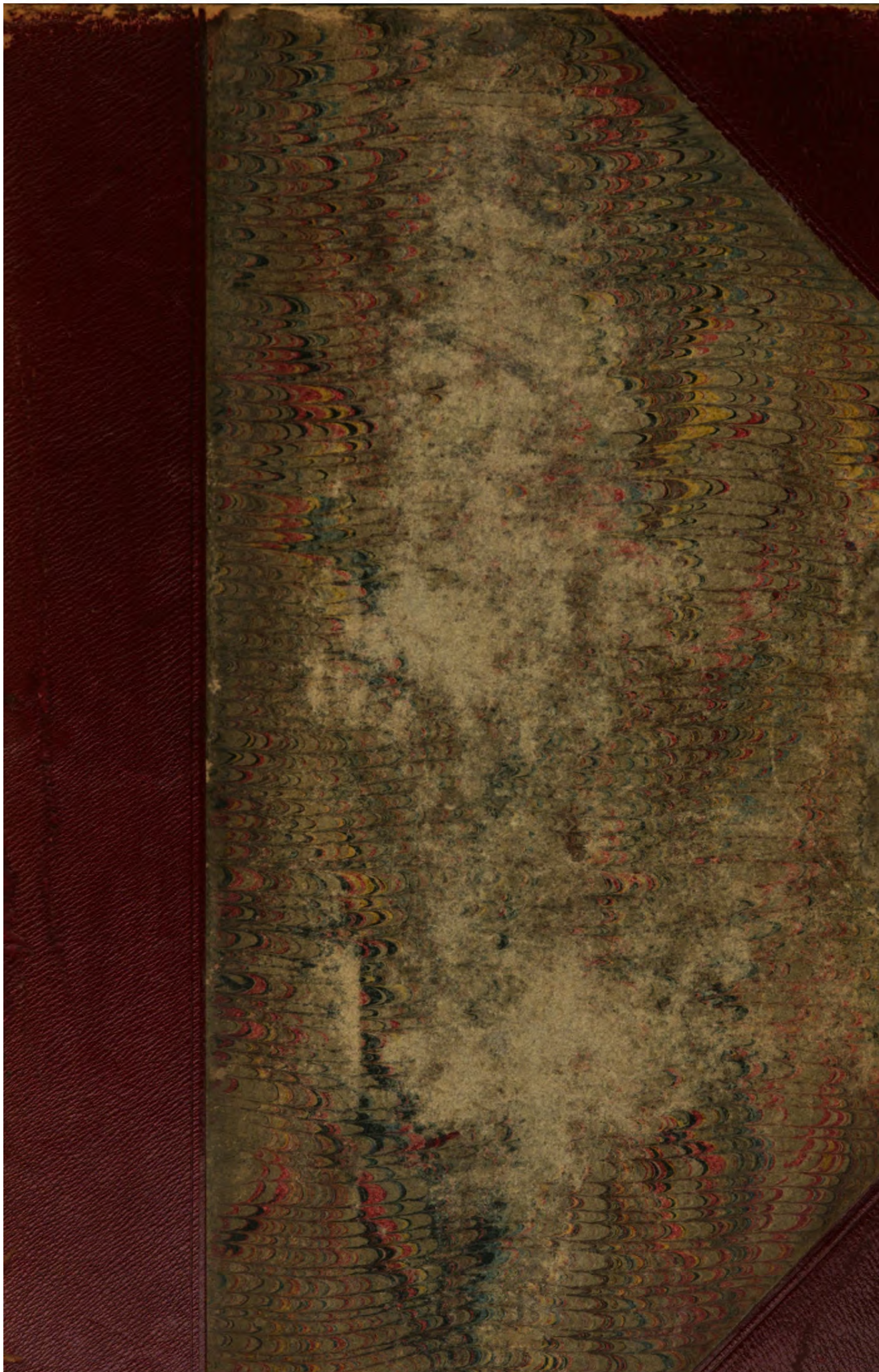
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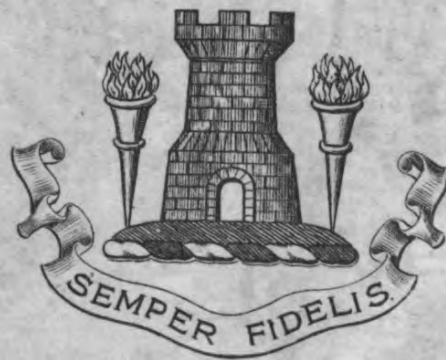
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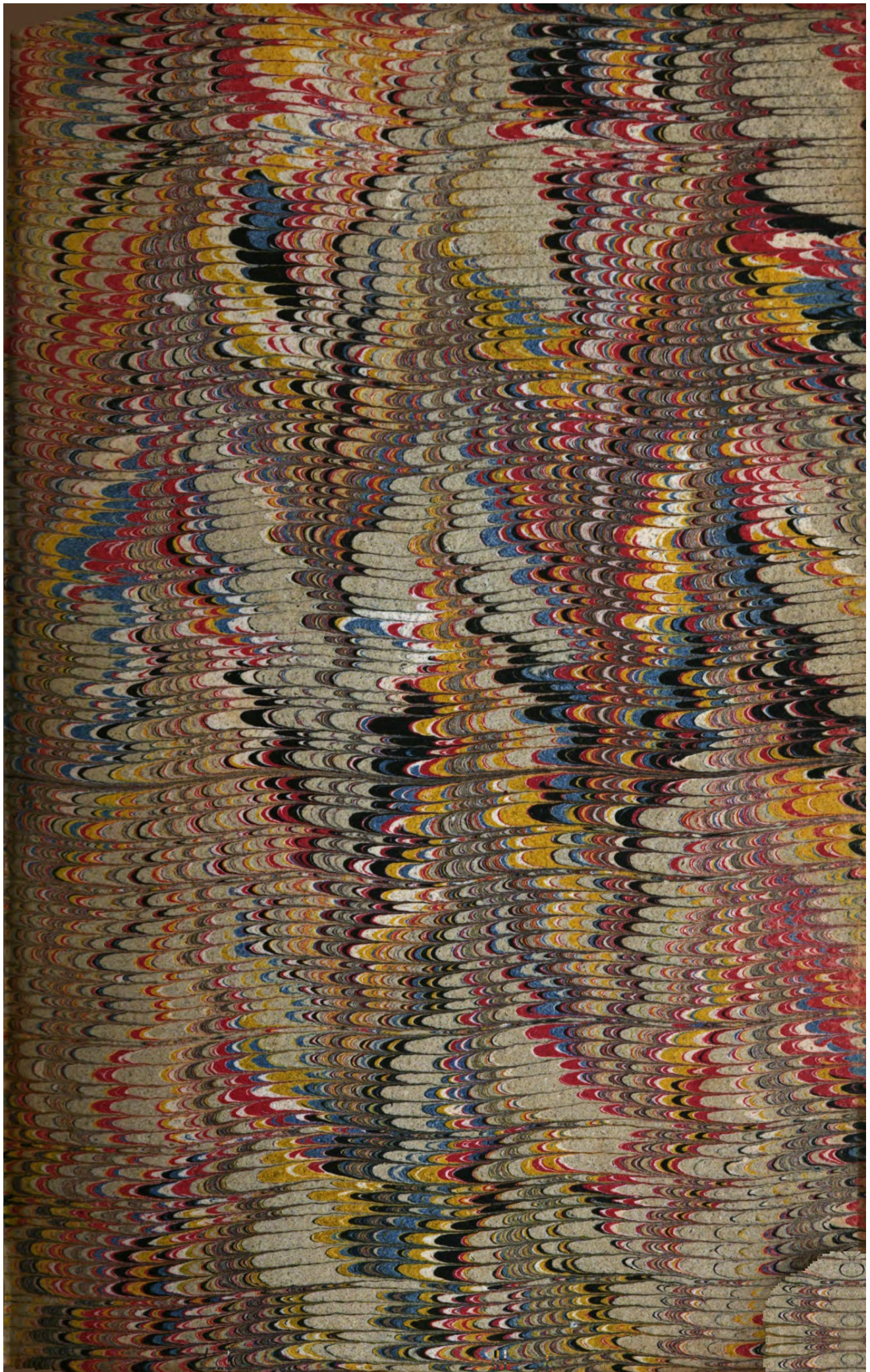
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Frances Dunkels.





M. adds. 1068 e. $\frac{390}{3}$

KIT MARLOWE'S WORKS.

—
VOLUME III.
—

LUST'S DOMINION; OR THE LASCIVIOUS QUEEN.

HERO AND LEANDER.

CERTAIN OF OVID'S ELEGIES.

EPIGRAMS AND ELEGIES BY JOHN DAVIES AND

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

THE FIRST BOOK OF LUCAN.

OVID'S ELEGIES.

THE
WORKS
OF
CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

VOLUME THE THIRD.



“ Marlowe renown'd for his rare art and wit
Could ne'er attain beyond the name of Kit.”

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

LONDON:

WILLIAM PICKERING, CHANCERY LANE;
TALBOYS AND WHEELER, OXFORD;
T. COMBE AND SON, LEICESTER.

M. DCCC. XXVI.

**Thomas White, Printer,
Crane Court.**

LUST'S DOMINION;

OR,

THE LASCIVIOUS QUEEN.

Lust's Dominion ; or the Lascivious Queen, a Tagedie. Written by Christofer Marloe, Gent. London, printed for F. K. and are to be sold by Robert Pollard, at the sign of Ben Jonson's head, on the back side of the Old Exchange, 1657, 12mo.

The above is the first edition of this play. A second edition appeared in 1661, 12mo. and it was afterwards altered by Mr. Behn, and acted in 1671, under the title of Abdelazar, or The Moor's Revenge.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ELEAZAR, *the Moor, Prince of Fez and Barbary.*
PHILIP, *King of Spain, father to Fernando, Philip,
and Isabella.*
FERNANDO, *King of Spain,* } *sons to Philip.*
PHILIP, *Prince of Spain,* }
ALVERO, *a nobleman, father-in-law to Eleazar, and
father to Hortenzo and Maria.*
MENDOZA, *the Cardinal.*
CRISTOFERO, } *two noblemen of Spain.*
RODERIGO, }
HORTENZO, *lover to Isabella, and son to Alvero.*
ZARACK, } *two Moors attending Eleazar.*
BALTAZAR, }
COLE, } *two Friars.*
CRAB, }
EMMANUEL, *King of Portugal.*
CAPTAIN, SOLDIERS, &c.
Two PAGES attending the Queen.

*The QUEEN MOTHER of SPAIN, and wife to King
Philip.*
ISABELLA, *the Infanta of Spain.*
MARIA, *wife to Eleazar, and daughter to Alvero.*

The Scene,—Spain.

LUST'S DOMINION;
OR,
THE LASCIVIOUS QUEEN.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

*Enter ZARACK, BALTAZAR, two Moors, taking tobacco; music sounding within: enter QUEEN MOTHER of SPAIN with two PAGES: ELEAZAR, sitting on a chair: the curtain is suddenly drawn.**

ELEAZ. ON me does music spend this sound! on
me,

That hate all unity! ah! Zarak, Baltazar!

Q. Mo. My gracious lord.

ELEAZ. Are you there with your beagles! hark,
you slaves!

Did not I bind you on your lives to watch,
That none disturb'd us?

Q. Mo. Gentle Eleazar.

ELEAZ. There, off: is't you that deaf me with
this noise? [Exeunt two Moors.

*The curtain, in front of the old theatres, divided in the middle, and was drawn to the sides: "and beside the principal curtain they sometimes used others as substitutes for scenes."—*Malone*.

Q. Mo. Why is my love's aspect so grim and horrid ?

Look smoothly on me ;
Chime out your softest strains of harmony,
And on delicious music's silken wings
Send ravishing delight to my love's ears,
That he may be enamoured of your tunes.
Come, let's kiss.

ELEAZ. Away, away !

Q. Mo. No, no, says aye ; and twice away, says stay :

Come, come, I'll have a kiss ; but, if you strive,
For one denial, you shall forfeit five.

ELEAZ. Nay, prithee, good queen, leave me ;
I am now sick, heavy, and dull as lead.

Q. Mo. I'll make thee lighter by taking something
from thee.

ELEAZ. Do: take from me this ague, and these
fits ;

That, hanging on me,
Shake me in pieces, and set all my blood
A boiling with the fire of rage ; away, away !
Thou believ'st I jest,
And laugh'st to see my wrath wear antic shapes :
Begone, begone !

Q. Mo. What means my love ?
Burst all those wires ; burn all those instruments ;
For they displease my Moor. Art thou now pleas'd ?
Or wert thou now disturb'd ? I'll wage all Spain,
To one sweet kiss, this is some new device

To make me fond and long. Oh! you men
Have tricks to make poor women die for you.

ELEAZ. What, die for me? away!

Q. MO. Away! what way? I pr'ythee speak more
kindly;

Why dost thou frown? at whom?

ELEAZ. At thee.

Q. MO. At me!

Oh! why at me? For each contracted frown,
A crooked wrinkle interlines my brow:
Spend but one hour in frowns, and I shall look
Like to a beldam of one hundred years.
I pr'ythee speak to me, and chide me not.
I pr'ythee, chide, if I have done amiss;
But let my punishment be this, and this; [*Kisses him.*]
I pr'ythee, smile on me, if but awhile;
Then frown on me, I'll die: I pr'ythee smile.
Smile on me, and these two wanton boys;
These pretty lads that do attend on me,
Shall call thee Jove, shall wait upon thy cup,
And fill thee nectar: their inticing eyes
Shall serve as crystal, wherein thou may'st see
To dress thyself, if thou wilt smile on me.
Smile on me, and with coronets of pearl,
And bells of gold, circling their pretty arms,
In a round ivory fount these two shall swim,
And dive to make thee sport:
Bestow one smile, one little little smile,
And in a net of twisted silk and gold
In my all-naked arms thyself shalt lie.

ELEAZ. Why, what to do? Lust's arms do stretch
so wide

That none can fill them: I lay there! away!

Q. Mo. Where hast thou learn'd this language,
that can say

No more but two rude words? away, away.

Am I grown ugly now?

ELEAZ. Ugly as hell.

Q. Mo. Thou lov'dst me once.

ELEAZ. That can thy bastards tell.

Q. Mo. What is my sin? I will amend the same.

ELEAZ. Hence, strumpet! use of sin makes thee
past shame.

Q. Mo. Strumpet!

ELEAZ. Aye, strumpet.

Q. Mo. Too true 'tis, woe is me!

I am a strumpet, but made so by thee.

ELEAZ. By me!

No no, by these young bawds: fetch thee a glass

And thou shalt see the balls of both thine eyes

Burning in fire of lust. By me! there's here

Within this hollow cistern of thy breast,

A spring of hot blood: have not I to cool it

Made an extraction to the quintessence,

Even of my soul; melted all my spirits,

Ravish'd my youth, deflour'd my lovely cheeks,

And dried this, this, to an anatomy,

Only to feed your lust? (these boys have ears,) [*aside.*

Yet wouldst thou murder me.

Q. Mo. I murder thee!

ELEAZ. I cannot ride through the Castilian streets,
But thousand eyes, through windows and through
doors,
Throw killing looks at me ; and every slave
At Eleazar darts a finger out,
And every hissing tongue cries, “ There’s the Moor ;
That’s he that makes a cuckold of our king ;
There goes the minion of the Spanish queen ;
That’s the black prince of devils ; there goes he,
That on smooth boys, on masks, and revellings,
Spend the revenues of the King of Spain.”
Who arms this many-headed beast, but you ?
Murder and lust are twins, and both are thine.
Being weary of me, thou wouldst worry me,
Because some new love makes thee loathe thine old.

Q. Mo. Eleazar !

ELEAZ. Harlot, I’ll not hear thee speak.

Q. Mo. I’ll kill myself unless thou hear’st me
speak.

My husband-king upon his death-bed lies,
Yet have I stol’n from him to look on thee :
A queen hath made herself thy concubine,
Yet dost thou now abhor me ; hear me speak,
Else shall my sons plague thy adult’rous wrongs,
And tread upon thy heart for murd’ring me :
This tongue hath murder’d me. Cry murder, boys !

2 BOYS. Murder ! the queen’s murder’d !

ELEAZ. Love ! slaves, peace !

2 BOYS. Murder ! the queen’s murder’d !

ELEAZ. Stop your throats !

Hark ! hush, you squaller ! Dear love, look up :
 Our chamber-window stares into the court,
 And every wide-mouth'd ear, hearing this news,
 Will give alarum to the cuckold king :
 I did dissemble when I chid my love,
 And that dissembling was to try my love.

Q. Mo. Thou call'dst me strumpet.

ELEAZ. I'll tear out my tongue
 From this black temple for blaspheming thee.

Q. Mo. And when I woo'd thee but to smile on me,
 Thou cry'dst away, away, and frown'dst upon me.

ELEAZ. Come,
 Now I'll kiss thee ; now I'll smile upon thee ;
 Call to thy ashy cheeks their wonted red ;
 Come, frown not, pout not ; smile, smile upon me,
 And with my poniard will I stab my flesh,
 And quaff carouses to thee of my blood ;
 Whilst, in moist nectar kisses, thou dost pledge me.
 How now, why star'st thou thus ?

Knock. Enter ZARACK.

ZAR. The king is dead !

ELEAZ. Ah ! dead !

You hear this ? Is't true, is't true ? The king dead !
 Who dare knock thus ?

ZAR. It is the cardinal,
 Making inquiry if the queen were here.

ELEAZ. See, she's here,—tell him ; and yet,
 Zarack, stay.

Enter BALTAZAR.

BALTAZ. Don Roderigo's come to seek the queen.

ELEAZ. Why should Roderigo seek her here?

BALTAZ. The king hath swounded thrice; and
being recovered,

Sends up and down the court to seek her grace.

ELEAZ. The king was dead with you. [*To Zar-*
rack.] Run, and with a voice,

Erected high as mine, say thus, thus threaten,
To Roderigo and the cardinal :

Seek no queens here ; I'll broach them if they do
Upon my falchion's point : [*Knock again.*

Again ! more knocking !

ZAR. Your father is at hand, my gracious lord.

ELEAZ. Lock all the chambers, bar him out, you
apes :

Hither ! a vengeance ! stir Eugenia,

You know your old walk under ground ; away !

So, down ; hie to the king ; quick ! quick ! you squalls,

Crawl with your dam i' th' dark ; dear love, farewell ;

One day I hope to shut you up in hell.

[*Eleazar shuts them in.*

Enter ALVERO.

ALV. Son Eleazar, saw you not the queen ?

ELEAZ. Hah !

ALV. Was not the queen here with you ?

ELEAZ. Queen with me !

Because, my lord, I'm married to your daughter,

You, like your daughter, will grow jealous :

The queen with me ! with me, a Moor, a devil,

A slave of Barbary, a dog ; for so

Your silken courtiers christen me : but, father,
 Although my flesh be tawny, in my veins
 Runs blood as red, as royal, as the best
 And proudest in Spain ; there does, old man.
 My father, who with his empire lost his life,
 And left me captive to a Spanish tyrant ;—
 Oh!

Go tell him ; Spanish tyrant ! tell him, do.
 He that can lose a kingdom, and not raze,
 He's a tame jade ; I am not : tell old Philip
 I call him tyrant ; here's a sword and arms,
 A heart, a head, and so, pish !—'tis but death.
 Old fellow, she's not here : but ere I die,
 Sword, I'll bequeath thee a rich legacy.

A.I.V. Watch fitter hours to think on wrongs than now ;
 Death's frozen hand holds royal Philip's heart ;
 Half of his body lies within a grave ;
 Then do not now by quarrels shake that state,
 Which is already too much ruinate.
 Come, and take leave of him before he die. [Exit.

ELEAZ. I'll follow you. Now purple villany,
 Sit like a robe imperial on my back,
 That under thee I closelier may contrive
 My vengeance ; foul deeds hid, do sweetly thrive.
 Mischief erect thy throne and sit in state,
 Here, here upon this head ; let fools fear fate,—
 Thus I defy my stars : I care not, I,
 How low I tumble down, so I mount high :
 Old Time, I'll wait bare-headed at thy heels,

And be a foot-boy to thy winged hours ;
They shall not tell one minute out in sands,
But I'll set down the number ; I'll still wake
And waste these balls of sight, by tossing them
In busy observations upon thee,
Sweet opportunity ! I'll bind myself
To thee in base apprenticeship so long,
Till on thy naked scalp grow hair as thick
As mine, and all hands shall lay hold on thee,
If thou wilt lend me but thy rusty scythe,
To cut down all that stand within my wrongs
And my revenge. Love, dance in twenty forms
Upon my beauty, that this Spanish dame
May be bewitch'd and doat ; her amorous flames
Shall blow up the old king, consume his sons,
And make all Spain a bonfire.
This tragedy being acted, hers doth begin ;
To shed a harlot's blood can be no sin. [Exit.

SCENE II.

*The curtain being drawn, there appears in his bed
KING PHILIP, with his Lords ; the PRINCESS
ISABELLA at the feet ; MENDOZA, ALVERO, HOR-
TENZO, FERNANDO, RODERIGO ; to them enter
the QUEEN in haste.*

Q. Mo. Whose was that screech-owl's voice, that,
like the sound
Of a hell-tortur'd soul, rung through mine ears
Nothing but horrid shrieks, nothing but death ?
Whilst I, vailing my knees to the cold earth,

Drowning my withered cheeks in my warm tears,
 And stretching out my arms to pull from heaven
 Health for the royal majesty of Spain,
 All cried, the majesty of Spain is dead!
 That last word, dead, struck through the echoing air,
 Rebounded on my heart, and smote me down
 Breathless to the cold earth, and made me leave
 My prayers for Philip's life; but, thanks to heaven,
 I see him live, and lives, I hope, to see
 Unnumber'd years, to guide this empery.

K. PHIL. The number of my years ends in one day:
 Ere this sun's down, all a king's glory sets,
 For all our lives are but death counterfeits.
 Father Mendoza, and you peers of Spain,
 Dry your wet eyes; for sorrow wanteth force,
 T' inspire a breathing soul in a dead corse;
 Such is your king. Where's Isabel our daughter?

MEND. At your bed's feet, confounded in her tears.

K. PHIL. She of your grief the heaviest burthen
 bears;
 You can but lose a king, but she a father.

Q. MO. She bear the heaviest burthen! Oh! say
 rather

I bear, and am borne down; my sorrowing
 Is for a husband's loss, loss of a king.

K. PHIL. No more. Alvero, call the princess hither.

ALV. Madam, his majesty doth call for you.

K. PHIL. Come hither, Isabella! reach a hand,—
 Yet now it shall not need: instead of thine,
 Death, shoving thee back, clasps his hands in mine,

And bids me come away : I must ! I must !
Though kings be gods on earth, they turn to dust.
Is not Prince Philip come from Portugal ?

ROD. The prince, as yet, is not return'd, my lord.

K. PHIL. Commend me to him if I ne'er behold
him.

This tells the order of my funeral ;

[He takes up a paper.]

Do it as 'tis set down ; embalm my body ;
Though worms do make no difference of flesh,
Yet kings are curious here to dig their graves ;
Such is man's frailty : when I am embalm'd,
Apparel me in a rich royal robe,
According to the custom of the land ;
Then place my bones within that brazen shrine,
Which death hath builded for my ancestors ;
I cannot name death, but he straight steps in,
And pulls me by the arm.

FERN. His grace doth faint,—
Help me, my lords, softly to raise him up.

Enter ELEAZAR, and stands sadly by.

K. PHIL. Lift me not up, I shortly must go down.
When a few dribbling minutes have run out,
Mine hour's ended. King of Spain farewell !
You all acknowledge him your sovereign ?

ALL. When you are dead we will acknowledge
him.

K. PHIL. Govern this kingdom well ; to be a king
Is given to many ; but to govern well,
Granted to few. Have care to Isabel,

Her virtue was King Philip's looking-glass ;
 Reverence the queen your mother ; love your sister,
 And the young prince your brother : even that day,
 When Spain shall solemnize my obsequies,
 And lay me up in earth, let them crown you.
 Where's Eleazar, Don Alvero's son ?

FERN. Yonder, with cross'd arms, stands he
 malcontent.

K. PHIL. I do commend him to thee for a man
 Both wise and warlike ; yet beware of him :
 Ambition wings his spirit ; keep him down ;
 What will not men attempt to win a crown ?
 Mendoza is protector of thy realm
 I did elect him for his gravity ;
 I trust he'll be a father to thy youth.
 Call help, Fernando ! now I faint indeed.

FERN. My lords !

K. PHIL. Let none with a distracted voice
 Shriek out, and trouble me in my departure.
 Heaven's hands I see are beckoning for my soul ;
 I come ! I come ! thus do the proudest die ;
 Death hath no mercy, life no certainty. [Dies.

MEND. As yet his soul's not from her temple
 gone,
 Therefore forbear loud lamentation.

Q. MO. Oh ! he's dead, he's dead ! lament and die !
 In her king's end begins Spain's misery.

ISA. He shall not end so soon. Father, dear father !

FERN. Forbear, sweet Isabella ! shrieks are vain.

ISA. You cry forbear ; you, by his loss of breath,

Have won a kingdom, you may cry forbear :
But I have lost a father and a king,
And no tongue shall control my sorrowing.

HORTEN. Whither, good Isabella ?

ISA. I will go
Where I will languish in eternal woe.

HORTEN. Nay, gentle love !

ISA. Talk not of love to me,
The world and the world's pride henceforth I'll scorn.
[Exit.

HORTEN. My love shall follow thee ; if thou
deny'st
To live with poor Hortenzo as his wife,
I'll never change my love, but change my life.

Enter PHILIP hastily.

PHIL. I know he is not dead ; I know proud death
Durst not behold such sacred majesty.
Why stand you thus distracted ? Mother ! brother !
My lord Mendoza ! where's my royal father ?

Q. Mo. Here lies the temple of his royal soul.

FERN. Here's all that's left of Philip's majesty ;
Wash you his tomb with tears, Fernando's moan,
Hating a partner, shall be sent alone. [Exit.

PHIL. Oh, happy father ! miserable son !
Philip is gone to joy, Philip's forlorn,
He dies to live, my life with woe is torn.

Q. Mo. Sweet son !

PHIL. Sweet mother : Oh ! how I now do shame
To lay on one so foul, so fair a name :

Had you been a true mother, a true wife,
This king had not so soon been robb'd of life.

Q. Mo. What means this rage, my son?

PHIL. Call not me your son!

My father, whilst he liv'd, tir'd his strong arms
In bearing christian armour 'gainst the Turks,
And spent his brains in warlike stratagems,
To bring confusion on damn'd infidels:
Whilst you, that snorted here at home, betray'd
His name to everlasting infamy;
Whilst you at home, suffer'd his bed-chamber
To be a brothelry; whilst you at home,
Suffer'd his queen to be a concubine,
And wanton red-cheek'd boys to be her bawds;
Whilst she, reeking in that lecher's arms——

ELEAZ. Me!

PHIL. Villain! 'tis thee,
Thou hell-begotten fiend; at thee I stare!

Q. Mo. Philip, thou art a villain to dishonour me.

PHIL. Mother, I am no villain; 'tis this villain
Dishonours you and me, dishonours Spain,
Dishonours all these lords; this devil is he,
That——

ELEAZ. What! oh, pardon me! I must throw off
All chains of duty wert thou ten kings sons;
Had I as many souls as I have sins,
As this from hence, so they from this should fly,
In just revenge of this indignity.

[*He draws: the lords interpose.*]

PHIL. Give way! or I'll make way upon your bosoms.

ELEAZ. Did my dear sovereign live, sirrah, that tongue——

Q. Mo. Did but King Philip live, traitor, I'd tell——

PHIL. A tale that should rid both your souls to hell.

Tell Philip's ghost, that Philip tells his queen,
That Philip's queen is a Moor's concubine;
Did the king live, I'd tell him how you two
Ripp'd up the entrails of his treasury,
With masks and antic revellings.

ELEAZ. Words insupportable! dost hear me, boy?

Q. Mo. Stand you all still, and see me thus trod down?

PHIL. Stand you all still, yet let this devil stand here?

MEND. Forbear, sweet prince: Eleazar, I am now

Protector to Fernando, King of Spain;
By that authority, and by consent
Of all these peers, I utterly deprive thee
Of all those royalties thou holdst in Spain.

Q. Mo. Cardinal, who lends thee this commission?

ELEAZ. Cardinal, I'll shorten thee by the head for this.

PHIL. Forward, my lord Mendoza! damn the fiend!

ELEAZ. Princes of Spain, consent you to this
pride?

ALL. We do.

Q. MO. For what cause? Let his faith be tried.

MEND. His treasons need no trial, they're too plain.
Come not within the court, for if you do
To beg with Indian slaves I'll banish you.

[Exeunt all but Alvero, Queen, and Eleazar.]

ALV. Why should my son be banished?

Enter MARIA.

Q. MO. Of that, dispute not now. Alvero,
I'll to the king my son; it shall be tried,
If Castile's king can cool a cardinal's pride.

[Exeunt Queen and Alvero.]

ELEAZ. If I digest this gall—oh! my Maria,
I am whipp'd, and rack'd, and torn upon the wheel
Of giddy fortune; she, and her minions,
Have got me down, and treading on my bosom,
They cry, lie still: the cardinal,
(Oh, rare!) would bandy me away from Spain,
And banish me to beg; aye, beg with slaves!

MARIA. Conquer with patience these indignities.

ELEAZ. Patience! ha, ha! yes, yes, an honest
cardinal!

MARIA. Yet smother the grief, and seek revenge.

ELEAZ. Hah! banish me! s'foot, why say they do,
There's Portugal—a good air, and France—a fine
country;

Or Barbary rich, and has Moors; the Turk
Pure devil, and allows enough to fat
The sides of villany, good living there!
I can live there, and there, and there;
Troth 'tis a villain can live any where.
But, say I go from hence, I leave behind me
A cardinal that will laugh; I leave behind me
A Philip that will clap his hands for joy,
And dance levaltoes through the Castile court;
But the deep'st wound of all is this, I leave
My wrongs, dishonours, and my discontents,
Oh! unreveng'd: my bed-rid enemies
Shall never be rais'd up by the strong physical
Curing of my sword; therefore stay still!
Many have hearts to strike, that dare not kill.
Leave me, Maria! Cardinal, this disgrace
Shall dye thy soul as inky as my face.
Pish! hence Maria!

Enter ALVERO.

MARIA. To the king I'll fly,
He shall revenge my lord's indignity. *[Exit.*

ALV. Mendoza woos the king to banish thee.
Startle thy wonted spirits, awake thy soul,
And on thy resolution fasten wings,
Whose golden feathers may outstrip their hate.

ELEAZ. I'll tie no golden feathers to my wings.

ALV. Shall they thus tread thee down, which
once were glad
To lacquey by thy conquering chariot wheels?

ELEAZ. I care not, I can swallow more sour wrongs.

ALV. If they triumph o'er thee, they'll spurn me down.

ELEAZ. Look!—[*He motions with his foot.*] spurn again.

ALV. What ice hath cool'd that fire,
Which sometimes made thy thoughts to heaven aspire?
This patience had not wont to dwell with thee.

Enter FERNANDO and MARIA.

ELEAZ. 'Tis right, but now the world's chang'd you see;

Though I seem dead to you, here lives a fire——
No more! here comes the king and my Maria:
The Spaniard loves my wife; she swears to me
She's chaste as the white moon; well, if she be;
Well too if she be not, I care not, I;
I'll climb up by that love to dignity.

FERN. [*To Maria.*] Thou woo'st me to revenge thy husband's wrong,

I woo thy fair self not to wrong thyself;
Swear but to love me, and to thee I'll swear
To crown thy husband with a diadem.

MARIA. Such love as I dare yield, I'll not deny.

FERN. When in the golden arms of majesty——
I am broke of;—yonder thy husband stands;
I'll set him free if thou unite my bands;
So much for that—Durst then the cardinal
Put on such insolence? tell me, fair madam,

Where's your most valiant husband ?

ELEAZ. He sees me, and yet inquires for me.

MARIA. Yonder, my lord.

FERN. Eleazar, I have in my breast writ down,
From her report, your late receiv'd disgrace ;
My father lov'd you dearly, so will I.

ELEAZ. True, for my wife's sake. *[Aside.*

FERN. This indignity
Will I have interest in ; for being your king,
You shall perceive I'll curb my underling.
This morning is our coronation,
And father's funeral solemnized ;
Be present, step into your wonted place,
We'll gild your dim disgraces with our grace.

[Exeunt Fernando and Maria.

ELEAZ. I thank my sovereign, that you love my
wife ;

I thank thee, wife, that thou wilt lock my head
In such strong armour, to bear off all blows ;
Who dare say such wives are their husband's foes ?
Let's see now, by her falling I must rise ;
Cardinal, you die if the king bid me live ;
Philip, you die, for railing at me ; proud lords, you
die,

That with Mendoza cry'd, banish the Moor,
And you, my loving liege, you're best sit fast,
If all these live not, you must die at last. *[Exit.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

Enter two LORDS, PHILIP, MENDOZA; ELEAZAR, and with him the KING, crowned; QUEEN MOTHER, ALVERO, ZARACK, BALTAZAR, and ATTENDANTS.

MEND. Why stares this devil thus, as if pale death

Had made his eyes the dreadful messengers
To carry black destruction to the world?

Was he not banish'd Spain?

PHIL. Your sacred mouth

Pronounc'd the sentence of his banishment:
Then spurn the villain forth.

ELEAZ. Who spurns the Moor,
Were better set his foot upon the devil.
Do, spurn me, and this confounding arm of wrath
Shall, like a thunderbolt breaking the clouds,
Divide his body from his soul! Stand back!
Spurn Eleazar!

ROD. Shall we bear this pride?

ALV. Why not? he underwent much injury.

MEND. What injury have we perform'd, proud lord?

ELEAZ. Proud cardinal! my unjust banishment.

MEND. 'Twas we that did it, and our words are
laws.

KING. 'Twas we repeal'd him, and our words are
laws.

ZAR. BALT. If not, these are.

[*All the Moors draw.*

PHIL. How ! threaten'd and out-dar'd !

KING. Shall we give arm to hostile violence ?

Sheath your swords, sheath them, it's we command.

ELEAZ. Grant Eleazar justice, my dread liege.

MEND. Eleazar hath had justice from our hands,
And he stands banish'd from the court of Spain.

KING. Have you done justice ? Why, Lord Cardinal,

From whom do you derive authority

To banish him the court without our leave ?

MEND. From this, the staff of our protectorship ;
From this, which the last will of your dead father
Committed to our trust ; from this high place,
Which lifts Mendoza's spirits beyond the pitch
Of ordinary honour, and from this——

[*The King takes the staff from Mendoza, and gives it to Eleazar.*

KING. Which too much over-weening insolence
Hath quite ta'en from thee. Eleazar, up !
And from us, sway this staff of regency.

ALL. How's this !

PHIL. Dare sons presume to break their father's
will ?

KING. Dare subjects counter-check their sove-
reign's will ?

'Tis done, and who gainsays it is a traitor.

PHIL. I do, Fernando, yet am I no traitor.

MEND. Fernando, I am wrong'd ; by Peter's chair,

Mendoza vows revenge. I'll lay aside
My cardinal's hat, and in a wall of steel,
The glorious livery of a soldier,
Fight for my late lost honour.

KING. Cardinal!

MEND. King! thou shalt be no king for wronging
me.

The Pope shall send his bulls through all thy realm,
And pull obedience from thy subjects' hearts,
To put on armour of the Mother Church.
Curses shall fall like lightnings on thy head,
Bell, book, and candle, holy water, prayers,
Shall all chime vengeance to the court of Spain,
Till they have power to conjure down that fiend,
That damn'd Moor, that devil, that Lucifer,
That dares aspire the staff the card'nal sway'd.

ELEAZ. Ha! ha! ha! I laugh yet, that the car-
dinal's vext.

PHIL. Laugh'st thou, base slave! the wrinkles of
that scorn,
Thine own heart's blood shall fill. Brother, fare-
well;
Since you disprove the will our father left,
For base lust of a loathed concubine.—

ELEAZ. Ha! concubine! who does prince Philip
mean?

PHIL. [*To Eleaz.*] Thy wife.—[*To Alv.*] Thy
daughter,—base aspiring lords;
Who to buy honour are content to sell
Your names to infamy, your souls to hell.

And stamp you now? Do, do, for you shall see
I go for vengeance, and she'll come with me.

ELEAZ. Stay! for she's here already; see, proud
boy! [*They both draw.*]

Q. Mo. Hold! stay this fury; if you long for
blood,

Murder me first. Dear son, you are a king;
Then stay the violent tempest of their wrath.

KING. Shall kings be overstay'd in their desires?

ROD. Shall subjects be oppress'd by tyranny?

Q. Mo. No state shall suffer wrong; then hear
me speak:

[*Aside to Mendoza.*] Mendoza, you have sworn you
love the queen;

Then by that love I charge you leave these arms.

[*Aside to Eleazar.*] Eleazar, for those favours I have
given you,

Embrace the cardinal, and be friends with him.

ELEAZ. And have my wife call'd strumpet to my
face!

Q. Mo. 'Twas rage made his tongue err; do you
not know

The violent love Mendoza bears the queen?

Then speak him fair, for in that honied breath

I'll lay a bait shall train him to his death.

[*Aloud.*] Come, come, I see your looks give way to
peace;

Lord Cardinal begin; [*aside*] and for reward,

Ere this fair setting sun behold his bride;

Be bold to challenge love, yet be denied.

MEND. [*Aside.*] That promise makes me yield,—
 my gracious lord,
 Although my disgrace hath graven its memory
 On every Spaniard's eye, yet shall the duty
 I owe your sacred highness, and the love
 My country challengeth, make me lay by
 Hostile intendments, and return again
 To the fair circle of obedience.

KING. Both pardon and our favour bids you
 welcome ;
 And for some satisfaction for your wrongs,
 We here create you Salamanca's Duke :
 But first, as a true sign all grudges die,
 Shake hands with Eleazar, and be friends :
 This union pleaseth us. Now, brother Philip,
 You are included in this league of love ;
 So is Roderigo. To forget all wrongs,
 Your castle for a while shall bid us welcome,
 Eleazar ; shall it not ? It is enough.
 Lords, lead the way, [*aside,*] that whilst you feast
 yourselves,
 Fernando may find time all means to prove,
 To compass fair Maria for our love. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE II.

Enter QUEEN MOTHER *and* ELEAZAR.

ELEAZ. Madam, a word : now have you wit or spirit ?

Q. Mo. Both.

ELEAZ. Set them both to a most gainful task ;
 Our enemies are in my castle-work.

Q. Mo. Aye; but the king's there too; it's dangerous pride

To strike at those that crouch by a lion's side.

ELEAZ. Remove them.

Q. Mo. How?

ELEAZ. How! a thousand ways:

By poison, or by this [*pointing to his dagger*]: but every groom

Has skill in such base traffic; no, our policies

Must look more strange, must fly with loftier wings;

Vengeance the higher it falls more honour brings;

But you are cold, you dare not do.

Q. Mo. I dare.

ELEAZ. You have a woman's heart; look you, this hand,

Oh! 'tis too little to strike home.

Q. Mo. At whom?

ELEAZ. Your son.

Q. Mo. Which son, the king?

ELEAZ. Angels of heaven,

Stand like his guard about him! how the king!

Not for so many worlds as there be stars

Sticking upon th' embroider'd firmament.

The king! he loves my wife, and should he die

I know none else would love her; let him live——

[*Aside.*] In heaven. Good Lord Philip——

Q. Mo. He shall die.

ELEAZ. How? good! good!

Q. Mo. By this hand.

ELEAZ. When? good! good! when?

Q. Mo. This night, if Eleazar give consent.

ELEAZ. Why, then, this night Philip shall not live.
To see you kill him ! Is he not your son ?
A mother be the murd'rer of a brat
That liv'd within her ! ah !

Q. Mo. 'Tis for thy sake.

ELEAZ. Pish ! What excuses cannot damn'd sin
make

To save itself ! I know you love him well ;
But that he has an eye, an eye, an eye.
To others, our two hearts seem to be lock'd
Up in a case of steel ; upon our love, others
Dare not look ; or if they dare, they cast
Squint, purblind glances ; who care though all see all,
So long as none dare speak ? But Philip
Knows that the iron ribs of our villainies
Are thin : he laughs to see them like this hand,
With chinks and crevices ; how ! a villainous eye !
A stabbing, desperate tongue ! the boy dare speak :
A mouth ! a villainous mouth ! let's muzzle him.

Q. Mo. How ?

ELEAZ. Thus :

Go you, and with a face well set, do
In good sad colours, such as paint out
The cheek of that fool penitence, and with a tongue
Made clean and glib, cull from their lazy swarm
Some honest friars, whom that damnation gold
Can tempt to lay their souls to the stake.
Seek such, they are rank and thick

Q. Mo. What then ? I know such ;—what's the use ?

ELEAZ. This is excellent!

Hire these to write books, preach, and proclaim abroad,
That your son Philip is a bastard.

Q. Mo. How?

ELEAZ. A bastard. Do you know a bastard? do't:
Say conscience spake with you, and cry'd out, do't;
By this means shall you thrust him from all hope
Of wearing Castile's diadem, and that spur,
Galling his sides, he will fly out, and fling,
And grind the cardinal's heart to a new edge
Of discontent; from discontent grows treason,
And on the stalk of treason, death: he's dead,
By this blow and by you; yet no blood shed.
Do't then; by this trick he's gone.

We stand more sure in climbing high;

Care not who fall, 'tis real policy:

Are you arm'd to do this? ah!

Q. Mo. Sweet Moor, it's done.

ELEAZ. Away then! work with boldness and with
speed,

On greatest actions, greatest dangers feed:

[Exit Queen Mother.

Ha! ha! I thank thee, provident creation,
That seeing in moulding me thou didst intend
I should prove villain; thanks to thee and nature,
That skilful workman, thanks for my face!
Thanks that I have not wit to blush!
What, Zarack! ho! Baltazar!

Enter the two MOORS.

BOTH. My lord.

ELEAZ. Nearer ; so, silence !

Hang both your greedy ears upon my lips ;
Let them devour my speech, suck in my breath,
And in, who lets it break prison, here's his death :
This night the card'nal shall be murder'd.

BOTH. Where ?

ELEAZ. And to fill up a grave, Philip dies.

BOTH. Where ?

ELEAZ. Here.

BOTH. By whom ?

ELEAZ. By thee ; and, slave, by thee.

Have you hearts and hands to execute ?

BOTH. Here's both.

I MOOR. He dies, were he my father.

ELEAZ. Ho, away !

Stay ; go, go ; stay ; see me no more till night,
Your cheeks are black, let not your souls look white.

BOTH. Till night ?

ELEAZ. Till night : a word ; the Mother Queen
Is trying if she can, with fire of gold,
Warp the green consciences of two covetous friars,
To preach abroad Philip's bastardy.

I MOOR. His bastardy ! who was his father ?

ELEAZ. Who ?

Search for these friars, hire them to work with you ;
Their holy callings will approve the fact,
Most good and meritorious : sin shines clear,
When her black face religion's mask doth wear.
Here comes the queen, good ;—and the friars.

*Enter two FRIARS, CRAB and COLE, and the
QUEEN MOTHER.*

COLE. Your son a bastard ? say we do ;
But how then shall we deal with you ?
I tell you, as I said before,
His being a bastard, you're so poor
In honour and in name, that time
Can never take away the crime.

Q. Mo. I grant that, friar ; yet rather I'll endure
The wound of infamy to kill my name,
Than to see Spain bleeding with civil swords.
The boy is proud, ambitious, he woos greatness ;
He takes up Spanish hearts on trust, to pay them
When he shall finger Castile's crown. Oh ! then,
Were it not better my disgrace were known,
Than such a base aspirer fill the throne ?

COLE. Ha ! brother Crab, what think you ?

CRAB. As you, dear brother Cole.

COLE. Then we agree ;
Cole's judgment is as Crab's you see.
Lady, we swear to speak and write
What you please, so all go right.

Q. Mo. Then, as we gave directions, spread
abroad
In Cadiz, Madrid, Granada, and Medina,
And all the royal cities of the realm,
Th' ambitious hopes of that proud bastard Philip :
And sometimes, as you see occasion,
Tickle the ears of the rude multitude

With Eleazar's praise ; gild his virtues,
 Naples recovery, and his victories
 Achiev'd against the Turkish Ottoman.
 Will you do this for us ?

ELEAZ. Say, will you ?

BOTH. Aye.

ELEAZ. Why start you back and stare ?
 Ha ! are you afraid ?

COLE. Oh ! no, sir, no ! but truth to tell,
 Seeing your face we thought of hell.

ELEAZ. Hell is a dream.

COLE. But none do dream in hell.

ELEAZ. Friars, stand to her and me ; and by your
 sin,

I'll shoulder out Mendoza from his seat,
 And of two friars create you cardinals.
 Oh ! how would cardinals' hats on their heads sit.

COLE. This face would look most goodly under it.
 Friars Crab and Cole do swear,
 In those circles still to appear,
 In which she or you do charge us rise ;
 For you our lives we'll sacrifice.

Valete, Guadete :

Si pereamus, flete ;

Orate pro nobis,

Oramus pro vobis.

Cole will be burnt, and Crab be press'd,
 Ere they prove knaves ; thus are you cross'd and
 bless'd. [*Exeunt Friars.*

ELEAZ. Away! you know. Now, madam, none
shall throw

Their leaden envy in an opposite scale,
To weigh down our true golden happiness.

Q. MO. Yes, there is one.

ELEAZ. One! who? give me his name, and I will
Turn it to a magic spell,
To bind him here, here; who?

Q. MO. Your wife, Maria.

ELEAZ. Hah! my Maria!

Q. MO. She's the Hellespont divides my love and
me:

She, being cut off—

ELEAZ. Stay, stay; cut off! let's think upon't;
my wife!

Humph! kill her too!

Q. MO. Does her love make thee cold?

ELEAZ. Had I a thousand wives, down go they all.
She dies; I'll cut her off: now Baltazar!

Enter BALTAZAR.

BALT. Madam, the king entreats your company.

Q. MO. His pleasure be obey'd. Dear love, fare-
well;

Remember your Maria.

[*Exit.*

ELEAZ. Here, [*pointing to his dagger*] adieu;
With this I'll guard her, whilst it stabs at you.

BALT. My lord, the friars are won to join with us.

ELEAZ. Be prosperous! about it Baltazar.

BALT. The watch-word?

ELEAZ. Oh, the word; let it be Treason;
When we cry Treason, break ope chamber doors,
Kill Philip and the cardinal. Hence!

BALT. I fly. [Exit.

ELEAZ. Murder, now ride in triumph! darkness!
horror!

Thus I invoke your aid; your act begin;
Night is a glorious robe for th' ugliest sin. [Exit.

SCENE III.

*Enter COLE and CRAB in trousers; the CARDINAL
in one of their weeds, and PHILIP putting on the
other.*

FRIARS. Put on, my lord, and fly, or else you die.

PHIL. I will not, I will die first; cardinal,
Prithee good cardinal, pluck off; friars! slave!
Murder us two! he shall not, by this sword.

CARD. My lord, you will endanger both our lives.

PHIL. I care not; I'll kill some before I die.

Away! s'heart take your rags! Moor! devil! come!

FRIARS. My lord, put on, or else—

PHIL. God's foot! come help.

CARD. Ambitious villain! Philip, let us fly
Into the chamber of the Mother Queen.

PHIL. Thunder beat down the lodgings.

CARD. Else let's break into the chamber of the
king.

PHIL. Agreed;

A pox upon these lousy gabardines.

Agreed; I am for you, Moor; stand side by side;
Come, hands off, leave your ducking; hell cannot
fright

Their spirits that do desperately fight.

COLE. You are too rash, you are too hot,
Wild desperateness doth valour blot.

The lodging of the king's beset,
With staring faces black as jet,
And hearts of iron; your deaths are vow'd

If you fly that way; therefore shroud
Your body in friar Cole's grey weed;

For is't not madness, man, to bleed,
When you may scape untouch'd away?

Here's hell, here's heaven; here if you stay
You're gone, you're gone; friar Crab and I
Will here dance frisking, whilst you fly.

Gag us, bind us, come put on;
The gag's too wide; so, gone, gone, gone!

PHIL. Oh! well, I'll come again. Lord Cardinal,
Take you your castle, I'll to Portugal.

I vow I'll come again, and if I do——

CARD. Nay, good my lord.

PHIL. Black devil! I'll conjure you.

[Exeunt Philip and Cardinal.]

*To the FRIARS making a noise, gagged and bound,
enter ELEAZAR, ZARACK, BALTAZAR, and other
Moors, all with their swords drawn.*

ELEAZ. Guard all the passages; Zarack, stand there;
There Baltazar; there you; the friars,—

Where have you plac'd the friars ?

ALL. My lord, a noise !

BALT. The friars are gagg'd and bound.

ELEAZ. 'Tis Philip and the cardinal ; shoot ! hah !
stay,

Unbind them. Where's Mendoza and the prince ?

COLE. *Santa Maria*, who can tell !

By Peter's keys they bound us well,
And having crack'd our shaven crowns,
They have escap'd you in our gowns.

ELEAZ. Escap'd ! escap'd away ! I'm glad, it's good ;
I would their arms may turn to eagles' wings,
To fly us swift as time ; sweet air, give way ;
Winds, leave your two and thirty palaces,
And meeting all in one, join all your might,
To give them speedy and a prosperous flight.
Escap'd, friars ! which way ?

BOTH. This way.

ELEAZ. Good ! alas, what sin is't to shed innocent
blood !

For look you, holy men, it is the king,
The king, the king ! see, friars, sulphury wrath
Having once enter'd into royal breasts,
Mark how it burns : the queen, Philip's mother,
Oh, most unnatural ! will have you two
Divulge abroad that he's a bastard. Oh !
Will you do't ?

CRAB. What says my brother friar ?

COLE. A prince's love is balm, their wrath a fire.

CRAB. 'Tis true; but yet I'll publish no such
thing;

What fool would lose his soul to please a king?

ELEAZ. Keep there, good there; yet, for it wounds
my soul,

To see the miserablest wretch to bleed,
I counsel you, in care unto your lives,
T' obey the Mother Queen; for, by my life,
I think she has been prick'd; her conscience,
Oh! it has stung her for some fact mis-done,
She would not else disgrace herself and son.
Do't therefore; hark! she'll work your deaths else,
hate

Bred in woman is insatiate.

Do't, friars.

CRAB. Brother Cole, zeal sets me in a flame.

I'll do't.

COLE. And I: his baseness we'll proclaim.

[*Exeunt Friars.*

ELEAZ. Do, and be damn'd; Zarack and Bal-
tazar,

Dog them at the heels; and when their poisonous
breath

Hath scatter'd this infection on the hearts
Of credulous Spaniards, here, reward them thus;
Slaves too much trusted do grow dangerous.

Why, this shall feed

And fat suspicion and my policy:

I'll ring through all the court this loud alarum,

That they contriv'd the murder of the king,

The queen, and me ; and being undermin'd,
To 'scape the blowing up, they fled. Oh, good !
There, there, thou there cry treason ; each one take
A several door ; your cries my music make.

BALT. Where's the king ? treason pursues him.

Enter ALVERO in his shirt, his sword drawn.

ELEAZ. Where's the sleepy queen ?

Rise, rise, and arm against the hand of treason !

ALV. Whence comes this sound of treason ?

Enter the KING in his shirt, his sword drawn.

KING. Who frights our quiet slumbers
With this heavy noise ?

Enter QUEEN in her night attire.

Q. MO. Was it a dream, or did the sound
Of monster treason call me from my rest ?

KING. Who rais'd this rumour ? Eleazar, you ?

ELEAZ. I did, my liege, and still continue it,
Both for your safety and mine own discharge.

KING. Whence comes the ground then ?

ELEAZ. From the cardinal,
And the young prince ; who bearing in his mind
The true idea of his late disgrace,
In putting him from the protectorship,
And envying the advancement of the Moor,
Determined this night to murder you ;
And for your highness lodg'd within my castle,
They would have laid the murder on my head.

KING. The cardinal, and my brother ! bring them
forth,
Their lives shall answer this ambitious practice.

ELEAZ. Alas! my lord, it is impossible;
For when they saw I had discover'd them,
They train'd two harmless friars to their lodgings,
Disrob'd them, gagg'd them, bound them to two posts,
And in their habits did escape the castle.

KING. The cardinal is all ambition,
And from him doth our brother gather heart.

Q. Mo. Th' ambition of the one infects the other,
And in a word they both are dangerous :
But might your mother's council stand in force,
I would advise you, send the trusty Moor
To fetch them back before they have seduc'd
The squint-ey'd multitude from true allegiance,
And drawn them to their dangerous faction.

KING. It shall be so. Therefore, my state's best
prop,
Within whose bosom I durst trust my life,
Both for my safety and thine own discharge,
Fetch back those traitors; and till your return
Our self will keep your castle.

ELEAZ. My liege, the tongue of true obedience
Must not gainsay his sovereign's impose.
By heaven! I will not kiss the cheek of sleep
Till I have fetch'd those traitors to the court!

KING. [*Aside.*] Why this sorts right; he gone, his
beauteous wife
Shall sail into the naked arms of love.

Q. Mo. [*Aside.*] Why this is as it should be; he
once gone,

His wife, that keeps me from his marriage bed,
Shall by this hand of mine be murdered.

KING. This storm is well nigh past; the swelling
clouds

That hang so full of treason, by the wind
Of awful majesty are scattered.

Then each man to his rest. Good night, sweet
friend!

[*Aside.*] Whilst thou pursu'st the traitors that are
fled;

Fernando means to warm thy marriage bed. [*Exeunt.*

ELEAZ. Many good nights consume and damn your
souls!

I know he means to cuckold me this night,

Yet do I know no means to hinder it:

Besides, who knows whether the lustful king,

Having my wife and castle at command,

Will ever make surrender back again?

But if he do not, with my falchion's point

I'll lance those swelling veins, in which hot lust

Does keep his revels; and with that warm blood,

Where Venus' bastard cool'd his swelt'ring spleen,

Wash the disgrace from Eleazar's brow.

Enter MARIA.

MARIA. Dear Eleazar!

ELEAZ. If they lock the gates,

I'll toss a ball of wild-fire o'er the walls.

MARIA. Husband! sweet husband!

ELEAZ. Or else swim o'er the moat,

And make a breach through the flinty sides
Of the rebellious walls.

MARIA. Hear me, dear heart!

ELEAZ. Or undermine the chamber where they lie,
And by the violent strength of gunpowder,
Blow up the castle and th' incestuous couch,
In which lust wallows; but my labouring thoughts,
Wading too deep in bottomless extremes,
Do drown themselves in their own stratagems.

MARIA. Sweet husband! dwell not upon cir-
cumstance,
When weeping sorrow, like an advocate,
Importunes you for aid; look in mine eye,
There you shall see dim grief swimming in tears
Invocating succour. Oh, succour!

ELEAZ. Succour! zounds! for what?

MARIA. To shield me from Fernando's unchaste
love,
Who with uncessant prayers importun'd me—

ELEAZ. To lie with you! I know't.

MARIA. Then seek some means how to prevent it.

ELEAZ. 'Tis possible!

For to the end that his unbridled lust
Might have more free access unto thy bed,
This night he hath enjoined me
To fetch back Philip and the cardinal.

MARIA. Then this ensuing night shall give an end
To all my sorrows; for before foul lust
Shall soil the fair complexion of mine honour,
This hand shall rob Maria of her life.

ELEAZ. Not so, dear soul! for in extremities
 Choose out the least: and ere the hand of death
 Should suck this ivory palace of thy life,
 Embrace my counsel, and receive this poison;
 Which, in the instant he attempts thy love,
 Then give it him: do, do,
 Do poison him; [*aside.*] he gone, thou'rt next.
 Be sound in resolution, and farewell!
 [*Aside.*] By one, and one, I'll ship you all to hell.
 Spain, I will drown thee with thine own proud blood,
 Then make an ark of carcasses: farewell!
 Revenge and I will sail in blood to hell. [*Exit.*]

MARIA. Poison the king! alas, my trembling hand
 Would let the poison fall; and through my cheeks
 Fear, suited in a bloodless livery,
 Would make the world acquainted with my guilt.
 But thanks prevention, I have found a means,
 Both to preserve my royal sovereign's life,
 And keep myself a true and loyal wife. [*Exit.*]

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

Enter QUEEN MOTHER *with a torch.*

Q. Mo. Fair eldest child of love, thou spotless
 night,
 Empress of silence, and the queen of sleep,
 Who with thy black cheeks pure complexion,

Mak'st lovers eyes enamour'd of thy beauty,
Thou art like my Moor! therefore will I adore thee
For lending me this opportunity,
Oh! with the soft-skin'd negro. Heavens, keep back
The saucy staring day from the world's eye,
Until my Eleazar make return :
Then, in his castle shall he find his wife
Transform'd into a strumpet by my son :
Then shall he hate her whom he would not kill ;
Then shall I kill her whom I cannot love.
The king is sporting with his concubine ;
Blush not, my boy, be bold like me thy mother ;
But their delights torture my soul like devils,
Except her shame be seen ; wherefore, awake !
Christophero ! Roderigo ! raise the court !
Arise, you peers of Spain ! Alvero rise,
Preserve your country from base infamies !
Enter at several doors, with lights and rapiers drawn,
ALVERO, RODERIGO, and CHRISTOPHERO, with
others.

ALL. Who rais'd these exclamations through the
court ?

Q. Mo. Sheath up your swords ; you need not
swords, but eyes

To intercept this treason.

ALV. What's the treason ?

Who are traitors ? ring the larum bell !
Cry arm through all the city ! once before
The horrid cry of treason did affright
Our sleeping spirits.

Q. Mo. Stay ;

You need not cry arm, arm ; for this black deed
 Works treason to your king, to me, to you,
 To Spain, and all that shall in Spain ensue.
 This night Maria (Eleazar's wife)
 Hath drawn the king by her lascivious looks
 Privately to a banquet ; I unseen,
 Stood and beheld him in her lustful arms ;
 O God ! shall bastards wear Spain's diadem ?
 If you can kneel to baseness, vex them not ;
 If you disdain to kneel, wash off this blot.

ROD. Let's break into the chamber, and surprise
 her.

ALV. Oh, miserable me ! do, do, break in ;
 My country shall not blush at my child's sin.

Q. Mo. Delay is nurse to danger, follow me ;
 Come you and witness to her villany.

ALV. Hapless Alvero, how art thou undone,
 In a light daughter, and a stubborn son !

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE II.

*Enter the KING with his rapier drawn in one hand,
 leading MARIA, seeming affrighted, in the other.*

MARIA. Oh ! kill me ere you stain my chastity.

KING. My hand holds death, but love sits in mine
 eye.

Exclaim not, dear Maria, do but hear me :
 Though thus in dead of night, as I do now,
 The lustful Tarquin stole to the chaste bed

Of Collatine's fair wife, yet shall thou be
No Lucrece, nor thy king a Roman slave,
To make rude villany thine honour's grave.

MARIA. Why from my bed have you thus frightened
me ?

KING. To let thee view a bloody horrid tragedy.

MARIA. Begin it then, I'll gladly lose my life,
Rather than be an emperor's concubine.

KING. By my high birth, I swear thou shalt be
none ;

The tragedy I'll write with my own hand,
A king shall act it, and a king shall die,
Except sweet mercy's beam shine from thine eye.
If this affright thee it shall sleep for ever.
If still thou hate me, thus this noble blade,
This royal purple temple shall invade.

MARIA. My husband is from hence, for his sake
spare me.

KING. Thy husband is no Spaniard ; thou art one ;
So is Fernando ; then for country's sake,
Let me not spare thee : on thy husband's face,
Eternal night in gloomy shades doth dwell ;
But I'll look on thee like the gilded sun,
When to the west his fiery horses run.

MARIA. True ; here you look on me with sunset
eyes,
For by beholding you my glory dies.

KING. Call me thy morning then, for like the morn,
In pride Maria shall through Spain be borne.

[Music plays within.]

This music I prepar'd to please thine ears* :
Love me, and thou shalt hear no other sounds.

[*A banquet brought in.*]

Lo, here's a banquet set with mine own hands ;
Love me, and thus I'll feast thee like a queen.
I might command thee, being thy sovereign ;
But love me, and I'll kneel and sue to thee,
And circle this white forehead with the crown
Of Castile, Portugal, and Arragon,
And all those petty kingdoms which do bow
Their tributary knees to Philip's heir.

MARIA. I cannot love you whilst my husband
lives.

KING. I'll send him to the wars, and in the front
Of some main army shall he nobly die.

MARIA. I cannot love you if you murder him.

KING. For thy sake then I'll call a Parliament,
And banish, by a law, all Moors from Spain.

MARIA. I'll wander with him into banishment.

KING. It shall be death for any Negro's hand
To touch the beauty of a Spanish dame.
Come, come, what needs such cavils with a king ?
Night blinds all jealous eyes, and we may play ;
Carouse that bowl to me, I'll pledge all this ;
Being down, we'll make it more sweet with a kiss.

* In the old editions this line reads, " This music I prepar'd
thine ears." The omission has been supplied and correctly by the
Editor of the Ancient Drama, but he has at the same time intro-
duced an error into the line by substituting *was* for *I*.

Begin, I'll lock all doors, begin Spain's queen,

[*Locks the doors.*]

Love's banquet is most sweet when 'tis least seen.

MARIA. Oh! thou conserver of my honour's life,
Instead of poisoning him, drown him in sleep;
Because I'll quench the flames of wild desire,
I'll drink this off; let fire conquer love's fire.

KING. Were love himself in real substance here,
Thus would I drink him down; let your sweet strings
Speak louder; pleasure is but a slave to kings,
In which love swims. Maria, kiss thy king:
Circle me in this ring of ivory;
Oh! I grow dull, and the cold hand of sleep
Hath thrust his icy fingers in my breast,
And made a frost within me: sweet, one kiss,
To thaw this deadness that congeals my soul.

MARIA. Your majesty hath over-watch'd yourself.
He sleeps already, not the sleep of death,
But a sweet slumber which the powerful drug
Instill'd through all his spirits. Oh! bright day,
Bring home my dear lord ere his king awake,
Else of his unstain'd bed he'll shipwreck make.

[*Offers to go.*]

*Enter OBERON, and FAIRIES dancing before him;
and music with them.*

MARIA. Oh me! what shapes are these!

OBER. Stay, stay, Maria.

MARIA. My sovereign lord awake, save poor Maria.

OBER. He cannot save thee, save that pain;
Before he wake thou shalt be slain:

His mother's hand shall stop thy breath,
 Thinking her own son is done to death :
 And she that takes away thy life,
 Does it to be thy husband's wife :
 Adieu, Maria ! we must hence ;
 Embrace thine end with patience ;
 Elves and fairies make no stand,
 Till you come in fairy land.

[Exeunt dancing and singing.]

MARIA. Fairies or devils, whatso'er you be,
 Thus will I hide me from your company.

[Offers to go.]

*To her enter the QUEEN MOTHER suddenly with
 ALVERO and RODERIGO, with rapiers.*

Q. Mo. Lay hold upon the strumpet ! where's the
 king ?

Fernando ! son ! ah, me ! your king is dead !
 Lay hands upon the murd'ress !

MARIA. Imperious queen,
 I am as free from murder as thyself !
 Which I will prove, if you will hear me speak.
 The king is living.

ROD. If he liv'd his breath would beat within his
 breast.

Q. Mo. The life he leads, Maria, thou shalt soon
 participate.

MARIA. Oh, father ! save me !

ALV. Thou'rt no child of mine.
 Had'st thou been owner of Alvero's spirit,
 Thy heart would not have entertain'd a thought

That had convers'd with murder : yet mine eyes,
(Howe'er my tongue wants words), brim-full with tears,
Intreat her further trial.

Q. Mo. To what end ?

Here lies her trial ; from this royal breast
Hath she stolen all comfort ; all the life
Of every bosom in the realm of Spain.

ROD. She's both a traitor and murd'ress.

Q. Mo. I'll have her forthwith strangled.

ALV. Hear her speak !

Q. Mo. To heaven let her complain if she have
wrong,
I murder but the murd'ress of my son.

ALL. We murder the murdress of our king.

[*They prepare to strangle her.*]

ALV. Ah, me ! my child ! oh ! oh, cease your tor-
turing !

MARIA. Heaven ope your windows, that my
spotless soul,
Riding upon the wings of innocence,
May enter Paradise ! Fairies, farewell !
Fernando's death in mine you did foretell.

[*She dies : the King wakes.*]

KING. Who calls Fernando ? Love ! Maria, speak !
O whither art thou fled ? Whence flow these waters,
That fall like winter storms from the drown'd eyes ?

ALV. From my Maria's death.

KING. My Maria dead !
Damn'd be the soul to hell that stop'd her breath.
Maria ! oh, me ! who durst murder her ?

Q. Mo. I thought my dear Fernando had been
dead,
And in my indignation murder'd her.

KING. I was not dead until you murder'd me,
By killing fair Maria.

Q. Mo. Gentle son—

KING. Ungentle mother, you a deed have done
Of so much ruth, that no succeeding age
Can ever clear you of. Oh! my dear love!
Yet heavens can witness thou wert never mine.
Spain's wonder was Maria.

Q. Mo. Sweet, have done!

KING. Have done! for what? For shedding zea-
lous tears
Over the tomb of virtuous chastity?
You cry have done, now I am doing good;
But cry'd do on, when you were shedding blood.
Have you done, mother? Yes, yes, you have done
That which will undo your unhappy son.

ROD. These words become you not, my gracious lord.

KING. These words become not me! no more it
did
Become you lords to be mute standers by,
When lustful fury ravish'd chastity:
It ill becomes me to lament her death;
But it became you well to stop her breath.
Had she been fair, and not so virtuous,
This deed had not been half so impious.

ALV. But she was fair in virtue, virtuous fair.
Oh, me!

KING. Oh, me! she was true honour's heir.
Hence, beldams, from my presence! all fly hence;
You are all murderers. Come poor innocent,
Clasp thy cold hand in mine; for here I'll lie,
And since I liv'd for her, for her I'll die.

SCENE III.

Enter ELEAZAR with a torch; his rapier drawn.

ELEAZ. Bar up my castle gates! fire and confusion

Shall girt these Spanish curs. Was I for this
Sent to raise power against a fugitive?
To have my wife deflower'd? Zounds! where's my
wife?

My slaves cry out she's dallying with the king:
Stand by! where is your king? Eleazar's bed
Shall scorn to be an emperor's brothelry.

Q. MO. Be patient, Eleazar; here's the king.

ELEAZ. Patience and I am foes; where's my
Maria?

ALV. Here is her hapless corsè, that was Maria.

KING. Here lies Maria's body, here her grave;
Her dead heart in my breast a tomb shall have.

ELEAZ. Now, by the proud complexion of my
cheeks,

Ta'en from the kisses of the amorous sun,
Were he ten thousand kings that slew my love,
Thus should my hand, plum'd with revenge's wings,
Requite mine own dishonour and her death.

[Stabs the King.]

Q. Mo. Ah, me! my son.

ALL. The king is murder'd! lay hold on the
damn'd traitor.

ELEAZ. In his breast,
That dares but dart a finger at the Moor,
I'll bury this sharp steel, yet reeking warm
With the unchaste blood of that letcher king,
That threw my wife in an untimely grave.

ALV. She was my daughter, and her timeless
grave
Did swallow down my joys as deep as yours.
But thus—

ELEAZ. But what? Bear injuries that can,
I'll wear no forked crest.

ROD. Damn this black fiend! cry treason through
the court,—
The king is murder'd!

ELEAZ. He that first opes his lips, I'll drive his
words
Down his wide throat upon my rapier's point.
The king is murder'd, and I'll answer it;
I am dishonour'd, and I will revenge it.
Bend not your dangerous weapons at my breast;
Think where you are; this castle is the Moor's;
You are environ'd with a wall of flint,
The gates are lock'd, portcullises let down;
If Eleazar spend one drop of blood,

[*Zarack and Baltazar above with calivers**.
On those high turret tops my slaves stand arm'd,

* Caliver, a musket.

And shall confound your souls with murd'ring shot :
Or if you murder me,—yet under ground,
A villain, that for me will dig to hell,
Stands with a burning linstock in his fist,
Who firing gunpowder, up in the air
Shall fling your torn and mangled carcasses.

Q. Mo. Oh! sheath your weapons;—though my
son be slain,

Yet save yourselves, choose a new sovereign.

ALL. Prince Philip is our sovereign, choose him
king!

ELEAZ. Prince Philip shall not be my sovereign.

Philip's a bastard, and Fernando's dead;
Mendoza sweats to wear Spain's diadem;
Philip hath sworn confusion to this realm;
They both are up in arms, war's flames do shine
Like lightning in the air. Wherefore, my lords
Look well on Eleazar; value me,
Not by my sun-burnt cheeks, nor by my birth;
But by my loss of blood,
Which I have sacrificed in Spain's defence.
Then look on Philip and the cardinal;
Look on those gaping curs, whose wide throats
Stand stretch'd wide open like the gates of death,
To swallow you, your country, children, wives.
Philip cries fire and blood; the cardinal
Cries likewise fire and blood; I'll quench those flames.
The Moor cries blood and fire, and that shall burn
Till Castile, like proud Troy, to cinders turn.

ROD. Lay by these ambages; what seeks the Moor?

ELEAZ. A kingdom, Castile's crown.

ALV. Peace, devil! for shame!

Q. Mo. Peace, doting lord, for shame! Oh,
misery,

When Indian slaves thirst after empery!
Princes and peers of Spain, we are beset
With horror on each side; you deny him,
Death stands at all our backs, we cannot fly him.
Crown Philip king, the crown upon his head
Will prove a fiery meteor; war and vengeance,
And desolation, will invade our land:
Besides, Prince Philip is a bastard born.
Oh! give me leave to blush at mine own shame;
But I, for love to you, love to fair Spain,
Choose rather to rip up a queen's disgrace,
Than by concealing it, to set the crown
Upon a bastard's head: wherefore, my lord,
By my consent, crown that proud blackamore:
Since Spain's bright glory must so soon grow dim,
Since it must end, let it end all in him.

ALL. Eleazar shall be king!

ALV. Oh, treachery!

Have you so soon ras'd out Fernando's love?
So soon forgot the duty of true peers?
So soon, so soon, buried a mother's name,
That you will crown him king, that slew your king?

ELEAZ. Will you hear him or me? who shall be
king?

ALL. Eleazar shall be Castile's sovereign!

ALV. Do, do! make haste to crown him! lords
adieu:

Here hell must be when the devil governs you. [*Exit.*

ELEAZ. By heaven's great star, which Indians do
adore,

But that I hate to hear the giddy world
Shame that I waded to a crown through blood,
I'd not digest his pills: but since, my lords,
You have chosen Eleazar for your king,
Invest me with a general applause.

ALL. Live, Eleazar, Castile's royal king!

ROD. [*Aside.*] A villain, and a base born fugitive!

CHRISTO. [*Aside.*] A bloody tyrant and usurping
slave!

ELEAZ. Thanks to you all: 'Tis not the Spanish
crown

That Eleazar strives for, but Spain's peace;
Amongst you I'll divide her empery.
Christofero shall wear Granada's crown;
To Roderigo, I'll give Arragon;
Naples, Navarre, and fair Jerusalem,
I'll give to other three; and then our viceroys
Shall shine about our bright Castilian crown,
As stars about the sun. Cry all, arm, arm;
Prince Philip and the Cardinal do ride
Like Jove in thunder; in a storm we'll meet them.
Go, levy powers; if any man must fall,
My death shall first begin the funeral. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter ZARACK and BALTAZAR, with calivers.

BAL. Is thy cock ready, and thy powder dry?

ZAR. My cock stands perching like a cock o' the game, with a red coal for his crest, instead of a comb; and for my powder, 'tis but touch and take.

BALT. I have tickling geer too; anon I'll cry, here I have it, and yonder I see it. But, Zarack, is't policy for us to kill these bald-pates?

ZAR. Is't policy for us to save ourselves? If they live, we die. Is't not wisdom then to send them to heaven, rather than be sent ourselves? Come, you black slave, be resolute. This way they come; here they will stand, and yonder will I stand.

BALT. And in yonder hole, I.

ZAR. Our amiable faces cannot be seen if we keep close; therefore hide your cock's head, lest his burning cocks-comb betray us. But soft; which of the two shall be thy white?

BALT. That black villain, friar Cole.

ZAR. I shall have a sharp piece of service; Friar Crab shall be my man; farewell, and be resolute.

BALT. Zounds, Zarack! I shall never have the heart to do it.

ZAR. You rogue, think who comands; Eleazar. Who shall rise? Baltazar. Who shall die? A lousy friar. Who shall live? Our good lord and master, the negro king of Spain.

BALT. Cole, thou art but a dead man, and shalt turn to ashes. [Exit.

ZAR. Crab, here's that shall make vinegar of thy carcase. [Exit.

Enter CRAB and COLE, two Friars, with a Rout of STINKARDS following them.

CRAB. Ah, brother! 'tis best so. Now we have drawn them to a head, we'll begin here i' the market-place. Tut, so long as we be commanded by the Mother Queen, we'll say her son is a bastard, an he were ten Philips.

COLE. Take you one market form, I'll take another.

CRAB. No, godso, we must both keep one form.

COLE. Aye, in oration, but not in station. Mount, mount.

1 STINKARD. Well, my masters, you know him not so well as I, on my word. Friar Crab is a sour fellow.

2 STINKARD. Yet he may utter sweet doctrine, by your leave. But what think you of friar Cole?

1 STINKARD. He, all fire: an he be kindled once, a hot catholic.

3 STINKARD. And you mark him, he has a zealous nose, and richly inflam'd.

1 STINKARD. Peace, you rogues! Now they begin.

CRAB. *Incipe Frater.*

COLE. *Non ego Domine.*

CRAB. *Nec ego.*

COLE. *Quare.*

CRAB. *Quia,*

COLE. *Quæso.*

ALL. Here's a queasy beginning methinks. Silence! silence!

CRAB. Brethren, citizens, and market folks of Seville.

COLE. Well beloved, and honoured Castilians.

CRAB. It is not unknown to you.

COLE. I am sure you are not ignorant.

CRAB. How villainous, and strong!

COLE. How monstrous, and huge!

CRAB. The faction of prince Philip is.

COLE. Philip, that is a bastard.

CRAB. Philip, that is a dastard.

COLE. Philip, that kill'd your king.

CRAB. Only to make himself king.

COLE. And, by Gad's blessed lady, you are all damn'd, an you suffer it.

1 STINKARD. Friar Cole says true, he speaks out to the heat of his zeal; look how he glows.

2 STINKARD. Well, friar Crab, for my money; he has set my teeth on edge against this bastard.

1 STINKARD. Oh! his words are like vergis, to whet a man's stomach.

ALL. Silence! silence!

CRAB. Now, contrarywise.

COLE. Your noble king the Moor—

CRAB. Is a valiant gentleman;

COLE. A noble gentleman:

CRAB. An honourable gentleman;

COLE. A fair black gentleman.

CRAB. A friend to Castilians;

COLE. A champion for Castilians;

CRAB. A man fit to be a king,

COLE. If he were not borne down by him that would be king; who (as I said before) is a bastard, and no king.

1 STINKARD. What think you, my masters? Do you mark his words well?

CRAB. Further, compare them together.

ALL. S'blood! there's no comparison between them.

COLE. Nay; but hear us, good countrymen.

ALL. Hear friar Cole! hear friar Cole!

COLE. See that bastard and Eleazar together.

1 STINKARD. How? mean you by the ears?

CRAB. No; but compare them.

COLE. Do but compare them.

2 STINKARD. Zounds! we say, again, comparisons are odious.

1 STINKARD. But say on, say on.

[Pieces go off; Friars die.]

ALL. Treason! every man shift for himself. This is Philip's treason. Arm! arm! arm! *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE V.

Enter ELEAZAR, ZARACK, and BALTAZAR.

ELEAZ. Zarack and Baltazar, are they dispatch'd?

ZAR. We saw 'em sprawl, and turn up the white
of the eye.

ELEAZ. So shall they perish that lay countermines
To cross our high designments : by their habits
'The cardinal and Philip 'scap'd our nets,
And by your hands they tasted our revenge.

Enter QUEEN MOTHER.

Here comes the queen, away ! under our wings
You shall stand safe, and brave the proudest kings.

[Exeunt.]

Q. Mo. Oh ! fly my Eleazar, save thy life,
Else 'point a guard about thee ; the mad people,
Tempestuous like the sea, run up and down,
Some crying, kill the bastard ; some the Moor ;
Some cry, God save King Philip ; and some cry,
God save the Moor ; some others, he shall die.

ELEAZ. Are these your fears ? Thus blow them
into air.

I rush'd amongst the thickest of their crowds,
And with a countenance majestic,
Like the imperious sun, dispers'd their clouds ;
I have perfum'd the rankness of their breath,
And by the magic of true eloquence,
Transform'd this many-headed Cerberus,
This pied cameleon, this beast multitude,
Whose power consists in number, pride in threats,
Yet melt like snow when majesty shines forth,
This heap of fools, who crowding in huge swarms,
Stood at our court gates like a heap of dung,

Reeking and shouting out contagious breath,
Of power to poison all the elements ;
This wolf I held by th' ears, and made him tame,
And made him tremble at the Moor's great name :
No, we must combat with a grimmer foe ;
That damn'd Mendoza overturns our hopes.
He loves you dearly.

Q. Mo. By his secret letters
He hath intreated me to leave the court,
And fly into his arms.

ELEAZ. The world cannot devise a stratagem
Sooner to throw confusion on his pride.
Subscribe to his desires, and in dead night
Steal to his castle ; swear to him his love
Hath drawn you thither ; undermine his soul,
And learn what villainies are there laid up ;
Then, for your pleasure, walk to take the air :
Near to the castle I'll in ambush lie,
And seem, by force, to take you prisoner :
This done, I have a practice plotted here,
Shall rid him of his life, and us of fear.
About it, madam, this is all in all ;
We cannot stand, unless Mendoza fall. [Exeunt.

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

Enter EMANUEL, KING of PORTUGAL, PRINCE PHILIP, CARDINAL MENDOZA, ALVERO, with drums and soldiers marching.

K. OF PORT. Poor Spain! how is the body of thy
peace

Mangled and torn by an ambitious Moor.
How is thy prince and counsellors abus'd,
And trodden under the base foot of scorn.
Wrong'd lords, Emanuel of Portugal partakes
A falling share in all your miseries;
And though the tardy-hand of slow delay
Withheld us from preventing your mishaps,
Yet shall revenge dart black confusion
Into the bosom of that damned fiend.

PHIL. But is it possible our Mother Queen
Should countenance his ambition?

ALV. Her advice is a steersman to direct his
course;

Besides, as we by circumstance have learnt,
She means to marry him.

PHIL. Then, here upon my knees,
I pluck allegiance from her; all that love,
Which by innative duty I did owe her,
Shall henceforth be converted into hate.
This will confirm the world's opinion
That I am base born, and the damned Moor
Had interest in my birth; this wrong alone

Gives new fire to the cinders of my rage ;
I may be well transformed from what I am,
When a black devil is husband to my dam.

K. OF PORT. Prince, let thy rage give way to
patience,
And set a velvet brow upon the face
Of wrinkled anger ; our keen swords
Must right these wrongs, and not light airy words.

PHIL. Yet words may make the edge of rage more
sharp,
And whet a blunted courage with revenge.

ALV. Here's none wants whetting, for our keen
resolves
Are steel'd unto the back with double wrongs ;
Wrongs that would make a handless man take arms,
Wrongs that would make a coward resolute.

CARD. Why, then join all our several wrongs in
one,
And from these wrongs assume a firm resolve
To send this devil to damnation. [*Drums afar off.*

PHIL. I hear the sound of his approaching march.
Stand fair ; Saint Jaques for the right of Spain !

*Enter the MOOR, RODERIGO, CHRISTOFERO, with
drums, colours, and soldiers, marching bravely.*

ELEAZ. Bastard of Spain !

PHIL. Thou true stamp'd son of hell,
Thy pedigree is written in thy face.

[*Alarum, and a battle, the Moor prevails ; all
go out.*

SCENE II.

Enter PHILIP and CARDINAL.

PHIL. Move forward with your main battalion,
Or else all is lost.

CARD. I will not move a foot.

PHIL. S'heart! will you lose the day?

CARD. You lose your wits,
You're mad; it is no policy.

PHIL. You lie.

CARD. Lie!

PHIL. Lie; a pox upon't, cardinal, come on,
Second the desperate vanguard which is mine,
And where I'll die or win; follow my sword
The bloody way I lead it, or by heaven
I'll play the devil, and mar all! we'll turn our backs
Upon the Moors, and set on thee; aye, thee,
Thee cardinal! s'heart! thee.

CARD. Your desperate arm,
Hath almost thrust quite through the heart of hope:
Our fortunes lie a bleeding by your rash
And violent onset.

PHIL. Oh! oh! s'life! s'foot! will you fight?

CARD. We will not hazard all upon one cast.

PHIL. You will not?

CARD. No.

PHIL. Coward!

CARD. By deeds, I'll try

Whether your venomous tongue says true. Farewell!
Courage shines both in this, and policy. [Exit.

PHIL. To save thy skin whole, that's thy policy.

You whoreson fat-chop'd guts, I'll melt away
That larded body by the heat of fight,
Which I'll compel thee to, or else by flying:
To work which, I'll give way to the proud foe,
Whilst I stand laughing to behold thee run.
Cardinal, I'll do't, I'll do't; a Moor, a Moor!
Philip cries, a Moor; holla! ha! whoo!

Enter KING OF PORTUGAL.

K. OF PORT. Prince Philip! Philip!

PHIL. Here; plague! where's the Moor?

K. OF PORT. The Moor's a devil: never did horrid
fiend.

Compell'd by some magician's mighty charm,
Break through the prisons of the solid earth
With more strange horror, than this prince of hell:
This damned negro, lion-like, doth rush
Through all, and spite of all knit opposition.

PHIL. Puh! puh! where? where?

I'll meet him, where? You mad me!

'Tis not his arm

That acts such wonders, but our cowardice.

This cardinal, oh! this cardinal is a slave.

Enter CAPTAIN.

CAPT. Sound a retreat, or else the day is lost!

PHIL. I'll beat that dog to death that sounds
retreat.

K. OF PORT. Philip!

PHIL. I'll tear his heart out that dares name but
sound.

K. OF PORT. Sound a retreat!

PHIL. Who's that? you tempt my sword, sir;
Continue this alarum, fight pell-mell;
Fight, kill, be damn'd! This fat-back, coward
cardinal,
Lies heavy on my shoulders; this, aye this,
Shall fling him off. Sound a retreat! Zounds! you
mad me!

Ambition plumes the Moor, whilst black despair,
Offering to tear from him the diadem
Which he usurps, makes him to cry at all,
And to act deeds beyond astonishment;
But Philip is the night that darks his glories:
This sword, yet reeking with his negro's blood,
Being grasp'd by equity and this strong arm,
Shall through and through.

ALL. Away then!

PHIL. From before me.

Stay, stand! stand fast, fight! a Moor, a Moor!

SCENE III.

*Enter ELEAZAR, ZARACK, BALTAZAR, RODERIGO,
CHRISTOFERO, and others; they fight: the Moors
are beat in, leaving Eleazar, weary; a Moor lays
slain.*

ELEAZ. Oh! for more work, more souls to post to
hell,
That I might pile up Charon's boat so full,
Until it topple o'er! Oh! 'twould be sport
To see them sprawl through the black slimy lake.
Ha, ha! there's one going thither: sirrah! you,

You slave! who kill'd thee? How he grins! this
breast,

Had it been temper'd and made proof like mine,
It never would have been a mark for fools
To hit afar off with their dastard bullets.
But thou didst well; thou knew'st I was thy lord,
And out of love and duty to me, here,
Where I fell weary, thou laid'st down thyself,
To bear me up thus: God a-mercy, slave,
A king for this shall give thee a rich grave.

As he sits down, enter PHILIP with a broken sword.

PHIL. I'll wear thee to the pommel, but I'll find
The subject of mine honour and revenge.
Moor, 'tis for thee I seek! come, now, now take me
At good advantage; speak! where art thou?

ELEAZ. Here!

PHIL. Fate and revenge, I thank you. Rise!

ELEAZ. Leave and live.

PHIL. Villain, it is Philippo that bids rise.

ELEAZ. It had been good for thee to have hid thy
name;

For the discovery, like to a dangerous charm,
Hurts him that finds it. Wherefore do those blood-
hounds,

Thy rage and valour, chase me?

PHIL. Why, to kill thee.

ELEAZ. With that! what a blunt axe? Think'st
thou, I'll let

Thy fury take a full blow at this head,
Having these arms? Be wise, go change thy weapon.

PHIL. Oh, sir!

ELEAZ. I'll stay thy coming.

PHIL. Thou'lt be damn'd first.

ELEAZ. By all our Indian gods——

PHIL. Puh! never swear.

Thou know'st 'tis for a kingdom which we fight,
And for that who'll not venture to hell gates?
Come, Moor, I'm arm'd with more than complete
steel,

The justice of my quarrel: when I look
Upon my father's wrongs, my brother's wounds,
My mother's infamy, Spain's misery,
And lay my finger here; oh! 'tis too dull
To let out blood enough to quench them all.
But when I see your face, and know what fears
Hang on thy troubled soul, like leaden weights
To make it sink, I know this finger's touch
Has strength to throw thee down; I know this iron
Is sharp and long enough to reach that head.
Fly not, devil; if thou do——

ELEAZ. How! fly! Oh, base!

PHIL. Come then.

ELEAZ. Stay, Philip! whosoe'er begat thee——

PHIL. Why, slave, a king begat me.

ELEAZ. May be so;

But I'll be sworn thy mother was a queen;
For her sake will I kill thee nobly.
Fling me thy sword, there's mine; I scorn to strike
A man disarm'd.

PHIL. For thus dishonouring me,

I'll give thee one stab more.

ELEAZ. I'll run away,

Unless thou change that weapon or take mine.

PHIL. Neither.

ELEAZ. Farewell!

PHIL. S'heart, stay! and if you dare;

Do as I do, oppose thy naked breast

Against this poniard; see! here's this for thine.

ELEAZ. I am for thee, Philip.

PHIL. Come! nay, take more ground,

That with a full career thou may'st strike home.

ELEAZ. Thou'lt run away then.

PHIL. Hah!

ELEAZ. Thou'lt run away then.

PHIL. 'Faith I will; but first, on this I'll bear

Thy panting heart, thy head upon thy spear.

ELEAZ. Come!

*Enter the CARDINAL and the KING of PORTUGAL
on the one, and MOORS on the other side.*

CARD. Upon the Moors!

MOORS. Upon the cardinal!

PHIL. Hold! cardinal; strike not any of our side!

ELEAZ. Hold! Moors; strike not any of our side!

PHIL. We two will close this battle.

ELEAZ. Come! agreed.

Stand armies and give aim, whilst we two bleed.

CARD. With poniards! 'tis too desperate; dear
Philip—

PHIL. Away! have at the Moor! s'heart! let me
come!

K. of PORT. Be arm'd with manly weapons! 'tis
for slaves

To dig their own and such unworthy graves.

ELEAZ. I am for thee any way: thus; or, see! thus;
Here, try the vigour of thy sinewy arm!
The day is ours already; brainless heads,
And bleeding bodies, like a crown, do stand
About the temples of our victory.
Yet, Spaniards, if you dare, we'll fight it out,
Thus, man to man alone. I'll first begin,
And conquer, or in blood wade up to th' chin.

PHIL. Let not a weapon stir but his and mine!

ELEAZ. Nor on this side; conquest in blood shall
shine.

*[Alarum: they fight, the Moor is struck down;
which his soldiers seeing, rush in and rescue
him; the soldiers on the other side come
forward, and drive in the Moors. Alarum
continuing, Spaniards and Moors, with drums
and colours, fly over the stage, pursued by
Philip, Cardinal, the King of Portugal, and
others.]*

*Enter ZARACK, CHRISTOFERO, and ELEAZAR, at
several doors.*

CHRISTO. Where is my lord?

ZAR. Where is my sovereign?

ELEAZ. What news bring Zarack and Christofero?

ZAR. Oh, fly, my lord! fly, for the day is lost!

ELEAZ. There are three hundred and odd days in
a year,

And cannot we lose one of them ? come, fight !

CHRISTO. The lords have left us, and the soldiers
faint ;

You are round beset with proud fierce enemies ;
Death cannot be prevented but by flight.

ELEAZ. He shall, Christofero. I have yet left
One stratagem, that in despite of fate
Shall turn the wheel of war about once more.
The Mother Queen hath all this while sat sadly
Within our tent, expecting to whose bosom
White-winged peace and victory will fly :
Her have I us'd as a fit property
To stop this dangerous current ; her have I sent
Arm'd with love's magic, to enchant the cardinal,
And bind revenge down with resistless charms ;
By this time does she hang about his neck,
And by the witchcraft of a cunning kiss
Has she disarm'd him. Hark ! they sound retreat ;
She has prevail'd ; a woman's tongue and eye,
Are weapons stronger than artillery. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Enter CARDINAL, QUEEN MOTHER, SOLDIERS,
drums and colours.

Q. Mo. By all those sighs which thou, like pas-
sionate tunes,
Hast often to my dull ears offered,
By all thy hopes to enjoy my royal bed,
By all those mourning lines which thou hast sent,
Weeping in black, to tell thy languishment ;

By love's best, richest treasure, which I swear
 I will bestow, and which none else shall wear,
 As the most prized jewel, but thyself;
 By that bright fire, which, flaming through thine
 eyes,
 From thy love-scorched bosom does arise,
 I do conjure thee let no churlish sound,
 With war's lewd horror my desires confound!
 Dear, dear Mendoza! thus I do entreat,
 That still thou would'st continue this retreat;
 I'll hang upon thee, till I hear thee say,
 Woman prevail; or chiding, cry'st away.

CARD. Is there no trick in this, forg'd by the
 Moor?

Q. Mo. I would the Moor's damnation were the
 ransom

Of all the innocent blood that has been shed,
 In this black day: I care not for the Moor;
 Love to my kingdom's peace makes me put on
 This habit of a suppliant; shall I speed?

CARD. You shall, were it to have my bosom
 bleed;

I have no power to spare the negro's head,
 When I behold the wounds which his black hand
 Has given mine honour: but, when I look on you
 I have no power to hate him: since your breath
 Dissolves my frozen heart, being spent for him;
 In you my life must drown itself or swim:
 You have prevail'd: drum, swiftly hence! call back
 Our fierce pursuing troops, that run to catch

The laurel wreath of conquest! let it stand
Awhile untouch'd by any soldier's hand!
Away! [*Exit drum.*] stay you and guard us. Where's
the Moor?

I'll lose what I have got, a victor's prize,
Yielding myself a prisoner to your eyes.

Q. Mo. Mine eyes shall quickly grant you liberty.
The Moor stays my return; I'll put on wings
And fetch him; to make peace belongs to kings.

As she goes out, enter ELEAZAR, ZARACK, BALTAZAR, and SOLDIERS well armed; at sight of each other all draw.

CARD. Soldiers! call back the drum, we are be-
tray'd!

ELEAZ. Moors! stand upon your guard! avoid!
look back!

Q. Mo. What means this jealousy? Mendoza! Moor!
Lay by your weapons and embrace; the sight
Of this, and this, begets suspicion.
Eleazar, by my birth, he comes in peace!
Mendoza, by mine honour, so comes he!

CARD. Discharge these soldiers then.

ELEAZ. And these.

CARD. Away!

ELEAZ. Go! [*Soldiers stand aloof.*]

Q. Mo. Soul, rejoice, to see this glorious day!

[*She joins them together, they embrace.*]

CARD. Your virtues work this wonder. I have
met

At her most dear command: what's your desires?

ELEAZ. Peace, and your honour'd arms: how
loathingly

I sounded the alarums, witness heaven!
'Twas not to strike your breast, but to let out
The rank blood of ambition. That Philip
Makes you his ladder, and being climb'd so high
As he may reach a diadem, there you lie.
He's base begotten, that's his mother's sin.

Q. Mo. God pardon it!

ELEAZ. Aye, amen. But he's a bastard,
And rather than I'll kneel to him, I'll saw
My legs off by the thighs, because I'll stand
In spite of reverence: he's a bastard, he's!
And to beat down his usurpation
I have thrown about this thunder: but, Mendoza,—
The people hate him for his birth;
He only leans on you, you are his pillar,
You gone, he walks on crutches or else falls:
Then shrink from under him; are not they
Fools, that bearing others up, themselves seem low,
'Cause they above sit high; why you do so.

CARD. 'Tis true.

Q. Mo. Behold this error with fix'd eyes!

CARD. 'Tis true; well.—

ELEAZ. Oh! have you found it? Have you smelt
The train of powder that must blow you up,
Up into air? What air? Why this, a breath;
Look you; in this time may a king meet death.
An eye to't! check it, check it!

CARD. How?

ELEAZ. How! thus:—

Steal from the heat of that incestuous blood,
 Where ravish'd honour and Philippo lies!
 Leave him! divide this huge and monstrous body
 Of armed Spaniards into limbs thus big!
 Part man from man, send every soldier home!
 I'll do the like: peace, with an olive branch,
 Shall fly with dove-like wings about all Spain;
 The crown, which I as a good husband keep,
 I will lay down upon the empty chair;
 Marry you the queen, and fill it! for my part,
 These knees are yours, sir.

CARD. Is this sound?

ELEAZ. From my heart!

CARD. If you prove false——

ELEAZ. If I do, let fire fall——

CARD. Amen.

ELEAZ. [*Aside.*] Upon thy head; and so it shall.

CARD. All of myself is yours; soldiers, begone!

ELEAZ. And that way you. [*To the Moors.*]

CARD. The rest I will divide:

The lords shall be convented.

ELEAZ. Good.

CARD. Let's meet.

Q. Mo. Where?

ELEAZ. Here anon; [*aside*] this is thy winding-sheet.

[*The Moor walks up and down musing.*]

[*Exit Cardinal.*]

Q. Mo. What shape will this prodigious womb
 bring forth,

Which groans with such strange labour ?

ELEAZ. Excellent !

Q. Mo. Why, Eleazar, art thou rapt with joys,
Or does thy sinking policy make to shore ?

ELEAZ. Ha !

Q. Mo. Eleazar ! madman ! hear'st thou, Moor ?

ELEAZ. Well, so ; you turn my brains ; you mar
the face

Of my attempts i' the making ; for this chaos,
This lump of projects, ere it be lick'd over,
'Tis like a bear's conception ; stratagems
Being but begot, and not got out, are like
Charg'd cannons not discharg'd, they do no harm
Nor good ; true policy breeding in the brain,
Is like a bar of iron, whose ribs being broken
And soften'd in the fire, you then may forge it
Into a sword to kill, or to a helmet to defend life :
'Tis therefore wit to try all fashions,
Ere you apparel villany. But, but—
I've suited him ; fit, fit ; oh, fit !

Q. Mo. How ? prithee, how ?

ELEAZ. Why thus ;—yet, no ;—let's hence ;
My heart is nearest of my council ; yet,
I scarce dare trust my heart with't ; what I do,
It shall look old the hour wherein 'tis born ;
Wonders twice seen are garments over-worn.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Enter CARDINAL *at one door*; PHILIPPO *half armed, and two SOLDIERS following him with the rest of the armour*; the CARDINAL *seeing him turns back again.*

PHIL. Sirrah! you, cardinal! coward! run-away!
Soho, ho! what, cardinal!

CARD. I am not for your lure. [Exit.

PHIL. For that then; [*Throws his sword after him.*]

O that it had nail'd thy heart

Up to the pommel to the earth! come, arm me!

Ha! s'foot! when all our swords were royally gilt
with blood,—

When with red sweat, that trickled from our wounds,
We had dearly earn'd a victory—when hell
Had from their hinges heav'd off her iron gates,
To bid the damn'd Moor and the devils enter,
Then to lose all, then to sound base retreat;
Why, soldiers, hah!

1 SOLD. I am glad of it, my lord.

PHIL. Hah! glad! art glad I am dishonoured?
That thou and he dishonoured?

1 SOLD. Why, my lord,
I am glad that you so cleanly did come off.

PHIL. Thou hast a lean face and a carrion heart;
A plague on him and thee too! then—s'heart! then
To crack the very heart-strings of our army—
To quarter it in pieces—I could tear my hair,
And in cursing spend my soul;

Cardinal! what, Judas! come, we'll fight
Till there be left but one! if I be he,
I'll die a glorious death.

1 SOLD. So will I, I hope, in my bed.

2 SOLD. Till there be but one left, my lord? Why
that's now; for all our fellows are crawl'd home;
some with one leg, some ne'er an arm, some with
their brains beaten out, and glad they 'scaped so.

PHIL. But, my dear countrymen, you'll stick to
me?

1 SOLD. Stick! aye, my lord, stick like bandogs,
till we be pull'd off.

PHIL. That's nobly said: I'll lead you but to
death,

Where I'll have greatest share; we shall win fame
For life, and that doth crown a soldier's name.

1 SOLD. How! to death, my lord? Not I, by
Gad's-lid: I have a poor wife and children at home,
and if I die, they beg: and do you think I'll see her
go up and down the wide universal world?

PHIL. For every drop of blood which thou shalt
lose,
Coward, I'll give thy wife a wedge of gold.

2 SOLD. Hang him, meacock! my lord, arm your-
self; I'll fight for you, till I have not an eye to see
the fire in my touch-hole.

PHIL. Be thou a king's companion; thou, and I,
Will dare the cardinal and the Moor to fight
In single combat; shall we? hah!

2 SOLD. Agreed.

PHIL. We'll beat 'em to hell gate; shall we hah!

2 SOLD. Hell gate's somewhat too hot, somewhat too hot; the porter's a knave: I'd be loth to be damn'd for my conscience; I'll knock any body's costard, so I knock not there, my lord; hell gates!

PHIL. A pox upon such slaves!

1 SOLD. Hang him, a peasant! my lord, you see I am but a scrag; my lord, my legs are not of the biggest, nor the least, nor the best that e'er were stood upon, nor the worst; but they are of God's making; and for your sake, if ever we put our enemies to flight again, by Gad's-lid, if I run not after them like a tiger, huff me.

PHIL. But wilt thou stand to't ere they fly? ha! wilt thou?

1 SOLD. Will I, quoth-a! by this hand and the honour of a soldier!

PHIL. And by a soldier's honour I will load thee
With Spanish pistols! to have this head,
Thy face, and all thy body stuck with scars,
Why 'tis a sight more glorious than to see
A lady hung with diamonds! If thou lose
A hand, I'll send this after; if an arm,
I'll lend thee one of mine; come then, let's fight!
A mangled, lame, true soldier is a gem
Worth Cæsar's empire, though fools spurn at them.

1 SOLD. Yet, my lord, I have seen lame soldiers
not worth the crutches they leant upon; hands and
arms quoth-he! zounds, not I: I'll double my files, or

stand sentry, or so ; but I'll be hang'd and quartered before I'll have my members cut off.

2 SOLD. And I too ; hold thee there !

PHIL. Hold you both there ! away, you rogues, you dirt! [*Beats them both in.*]

Thus do I tread upon you ; out, begone !

One valiant is an host ; fight then alone !

Enter CARDINAL, ALVERO, CHRISTOFERO, and SOLDIERS.

CARD. Prince Philip !

PHIL. For the crown of Spain, come all ?

CARD. We come in love and peace.

PHIL. But come in war ;

Bring naked swords, not laurel boughs ; in peace !

Plague on your rank peace ! will you fight and cry,

Down with the Moor ? and then I'm yours ; I'll die—

I have a heart, two arms, a soul, a head ;—

I'll lay that down ; I'll venture all ; s'foot, all !

Come tread upon me—so that Moor may fall.

CARD. By heaven, that Moor shall fall !

PHIL. Thy hand and thine.

[*Flings down his weapons.*]

Give me but half your hearts, you have all mine ;

By heaven ! shall he fall ?

CARD. Yes upon thee,

Like to the ruins of a tower, to grind

Thy body into dust. Traitor and bastard !

I do arrest thee of high treason.

PHIL. Hah!

Traitor and bastard! and by thee! my weapons!

CARD. Lay hands upon him!

PHIL. Ah! you're best do so.

CARD. Alvero, there's the warrant; to your hands
The prisoner is committed. Lords, let's part:
Look to him on your life. *[Exeunt Card. &c.]*

Manent PHILIP and ALVERO.

PHIL. 'Heart! 'heart! 'heart! 'heart!

[Tears the warrant.]

The devil and his dam—the Moor and my mother—
Their warrant! I will not obey: old grey beard,
Thou shalt not be my jailer; there's no prison,
No dungeon deep enough, no grates so strong,
That can keep in a man so mad with wrong.
What, dost thou weep?

ALV. I would fain shed a tear,
But from mine eyes so many show'rs are gone;
Grief drinks my tears so fast, that here's not one.
You must to prison.

PHIL. Dost thou speak to me?

ALV. You must to prison.

PHIL. And from thence to death.

I thought I should have had a tomb hung round
With tatter'd colours, broken spears; I thought
My body should have fallen down full of wounds;
But one can kill an emperor—fool! then why
Would'st thou have many? Curse, be mad, and die!

[Exeunt.]

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

Enter RODERIGO and CHRISTOFERO; two bare-headed before them; CARDINAL alone; ZARACK and BALTAZAR bearing the crown on a cushion; ELEAZAR next; QUEEN MOTHER after him; other LORDS after her; ALVERO, sad, meets them.

CARD. Alvero, 'tis the pleasure of the king,
Of the Queen Mother, and these honoured states,
To ease you of Philip; there's a warrant
Sent to remove him to a stronger guard.

ALV. I thank you; you shall rid me of much care.

ELEAZ. Sit down, and take your place.

ALV. If I might have the place I like best,
It should be my grave. [Sits down.]

[The Moors stand aside with the crown: Eleazar, rising, takes it.]

ELEAZ. *[Aside to the Moors.]* Stand in voice' reach.

[Aloud.] Away!

BOTH MOORS. We are gone. [Exeunt.]

ELEAZ. Princes of Spain, if in this royal court
There sit a man, that having laid his hold
So fast on such a jewel, and dare wear it
In the contempt of envy, as I dare,
Yet uncompell'd (as freely as poor pilgrims
Bestow their prayers) would give such wealth away;
Let such a man step forth;—what, do none rise?
No, no, for kings indeed are deities;

And who'd not, as the sun, in brightness shine ?
To be the greatest is to be divine.
Who among millions, would not be the mightiest ?
To sit in godlike state ; to have all eyes
Dazzled with admiration, and all tongues
Shouting loud prayers ; to rob every heart
Of love ; to have the strength of every arm :
A sovereign's name ! why 'tis a sovereign charm.
This glory round about me hath thrown beams :
I have stood upon the top of fortune's wheel,
And backward turn'd the iron screw of fate.
The destinies have spun a silken thread
About my life ; yet, noble Spaniards, see
Hoc tantum tanti, thus I cast aside
The shape of majesty, and on my knee,
 [Kneels : the Cardinal fetches the crown and sets
 it on the chair.

To this imperial state lowly resign
This usurpation ; wiping off your fears
Which stuck so hard upon me ; let a hand,
A right and royal hand, take up this wreath
And guard it ; right is of itself most strong ;
No kingdom got by cunning can stand long.

CARD. Proceed to new election of a king.

ALL. Agreed.

ELEAZ. Stay, peers of Spain ! if young Philippo
Be Philip's son, then is he Philip's heir ;
Then must his royal name be set in gold ;
Philip is then the diamond to that ring ;

But if he be a bastard, here's his seat,
For baseness has no gall till it grow great :
First, therefore, let him bleed if he must bleed,
Yet in what vein you strike him best take heed ;
The Portugal's his friend ; you saw he came,
At holding up a finger, arm'd : this peace
Rid hence his dangerous friendship ; he's at home ;
But when he hears that Philip is tied up,
Yet hears not why, he'll catch occasion's lock,
And on that narrow bridge make shift to lead
A scrambling army through the heart of Spain :
Look to't ! being in, he'll hardly out again.
Therefore, first prove and then proclaim him bastard.

ALV. How shall we prove it ?

ELEAZ. He that put him out to making
I am sure can tell ; if not,
Then she that shap'd him can : here's the Queen
Mother,
Being prick'd in conscience, and preferring Spain
Before her own respect, will name the man.
If he be noble, and a Spaniard born,
He'll hide the apparent scars of their infamies,
With the white hand of marriage ; that and time
Will eat the blemish off : say, shall it ?

ALL. No !

CARD. Spaniard or Moor, the saucy slave shall die !

HORTEN. Death is too easy for such villany.

ELEAZ. Spaniard or Moor, the saucy slave shall
die !

I would he might ; I know myself am clear
 As is the new-born infant. Madam, stand forth !
 Be bold to speak ; shame in the grave wants sense,
 Heaven with sin's greatest forfeits can dispense.

Q. Mo. Would I were cover'd with the veil of
 night,

You might not see red shame sit on my cheeks !
 But being Spain's common safety stands for truth,
 Hiding my weeping eyes, I blush and say,
 Philip's father sits here.

ROD. Here ! name him.

Q. Mo. The Lord Mendoza did beget that son ;
 Oh ! let not this dishonour further run !

ALV. What, Cardinal Mendoza ?

Q. Mo. Yes, yes, even he.

ELEAZ. Spaniard or Moor, the saucy slave shall
 die !

CARD. I Philip's father !

[Comes down ; the rest talk.]

Q. Mo. Nay, deny me not ;
 Now may a kingdom and my love be got.

CARD. Those eyes and tongue bewitch me—shame
 lie here !

That love has sweetest taste that is bought dear.

CHRISTO. What answers Lord Mendoza to the
 queen ?

CARD. I confess guilty, Philip is my son ;
 Her majesty hath nam'd the time and place.

ALV. To you, but not to us ; go forward, madam.

Q. Mo. Within the circle of twice ten years since,

Your deceas'd king made war in Barbary,
 Won Tunis, conquer'd Fez, and hand to hand
 Slew great Abdela, king of Fez, and father
 To that Barbarian prince.

ELEAZ. I was but young, but now methinks
 I see my father's wounds : poor Barbaria !
 No more !

Q. Mo. In absence of my lord, mourning his
 want,

To me alone being in my private walk,
 I think at Salamanca :—yes, 'twas there;
 Enters Mendoza, under shew of shrift,
 Threatens my death if I deny'd his lust,
 In fine, by force he won me to his will :
 I wept and cry'd for help, but all in vain,
 Mendoza there abus'd the bed of Spain.

ELEAZ. Spaniard or Moor, that saucy slave shall
 die. [*Aside.*

ALV. Why did not you complain of this vile act ?

Q. Mo. Alas ! I was alone, young, full of fear,
 Bashful and doubtful of my own defame ;
 Knowing King Philip rash and jealous,
 I hid his sins thinking to hide my shame.

HORTEN. What says the cardinal ?

CARD. Such a time there was ;
 'Tis past : I'll make amends with marriage,
 And satisfy with trentals*, dirges, prayers,
 The offended spirit of the wronged king.

[*Queen and they talk.*]

* "Trentals," thirty masses.

ELEAZ. Spaniard or Moor, the saucy slave shall die.

Oh ! 'twould seem best it should be thus, Mendoza ;
She to accuse, I urge, and both conclude
Your marriage, like a comic interlude.
Lords, will you hear this hateful sin confess'd,
And not impose upon the ravisher death
The due punishment ? Oh ! it must be so.

ALV. What does the queen desire ?

Q. Mo. Justice, revenge,
On vile Mendoza for my ravishment.
I kiss the cold earth with my humble knees,
From whence I will not rise till some just hand
Cast to the ground the traitor cardinal

ALL. Stand forth, Mendoza.

ELEAZ. Swells your heart so high ?
Down, lecher ; if you will not stand, then lie.

CARD. You have betray'd me, by my too much
trust ;

I never did this deed of rape and lust.

ROD. Your tongue confess'd it.

CARD. True, I was entic'd.

ELEAZ. Entic'd ! do you believe that ?

Q. Mo. Justice, lords !

Sentence the cardinal for his hateful sin.

ALV. We will assemble all the states of Spain,
And as they judge so justice shall be done.

ELEAZ. A guard !—to prison with the cardinal.

Enter ZARACK, BALTAZAR, and others.

CARD. Damn'd slave, my tongue shall go at liberty

To curse thee, ban that strumpet! dogs keep off!

ELEAZ. Hist! hist! on! on!

Q. Mo. I cannot brook his sight

ALV. You must to prison, and be patient.

CARD. Weep'st thou, Alvero? all struck dumb?
My fears

Are that those drops will change to bloody tears.

This woman, and this serpent—

Q. Mo. Drag him hence.

CARD. Who dares lay hands upon me? Lords of Spain,

Let your swords bail me: this false queen did lie.

ELEAZ. Spaniard or Moor, the saucy slave shall die.

CARD. I'll fight thee, damned hell-hound, for my life.

ELEAZ. Spaniard or Moor, the saucy slave shall die.

CARD. I'll prove upon thy head—

ELEAZ. The slave shall die.

CARD. Lords, stop this villain's throat!

ELEAZ. Shall die, shall die.

CARD. Hear me but speak!

ELEAZ. Away!

ALV. Words are ill spent,

Where wrong sits judge; you're arm'd if innocent.

CARD. Well then, I must to prison : Moor ! no more.

Heavens thou art just ! Prince Philip I betray'd,
And now myself fall ; guile with guile is paid.

[*Exit.*

Q. Mo. Philip being prov'd a bastard, who shall sit
Upon this empty throne ?

ELEAZ. Strumpet ! not you.

Q. Mo. Strumpet ! and I not sit there ! who then ?

ELEAZ. Down !

Back ! if she touch it she'll bewitch the chair ;
This throne belongs to Isabel the fair.
Bring forth the princess dress'd in royal robes,
The true affecter of Alvero's son,
Virtuous Hortenzo. Lords, behold your queen.

Enter ISABELLA, in royal robes. HORTENZO.

Q. Mo. Thou villain, what intend'st thou ? savage
slave !

ELEAZ. To advance virtue thus, and thus to tread
On lust, on murder, on adultery's head.
Look lords upon your sovereign Isabel !
Though all may doubt the fruits of such a womb,
Is she not like King Philip ? Let her rule.

Q. Mo. She rule !

ELEAZ. She rule : aye she.

Q. Mo. A child to sway an empire ? I am her
protectress ;

I'll pour black curses on thy damned head,
If thou wrong'st me. Lords ! lords !

ELEAZ. Princes of Spain,

Be deaf, be blind! hear not, behold her not!
She kill'd my virtuous wife.

Q. Mo. He kill'd your king.

ELEAZ. 'Twas in my just wrath.

Q. Mo. 'Twas to get his crown.

ELEAZ. His crown! why here 'tis: thou slew'st
my Maria,

To have access to my unstained bed.

Q. Mo. Oh, heaven!

ELEAZ. 'Tis true: how often have I stopp'd
Thy unchaste songs from passing through mine
ears.

How oft, when thy luxurious arms have twin'd
About my jetty neck, have I cried out,
Away, those scalding veins burn me: 'tis true,

Q. Mo. Devil! 'tis a lie.

ELEAZ. Thou slew'st my sweet Maria;
Alvero, 'twas thy daughter, 'twas; Hortenzo,
She was thy sister; justice, Isabella;
This serpent poison'd thy dear father's bed,
Setting large horns on his imperial head.

Q. Mo. Hear me!

ELEAZ. Hah! why?

ALV. Madam, you shall be heard
Before the courts, before the courts of Spain.

ELEAZ. A guard! a guard!

Enter two Moors and others.

Q. Mo. A guard! for what? for whom?

HORTEN. To wait on you;
So many great sins must not wait with few.

Q. Mo. Keep me in prison ! dare you, lords ?

ALV. Oh no !

Were your cause strong, we would not arm you so ;
But honour fainting, needeth many hands ;
Kingdoms stand safe, when mischief lies in bands.
You must to prison. [*Exeunt.*

Q. Mo. Must I ! must I ! slave !
I'll damn thee ere thou triumph'st o'er my grave.
[*Exit with a guard.*

Manet ELEAZAR.

ELEAZ. Do, do !—my jocund spleen !
It does, it will, it shall—I have at one throw
Rifled away the diadem of Spain ;
'Tis gone, and there's no more to set but this
At all ; then at this last cast I'll sweep up
My former petty losses, or lose all,
Like to a desperate gamester.

Enter ZARACK.

Hah ! how ? fast ?

ZAR. Except their bodies turn to airy spirits,
And fly through windows, they are safe, my lord :
If they can eat through locks and bars of iron,
They may escape ; if not, then not.

ELEAZ. Oh, Zarack !
Wit is a thief ; there's pick-lock policy,
To whom all doors fly open ; therefore, go,
In our name charge the keeper to resign
His office ; and if he have tricks of cruelty,
Let him bequeath 'em at his death, for kill him.

Turn all thy body into eyes,
And watch them ; let those eyes, like fiery comets,
Sparkle out nothing but the death of kings.
And—ah ! now thus : thou know'st I did invent
A torturing iron chain.

ZAR. Oh, for necks, my lord.

ELEAZ. Aye ; that, that, that ; away, and yoke
them,—stay.

Enter BALTAZAR.

Here's Baltazar ; go both, teach them to preach
Through an iron pillory. I'll spread a net
To catch Alvero ; oh, he is old and wise ;
They are unfit to live, that have sharp eyes.
Hortenzo, Roderigo, to't, to't : all
They have supple knees, sleek'd brows, but hearts of
gall ;

The bitterness shall be wash'd off with blood :
Tyrants swim safest in a crimson flood.

BALT. I come to tell your grace, that Isabella
Is with Hortenzo arm in arm at hand ;
Zarack and I may kill them now with ease.
Is't done ? and then, 'tis done.

ZAR. Murder thou the man,
And I'll stab her.

ELEAZ. No, I'll speed her myself.
Arm in arm, so, so ; look upon this ring ;
Whoever brings this token to your hands,
Regard not for what purpose, seize on them,
And chain them to the rest : they come, away !

Murder be proud ! and tragedy laugh on !
I'll seek a stage for thee to jet upon.

[*Exeunt two Moors.*

*Enter ISABELLA and HORTENZO; seeing the Moor,
they turn back.*

ELEAZ. My lord, my lord Hortenzo !

HORTEN. Hah ! is't you ?

Trust me I saw you not.

ELEAZ. What makes your grace so sad ?

HORTEN. She grieves for the imprison'd queen,
her mother,

And for Philip ; in the sandy heap
That wait upon an hour, there are not found
So many little bodies, as those sighs
And tears which she hath every minute spent,
Since her lov'd brother felt imprisonment.

ELEAZ. Pity, great pity ! would it lay in me
To give him liberty !

ISA. It does.

ELEAZ. In me !

Free him, your mother queen, and cardinal too !
In me ! alas ! not me ; no, no ; in you :
Yet, for I'll have my conscience white and pure,
Here, madam, take this ring ; and if my name
Can break down castle-walls and open gates,
Take it, and do't ; fetch them all forth,—and yet
'Tis unfit you should go.

HORTEN. That happy office I'll execute myself.

ELEAZ. Will you ? Would I

Stood gracious in their sight! Well, go,
 Do what you will: Hortenzo, if this charm
 Unbinds them, here 'tis: lady, you and I
 Aloof will follow him, and when we meet
 Speak for me, for I'll kiss Philippo's feet.

HORTEN. I shall be proud to see all reconcil'd.

[*Exit.*]

ELEAZ. Alas, my lord! why true; go, go.

ISA. Make haste, dear love.

ELEAZ. Hortenzo is a man

Compos'd of sweet proportion; has a foot
 A leg, a hand, a face, an eye, a wit,
 The best, Hortenzo, in the Spanish court.
 Oh! he's the nonpareil.

ISA. Your tongue had wont
 To be more sparing in Hortenzo's praise.

ELEAZ. Ah! I may curse his praises, rather ban
 Mine own nativity: why did this colour
 Dart in my flesh so far! Oh! would my face
 Were of Hortenzo's fashion; else would yours
 Were as black as mine is.

ISA. Mine like yours, why?

ELEAZ. Hark!

I love you; yes, 'faith, I said this, I love you;
 I do; leave him!

ISA. Damnation, vanish from me!

ELEAZ. Coy!

Were you as hard as flint, oh! you should yield
 Like soften'd wax; were you as pure as fire,

I'd touch you ; yes, I'll taint you : see you this,
I'll bring you to this lure.

ISA. If I want hands
To kill myself before thou dost it, do.

ELEAZ. I'll cut away your hands. Well, my
desire
Is raging as the sea, and mad as fire.
Will you !

ISA. Torment me not, good devil.

ELEAZ. Will you ?

ISA. I'll tear mine eyes out if they tempt thy
lust.

ELEAZ. Do.

ISA. Touch me not ; these knives——

ELEAZ. Ah, ah : kill yourself,
Because I jest with you ! I wrong Hortenzo.
Settle your thoughts, 'twas but a trick to try
That which few women have, true constancy.

ISA. If then my speeches taste of gall——

ELEAZ. Nay, faith,
You are not bitter ; no ; you should have rail'd,
Have spit upon me, spurn'd me ; you are not bitter :
Why, do you think that I'd nurse a thought,
To hurt your honour ? If that thought had brains
I'd beat them out. But come : by this Hortenzo
Is fast.

ISA. Hah ! fast ?

ELEAZ. Aye, fast in Philip's arms ;
Wrestling together for the price of love ;
By this they're on the way : I'll be your guard ;

Come follow me; I'll lead you in the van,
 [*Aside.*] Where thou shalt see four chins upon one
 chain. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter HORTENZO, QUEEN MOTHER, CARDINAL,
 and PHILIP, chained by the necks. ZARACK and
 BALTAZAR busy about fastening HORTENZO.

HORTEN. You damned ministers of villany,
 Sworn to damnation by the book of hell;
 You maps of night, you element of devils,
 Why do you yoke my neck with iron chains?

BALT. Many do borrow chains, but you have
 this,
 Gratis, for nothing.

CARD. Slaves, unbind us!

BOTH. No. [*Exeunt the two Moors.*

PHIL. I am impatient; veins, why crack you
 not,
 And tilt your blood into the face of heaven,
 To make red clouds, like ensigns in the sky,
 Displaying a damn'd tyrant's cruelty!
 Yet can I laugh in my extremest pangs
 Of blood and spirit, to see the cardinal
 Keep rank with me; and my vile mother queen,
 To see herself where she would have me seen.
 Good fellowship i'faith.

HORTEN. And I can tell,
 True misery loves a companion well.

PHIL. Thou left'st me to the mercy of a Moor,

That hath damnation dy'd upon his flesh ;
'Twas well ; thou, mother, didst unmotherly
Betray thy true son to false bastardy ;
Thou left'st me then, now thou art found and
stay'd,

And thou who didst betray me art betray'd.

A plague upon you all !

CARD. Thou cursest them,

Whom I may-curse : first, may I curse myself,

Too credulous of loyalty and love ;

Next may I curse the Moor, more than a devil ;

And last thy mother, mother of all evil.

Q. Mo. All curses and all crosses light on thee !

What need I curse myself when all curse me.

I have been deadly impious I confess,

Forgive me, and my sin will seem the less.

This heavy chain which now my neck assaults,

Weights ten times lighter than my heavy faults.

PHIL. Hortenzo, I commend myself to thee ;

Thou that art near'st, stand'st furthest off from me.

HORTEN. That mould of hell, that Moor, has
chain'd me here ;

'Tis not myself, but Isabel I fear.

Enter ELEAZAR, ISABELLA, ZARACK, and BAL-

TAZAR.

ELEAZ. It's strange !

Will not Prince Philip come with Hortenzo ?

ZAR. He swears he'll live and die there.

ELEAZ. Marry, and shall.

[*Aside.*

I pray persuade him, you, to leave the place.

A prison! why it's hell. Alas, here they be!

Hah! they are they i'faith; see, see, see, see!

ALL. Moor, devil, toad, serpent!

ELEAZ. Oh sweet airs, sweet voices!

ISA. Oh, my Hortenzo!

ELEAZ. Do not these birds sing sweetly, Isabella?
Oh! how their spirits would leap aloft and spring,
Had they their throats at liberty to sing!

PHIL. Damnation dog thee!

CARD. Furies follow thee!

Q. MO. Comets confound thee!

HORTEN. And hell swallow thee!

ELEAZ. Sweeter and sweeter still. Oh, harmony!
Why there's no music like to misery.

ISA. Hast thou betray'd me thus?

ELEAZ. Not I, not I.

PHIL. Sirrah! hedge-hog!

ELEAZ. Hah! I'll hear thee presently.

ISA. Hear me then, hell-hound; slaves, unchain
my love,

Or by——

ELEAZ. By what? Is't not rare walking here?
Methinks this stage shews like a tennis-court;
Does it not Isabel? I'll shew thee how.
Suppose that iron chain to be the line,
The prison doors the hazard, and their heads,
Scarce peeping o'er the line, suppose the balls:
Had I a racket now of burnish'd steel,
How smoothly could I bandy every ball
Over this globe of earth, win set, and all.

PHIL. How brisk the villain jets in villany.

ELEAZ. Prating! he's proud because he wears a chain :

Take it off, Baltazar, and take him hence,

[They unbind him.]

PHIL. And whither then, you dog?

ISA. Pity my brother.

ELEAZ. Pity him! no; away! I come, do come.

PHIL. I pray thee kill me: come.

ELEAZ. I hope to see

Thy own hands do that office. Down with him!

PHIL. Is there another hell?

2 MOORS. Try, try; *[They thrust him into the dungeon]* he's gone.

ELEAZ. So him next, her next, and next him; and then——

ALL. Worse than damnation! fiend, monster of men!

ELEAZ. Why, when? Down, down!

CARD. Slave, as thou thrust'st me down
Into this dungeon, so sink thou to hell.

Q. Mo. Amen, amen.

ELEAZ. Together so; and you.

ISA. O pity my Hortenzo!

HORTEN. Farewell, my Isabel! my life, adieu!

ALL. Mischief and horror, let the Moor pursue!

ELEAZ. A concert! that amain; play that amain;
Amain, amain. No; so soon fallen asleep!

Nay, I'll not lose this music; sirrah, sirrah,
Take thou a drum, a trumpet thou; and hark,

Mad them with villainous sounds.

ZAR. Rare sport ; let's go.

[*Exeunt Zarack and Baltazar.*]

ELEAZ. About it : music will do well in woe.
How like you this ?

ISA. Set my Hortenzo free,
And I'll like any thing.

ELEAZ. A fool, a fool !
Hortenzo free ! why look you ; he free ! no ;
Then must he marry you ; you must be queen,
He in a manner king ; these dignities,
Like poison, make men swell ; this ratsbane honour,
Oh, 'tis so sweet ! they'll lick it till all burst :
He will be proud ; and pride, you know, must fall.
Come, come, he shall not ; no, no, 'tis more meet
To keep him down safe standing on his feet.

ISA. Eleazar !

ELEAZ. Mark ! the imperial chair of Spain
Is now as empty as a miser's alms :
Be wise, I yet dare sit in't ; it's for you,
If you will be for me ; there's room for two.
Do meditate ; muse on't : its best for thee
To love me, live with me, and lie with me.

ISA. Thou know'st I'll first lie in the arms of death.
My meditations are how to revenge
Thy bloody tyrannies. I fear thee not,
Inhuman slave ! but to thy face defy
Thy lust, thy love, thy barbarous villany.

ELEAZ. Zarack !

Enter ZARACK.

ZAR. My lord.

ELEAZ. Where's Baltazar?

ZAR. A drumming.

ELEAZ. I have made them rave, and curse, and
so—guard her!

Your court shall be this prison; guard her, slaves,
With open eyes: defy me! see my veins
Stretch'd* out, being over-heated with my blood,
Boiling in wrath! I'll tame you.

ISA. Do, do!

ELEAZ. Hah!

I will—and once more fill a kingdom's throne.
Spain, I'll new mould thee: I will have a chair
Made all of dead men's bones; and the ascents
Shall be the heads of Spaniards set in ranks:
I will have Philip's head, Hortenzo's head,
Mendoza's head, thy mother's head, and this;
This head, that is so cross, I'll have't.
The scene wants actors; I'll fetch more, and clothe it
In rich Cothurnal pomp: a tragedy
Ought to be grave, graves this shall beautify.
Moor, execute to th' life my dread commands;
Vengeance awake! thou hast much work in hand.

[*Exit.*

ZAR. I'm weary of this office and this life;
It is too thirsty, and I would your blood
Might 'scape the filling out. By heaven I swear,
I scorn these blows and his rebukes to bear.

* *Struck't out*, in the old editions.

ISA. O Zarack! pity me! I love thee well;
Love deserves pity; pity Isabel!

ZAR. What would you have me do?

ISA. To kill this Moor.

ZAR. I'll cast an eye of death upon my face,—
I'll be no more his slave; swear to advance me,
And by yon setting sun this hand, and this,
Shall rid you of a tyrant.

ISA. By my birth,
No Spaniard's honour'd place shall equal thine.

ZAR. I'll kill him then.

ISA. And Baltazar.

ZAR. And he.

ISA. I pray thee first fetch Philip and Hortenzo
Out of that hell; they two will be most glad
To aid thee in this execution.

ZAR. My Lord Philippo and Hortenzo rise!
Your hands; [*He helps them out of the dungeon.*] so;
talk to her: at my return,

This sword shall reek with blood of Baltazar. [*Exit.*]

PHIL. Three curses (like three commendations
To their souls) I send: thy tortur'd brother
Does curse the cardinal, the Moor, thy mother.

ISA. Curse not at all! dear souls, revenge is hot,
And boils in Zarack's brains; the plot is cast
Into the mould of hell: you freemen are:
Zarack will kill the Moor and Baltazar.

HORTEN. How can that relish?

ISA. Why, I'll tell you how:
I did profess, aye, and protested too,

I lov'd him well ; what will not sorrow do !
Then he profess'd, aye, and protested too
To kill them both ; what will not devils do !

PHIL. Then I profess, aye, and protest it too,
That here's for him ; what will not Philip do !

HORTEN. See, where he comes.

Enter the two MOORS.

BALT. Zarack, what do I see ?
Hortenzo and Philippo ! who did this ?

ZAR. I, Baltazar.

BALT. Thou art half damn'd for it ;
I'll to my lord.

ZAR. I'll stop you on your way ;
Lie there, thy tongue shall tell no tales to-day.

[Stabs him.]

PHIL. Nor thine to-morrow, this revenge was
well ;

[Stabs him.]

By this time both the slaves shake hands in hell.

ISA. Philippo and Hortenzo, stand you still ?
What ! dote you both ? Cannot you see your play ?
Well fare a woman then to lead the way.
Once rob the dead ; put the Moors' habits on,
And paint your faces with the oil of hell :
So, waiting on the tyrant——

PHIL. Come, no more,
'Tis here and here : room there below—stand wide !
Bury them well since they so godly died.

HORTEN. Away then ; fate now let revenge be
plac'd.

PHIL. Here.

HORTEN. And here ; a tyrant's blood doth sweetly
taste. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter ELEAZAR, ALVERO, RODERIGO, CHRISTO-
FERO, and other LORDS.

ELEAZ. What, I imprison ! Who ?

ALL. Philip and Hortenzo.

ELEAZ. Philip and Hortenzo ! ha, ha, ha.

ROD. Why laughs the Moor ?

ELEAZ. I laugh because you jest :
Laugh at a jest. Who, I imprison them ?
I prize their lives with weights, their necks with
chains,

Their hands with manacles ! do I all this ?
Because my face is in night's colour dyed,
Think you my conscience and my soul is so ?
Black faces may have hearts as white as snow ;
And 'tis a general rule in moral rules,
The whitest faces have the blackest souls.

ALV. But touching my Hortenzo——

ELEAZ. Good old man,
I never touch'd him ; do not touch me then
With thy Hortenzo.

CHRISTO. Where's Philip too ?

ELEAZ. And where's Philippo too ?
I pray, I pray, is Philip a tame Spaniard ?
What, can I philip him hither, hither make him fly ?
First, where's Hortenzo ? Where's Philippo too ?

ROD. And where is Isabel ? She was with you.

ELEAZ. And where is Isabel? She was with me.

Enter PHILIP and HORTENZO like Moors.

And so are you; yet are you well, you see:
But in good time, see where their keepers come.
Come hither, Zarack; Baltazar, come hither:
Zarack, old Lord Alvero asks of thee
Where young Hortenzo is.

HORTEN. My lord, set free.

ELEAZ. Oh! is he so? Come hither, Baltazar:
Lord Christofero here would ask of thee,
Where Prince Philippo is.

PHIL. My lord, set free.

ELEAZ. Oh! is he so? Roderigo asketh me for
Isabel.

PHIL. I say, my lord, she's free.

ELEAZ. Oh? is she so?

PHIL. Believe me, lords.

HORTEN. And me.

PHIL. I set Philippo——

HORTEN. I, Hortenzo free.

ELEAZ. My lords, because you shall believe me too,
Go to the castle, I will follow you.

ALV. Thanks to the mighty Moor; and for his
fame,

Be more in honour than thou art in name:
But let me wish the other prisoners well,
The queen and cardinal: let all have right,
Let law absolve them, or dissolve them quite.

ELEAZ. Grave man, thy grey hairs paint out
gravity;

Thy counsels wisdom, thy wit policy.
 There let us meet, and with a general brain
 Erect the peace of spirit, and of Spain.

ALV. Then will Spain flourish.

ELEAZ. Aye, when it is mine.

ROD. Oh, heavenly meeting!

ELEAZ. [*Aside.*] We must part in hell.

CHRISTO. True peace of joy. [*Exeunt.*]

Manent ELEAZAR, PHILIP, and HORTENZO.

ELEAZ. 'Tis a dissembling knell;

Farewell, my lords! meet there! so, ha, ha, ha!

[*Draws his rapier.*]

Now tragedy, thou minion of the night,
 Rhamnusia's pew-fellow, to thee I'll sing
 Upon a harp made of dead Spanish bones,
 The proudest instrument the world affords;
 When thou in crimson jollity shalt bathe
 Thy limbs, as black as mine, in springs of blood
 Still gushing from the conduit-head of Spain.
 To thee, that never blushest, though thy cheeks
 Are full of blood, O saint Revenge, to thee
 I consecrate my murders, all my stabs,
 My bloody labours, tortures, stratagems,
 The volume of all wounds that wound from me;
 Mine is the stage, thine is the tragedy.
 Where am I now? Oh! at the prison; true.
 Zarack and Baltazar, come hither! see!
 Survey my library! I study—I,
 Whilst you two sleep; marry, 'tis villany.
 Here's a good book, Zarack, behold it well,
 It's deeply written, for 'twas made in hell:

Now, Baltazar, a better book for thee;
But, for myself, this, this, the best of all;
And therefore do I chain it every day,
For fear the readers steal the art away.
Where thou stand'st now there must Hortenzo hang,
Like Tantalus in a maw-eating pang.
There, Baltazar, must Prince Philip stand,
Like damn'd Prometheus; and to act his part,
Shall have a dagger sticking at his heart.
But in my room I'll set the cardinal,
And he shall preach repentance to them all.
Ha, ha, ha!

PHIL. Damnation tickles him; he laughs again.
Philip must stand there and bleed to death.
Well, villain, I only laugh to see
That we shall live to out-laugh him and thee.

ELEZA. Oh! fit, fit, fit! stay, a rare jest! rare jest!
Zarack, suppose thou art Hortenzo now;
I pray thee stand in passion of a pang,
To see, by thee, how quaintly he would hang.

HORTEN. [*Aside.*] I am Hortenzo; tut, tut, fear
not man,
Thou lookest like Zarack.

ELEZA. Aye, Hortenzo,
He shall hang here i' faith; come, Zarack, come,
And, Baltazar, take thou Philip's room:
First let me see you plac'd.

PHIL. We're plac'd. [*He fastens them.*]

ELEAZ. Slaves! ha, ha, ha!
You are but players, they must end the play;
How like Hortenzo and Philip! ha!

Stand my two slaves! were they as black as you.
 Well, Zarack, I'll unfix thee first of all,
 Thou shalt help me to play the cardinal:
 This iron engine on his head I'll clap,
 Like a pope's mitre or a cardinal's cap;
 Then manacle his hands, as thou dost mine;
 So, so, I pray thee, Zarack, set him free,
 That both of you may stand and laugh at me.

PHIL. 'Tis fine, i' faith; call in more company;
 Alvero, Roderigo, and the rest!
 Who will not laugh at Eleazar's jest?

ELEAZ. What! Zarack! Baltazar!

PHIL. Ah! anon, anon;
 We have not laugh'd enough, it's but begun.

[Knocking.]

Who knocks?

ELEAZ. Unmanacle my hands I say.

PHIL. Then shall we mar our mirth, and spoil the
 play.

[Knocking again.]

Who knocks?

ALV. [*Within.*] Alvero.

PHIL. Let Alvero in.

ELEAZ. And let me out.

Enter all below.

PHIL. I thank you for that flout;
 To let Alvero in, and let you out.

ELEAZ. Villains! slaves! am not I your lord, the
 Moor,
 And Eleazar?

Q. Mo. And the devil of hell;

And more than that, and Eleazar too.

ELEAZ. And devil's dam, what do I here with
you ?

Q. Mo. My tongue shall torture thee.

ELEAZ. I know thee then ;

All women's tongues are tortures unto men.

Q. Mo. Spaniards, this was the villain ; this is he,
Who through incitements of alluring lust,
And glory, which makes silly women proud
And men malicious, did incense my spirit
Beyond the limits of a woman's mind
To wrong myself, and that lord cardinal ;
And that which sticks more near unto my blood,
He that was nearest to my blood, my son,
To dispossess him of his right by wrong :
Oh ! that I might embrace him on this breast,
Which did enclose him when he first was born :
No greater happiness can heaven show'r upon me,
Than to circle in these arms of mine
That son, whose royal blood I did defame
To crown with honour an ambitious Moor.

PHIL. Thus then thy happiness is complete ;

[*Embraces her.*

Behold thy Philip ransom'd from that prison,
In which the Moor had cloistered him.

HORTEN. And here's Hortenzo.

ELEAZ. Then am I betrayed and cozen'd
In my own designs ; I did contrive
Their ruin ; but their subtle policy
Hath blasted my ambitious thoughts. Villains !
Where's Zarack ? Where's Baltazar ?

What have you done with them?

PHIL. They're gone to Pluto's kingdom, to provide

A place for thee, and to attend thee there;
But, lest they should be tir'd with too long
Expecting hopes; come, brave spirits of Spain!
This is the Moor, the actor of these evils;
Thus thrust him down to act among the devils.

[Stabs him.]

ELEAZ. And am I thus dispatch'd!

Had I but breath'd the space of one hour longer,
I would have fully acted my revenge:
But oh! now pallid death bids me prepare,
And haste to Charon for to be his fare.
I come, I come: but ere my glass is run,
I'll curse you all; and cursing end my life.
May'st thou, lascivious queen, whose damn'd charms
Bewitch'd me to the circle of thy arms,
Unpity'd die, consum'd with loathed lust,
Which thy venerous mind hath basely nurs'd!
And for you, Philip, may your days be long,
But clouded with perpetual misery!
May thou, Hortenzo, and thy Isabel,
Be fetch'd alive by furies into hell,
There to be damn'd for ever. Oh! I faint;
Devils, come claim your right, and when I am
Confin'd within your kingdom, then shall I
Out-act you all in perfect villany. [Dies.]

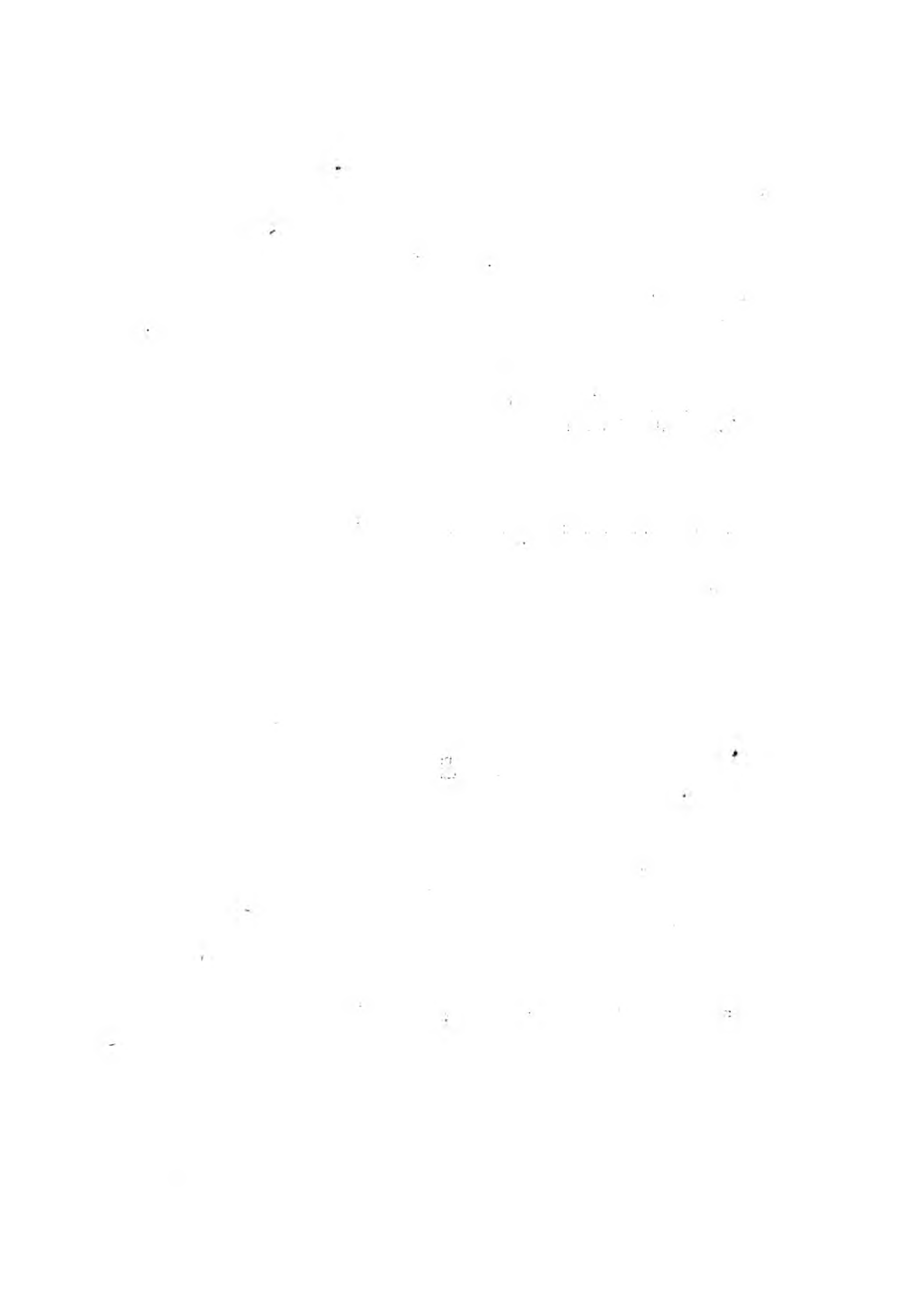
PHIL. Take down his body while his blood streams
forth;

His acts are past, and our last act is done.

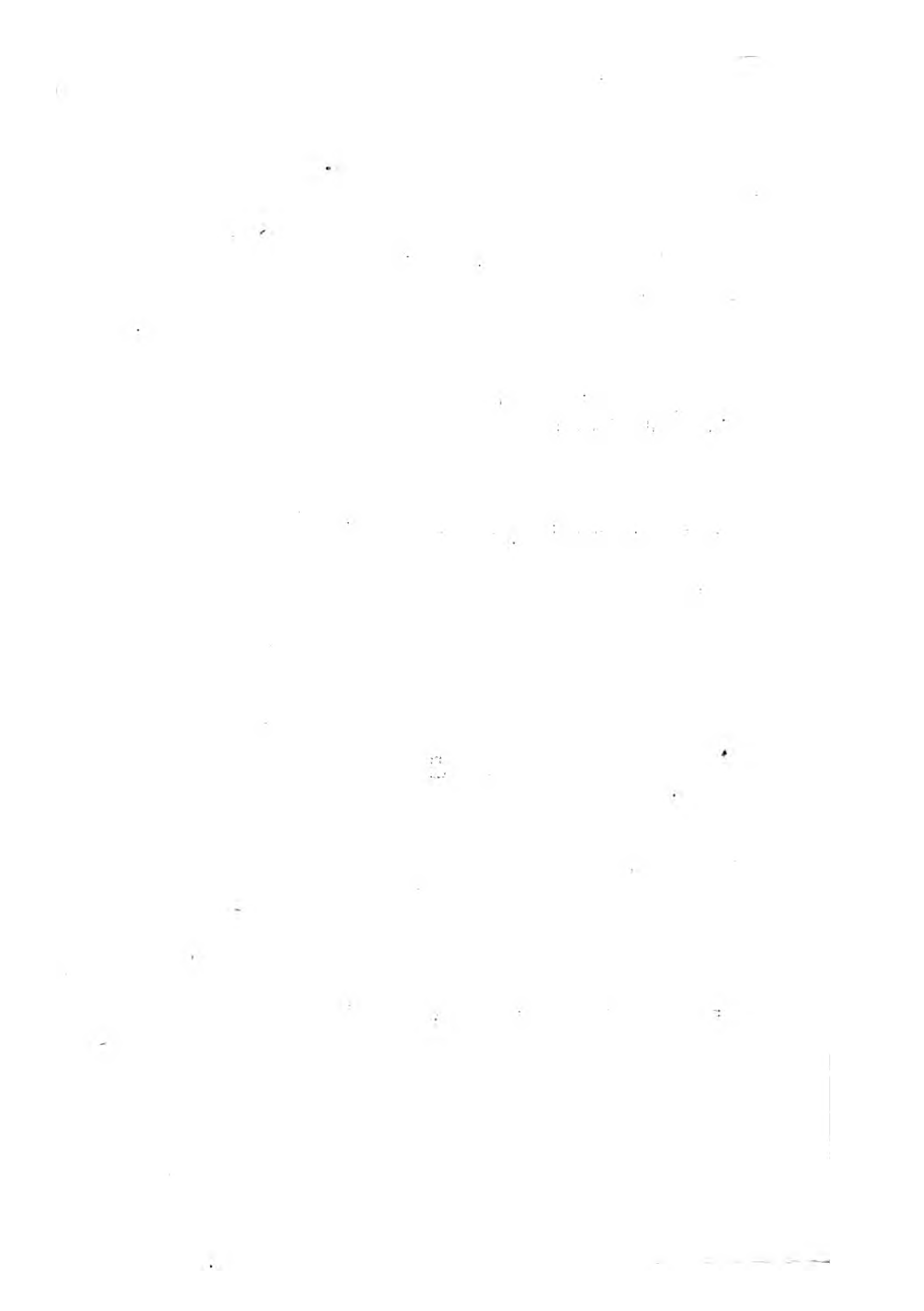
Now do I challenge my hereditary right
To the royal Spanish throne, usurp'd by him,
In which, in all your sights, I thus do plant myself.
Lord Cardinal, and you the queen my mother,
I pardon all those crimes you have committed.

Q. Mo. I'll now repose myself in peaceful rest,
And fly unto some solitary residence,
Where I'll spin out the remnant of my life
In true contrition for my past offences.

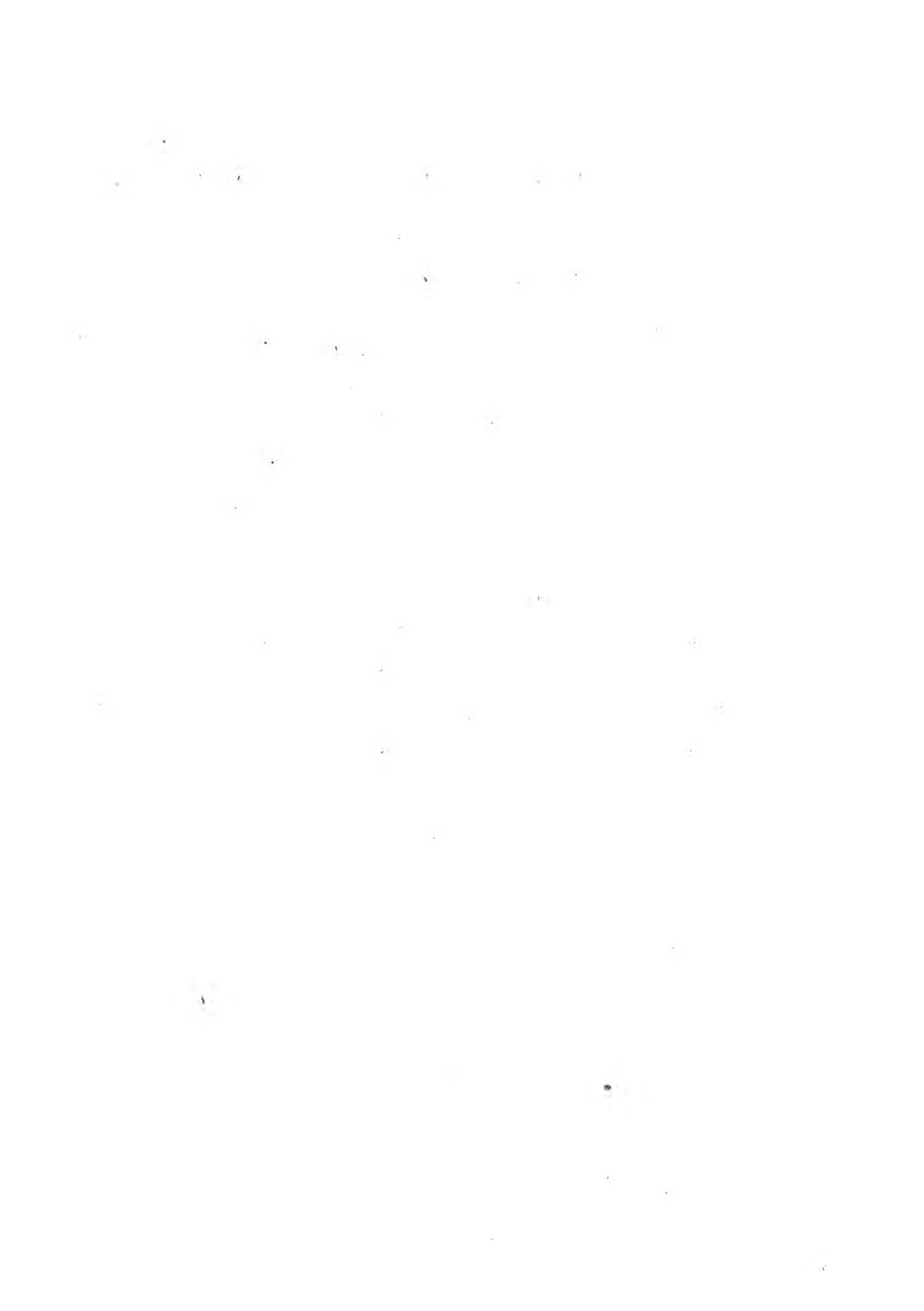
PHIL. And now, Hortenzo, to close up your
wound,
I here contract my sister unto thee,
With comic joy to end a tragedy.
And for the barbarous Moor, and his black train,
Let all the Moors be banished from Spain.



HERO AND LEANDER.



HERO AND LEANDER.



Hero and Leander: Begunne by Christopher Marloe, and finished by George Chapman. Ut nectar, Ingenium. At London. Imprinted for John Flasket, and are to be sold in Paule's Church Yard, at the signe of the Blacke Beare, 1606.

This poem, founded on the story of Hero and Leander, as related by Musæus, was projected by Marlowe, who, however, only lived to finish the first and second Sestiyads, and to commence the third. The part completed by Marlowe was published in 1598, and was reprinted, with a continuation by George Chapman in 1600, and again in 1606 and 1637. Sir Egerton Bridges almost entirely reprinted it in his *Restituta*, and a complete edition forms No. VIII. of the *Select Early English Poets*. Another continuation of Marlowe's unfinished poem was written by Henry Petowe, and published in 1598.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE FIRST SESTYAD.

Hero's description, and her loves ;
The Fane of Venus, where he moves
His worthy love-suit, and attains ;
Whose bliss the wrath of Fates restrains,
For Cupid's grace to Mercury :
Which tale the author doth imply.

HERO AND LEANDER.

THE FIRST SESTYAD.

ON Hellespont, guilty of true love's blood,
In view and opposite two cities stood,
Sea-borderers, disjoin'd by Neptune's might:
The one Abydos, the other Sestos hight.
At Sestos HERO dwelt; Hero the fair,
Whom young Apollo courted for her hair;
And offer'd as a dower his burning throne,
Where she should sit for men to gaze upon.
The outside of her garments was of lawn,
The lining, purple silk, with gilt stars drawn,
Her wide sleeves green, and border'd with a grove,
Where Venus in her naked glory strove
To please the careless and disdainful eyes
Of proud Adonis, that before her lies;
Her kirtle blue, whereon was many a stain,
Made with the blood of wretched lovers slain.
Upon her head she ware a myrtle wreath,
From whence her veil reach'd to the ground beneath.
Her veil was artificial flowers and leaves,
Whose workmanship both man and beast deceives.
Many would praise the sweet smell as she pass'd,
When 'twas the odour which her breath forth cast.

And there for honey bees have sought in vain,
And beat from thence, have lighted there again.
About her neck hung chains of pebble stone,
Which, light'ned by her neck, like diamonds shone.
She ware no gloves ; for neither sun nor wind
Would burn or parch her hands, but to her mind,
Or warm or cool them, for they took delight
To play upon those hands they were so white.
Buskins of shells, all silver'd, used she ;
And branch'd with blushing coral to the knee ;
Where sparrows perch'd, of hollow pearl and gold,
Such as the world would wonder to behold :
Those with sweet water oft her handmaid fills,
Which, as she went, would cherup through the bills
Some say, for her the fairest Cupid pin'd,
And looking in her face was stricken blind.
But this is true ; so like was one the other,
As he imagin'd Hero was his mother :
And oftentimes into her bosom flew ;
About her naked neck his bare arms threw ;
And laid his childish head upon her breast,
And, with still panting rock, there took his rest.
So lovely fair was Hero, Venus' nun,
As Nature wept, thinking she was undone,
Because she took more from her than she left,
And of such wondrous beauty her bereft :
Therefore in sign her treasure suffer'd wrack,
Since Hero's time hath half the world been black.

Amorous LEANDER, beautiful and young,
(Whose tragedy divine Musæus sung)

Dwelt at Abydos, since him dwelt there none,
For whom succeeding times may greater moan.
His dangling tresses, that were never shorn,
Had they been cut, and unto Colchos borne,
Would have allur'd the vent'rous youth of Greece,
To hazard more than for the golden fleece.
Fair Cynthia wish'd his arms might be her sphere;
Grief makes her pale, because she moves not there.
His body was as straight as Circe's wand;
Jove might have sipp'd out nectar from his hand.
Even as delicious meat is to the taste,
So was his neck in touching, and surpass'd
The white of Pelops' shoulder; I could tell ye,
How smooth his breast was, and how white his belly;
And whose immortal fingers did imprint
That heavenly path with many a curious dint,
That runs along his back; but my rude pen
Can hardly blazon forth the loves of men;
Much less of powerful gods: let it suffice,
That my slack Muse sings of Leander's eyes.
Those orient cheeks and lips exceeding his,
That leap'd into the water for a kiss
Of his own shadow, and despising many,
Died ere he could enjoy the love of any.
Had wild Hippolytus Leander seen,
Enamour'd of his beauty had he been;
His presence made the rudest peasant melt,
That in the vast uplandish country dwelt;
The barbarous Thracian soldier, mov'd with nought,
Was mov'd with him, and for his favour sought.

Some swore he was a maid in man's attire,
For in his looks were all that men desire ;
A pleasant smiling cheek, a speaking eye,
A brow for love to banquet royally ;
And such as knew he was a man, would say,
" Leander, thou art made for amorous play :
Why art thou not in love ? and lov'd of all ?
Though thou be fair, yet be not thine own thrall."

The men of wealthy Sestos every year,
For his sake whom their goddess held so dear,
Rose-cheek'd Adonis, kept a solemn feast ;
Thither resorted many a wander'd guest,
To meet their loves : such as had none at all,
Came lovers home from this great festival.
For every street like to a firmament,
Glister'd with breathing stars, who where they
went,
Frighted the melancholy earth which deem'd
Eternal heaven to burn, for so it seem'd,
As if another Phaëton had got
The guidance of the sun's rich chariot.
But far above the loveliest, Hero shin'd,
And stole away the enchanted gazer's mind ;
For, like sea nymphs' inveigling harmony,
So was her beauty to the standers by.
Nor that night-wand'ring, pale, and wat'ry star,
(When yawning dragons draw her whirling car,
From Latmos' mount up to the gloomy sky,
Where, crown'd with blazing light and majesty,

She proudly sits,) more overrules the flood
Than she the hearts of those that near her stood.
Even as when gaudy nymphs pursue the chase,
Wretched Ixion's shaggy-footed race,
Incens'd with savage heat, gallop amain
From steep pine-bearing mountains to the plain;
So ran the people forth to gaze upon her,
And all that view'd her were enamour'd on her.
And as in fury of a dreadful fight,
Their fellows being slain, or put to flight,
Poor soldiers stand with fear of death dead strooken,
So at her presence all surpris'd and taken,
Await the sentence of her scornful eyes;
He whom she favours, lives; the other dies.
There might you see one sigh; another rage;
And some, their violent passions to assuage,
Compile sharp satires; but, alas, too late:
For faithful love will never turn to hate.
And many seeing great princes were denied,
Pin'd as they went, and thinking on her died.
On this feast-day, O cursed day and hour!
Went Hero thorough Sestos, from her tower
To Venus' temple, where unhappily,
As after chanc'd, they did each other spy.
So fair a church as this had Venus none;
The walls were of discolour'd jasper stone,
Wherein was Proteus carv'd; and over head
A lively vine of green sea-agate spread,
Where by one hand light-headed Bacchus hung,
And with the other wine from grapes outwrung.

Of crystal shining fair the pavement was ;
The town of Sestos call'd it Venus' glass :
There might you see the gods in sundry shapes,
Committing heady riots, incest, rapes :
For know, that underneath this radiant flower
Was Danae's statue in a brazen tower :
Jove slyly stealing from his sister's bed,
To dally with Idalian Ganymede :
And for his love Europa bellowing loud,
And tumbling with the rainbow in a cloud.
Blood-quaffing Mars, heaving the iron net,
Which limping Vulcan and his Cyclops set :
Love kindling fire, to burn such towns as Troy ;
Sylvanus weeping for the lovely boy,
That now is turn'd into a cypress tree,
Under whose shade the wood-gods love to be.
And in the midst a silver altar stood ;
There Hero, sacrificing turtles' blood,
Kneel'd to the ground, veiling her eyelids close ;
And modestly they open'd as she rose :
Thence flew Love's arrow with the golden head ;
And thus Leander was enamoured.
Stone still he stood, and evermore he gaz'd,
Till with the fire, that from his countenance
 blaz'd,
Relenting Hero's gentle heart was strook :
Such force and virtue hath an amorous look.

It lies not in our power to love or hate,
For will in us is overrul'd by fate.

When two are stripp'd long ere the course begin,
 We wish that one should lose, the other win.
 And one especially do we affect
 Of two gold ingots, like in each respect :
 The reason no man knows ; let it suffice,
 What we behold is censur'd by our eyes.
 Where both deliberate the love is slight :
 Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight ?

He kneel'd ; but unto her devoutly pray'd :
 Chaste Hero to herself thus softly said :
 " Were I the saint he worships, I would hear him :"
 And as she spake those words, came somewhat near
 him.

He started up ; she blush'd as one asham'd ;
 Wherewith Leander much more was inflam'd.
 He touch'd her hand ; in touching it she trembled ;
Love deeply grounded, hardly is dissembled.
 These lovers parled by the touch of hands ;
 True love is mute : and oft amazed stands.
 Thus while dumb signs their yielding hearts en-
 tangled,
 The air with sparks of living fire was spangled ;
 And Night deep-drench'd in misty Acheron,
 Heav'd up her head, and half the world upon,
 Breath'd darkness forth ; (dark night is Cupid's day)
 And now begins Leander to display
 Love's holy fire, with words, with sighs, and tears,
 Which like sweet music enter'd Hero's ears :
 And yet at every word she turn'd aside,
 And always cut him off, as he replied.

At last, like to a bold, sharp sophister,
With cheerful hope thus he accosted her :

“ Fair creature, let me speak without offence :
I would my rude words had the influence
To lead thy thoughts as thy fair looks do mine ;
Then shouldst thou be his prisoner, who is thine.
Be not unkind and fair ; mis-shapen stuff
Are of behaviour boisterous and rough.
O shun me not ; but hear me ere you go :
God knows, I cannot force love, as you do.
My words shall be as spotless as my youth,
Full of simplicity and naked truth.
This sacrifice, whose sweet perfume descending
From Venus’ altar to your footsteps bending,
Doth testify that you exceed her far,
To whom you offer, and whose nun you are.
Why should you worship her ? Her you surpass,
As much as sparkling diamonds flaring glass.
A diamond set in lead his worth retains ;
A heavenly nymph, belov’d of human swains,
Receives no blemish ; but oftimes more grace ;
Which makes me hope, although I am but base,
Base in respect of thee, divine and pure,
Dutiful service may thy love procure ;
And I in duty will excel all other,
As thou in beauty dost exceed Love’s mother.
Nor heaven, nor thou, were made to gaze upon ;
As heaven preserves all things, so save thou one
A stately builded ship, well-rigg’d and tall,
The ocean maketh more majestic.

Why vow'st thou then to live in Sestos here,
Who on Love's seas more glorious wouldst appear?
Like untun'd golden strings all women are,
Which long time lie untouch'd, will quickly jar.
Vessels of brass, oft handled, brightly shine;
What difference betwixt the richest mine
And basest mould, but use? For both, not us'd,
Are of like worth. Then treasure is abus'd,
When misers keep it; being put to loan,
In time it will return us two for one.
Rich robes themselves and others do adorn;
Neither themselves nor others, if not worn.
Who builds a palace, and rams up the gate,
Shall see it ruinous and desolate:
Ah! simple Hero, learn thyself to cherish,
Lone women like to empty houses perish.
Less sins the poor rich man, that starves himself,
In heaping up a mass of drossy pelf,
Than such as you: his golden earth remains,
Which after his decease some other gains;
But this fair gem, sweet in the loss alone,
When you fleet hence, can be bequeath'd to none;
Or if it could, down from the enamell'd sky,
All heaven would come to claim this legacy;
And with intestine broils the world destroy,
And quite confound Nature's sweet harmony.
Well therefore by the gods decreed it is,
We human creatures should enjoy that bliss.
One is no number; maids are nothing then,
Without the sweet society of men.

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Wilt thou live single still? one shalt thou be,
Though never-singing Hymen couple thee.
Wild savages, that drink of running springs,
Think water far excels all earthly things:
But they, that daily taste neat wines, despise it:
Virginity, albeit some highly prize it,
Compar'd with marriage, had you tried them both,
Differs as much as wine and water doth.
Base bullion for the stamp's sake we allow;
Even so for men's impression do we you.
By which alone our reverend fathers say,
Women receive perfection every way.
This idol, which you term virginity,
Is neither essence subject to the eye,
No, nor to any one exterior sense,
Nor hath it any place of residence
Nor is't of earth, or mould celestial,
Or capable of any form at all.
Of that which hath no being, do not boast;
Things that are not at all, are never lost.
Men foolishly do call it virtuous,
What virtue is it, that is born with us?
Much less can honour be ascrib'd thereto:
Honour is purchas'd by the deeds we do.
Believe me, Hero, honour is not won,
Until some honourable deed be done.
Seek you, for chastity, immortal fame;
And know that some have wrong'd Diana's name?
Whose name is it, if she be false or not,
So she be fair, but some vile tongues will blot?

But you are fair, ah me ! so wondrous fair,
So young, so gentle, and so debonair,
As Greece will think, if thus you live alone,
Some one or other keeps you as his own.
Then, Hero. hate me not, nor from me fly,
To follow swiftly blasting infamy.
Perhaps thy sacred priesthood makes thee loath :
Tell me, to whom mad'st thou that heedless oath ?”

“ To Venus,” answer'd she ; and, as she spake,
Forth from those two translucent cisterns brake
A stream of liquid pearl, which down her face
Made milk-white paths, whereon the gods might trace
To Jove's high court. He thus replied : “ The rites
In which Love's beauteous empress most delights,
Are banquets, Doric music, midnight revel,
Plays, masks, and all that stern age counteth evil.
Thee as a holy idiot doth she scorn ;
For thou, in vowing chastity, hast sworn
To rob her name and honour, and thereby
Committ'st a sin far worse than perjury,
Even sacrilege against her deity,
Through regular and formal purity.
To expiate which sin, kiss, and shake hands :
Such sacrifice as this Venus demands.”

Thereat she smil'd, and did deny him so,
As but thereby, yet might he hope for mo ;
Which makes him quickly reinforce his speech,
And her in humble manner thus beseech :

“ Though neither gods nor men may thee deserve,
Yet for her sake, whom you have vow'd to serve,
Abandon fruitless cold virginity,
The gentle Queen of Love's sole enemy.
Then shall you most resemble Venus' nun,
When Venus' sweet rites are perform'd and done.
Flint-breasted Pallas joys in single life ;
But Pallas and your mistress are at strife.
Love, Hero, then, and be not tyrannous ;
But heal the heart that thou hast wounded thus ;
Nor stain thy youthful years with avarice :
Fair fools delight to be accounted nice.
The richest corn dies, if it be not reap'd ;
Beauty alone is lost, too warily kept.”
These arguments he us'd, and many more ;
Wherewith she yielded, that was won before.
Hero's looks yielded, but her words made war ;
Women are won when they begin to jar.
Thus having swallow'd Cupid's golden hook,
The more she striv'd, the deeper was she strook.
Yet evilly feigning anger, strove she still,
And would be thought to grant against her will.
So having paus'd awhile, at last she said,
“ Who taught thee rhetoric to deceive a maid ?
Ah me ! such words as these should I abhor,
And yet I like them for the orator.”
With that Leander stoop'd, to have embrac'd her,
But from his spreading arms away she cast her,
And thus bespake him : “ Gentle youth, forbear
To touch the sacred garments which I wear.

Upon a rock, and underneath a hill,
Far from the town, (where all is whist and still,
Save that the sea, playing on yellow sand,
Sends forth a rattling murmur to the land,
Whose sound allures the golden Morpheus,
In silence of the night to visit us,)
My turret stands, and there, God knows, I play
With Venus' swans and sparrows all the day.
A dwarfish beldam bears me company,
That hops about the chamber where I lie,
And spends the night, that might be better spent,
In vain discourse and apish merriment :
Come thither !" As she spake this, her tongue tripp'd ;
For unawares, *Come thither*, from her slipp'd ;
And suddenly her former colour chang'd,
And here and there her eyes through anger rang'd ;
And like a planet moving several ways
At one self instant, she poor soul, essays,
Loving, not to love at all, and every part
Strove to resist the motions of her heart.
And hands so pure, so innocent, nay such
As might have made Heaven stoop to have a touch,
Did she uphold to Venus, and again
Vow'd spotless chastity, but all in vain :
Cupid beats down her prayers with his wings ;
Her vows above the empty air he flings :
All deep enrag'd, his sinewy bow he bent,
And shot a shaft that burning from him went ;
Wherewith she stricken, look'd so dolefully,
As made Love sigh to see his tyranny.

And as she wept, her tears to pearl he turn'd,
And wound them on his arm, and for her mourn'd ;
Then towards the palace of the Destinies,
Laden with languishment and grief, he flies,
And to those stern nymphs humbly made request,
Both might enjoy each other, and be bless'd ;
But with a ghastly dreadful countenance,
Threatening a thousand deaths at every glance,
They answer'd Love, nor would vouchsafe so
much

As one poor word, their hate to him was such.
Hearken, awhile, and I will tell you why :

Heaven's winged herald, Jove-born Mercury,
The self-same day that he asleep had laid
Enchanted Argus, spied a country maid,
Whose careless hair, instead of pearl to' adorn it,
Glister'd with dew, as one that seem'd to scorn it:
Her breath, as fragrant as the morning rose ;
Her mind pure, and her tongue untaught to glose :
Yet proud she was, for lofty Pride that dwells
In tow'red courts, is oft in shepherds' cells ;
And too, too well the fair vermilion knew,
And silver tincture of her cheeks, that drew
The love of every swain : on her this god
Enamour'd was, and with his snaky rod
Did charm her nimble feet, and made her stay,
The while upon the hillock down he lay,
And sweetly on his pipe began to play,
And with smooth speech her fancy to assay,

Till in his twining arms he lock'd her fast,
And then he woo'd with kisses, and at last,
As shepherds do, her on the ground he laid
And tumbling on the grass, he often stray'd
Beyond the bounds of shame, in being bold
To eye those parts, which no eye should behold :
And like an insolent commanding lover,
Boasting his parentage, would needs discover
The way to new Elisium : but she,
Whose only dower was her chastity,
Having striv'n in vain, was now about to cry,
And crave the help of shepherds that were nigh.
Herewith he stay'd his fury ; and began
To give her leave to rise ; away she ran :
After went Mercury, who us'd such cunning,
As she, to hear his tale, left off her running ;
(*Maids are not won by brutish force and might,
But speeches full of pleasure and delight ;*)
And knowing Hermes courted her ; was glad,
That she such loveliness and beauty had,
As could provoke his liking ; yet was mute ;
And neither would deny, nor grant his suit.
Still vow'd he love ; she, wanting no excuse
To feed him with delays, as women use,
Or thirsting after immortality,
(*All women are ambitious naturally,*)
Impos'd upon her lover such a task,
As he ought not perform, nor yet she ask.
A draught of flowing nectar she requested,
Wherewith the king of gods and men is feasted.

He, ready to accomplish what she will'd,
Stole some from Hebe ; (Hebe Jove's cup fill'd)
And gave it to his simple rustic love,
Which being known, (as what is hid from Jove ?)
He inly storm'd, and wax'd more furious
Than for the fire filch'd by Prometheus ;
And thrust him down from Heaven; he, wand'ring here,
In mournful terms, with sad and heavy cheer,
Complain'd to Cupid ; Cupid, for his sake,
To be reveng'd on Jove did undertake ;
And those on whom Heaven, earth, and Hell relies,
I mean the adamantine Destinies,
He wounds with love, and forc'd them equally
To doat upon deceitful Mercury.
They offer'd him the deadly fatal knife,
That shears the slender thread of human life ;
At his fair feather'd feet the engines laid,
Which the earth from ugly Chaos' den upweigh'd :
These he regarded not ; but did intreat
That Jove, usurper of his father's seat,
Might presently be banish'd into Hell,
And aged Saturn in Olympus dwell,
They granted what he crav'd ; and once again
Saturn and Ops begun their golden reign.
Murder, rape, war, and lust, and treachery,
Were with Jove clos'd in Stygian empery.
But long this blessed time continued not ;
As soon as he his wished purpose got,
He, reckless of his promise, did despise
The love of the' everlasting Destinies.

They, seeing it, both love and him abhorr'd,
And Jupiter unto his place restor'd.
And, but that Learning, in despite of Fate,
Will mount aloft, and enter heaven gate,
And to the seat of Jove itself advance,
Hermes had slept in Hell with Ignorance.
Yet as a punishment they added this,
That he and Poverty should always kiss ;
And to this day is every scholar poor ;
Gross gold from them runs headlong to the boor.
Likewise the angry Sisters, thus deluded,
To venge themselves on Hermes, have concluded
That Midas' brood shall sit in Honour's chair,
To which the Muses' sons are only heir :
And fruitful wits, that inaspiring are,
Shall discontent run into regions far ;
And few great lords in virtuous deeds shall joy,
But be surpris'd with every garish toy :
And still enrich the lofty servile clown,
Who with encroaching guile keeps learning down.
Then muse not Cupid's suit no better sped,
Seeing in their loves the Fates were injured.

HERO AND LEANDER.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE SECOND SESTYAD.

Hero of love takes deeper sense,
And doth her love more recompense :
Their first night's meeting, where sweet kisses
Are th' only crowns of both their blisses.
He swims to' Abydos and returns :
Cold Neptune with his beauty burns ;
Whose suit he shuns, and doth aspire
Hero's fair tower, and his desire.

HERO AND LEANDER.

THE SECOND SESTYAD.

By this, sad Hero, with love unacquainted,
Viewing Leander's face fell down and fainted.
He kiss'd her, and breath'd into her lips,
Wherewith, as one displeas'd, away she trips ;
Yet as she went, full often look'd behind,
And many poor excuses did she find
To linger by the way, and once she stay'd,
And would have turn'd again, but was afraid,
In offering parley, to be counted light :
So on she goes, and in her idle flight,
Her painted fan of curled plumes let fall,
Thinking to train Leander therewithal.
He, being a novice, knew not what she meant,
But stay'd, and after her a letter sent ;
Which joyful Hero answer'd in such sort,
As he had hope to scale the beauteous fort
Wherein the liberal Graces lock'd their wealth,
And therefore to her tower he got by stealth.
Wide open stood the door ; he need not climb ;
And she herself, before th' appointed time,
Had spread the board, with roses strew'd the room,
And oft look'd out, and mus'd he did not come.—

At last he came ; O who can tell the greeting
 These greedy lovers had at their first meeting !
 He ask'd—she gave—and nothing was denied ;
 Both to each other quickly were affied :
 Look how their hands, so were their hearts united,
 And what he did, she willingly requited.
 (Sweet are the kisses, the embracements sweet,
 When like desires and like affections meet ;
 For from the earth to heaven is Cupid rais'd,
 Where fancy is in equal balance peis'd*)
 Yet she this rashness suddenly repented,
 And turn'd aside, and to herself lamented :
 As if her name and honour had been wrong'd,
 By being possess'd of him for whom she long'd ;
 Aye, and she wish'd, albeit not from her heart,
 That he would leave her turret and depart.
 The mirthful god of amorous pleasure smil'd
 To see how he this captive nymph beguil'd :
 For hitherto he did but fan the fire,
 And kept it down that it might mount the higher.—
 Now wax'd she jealous, lest his love abated,
 Fearing her own thoughts made her to be hated.
 Therefore unto him hastily she goes,
 And, like light Salmacis, her body throws
 Upon his bosom, where with yielding eyes
 She offers up herself a sacrifice,
 To slake his anger, if he were displeas'd :
 O what god would not therewith be appeas'd ?
 Like Æsop's cock, this jewel he enjoy'd,
 And as a brother with his sister toy'd,

* From the French verb. *peser*.

Supposing nothing else was to be done,
Now he her favour and goodwill had won.
But know you not that creatures wanting sense,
By nature have a mutual appetite ;
And wanting organs to advance a step,
Mov'd by Love's force, unto each other leap ?
Much more in subjects having intellect,
Some hidden influence breeds like effect.
Albeit Leander, rude in love and raw,
Long dallying with Hero, nothing saw
That might delight him more, yet he suspected
Some amorous rites or other were neglected.
Therefore unto his body hers he clung,
She, fearing on the rushes to be flung,
Striv'd with redoubled strength ; the more she striv'd,
The more a gentle pleasing heat reviv'd,
Which taught him all that elder lovers know,
And now the same 'gan so to scorch and glow,
As in plain terms, yet cunningly, he'd crave it,
(Love always makes those eloquent that have it.)
She with a kind of granting, put him by it,
And ever, as he thought himself most nigh it,
Like to the tree of Tantalus she fled,
And seeming lavish, sav'd her maidenhead.
Ne'er king more sought to keep his diadem,
Than Hero this inestimable gem.
Above our life we love a steadfast friend,
Yet when a token of great worth we send,
We often kiss it, often look thereon,
And stay the messenger that would be gone ;

No marvel then, though Hero would not yield
So soon to part from what she dearly held.
Jewels being lost are found again, this never,
'Tis lost but once, and once lost, lost for ever.

Now had the Morn espied her lover's steeds,
Whereat she starts, puts on her purple weeds,
And red for anger that he stay'd so long,
All headlong throws herself the clouds among.
And now Leander, fearing to be miss'd,
Embrac'd her suddenly, took leave, and kiss'd;
Long was he taking leave, and loth to go,
And kiss'd again, as lovers use to do;
Sad Hero wrung him by the hand and wept,
Saying, "let your vows and promises be kept."
Then standing at the door, she turn'd about,
As loth to see Leander going out.—
And now the sun, that through th' horizon peeps,
As pitying these lovers, downward creeps.
So that in silence of the cloudy night,
Though it was morning, did he take his flight,
But what the secret trusty night conceal'd,
Leander's amorous habit soon reveal'd;
With Cupid's myrtle was his bonnet crown'd,
About his arms the purple riband wound,
Wherewith she wreath'd her largely spreading
hair;
Nor could the youth abstain, but he must wear
The sacred ring wherewith she was endow'd,
When first religious chastity she vow'd:

Which made his love through Sestos to be known,
And thence unto Abydos sooner blown
Than he could sail, for incorporeal fame,
Whose weight consists in nothing but her name,
Is swifter than the wind, whose tardy plumes
Are reeking water and dull earthly fumes.
Home when he came, he seem'd not to be there,
But like exiled air thrust from his sphere,
Set in a foreign place, and straight from thence,
Alcides-like, by mighty violence,
He would have chas'd away the swelling main,
That him from her unjustly did detain.
Like as the sun in a diameter,
Fires and inflames objects removed far,
And heateth kindly, shining lat'rally;
So beauty sweetly quickens when 'tis nigh,
But being separated and remov'd,
Burns where it cherish'd, murders where it lov'd.
Therefore e'en as an index to a book,
So to his mind was young Leander's look.
O none but gods have power their love to hide!
Affection by the count'nance is descried;
The light of hidden fire itself discovers,
And love that is conceal'd betrays poor lovers.
His secret flame apparently was seen,—
Leander's father knew where he had been,
And for the same mildly rebuk'd his son,
Thinking to quench the sparkles new begun.
But love resisted once grows passionate,
And nothing more than counsel lovers hate;

For as a hot proud horse highly disdains
To have his head controll'd, but breaks the reins,
Spits forth his ringled bit, and with his hoofs
Checks the submissive ground ; so he that loves,
The more he is restrain'd, the worse he fares ;
What is it now but mad Leander dares ?
“ O Hero! Hero!” thus he cried full oft,
And then he got him to a rock aloft,
Where having spied her tower, long star'd he on't,
And pray'd the narrow toiling Hellespont
To part in twain, that he might come and go,
But still the rising billows answer'd, No.
With that he stripp'd him to the ivory skin,
And crying, “ Love, I come,” leap'd lively in,
Whereat the sapphire-visag'd god grew proud,
And made his cap'ring Triton sound aloud.
Imagining that Ganymede, displeas'd,
Had left the heavens, therefore on him he seiz'd.
Leander striv'd, the waves about him wound,
And pull'd him to the bottom, where the ground
Was strew'd with pearl, and in low coral groves,
Sweet singing mermaids sported with their loves
On heaps of heavy gold, and took great pleasure
To spurn in careless sort the shipwreck treasure.
For here the stately azure palace stood,
Where kingly Neptune and his train abode.
The lusty god embrac'd him, call'd him love,
And swore he never should return to Jove.
But when he knew it was not Ganymede,
For under water he was almost dead,

He heav'd him up, and looking on his face,
Beat down the bold waves with his triple mace,
Which mounted up, intending to have kiss'd him,
And fell in drops like tears because they miss'd him.
Leander being up, began to swim,
And looking back, saw Neptune follow him.
Whereat aghast, the poor soul 'gan to cry,
" O let me visit Hero ere I die."
The god put Helle's bracelet on his arm,
And swore the sea should never do him harm.
He clapp'd his plump cheeks, with his tresses play'd,
And smilingly wantonly his love betray'd ;
He watch'd his arms, and as they open'd wide
At every stroke, betwixt them he would slide,
And steal a kiss, and then run out and dance,
And as he turn'd cast many a lustful glance,
And threw him gaudy toys to please his eye,
And dive into the water, and there pry
Upon his breast, his thighs, and every limb,
And up again, and close beside him swim,
And talk of love ; Leander made reply,
" You are deceiv'd, I am no woman, I ;"
Thereat smil'd Neptune, and then told a tale,
How that a shepherd sitting in a vale,
Play'd with a boy so lovely, fair and kind,
As for his love both earth and heaven pin'd,
That of the cooling river durst not drink,
Lest water-nymphs should pull him from the brink.
And when he sported in the fragrant lawns,
Goat-footed satyrs, and up-starting fawns

Would steal him thence. Ere half his tale was
done,

“Aye me,” Leander cried, “th’ enamour’d sun
That now should shine on Thetis’ glassy bower,
Descends upon my radiant Hero’s tower,
O that these tardy arms of mine were wings!”
And as he spake, upon the waves he springs.
Neptune was angry that he gave no ear,
And in his heart revenging malice bare:
He flung at him his mace, but as it went,
He call’d it in, for love made him repent.
The mace returning back his own hand hit,
As meaning to be ’veng’d for darting it.
When this fresh bleeding wound Leander view’d,
His colour went and came, as if he rued
The grief that Neptune felt. In gentle breasts
Relenting thoughts, remorse and pity rests;
And who have hard hearts and obdurate minds,
But vicious, hare-brain’d and illiterate hinds?
The god seeing him with pity to be mov’d,
Thereon concluded that he was belov’d.
(Love is too full of faith, too credulous,
With folly and false hope deluding us;)
Wherefore Leander’s fancy to surprise,
To the rich ocean for gifts he flies.
*’Tis wisdom to give much, a gift prevails
When deep persuading oratory fails.*

By this Leander being near the land,
Cast down his weary feet, and felt the sand.

Breathless albeit he were, he rested not,
Till to the solitary tower he got :
And knock'd and call'd, at which celestial noise,
The longing heart of Hero much more joys
Than nymphs and shepherds, when the timbrel rings,
Or crooked dolphin, when the sailor sings.
She stay'd not for her robes, but straight arose,
And drunk with gladness to the door she goes,
Where seeing a naked man, she screech'd for fear,
(Such sights as this to tender maids are rare.)
And ran into the dark herself to hide :
(Rich jewels in the dark are soonest spied.)
Unto her was he led, or rather drawn
By those white limbs which sparkled through the
lawn.

The nearer that he came, the more she fled,
And, seeking refuge, slipt into her bed ;
Whereon Leander sitting, thus began,
Through numbing cold, all feeble, faint and wan.

“ If not for love, yet love ! for pity's sake,
Me in thy bed and maiden bosom take ;
At least vouchsafe these arms some little room,
Who, hoping to embrace thee, cheerly swum.
This head was beat with many a churlish billow,
And therefore let it rest upon thy pillow.”
Herewith affrighted, Hero shrunk away,
And in her lukewarm place Leander lay ;
Whose lively heat, like fire from heaven fet,
Would animate gross clay, and higher set

The drooping thoughts of base-declining souls,
 Than dreary Mars' carousing nectar bowls.
 His hands he cast upon her like a snare,—
 She, overcome with shame and sallow fear,
 Like chaste Diana, when Acteon spied her,
 Being suddenly betray'd, div'd down to hide her.
 And as her silver body downward went,
 With both her hands she made the bed a tent,
 And in her own mind thought herself secure,
 O'ercast with dim and darksome coverture ;
 And now she lets him whisper in her ear,
 Flatter, entreat, promise, protest and swear ;
 Yet ever as he greedily essay'd
 To touch those dainties, she the harpy play'd,
 And every limb did, as a soldier stout,
 Defend the fort, and keep the foeman out.
 For though the rising ivory mount he scal'd,
 Which is with azure circling lines empal'd,
 Much like a globe, (a globe may I term this,
 By which love sails to regions full of bliss,)
 Yet there with Sysiphus he toil'd in vain,
 Till gentle parley did the truce obtain.

* Even as a bird, which in our hands we wring,
 Forth plungeth and oft flutters with her wing,
 She trembling strove ; this strife of hers, like that
 Which made the world, another world begat

* The Editor of the *Select Early English Poets* has judiciously transposed this couplet from its situation in the old editions, after the words "means to prey," where it is clearly out of place.

Of unknown joy. Treason was in her thought,
And cunningly to yield herself she sought.
Seeming not won, yet won she was at length :
In such wars women use but half their strength.
Leander now, like Theban Hercules,
Enter'd the orchard of th' Hesperides ;
Whose fruit none rightly can describe, but he
That pulls or shakes it from the golden tree.
Wherein Leander on her quivering breast,
Breathless spoke something, and sigh'd out the
rest ;

Which so prevail'd, as he, with small ado,
Enclosed her in his arms and kiss'd her too :
And every kiss to her was as a charm,
And to Leander as a fresh alarm :
So that the truce was broke, and she, alas,
Poor silly maiden at his mercy was.
Love is not full of pity, as men say,
But deaf and cruel where he means to prey.

And now she wish'd this night were never done,
And sigh'd to think upon th' approaching sun ;
For much it griev'd her that the bright day-light,
Should know the pleasure of this blessed night,
And then, like Mars and Ericine, display
Both in each other's arms chain'd as they lay.
Again—she knew not how to frame her look,
Or speak to him, who in a moment took
That which so long, so charily she kept ;
And fain by stealth away she would have crept,

And to some corner secretly have gone,
Leaving Leander in the bed alone.
But as her naked feet were whipping out,
He on the sudden clung her so about,
That mermaid-like unto the floor she slid ;
One half appear'd, the other half was hid.
Thus near the bed she blushing stood upright,
And from her countenance behold ye might
A kind of twilight break, which through the air,
As from an orient cloud, glimps'd here and there ;
And round about the chamber this false morn
Brought forth the day before the day was born.
So Hero's ruddy cheek Hero betray'd,
And her all naked to his sight display'd :
Whence his admiring eyes more pleasure took,
Than Dis, on heaps of gold fixing his look.—
By this Apollo's golden harp began
To sound forth music to the Ocean,
Which watchful Hesperus no sooner heard,
But he the day bright-bearing car prepar'd,
And ran before, as harbinger of light,
And with his flaring beams mock'd ugly Night,
Till she, o'ecome with anguish, shame and rage,
Dang'd down to hell her loathsome carriage.

HERO AND LEANDER.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE THIRD SESTYAD.

Leander to the envious light
Resigns his night-sports with the night,
And swims the Hellespont again.
Thesme the deity sovereign
Of customs and religious rites
Appears, reproving his delights,
Since nuptial honours he neglected ;
Which straight he vows shall be effected.—
Fair Hero, left devirginate,
Weighs, and with fury wails her state :
But with her love and woman wit
She argues, and approveth it.

HERO AND LEANDER.

THE THIRD SESTYAD*.

NEW light gives new directions, fortunes new,
To fashion our endeavours that ensue.
More harsh, at least more hard, more grave and high
Our subject runs, and our stern *Muse* must fly.
Love's edge is taken off, and that light flame,
Those thoughts, joys, longings, that before became

* It has generally been supposed that Marlowe wrote the first and second sestiyads, and a portion of the third: that portion is stated in a note to Warton, on the authority of Mr. Malone, to be about one hundred lines. Mr. Malone's opinion probably originated in the circumstance, that in the collection entitled "England's Parnassus," the passage describing Ceremony, beginning at the 105th line, is given to Chapman; for in a note appended to the copy of the poem in the British Museum signed E. M., I suppose Edmund Malone, that circumstance is stated as a reason for assigning a portion of the third sestiyad to Marlowe, but certainly does not warrant any such conclusion. Indeed in the same collection two other extracts from this sestiyad, commencing at the 35th and 60th lines are also given to Chapman; which would be sufficient to justify me in attributing the whole of the third sestiyad to him, independently of the evidence afforded by the style, which can leave little doubt that Marlowe wrote no part of it.

High unexperienc'd blood, and maids' sharp plights,
Must now grow staid, and censure the delights,
That being enjoy'd ask judgment ; now we praise,
As having parted : evenings crown the days.

And now, ye wanton Loves, and young Desires,
Pied Vanity, the mint of strange attires!
Ye lisp'ing Flatteries, and obsequious Glances,
Relentful Musics, and attractive Dances!
And you detested Charms constraining love!
Shun Loves' stol'n sports by that these lovers prove.

By this the Sovereign of Heaven's golden fires,
And young Leander, lord of his desires,
Together from their lovers' arms arose :
Leander into Hellespontus throws
His Hero-handled body, whose delight
Made him disdain each other *epithite*.
And as amidst th' enamour'd waves he swims,
The god of gold of purpose gilt his limbs,
That this word *gilt*, including double sense,
The double guilt of his incontinence
Might be express'd, that had no stay t' employ
The treasure which the love-god let him joy
In his dear Hero, with such sacred thrift,
As had beseem'd so sanctified a gift :
But, like a greedy vulgar prodigal,
Would on the stock dispend, and rudely fall
Before his time, to that unblest blessing,
Which for Lust's plague doth perish with possessing.

*Joy graven in sense, like snow in water wastes ;
Without preserve of virtue, nothing lasts.*
What man is he, that with a wealthy eye,
Enjoys a beauty richer than the sky,
Through whose white skin, softer than soundest sleep,
With damask eyes, the ruby blood doth peep,
And runs in branches through her azure veins,
Whose mixture and first fire his love attains ;
Whose both hands limit both love's deities,
And sweeten human thoughts like Paradise ;
Whose disposition silken is and kind,
Directed with an earth-exempted mind ;
Who thinks not Heaven with such a love is given ?
And who like earth would spend that dower of Heaven
With rank desire to joy it all at first ?
What simply kills our hunger, quencheth thirst,
Clothes but our nakedness, and makes us live,
Praise doth not any of her favours give :
But what doth plentifully minister
Beauteous apparel and delicious cheer,
So order'd that it still excites desire,
And still gives pleasure freeness to aspire ;
The palm of Bounty, ever moist preserving :
To Love's sweet life this is the courtly carving.
Thus Time and all-states-ordering Ceremony
Had banish'd all offence : Time's golden thigh
Upholds the flow'ry body of the earth,
In sacred harmony, and every birth
Of men, audacious, makes legitimate,
Being us'd aright ; *the use of time is fate.*

Yet did the gentle flood transfer, once more,
This prize of love home to his father's shore ;
Where he unloads himself of that false wealth
That makes few rich ; treasures compos'd by stealth.
And to his sister, kind Hermione,
Who on the shore kneel'd praying to the sea
For his return, he all Love's goods did show,
In Hero seized for him, in him for Hero.

His most kind sister all his secrets knew,
And to her, singing, like a shower he flew,
Sprinkling the earth, that to their tombs took in
Streams dead for love, to leave his ivory skin,
Which yet a snowy foam did leave above,
As soul to the dead water that did love ;
And from thence did the first white roses spring,
(For love is sweet and fair in every thing,)
And all the sweeten'd shore, as he did go,
Was crown'd with od'rous roses, white as snow.
Love-blest Leander was with love so filled,
That love to all that touch'd him he instilled.
And as the colours of all things we see,
To our sight's powers communicated be ;
So to all objects that in compass came
Of any sense he had, his senses' flame
Flow'd from his parts with force so virtual,
It fir'd with sense things mere insensual.

Now, with warm baths and odours comforted,
When he lay down he kindly kiss'd his bed,

As consecrating it to Hero's right,
And vow'd thereafter, that whatever sight
Put him in mind of Hero, or her bliss,
Should be her altar to prefer a kiss.

Then laid he forth his late enriched arms,
In whose white circle Love writ all his charms,
And made his characters sweet Hero's limbs,
When on his breast's warm sea she sideling swims.
And as those arms, held up in circle, met,
He said, " See, sister, Hero's carcanet !
Which she had rather wear about her neck,
Than all the jewels that do Juno deck."

But as he shook, with passionate desire,
To put in flame his other secret fire,
A music so divine did pierce his ear,
As never yet his ravish'd sense did hear ;
When suddenly a light of twenty hues,
Brake through the roof, and like the rainbow views
Amaz'd Leander : in whose beams came down
The goddess Ceremony, with a crown
Of all the stars ; and Heaven with her descended :
Her flaming hair to her bright feet extended,
By which hung all the bench of deities ;
And in a chain, compact of ears and eyes,
She led Religion ; all her body was
Clear and transparent as the purest glass,
For she was all presented to the sense :
Devotion, Order, State, and Reverence,

Her shadows were ; Society, Memory ;
All which her sight made live, her absence die.
A rich disparent pentacle she wears,
Drawn full of circles and strange characters :
Her face was changeable to every eye ;
One way look'd ill, another graciously ;
Which while men view'd, they cheerful were and holy ;
But looking off, vicious and melancholy.
The snaky paths to each observed law,
Did policy in her broad bosom draw ;
One hand a mathematic crystal sways,
Which gathering in one line a thousand rays
From her bright eyes, Confusion burns to death,
And all estates of men distinguisheth.
By it Morality, and Comeliness,
Themselves in all their sightly figures dress.
Her other hand a laurel rod applies,
To beat back Barbarism and Avarice,
That followed, eating earth and excrement
And human limbs ; and would make proud ascent
To seats of gods, were Ceremony slain ;
The Hours and Graces bore her glorious train ;
And all the sweets of our society
Were spher'd and treasur'd in her bounteous eye.
Thus she appear'd, and sharply did reprove
Leander's bluntness in his violent love ;
Told him how poor was substance without rites,
Like bills unsign'd ; desires without delights ;
Like meats unseason'd ; like rank corn that grows
On cottages, that none or reaps or sows :

Not being with civil forms confirm'd and bounded,
 For human dignities and comforts founded:
 But loose and secret all their glories hide;
 Fear fills the chamber, Darkness decks the bride.

She vanish'd, leaving pierc'd Leander's heart
 With sense of his unceremonious part,
 In which with plain neglect of nuptial rites
 He close and flatly fell to his delights:
 And instantly he vow'd to celebrate
 All rites pertaining to his married state.
 So up he gets, and to his father goes,
 To whose glad ears he doth his vows disclose:
 The nuptials are resolv'd with utmost power,
 And he at night would swim to Hero's tower,
 From whence he meant to Sestos' forked bay
 To bring her covertly, where ships must stay,
 Sent by her father, thoroughly rigg'd and mann'd,
 To waft her safely to Abydos' strand.—
 There leave we him; and with fresh wing pursue
 Astonish'd Hero, whose most wished view
 I thus long have forborne, because I left her
 So out of count'nance, and her spirits bereft her.
To look on one abash'd is impudence,
When of slight faults he hath too deep a sense.—
 Her blushing *het* * her chamber: she look'd out,
 And all the air she purpled round about;
 And after it a foul black day befell,
 Which ever since a red morn doth foretell,

* i. e. heated.

And still renews our woes for Hero's woe;
 And foul it prov'd, because it figur'd so
 The next night's horror; which prepare to hear;
 I fail, if it profane your daintiest ear.

* Then now most strangely-intellectual fire,
 That proper to my soul hast power t'inspire
 Her burning faculties, and with the wings
 Of thy unsphered flame visit'st the springs
 Of spirits immortal! Now (as swift as Time
 Doth follow motion) find th' eternal clime
 Of his free soul, whose living subject stood
 Up to the chin in the Pierean flood,
 And drunk to me half this Musean story,
 Inscribing it to deathless memory:
 Confer with it, and make my pledge as deep,
 That neither's draught be consecrate to sleep!
 Tell it how much his late desires I tender,
 (If yet it know not) and to light surrender
 My soul's dark offspring, willing it should die
 To loves, to passions, and society!

Sweet Hero left upon her bed alone,
 Her maidenhead,—her vows,—Leander gone,
 And nothing with her but a violent crew
 Of new-come thoughts, that yet she never knew,
 E'en to herself a stranger was; much like
 Th' Iberian city† that War's hand did strike

* Chapman's address to the spirit of Marlowe.

† Cadiz. The expedition against it sailed June 1, 1596; and was under the joint command of Essex, and Lord Howard, the

By English force in princely *Essex*' guide*,
 When Peace assur'd her towers had fortified ;
 And golden-finger'd India had bestow'd
 Such wealth on her, that strength and empire flow'd
 Into her turrets ; and her virgin waist
 The wealthy girdle of the sea embrac'd :
 Till our Leander, that made Mars his Cupid,
 For soft love-suits, with iron thunders chid :
 Swum to her towns, dissolv'd her virgin zone ;
 Led in his power, and made Confusion
 Run through her streets amaz'd, that she suppos'd
 She had not been in her own walls enclos'd :
 But rapt by wonder to some foreign state,
 Seeing all her issue so disconsolate :
 And all her peaceful mansions possess'd
 With war's just spoil, and many a foreign guest
 From every corner driving an enjoyer,
 Supplying it with power of a destroyer.
 So far'd fair Hero in th' expugned fort
 Of her chaste bosom ; and of every sort
 Strange thoughts possess'd her, ransacking her breast,
 For that which was not there, her wonted rest !
 She was a mother straight, and bore with pain
 Thoughts that spake straight, and wish'd their mother
 slain ;
 She hates their lives, and they their own and hers ;
 Such strife still grows where sin the race prefers.

High Admiral of England ; assisted by the councils and presence of Lord Thomas Howard, Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir F. Vere, Sir George Carew, and Sir Conyers Clifford.

* *guide* for *guidance*.

*Love is a golden bubble, full of dreams,
That waking breaks, and fills us with extremes.*
She mus'd how she could look upon her sire,
And not show that without, that was intire*.
For as a glass is an inanimate eye,
And outward forms embraceth inwardly :
So is the eye an animate glass, that shows
In-forms without us ; and as Phœbus throws
His beams abroad, though he in clouds be closed,
Still glancing by them till he find opposed
A loose and rorid vapour that is fit
T' event his searching beams, and useth it
To form a tender twenty-coloured eye,
Cast in a circle round about the sky ;
So when our fiery soul, our body's star
(That ever is in motion circular)
Conceives a form, in seeking to display it
Through all our cloudy parts, it doth convey it
Forth at the eye, as the most pregnant place,
And that reflects it round about the face.
And this event uncourtly Hero thought,
Her inward guilt would in her looks have wrought :
For yet the world's stale cunning she resisted,
To bear foul thoughts, yet forge what looks she listed,
And held it for a very silly sleight
To make a perfect metal counterfeit,
Glad to disclaim herself, proud of an art,
That makes the face à pandar to the heart.

* i. e. within.

Those be the painted moons, whose lights profane
Beauty's true heaven, at full still in their wane;
Those be the lapwing faces that still cry,
"Here 'tis!" when that they vow is nothing nigh.
Base fools! when every Moorish fool can teach
That which men think the height of human reach,
But custom, that the apoplexy is
Of bedrid nature, and lives led amiss,
And takes away all feeling of offence,
Yet braz'd not Hero's brow with impudence;
And this she thought most hard to bring to pass,
To seem in count'nance other than she was,
As if she had two souls; one for the face,
One for the heart, and that they shifted place
As either list to utter, or conceal
What they conceiv'd: or as one soul did deal
With both affairs at once, keeps and ejects
Both at an instant contrary effects:
Retention and ejection in her powers
Being acts alike: for this one vice of ours,
That forms the thought, and sways the countenance,
Rules both our motion and our utterance.

These, and more grave conceits toil'd Hero's spirits:
For though the light of her discursive wits,
Perhaps might find some little hole to pass
Through all these worldly cinctures; yet, alas!
There was a heavenly flame encompass'd her;
Her goddess,—in whose fane she did prefer
Her virgin vows, from whose impulsive sight
She knew the black shield of the darkest night

Could not defend her, nor wit's subtlest art:
This was the point pierc'd Hero to the heart;
Who heavy to the death, with a deep sigh,
And hand that languish'd, took a robe was nigh,
Exceeding large, and of black cyprus made,
In which she sate, hid from the day in shade,
E'en over head and face down to her feet;
Her left hand made it at her bosom meet,
Her right hand lean'd on her heart-bowing knee,
Wrapp'd in unshapeful folds: 'twas death to see:
Her knee staid that, and that her falling face;
Each limb help'd other to put on disgrace.
No form was seen, where form held all her sight:
But like an embryo that saw never light;
Or like a scorched statue made a coal
With three-wing'd lightning; or a wretched soul
Muffled with endless darkness, she did sit:
The night had never such a heavy spirit.
Yet might a penetrating eye well see,
How fast her clear tears melted on her knee
Through her black veil, and turn'd as black as it,
Mourning to be her tears: then wrought her wit
With her broke vow,—her goddess' wrath,—her
fame,—
All tools that enginous despair could frame:
Which made her strew the floor with her torn hair,
And spread her mantle piece-meal in the air.
Like Jove's son's club, strong passion struck her
down,
And with a piteous shriek enforc'd her swoon:

Her shriek, made with another shriek ascend
The frighted matron that on her did tend :
And as with her own cry her sense was slain,
So with the other it was call'd again.
She rose and to her bed made forced way,
And laid her down e'en where Leander lay :
And all this while the red sea of her blood
Ebb'd with Leander : but now turn'd the flood,
And all her fleet of spirits came swelling in,
With crowd* of sail, and did hot fight begin
With those severe conceits, she too much mark'd,
And here Leander's beauties were embark'd.
He came in swimming, painted all with joys,
Such as might sweeten hell : his thought destroys
All her destroying thoughts : she thought she felt
His heart in hers : with her contentions melt,
And chide her soul that it could so much err,
To check the true joys he deserv'd in her.
Her fresh heat blood cast figures in her eyes,
And she suppos'd she saw in Neptune's skies
How her star wander'd, wash'd in smarting brine
For her love's sake, that with immortal wine
Should be embath'd, and swim in more heart's-ease,
Than there was water in the Sestian seas.
Then said her Cupid-prompted spirit, " Shall I
Sing moans to such delightful harmony ?
Shall slick-tongued Fame patch'd up with voices rude,
The drunken bastard of the multitude,

* *child*, edit. 1606.

Begot when father Judgment is away,
And gossip-like, says, because others say,
Takes news as if it were too hot to eat,
And spits it slavering forth for dog-fees meat
Make me for forging a fantastic vow,
Presume to bear what makes grave matrons bow?
Good vows are never broken with good deeds,
For then good deeds were bad: vows are but seeds,
And good deeds fruits; even those good deeds that grow
From other stocks than from th' observed vow.
That is a good deed that prevents a bad:
Had I not yielded, slain myself I had.
Hero Leander is, Leander Hero:
Such virtue love hath to make one of two.
If then Leander did my maidenhead get,
Leander being myself, I still retain it:
We break chaste vows when we live loosely ever,
But bound as we are, we live loosely never.
Two constant lovers being join'd in one,
Yielding to one another, yield to none.
We know not how to vow, till love unblind us,
And vows made ignorantly never bind us;—
Too true it is, that when 'tis gone men hate
The joys as vain they took in love's estate:
But that's since they have lost the heavenly light,
Should show them way to judge of all things right.
When life is gone, death must implant his terror,
As death is foe to life, so love to error.
Before we love, how range we through this sphere,
Searching the sundry fancies hunted here!

Now with desire of wealth transported quite
 Beyond our free humanity's delight :
 Now with ambition climbing falling towers,
 Whose hope to scale, our fear to fall devours :
 Now rapt with pastimes, pomp, all joys impure ;
In things without us, no delight is sure.
 But love, with all joys crown'd, within doth sit ;
 O goddess, pity love, and pardon it !"
 Thus spake she weeping : but her goddess' ear
 Burn'd with too stern a heat, and would not hear.
 Aye me ! hath heaven's straight fingers no more graces,
 For such a Hero, than for homeliest faces ?
 Yet she hop'd well, and in her sweet conceit
 Weighing her arguments, she thought them weight :
 And that the logic of Leander's beauty,
 And them together, would bring proofs of duty.
 And if her soul, that was a skilful glance
 Of Heaven's great essence, found such imperance
 In her love's beauties, she had confidence
 Jove lov'd him too, and pardon'd her offence,
Beauty in heaven and earth this grace doth win,
It suppleth rigour, and it lessens sin.
 Thus, her sharp wit, her love, her secrecy,
 Trooping together, made her wonder why
 She should not leave her bed, and to the temple ;
 Her health, said she must live ; her sex, dissemble.
 She view'd Leander's place, and wished he were
 Turn'd to his place, so his place were Leander.
 " Aye me !" said she, " that love's sweet life and sense
 Should do it harm ! my Love had not gone hence,

Had he been like his place. O blessed place!
Image of constancy! Thus my love's grace
Parts no where, but it leaves something behind
Worth observation: he renowns his kind.
His motion is like Heaven's, orbicular:
For where he once is, he is ever there.
This place was mine; Leander, now 'tis thine,
Thou being myself,—then it is double mine:
Mine, and Leander's mine, Leander's mine.
O, see what wealth it yields me, nay, yields him:
For I am in it, he for me doth swim.
Rich, fruitful love, that doubling self estates
Elixir-like contracts, though separates.
Dear place! I kiss thee, and do welcome thee,
As from Leander ever sent to me."

HERO AND LEANDER.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE FOURTH SESTYAD.

Hero, in sacred habit deck'd,
Doth private sacrifice effect.
Her scarf's description wrought by Fate.
Ostents, that threaten her estate.
The strange, yet physical events,
Leander's counterfeit presents.
In thunder, Cyprides descends,
Presaging both the lovers' ends :
Ecte, the goddess of Remorse,
With vocal and articulate force
Inspires Leucote, Venus' swan,
T' excuse the beauteous Sestian.
Venus, to wreak her rites' abuses,
Creates the monster Eronusis ;
Enflaming Hero's sacrifice,
With lightning darted from her eyes :
And thereof springs the painted beast,
That ever since taints every breast.

HERO AND LEANDER.

THE FOURTH SESTYAD.

Now from Leander's place she rose, and found
Her hair and rent robe scatter'd on the ground :
Which taking up, she every piece did lay
Upon the altar ; where in youth of day
She us'd t' exhibit private sacrifice :
Those would she offer to the deities
Of her fair Goddess, and her powerful son,
As relics of her late-felt passion :
And in that holy sort she vow'd to end them ;
In hope her violent fancies, that did rend them,
Would as quite fade in her love's holy fire,
As they should in the flames she meant t' inspire.
Then put she on all her religious weeds,
That deck'd her in her secret sacred deeds :
A crown of icicles, that sun nor fire
Could ever melt, and figur'd chaste desire.
A golden star shin'd in her naked breast,
In honour of the queen-light of the east.
In her right hand she held a silver wand,
On whose bright top Peristera did stand,
Who was a nymph, but now transform'd a dove,
And in her life was dear in Venus' love :

And for her sake she ever since that time
Choos'd doves to draw her coach through Heav'n's
blue clime :

Her plenteous hair in curled billows swims
On her bright shoulder : her harmonious limbs
Sustain'd no more but a most subtile veil,
That hung on them, as it durst not assail
Their different concord : for the weakest air
Could raise it swelling from her beauties fair ;
Nor did it cover, but adumbrate only
Her most heart-piercing parts, that a bless'd eye
Might see, as it did shadow, fearfully,
All that all-love-deserving paradise :
It was as blue as the most freezing skies ;
Near the sea's hue, for thence her goddess came :
On it a scarf she wore of wondrous frame ;
In midst whereof she'd wrought a virgin's face,
From whose each cheek a fiery blush did chase
Two crimson flames, that did two ways extend,
Spreading the ample scarf to either end,
Which figur'd the division of her mind,
Whiles yet she rested bashfully inclin'd,
And stood not resolute to wed Leander ;
This serv'd her white neck for a purple sphere,
And cast itself at full breadth down her back,
There since the first breath that begun the wrack
Of her free quiet from Leander's lips,
She wrought a sea in one flame full of ships :
But that one ship where all her wealth did pass,
Like simple merchants' goods, Leander was :

For in that sea she naked figur'd him :
 Her diving needle taught him how to swim,
 And to each thread did such resemblance give,
 For joy to be so like him it did live.
*Things senseless live by art, and rational die
 By rude contempt of art and industry.*
 Scarce could she work but in her strength of thought,
 She fear'd she prick'd Leander as she wrought :
 And oft would shriek so, that her guardian, frighted,
 Would staring haste, as with some mischief cited.
*They double life that dead things' grief sustain :
 They kill that feel not their friends' living pain.*
 Sometimes she fear'd he sought her infamy ;
 And then as she was working of his eye,
 She thought to prick it out to quench her ill,
 But as she prick'd, it grew more perfect still.
*Trifling attempts no serious acts advance ;
 The fire of love is blown by dalliance.*
 In working his fair neck she did so grace it,
 She still was working her own arms t' embrace it :
 That, and his shoulders, and his hands were seen
 Above the stream, and with a pure sea green
 She did so quaintly shadow every limb,
 All might be seen beneath the waves to swim.

In this conceited scarf she wrought beside
 A moon in change, and shooting stars did glide
 In number after her with bloody beams,
 Which figur'd her affects in their extremes,
 Pursuing nature in her Cynthian body,
 And did her thoughts running on change imply ;

For maids take more delights, when they prepare,
And think of wives' states, than when wives they are.
Beneath all these she wrought a fisherman,
Drawing his nets from forth that ocean;
Who drew so hard, ye might discover well,
The toughen'd sinews in his neck did swell:
His inward strains drave out his blood-shot-eyes,
And springs of sweat did in his forehead rise:
Yet was of nought but of a serpent sped,
That in his bosom flew, and stung him dead;
And this by Fate into her mind was sent,
Not wrought by mere instinct of her intent.
All the scarf's other end her hand did frame,
Near the fork'd point of the divided flame,
A country virgin keeping of a vine,
Who did of hollow bulrushes combine
Snares for the stubble-loving grasshopper,
And by her lay her scrip that nourish'd her.
Within a myrtle shade she sat and sung,
And tufts of waving reeds about her sprung;
Where lurk'd two foxes, that while she applied
Her trifling snares, their thieveries did divide;
One to the vine, another to her scrip,
That she did negligently overslip:
By which her fruitful vine, and wholesome fare,
She suffer'd spoil'd*, to make a childish snare.—
These ominous fancies did her soul express,
And every finger made a prophetess,
To show what death was hid in Love's disguise,
And make her judgment conquer destinies.

* i. e. to be spoil'd.

O what sweet forms fair ladies' souls do shroud,
 Were they made seen, and forced through their blood;
 If through their beauties, like rich work through lawn,
 They would set forth their minds with virtues drawn,
 In letting graces from their fingers fly,
 To still their *eyass* thoughts with industry :
 That their plied wits in number'd silks might sing
 Passion's huge conquest, and their needles leading
 Affection prisoner through their own built cities,
 Pinion'd with stories and Arachnean dities.

Proceed we now with Hero's sacrifice ;
 She odours burn'd, and from their smoke did rise
 Unsavoury fumes, that air with plagues inspir'd,
 And then the consecrated sticks she fir'd.
 On whose pale flame an angry spirit flew,
 And beat it down still as it upward grew.
 The virgin tapers that on th' altar stood,
 When she inflamed them burned as blood :
 All sad ostents of that too near success,
 That made such moving beauties motionless.
 Then Hero wept, but her affrighted eyes
 She quickly wrested from the sacrifice ;
 Shut them, and inwards for Leander look'd,
 Search'd her soft bosom, and from thence she pluck'd
 His lovely picture : which when she had view'd,
 Her beauties were with all Love's joys renew'd ;
 The odours sweeten'd, and the fires burn'd clear,
 Leander's form left no ill object there.
 Such was his beauty, that the force of light,
 Whose knowledge teacheth numbers infinite,

The strength of number and proportion,
Nature had plac'd in it to make it known.
Art was her daughter, and what human wits
For study lost, intomb'd in drossy spirits.
After this accident, which for her glory
Hero could not but make à history,
Th' inhabitants of Sestos and Abydos
Did every year, with feasts propitious,
To fair Leander's picture sacrifice :
And they were persons of especial price,
That were allow'd it, as an ornament
T' enrich their houses ; for the continent
Of the strange virtues all approv'd it held :
For even the very look of it repell'd
All blastings, witchcrafts, and the strifes of nature
In those diseases that no herbs could cure :
The wolfy sting of Avarice it would pull,
And make the rankest miser bountiful.
It kill'd the fear of thunder and of death :
The discords, that conceits engendereth
'Twixt man and wife, it for the time would cease :
The flames of love it quench'd, and would increase :
Held in a prince's hand, it would put out
The dreadful'st comet : it would ease all doubt
Of threaten'd mischiefs : it would bring asleep
Such as were mad : it would enforce to weep
Most barbarous eyes : and many more effects
This picture wrought, and sprung Leandrian sects,
Of which was Hero first : for he whose form,
Held in her hand, clear'd such a fatal storm,

From hell she thought his person would defend her,
Which night and Hellespont would quickly send her.
With this confirm'd, she vow'd to banish quite
All thought of any check to her delight:
And in contempt of silly bashfulness,
She would the faith of her desires profess:
Where her religion should be policy,—
To follow love with zeal her piety:
Her chamber her cathedral church should be,
And her Leander her chief deity!
For in her love these did the gods forego;
And though her knowledge did not teach her so,
Yet did it teach her this, that what her heart
Did greatest hold in her self greatest part,
That she did make her god; and 'twas less naught
To leave gods in profession and in thought,
Than in her love and life: for therein lies
Most of her duties, and their dignities;
And rail the brain-bald world at what it will,
That's the grand atheism that reigns in it still!—
Yet singularity she would use no more,
For she was singular too much before;
But she would please the world with fair pretext;
Love would not leave her conscience perplexed.
*Great men that will have less do for them still,
Must bear them out, though th' acts be ne'er so ill.*
Meanness must pander be to Excellence;
Pleasure atones Falsehood and Conscience:
Dissembling was the worst, thought Hero then,
And that was best, now she must live with men.

O virtuous love! that taught her to do best
When she did worst, and when she thought it least.
Thus would she still proceed in works divine,
And in her sacred state of priesthood shine,
Handling the holy rites with hands as bold,
As if therein she did Jove's thunders hold;
And need not fear those menaces of error,
Which she at others threw with greatest terror.
O lovely Hero! nothing is thy sin,
Weigh'd with those foul faults other priests are in!
That having neither faiths, nor works, nor beauties,
T' engender any 'scuse for slubber'd duties;
With as much count'nance fill their holy chairs,
And sweat denuncements 'gainst profane affairs,
As if their lives were cut out by their places,
And they the only fathers of the graces.

Now as with settled mind she did repair
Her thoughts to sacrifice her ravish'd hair,
And her torn robe, which on the altar lay,
And only for Religion's fire did stay;
She heard a thunder by the Cyclops beaten,
In such a volly as the world did threaten,
Given Venus as she parted th' airy sphere,
Descending now to chide with Hero here:
When suddenly the Goddess' waggoners,
The swans and turtles that, in coupled pheres,
Through all worlds' bosoms draw her influence,
Lighted in Hero's window, and from thence
To her fair shoulders flew the gentle doves,—
Graceful Ædone that sweet pleasure loves,

And ruff-foot Chreste with the tufted crown,—
Both which did kiss her, though their Goddess frown.
The swans did in the solid flood her glass
Proin their fair plumes, of which the fairest was
Jove-lov'd-Leucote, that pure brightness is ;
The other bounty-loving Dapsilis.
All were in Heaven, now they with Hero were ;
But Venus' looks brought wrath, and urged fear.
Her robe was scarlet, black her head's attire,
And through her naked breast shin'd streams of fire,
As when the rarified air is driven
In flashing streams, and opes the darken'd heaven.
In her white hand a wreath of yew she bore,
And breaking the icy wreath sweet Hero wore,
She forc'd about her brows her wreath of yew,
And said, " Now, minion ! to thy fate be true,
Though not to me ; endure what this portends !
Begin where lightness will, in shame it ends.
Love makes thee cunning ; thou art current now,
By being counterfeit : thy broken vow
Deceit with her pied garters must rejoin,
And with her stamp thou count'nances must coin :
Coyness, and pure deceits for purities,
And still a maid will seem in cozen'd eyes,
And have an antic face to laugh within,
While thy smooth looks make men digest thy sin.
But since thy lips, (least thought forsworn,) forswore,
Be never virgin's vow worth trusting more."

When Beauty's dearest did her Goddess hear,
Breathe such rebukes 'gainst that she could not clear ;

Dumb sorrow spake aloud in tears and blood,
That from her grief-burst veins, in piteous flood,
From the sweet conduits of her favor fell.
The gentle turtles did with moans make swell
Their shining gorges : the white black-ey'd swans
Did sing as woful Epicedians,
As they would straightways die : when Pity's queen,
The goddess Ecte, that had ever been
Hid in a wat'ry cloud near Hero's cries,
Since the first instant of her broken eyes,
Gave bright Leucote voice, and made her speak,
To ease her anguish, whose swoln breast did break
With anger at her Goddess, that did touch
Hero so near for that she us'd so much.
And thrusting her white neck at Venus, said—
“ Why may not amorous Hero seem a maid
Though she be none, as well as you suppress
In modest cheeks your inward wantonness ?
How often have we drawn you from above,
T' exchange with mortals rites for rites in love ?
Why in your priest then call you that offence,
That shines in you, and is your influence ?”
With this the Furies stopp'd Leucote's lips,
Enjoin'd by Venus ; who with rosy whips
Beat the kind bird. Fierce lightning from her eyes
Did set on fire fair Hero's sacrifice,
(Which was her torn robe, and inforced hair ;)
And the bright flame became a maid most fair
For her aspect : her tresses were of wire,
Knit like a net, where hearts, set all on fire,

Struggled in pants, and could not get releas'd :
 Her arms were all with golden pincers dress'd,
 And twenty fashion'd knots, pullies, and brakes,
 And all her body girt with painted snakes.
 Her down parts in a scorpion's tail combin'd,
 Freckled with twenty colours ; pied wings shin'd
 Out of her shoulders ; cloth had never dye,
 Nor sweeter colours never viewed eye,
 In scorching Turkey, Cares*, Tartary,
 Than shin'd about this sp'rit notorious ;
 Nor was Arachne's web so glorious.
 Of lightning and of shreds she was begot ;
 More hold in base dissemblers is there not.
 Her name was Eronusus. Venus flew
 From Hero's sight, and at her chariot drew
 This wondrous creature to so steep a height,
 That all the world she might command with sleight
 Of her gay wings : and then she bade her haste,—
 Since Hero had dissembled, and disgrac'd
 Her rites so much,—and every breast infect
 With her deceits ; she made her architect
 Of all dissimulation, and since then
 Never was any trust in maids nor men.

O it spighted

Fair Venus' heart to see her-most-delighted,
 And one she choos'd for temper of her mind,
 To be the only ruler of her kind,
 So soon to let her virgin race be ended.
 Not simply for the fault a whit offended,

* *Cares*, or *Kareis*, a town of European Turkey, situate on Mount Athos.

But that in strife for chasteness with the Moon,
 Spiteful Diana bade her show but one
 That was her servant vow'd, and liv'd a maid ;
 And now she thought to answer that upbraid,
 Hero had lost her answer : who knows not
 Venus would seem as far from any spot
 Of light demeanour, as the very skin
 'Twixt Cynthia's brows ? *Sin is asham'd of Sin.*
 Up Venus flew, and scarce durst up for fear
 Of Phœbe's laughter, when she pass'd her sphere :
 And so most ugly clouded was the light,
 That day was hid in day ; night came ere night,
 And Venus could not through the thick air pierce,
 Till the day's king, God of undaunted verse,
 Because she was so plentiful a theme,
 To such as wore his laurel anademe :
 Like to a fiery bullet made descent,
 And from her passage those fat vapours rent,
 That being not thoroughly rarified to rain,
 Melted like pitch as blue as any vein ;
 And scalding tempests made the earth to shrink
 Under their fervor, and the world did think
 In every drop a torturing spirit flew,
 It pierc'd so deeply, and it burn'd so blue.

Betwixt all this and Hero, Hero held
 Leander's picture, as a Persian shield :
 And she was free from fear of worst success ;—
The more ill threats us, we suspect the less :
 As we grow hapless, violence subtle grows,
 Dumb, deaf, and blind, and comes when no man knows.

HERO AND LEANDER.

VOL. II.

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THE ARGUMENT OF THE FIFTH SESTYAD.

Day doubles her accustom'd date,
As loth the night, incens'd by fate,
Should wrack our lover ; Hero's plight,
Longs for Leander, and the night :
Which, ere her thirsty wish recovers,
She sends for two betrothed lovers,
And marries them, that, with their crew
Their sports and ceremonies due,
She covertly might celebrate,
With secret joy, her own estate.
She makes a feast, at which appears
The wild nymph Teras, that still bears
An ivory lute, tells ominous tales,
And sings at solemn festivals.

HERO AND LEANDER.

THE FIFTH SESTYAD.

Now was bright Hero weary of the day,
Thought an Olympiad in Leander's stay.
Sol, and the soft-foot Hours hung on his arms,
And would not let him swim, foreseeing his harms :
That day Aurora double grace obtain'd
Of her love Phœbus ; she his horses rein'd,
Sat on his golden knee, and as she list
She pull'd him back ; and as she pull'd, she kiss'd
To have him turn to bed ; he lov'd her more,
To see the love Leander Hero bore.
Examples profit much ; ten times in one,
In persons full of note, good deeds are done.

Day was so long, men walking fell asleep ;
The heavy humours that their eyes did steep
Made them fear mischiefs. The hard streets were beds
For covetous churls, and for ambitious heads,
That spite of Nature would their business ply :
All thought they had the falling epilepsy,
Men grovell'd so upon the smother'd ground,
And pity did the heart of Heaven confound.

The Gods, the Graces, and the Muses came
Down to the Destinies, to stay the frame
Of the true lovers' deaths, and all world's tears :
But death before had stopp'd their cruel ears.
All the celestials parted mourning then,
Pierc'd with our human miseries more than men.
*Ah ! nothing doth the world with mischief fill,
But want of feeling one another's ill.*

With their descent the day grew something fair,
And cast a brighter robe upon the air.
Hero, to shorten time with merriment,
For young Alcmane and bright Mya sent,
Two lovers that had long crav'd marriage dues
At Hero's hands : but she did still refuse,
For lovely Mya was her consort vow'd
In her maid state, and therefore not allow'd
To amorous nuptials : yet fair Hero now
Intended to dispense with her cold vow,
Since hers was broken, and to marry her :
The rites would pleasing matter minister
To her conceits, and shorten tedious day.—
They came ; sweet music usher'd th' odorous way,
And wanton air in twenty sweet forms danc'd
After her fingers ; beauty and love advanc'd
Their ensigns in the downless rosy faces
Of youths and maids, led after by the graces.
For all these Hero made a friendly feast,
Welcom'd them kindly, did much love protest,

Winning their hearts with all the means she might,
That when her fault should chance t' abide the light,
Their loves might cover or extenuate it,
And high in her worst fate make pity sit.

She married them, and in the banquet came
Borne by the virgins : Hero strove to frame
Her thoughts to mirth. Aye me ! but hard it is
To imitate a false and forced bliss.
Ill may a sad mind forge a merry face,
Nor hath constrained laughter any grace.
Then laid she wine on cares to make them sink ;
Who fears the threats of fortune let him drink.

To these quick nuptials enter'd suddenly
Admired Teras with the ebon thigh ;
A nymph that haunted the green Sestian groves,
And would consort soft virgins in their loves,
At gaysome triumphs, and on solemn days
Singing prophetic elegies and lays :
And fing'ring of a silver lute, she tied
With black and purple scarfs by her left side.
Apollo gave it, and her skill withal,
And she was term'd his dwarf, she was so small :
Yet great in virtue, for his beams inclos'd
His virtues in her : never was propos'd
Riddle to her, or augury, strange or new,
But she resolv'd it : never slight tale flew
From her charm'd lips, without important sense,
Shown in some grave succeeding consequence.

This little sylvan, with her songs and tales,
Gave such estate to feasts and nuptials,
That though ofttimes she forewent tragedies,
Yet for her strangeness still, she pleas'd their eyes;
And for her smallness they admir'd her so,
They thought her perfect born, and could not grow.

All eyes were on her : Hero did command
An altar deck'd with sacred state should stand
At the feast's upper end, close by the bride,
On which the pretty nymph might sit espied.
Then all were silent; every one so hears,
As all their senses climb'd into their ears :
And first this amorous tale, that fitted well
Fair Hero and the nuptials, she did tell :

THE TALE OF TERAS.

Hymen, that now is god of nuptial rites,
And crowns with honour love and his delights,
Of Athens was ; a youth so sweet of face,
That many thought him of the female race :
Such quick'ning brightness did his clear eyes dart,
Warm went their beams to his beholder's heart.
In such pure leagues his beauties were combin'd,
That there your nuptial contracts first were sign'd.
For as proportion, white and crimson, meet
In beauty's mixture, all right clear, and sweet,
The eye responsible, the golden hair,
And none is held without the other, fair :

All spring together, all together fade;
 Such intermix'd affection should invade
 Two perfect lovers : which being yet unseen,
 Their virtues and their comforts copied been
 In beauty's concord, subject to the eye,
 And that, in Hymen, pleas'd so matchlessly,
 That lovers were esteem'd in their full grace,
 Like form and colour mix'd in Hymen's face;
 And such sweet concord was thought worthy then
 Of torches, music, feasts, and greatest men :
 So Hymen look'd, that e'en the chastest mind
 He mov'd to join in joys of sacred kind :
 For only now his chin's first down consorted
 His head's rich fleece, in golden curls contorted ;
 And as he was so lov'd, he lov'd so too,
 So should best beauties, bound by nuptials, do.

Bright Eucharis, who was by all men said
 The noblest, fairest, and the richest maid
 Of all th' Athenian damsels, Hymen lov'd
 With such transmission, that his heart remov'd
 From his white breast to hers; but her estate,
 In passing his, was so interminate
 For wealth and honour, that his love durst feed
 On nought but sight and hearing, nor could breed
 Hope of requital, the grand prize of love ;
 Nor could he hear or see, but he must prove
 How his rare beauty's music would agree
 With maids in consort : therefore robbed he

His chin of those some few first fruits it bore,
 And clad in such attire as virgins wore,
 He kept them company, and might right well,
 For he did all but Eucharis excel
 In all the fair of beauty: yet he wanted
 Virtue to make his own desires implanted
 In his dear Eucharis; *for women never
 Love beauty in their sex, but envy ever.*
 His judgment yet, that durst not suit address,
 Nor past due means, presume of due success,
 Reason gat fortune in the end to speed
 To his best prayers: but strange it seem'd indeed,
 That fortune should a chaste affection bless:
Preferment seldom graceth bashfulness.
 Nor grac'd it Hymen yet; but many a dart,
 And many an am'rous thought, enthrall'd his heart,
 Ere he obtain'd her; and he sick became,
 Forc'd to abstain her sight, and then the flame
 Raged in his bosom. O what grief did fill him!
 Sight made him sick, and want of sight did kill
 him.

The virgins wonder'd where Diætia stayed,
 For so did Hymen term himself a maid:
 At length with sickly looks he greeted them:
 'Tis strange to see 'gainst what an extreme stream
 A lover strives; poor Hymen look'd so ill,
 That as in merit he increased still,
 By suffering much, so he in grace decreas'd.
Women are most won, when men merit least:

If Merit look not well, Love bids stand by ;
Love's special lesson is to please the eye.
And Hymen soon recovering all he lost,
Deceiving still these maids, but himself most,
His love and he with many virgin dames,
Noble by birth, noble by beauty's flames,
Leaving the town with songs and hallow'd lights,
To do great Ceres Eleusina rites
Of zealous sacrifice, were made a prey
To barbarous rovers that in ambush lay,
And with rude hand enforc'd their shining spoil,
Far from the darken'd city, tir'd with toil.
And when the yellow issue of the sky
Came trooping forth, jealous of cruelty
To their bright fellows of this under heaven,
Into a double night they saw them driven ;
A horrid cave, the thieves' black mansion,
Where, weary of the journey they had gone,
Their last night's watch, and drunk with their sweet
gains,
Dull Morpheus enter'd, laden with silken chains
Stronger than iron, and bound the swelling veins
And tired senses of these lawless swains.
But when the virgins' lights thus dimly burn'd,
O what a hell was heaven in ! how they mourn'd
And wrung their hands, and wound their gentle
forms
Into the shapes of sorrow ! golden storms
Fell from their eyes : as when the sun appears,
And yet it rains, so show'd their eyes their tears.

And as when funeral dames watch a dead corse,
Weeping about it, telling with remorse
What pains he felt, how long in pain he lay,
How little food he eat, what he would say;
And then mix mournful tales of others' deaths,
Smothering themselves in clouds of their own breaths;
At length, one cheering other, call for wine,—
The golden bowl drinks tears out of their eyne,
As they drink wine from it; and round it goes,
Each helping other to relieve their woes:
So cast these virgins' beauties mutual rays,
One lights another, face the face displays;
Lips by reflection kiss'd, and hands hands shook,
E'en by the whiteness each of other took.

But Hymen now us'd friendly Morpheus' aid,
Slew every thief, and rescued every maid.
And now did his enamour'd passion take
Heart from his hearty deed, whose worth did make
His hope of bounteous Eucharis more strong;
And now came Love with Proteus, who had long
Juggled the little god with prayers and gifts,
Ran through all shapes, and varied all his shifts,
To win Love's stay with him, and make him love him;
And when he saw no strength of sleight could move
him
To make him love, or stay, he nimbly turn'd
Into Love's self, he so extremely burn'd.
And thus came Love with Proteus and his power,
T' encounter Eucharis: first like the flower,

That Juno's milk did spring—the silver lily,
He fell on Hymen's hand, who straight did spy
The bounteous Godhead, and with wondrous joy
Offer'd it Eucharis. She wondrous coy
Drew back her hand: the subtle flower did woo it,
And drawing it near, mix'd so you could not know it.
As two clear tapers mix in one their light,
So did the lily and the hand their white:
She view'd it; and her view the form bestows
Amongst her spirits: for as colour flows
From superficies of each thing we see,
E'en so with colours forms emitted be:
And where love's form is, love is; love is form;
He enter'd at the eye, his sacred storm
Rose from the hand, love's sweetest instrument:
It stirr'd her blood's sea so, that high it went,
And beat in bashful waves 'gainst the white shore
Of her divided cheeks; it rag'd the more,
Because the tide went 'gainst the haughty wind
Of her estate and birth: and as we find,
In fainting ebbs, the flowery Zephyr hurls
The green hair'd Hellespont, broke in silver curls,
'Gainst Hero's tower; but in his blast's retreat,
The waves obeying him, they after beat,
Leaving the chalky shore a great way pale,
Then moist it freshly with another gale:
So ebb'd and flow'd in Eucharis's face,
Coyness and love striv'd which had greatest grace:
Virginity did fight on coyness' side,
Fear of her parents' frowns, and female pride

Lothing the lower place, more than it loves
 The high contents desert and virtue moves.
 With love fought Hymen's beauty and his valure,*
 Which scarce could so much favour yet allure
 To come to strike, but fameless idle stood,
Action is fiery valour's sovereign good.
 But love once enter'd, wish'd no greater aid
 Than he could find within; thought, thought betray'd;
 The brib'd, but incorrupted garrison,
 Sung *Io Hymen*; there those songs begun,
 And Love was grown so rich with such a gain,
 And wanton with the ease of his free reign,
 That he would turn into her roughest frowns
 To turn them out; and thus he Hymen crowns
 King of his thoughts, man's greatest empery:
 This was his first brave step to deity.

Home to the mourning city they repair,
 With news as wholesome as the morning air,
 To the sad parents of each saved maid:
 But Hymen and his Eucharis had laid
 This plot, to make the fame of their delight
 Round as the moon at full, and full as bright.

Because the parents of chaste Eucharis
 Exceeding Hymen's so, might cross their bliss;
 And as the world rewards deserts, that law
 Cannot assist with force, so when they saw

* *valure*—worth.

Their daughter safe, take 'vantage of their own,
Praise Hymen's valour much, nothing bestown,
Hymen must leave the virgins in a grove
Far off from Athens, and go first to prove,
If to restore them all with fame and life,
He should enjoy his dearest as his wife.
This told to all the maids; the most agree:
The riper sort knowing what 'tis to be
The first mouth of a news so far deriv'd,
And that to hear and bear news brave folks liv'd,
As being a carriage special hard to bear
Occurrents, these occurrents being so dear,
They did with grace protest, they were content
'T' accost their friends with all their compliment,
For Hymen's good: but to incur their harm,
There he must pardon them. This wit went warm
To Adolesche's brain, a nymph born high,
Made all of voice and fire, that upwards fly:
Her heart and all her forces' nether train,
Climb'd to her tongue, and thither fell her brain,
Since it could go no higher: and it must go,
All powers she had, even her tongue did so.
In spirit and quickness she much joy did take,
And lov'd her tongue, only for quickness' sake,
And she would haste and tell. The rest all stay;
Hymen goes one, the nymph another way:
And what became of her I'll tell at last:—
Yet take her visage now:—moist lipp'd, long fac'd,
Thin like an iron wedge, so sharp and tart,
As 'twere of purpose made to cleave Love's heart.

Well were this lovely beauty rid of her.
And Hymen did at Athens now prefer
His welcome suit, which he with joy aspir'd:
A hundred princely youths with him retir'd
To fetch the nymphs : chariots and music went,
And home they came: Heaven with applauses rent.
The nuptials straight proceed, whilst all the town,
Fresh in their joys, might do them most renown.
First gold-lock'd Hymen did to church repair,
Like a quick off'ring burn'd in flames of hair.
And after, with a virgin firmament,
The godhead-proving bride attended went
Before them all, she look'd in her command,
As if form-giving Cypria's silver hand
Gript all their beauties, and crush'd out one flame;
She blush'd to see how beauty overcame
The thoughts of all men. Next before her went
Five lovely children, deck'd with ornament
Of her sweet colours, bearing torches by,
For light was held a happy augury
Of generation, whose efficient right
Is nothing else but to produce to light.
The odd disparent number they did choose,
To show the union married loves should use,
Since in two equal parts it will not sever,
But the midst holds one to rejoin it ever,
As common to both parts : men therefore deem,
That equal number gods do not esteem,
Being authors of sweet peace and unity,
But pleasing to th' infernal empery,

Under whose ensigns Wars and Discords fight,
Since an even number you may disunite
In two parts equal, nought in middle left,
To reunite each part from other left:
And five they hold in most especial prize,
Since 'tis the first odd number that doth rise
From the two foremost numbers' unity,
That odd and even are; which are two and three,
For one no number is: but thence doth flow
The powerful race of number. Next did go
A noble matron, that did spinning bear
A housewife's rock and spindle, and did wear
A wether's skin, with all the snowy fleece,
To imitate that e'en the daintiest piece,
And noblest born dame should industrious be;
That which does good disgraceth no degree.

And now to Juno's temple they are come,
Where her grave priest stood in the marriage
room:

On his right arm did hang a scarlet veil,
And from his shoulders to the ground did trail,
On either side, ribbands of white and blue;
With the red veil he hid the bashful hue
Of the chaste bride, to show the modest shame,
In coupling with a man, should grace a dame.
Then took he the disparent silks, and tied
The lovers by the waists, and side to side,
In token that thereafter they must bind
In one self sacred knot each other mind.

Before them on an altar he presented
Both fire and water, which was first invented,
Since to ingenerate every human creature,
And every other birth produc'd by nature,
Moisture and heat must mix; so man and wife
For human race must join in nuptial life.
Then one of Juno's birds, the painted jay,
He sacrific'd, and took the gall away;
All which he did behind the altar throw,
In sign no bitterness of hate should grow,
'Twixt married loves, nor any least disdain.
Nothing they spake, for 'twas esteemed too plain
For the most silken mildness of a maid,
To let a public audience hear it said
She boldly took the man: and so respected
Was bashfulness in Athens, it erected
To chaste Agneia, which is shamefacedness,
A sacred temple, holding her a goddess.—
And now to feasts, masks, and triumphant shows,
The shining troops return'd, e'en till earth's throes
Brought forth with joy the thickest part of night,
When the sweet nuptial song that us'd to cite
All to their rest, was by Phemonœ sung:
First Delphian prophetess, whose graces sprung
Out of the Muses:—well she sung before
The bride into her chamber, at which door
A matron and a torch-bearer did stand:
A painted box of comfits in her hand
The matron held, and so did other some
That compass'd round the honour'd nuptial room.

The custom was that every maid did wear,
During her maidenhead, a silken sphere
About her waist, above her inmost weed,
Knit with Minerva's knot, and that was freed
By the fair bridegroom on the marriage night,
With many ceremonies of delight :
And yet eternis'd Hymen's tender bride,
To suffer it dissolv'd, so sweetly cry'd.
The maids that heard, so lov'd and did adore her,
They wish'd with all their hearts to suffer for her.
So had the matrons, that with comfits stood,
About the chamber, such affectionate blood,
And so true feeling of her harmless pains,
That every one a shower of comfits rains.
For which the bride-youths scrambling on the
ground,
In noise of that sweet hail her cries were drown'd.
And thus bless'd Hymen joy'd his gracious bride,
And for his joy was after deified.
The saffron mirror by which Phœbus' love,
Green Tellus, decks her, now he held above
The cloudy mountains : and the noble maid,
Sharp-visag'd Adolesche, that was stray'd
Out of her way, in hasting with her news,
Not till this hour th' Athenian turrets views ;
And now brought home by guides, she heard by all,
That her long kept occurrents would be stale,
And how fair Hymen's honours did excel
Far those rare news, which she came short to tell.

To hear her dear tongue robb'd of such a joy,
 Made the well-spoken nymph take such a toy*,
 That down she sunk : when lightning from above,
 Shrunk her lean body, and for mere free love,
 Turn'd her into the pied-plum'd Psittacus,
 That now the parrot is surnam'd by us,
 Who still with counterfeit confusion prates
 Nought but news common to the common'st mates.—
 This told, strange Teras touch'd her lute, and sung
 This ditty, that the torchy evening sprung.

EPITHALAMION TERATOS.

Come, come, dear Night! Love's mart of kisses!
 Sweet close of his ambitious line,
 The fruitful summer of his blisses,
 Love's glory doth in darkness shine.
 O come, soft rest of cares! come, Night!
 Come, naked virtue's only tire,
 The reaped harvest of the light,
 Bound up in sheaves of sacred fire.
 Love calls to war,—
 Sighs his alarms,
 Lips his swords are,
 The field his arms.

Come, Night, and lay thy velvet hand
 On glorious Day's outfacing face :
 And all thy crowned flames command,
 For torches to our nuptial grace.

* Sudden humour, or fancy.

Love calls to war,—
 Sighs his alarms,
 Lips his swords are,
 The field his arms.

No need have we of factious Day,
 To cast, in envy of thy peace,
 Her balls of discord in thy way:
 Here Beauty's day doth never cease,
 Day is abstracted here,
 And varied in a triple sphere.
 Hero, Alcmane, Mya, so outshine thee,
 Ere thou come here let Thetis thrice refine thee.

Love calls to war,—
 Sighs his alarms,
 Lips his swords are,
 The field his arms.

The evening star I see ;
 Rise, youths ! the evening star
 Helps Love to summon war,
 Both now embracing be.

Rise, youths ! Love's right claims more than ban-
 quets ; rise !

Now the bright marygolds, that deck the skies,
 Phœbus' celestial flowers, that, contrary
 To his flowers here, ope when he shuts his eye,
 And shuts when he doth open, crown your sports :
 Now love in night, and night in love exhorts
 Courtship and dances : all your parts employ,
 And suit Night's rich expansure with your joy ;

Love paints his longings in sweet virgins' eyes :
Rise, youths! Love's right claims more than ban-
quets; rise!

Rise, virgins! let fair nuptial loves infold
Your fruitless breasts : the maidenheads ye hold
Are not your own alone, but parted are ,
Part in disposing them your parents' share,
And that a third part is : so must you save
Your loves a third, and you your thirds must have.
Love paints his longings in sweet virgins' eyes :
Rise, youths! Love's right claims more than ban-
quets; rise!

Herewith the amorous spirit, that was so kind
To Teras' hair, and comb'd it down with wind,
Still as it, comet-like, brake from her brain,
Would needs have Teras gone, and did refrain
To blow it down : which staring up, dismay'd
The timorous feast, and she no longer stay'd ;
But bowing to the bridegroom and the bride,
Did like a shooting exhalation glide
Out of their sights : the turning of her back
Made them all shriek, it look'd so ghastly black.
O hapless Hero! that most hapless cloud
Thy soon succeeding tragedy foreshow'd. —
Thus all the nuptial crew to joys depart,
But much wrung Hero stood Hell's blackest dart :
Whose wound because I grieve so to display,
I use digressions thus t'increase the day.

HERO AND LEANDER.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE SIXTH SESTYAD.

Leucote flies to all the winds,
And from the Fates their outrage blinds,
That Hero and her love may meet.
Leander, with Love's complete fleet
Mann'd in himself, puts forth to seas,
When straight the ruthless Destinies,
With Até, stir the winds to war
Upon the Hellespont: their jar
Drowns poor Leander. Hero's eyes,
Wet witnesses of his surprise,
Her torch blown out: grief casts her down
Upon her love, and both doth drown.
In whose just ruth the God of Seas
Transforms them to th' Acanthides.

HERO AND LEANDER.

THE SIXTH SESTYAD.

No longer could the Day nor Destinies
Delay the Night, who now did frowning rise
Into her throne ; and at her humorous breasts,
Visions and Dreams lay sucking: all men's rests
Fell like the mists of death upon their eyes,
Day's too long darts so kill'd their faculties.
The winds yet, like the flowers, to cease began ;
For bright Leucote, Venus' whitest swan,
That held sweet Hero dear, spread her fair wings,
Like to a field of snow, and message brings
From Venus to the Fates, t' entreat them lay
Their charge upon the winds their rage to stay,
That the stern battle of the seas might cease,
And guard Leander to his love in peace.
The Fates consent, (aye me! dissembling Fates)
They show'd their favours to conceal their hates,
And draw Leander on, lest seas too high
Should stay his too obsequious destiny:
Who like a fleering slavish parasite,
In warping profit or a traiterous sleight,
Hoops round his rotten body with devotes,
And pricks his descant face full of false notes ;

Praising with open throat, and oaths as foul
As his false heart, the beauty of an owl;
Kissing his skipping hand with charmed skips,
That cannot leave, but leaps upon his lips
Like a cock-sparrow, or a shameless quean
Sharp at a red lipp'd youth, and nought doth mean
Of all his antic shows, but doth repair
More tender fawns, and takes a scatter'd hair
From his tame subject's shoulder; whips and calls
For every thing he lacks; creeps 'gainst the walls
With backward humblesse, to give needless way:
Thus his false fate did with Leander play.

First to black Eurus flies the white Leucote,
(Born 'mongst the negroes in the Levant sea,
On whose curl'd head the glowing sun doth rise)
And shows the sovereign will of Destinies,
To have him cease his blasts,—and down he lies.
Next, to the fenny Notus course she holds,
And found him leaning with his arms in folds
Upon a rock, his white hair full of showers,
And him she chargeth by the fatal powers,
To hold in his wet cheeks his cloudy voice.
To Zephyr then that doth in flowers rejoice:
To snake-foot Boreas next she did remove,
And found him tossing of his ravish'd love,
To heat his frosty bosom hid in snow;
Who with Leucote's sight did cease to blow.—
Thus all were still to Hero's heart's desire,
Who with all speed did consecrate a fire

Of flaming gums, and comfortable spice,
To light her torch, which in such curious price
She held, being object to Leander's sight,
That nought but fires perfum'd must give it light.
She lov'd it so, she griev'd to see it burn,
Since it would waste and soon to ashes turn :
Yet if it burn'd not, 'twere not worth her eyes,
What made it nothing, gave it all the prize.
Sweet torch ! true glass of our society ;
What man does good, but he consumes thereby ?
But thou wert lov'd for good, held high, given show :
Poor virtue loath'd for good, obscur'd, held low.
Do good, be pined, be deedless good, disgrac'd :
Unless we feed on men, we let them fast.
Yet Hero with these thoughts her torch did spend ;
When bees make wax, Nature doth not intend
It shall be made a torch ; but we that know
The proper virtue of it, make it so,
And when 'tis made, we light it : nor did Nature
Propose one life to maids, but each such creature
Makes by her soul the best of her true state,
Which without love is rude, disconsolate,
And wants Love's fire to make it mild and bright,
Till when, maids are but torches wanting light.
Thus 'gainst our grief, not cause of grief we fight ;
The right of nought is glean'd, but the delight.
Up went she, but to tell how she descended,
Would God she were not dead, or my verse ended.
She was the rule of wishes, sum and end,
For all the parts that did on love depend :

Yet cast the torch his brightness further forth ;
But what shines nearest best, holds truest worth.
Leander did not through such tempests swim
To kiss the torch, although it lighted him :
But all his powers in her desires awaked,
Her love and virtues cloth'd him richly naked.
Men kiss but fire that only shows pursue,—
Her torch and Hero, figure show and virtue.

Now at opposèd Abydos nought was heard
But bleating flocks, and many a bellowing herd,
Slain for the nuptials ; cracks of falling woods ;
Blows of broad axes ; pourings out of floods.
The guilty Hellespont was mix'd and stain'd
With bloody torrents, that the shambles rain'd ;
Not arguments of feast, but shows that bled,
Foretelling that red night that followed.
More blood was spilt, more honours were address'd,
Than could have graced any happy feast ;
Rich banquets, triumphs, every pomp employs
His sumptuous hand : no miser's nuptial joys.
Air felt continual thunder with the noise
Made in the general marriage violence :
And no man knew the cause of this expense,
But the two hapless lords, Leander's sire,
And poor Leander, poorest where the fire
Of credulous love made him most rich surmis'd :
As short was he of that himself so priz'd,
As is an empty gallant full of form,
That thinks each look an act, each drop a storm,

That falls from his brave breathings ; most brought up
In our metropolis, and hath his cup
Brought after him to feasts ; and much palm bears,
For his rare judgment in th' attire he wears :
Hath seen the hot Low-Countries, not their heat,
Observes their rampires and their buildings yet ;
And, for your sweet discourse with mouths, is heard
Giving instructions with his very beard :
Hath gone with an ambassador, and been
A great man's mate in travelling, even to Rhene,
And then puts all his worth in such a face,
As he saw brave men make, and strives for grace
To get his news forth : as when you descry
A ship, with all her sail contends to fly
Out of the narrow Thames with winds unapt,
Now crosseth here, then there, then this way rapt,
And then hath one point reach'd ; then alters all,
And to another crooked reach doth fall
Of half a birdbolt's shoot ; keeping more coil
Than if she danc'd upon the Ocean's toil :
So serious is his trifling company,
In all his swelling ship of vacantry.
And so short of himself in his high thought,
Was our Leander in his fortunes brought,
And in his fort of love that he thought won,
But otherwise, he scorns comparison.

O sweet Leander ! Thy large worth I hide
In a short grave ; ill favour'd storms must chide

Thy sacred favour ; I, in floods of ink
Must drown thy graces, which white papers drink,
E'en as thy beauties did the foul black seas.
I must describe the hell of thy decease,
That heaven did merit : yet I needs must see
Our painted fools and cockhorse peasantry
Still, still usurp, with long lives, loves, and lust,
The seats of virtue ; cutting short as dust
Her dear bought issue ; ill, to worse converts,
And tramples in the blood of all deserts.

Night close and silent now goes fast before
The captains and the soldiers to the shore,
On whom attended the appointed fleet
At Sestos' bay, that should Leander meet,
Who feign'd he in another ship would pass :
Which must not be, for no one mean there was
To get his love home, but the course he took.
Forth did his beauty for his beauty look,
And saw her through her torch, as you behold
Sometimes within the sun a face of gold,
Form'd in strong thoughts, by that tradition's force,
That says a god sits there and guides his course.
His sister was with him, to whom he shew'd
His guide by sea : and said, " Oft have you view'd
In one heaven many stars, but never yet
In one star many heavens till now were met.
See, lovely sister ! see, now Hero shines,
No heaven but her appears : each star repines,

And all are clad in clouds, as if they mourn'd,
To be by influence of earth out-burn'd.
Yet doth she shine, and teacheth virtue's train,
Still to be constant in hell's blackest reign :
Though even the gods themselves do so entreat them
As they did hate, and earth, as she would eat them."

Off went his silken robe, and in he leap'd,
Whom the kind waves so licorously cleap'd,
Thick'ning for haste, one in another so,
To kiss his skin, that he might almost go
To Hero's tower, had that kind minute lasted.
But now the cruel Fates with Até hasted
To all the winds, and made them battle fight
Upon the Hellespont, for either's right
Pretended to the windy monarchy.
And forth they brake, the seas mix'd with the sky,
And toss'd distress'd Leander, being in hell,
As high as heaven : *blis. not in height doth dwell.*
The Destinies sate dancing on the waves,
To see the glorious winds with mutual braves
Consume each other. O true glass, to see
How ruinous ambitious statists be
To their own glories ! Poor Leander cried
For help to sea-born Venus ; she denied,—
To Boreas, that for his Attheia's sake,
He would some pity on his Hero take,
And for his own love's sake, on his desires :
But Glory never blows cold Pity's fires.

Then call'd he Neptune, who through all the noise,
Knew with affright his wrack'd Leander's voice,
And up he rose; for haste his forehead hit
'Gainst Heaven's hard crystal; his proud waves he
smit

With his fork'd sceptre, that could not obey;
Much greater powers than Neptune's gave them sway.
They lov'd Leander so, in groans they brake
When they came near him; and such space did take
'Twixt one another, loath to issue on,
That in their shallow furrows earth was shown,
And the poor lover took a little breath:
But the curst Fates sat spinning of his death
On every wave, and with the servile winds
Tumbled them on him. And now Hero finds,
By that she felt, her dear Leander's state,
She wept and pray'd for him to every Fate;
And every wind that whipp'd her with her hair
About the face, she kiss'd and spake it fair,
Kneel'd to it, gave it drink out of her eyes
To quench his thirst: but still their cruelties
E'en her poor torch envied, and rudely beat
The 'bating flame from that dear food it eat:
Dear, for it nourish'd her Leander's life,
Which, with her robe she rescued from their strife:
But silk too soft was, such hard hearts to break;
And she, dear soul, e'en as her silk, faint, weak,
Could not preserve it: out, O out it went.
Leander still call'd Neptune, that now rent

His brackish curls, and tore his wrinkled face,
Where tears in billows did each other chase,
And burst with ruth ;—he hurl'd his marble mace
At the stern Fates ; it wounded Lachesis
That drew Leander's thread, and could not miss
The thread itself, as it her hand did hit,
But smote it full, and quite did sunder it.
The more kind Neptune rag'd, the more he rased
His love's life's fort, and kill'd as he embrac'd.
*Anger doth still his own mishap increase ;
If any comfort live, it is in peuce.*
O thievish Fates, to let blood, flesh, and sense,
Build two fair temples for their excellence,
To rob it with a poison'd influence.
Though souls' gifts starve, the bodies are held dear
In ugliest things ; sense-sport preserves a bear,
But here nought serves our turns: O Heaven and earth,
How most most wretched is our human birth !—
And now did all the tyrannous crew depart,
Knowing there was a storm in Hero's heart,
Greater than they could make, and scorn'd their smart.
She bow'd herself so low out of her tower,
That wonder 'twas she fell not ere her hour,
With searching the lamenting waves for him ;
Like a poor snail, her gentle supple limb
Hung on her turret's top, so most downright,
As she would dive beneath the darkness quite,
To find her jewel :—jewel !—her Leander,
A name of all earth's jewels pleas'd not her
Like his dear name ; “ Leander, still my choice,
Come nought but my Leander ! O, my voice,

Turn to Leander! Henceforth be all sounds,
 Accents, and phrases, that show all griefs' wounds,
 Analyz'd in Leander. O black change!
 Trumpets, do you with thunder of your *clange*,
 Drive out this change's horror—my voice faints:
 Where all joy was, now shriek out all complaints.”
 Thus cried she; for her mix'd soul could tell
 Her love was dead: and when the morning fell
 Prostrate upon the weeping earth for woe,
 Blushes, that bled out of her cheeks, did show,
 Leander brought by Neptune, bruis'd and torn,
 With cities' ruins he to rocks had worn;
 To filthy usuring rocks, that would have blood,
 Though they could get of him no other good.
 She saw him, and the sight was much, much more
 Than might have serv'd to kill her; should her store
 Of giant sorrows speak?—Burst,—die,—bleed,
 And leave poor plaints to us that shall succeed.
 She fell on her Love's bosom, hugg'd it fast,
 And with Leander's name she breath'd her last!

Neptune for pity in his arms did take them,
 Flung them into the air, and did awake them
 Like two sweet birds, surnam'd th' Acanthides,
 Which we call Thistle-warps, that near no seas
 Dare ever come, but still in couples fly,
 And feed on thistle tops, to testify
 The hardness of their first life in their last;
 The first, in thorns of love, that sorrows past:
 And so most beautiful their colours show,
 As none (so little) like them; her sad brow

A sable velvet feather covers quite,
E'en like the forehead cloth* that in the night,
Or when they sorrow, ladies us'd to wear :
Their wings, blue, red, and yellow, mix'd appear ;
Colours, that as we construe colours, paint
Their states to life ;—the yellow shows their saint,
The dainty Venus, left them ; blue, their truth ;
The red and black, ensigns of death and ruth.
And this true honour from their love-death sprung,
THEY WERE THE FIRST THAT EVER POET SUNG †.

* The forehead cloth was a bandage used to prevent wrinkles.

† "Chapman," says a former editor of this poem, "alludes to the 'Hero and Leander' of Musæus the grammarian, which he here, as well as in the title to his rare translation of that poem (12mo. 1616), ascribes to the traditionary Musæus, the son of Linus. The mistake, however, is not to be regretted, since it produced the above most poetical close to this sweet song."

The following song, which is quoted in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," has been ascribed to Shakespeare on the authority of the publisher of a collection of small poems, entitled, "The Passionate Pilgrim, and Sonnets to sundry notes of music, by William Shakespeare: London, printed for W. Jaggard, 1599." Jaggard, however, is not an authority to be relied upon, for although his collection contains many of Shakespeare's genuine productions, it also includes several pieces which are not his. In an enlarged edition, published in 1602, he added two pieces written by Thomas Heywood, who complains of the circumstance in his "Apology for Actors." Izaak Walton ascribes it to Marlowe under the character of "that smooth song which was made by Kit Marlowe;" and England's Helicon contains a poem "In imitation of C. Marlowe," beginning thus, "Come live with me and be my dear." This imitation was written by Sir Walter Raleigh, who also wrote "The Nymph's Reply," to Marlowe's song. Marlowe himself quotes the first line of his song in the 'Jew of Malta,' Act iv. Scene 4.

SONG.

"Come, live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That grove or valley, hill or field,
Or wood and steepy mountain yield.

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

Pleas'd will I make thee beds of roses,
 And twine a thousand fragrant posies ;
 A cap of flowers, and rural kirtle,
 Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A jaunty gown of finest wool,
 Which from our pretty lambs we pull ;
 And shoes lin'd choicely for the cold,
 With buckles of the purest gold,

A belt of straw, and ivy buds,
 With coral clasps, and amber studs ;
 If these, these pleasures can thee move,
 To live with me, and be my love."

"England's Parnassus" contains many quotations from Marlowe. In addition to those extracted from the works now collected, we find the following description :—

"I walk along a stream for pureness rare,
 Brighter than sun-shine ; for it did acquaint
 The dullest sight with all the glorious prey,
 That in the pebble-paved channel lay.
 No molten chrystal, but a richer mine ;
 Even Nature's rarest alchymy ran there,
 Diamonds resolv'd, and substance more divine,
 Through whose bright gliding current might appear

A thousand naked nymphs, whose ivory shine
 Enamelling the bands, made them more dear
 Than ever was that glorious palace gate,
 Where the day shining sun in triumph sat.
 Upon this brim, eglantine and rose,
 The tamorisk, olive, and the almond tree,
 As kind companions in one union grows,
 Folding their twining arms, as oft we see
 Turtle-taught lovers either other close,
 Lending to dullness feeling sympathy;
 And as a costly vallance o'er a bed,
 So did their garland tops the brook o'erspread;
 Their leaves that differed both in shape and show
 (Though all were green) yet difference such in green
 Like to the checkered bent of Iris bow,
 Prided the running main as it had been."

Four lines which appear familiar to us, although we cannot recollect from what source they are derived, are contained in the same collection, and are ascribed to Marlowe. They are not extracted from any of the plays in the present edition.

— The rites

In which Love's beauteous empress most delights,
 Are banquets, Doric music, midnight revelling,
 Plays, masks and all that stern age counteth evil.

CERTAIN
OF
OVID'S ELEGIES:
BY
C. MARLOWE.

**Certaine of Ovid's Elegies, by C. Marlowe. At Middlebourgh.
8vo. [no date.]**

Marlowe's translations from Ovid are seldom to be met with. A small edition of twenty-five copies was lately printed for private circulation, and from it the present reprint has been taken.

ELEGIES.

AMORUM, LIB. I. ELEGIA 1.

Quemadmodum a Cupidine, pro bellis amoris scribere coactus sit.

WE which were Ovid's five books, now are three,
For these before the rest preferreth he :
If reading five thou 'plain'st of tediousness,
Two ta'en away, the labour will be less ;
With muse uprear'd, I meant to sing of arms,
Choosing a subject fit for fierce alarms :
Both verses were alike till Love (men say)
Began to smile and take one foot away.
Rash boy, who gave thee power to change a line ?
We are the Muses' prophets, none of thine.
What, if thy mother take Diana's bow,
Shall Dian fan when love begins to glow ?
In woody groves is't meet that Ceres reign,
And quiver bearing Dian till the plain ?
Who set the fair tress'd son in battle 'ray,
While Mars doth take the Aonian harp to play ?
Great are thy kingdoms, over strong and large,
Ambitious imp ! why seek'st thou further charge ?
Are all things thine ? the Muses' Tempe thine ?
Then scarce can Phœbus say, this harp is mine.

When in this work first verse I trod aloft,
 I slack'd my muse, and made my number soft :
 I have no mistress nor no favorite,
 Being fittest matter for a wanton wit.
 Thus I complain'd, but love unlock'd his quiver,
 Took out the shaft, ordain'd my heart to shiver,
 And bent his sinewy bow upon his knee,
 Saying, Poet here's a work beseeching thee.
 Oh, woe is me ! he never shoots but hits,
 I burn, love in my idle bosom sits :
 Let my first verse be six, my last five feet ;
 Farewell stern war, for blunter poets meet !
 Elegian muse, that warblest amorous lays,
 Girt my shine brow, with seabank myrtle praise !

C. MARLOWE.

AMORUM, LIB. I. ELEGIA 3.

Ad amicum.

I ask but right, let her that conqu'd me late,
 Either love, or cause that I may hate ;
 I crave too much—would she but let me love her ;
 Love knows with such like prayers I daily move her.
 Accept him that will serve thee all his youth,
 Accept him that will love thee with spotless truth.
 If lofty titles cannot cause me to be thine,
 That am descended but of knightly line ;
 (Soon may you plough the little lands I have ;
 I gladly grant my parents given to save ;)
 Apollo, Bacchus, and the Muses may,
 And Cupid who hath mark'd me for thy prey ;

My spotless life, which but to gods gives place,
 Naked simplicity, and modest grace.
 I love but one, and he I love change never,
 If men have faith, I'll live with thee for ever.
 The years that fatal destiny shall give
 I'll live with thee, and die, or thou shalt grieve.
 Be thou the happy subject of my books
 That I may write things worthy thy fair looks.
 By verses horned I got her name ;
 And she to whom in shape of Bull love came ;
 And she that on a feign'd Bull swam to land,
 Griping his false horns with her virgin hand.
 So likewise we will through the world be rung,
 And with my name shall thine be always sung.

AMORUM, LIB. I. ELEGIA 5.

Corinnæ concubitus.

In summer's heat, and mid-time of the day,
 To rest my limbs, upon a bed I lay ;
 One window shut, the other open stood,
 Which gave such light, as twinkles in a wood,
 Like twilight glimpse at setting of the sun
 Or night being past, and yet not day begun ;
 Such light to shamefaced maidens must be shown
 Where they sport, and seem to be unknown :
 Then came Corinna in a long loose gown,
 Her white neck hid with tresses hanging down,
 Resembling fair Semiramis going to bed,
 Or Lais of a thousand lovers spread,
 I snatch'd her gown being thin, the harm was small,
 Yet striv'd she to be covered therewithal,

And striving thus as one that would be cast,
 Betrayed herself, and yielded at the last.
 Stark naked as she stood before mine eye,
 Not one wen in her body could I spy.
 What arms and shoulders did I touch and see,
 How apt her breasts were to be press'd by me.
 How smooth a belly, under her waist saw I,
 How large a leg, and what a lusty thigh.
 To leave the rest, all pleas'd me passing well,
 I cling'd her fair white body, down she fell,
 Judge you the rest, being tired she bade me kiss ;
 Jove send me more such afternoons as this !

C. MARLOWE.

AMORUM, LIB. III. ELEGIA 14.

Ad amicum si peccatura est, ut occulte peccet.

Seeing thou art fair, I bar not thy false playing,
 But let not me poor soul wit of thy straying.
 Nor do I give thee counsel to live chaste,
 But that thou would'st dissemble when 'tis past.
 She hath not trod awry that doth deny it ;
 Such as confess have lost their good names by it.
 What madness is't to tell night-sports by day,
 Or hidden secrets openly to bewray,
 The strumpet with the stranger will not do,
 Before the room be clear, and door put-to.
 Will you make shipwreck of your honest name ?
 And let the world be witness of the same.
 Be more advis'd ; walk as a puritan,
 And I shall think you chaste do what you can.
 Slip still, only deny it when 'tis done,
 And before people immodest speeches shun.

The bed is for lascivious toyings meet,
There use all toys, and tread shame under feet ;
When you are up and dress'd, be sage and grave,
And in the bed hide all the faults you have.
Be not asham'd to strip you being there ;
And mingle thighs, mine ever yours to bear,
There in your rosy lips my tongue intomb,
Practise a thousand sports when there you come,
Forbear no wanton words you there would speak,
And with your pastime, let the bedstead creak.
But with your robes, put on an honest face,
And blushes—and seem as you were full of grace.
Deceive all, let me err, and think I'm right,
And like a wittol, think thee void of slight.
Why see I lines so oft received and given ;
This bed, and that by tumbling made uneven?
Like one start up, your hair, toss'd and displac'd,
And with a wanton's tooth, your neck new raz'd ?
Grant this, that what you do I may not see,
If you weigh notill speeches, yet weigh me.
My soul fleets when I think what you have done,
And through every vein doth cold blood run.
Then thee whom I must love I hate in vain,
And would be dead, but dying with thee remain.
I'll not sift much, but hold thee soon excus'd,
Say but thou wert injuriously accus'd ;
Though while the deeds be doing you be took
And I see when you ope the two-leav'd book ;
Swear I was blind, yield not if you be wise,
And I will trust your words more than mine eyes.

From him that yields, the garland is quickly got,
 Teach but your tongue to say, I did it not;
 And being justified by two words think
 The cause acquits you not, but I that wink.

AMORUM, LIB. I. ELEGIA 15.

Ad invidios, quod fama Poetarum sit perennis.

Envy, why carpest thou my time is spent so ill?
 And term'st our works fruits of an idle quill,
 Or that unlike the line from whence I come,
 War's dusty honors are refus'd being young,
 Nor that I study not the brawling laws,
 Nor set my voice to sale in every cause.
 Thy scope is mortal, mine eternal fame,
 That all the world might ever chaunt my name.
 Homer shall live while Tenedos stands and Ide,
 Or to the sea swift Simois shall slide.
 Ascreus lives, while grapes with new wine swell,
 Or men with crooked sickles corn down fell.
 For ever lasts high Sophocles' proud vein
 With sun and moon Eratus shall remain.
 While bondmen cheat, fathers hoard, bawds whorish,
 And strumpets flatter, shall Menander flourish.
 Rude Ennius, and Plautus full of wit,
 Are both in Fame's eternal legend writ.
 What age of Varro's name shall not be told,
 And Jason's Argos, and the fleece of gold?
 Lofty Lucretius shall live that hour,
 That nature shall dissolve this earthly bower.
 Enæas' war and Tityrus shall be read,
 While Rome of all the conquering world is head.

Till Cupid's bow, and fiery shafts be broken,
 Thy verses sweet Tibullus shall be spoken.
 And Gallus shall be known from East to West,
 So shall Lycoris whom he loved best.
 Therefore when flint and iron wear away,
 Verse is immortal and shall [not] decay.
 Let kings give place to verse and kingly shows,
 The banks o'er which gold-bearing Tagus flows.
 Let base conceited wits admire vile things,
 Fair Phœbus lead me to the Muses' springs.
 About my head be quivering myrtle wound,
 And in sad lovers' heads let me be found.
 The living, not the dead, can envy bite,
 For after death all men receive their right.
 Then though death rocks my bones in funeral fire,
 I'll live, and as he pulls me down mount higher.

AMORUM, LIB. I. ELEGIA 13.

Ad Aurorum, ne properet.

Now on the sea from her old love comes she
 That draws the day from heaven's cold axletree.
 Aurora whither slid'st thou down again?
 And birds from Memnon yearly shall be slain.
 Now in her tender arms I sweetly bide,
 If ever now well lies she by my side,
 The air is cold, and sleep is sweetest now,
 And birds send forth shrill notes from every bough.
 Whither run'st thou, that men and women love not?
 Hold in thy rosy horses that they move not.
 Ere thou rise, stars teach seamen where to sail,
 But when thou com'st, they of their courses fail.

Poor travellers though tired, rise at thy sight,
And soldiers arm their ready hands for fight.
The painful hind by thee to field is sent;
Slow oxen early in the yoke are pent.
Thou cou'st nest boys of sleep, and dost betray them
To pedants that with cruel lashes pay them.
Thou mak'st the surety to the lawyer run,
That with one word hath nigh himself undone.
The lawyer and the client both do hate thy view,
Both whom thou raisest up to toil anew.
By thy means women of their rest are barr'd,
Thou set'st their labouring hands to spin and card.
This could I bear, but that the wench should rise,
Who can endure, save him with whom none lies?
How oft wish'd I night would not give thee place,
Nor morning stars shun thy uprising face.
How oft that either wind, would break thy coach,
Or steeds might fall, forc'd with thick clouds approach.
Whither go'st thou, hateful nymph? Memnon the elf,
Receiv'd his cole-black colour from thyself.
Say that thy love with Cephalus were not known,
Then thinkest thou thy loose life is not shown.
Would Tithon might but talk of thee awhile,
Not one in heaven should be more base and vile.
Thou leav'st his bed, because he's faint through age,
And early mountest thy hateful carriage:
But had'st thou in thine arms some Cephalus,
Then would'st thou cry, stay night and run not thus.
Punish ye me, because years make him wane,
I did not bid thee wed an aged swain.

The moon sleeps with Endymion every day,
 Thou art as fair as she, then kiss and play.
 Jove that thou should'st not haste but wait his leisure,
 Made two nights one to finish up his pleasure.
 I chide no more, she blush'd, and therefore heard me,
 Yet linger'd not the day, but morning scar'd me.

AMORUM, LIB. II. ELEGIA 4.

Quod amet mulieres, cujuscunque formæ sint.

I mean not to defend the scapes of any,
 Or justify my vices being many ;
 For I confess, if that might merit favour
 Here I display my lewd and loose behaviour.
 I loathe, yet after that I loathe I run :
 Oh, how the burden irks, that we should shun.
 I cannot rule myself but where love please,
 And driven like a ship upon rough seas,
 No one face likes me best, all faces move,
 A hundred reasons makes me ever love.
 If any eye me with a modest look,
 I blush, and by that blushful glass am took,
 And she that's coy I like, for being no clown,
 Methinks she should be quick when she is down.
 Though her sour looks a Sabine's brow resemble,
 I think she'll do, but deeply can dissemble.
 If she be learned, then for her skill I crave her,
 If not, because she's simple I would have her.
 Before Callimachus one prefers me far,
 Seeing she likes my books, why should we jar ?
 Another rails at me, and that I write,
 Yet would I be with her, if that I might :

Trips she, it likes me well, plods she, what than?
 She would be nimbler lying with a man.
 And when one sweetly sings, then straight I long,
 To quaver on her lips even in her song;
 Or if one touch the lute with art and cunning,
 Who would not love those nimble hands for their
 swift running?

And she I like that with a majesty,
 Folds up her arms, and makes low courtesy,
 To leave myself that am in love withal,
 Some one of these might make the chastest fall.
 If she be tall, she's like an Amazon,
 And therefore fills the bed she lies upon:
 If short, she lies the rounder to speak troth,
 Both short and long please me for I love both:
 If her white neck be shadow'd with black hair,
 Why so was Leda's, yet was Leda fair.
 Yellow-tress'd is she, then on the morn think I,
 My love alludes to every history:
 A young wench pleaseth, and an old is good,
 This for her looks, that for her womanhood,
 Nay what is she, that any Roman loves,
 But my ambitious ranging mind approves?

AMORUM, LIB. II. ELEGIA 10.

Ad Grecinum quod eodem tempore duas amet.

Grecinus (well I wot) thou told'st me once,
 I could not be in love with two at once;
 By thee deceiv'd, by thee surprised am I,
 For now I love two women equally:

Both are well favoured, both rich in array,
Which is the loveliest it is hard to say :
This seems the fairest, so doth that to me,
This doth please me most, and so doth she,
Even as a boat toss'd by contrary wind
So with this love and that wavers my mind.
Venus why doublest thou my endless smart ?
Was not one wench enough to grieve my heart ?
Why add'st thou stars to heaven, leaves to green
 woods,
And to the deep vast sea fresh water floods ?
Yet this is better far than lie alone,
Let such as be mine enemies have none ;
Yea, let my foes sleep in an empty bed,
And in the midst their bodies largely spread :
But may soft love rouse up my drowsy eyes,
And from my mistress' bosom let me rise :
Let one wench cloy me with sweet love's delight,
If one can do't, if not, two every night.
Though I am slender, I have store of pith,
Nor want I strength, but weight to press her with :
Pleasure adds fuel to my lustful fire,
I pay them home with that they most desire :
Oft have I spent the night in wantonness,
And in the morn been lively ne'ertheless,
He's happy whom Love's mutual skirmish slays,
And to the gods for that death Ovid prays.
Let soldier chase his enemies amain,
And with his blood eternal honour gain,
Let merchants seek wealth with perjur'd lips,
And being wrecked, carouse the sea tir'd by their ships,

But when I die, would I might droop with doing,
 And in the midst thereof, let my soul going,
 That at my funerals some may weeping cry,
 Even as he led his life, so did he die.

AMORUM, LIB. III. ELEGIA 6.

Quod ab amica receptus cum ea coire non potuit, conqueritur.

Either she was foul, or her attire was bad,
 Or she was not the wench I wished t' have had ;
 Idly I lay with her, as if I lov'd her not,
 And like a burden griev'd the bed that moved not ;
 Though both of us perform'd our true intent,
 Yet could I not cast anchor where I meant ;
 She on my neck her ivory arms did throw,
 That were as white as is the Scythian snow,
 And eagerly she kiss'd me with her tongue,
 And under mine, her wanton thigh she flung,
 Yea, and she sooth'd me up, and called me sir,
 And used all speech that might provoke and stir,
 Yet like as if cold hemlock I had drunk,
 It mocked me, hung down the head and sunk.
 Like a dull cypher, or rude block I lay,
 Or shade, or body was I, who can say ?
 What will my age do ? age I cannot shun,
 Seeing in my prime, my force is spent and done ;
 I blush, and being youthful, hot, and lusty,
 I prove neither youth nor man, but old and rusty.
 Pure rose she, like a nun to sacrifice,
 Or one that with her tender brother lies,

Yet boarded I the golden Chie twice;
And Libas and the white cheek'd Pitho thrice.
Corinna craved it in a summer's night,
And nine sweet bouts had we before day light,
What, waste my limbs through some Thessalian
charms?

May spells and drugs do silly souls such harms?
With virgin wax hath some imbast my joints,
Had pierc'd my liver with sharp needle points?
Charms change corn to grass and make it die,
By charms are running springs and fountains dry;
By charms mast drops from oaks, from vines grapes fall,
And fruit from trees, when there's no wind at all.
Why not then might my sinews be enchanted,
And I grow faint as with some spirit haunted?
To this add shame, shame to perform it quail'd me,
And was the second cause why vigor fail'd me:
My idle thoughts delighted her no more
Than did the robe or garment which she wore,
Yet might her touch make youthful Pilius fire,
And Tithon livelier than his years require.
Even her I had, and she had me in vain,
What might I crave more if I ask again?
I think the great Gods, griev'd they had bestow'd,
This benefit, which lewdly I forslow'd:
I wish'd to be received in, and in I got me,
To kiss, I kiss'd, to lie with her she let me.
Why was I blest? why made king and refus'd it,
Chuf-like had I not gold and could not use it?
So in aspiring thrives he that told so much,
And lookes upon the fruits he cannot touch.

Hath any rose so from a fresh young maid,
As she might straight have gone to church and pray'd.
Well, I believe she kiss'd not as she should,
Nor us'd the slight nor cunning which she could ;
Huge oaks, hard adamants might she have mov'd,
And with sweet words cause deaf rocks to have lov'd.
Worthy she was to move both gods and men,
But neither was I man, ne lived then.
Can deaf ears take delight, when Phemius sings,
Or Thamyris in curious painted things ?
What sweet thought is there, but I had the same,
And one gave place still as another came.
Yet notwithstanding like one dead it lay,
Drooping more than a rose pull'd yesterday :
Now when he should not jet, he bolts upright,
And craves his task, and seeks to be at fight,
Lie down with shame, and see thou stir no more,
Seeing now thou would'st deceive me as before :
Thou cozend'st me, by thee surpris'd am I,
And bide great hurt with endless infamy.
Nay more, the wench did not disdain a whit,
To take it in her hand and play with it.
But when she saw it would by no means stand,
But still dropp'd down, regarding not her hand,
Why mock'st thou me she cried, or being ill,
Who bade the lie down here against thy will ?
Either thou'rt witch'd with blood of frogs new dead,
Or jaded cam'st thou from some other's bed.
With that her loose gown on from me she cast her,
In skipping out her naked feet much grac'd her,

And lest her maid should know of this disgrace,
To cover it spilt water in the place.

AMORUM. LIB. I. ELEGIA 2.

Quod primo amore correptus, in triumphum duci se a Cupidine
patiatur.

What makes my bed seem hard seeing it is so soft?
Or why slips down the coverlet so oft?
Although the nights be long I sleep not through,
My sides are sore with tumbling to and fro.
Were love the cause it's like I should descry him,
Or lies he close and shoots where none can spy him?
'Twas so he struck me with a tender dart,
'Tis cruel love turmoils my captive heart.
Yielding or striving do we give him might,
Let's yield, a burden easily borne is light.
I saw a brandish'd fire increase in strength,
Which being not shak'd, I saw it die at length.
Young oxen newly yok'd are beaten more,
Than oxen which have drawn the plough before:
And rough jades' mouths with stubborn bits are torn,
But manag'd horses' heads are lightly borne.
Unwilling lovers, love doth more torment,
Than such as in their bondage feel content.
Lo I confess, I am thy captive I,
And hold my conquer'd hands for thee to tie.
What need'st thou war, I sue to thee for grace
With arms to conquer armless men is base.
Yoke Venus' Doves, put myrtle on thy hair,
Vulcan will give thee chariots rich and fair:

The people thee applauding, thou shalt stand,
Guiding the harmless pigeons with (thy) hand.
Young men and women shalt thou lead as thrall,
So will thy triumphs seem magnificent;
I, lately caught, will have a new made wound,
And captive like be manacled and bound,
Good meaning shame, and such as seek loves wrack
Shall follow thee, their hands tied at their back.
Thee all shall fear, and worship as a king
Io, triumphing shall thy people sing.
Smooth speeches, fear and rage shall by thee ride,
Which troops have always been on Cupid's side:
Thou with these soldiers conquer'st gods and men.
Take these away where is thy honor then?
Thy mother shall from heaven applaud this show,
And on their faces heaps of roses strow,
With beauty of thy wings, thy fair hair gilded,
Ride golden love in chariots richly builded.
Unless I err, full many shalt thou burn,
And give words infinite at every turn.
In spite of thee, forth will thy arrows fly,
A scorching flame burns all the standers by.
So having conquer'd Ind, was Bacchus hue,
Thee pompous birds and him two tigers drew;
Then seeing I grace thy shew in following thee,
Forbear to hurt thyself in spoiling me.
Behold thy kinsman Cæsar's prosperous hands,
Who guards thee conquered with his conquering hands.

EPIGRAMS AND ELEGIES,

BY

JOHN DAVIES AND CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

Epigrammes and Elegies, by J. D. and C. M. At Middleborough.
8vo. [no date.]

These productions are ascribed to Davies and Marlowe, but as it is impossible to determine with accuracy the portions belonging to each, and as moreover the volume is extremely rare it has been thought best to reprint the whole.

EPIGRAMMATA PRIMA.

AD MUSAM.

FLY merry Muse unto that merry town,
Where thou may'st plays, revels and triumphs see,
The house of fame and theatre of renown,
Where all good wits and spirits love to be.

Fall in between their hands, that love and praise thee,
And be to them a laughter and a jest :
But as for them which scorning shall approve thee,
Disdain their wits, and think thine own the best.

But if thou find any so gross and dull,
That think I do to private taxing lean :
Bid him go hang for he is but a gull,
And knows not what an epigram does mean.
Which taxeth under a particular name,
A general vice which merits public blame.

OF A GULL. 2.

Oft in my laughing rhymes, I name a gull,
But this new term will many questions breed,

Therefore at first I will express at full,
Who is a true and perfect gull indeed.

A gull is he who fears a velvet gown,
And when a wench is brave, dares not speak to her:
A gull is he which traverseth the town,
And is for marriage known a common wooer.

A gull is he, which while he proudly wears,
A silver hilted rapier by his side,
Indures the lies, and knocks about the ears,
Whilst in his sheath, his sleeping sword doth bide.

A gull is he which wears good handsome clothes,
And stands in presence stroking up his hair,
And fills up his imperfect speech with oaths,
But speaks not one wise word throughout the year:
But to define a gull in terms precise,
A gull is he which seems, and is not wise.

IN RUFUM. 3.

Rufus the Courtier, at the theatre,
Leaving the best and most conspicuous place,
Doth either to the stage himself transfer,
Or through a grate, doth shew his double face.

For that the clamorous fry of Inns of court,
Fills up the private rooms of greater price,
And such a place where all may have resort,
He in his singularity doth despise.

Yet doth not his particular humour shun
 The common stews and brothels of the town,
 Though all the world in troops do thither run,
 Clean and unclean, the gentle and the clown :
 Then why should Rufus in his pride abhor,
 A common seat, that loves a common whore.

IN QUINTUM. 4.

Quintus the Dancer useth evermore,
 His feet in measure, and in rule to move,
 Yet on a time he called his mistress whore,
 And thought with that sweet word to win her love ;
 Oh had his tongue like to his feet been taught,
 It never would have uttered such a thought.

IN PLURIMOS. 5.

Faustinus, Sextus, Cinna, Ponticus,
 With Gella, Lesbia, Thais, Rhodope,
 Rode all to Staines for no cause serious,
 But for their mirth, and for their lechery.

Scarce were they settled in their lodging, when
 Wenches, with wenches, men with men fell out ;
 Men with their wenches, wenches with their men,
 Which straight dissolves, this ill assembled rout.

But since the devil brought them thus together,
 To my discoursing thoughts it is a wonder,
 Why presently as soon as they came thither,
 The self same devil did them part asunder.
 Doubtless it seems it was a foolish devil
 That thus did part them, ere they did some evil.

IN TITUM. 6.

Titus the brave and valorous young gallant,
 Three years together in this town had been,
 Yet my Lord Chancellor's tomb he hath not seen,
 Nor the new water-work, nor the elephant :
 I cannot tell the cause without a smile,
 He hath been in the Counter all this while.

IN FAUSTUM. 7.

Faustus not lord, nor knight, nor wise, nor old,
 To every place about the town doth ride,
 He rides into the fields, plays to behold,
 He rides to take boat at the water-side ;
 He rides to Pauls, he rides to th' ordinary,
 He rides unto the house of bawdry too :
 Thither his horse so often doth him carry,
 That shortly he will quite forget to go.

IN KATUM. 8.

Kate being pleased, wish'd that her pleasure could
 Endure as long as a buff jerkin would :
 Content thee Kate, although thy pleasure wasteth,
 Thy pleasure's place like a buff jerkin lasteth :
 For no buff jerkin hath been oftener worn,
 Nor hath more scrapings or more dressings borne.

IN LIBRUM. 9.

Liber doth vaunt how chastely he hath liv'd,
 Since he hath been in town seven years and more,
 For that he swears he hath four only swiv'd,
 A maid, a wife, a widow and a whore :

Then Liber thou hast swiv'd all womenkind,
For a fifth sort I know thou canst not find.

IN MEDONTEM. 10.

Great Captain Medon wears a chain of gold,
Which at five hundred crowns is valued,
For that it was his grandsire's chain of old,
When great king Henry Bullogne conquered.
And wear it Medon, for it may ensue,
That thou by virtue of this massy chain,
A stronger town than Bullogne may'st subdue,
If wise men's saws be not reputed vain.
For what said Philip king of Macedon?
There is no castle so well fortified,
But if an ass laden with gold come on,
The guard will stoop, and gates fly open wide.

IN GELLAM. 11.

Gella, if thou dost love thyself, take heed,
Lest thou my rhymes, unto thy lover read,
For straight thou grinn'st, and then thy lover seeth,
Thy canker-eaten gums and rotten teeth.

IN QUINTUM. 12.

Quintus his wit infused into his brain,
Misliked the place, and fled into his feet,
And there it wanders up and down the streets,
Dabbled in the dirt, and soaked in the rain.
Doubtless his wit intends not to aspire,
Which leaves his head to travel in the mire.

IN SEVERUM. 13.

The puritan Severus oft doth read,
 This text that doth pronounce vain speech a sin,
 That thing defies a man that doth proceed
 From out the mouth, not that which enters in,
 Hence is it, that we seldom hear him swear,
 And thereof like a Pharisee he vaunts,
 But he devours more capons in a year,
 Than would suffice a hundred protestants.
 And sooth those sectaries are gluttons all,
 As well the thread-bare cobbler as the knight,
 For those poor slaves which have not wherewithal,
 Feed on the rich, till they devour them quite.
 And so like Pharaoh's kine, they eat up clean,
 Those that be fat, yet still themselves be lean.

IN LEUCAM. 14.

Leuca in presence once a fart did let,
 Some laughed a little, she forsook the place ;
 And mad with shame, did eke her glove forget,
 Which she return'd to fetch with bashful grace :
 And when she would have said my glove,
 My fart (quod she) which did more laughter move.

IN MACRUM. 15.

Thou canst not speak yet Macer, for to speak,
 Is to distinguish sounds significant ;
 Thou with harsh noise, the air dost rudely break,
 But what thou utterest common sense doth want :

Half English words, with fustian terms among,
Much like the burthen of a northern song.

IN FAUSTUM. 16.

That youth saith Faustus hath a lion seen,
Who from a dicing house comes moneyless,
But when he lost his hair, where had he been,
I doubt me he had seen a lioness.

IN COSMUM. 17.

Cosmus hath more discoursing in his head,
Than Jove, when Pallas issued from his brain,
And still he strives to be delivered,
Of all his thoughts at once, but all in vain :
For as we see at all the playhouse doors,
When ended is the play, the dance and song,
A thousand townsmen, gentlemen, and whores,
Porters and serving-men together throng :
So thoughts of drinking, thriving, wenching, war,
And borrowing money, raging in his mind,
To issue all at once so forward are,
As none at all can perfect passage find.

IN FLACCUM. 18.

The false knave Flaccus once a bribe I gave,
The more fool I to bribe so false a knave,
But he gave back my bribe, the more fool he,
That for my folly, did not cozen me.

 IN CINEAM. 19.

Thou dogged Cineas hated like a dog,
 For still thou grumblest like a mastiff dog,
 Compar'st thyself to nothing but a dog,
 Thou say'st thou art as weary as a dog,
 As angry, sick, and hungry as a dog,
 As dull and melancholy as a dog,
 As lazy, sleepy, and as idle as a dog ;
 But why dost thou compare thee to a dog ?
 In that, for which all men despise a dog ?
 I will compare thee better to a dog.
 Thou art as fair and comely as a dog,
 Thou art as true and honest as a dog,
 Thou art as kind and liberal as a dog,
 Thou art as wise and valiant as a dog :
 But Cineas I have oft heard thee tell,
 Thou art as like thy father as may be,
 'Tis like enough, and 'faith I like it well,
 But I am glad thou art not like to me.

IN GERONTEM. 20.

Geron's mouldy memory corrects,
 Old Holinshed our famous chronicler,
 With moral rules, and policy collects,
 Out of a l actions done these fourscore year.
 Accounts the time of every old event,
 Not from Christ's birth, nor from the Prince's reign,
 But from some other famous accident,
 Which in men's general notice doth remain.

The siege of Bulogne, and the plagy sweat,
 The going to saint Quintin's and New-haven,
 The rising in the North, the frost so great,
 That cart-wheel prints on Thames' face were seen.
 The fall of money, and burning of Paul's steeple,
 The blazing star, and Spaniard's overthrow :
 By these events notorious to the people,
 He measures times, and things forepast doth show.
 But most of all, he chiefly reckons by,
 A private chance, the death of his curst wife :
 This is to him the dearest memory,
 And th' happiest accident of all his life.

IN MARCUM. 21.

When Marcus comes from Mins, he still doth swear
 By, come a seven, that all is lost and gone,
 But that's not true, for he hath lost his hair
 Only for that, he came too much at one.

IN CIPRIUM. 22.

The fine youth Cyprius is more terse and neat,
 Than the new garden of the old Temple is,
 And still the newest fashion he doth get,
 And with the time doth change from that to this,
 He wears a hat now of the flat crown-block,
 The treble ruffs, long cloak, and doublet French :
 He takes tobacco, and doth wear a lock,
 And wastes more time in dressing than a wench.

Yet this new-fangled youth, made for these times,
Doth above all, praise old Gascoigne's rhymes.

IN CINEAM. 23.

When Cineas comes amongst his friends in morning,
He slyly looks who first his cap doth move :
Him he salutes, the rest so grimly scorning,
As if for ever they had lost his love.

I knowing how it doth the humour fit,

Of this fond gull to be saluted first :

Catch at my cap, but move it not a whit :

Which perceiving he seems for spite to burst.

But Cineas, why expect you more of me,

Than I of you ? I am as good a man,

And better too by many a quality,

For vault, and dance, and fence and rhyme I can :

You keep a whore at your own charge men tell me,

Indeed friend (Cineas) therein you excel me.

IN GALLUM. 24.

Gallus hath been this summer-time in Friesland,

And now returned he speaks such warlike words,

As if I could their English understand,

I fear me they would cut my throat like swords.

He talks of counterscarps and casamates,

Of parapets, of curteneyes and pallisadoes,

Of flankers, ravelings, gabions he prates,

And of false brayes and sallies and scalados :

But to requite such gulling terms as these,

With words of my profession I reply ;

I tell of foorching, vouchers and counterpleas,
 Of withernams, essoines, and champarty :
 So neither of us understanding either,
 We part as wise as when we came together.

IN DICIUM. 25.

Audacious painters have nine worthies made,
 But poet Decius more audacious far,
 Making his mistress march with men of war,
 With title of tenth worthy doth her lade ;
 Methinks that gull did use his terms as fit,
 Which termed his love a giant for her wit.

IN GELLAM. 26.

If Gella's beauty be examined,
 She hath a dull dead eye, a saddle nose,
 An ill-shaped face, with morphew overspread,
 And rotten teeth which she in laughing shows.
 Briefly, she is the filthiest wench in town,
 Of all that do the art of whoring use ;
 But when she hath put on her sattin gown,
 Her out-lawn apron, and her velvet shoes,
 Her green silk stockings, and her petticoat
 Of taffeta, with golden fringe a-round ;
 And is withal perfumed with civet hot,
 Which doth her valiant stinking breath confound ;
 Yet she with these additions is no more,
 Then a sweet, filthy, fine, ill-favored whore.

IN SYLLAM. 27

Sylla is often challenged to the field,
 To answer like a gentleman his foes,
 But when doth he his only answer yield,
 That he hath livings and fair lands to loose :
 Sylla, if none but beggars valiant were,
 The king of Spain would put us all in fear.

IN SYLLAM. 28.

Who dares affirm that Sylla dare not fight ?
 When I dare swear he dares adventure more,
 Than the most brave, most all-daring wight,
 That ever arms with resolution bore :
 He that dare touch the most unwholesome whore,
 That ever was retired into the spital ;
 And dares court wenches standing at a door,
 The portion of his wit being passing little :
 He that dares give his dearest friends offences,
 Which other valiant fools do fear to do ;
 And when a fever doth confound his senses,
 Dare eat raw beef, and drink strong wine thereto :
 He that dares take tobacco on the stage,
 Dares man a whore at noon-day through the street,
 Dares dance in Paul's, and in this formal age,
 Dares say and do whatever is unmeet :
 Whom fear of shame could never yet affright,
 Who dares affirm that Sylla dares not fight ?

IN HAYWODUM. 29.

Haywood which in epigrams did excel,
Is now put down since my light muse arose ;
As buckets are put down into a well,
Or as a school-boy putteth down his hose.

IN DACUM. 30.

Amongst the poets Dacus number'd is,
Yet could he never make an English rhyme,
But some prose speeches I have heard of his,
Which have been spoken many a hundred time.

The man that keeps the elephant hath one,
Wherein he tells the wonders of the beast ;
Another Banks pronounced long ago,
When he his curtail's qualities express'd :
He first taught him that keeps the monuments
At Westminster, his formal tale to say,
And also him with puppets represents,
And also him which with the ape doth play ;
Though all his poetry be like to this,
Amongst the poets numbered is.

IN PRISCUM. 31.

When Priscus raised from low to high estate,
Rode through the street in pompous jollity,
Caius his poor familiar friend of late,
Bespake him thus, Sir, now you know not me :
'Tis likely friend (quoth Priscus) to be so,
For at this time myself I do not know.

IN BRUNUM. 32

Brunus which thinks himself a fair sweet youth
 Is thirty-nine years of age at least ;
 Yet was he never, to confess the truth,
 But a dry starveling when he was at best.

 This gull was sick to shew his nightcap fine,
 And his wrought pillow overspread with lawn ;
 But hath been well since his grief's cause hath lien,
 At Trollop's by Saint Clement's church in pawn.

IN FRANCUM. 33.

When Francus comes to solace with his whore,
 He sends for rods and strips himself stark naked ;
 For his lust sleeps, and will not rise before
 By whipping of the wench it be awaked.

 I envy him not, but wish I had the power,
 To make myself his wench but one half hour.

IN CASTOREM. 34.

Of speaking well, why do we learn the skill,
 Hoping thereby honor and wealth to gain :
 Sith rayling Castor doth by speaking ill,
 Opinion of much wit, and gold obtain.

IN SEPTIMUM. 35.

Septimus lives, and is like garlick seen,
 For though his head be white, his blade is green :
 This old mad colt deserves a martyr's praise,
 For he was burned in Queen Mary's days.

OF TOBACCO. 36.

Homer of Moly, and Nepenthe sings,
Moly the Gods most sovereign herb divine ;
Nepenthe Hekens drink with gladness brings,
Heart's grief expels, and doth the wits refine.

But this our age another world hath found,
From whence an herb of heavenly power is brought,
Moly is not so sovereign for a wound,
Nor hath Nepenthe so great wonders wrought.

It is tobacco, whose sweet substantial fume,
The hellish torment of the teeth doth ease,
By drawing down, and drying up the rheum,
The mother and the nurse of each disease.

It is tobacco which doth cold expel,
And clears the obstructions of the arteries,
And surfeits threat'ning death digesteth well,
Decocting all the stomach's crudities.

It is tobacco which hath power to clarify,
The cloudy mists before dim eyes appearing,
It is tobacco, which hath power to rarify
The thick gross humour which doth stop the hearing,
The wasting hectic and the quartan fever,
Which doth of physic make a mockery :
The gout it cures, and helps ill breaths for ever,
Whether the cause in teeth or stomach be :

And though ill breaths, were by it but confounded,
Yet that medicine it doth far excel,
Which by Sir Thomas Moore hath been propounded,
For this is thought a gentleman-like smell.

O that I were one of these mountebanks,
 Which praise their oils, and powders which they sell,
 My customers would give me coin with thanks!
 I for this ware, forsooth a tale would tell;
 Yet would I use none of these terms before,
 I would but say, that it the pox will cure; }
 This were enough, without discoursing more,
 All our brave gallants in the town t' allure.

IN CRASSUM. 37.

Crassus's lies are not pernicious lies,
 But pleasant fictions, hurtful unto none
 But to himself, for no man counts him wise,
 To tell for truth, that which for false is known.
 He swears that Caunt is threescore miles about,
 And that the bridge at Paris on the Seine,
 Is of such thickness, length and breadth, throughout,
 That six-score arches can it scarce sustain :
 He swears he saw so great a dead man's scull,
 At Canterbury digged out of the ground,
 That would contain of wheat three bushels full,
 And that in Kent are twenty yeomen found,
 Of which the poorest every year dispends
 Five thousand pound : these and five thousand moe,
 So oft he hath recited to his friends,
 That now himself persuades himself 'tis so.
 But why doth Crassus tell his lies so rife,
 Of bridges, towns, and things that have no life :
 He is a lawyer, and doth well espy,
 That for such lies an action will not lie.

IN PHILONEM. 38.

Philo the lawyer and the fortune-teller,
The school-master, the midwife and the bawd,
The conjurer, the buyer and the seller
Of painting which with breathing will be thaw'd,
Doth practise physic, and his credit grows,
As doth the ballad-singer's auditory,
Which hath at Temple Bar his standing chose,
And to the vulgar sings an ale-house story.
First stands a porter, then an oyster wife
Doth stint her cry, and stay her steps to hear him,
Then comes a cutpurse ready with a knife,
And then a country client passeth near him :
There stands the constable, there stands the whore,
And harkening to the song, mark not each other ;
There by the serjeant stands the debtor poor,
And doth no more mistrust him than his brother :
Thus Orpheus to such hearers giveth music,
And Philo to such patients giveth physic.

FUSCUM. 39.

Fuscus is free, and hath the world at will,
Yet in the course of life that he doth lead,
He's like a horse which turning round a mill,
Doth always in the self-same circle tread :
First he doth rise at ten, and at eleven
He goes to Gill's, where he doth eat till one ;
Then sees he a play till six, and sups at seven,
And after supper, straight to bed is gone.

And there till ten next day he doth remain,
And then he dines, then sees a comedy ;
And then he sups, and goes to bed again,
Thus round he runs without variety :
Save that sometimes he comes not to the play,
But falls into a whore-house by the way.

IN AFRUM. 40.

The small feast after, travels to the Burse
Twice every day the flying news to hear,
Which when he hath no money in his purse,
To rich men's tables he doth often bear :
He tells how Gronigen is taken in,
By the brave conduct of illustrious Vere ;
And how the Spanish forces Brest would win,
But that they do victorious Norris fear.
No sooner is a ship at sea surprised,
But straight he learns the news and doth disclose it ;
Fair written in a scroll he hath the names,
Of all the widows which the plague hath made ;
And persons, times and places, still he frames,
To every tale, the better to persuade :
We call him fame, for that the wide-mouth slave,
Will eat as fast as he will utter lies ;
For Fame is said an hundred mouths to have,
And he eats more than would five score suffice.

IN PAULUM. 41.

By lawful mart, and by unlawful stealth,
Paul's in spite of envy fortunate,
Derives out of the oceans so much wealth,
As he may well maintain a lord's estate :
 But on the land a little gulf there is,
 Wherein he drowneth all the wealth of his.

IN LICUM. 42.

Lycus which lately is to Venice gone,
Shall if he do return, gain three for one :
But ten to one, his knowledge and his wit,
Will not be bettered or increased a whit.

IN PUBLIUM. 43.

Publius, student at the common law,
Oft leaves his books, and for his recreation,
To Paris garden doth himself withdraw,
Where he is ravished with such delectation
As down amongst the bears and dogs he goes ;
Where whilst he skipping cries to head, to head,
His sattin doublet and his velvet hose,
Are all with spittle from above be-spread.
When he is like his father's country hall,
Stinking with dogs, and muted all with hawks ;
And rightly too on him this filth doth fall,
Which for such filthy sports his books forsakes ;
 Leaving old Plowden, Dyer and Brooke alone,
 To see old Harry Hunkes and Sacarson.

IN SYLLAM. 44.

When I this proposition had defended,
 A coward cannot be an honest man,
 Thou Sylla seemest forthwith to be offended,
 And hold'st the contrary and swears he can :
 But when I tell thee that he will forsake
 His dearest friend, in peril of his life,
 Thou then art chang'd and say'st thou didst mistake,
 And so we end our argument and strife :
 Yet I think oft, and think I think aright,
 Thy argument argues thou wilt not fight.

IN DACUM. 45.

Dacus with some good colour and pretence,
 Terms his love's beauty silent eloquence ;
 For she doth lay more colours on her face,
 Than ever Tully used his speech to grace.

IN MARCUM. 46.

Why dost thou Marcus in thy misery,
 Rail and blaspheme, and call the heavens unkind ;
 The heavens draw no kindness unto thee,
 Thou hast the heavens so little in thy mind ;
 For in thy life thou never usest prayer,
 But at primero, to encounter fair.

MEDITATIONS OF A GULL. 47.

See yonder melancholy gentleman,
 Which hood-winked with his hat, alone doth sit !
 Think what he thinks and tell me if you can,
 What great affairs troubles his little wit.

He thinks not of the war 'twixt France and Spain,
Whether it be for Europe good or ill,
Nor whether the empire can itself maintain
Against the Turkish power encroaching still;
Nor what great town in all the Netherlands,
The stars determine to besiege this spring,
Nor how the Scottish policy now stands,
Nor what becomes of the Irish mutining.
But he doth seriously bethink him whether
Of the gull'd people he be more esteem'd,
For his long cloak, or his great black feather,
By which each gull is now a gallant deem'd :
Or of a journey he deliberates,
To Paris garden cock-pit or the play ;
Or how to steal a dog he meditates,
Or what he shall unto his mistress say :
Yet with these thoughts he thinks himself most fit
To be of counsel with a king for wit.

AD MUSAM. 48.

Peace idle muse, have done ! for it is time,
Since lousy Ponticus envies my fame,
And swears the better sort are much to blame
To make me so well known for ill rhyme :
Yet Banks his horse is better known than he,
So are the camels and the western hog,
And so is Lepidus' high painted dog :
Why doth not Ponticus their fames envy ?
Besides this muse of mine, and the black feather,
Grew both together fresh in estimation,

And both grown stale, were cast away together :
What fame is this that scarce lasts out a fashion ?
Only this last in credit doth remain,
That from henceforth each bastard cast forth rhyme,
Which doth but savour of a libel vein,
Shall call me father, and be thought my crime ;
So dull and with so little sense endued,
Is my gross headed judge, the multitude.

I. D.

IGNOTO.

I LOVE thee not for sacred chastity.
Who loves for that? nor for thy sprightly wit :
I love thee not for thy sweet modesty,
Which makes thee in perfection's throne to sit.

I love thee not for thy enchanting eye,
Thy beauty ravishing perfection :
I love thee not for unchaste luxury,
Nor for thy body's fair proportion.

I love thee not for that my soul doth dance,
And leap with pleasure when those lips of thine,
Give musical and graceful utterance,
To some (by thee made happy) poet's line.

I love thee not for voice or slender small,
But wilt thou know wherefore? fair sweet for all.

'Faith wench! I cannot court thy sprightly eyes,
With the base viol placed between my thighs :
I cannot lisp, nor to some fiddle sing,
Nor run upon a high stretched minikin.

I cannot whine in puling elegies,
Intombing Cupid with sad obsequies :

I am not fashion'd for these amorous times,
 To court thy beauty with lascivious rhymes :
 I cannot dally, caper, dance and sing,
 Oiling my saint with supple sonnetting :
 I cannot cross my arms, or sigh aye me,
 Aye me forlorn, egregious foppery !
 I cannot buss thy fill, play with thy hair,
 Swearing by love, thou art most debonnaire :
 Not I by cock, but shall tell thee roundly,
 Hark in thine ear, zounds I can () thee
 soundly.

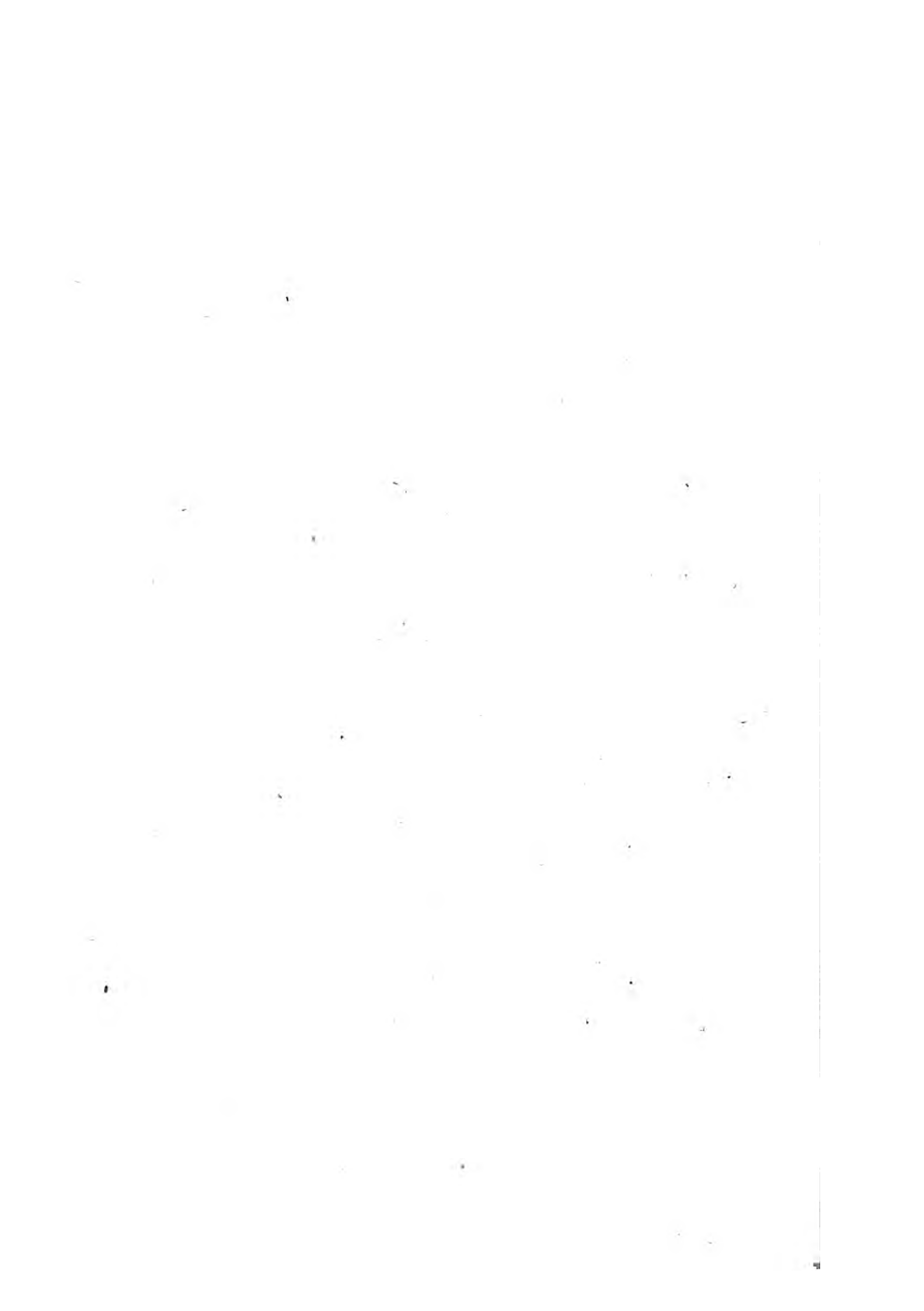
Sweet wench I love thee, yet I will not sue,
 Or shew my love as musky courtiers do ;
 I'll not carouse a health to honour thee,
 In this same bezzling drunken courtesy :
 And when all's quaff'd, eat up my boosing glass,
 In glory that I am thy servile ass.
 Nor will I wear a rotten Bourbon lock,
 As some sworn peasant to a female smock.
 Well-featured lass, thou knowest I love thee dear,
 Yet for thy sake I will not bore mine ear,
 To hang thy dirty silken shoe-tires there :
 Nor for thy love will I once gnash a brick,
 Or some pied colours in my bonnet stick.
 But by the chaps of hell to do thee good,
 I'll freely spend my thrice decocted blood.

THE
FIRST BOOK OF LUCAN,

TRANSLATED BY C. MARLOWE.

VOL. II.

30



PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

TO HIS KIND AND TRUE FRIEND,

EDWARD BLOUNT.

BLOUNT: I purpose to be blunt with you, and out of my dulness to encounter you with a dedication in memory of that pure elemental wit Chr. Marlowe, whose ghost or genius is to be seen walk the church-yard in, at the least, three or four sheets. Methinks you should presently look wild now, and grow humorously frantic upon the taste of it. Well, lest you should, let me tell you: this spirit was sometime a familiar of your own, Lucan's first book translated; which, in regard of your old right in it, I have raised in the circle of your patronage. But stay now, Edward, if I mistake not, you are to accommodate yourself with some few instructions, touching the property of a patron, that you are not yet possessed of; and to study them for your better grace as our gallants do fashions. First, you must be proud and think you have merit enough in you, though you are never so empty; then when I bring you the book take physic, and keep state, assign me a time by your man to come again, and afore the day be sure to have changed your lodging; in the mean time sleep little, and sweat with the invention of some pitiful dry jest or two which you may happen to utter, with some little, or not at all, marking of your friends when you

have found a place for them to come in at: or if by chance something has dropped from you worth the taking up, weary all that come to you with the often repetition of it; censure scornfully enough, and somewhat like a traveller; commend nothing, lest you discredit your (that which you would seem to have) judgment. These things, if you can mould yourself to them, Ned, I make no question but they will not become you. One special virtue in our patrons of these days I have promised myself you shall fit excellently, which is to give nothing; yes, thy love I will challenge as my peculiar object both in this, and, I hope, many more succeeding offices: Farewell, I affect not the world should measure my thoughts to thee by a scale of this nature; leave to think good of me when I fall from thee.

Thine in all rights of perfect friendship,

THOM. THORPE.

Lucan's first Booke, translated line for line by Chr. Marlow.
At London, Printed by P. Short, and are to be sold by
Walter Burre, at the signe of the Flower de Luce in Paules
Churchyard, 1600.

The present edition is reprinted from a copy in the Bodleian Library, (the only one we believe known to be extant) formerly belonging to Mr. Malone, who has made the following note on the fly leaf. "This is, I believe, the third specimen of blank verse in the English language. Lord Surrey's translation of the fourth *Æneid* of Virgil was the first. Turverville's translations from Ovid, I believe, the second."—

THE
FIRST BOOK OF LUCAN,

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH.

WARs worse than civil on Thessalian plains,
And outrage-strangling law and people strong,
We sing, whose conquering swords their own breasts
 launch'd,
Armies allied, the kingdom's league uprooted,
Th' affrighted world's force bent on public spoil,
Trumpets and drums, like deadly, threat'ning other,
Eagles alike display'd, darts answering darts.
Romans, what madness, what huge lust of war
Hath made barbarians drunk with Latin blood?
Now Babylon, (proud through our spoil) should stoop,
While slaughter'd Crassus' ghost walks unreveng'd.
Will ye wage war, for which you shall not triumph?
Aye me! O what a world of land and sea,
Might they have won whom civil broils have slain,
As far as Titan springs, where night dims heaven,—
Aye to the torrid zone where mid-day burns,
And where stiff winter, whom no spring resolves,
Fetters the Euxine sea with chains of ice!
Scythia and wild Armenia had been yok'd,

And they of Nilus' mouth (if there live any).
Rome, if thou take delight in impious war,
First conquer all the earth, then turn thy force
Against thyself: as yet thou want'st not foes,
That now the walls of houses half reaser'd (?) totter,
That rampiers fallen down, huge heaps of stone
Lye in our towns, that houses are abandon'd,
And few live that behold their ancient seats;
Italy many years hath lain untill'd
And choak'd with thorns; that greedy earth wants
hinds.

Fierce Pyrrhus! neither thou nor Hannibal
Art cause; no foreign foe could so afflict us;
These plagues arise from wreck of civil power.
But if for Nero (then unborn) the fates
Would find no other means, (and gods not slightly
Purchase immortal thrones; nor Jove joy'd heaven,
Until the cruel giants war was done.)
We 'plain not heavens, but gladly bear these evils
For Nero's sake: Pharsalia groan with slaughter;
And Carthage souls be glutted with our blood!
At Munda let the dreadful battles join;
Add Cæsar, to these ills, Perusian famine;
The Mutin toils; the fleet at Leuca sunk;
And cruel field, near burning Ætna fought:
Yet Rome is much bound to these civil arms,
Which made thee emperor, thee (seeing thou being old
Must shine a star) shall heaven (whom thou lovest,
Receive with shouts; where thou wilt reign as king,
Or mount the sun's plume-bearing chariot,

And with bright restless fire compass the earth,
Undaunted though her former guide be chang'd.
Nature, and every power shall give thee place,
What God it please thee be, or where to sway :
But neither chuse the north t' erect thy seat ;
Nor yet the adverse reaking southern pole,
Whence thou should'st view thy Rome with squint-
ing beams.

If any one part of vast heaven thou swayest,
The burden'd axles with force will bend ;
The mid'st is best ; that place is pure, and bright,
There Cæsar may'st thou shine and no cloud dim thee ;
Then men from war shall bide in league and ease,
Peace through the world from Janus' fane shall fly,
And bolt the brazen gates with bars of iron.
Thou, Cæsar, at this instant art my god ;
Thee if I invoke, I shall not need
To crave Apollo's aid, or Bacchus' help ;
Thy power inspires the muse that sings this war.
The causes first I purpose to unfold,
Of these garboils, whence springs a long discourse,
And what made madding people shake off peace.
The fates are envious, high seats quickly perish,
Under great burdens falls are ever grievous ;
Rome was so great it could not bear itself :
So when this world's compounded union breaks,
Time ends, and to old Chaos all things turn ;
Confused stars shall meet, celestial fire
Fleet on the floods, the earth shoulder the sea,
Affording it no shore, and Phœbe's wain,

Chase Phæbus and enrag'd affect his place,
And strive to shine by day, and full of strife
Dissolve the engines of the broken world.
All great things crush themselves; such end the gods
Allot the height of honor; men so strong,
By land and sea, no foreign force could ruin.
O Rome! thyself art cause of all these evils,
Thyself thus shiver'd out to three men's shares;
Dire league of partners in a kingdom lasts not.
O faintly join'd friends with ambition blind,
Why join you force to share the world betwixt you?
While th' earth, the sea, and air, the earth sustains;
While Titan strives against the world's swift course;
Or Cynthia, night's queen, waits upon the day;
Shall never faith be found in fellow kings.
Dominion cannot suffer partnership;
This needs no foreign proof, nor far fet story:
Rome's infant walls were steep'd in brothers' blood;
Nor then was land or sea, to breed such hate;
A town with one poor church set them at odds.
Cæsar's and Pompey's jarring love soon ended,
'Twas peace against their wills; betwixt them both
Step'd Crassus in, even as the slender isthmus
Betwixt the Ægean and the Ionian sea,
Keeps each from other, but being worn away,
They both burst out, and each encounter other:
So when as Crassus' wretched death, who stayed them,
Had fill'd Assyrian Carras' walls with blood,
His loss made way for Roman outrages.
Parthians, y'afflict us more than ye suppose:

Being conquered, we are plagu'd with civil war,
Swords share our empire ; fortune, that made Rome
Govern the earth, the sea, the world itself,
Would not admit two lords : for Julia
Snatch'd hence by cruel fates with ominous howls,
Bare down to hell her son, the pledge of peace,
And all bands of that death presaging alliance.
Julia ! had heaven given thee longer life
Thou had'st restrain'd thy headstrong husband's rage,
Yea and thy father too, and swords thrown down,
Made all shake hands as once the Sabines did ;
Thy death broke amity and train'd to war
These captains emulous of each others glory.
Thou feard'st, great Pompey ! that late deeds would

dim

Old triumphs, and that Cæsar's conquering France,
Would dash the wreath thou wear'dst for pirates' wrack.
Thee war's use stir'd, and thoughts that always scorn'd
A second place ; Pompey could bide no equal,
Nor Cæsar no superior ; which of both
Had justest cause, unlawful 'tis to judge :
Each side had great partakers ; Cæsar's cause
The gods abetted ; Cato lik'd the other ;
Both differ'd much ; Pompey was struck in years,
And by long rest forgot to manage arms,
And being popular sought by liberal gifts,
To gain the light unstable commons' love,
And joy'd to hear his theatres applause ;
He liv'd secure boasting his former deeds,
And thought his name sufficient to uphold him ;

Like to a tall oak in a fruitful field,
Bearing old spoils and conquerors' monuments,
Who though his root be weak, and his own weight,
Keep him within the ground, his arms all bare,
His body (not his boughs) send forth a shade ;
Though every blast it nod, and seem to fall,
When all the woods about stand bolt upright,
Yet he alone is held in reverence.

Cæsar's renown for war was less, he restless,
Shaming to strive but where he did subdue ;
When ire or hope provok'd, heady, and bold
At all times charging home, and making havoc ;
Urging his fortune, trusting in the gods,
Destroying what withstood his proud desires,
And glad when blood and ruin made him way :
So thunder which the wind tears from the clouds,
With crack of riven air and hideous sound,
Filling the world, leaps out and throws forth fire,
Affrights poor fearful men, and blasts their eyes
With overwharting flames, and raging shoots
Along the air, and not resisting it,
Falls, and returns, and shivers where it lights.
Such humours stir'd them up ; but this war's seed
Was e'en the same that racks all great dominion ;
When fortune made us lords of all, wealth flowed,
And then we grew licentious and rude ;
The soldiers' prey and rapine brought in riot ;
Men took delight in jewels, houses, plate,
And scorn'd old sparing diet, and ware robes
Too light for women ; Poverty, who hatch'd

Rome's greatest wits, was loath'd, and all the world
Ransack'd for gold, which breeds the world decay;
And then large limits had their butting lands;
The ground which Curius and Camillus till'd,
Was stretch'd unto the fields of hinds unknown;
Again, this people could not brook calm peace;
Them freedom without war might not suffice;
Quarrels were rife; greedy desire, still poor,
Did vile deeds; then 'twas worth the price of blood,
And deem'd renown to spoil their native town:
Force master'd right, the strongest govern'd all;
Hence came it that th' edicts were over-rul'd,
That laws were broke, tribunes with consuls strove,
Sale made of offices, and people's voices,
Bought by themselves and sold, and every year
Frauds and corruption in the field of Mars;
Hence interest and devouring usury sprang,
Faith's breach, and hence came war to most men
welcome.

Now Cæsar overpast the snowy Alps;
His mind was troubled, and he aim'd at war,
And coming to the ford of Rubicon,
At night in dreadful vision fearful Rome,
Mourning appear'd, whose hoary hairs were torn,
And on her turret-bearing head dispers'd,
And arms all naked, who with broken sighs,
And staring, thus bespoke,—“ what meanst thou
Cæsar ?

Whither goes my standard? Romans if ye be,
And bear true hearts, stay! hear!” this spectacle

Struck Cæsar's heart with fear, his hair stood up,
 And faintness numm'd his steps there on the brink.
 He thus cried out:—"Thou thunderer that guard'st
 Rome's mighty walls, built on Tarpeian rock!
 Ye gods of Phrygia and Jûlius' line,
 Quirinus' rites and Latian Jove advanc'd,
 On Alba hill! O vestal flames! O Rome!
 My thought's sole goddess, aid mine enterprise!
 I hate thee not, to thee my conquests stoop,
 Cæsar is thine, so please it thee, thy soldier;
 He, he afflicts Rome that made me Rome's foe."
 This said, he laying aside all lets of war,
 Approach'd the swelling stream with drum and en-
 sign,

Like to a lion of scorch'd desert Afric,
 Who, seeing hunters, pauseth 'till fell wrath
 And kingly rage increase, then having whisk'd
 His tail athwart his back, and crest heav'd up,
 With jaws wide open ghastly roaring out;
 (Albeit the Moor's light javelin or his spear
 Sticks in his side) yet runs upon the hunter.
 In summer-time the purple Rubicon,
 Which issues from a small spring, is but shallow,
 And creeps along the vales, dividing just
 The bounds of Italy from Cisalpine France;
 But now the winter's wrath, and wat'ry moon
 Being three days old, enforc'd the flood to swell,
 And frozen Alps thaw'd with resolving winds.
 The thunder-hoof'd horse, in a crooked line,
 To 'scape the violence of the stream, first waded;

Which being broke, the foot had easy passage.
As soon as Cæsar got unto the bank
And bounds of Italy; "Here! here!" saith he,
"An end of peace; here, end polluted laws!
Hence leagues and covenants! Fortune, thee I follow;
War and the destinies shall try my cause."

This said, the restless general through the dark,
(Swifter than bullets thrown from Spanish slings,
Or darts which Parthians backward shoot) march'd on,
And then (when Lucifer did shine alone,
And some dim stars) he Ariminum enter'd.
Day rose and view'd these tumults of the war.
Whether the gods, or blust'ring south were cause
I know not, but the cloudy air did frown;
The soldiers having won the market-place,
There spread the colours, with confused noise
Of trumpet's clang, shrill cornets, whistling fifes;
The people started; young men left their beds,
And snatch'd arms near their household gods hung up,
Such as peace yields; worm-eaten leathern targets,
Through which the wood peer'd, headless darts, old
swords
With ugly teeth of black rust foully scarr'd:
But seeing white eagles, and Rome's flags well
known,
And lofty Cæsar in the thickest throng,
They shook for fear, and cold benumm'd their limbs,
And muttering much, thus to themselves complain'd.
O walls unfortunate! too near to France,
Predestinate to ruin! all lands else

Have stable peace ; here war's rage first begins ;
We bide the first brunt, safer might we dwell,
Under the frosty bear, or parching east,
Waggons or tents, than in this frontier town.
We first sustain'd the uproars of the Gauls,
And furious Cymbrians and of Carthage Moors.
As oft as Rome was sack'd here 'gan the spoil.
Thus sighing whisper'd they, and none durst speak,
And shew their fear, or grief : but as the fields
When birds are silent thorough winter's rage,
Or sea far from the land, so all were wist.
Now light had quite dissolv'd the misty night,
And Cæsar's mind unsettled musing stood ;
But gods and fortune prick'd him to this war,
Infringing all excuse of modest shame,
And labouring to approve his quarrel good.
The angry senate urging Gracchus' deeds,
From doubtful Rome wrongly expell'd the tribunes
That crost them ; both which now approach'd the
camp,
And with them Curio, sometime tribune too,
One that was fee'd for Cæsar, and whose tongue
Could tune the people to the nobles' mind :
" Cæsar" (said he) " while eloquence prevail'd,
And I might plead, and draw the commons' minds
To favour thee, against the senate's will,
Five years I lengthen'd thy command in France :
But law being put to silence by the wars,
We from our houses driven, most willingly
Suffered exile : let thy sword bring us home.

Now, while their part is weak and fears, march hence!
Where men are ready, lingering ever hurts:
In ten years won'st thou France; Rome may be won
With far less toil, and yet the honor's more;
Few battles fought with prosperous success
May bring her down, and with her all the world;
Nor shalt thou triumph when thou com'st to Rome;
Nor capital be adorn'd with sacred bays;
Envy denies all; with thy blood must thou
Abide thy conquest past: the son decrees
T' expel the father; share the world thou can'st not;
Enjoy it all thou may'st." Thus Curio spake
And therewith Cæsar prone enough to war
Was so incensed as are Eleus' steeds
With clamors: who, though lock'd and chain'd in stalls,
Souse down the walls, and make a passage forth.
Straight summon'd he his several companies
Unto the standard: his grave look appeas'd
The wrestling tumult; and right hand made silence:
And thus he spake: "You that with me have borne
A thousand brunts, and tried me full ten years,
See how they quit our bloodshed in the north;
Our friend's death; and our wounds; our wintering
Under the Alps. Rome rageth now in arms
As if the Carthage Hannibal were near;
Cornets of horse are muster'd for the field;
Woods turn'd to ships; both land and sea against us:
Had foreign wars ill-thriv'd, or wrathful France,
Pursu'd us hither, how were we bestead
When coming conqueror Rome afflicts me thus?"

Let come their leaders whom long peace hath quail'd;
Raw soldiers lately prest; and troops of gowns;
Babbling Marcellus; Cato whom fools reverence!
Must Pompey's followers with strangers' aid,
(Whom from his youth he brib'd) needs makes him
king?

And shall he triumph long before his time,
And having once got head still shall he reign?
What should I talk of men's corn reap'd by force,
And by him kept of purpose for a dearth.
Who sees not war sit by the quivering judge;
And sentence given in rings of naked swords,
And laws assail'd, and arm'd men in the senate.
'Twas his troop hemm'd in Milo being accus'd;
And now lest age might wain his state, he casts
For civil war, wherein through use he's known
To exceed his master, that arch-traitor Sylla.
A brood of barbarous tigers having lapp'd
The blood of many a herd, whilst with their dams
They kennel'd in Hircania, evermore
Will rage and prey; so Pompey, thou having lick'd
Warm gore from Sylla's sword art yet athirst.
Jaws fresh with blood continue murderous.
Speak, when shall this thy long usurp'd power end?
What end of mischief? Sylla teaching thee,
At last learn, wretch! to leave thy monarchy;
What now Sicilian pirates are suppress'd
And jaded, king of Pontus, poisoned, slain,
Must Pompey as his last foe plume on me,
Because at his command I wound not up

My conquering eagles? say I merit nought,
 Yet for long service done, reward these men,
 And so they triumph, be't with whom ye will.
 Whither now shall these old bloodless souls repair?
 What seats for their deserts? what store of ground
 For servitors to till? What colonies
 To rest their bones? say Pompey, are these worse
 Than pirates of Sicilia? they had houses.
 Spread, spread these flags that ten years space have
 conquer'd!

Let's use our tried force; they that now thwart right,
 In war will yeild to wrong: the gods are with us,
 Neither spoil nor kingdom seek we by these arms,
 But Rome, at thraldom's feet, to rid from tyrants."
 This spoke, none answered but a murmuring buz
 Th' unstable people made: their household gods
 And love to Rome (though slaughter steel'd their
 hearts

And minds were prone)restrain'd them; but war's love
 And Cæsar's awe dash'd all: then Lælius
 The chief centurion crown'd with oaken leaves
 For saving of a Roman citizen,
 Stepp'd forth, and cry'd, " Chief leader of Rome's
 force,

So be, I may be bold to speak a truth;
 We grieve at this thy patience and delay.
 What! doubt'st thou us? even now when youthful
 blood

Pricks forth our lively bodies, and strong arms
 Can mainly throw the dart, wilt thou indure

These purple grooms ? that senate's tyranny ?
Is conquest got by civil war so heinous ?
Well, lead us then to Syrtes' desert shore ;
Or Scythia ; or hot Lybia's thirsty sands !
This hand, that all behind us might be quail'd,
Hath with thee past the swelling ocean ;
And swept the foaming breast of Artic Rhene.
Love overrules my will ; I must obey thee
Cæsar ; he whom I hear thy trumpets charge,
I hold no Roman ; by these ten blest ensigns
And all thy several triumphs, should'st thou bid me
Intomb my sword within my brother's bowels,
Or father's throat, or women's groaning womb,
This hand (albeit unwilling) should perform it,
Or rob the gods, or sacred temples fire :
These troops should soon pull down the church of

Jove,

If to encamp on Tuscan Tiber's streams,
He boldly quarter out the fields of Rome ;
What walls thou wilt be levell'd with the ground,
These hands shall thrust the ram, and make them fly,
Albeit the city thou would'st have so raz'd
Be Rome itself." Here every band applauded,
And with their hands held up, all jointly cry'd
They'll follow where he please. The shouts rent
heaven,

As when against pine-bearing Ossa's rocks,
Beats Thracian Boreas ; or when trees bow'd down,
And rustling swing up as the wind sets breath.
When Cæsar saw his army prone to war,

And fates so bent, lest sloth and long delay
Might cross him, he withdrew his troops from France,
And in all quarters musters men for Rome.
They by Lemannus' nook forsook their tents ;
They whom the Ligones foil'd with painted spears,
Under the rocks by crooked Vogesus ;
And many came from shallow Isara,
Who running long, falls in a greater flood,
And ere he sees the sea looseth his name ;
The yellow Ruthens left their garrisons ;
Mild Atax glad it bears not Roman boats ;
And frontier Varus that the camp is far,
Sent aid ; so did Alcides' port, whose seas
Eat hollow rocks, and where the north-west wind,
Nor zephyr rules not, but the north alone
Turmoils the coast, and entrance forbids :
And others came from that uncertain shore,
Which is nor sea, nor land, but oftentimes both,
And changeth as the ocean ebbs and flows ;
Whether the sea roll'd always from that point,
Whence the wind blows, still forced to and fro ;
Or that the wandering main follow the moon,
Or flaming Titan, feeding on the deep,
Pulls them aloft, and makes the surge kiss heaven ;
Philosophers look you, for unto me,
Thou cause' whate'er thou be whom God assigns,
This great effect, art hid. They came that dwell,
By Neme's fields and banks of Aturus,
Where Tarbels winding shores embrace the sea,
The Santons that rejoice in Cæsar's love,

Those of Bituriges and light Axon pikes ;
And they of Rhene, and Leuca cunning darters,
And Sequana that well could manage steeds ;
The Belgians apt to govern British cars ;
Th' Averni too, which boldly feign themselves
The Roman's brethren, sprung of Illian race ;
The stubborn Nervians stain'd with Cotta's blood ;
And Vangions who like those of Sarmata,
Wear open slops : and fierce Batavians,
Whom trumpet's clang incites, and those that dwell
By Cynga's stream, and where swift Rhodanus,
Drives Araris to sea ; they near the hills,
Under whose hoary rocks Gebenna hangs ;
And Trevier, thou being glad that wars are past thee ;
And you late shorn Ligurians, who were wont
In large spread hair to exceed the rest of France ;
And where to Hesus, and fell Mercury,
They offer human flesh, and where it seems
Bloody like Dian, whom the Scythians serve ;
And you French *bardi*, whose immortal pens
Renown the valiant souls slain in your wars,
Sit safe at home and chaunt sweet poesy ;
And Druids you now in peace renew
Your barbarous customs, and sinister rites
In unfell'd woods, and sacred groves you dwell,
And only gods and heavenly powers you know ;—
Or only know you nothing. For you hold
That souls pass not to silent Erebus
Or Pluto's bloodless kingdom, but elsewhere
Resume a body ; so (if truth you sing)

Death brings long life. Doubtless these northern
men

Whom death the greatest of all fears affrights not,
Are blest by such sweet error; this makes them
Run on the sword's point and desire to die,
And shame to spare life which being lost is won;
You likewise that repulse the Caick foe,
March towards Rome; and you fierce men of Rhene
Leaving your country open to the spoil.
These being come, their huge power made him bold
To manage greater deeds; the bordering towns
He garrison'd; and Italy he fill'd with soldiers.
Vain fame increas'd true fear, and did invade
The peoples' minds, and laid before their eyes
Slaughter to come, and swiftly bringing news
Of present war, made many lies and tales:
One swears his troops of daring horsemen fought,
Upon Mevania's plain, where bulls are graz'd;
Other that Cæsar's barbarous bands were spread
Along Nar flood that into Tiber falls,
And that his own ten ensigns, and the rest
March'd not entirely, and yet hid the ground,
And that he's much chang'd, looking wild and big,
And far more barbarous than the French, his vassals;
And that he lags behind with them of purpose,
Born betwixt the Alps and Rhene, which he hath
brought

From out their northern parts, and that Rome,
He looking on, by these men should be sack'd.
Thus in his fright did each man strengthen fame,

And without ground, fear'd, what themselves had
feign'd ;

Nor were the commons only struck to heart
With this vain terror ; but the court, the senate,
The fathers selves leap'd from their seats, and flying,
Left hateful war decreed to both the consuls.
Then with their fear and danger all distract,
Their sway of flight carries the heady rout
That in chain'd troops break forth at every port ;
You would have thought their houses had been fir'd
Or dropping-ripe, ready to fall with ruin,
So rush'd the inconsiderate multitude
Thorough the city hurried headlong on,
As if the only hope (that did remain
To their afflictions) were t' abandon Rome.
Look how when stormy Auster from the beach
Of Libian Syrtes rolls a monstrous wave,
Which makes the mainsail fall with hideous sound ;
The pilot from the helm leaps in the sea ;
And mariners, albeit the keel be sound,
Shipwreck themselves ; even so the city left,
All rise in arms ; nor could the bed-rid parents
Keep back their sons, or women's tears their hus-
bands.

They stay'd not either to pray or sacrifice ;
Their household gods restrain them not ; none lingered,
As loath to leave Rome whom they held so dear :
Th' irrevocable people fly in troops.
O gods ! that easy grant men great estates,
But hardly grace to keep them : Rome that flows

With citizens and captains, and would hold
The world (were it together) is by cowards
Left as a prey, now Cæsar doth approach :
When Romans are besieg'd by foreign foes,
With slender trench they escape night stratagems,
And sudden rampart rais'd of turf snatch'd up,
Would make them sleep securely in their tents.
Thou Rome at name of war run'st from thyself,
And wilt not trust thy city walls one night.
Well might these fear, when Pompey fear'd and fled.
Now evermore lest some one hope might ease
The common jangling minds, apparent signs arose,
Strange sights appear'd, the angry threat'ning gods
Fill'd both the earth and seas with prodigies ;
Great store of strange and unknown stars were seen
Wandering about the north, and rings of fire
Fly in the air, and dreadful bearded stars,
And comets that presage the fall of kingdoms.
The flattering sky glitter'd in often flames,
And sundry fiery meteors blaz'd in heaven ;
Now spearlike long ; now like a spreading torch :
Lightning in silence, stole forth without clouds,
And from the northern climate snatching fire,
Blasted the Capitol : the lesser stars
Which wont to run their course through empty night
At noon-day muster'd ; Phœbe having fill'd
Her meeting horns to match her brother's light,
Struck with the earth's sudden shadow waxed pale ;
Titan himself thron'd in the midst of heaven,
His burning chariot plung'd in sable clouds,

And whelm'd the world in darkness, making men
Despair of day; as did Thiestes town,
(Mycenæ) Phœbus flying through the east :
Fierce Mulciber unbarred Ætna's gate,
Which flamed not on high; but headlong pitch'd
Her burning head on bending Hesperly.
Coal black Charibdis whirl'd a sea of blood;
Fierce mastiffs howl'd; the vestal fires went out,
The flame in Alba consecrate to Jove,
Parted in twain; and with a double point
Rose like the Theban brother's funeral fire;
The earth went off her hinges; and the Alps
Shook the old snow from off their trembling laps.
The ocean swell'd as high as Spanish Calpe;
Or Atlas head; their saints and household gods
Sweat tears to shew the travails of their city.
Crowns fell from holy statues, ominous birds
Defil'd the day, and wild beasts were seen,
Leaving the woods, lodge in the streets of Rome.
Cattle were seen that mutter'd human speech :
Prodigious births with more and ugly joints
Than nature gives, whose sigh appals the mother,
And dismal prophesies were spread abroad :
And they whom fierce Bellona's fury moves
To wound their arms, sing vengeance; Sybil's priests,
Curling their bloody locks, howl dreadful things;
Souls quiet and appeas'd sigh from their graves;
Clashing of arms was heard; in untrod woods
Shrill voices shriek'd, and ghosts encounter men;
Those that inhabited the suburb fields

Fled; foul Erinnis stalk'd about the walls,
Shaking her snaky hair and crooked pine
With flaming top, much like that hellish fiend
Which made the stern Lycurgus wound his thigh,
Or fierce Agave mad; or like Megæra
That scar'd Alcides, when by Juno's task
He had before look'd Pluto in the face.
Trumpets were heard to sound; and with what noise
An armed battle joins, such and more strange
Black night brought forth in secret: Sylla's ghost
Was seen to walk, singing sad oracles,
And Marius' head above cold Tav'rone peering,
(His grave broke open) did affright the boors.
To these ostents (as their old custom was)
They call th' Etrurian augurs, amongst whom
The gravest Aruns, dwelt in forsaken Luna,
Well skill'd in pyromancy; one that knew
The hearts of beasts, and flights of wandering fowls;
First he commands such monsters nature hatch'd
Against her kind (the barren mules' loath'd issue)
To be cut forth and cast in dismal fires;
Then, that the trembling citizens should walk
About the city; then the sacred priests
That with divine lustration purg'd the walls,
And went round, in, and without the town.
Next, an inferior troop, in tuck'd-up vestures,
After the Gabine manner; then the nuns
And their veil'd matron, who alone might view
Minerva's statue; then they that keep and read

Sybilla's secret works, and wash'd their saint
In Almo's flood. Next learned augurs follow ;
Apollo's soothsayers, and Jove's feasting priests ;
The skipping Salii with shields like wedges ;
And Flamins last, with network woollen veils.
While these thus in and out had circled Rome,
Look what the lightning blasted, Aruns takes
And it inters with murmurs dolorous,
And calls the place Bidental ; on the altar
He lays a ne'er-yok'd bull, and pours down wine,
Then crams salt levin on his crooked knife ;
The beast long struggled, as being like to prove
An awkward sacrifice, but by the horns
The quick priest pull'd him on his knees and slew him ;
No vein sprung out but from the yawning gash,
Instead of red blood wallowed venomous gore.
These direful signs made Aruns stand amaz'd,
And searching farther for the god's displeasure,
The very colour scar'd him ; a dead blackness
Ran through the blood, that turn'd it all to jelly,
And stain'd the bowels with dark loathsome spots ;
The liver swell'd with filth ; and every vein
Did threaten horror from the host of Cæsar ;
A small thin skin contain'd the vital parts,
The heart stirr'd not and from the gaping liver
Squeez'd matter through the caul, the entrails 'peard,
And which (aye me!) ever pretendeth ill,
At that bunch where the liver is, appear'd
A knob of flesh, whereof one half did look
Dead and discolour'd ; th' other lean and thin.

By these he seeing what mischiefs must ensue,
Cried out, "O gods! I tremble to unfold
What you intend, great Jove is now displeas'd,
And in the breast of this slain bull are crept,
Th' infernal powers. My fear transcends my words;
Yet more will happen than I can unfold;
Turn all to good, be augury vain, and Tages,
Th' art's master, false." Thus in ambiguous terms,
Involving all, did Aruns darkly sing.
But Figulus, more seen in heavenly mysteries,
Whose like Ægyptian Memphis never had
For skill in stars, and tuneful planeting,
In this sort spake. "The world's swift course is lawless,
And casual; all the stars at random rage:
Or if fate rule them, Rome! thy citizens
Are near some plague: what mischief shall ensue?
Shall towns be swallowed? shall the thickened air,
Become intemperate? shall the earth be barren?
Shall water be congeal'd and turn'd to ice?
O gods what death prepare ye? with what plague
Mean ye to rage? the death of many men
Meets in one period. If cold noisome Saturn
Were now exalted, and with blue beams shin'd,
Then Ganymede would renew Deucalion's flood,
And in the fleeting sea the earth be drench'd.
O Phœbus! should'st thou with thy rays now sing
The fell Nemean beast, th' earth would be fired,
And heaven tormented with thy chafing heat;
But thy fires hurt not: Mars, 'tis thou inflam'st
The threat'ning Scorpion with the burning tail

And fir'st his cleyes.* Why art thou thus enrag'd?
 Kind Jupiter hath low declined himself;
 Venus is faint; swift Hermes retrograde;
 Mars only rules the heaven; why do the planets
 Alter their course, and vainly dim their virtue?
 Sword-girt Orion's side glisters too bright.
 War's rage draws near; and to the sword's strong hand
 Let all laws yield, sin bear the name of virtue;
 Many a year these furious broils let last!
 Why should we wish the gods should ever end them?
 War only gives us peace: O Rome continue,
 The course of mischief, and stretch out the date
 Of slaughter! only cruel broils make peace."
 These sad presages were enough to scar
 The quivering Romans, but worse things affright them;
 As Mænas full of wine on Pindus raves,
 So runs a matron through th' amazed streets,
 Disclosing Phœbus' fury in this sort:
 "Peon whither am I hail'd? where shall I fall?
 Thus borne aloft I see Pangeus' hill,
 With hoary top, and under Hemus' mount,
 Philippi plains; Phœbus! what rage is this?
 Why grapples Rome, and makes war, having no foes?
 Whither turn I now? thou lead'st me toward th' east,
 Where Nile augmenteth the Pelusian sea;
 This headless trunk that lies on Nilus' sand
 I know; now throughout the air I fly,
 To doubtful Sirtes and dire Afric, where
 A fury leads the Emathian bands; from thence

* Claws.

To the pine-bearing hills, thence to the mounts
Pirene, and so back to Rome again.
See impious war defiles the senate-house !
New factions rise ; now through the world again
I go ; O Phœbus shew me Neptune's shore,
And other regions ! I have seen Philippi :”
This said being tir'd with fury she sunk down

Ovids Elegies : Three Bookes, by C. M. Epigrammes, by I. D.
at Middleborough.

The reprint of another, and different edition of Marlowe's translation of the Elegies of Ovid in this place, requires some explanation. The fact is, that a reprint of Marlowe's translations did not originally form a part of the design of this publication, and it was not until the whole of his original works had been printed that it was determined to include the former in the present collection. Having been favoured with the loan of a copy of the recent edition mentioned in the note preceding the "Certaine Elegies," we immediately adopted it, not having the opportunity at the time of collating it with any of the older editions, which, as our readers may suppose are sufficiently scarce. On the eve of publication however, we found that there was another edition, bearing the same imprint, but containing the whole of the elegies of the first three books, and differing from the other in some other particulars, but of less importance. This determined us to reprint the present edition entire. We learn that there is also a third edition bearing an imprint similar to the others but with the title of 'All Ovids Elegies,' differing however from the second only in the title. That Marlowe originally intended to translate three books is manifest from the commencement of the first elegy,

"We which were Ovid's five books now are three,"

but whether he actually did so, and whether the "Certaine Elegies" or the above edition was first published, and whether either of them was published in his life-time, it is, from the absence of dates, impossible to determine with accuracy. At the same time it is worthy of remark that the order for burning the translations was not made until 1599—a circumstance which leads us to suppose that it was not published until after Marlowe's death, and probably not long before the order. The Epigrams printed in the preceding pages are the same as those contained in the above edition, in which, however, the lines entitled 'Ignoto' are omitted. In this Edition it will be observed, the Epigrams are ascribed wholly to Davies.

Those elegies included in the copy first reprinted are distinguished by asterisks.

P. OVIDII NASONIS AMORUM,

LIBER PRIMA.

ELEGIA I.*

Quemadmodum a Cupidine, pro bellis amoris scribere coactus sit.

WE which were Ovid's five books, now are three,
For these before the rest preferreth he :
If reading five thou 'plain'st of tediousness,
Two ta'en away, the labour will be less ;
With muse prepar'd, I meant to sing of arms,
Choosing a subject fit for fierce alarms :
Both verses were alike till Love (men say)
Began to smile and took one foot away.
Rash boy, who gave thee power to change a line ?
We are the Muses' prophets, none of thine.
What, if thy mother take Diana's bow,
Shall Dian fan when love begins to glow ?
In woody groves is't meet that Ceres reign,
And quiver bearing Dian till the plain ?
Who'll set the fair tress'd son in battle 'ray,
While Mars doth take the Aonian harp to play ?
Great are thy kingdoms, over strong and large,
Ambitious imp ! why seek'st thou further charge ?
Are all things thine ? the Muses' Tempe thine ?
Then scarce can Phœbus say, this harp is mine.

When in this work's first verse I trod aloft,
 I slack'd my muse, and made my number soft :
 I have no mistress nor no favorite,
 Being fittest matter for a wanton wit.
 Thus I complain'd, but love unlock'd his quiver,
 Took out the shaft, ordain'd my heart to shiver,
 And bent his sinewy bow upon his knee,
 Saying, Poet here's a work beseeming thee.
 Oh, woe is me ! he never shoots but hits,
 I burn, love in my idle bosom sits :
 Let my first verse be six, my last five feet ;
 Farewell stern war, for blunter poets meet !
 Elegian muse, that warblest amorous lays,
 Girt my shine brow, with seabank myrtle praise !

ELEGIA 2.*

Quod primo amore correptus, in triumphum duci se a
 Cupidine patiat.

WHAT makes my bed seem hard seeing it is so soft ?
 Or why slips down the coverlet so oft ?
 Although the nights be long I sleep not through,
 My sides are sore with tumbling to and fro.
 Were love the cause it's like I should descry him,
 Or lies he close and shoots where none can spy him ?
 'Twas so he struck me with a tender dart,
 'Tis cruel love turmoils my captive heart.
 Yielding or struggling do we give him might,
 Let's yield, a burden easily borne is light.
 I saw a brandish'd fire increase in strength,
 Which being not slak'd, I saw it die at length.

Young oxen newly yok'd are beaten more,
Than oxen which have drawn the plough before :
And rough jades' mouths with stubborn bits are torn,
But manag'd horses' heads are lightly borne.
Unwilling lovers, love doth more torment,
Than such as in their bondage feel content.
Lo! I confess, I am thy captive I,
And hold my conquer'd hands for thee to tie.
What need'st thou war? I sue to thee for grace :
With arms to conquer armless men is base.
Yoke Venus' Doves, put myrtle on thy hair,
Vulcan will give thee chariots rich and fair:
The people thee applauding, thou shalt stand,
Guiding the harmless pigeons with thy hand.
Young men and women shalt thou lead as thrall,
So will thy triumphs seem magnificent;
I, lately caught, will have a new made wound,
And captive-like be manacled and bound :
Good meaning shame, and such as seek loves wrack
Shall follow thee, their hands tied at their back.
Thee all shall fear, and worship as a king
Io, triumphing shall thy people sing.
Smooth speeches, fear and rage shall by thee ride,
Which troops have always been on Cupid's side :
Thou with these soldiers conquer'st gods and men,
Take these away where is thine honor then ?
Thy mother shall from heaven applaud this show,
And on their faces heaps of roses strow,
With beauty of thy wings, thy fair hair gilded,
Ride golden Love in chariots richly builded !

Unless I err, full many shalt thou burn,
 And give wounds infinite at every turn.
 In spite of thee, forth will thine arrows fly,
 A scorching flame burns all the standers by.
 So having conquer'd Inde, was Bacchus hue,
 Thee pompous birds and him two tigers drew ;
 Then seeing I grace thy shew in following thee,
 Forbear to hurt thyself in spoiling me.
 Behold thy kinsman Cæsar's prosperous bands,
 Who guards thee conquered with his conquering hands.

ELEGIA 3.*

Ad amicam.

I ASK but right, let her that caught me late,
 Either love, or cause that I may never hate ;
 I ask too much—would she but let me love her ;
 Jove knows with such like prayers I daily move her.
 Accept him that will serve thee all his youth,
 Accept him that will love thee with spotless truth.
 If lofty titles cannot make me thine,
 That am descended but of knightly line,
 (Soon may you plough the little lands I have ;
 I gladly grant my parents given to save ;)
 Apollo, Bacchus, and the Muses may ;
 And Cupid who hath mark'd me for thy prey ;
 My spotless life, which but to gods give place,
 Naked simplicity, and modest grace.
 I love but one, and her I love change never,
 If men have faith, I'll live with thee for ever.

The years that fatal destiny shall give
 I'll live with thee, and die, ere thou shalt grieve.
 Be thou the happy subject of my books
 That I may write things worthy thy fair looks.
 By verses horned Io got her name;
 And she to whom in shape of swan Jove came;
 And she that on a feign'd Bull swam to land,
 Gripping his false horns with her virgin hand.
 So likewise we will through the world be rung,
 And with my name shall thine be always sung.

ELEGIA 4.

*Amicam, qua arte, quibusque nutibus in cœna presentē viro uti
 debeat, admonet.*

THY husband to a banquet goes with me,
 Pray God it may his latest supper be.
 Shall I sit gazing as a bashful guest,
 While others touch the damsel I love best?
 Wilt lying under him, his bosom clip?
 About thy neck shall he at pleasure skip?
 Marvel not, though the fair bride did incite,
 The drunken Centaurs to a sudden fight.
 I am no half horse, nor in woods I dwell,
 Yet scarce my hands from thee contain I well.
 But how thou should'st behave thyself now know,
 Nor let the winds away my warnings blow.
 Before thy husband come, though I not see
 What may be done, yet there before him be.
 Lie with him gently, when his limbs he spread
 Upon the bed, but on my feet first tread.

View me, my becks, and speaking countenance ;
Take, and receive each secret amorous glance.
Words without voice shall on my eyebrows sit,
Lines thou shalt read in wine by my hand writ.
When our lascivious toys come to thy mind,
Thy rosy cheeks be to thy thumb inclin'd.
If ought of me thou speak'st in inward thought,
Let thy soft finger to thy ear be brought.
When I (my light!) do or say ought that please thee,
Turn round thy gold ring, as it were to ease thee.
Strike on the board like them that pray for evil,
When thou do'st wish thy husband at the devil.
What wine he fills thee, wisely will him drink,
Ask thou the boy, what thou enough do'st think.
When thou hast tasted, I will take the cup,
And where thou drink'st, on that part I will sup.
If he gives thee what first himself did taste,
Even in his face his offered goblets cast.
Let not thy neck by his vile arms be prest,
Nor leave thy soft head on his boisterous breast.
Thy bosom's roseate buds let him not finger,
Chiefly on thy lips let not his lips linger.
If thou giv'st kisses, I shall all disclose,
Say they are mine, and hands on thee impose.
Yet this I'll see, but if thy gown ought cover,
Suspicious fear in all my veins will hover.
Mingle not thighs, nor to his leg join thine,
Nor thy soft foot with his hard foot combine.
I have been wanton, therefore am perplex'd,
And with mistrust of the like measure vex'd.

I and my wench oft under cloths did lurk,
When pleasure mov'd us to our sweetest work.
Do not thou so, but throw thy mantle hence,
Lest I should think thee guilty of offence.
Entreat thy husband drink, but do not kiss,
And while he drinks, to add more do not miss ;
If he lies down with wine and sleep opprest,
The thing and place shall counsel us the rest.
When to go homewards we rise all, along
Have care to walk in middle of the throng.
There will I find thee or be found by thee,
There touch whatever thou can'st touch of me.
Aye me ! I warn what profits some few hours,
But we must part, when heav'n with black night lowers.
At night thy husband clips, [and] I will weep
And to the doors sight of thyself [will] keep :
Then will he kiss thee, and not only kiss,
But force thee give him my stolen honey bliss.
Constrain'd against thy will give it the peasant,
Forbear sweet words, and be your sport unpleasant.
To him I pray it no delight may bring,
Or if it do, to thee no joy thence spring.
But though this night thy fortune be to try it,
To me to-morrow constantly deny it.

ELEGIA 5.*

Corinnæ concubitus.

IN summer's heat, and mid-time of the day,
To rest my limbs, upon a bed I lay ;
One window shut, the other open stood,
Which gave such light, as twinkles in a wood,

Like twilight glimpse at setting of the sun
 Or night being past, and yet not day begun ;
 Such light to shamefaced maidens must be shown
 Where they may sport, and seem to be unknown :
 Then came Corinna in a long loose gown,
 Her white neck hid with tresses hanging down,
 Resembling fair Semiramis going to bed,
 Or Lais of a thousand wooers spread.
 I snatch'd her gown being thin, the harm was small,
 Yet striv'd she to be covered therewithal,
 And striving thus as one that would be cast,
 Betrayed herself, and yielded at the last.
 Stark naked as she stood before mine eye,
 Not one wen in her body could I spy.
 What arms and shoulders did I touch and see,
 How apt her breasts were to be press'd by me.
 How smooth a belly under her waist saw I,
 How large a leg, and what a lusty thigh.
 To leave the rest, all lik'd me passing well ;
 I cling'd her fair naked body, down she fell :
 Judge you the rest, being tired she bade me kiss ;
 Jove send me more such afternoons as this !

ELEGIA 6.

Ad Janitorem, ut fores sibi aperiat.

UNWORTHY porter, bound in chains fullsore,
 On moved hooks set ope the churlish door.
 Little I ask, a little entrance make,
 The gate half ope my bent side in will take.
 Long love my body to such use makes slender,
 And to get out doth like apt members render.

He shews me how unheard to pass the watch,
And guides my feet lest stumbling falls they catch :
But in times past I fear'd vain shades, and night,
Wondering if any walked without light.
Love hearing it laugh'd with his tender mother,
And smiling said, be thou as bold as other.
Forthwith love came, no dark night-flying spright,
Nor hands prepar'd to slaughter, me affright.
Thee fear I too much : only thee I flatter,
Thy lightning can my life in pieces batter.
Why enviest me ? this hostile door unbar,
See how the gates with my tears wat' red are.
When thou stood'st naked ready to be beat,
For thee I did thy mistress fair intreat.
But what entreats for thee sometimes took place,
(O mischief !) now for me obtain small grace.
Grateful thou mayest be free give like for like ;
Night goes away : the door's bar backward strike.
Strike, so again hard chains shall bind thee never,
Nor servile water shalt thou drink for ever.
Hard-hearted Porter doest and wilt not hear,
With stiff oak propp'd the gate doth still appear.
Such rampier'd gates besieged cities aid,
In midst of peace why art of arms afraid ?
Exclud'st a lover, how would'st use a foe ?
Strike back the bar, night fast away doth go.
With arms or armed men I come not guarded,
I am alone, were furious love discarded.
Although I would, I cannot him cashier,
Before I be divided from my geer.

See Love with me, wine moderate in my brain,
And on my hairs a crown of flowers remain.
Who fears these arms? who will not go to meet them?
Night runs away, with open entrance greet them?
Art careless? or is't sleep forbids thee hear,
Giving the winds my words running in thine ear.
Well I remember when I first did hire thee,
Watching till after mid-night did not tire thee.
But now perchance thy wench with thee doth rest,
Ah how thy lot is above my lot blest:
Though it be so, shut me not out therefore,
Night goes away: I pray thee ope the door.
Err we? or do the turned hinges sound,
And opening doors with creaking noise abound?
We err: a strong blast seem'd the gates to ope:
Ah me how high that gale did lift my hope!
If Boreas bears Orithia's rape in mind,
Come break these deaf doors with thy boisterous wind.
Silent the city is: night's dewy host,
March fast away: the bar strike from the post.
Or I more stern than fire or sword will turn,
And with my brand these gorgeous houses burn.
Night, love, and wine to all extremes persuade:
Night, shameless wine, and love are fearless made.
All have I spent: no threats or prayers move thee,
O harder than the doors thou guardest I prove thee!
No pretty wenches' keeper may'st thou be,
The careful prison is more meet for thee.
Now frosty night her flight begins to take,
And crowing cocks poor souls to work awake.

But thou my crown from sad hairs ta'en away,
On this hard threshold till the morning lay.
That when my mistress there beholds thee cast,
She may perceive how we the time did waste.
Whate'er thou art, farewell, be like me pain'd !
Careless farewell, with my fault not distain'd !
And farewell cruel posts, rough thresholds block,
And doors conjoin'd with an hard iron lock !

ELEGIA 7.

Ad pacandam amicam, quam verberaverat.

BIND fast my hands, they have deserved chains,
While rage is absent, take some friend the pains.
For rage against my wench mov'd my rash arm,
My mistress weeps whom my mad hand did harm.
I might have then my parents dear misus'd,
Or holy gods with cruel strokes abus'd.
Why? Ajax master of the seven-fold shield,
Butcher'd the flocks he found in spacious field.
And he who on his mother veng'd his ire,
Against the destinies durst sharp darts require.
Could I therefore her comely tresses tear?
Yet was she graced with her ruffled hair.
So fair she was, Atalanta she resembled,
Before whose bow th' Arcadian wild beasts trembled.
Such Ariadne was, when she bewails,
Her perjur'd Theseus' flying vows and sails.
So, chaste Minerva! did Cassandra fall,
Deflower'd except, within thy temple wall.

That I was mad, and barbarous all men cried,
She nothing said, pale fear her tongue had tied.
But secretly her looks with checks did trounce me,
Her tears, she silent, guilty did pronounce me.
Would of mine arms, my shoulders had been scanted :
Better I could part of myself have wanted.
To mine own-self have I had strength so furious ?
And to myself could I be so injurious ?
Slaughter and mischief's instruments, no better,
Deserved chains these cursed hands shall fetter.
Punish'd I am, if I a Roman beat ;
Over my mistress is my right more great ?
Tydides left worst signs of villany,
He first a goddess struck ; another I.
Yet he harm'd less ; whom I profess'd to love,
I harm'd : a foe did Diomedes' anger move.
Go now thou conqueror, glorious triumphs raise,
Pay vows to Jove ; engirt thy hairs with bays.
And let the troops which shall thy chariot follow,
Io, a strong man conquer'd this wench, hollow.
Let the sad captive foremost, with locks spread
On her white neck but for hurt cheeks, be led.
Meter it were her lips were blue with kissing,
And on her neck a wanton mark not missing.
But though I like a swelling flood was driven,
And as a prey unto blind anger given.
Was't not enough the fearful wench to chide ?
Nor thunder, in rough threatnings, haughty pride ?
Nor shamefully her coat pull over her crown,
Which to her waist her girdle still kept down ?

But cruelly her tresses having rent,
My nails to scratch her lovely cheeks I bent.
Sighing she stood, her bloodless white looks shewed,
Like marble from the Parian mountains hewed.
Her half dead joints, and trembling limbs I saw,
Like poplar leaves blown with a stormy flaw.
Or slender ears, with gentle zephyr shaken,
Or waters' tops with the warm south-wind taken.
And down her cheeks, the trickling tears did flow,
Like water gushing from consuming snow.
Then first I did perceive I had offended,
My blood the tears were that from her descended.
Before her feet thrice prostrate down I fell,
My feared hands thrice back she did repel.
But doubt thou not (revenge doth grief appease,)
With thy sharp nails upon my face to seize.
Bescratch mine eyes, spare not my locks to break,
(Anger will help thy hands though ne'er so weak.)
And lest the sad signs of my crime remain,
Put in their place the combed hairs again.

ELIGIA 8.*

Execratur lenam quæ puellam suam meretricis arte instituebat.

THERE is, whoe'er will know a bawd aright
Give ear, there is an old trot, Dipsas hight.
Her name comes from the thing : she being wise,
Sees not the morn on rosy horses rise.
She magic arts and Thessal charms doth know,
And makes large streams back to their fountains flow ;

She knows with grass, with threads on wrong wheels
spun,

And what with Mars rank humour may be done.
When she will, clouds the darkened heav'n obscure,
When she will, day shines every where most pure.
(If I have faith) I saw the stars drop blood,
The purple moon with sanguine visage stood ;
Her I suspect among night's spirits to fly,
And her old body in birds plumes to lye.
Fame saith as I suspect, and in her eyes,
Two eye-balls shine, and double light thence flies.
Great grandsires from their ancient graves she chides,
And with long charms the solid earth divides.
She draws chaste women to incontinence,
Nor doth her tongue want harmful eloquence.
By chance I heard her talk, these words she said,
While closely hid betwixt two doors I laid.
Mistress thou knowest, thou hast a blest youth pleas'd,
He staid and on thy looks his gazes seiz'd.
And why should'st not please? none thy face exceeds,
Aye me, thy body hath no worthy weeds.
As thou art fair, would thou wert fortunate,
Wert thou rich, poor should not be my state.
Th' opposed star of Mars hath done thee harm,
Now Mars is gone, Venus thy side doth warm,
And brings good fortune, a rich lover plants
His love on thee, and can supply thy wants.
Such is his form as may with thine compare,
Would he not buy thee, thou for him should'st care.

She blush'd: red shame becomes white cheeks, but
this

If feigned, doth well; if true, it doth amiss.
When on thy lap thine eyes thou dost deject,
Each one according to his gifts respect.
Perhaps the Sabines rude, when Tatius reign'd,
To yield their love to more than one disdain'd.
Now Mars doth rage abroad without all pity,
And Venus rules in her Æneas' city.
Fair women play, she's chaste whom none will have
Or, but for bashfulness herself would crave.
Shake off these wrinkles that thy front assault,
Wrinkles in beauty is a grievous fault.
Penelope in bows her youth's strength tried,
Of horn the bow was that approv'd their side.
Time flying slides hence closely, and deceives us,
And with swift horses the swift year soon leaves us.
Brass shines with use; good garments would be worn,
Houses not dwelt in, are with filth forlorn.
Beauty not exercis'd with age is spent,
Nor one or two men are sufficient.
Many to rob is more sure, and less hateful,
From dog-kept flocks come preys to wolves most
grateful.
Behold, what gives the poet but new verses?
And thereof many thousand he rehearses.
The poet's god arrayed in robes of gold,
Of his gilt harp the well tun'd strings doth hold.
Let Homer yield to such as presents bring,
(Trust me) to give, it is a witty thing.

Nor, so thou may'st obtain a wealthy prize,
The vain name of inferior slaves despise.
Nor let the arms of ancient lives beguile thee;
Poor lover, with thy grandsires I exile thee.
Who seeks, for being fair, a night to have,
What he will give, with greater instance crave.
Make a small price, while thou thy nets doest lay;
Lest they should fly, being ta'en, the tyrant play.
Dissemble so, as lov'd he may be thought,
And take heed, lest he gets that love for nought.
Deny him oft; feign now thy head doth ache:
And Isis now will shew what excuse to make.
Receive him soon, lest patient use he gain,
Or lest his love oft beaten back should wain.
To beggars shut, to bringers ope thy gate;
Let him within hear; bard-out lovers prate.
And as first wrong'd the wronged sometimes banish;
Thy fault with his fault so repuls'd will vanish.
But never give a spacious time to ire,
Anger delayed doth oft to hate retire.
And let thine eyes constrained learn to weep,
That this, or that man may thy cheeks moist keep.
Now, if thou cozenest one, dread to forswear,
Venus to mock'd men lends a careless ear.
Servants fit for thy purpose thou must hire,
To teach thy lover, what thy thoughts desire.
Let them ask somewhat, many asking little,
Within a while great hopes grow of a little.
And sister, nurse, and mother spare him not,
By many hands great wealth is quickly got.

What were it for thee to require a gift
 By keeping of thy birth, make but a shift.
 Beware lest he unrival'd love secure,
 Take strife away, love doth not well endure.
 On all the beds men tumbling let him view,
 And thy neck with lascivious marks made blue.
 Chiefly shew him the gifts, which others send :
 If he gives nothing, let him from thee wend.
 When thou hast so much as he gives no more,
 Pray him to lend what thou may'st ne'er restore.
 Let thy tongue flatter, while thy mind harm works,
 Under sweet honey deadly poison lurks.
 If this thou doest to me by long use known,
 (Nor let my words be with the winds hence blown,)
 Oft thou wilt say, live well, thou wilt pray oft,
 That my dead bones may in their grave lie soft.
 As thus she spake, my shadow me betrayed,
 With much ado my hands I scarcely stay'd ;
 But her blear eyes, bald scalp's hoary fleeces,
 And rivel'd cheeks I would have pull'd a pieces.
 The gods send thee no house, a poor old age,
 Perpetual thirst, and winters lasting rage.

ELEGIA 9.

Ad Atticum, amantem non oportere desidiosum esse, sicuti nec militem.

ALL lovers war, and Cupid hath his tent,
 Attic, all lovers are to war far sent,
 What age fits Mars, with Venus doth agree,
 'Tis shame for old in war or love to be.

What years in soldiers captains do require,
Those in their lovers pretty maids desire.
Both of them watch: each on the hard earth sleeps:
His mistress' doors this; that his captain's keeps.
Soldiers must travel far: the wench forth send,
Her valiant lover follows without end.
Mounts, and rain-doubled floods he passeth over,
And treads the desert snowy heaps do cover.
Going to sea, east winds he doth not chide,
Nor to hoist sail attends full time and tide.
Who but a soldier or a lover is bold,
To suffer storm-mix'd snows with night's sharp cold?
One as a spy doth to his enemies go,
The other eyes his rival as his foe.
He cities great, this thresholds lies before:
This breaks town gates, but he his mistress' door.
Oft to invade the sleeping foe 'tis good,
And arm'd to shed unarmed peoples blood.
So the fierce troops of Thracian Rhesus fell,
And captive horses bade their lord farewell.
Sooth lovers watch till sleep the husband charms,
Who slumbering, they rise up in swelling arms.
The keepers hands and corps-du-gard to pass,
The soldiers, and poor lovers work ere was.
Doubtful is war and love, the vanquish'd rise,
And who thou never think'st should fall down lies.
Therefore whoe'er love slothfulness doth call,
Let him surcease: love tries wit best of all.
Achilles burn'd, Briseis being ta'en away,
Trojans destroy the Greek wealth, while you may.

Hector to arms went from his wive's embraces,
And on Andromache his helmet laces.
Great Agamemnon was, men say amazed,
On Priam's loose-trest daughter when he gazed.
Mars in the deed the blacksmith's net did stable,
In heaven was never more notorious fable.
Myself was dull and faint, to sloth inclin'd
Pleasure, and ease had mollified my mind.
A fair maid's care expell'd this sluggishness,
And to her tents will'd me myself address.
Since may'st thou see me watch and night-wars move:
He that will not grow slothful let him love.

ELEGIA 10.

Ad puellam, ne pro amore præmia poscat.

SUCH as the cause was of two husbands' war,
Whom Trojan ships fetch'd from Eurota far.
Such as was Leda, whom the god deluded
In snow-white plumes of a false swan included.
Such as Amimone through the dry fields strayed,
When on her head a water pitcher layed.
Such wert thou, and I fear'd the bull and eagle,
And whate'er Love made Jove should thee inveigle.
Now all fear with my mind's hot love abates :
No more this beauty mine eyes captivates.
Ask'st why I change ? because thou crav'st reward ;
This cause hath thee from pleasing me debar'd.
While thou wert plain I lov'd thy mind and face :
Now inward faults thy outward form disgrace.

Love is a naked boy, his years sans stain,
And hath no cloths, but open doth remain.
Will you for gain have Cupid sell himself?
He hath no bosom, where to hide base pelf.
Love and Love's son are with fierce arms at odds ;
To serve for pay beseems not wanton gods.
The whore stands to be bought for each man's money,
And seeks vile wealth by selling of her cunny.
Yet greedy bawds command she curseth still,
And doth constrain, what you do of good will.
Take from irrational beasts a president,
'Tis shame their wits should be more excellent.
The mare asks not the horse, the cow the bull,
Nor the mild ewe gifts from the ram doth pull.
Only a woman gets spoil from a man,
Farms out herself on nights for what she can.
And lets what both delight, what both desire,
Making her joy according to her hire.
The sport being such, as both alike sweet try it,
Why should one sell it and the other buy it ?
Why should I loose, and thou gain by the pleasure,
Which man and woman reap in equal measure ?
Knights of the post of perjuries make sale
The unjust judge for bribes becomes a stale.
'Tis shame sold tongues the guilty should defend
Or great wealth from a judgment seat ascend.
'Tis shame to grow rich by bed merchandize,
Or prostitute thy beauty for bad prize.
Thanks worthily are due for things unbought,
For beds ill-hir'd we are indebted nought.

The hirer payeth all, his rent discharg'd
 From further duty he rests then enlarg'd.
 Fair dames forbear rewards for nights to crave :
 Ill-gotten goods good end will never have.
 The Sabine gauntlets were too dearly won,
 That unto death did press the holy nun.
 The son slew her, that forth to meet him went,
 And a rich necklace caus'd that punishment.
 Yet think no scorn to ask a wealthy churl ;
 He wants no gifts into thy lap to hurl.
 Take clustered grapes from an o'er-laden vine,
 Many to bounteous love Alcinous' fruit resign.
 Let poor men shew their service, faith and care ;
 All for their mistress, what they have, prepare.
 In verse to prepare kind wenches 'tis my part,
 And whom I like eternise by mine art.
 Garments do wear, jewels and gold do waste,
 The fame that verse gives doth for ever last.
 To give I love, but to be ask'd disdain ;
 Leave asking, and I'll give what I refrain.

ELEGIA II.

Napen alloquitur, ut paratas tabellas ad Corinnam perferat.

IN skillful gathering ruffled hairs in order,
 Nape, free-born, whose cunning hath no border,
 Thy service for night's 'scapes is known commodious,
 And to give signs dull wit is odious.
 Corinna clips me oft by thy persuasion :
 Never to harm me made thy faith evasion.

Receive these lines, them to my mistress carry ;
 Be sedulous ; let no stay cause thee tarry,
 Nor flint, nor iron, are in thy soft breast,
 But pure simplicity in thee doth rest.
 And 'tis suppos'd love's bow hath wounded thee ;
 Defend the ensigns of thy war in me.
 If what I do, she asks, say hope for night ;
 The rest my hand doth in my letters write.
 Time passeth while I speak ; give her my writ,
 But see that forthwith she peruseth it.
 I charge thee mark her eyes and front in reading :
 By speechless looks we guess at things succeeding.
 Straight being read, will her to write much back,
 I hate fair paper should writ matter lack.
 Let her make verses and some blotted letter
 On the last edge to stay mine eyes the better.
 What need she try her hand to hold the quill ?
 Let this word, Come, alone the tables fill.
 Then with triumphant laurel will I grace them
 And in the mid'st of Venus' temple place them,
 Subscribing that to her I consecrate
 My faithful tables, being vile maple late.

ELEGIA 12.

Tabellas quas miserat execratur quod amica noctem negabat.

BEWAIL my chance the sad book is return'd,
 This day denial hath my sport adjourn'd.
 Presages are not vain, when she departed,
 Nape, by stumbling on the threshold, started.

Going out again pass forth the door most wisely,
And somewhat higher bear thy foot precisely.
Hence luckless tables, funeral wood be flying,
And thou the wax stuff'd full with notes denying ;
Which I think gather'd from cold hemlock's flower,
Wherein bad honey Corsic bees did pour,
Yet as if mix'd with red lead thou wert ruddy,
That colour rightly did appear so bloody.
And evil wood thrown in the highways lie,
Be broke with wheels of chariots passing by.
And him that hew'd you out for needful uses,
I'll prove had hands impure with all abuses.
Poor wretches on the tree themselves did strangle;
There sat the hangman for men's necks to angle.
To hoarse scrich-owls foul shadows it allows ;
Vultures and furies nestled in the boughs.
To these my love I foolishly committed
And then with sweet words to my mistress fitted.
More fitly had they wrangling bonds contained
From barbarous lips of some attorney strained.
Among day-books and bills they had lain better,
In' which the merchant wails his bankrupt debtor.
Your name approves you made for such like things
The number two no good divining brings.
Angry, I pray that rotten age you wracks
And sluttish white-mould overgrow the wax.

ELEGIA 13.*

Ad Auroram ne properet.

Now o'er the sea from her old love comes she
That draws the day from heaven's cold axletree.
Aurora whither slid'st thou? down again,
And birds from Memnon yearly shall be slain.
Now in her tender arms I sweetly bide,
If ever now well lies she by my side,
The air is cold, and sleep is sweetest now,
And birds send forth shrill notes from every bough.
Whither run'st thou, that men and women love not?
Hold in thy rosy horses that they move not.
Ere thou rise, stars teach seamen where to sail,
But when thou com'st, they of their courses fail.
Poor travellers though tired, rise at thy sight,
And soldiers make them ready to the fight.
The painful hind by thee to field is sent;
Slow oxen early in the yoke are pent.
Thou cou'st nest boys of sleep, and dost betray them
To pedants that with cruel lashes pay them.
Thou mak'st the surety to the lawyer run,
That with one word hath nigh himself undone.
The lawyer and the client hate thy view,
Both whom thou raisest up to toil anew.
By thy means women of their rest are barr'd,
Thou set'st their labouring hands to spin and card.
All could I bear, but that the wench should rise,
Who can endure, save him with whom none lies?
How oft wish'd I night would not give thee place,
Nor morning stars shun thy uprising face.

How oft that either wind would break thy coach,
 Or steeds might fall, forc'd with thick clouds approach.
 Whither go'st thou, hateful nymph? Memnon the elf
 Receiv'd his cole-black colour from thyself.
 Say that thy love with Cephalus were not known,
 Then thinkest thou thy loose life is not shown.
 Would Tithon might but talk of thee awhile,
 Not one in heaven should be more base and vile.
 Thou leav'st his bed, because he's faint through age,
 And early mount'st thy hateful carriage :
 But held'st thou in thine arms some Cephalus,
 Then would'st thou cry, stay night and run not thus.
 Do'st punish me, because years make him wane,
 I did not bid thee wed an aged swain.
 The moon sleeps with Endymion every day,
 Thou art as fair as she, then kiss and play.
 Jove that thou should'st not haste but wait his leisure
 Made two nights one to finish up his pleasure.
 I chide no more, she blush'd, and therefore heard me,
 Yet linger'd not the day, but morning scar'd me.

ELEGIA 14.

Puellam consolatur cui prænimia cura comæ desiderant.

LEAVE colouring thy tresses I did cry,
 Now hast thou left no hairs at all to die.
 But what had been more fair had they been kept?
 Beyond thy robes thy dangling locks had swept.
 Feard'st thou to dress them being fine and thin,
 Like to the silk the curious Seres spin.

Or threads which spider's slender foot draws out,
Fastening her light web some old beam about.
Not black, nor golden were they to our view,
Yet although neither mix'd of eithers hue.
Such as in hilly Ida's watery plains,
The cedar tall spoil'd of his bark retains.
And they were apt to curl an hundred ways,
And did to thee no cause of dolour raise.
Nor hath the needle, or the comb's teeth reft them,
The maid that comb'd them ever safely left them.
Oft was she dress'd before mine eyes, yet never,
Snatching the comb to beat the wench, out-drive her.
Oft in the morn her hairs not yet digested,
Half sleeping on a purple bed she rested ;
Yet seemly like a Thracian Bacchanal,
That tir'd doth rashly on the green grass fall.
When they were slender, and like downy moss,
The troubled hairs, alas, endur'd great loss.
How patiently hot irons they did take,
In crooked trammells crispy curls to make.
I cried, 'tis sin, 'tis sin, these hairs to burn,
They well become thee, then to spare them turn.
Far off be force, no fire to them may reach,
Thy very hairs will the hot bodkin teach.
Lost are the goodly locks, which from their crown,
Phœbus and Bacchus wish'd were hanging down.
Such were they as Diana painted stands,
All naked holding in her wave-moist hands.
Why dost thy ill-comb'd tresses loss lament ?
Why in thy glass dost look being discontent ?

Be not to see with wonted eyes inclin'd ;
 To please thyself, thyself put out of mind.
 No charmed herbs of any harlot skath'd thee,
 No faithless witch in Thessal waters bath'd thee.
 No sickness harm'd thee ; far be that away,
 No envious tongue wrought thy thick locks decay.
 By thine own hand and fault thy hurt doth grow,
 Thou mad'st thy head with compound poison flow.
 Now Germany shall captive hair-tires send thee,
 And vanquish'd people curious dressings lend thee.
 With some admiring, O thou oft wilt blush !
 And say he likes me for my borrowed bush.
 Praising for me some unknown Guelder dame,
 But I remember when it was my fame.
 Alas she almost weeps, and her white cheeks,
 Dyed red with shame to hide from shame she seeks.
 She holds, and views her old locks in her lap ;
 Aye me ! rare gifts unworthy such a hap.
 Cheer up thyself, thy loss thou may'st repair,
 And be hereafter seen with native hair.

ELEGIA 15.*

Ad invidos, quod fama poetarum sit perennis.

ENVY, why carpest thou my time is spent so ill ?
 And term'st my works fruits of an idle quill ?
 Or that unlike the line from whence I come,
 War's dusty honors are refus'd being young ?
 Nor that I study not the brawling laws,
 Nor set my voice to sale in every cause ?

Thy scope is mortal, mine eternal fame,
That all the world might ever chaunt my name.
Homer shall live while 'Tenedos stands and Ide,
Or to the sea swift Simois doth slide.
Ascreus lives, while grapes with new wine swell,
Or men with crooked sickles corn down fell.
The world shall of Callimachus ever speak,
His art excell'd, although his wit was weak.
For ever lasts high Sophocles' proud vein,
With sun and moon Eratus shall remain.
While bondmen cheat, fathers hoard, bawds whorish,
And strumpets flatter, shall Menander flourish.
Rude Ennius, and Plautus full of wit,
Are both in Fame's eternal legend writ.
What age of Varro's name shall not be told,
And Jason's Argos, and the fleece of gold?
Lofty Lucretius shall live that hour,
That nature shall dissolve this earthly bower.
Enæas' war and Tityrus shall be read,
While Rome of all the conquering world is head.
Till Cupid's bow, and fiery shafts be broken,
Thy verses sweet Tibullus shall be spoken.
And Gallus shall be known from East to West,
So shall Lycoris whom he loved best.
Therefore when flint and iron wear away,
Verse is immortal and shall ne'er decay.
To verse let kings give place and kingly shows,
And banks o'er which gold-bearing Tagus flows.
Let base conceited wits admire vile things,
Fair Phœbus lead me to the Muses' springs.

About my head be quivering myrtle wound,
And in sad lovers' heads let me be found.
The living, not the dead, can envy bite,
For after death all men receive their right.
Then though death rakes my bones in funeral fire,
I'll live, and as he pulls me down mount higher.

The same by B. I.*

ENVY, why twit'st thou me, my time's spent ill?
And call'st my verse fruits of an idle quill?
Or that (unlike the line from whence I sprung)
Wars dusty honors I pursue not young?
Or that I study not the tedious laws;
And prostitute my voice in every cause?
Thy scope is mortal; mine eternal fame,
Which through the world shall ever chaunt my name.
Homer will live, whilst Tenedos stands, and Ide,
Or to the sea, fleet Symois doth slide:
And so shall Hesiod too, while vines do bear,
Or crooked sickles crop the ripened ear;
Callimachus, though in invention low,
Shall still be sung, since he in art doth flow.
No loss shall come to Sophocles' proud vein;
With sun and moon Eratus shall remain.

* This version was probably from the pen of Ben Jonson, and if so, we have an additional reason for supposing that the edition which contains it was not published in Marlowe's lifetime, since Jonson was not born until 1574, and had not, we believe, commenced author at the time of Marlowe's death.

While slaves be false, fathers hard, and bawds be
whorish,

While harlots flatter, shall Menander flourish.
Ennius, though rude, and Accius' high-rear'd strain,
A fresh applause in every age shall gain,
Of Varro's name, what ear shall not be told?
Of Jason's Argo? and the fleece of gold?
Then, shall Lucretius' lofty numbers die,
When earth, and seas in fire and flames shall fry.
Tityrus, tillage, Enæas shall be read,
Whilst Rome of all the conquer'd world is head.
Till Cupid's fires be out, and his bow broken,
Thy verses (neat Tibullus) shall be spoken.
Our Gallus shall be known from East to West,
So shall Lycoris, whom he now loves best.
The suffering ploughshear or the flint may wear,
But heavenly poesy no death can fear.
Kings shall give place to it, and kingly shows,
The banks o'er which gold-bearing Tagus flows.
Kneel hinds to trash: me let bright Phœbus swell,
With cups full flowing from the Muses' well.
The frost-dread myrtle shall impale my head,
And of sad lovers I'll be often read.
" Envy the living, not the dead doth bite,
" For after death all men receive their right."
Then when this body falls in funeral fire,
My name shall live, and my best part aspire.

P. OVIDII NASONIS AMORUM,
LIBER SECUNDUS.

ELEGIA I.

Quod pro gigantomachia amores scribere sit coactus.

I, OVID, poet, of my wantonness,
Born at Peligny, to write more address.
So Cupid wills; far hence be the severe,
You are unapt my looser lines to hear.
Let maids whom hot desire to husbands lead,
And rude boys, touch'd with unknown love, me read:
That some youth hurt, as I am, with Love's bow,
His own flames' best acquainted signs may know.
And long admiring say, by what means learn'd,
Hath this same poet my sad chance discern'd?
I durst the great celestial battles tell,
Hundred-hand Gyges, and had done it well;
With Earth's revenge and how Olympus top,
High Ossa bore, mount Pelion up to prop.
Jove and Jove's thunderbolts I had in hand,
Which for his heaven fell on the giants' band.
My wench her door shut, love's affairs I left,
Even Jove himself out of my wit was reft.
Pardon me, Jove, thy weapons aid me nought,
Her shut gates greater lightning than thine brought.

Toys and light elegies my darts I took,
 Quickly soft words hard doors wide open stuck.
 Verses reduce the horned bloody moon,
 And call the sun's white horses back at noon.
 Snakes leap by verse from caves of broken mountains,
 And turned streams run backward to their fountains.
 Verses ope doors, and locks put in the post,
 Although of oak, to yeild to verses boast ;
 What helps it me of fierce Achill to sing ?
 What good to me will either Ajax bring ?
 Or he who warr'd and wandered twenty year ?
 Or woeful Hector whom wild horses tear ?
 But when I praise a pretty wench's face
 She in requital doth me oft embrace.
 A great reward : Heroes of famous names
 Farewell ! your favour nought my mind inflames.
 Wenches apply your fair looks to my verse,
 Which golden love doth unto me rehearse.

ELEGIA 2.

*Ad Bagoum, ut custodiam puellæ sibi commissæ laxiorem
 habeat.*

BAGOUS, whose care doth thy mistress bridle,
 While I speak some few, yet fit words, be idle.
 I saw the damsel walking yesterday,
 There, where the porch doth Danaus' fact display :
 She pleas'd me soon, I sent, and did her woo,
 Her trembling hand writ back she might not do.
 And asking why, this answer she redoubled
 Because thy care too much thy mistress troubled.

Keeper, if thou be wise, cease hate to cherish,
Believe me, whom we fear, we wish to perish.
Nor is her husband wise; what needs defence?
When unprotected there is no expence,
But furiously he follow his love's fire,
And think her chaste whom many do desire:
Stolen liberty she may by thee obtain,
Which giving her, she may give thee again:
Wilt thou her fault learn? she may make thee tremble.
Fear to be guilty, then thou may'st dissemble.
Think when she reads, her mother letters sent her
Let him go forth known, that unknown did enter.
Let him go see her though she do not languish
And then report her sick and full of anguish.
If long she stays, fo think the time more short,
Lay down thy forehead in thy lap to snort.
Enquire not what with Isis may be done,
Nor fear lest she to th' theatres run.
Knowing her 'scapes thine honor shall increase,
And what less labour than to hold thy peace?
Let him please, haunt thy house, be kindly us'd,
Enjoy the wench, let all else be refus'd.
Vain causes feign of him, the truth to hide
And what she likes, let both hold ratified.
When most her husband bends the brows and frowns,
His fawning wench with her desire he crowns.
But yet sometimes to chide thee let her fall
Counterfeit tears: and thee lewd hangman call.
Object thou then, what she may well excuse,
To stain all faith in truth, by false crimes use.

Of wealth and honor so shall grow thy heap :
Do this and soon thou shalt thy freedom reap.
On tell-tales necks thou seest the link-knit chains,
The filthy prison faithless breasts restrains.
Water in waters, and fruit flying touch
Tantalus seeks, his long tongue's gain is such.
While Juno's watchman Io too much ey'd,
Him timeless death took, she was deify'd.
I saw one's legs with fetters black and blue,
By whom the husband his wife's incest knew :
More he deserv'd, to both great harm he fram'd
The man did grieve, the woman was defam'd.
Trust me all husbands for such faults are sad,
Nor make they any man that hears them glad.
If he loves not, deaf ears thou dost importune,
Or if he loves, thy tale breeds his misfortune.
Nor is it easy prov'd though manifest,
She safe by favour of her judge doth rest.
Though himself see, he will credit her denial,
Condemn his eyes, and say there is no trial.
Spying his mistress' tears, he will lament
And say this blab shall suffer punishment.
Why fightest 'gainst odds ? to thee being cast do hap
Sharp stripes ; she sitteth in the judge's lap.
To meet for poison or vild facts we crave not ;
My hands an unsheath'd shining weapon have not.
We seek that through thee safely love we may ;
What can be easier than the thing we pray ?

ELEGIA 3.

Ad Eunuchum servantem dominam.

AYE me, an eunuch keeps my mistress chaste,
That cannot Venus' mutual pleasures taste.
Who first depriv'd young boys of their best part,
With selfsame wounds he gave, he ought to smart.
To kind requests thou would'st more gentle prove,
If ever wench had made lukewarm thy love:
Thou wert not born to ride, or arms to bear,
Thy hands agree not with the warlike spear.
Men handle those, all manly hopes resign,
Thy mistress' ensigns must be likewise thine.
Please her—her hate makes others thee abhor,
If she discards thee, what use serv'st thou for?
Good form there is, years apt to play together:
Unmeet is beauty without use to wither.
She may deceive thee, though thou her protect,
What two determine never wants effect.
Our prayers move thee to assist our drift,
While thou hast time yet to bestow that gift.

ELEGIA 4.*

Quod amet mulieres, cujuscunque formæ sint.

I MEAN not to defend the scapes of any,
Or justify my vices being many;
For I confess, if that might merit favour,
Here I display my lewd and loose behaviour.
I loath, yet after that I loath I run:
Oh, how the burthen irks, that we should shun.

I cannot rule myself but where love please;
And driven like a ship upon rough seas,
No one face likes me best, all faces move,
A hundred reasons make me ever love.
If any eye me with a modest look,
I blush, and by that blushful glance am took;
And she that's coy I like, for being no clown,
Methinks she should be quick when she is down.
Though her sour looks a Sabine's brow resemble,
I think she'll do, but deeply can dissemble.
If she be learned, then for her skill I crave her,
If not, because she's simple I would have her.
Before Callimachus one prefers me far;
Seeing she likes my books, why should we jar?
Another rails at me, and that I write,
Yet would I lie with her, if that I might:
Trips she, it likes me well, plods she, what then?
She would be nimbler lying with a man.
And when one sweetly sings, then straight I long,
To quaver on her lips even in her song;
Or if one touch the lute with art and cunning,
Who would not love those hands for their swift
 running?
And her I like that with a majesty,
Folds up her arms, and makes low courtesy.
To leave myself, that am in love withal,
Some one of these might make the chastest fall.
If she be tall, she's like an Amazon,
And therefore fills the bed she lies upon:

If short, she lies the rounder, to say troth,
 But short and long please me, for I love both.
 I think that one undeck'd, would be, being dress'd
 Is she attired, then shew her graces best.
 A white wench thralls me, so doth golden yellow
 And nut-brown girls in doing have no fellow.
 If her white neck be shadow'd with brown hair,
 Why so was Leda's, yet was Leda fair.
 Amber-tress'd is she, then on the morn think I,
 My love alludes to every history :
 A young wench pleaseth, and an old is good,
 This for her looks, and that for her womanhood :
 Nay what is she, that any Roman loves,
 But my ambitious ranging mind approves ?

ELEGIA 5.

Ad amicam corruptam.

No love is so dear (quiver'd Cupid flie)
 That my chief wish should be so oft to die.
 Minding my fault, with death I wish to revel ;
 Alas ! a wench is a perpetual evil.
 No intercepted lines thy deeds display,
 No gifts given secretly thy crime betray.
 O would my proofs as vain might be withstood !
 Aye me, poor soul, why is my cause so good ?
 He's happy, that his love dares boldly credit ;
 To whom his wench can say, I never did it.
 He's cruel, and too much his grief doth favour,
 That seeks the conquest by her loose behaviour.

Poorwench, I saw when thou did'st think I slumbered;
Not drunk, your faults on the spilt wine I numbered.
I saw your nodding eyebrows much to speak,
Even from your cheeks, part of a voice did break.
Not silent were thine eyes, the board with wine,
Was scribled, and thy fingers writ a line.
I knew your speech (what do not lovers see?)
And words that seem'd for certain marks to be.
Now many guests were gone, the feast being done,
The youthful sort to divers pastimes run.
I saw you then unlawful kisses join;
(Such with my tongue it likes me to purloin)
None such the sister gives her brother grave,
But such kind wenches let their lovers have.
Phœbus gave not Diana such, 'tis thought,
But Venus often to her Mars such brought.
What dost, I cried; transport'st thou my delight?
My lordly hands I'll throw upon my right.
Such bliss is only common to us two,
In this sweet good, why hath a third to do?
This, and what grief inforc'd me say I said,
A scarlet blush her guilty face array'd;
Even such as by Aurora hath the sky,
Or maids that their betrothed husbands spy;
Such as a rose mix'd with a lily breeds,
Or when the moon travels with charmed steeds.
Or such as, lest long years should turn the die,
Arachne stains Assyrian ivory.
To these, or some of these like was her colour:
By chance her beauty never shined fuller.

She viewed the earth : the earth to view, beseem'd her.
 She looked sad ; sad, comely I esteem'd her.
 Even combed as they were, her locks to rend,
 And scratch her fair soft cheeks I did intend.
 Seeing her face, mine uprear'd arms descended,
 With her own armour was my wench defended.
 I, that erewhile was fierce, now humbly sue,
 Lest with worse kisses she should me indue.
 She laugh'd, and kiss'd so sweetly as might make
 Wrath-kindled Jove away his thunder shake.
 I grieve lest others should such good perceive,
 And wish hereby them all unknown to leave.
 Also much better were they than I tell,
 And ever seem'd as some new sweet befel.
 'Tis ill they pleas'd so much, for in my lips,
 Lay her whole tongue hid, mine in hers she dips.
 This grieves me not, no joined kisses spent,
 Bewail I only, though I them lament.
 Nowhere can they be taught but in the bed ;
 I know no master of so great hire sped.

ELEGIA 6.

In mortem psittaci.

THE parrot, from East India to me sent,
 Is dead, all fowls her exequies frequent.
 Go goodly birds, striking your breasts bewail,
 And with rough claws your tender cheeks assail.
 For woeful hairs let piece-torn plumes abound,
 For long shril'd trumpets let your notes resound.

Why Philomel dost Tereus' lewdness mourn?
 All wasting years have that complaint now worn?
 Thy tunes let this rare bird's sad funeral borrow,
 It is a great, but ancient cause of sorrow.
 All you whose pinions in the clear air soar,
 But most thou friendly turtle dove deplore.
 Full concord all your lives was you betwixt,
 And to the end your constant faith stood fix'd.
 What Pylades did to Orestes prove,
 Such to the parrot was the turtle-dove.
 But what avail'd this faith? her rarest hue?
 Or voice that how to change the wild notes knew?
 What helps it thou wert given to please my wench?
 Birds' hapless glory; death thy life doth quench.
 Thou with thy quills might'st make green emeralds
 dark,
 And pass our scarlet of red saffron's mark.
 No such voice-feigning bird was on the ground,
 Thou spok'st thy words so well with stammering sound.
 Envy hath rap'd thee, no fierce wars thou mov'dst,
 Vain babling speech, and pleasant peace thou lov'dst.
 Behold how quails among their battles live,
 Which do perchance old age unto them give.
 A little fill'd thee, and for love of talk,
 Thy mouth to taste of many meats did balk.
 Nuts were thy food, and poppy caus'd thee sleep,
 Pure water's moisture thirst away did keep.
 The ravenous vulture lives, the puttock hovers
 Around the air, the cadess* rain discovers.

* Cadess or Caddaw, a jackdaw.

And crow survives arms-bearing Pallas' hate,
Whose life nine ages scarce bring out of date.
Dead is that speaking image of man's voice,
The parrot given me, the far world's best choice.
The greedy spirits take the best things first,
Supplying their void places with the worst.
Thersites did Protesilaus survive ;
And Hector died his brothers yet alive.
My wench's vows for thee why should I show,
Which stormy south winds into sea did blow ?
The seventh day came, none following might'st thou
 see,
And the fates' distaff empty stood to thee :
Yet words in thy benumbed palate rung,
Farewell Corinna, cried thy dying tongue.
Elysium hath a wood of holm trees black,
Whose earth doth not perpetual green grass lack,
There good birds rest (if we believe things hidden)
Whence unclean fowls are said to be forbidden.
There harmless swans feed all abroad the river,
There lives the phœnix one alone bird ever.
There Juno's bird displays his gorgeous feather :
And loving doves kiss eagerly together.
The parrot into wood receiv'd with these,
Turns all the goodly birds to what she please.
A grave her bones hides, on her corps small grave,
The little stones these little verses have.
This tomb approves, I pleas'd my mistress well,
My mouth in speaking did all birds excel.

ELEGIA 7.

Amicæ se purgat, quod ancillam non amet.

Dost me of new crimes always guilty frame?
To overcome, so oft to fight I shame.
If on the marble theatre I look,
One among many is, to grieve thee, took.
If some fair wench me secretly behold,
Thou arguest she doth secret marks unfold.
If I praise any, thy poor hairs thou tearest,
If blame, dissembling of my fault thou fearest.
If I look well, thou think'st thou dost not move,
If ill, thou say'st I die for others' love.
Would I were culpable of some offence,
They that deserve pain, bear't with patience.
Now rash accusing, and thy vain belief,
Forbid thine anger to procure my grief.
Lo, how the miserable great ear'd ass,
Dull'd with much beating slowly forth doth pass.
Behold Cipassis wont to dress thy head,
Is charg'd to violate her mistress' bed.
The gods from this sin rid me of suspicion,
To like a base wench of dispis'd condition.
With Venus' game who will a servant grace?
Or any back, made rough with stripes, embrace?
Add she was diligent thy locks to braid,
And for her skill to thee a grateful maid.
Should I solicit her that is so just;
To take repulse, and cause her shew my lust?
I swear by Venus, and the wing'd boy's bow,
Myself unguilty of this crime I know.

ELEGIA 8.

Ad Cypassim ancillam Corinnæ.

CYPASSIS, that a thousand ways trim'st hair,
Worthy to comb none but a goddess fair,
Our pleasant 'scapes shew thee no clown to be,
Apt to thy mistress, but more apt to me.
Who that our bodies were comprest bewray'd?
Whence knows Corinna that with thee I play'd?
Yet blush'd I not, nor us'd I any saying,
That might be urg'd to witness our false playing.
What if a man with bondwomen offend,
To prove him foolish did I e'er contend?
Achilles burnt with face of captive Briseis,
Great Agamemnon lov'd his servant Chriseis.
Greater than these myself I not esteem:
What graced kings, in me no shame I deem.
But when on thee her angry eyes did rush,
In both my cheeks she did perceive the blush.
But being present, might that work the best,
By Venus' deity how did I protest.
Thou goddess dost command a warm south blast,
Myself oaths in Carpathian seas to cast.
For which good turn my sweet reward to pay,
Let me lay with thee brown Cypass to-day.
Ungrate, why feign'st new fears? and dost refuse;
Well may'st thou one thing for thy mistress use.
If thou deny'st fool, I'll our deeds express,
And as a traitor mine own fault confess;
Telling thy mistress, where I was with thee,
How oft, and by what means we did agree.

ELEGIA 9.

Ad Cupidinem.

O CUPID ! that do'st never cease my smart,
O boy ! that liest so slothful in my heart.
Why me that always was thy soldier found,
Do'st harm, and in thy tents why do'st me wound ?
Why burns thy brand, why strikes thy bow thy friends ?
More glory by thy vanquish'd foes ascends.
Did not Pylades whom his spear did grieve,
Being requir'd, with speedy help relieve ?
Hunters leave taken beasts, pursue the chase,
And then things found do ever further pace.
We people wholly given thee, feel thine arms,
Thy dull hand stays thy striving enemies harms.
Do'st joy to have thy hooked arrows shaken
In naked bones ? love hath my bones left naked.
So many men and maidens without love,
Hence with great laud thou may'st a triumph move.
Rome, if her strength the huge world had not fill'd,
With strawy cabins now her courts should build.
The weary soldier hath the conquer'd fields,
His sword, laid by, safe, to rude places yields. (?)
The dock in harbours ships drawn from the floods,
Horse freed from service range abroad the woods.
And time it was for me to live in quiet,
That have so oft serv'd pretty wenches diet.
Yet should I curse a God, if he but said,
Live without love, so sweet ill is a maid.
For when my loathing it of heat deprives me,
I know not whither my mind's whirlwind drives me.

Even as a headstrong courser bears away,
His rider vainly striving him to stay.
Or as a sudden gale thrusts into sea
The heaven-touching bark now near the lee.
So wavering Cupid brings me back amain,
And purple love resumes his darts again.
Strike boy, I offer thee my naked breast,
Here thou hast strength, here thy right hand doth rest.
Here of themselves thy shafts come, as if shot ;
Better than I their quiver knows them not :
Hapless is he that all the night lies quiet
And slumbering, thinks himself much blessed by it.
Fool, what is sleep but image of cold death,
Long shalt thou rest when fates expire thy breath.
But me let crafty damsel's words deceive,
Great joys by hope I inly shall conceive.
Now let her flatter me, now chide me hard,
Let her enjoy me oft, oft be debar'd.
Cupid, by thee, Mars in great doubt doth trample,
And thy stepfather fights by thy example.
Light art thou, and more windy than thy wings ;
Joys with uncertain faith thou tak'st and brings :
Yet love, if thou with thy fair mother hear,
Within my breast no desert empire bear ;
Subdue the wandering wenches to thy reign,
So of both people shalt thou homage gain.

ELEGIA 10.*

Ad Græcinum quod eodem tempore duas amet.

GRECINUS (well I wot) thou told'st me once,
 I could not be in love with two at once ;
 By thee deceiv'd, by thee surprised am I,
 For now I love two women equally :
 Both are well favoured, both in rich array,
 Which is the loveliest it is hard to say :
 This seems the fairest, so doth that to me,
 And this doth please me most, and so doth she ;
 Even as a boat toss'd by contrary wind,
 So with this love and that wavers my mind.
 Venus why doublest thou my endless smart ?
 Was not one wench enough to grieve my heart ?
 Why add'st thou stars to heaven, leaves to green
 woods,
 And to the vast deep sea fresh water floods ?
 Yet this is better far than lie alone,
 Let such as be mine enemies have none ;
 Yea, let my foes sleep in an empty bed,
 And in the midst their bodies largely spread :
 But may soft love rouse up my drowsy eyes,
 And from my mistress' bosom let me rise :
 Let one wench cloy me with sweet love's delight,
 If one can do't, if not, two every night.
 Though I am slender, I have store of pith,
 Nor want I strength, but weight to press her with :
 Pleasure adds fuel to my lustful fire,
 I pay them home with that they most desire :

Oft have I spent the night in wantonness,
 And in the morn been lively ne'ertheless,
 He's happy whom Love's mutual skirmish slays,
 And to the gods for that death Ovid prays.
 Let soldiers chase their enemies amain,
 And with his blood eternal honour gain,
 Let merchants seek wealth with perjur'd lips,
 And being wreck'd, carouse the sea tir'd by their ships;
 But when I die, would I might droop with doing,
 And in the midst thereof, set my soul going;
 That at my funeral some may weeping cry,
 Even as he led his life, so did he die.

ELEGIA 11.

Ad amicam navigantem.

THE lofty pine, from high mount Pelion raught,
 Ill ways by rough seas' wondering waves first taught.
 Which rashly 'twixt the sharp rocks in the deep,
 Carried the famous golden-fleeced sheep.
 O would that no oars might in seas have sunk!
 The Argos wreck'd had deadly waters drunk.
 Lo, country gods, and known bed to forsake
 Corinna means, and dangerous ways to take.
 For thee the East and West winds make me pale,
 With icy Boreas, and the southern gale.
 Thou shalt admire no woods or cities there,
 The unjust seas all blueish do appear.
 The ocean hath no painted stones or shells,
 The sucking shore with their abundance swells.

Maids on the shore, with marble-white feet tread,
So far 'tis safe, but to go farther, dread.
Let others tell how winds fierce battles wage,
How Scylla's and Caribydis' waters rage.
And with what rock the fear'd Ceraunia threat;
In what gulph either Sirtes have their seat.
Let others tell this, and what each one speaks
Believe; no tempest the believer wrecks.
Too late you look back, when with anchor weigh'd,
The crooked bark hath her swift sails display'd.
The careful shipman now fears angry gusts,
And with the waters sees death near him thrusts.
But if that Triton toss the troubled flood,
In all thy face will be no crimson blood.
Then wilt thou Læda's noble twin-stars pray,
And he is happy whom the earth holds, say.
It is more safe to sleep, to read a book,
The Thracian harp with cunning to have struck.
But if my words with winged storms hence slip,
Yet Galatea favour thou her ship.
The loss of such a wench much blame will gather,
Both to the sea-nymphs and the sea-nymphs' father.
Go, minding to return with prosperous wind,
Whose blast may hither strongly be inclin'd.
Let Nereus bend the waves unto this shore,
Hither the winds blow, here the springtides roar.
Request mild Zephyr's help for thy avail,
And with thy hand assist the swelling sail.
I from the shore thy known ship first will see,
And say it brings her that preserveth me.

I'll clip and kiss thee with all contentation,
 For thy return shall fall the vow'd oblation;
 And in the form of beds we'll strew soft sand;
 Each little hill shall for a table stand:
 There wine being fill'd, thou many things shalt tell,
 How almost wreck'd thy ship in main seas fell.
 And hasting to me, neither darksome night,
 Nor violent south-winds did thee ought affright.
 I'll think all true, though it be feigned matter,
 Mine own desires why should myself not flatter?
 Let the bright day-star cause in heaven this day be,
 To bring that happy time so soon as may be.

ELEGIA 12.

Exultat, quod amica potitus sit.

ABOUT my temples go triumphant bays,
 Conquer'd Corinna in my bosom lays.
 She whom her husband, guard, and gate, as foes,
 Lest art should win her, firmly did enclose:
 That victory doth chiefly triumph merit,
 Which without bloodshed doth the prey inherit.
 No little ditched towns, no lowly walls,
 But to my share a captive damsel falls.
 When Troy by ten' years' battle tumbled down,
 With the Atrides many gain'd renown:
 But I no partner of my glory brook,
 Nor can another say his help I took.
 I, guide and soldier, won the field and wear her,
 I was both horseman, footman, standard-bearer.

Nor in my act hath fortune mingled chance :
 O care-got triumph hitherwards advance !
 Nor is my war's cause new ; but for a queen
 Europe and Asia in firm peace had been.
 The Lapithes, and the Centaurs for a woman,
 To cruel arms their drunken selves did summon.
 A woman forc'd the Trojans new to enter
 Wars, just Latinus, in thy kingdom's center :
 A woman against late-built Rome did send,
 The Sabine fathers, who sharp wars intend.
 I saw how bulls for a white heifer strive,
 She looking on them did more courage give.
 And me with many, but yet me without murder,
 Cupid commands to move his ensigns further.

ELEGIA 13.

Ad Isidem, ut parientem Corinnam servet.

WHILE rashly her womb's burden she casts out,
 Weary Corinna hath her life in doubt.
 She secretly with me such harm attempted ;
 Angry I was, but fear my wrath exempted.
 But she conceiv'd of me, or I am sure
 I oft have done, what might as much procure.
 Thou that frequents Canopus' pleasant fields,
 Memphis, and Pharos that sweet date trees yields.
 And where swift Nile in his large channel slipping,
 By seven huge mouths into the sea is slipping,
 By fear'd Anubis' visage I thee pray,
 So in thy temples shall Osiris stay.

And the dull snake about thy offspring creep,
 And in thy pomp horn'd Apis with thee keep.
 Turn thy looks hither, and in one spare twain,
 Thou giv'st my mistress life, she mine again.
 She oft hath serv'd thee upon certain days,
 Where the French rout engirt themselves with bays.
 On labouring women thou dost pity take,
 Whose bodies with their heavy burdens ache;
 My wench, Lucina, I entreat thee favour,
 Worthy she is, thou should'st in mercy save her.
 In wines, with incense, I'll thine altars greet,
 Myself will bring vow'd gifts before thy feet.
 Subscribing Naso with Corinna sav'd,
 Do but deserve gifts with this title grav'd.
 But if in so great fear I may advise thee,
 To have this skirmish fought let it suffice thee.

ELEGIA 14.

In amicam, quod abortivum ipsa fecerit.

WHAT helps it woman to be free from war,
 Nor being arm'd fierce troops to follow far,
 If without battle self-wrought wounds annoy them,
 And their own privy weapon'd hands destroy them?
 Who unborn infants first to slay invented,
 Deserv'd thereby with death to be tormented.
 Because thy belly should rough wrinkles lack,
 Wilt thou thy womb-inclosed offspring wrack?
 Had ancient mothers this vile custom cherish'd,
 All human kind by their default had perish'd.

On stones, our stock's original should be hurl'd,
Again, by some, in this unpeopled world.
Who should have Priam's wealthy substance won,
If watery Thetis had her child fordone?
In swelling womb her twins had Ilia kill'd;
He had not been that conquering Rome did build.
Had Venus spoil'd her belly's Trojan fruit,
The earth of Cæsar's had been destitute.
Thou also that wert born fair, had'st decay'd,
If such a work thy mother had assay'd.
Myself that better die with loving may,
Had seen, my mother killing me, to-day.
Why tak'st increasing grapes from vine-trees full?
With cruel hand why dost green apples pull?
Fruits ripe will fall, let springing things increase,
Life is no light price of a small surcease.
Why with hid irons are your bowels torn?
And why dire poison give you babes unborn?
At Colcis, stain'd with children's blood men rail,
And mother-murder'd Itis they bewail.
Both unkind parents, but for causes sad,
Their wedlocks' pledges veng'd their husbands bad.
What Tereus, what Jason you provokes,
To plague your bodies with such harmful strokes?
Armenian tigers never did so ill,
Nor dares the lioness her young whelps kill.
But tender damsels do it, though with pain;
Oft dies she that her paunch-wrap'd child hath slain.
She dies, and with loose hairs to grave is sent,
And whoe'er see her, worthily lament.

Cut in the air let these words come to nought,
And my presages of no weight be thought.
Forgive her gracious gods this one delict,
And on the next fault punishment inflict.

ELEGIA 15.

Ad annulum, quem dono amicæ dedit.

THOU ring that shalt my fair girl's finger bind,
Wherein is seen the giver's loving mind :
Be welcome to her, gladly let her take thee,
And, her small joints encircling, round, hoop, make
thee.

Fit her so well, as she is fit for me,
And of just compass for her knuckles be.
Blest ring in my mistress' arms shall lie,
Myself, poor wretch, mine own gifts now envy.
O would that suddenly into my gift,
I could myself by secret magic shift !
Then would I wish thee touch my mistress' pap,
And hide thy left hand underneath her lap.
I would get off though straight, and sticking fast,
And in her bosom strangely fall at last.
Then I, that I may seal her privy leaves,
Lest to the wax the hold-fast dry gem cleaves,
Would first my beauteous wenches moist lips touch,
Only I'll sign nought, that may grieve me much.
I would not out, might I in one place hit :
But in less compass her small fingers knit.
My life ! that I will shame thee never fear,
Or be a load thou should'st refuse to bear.

Wear me, when warmest showers thy members wash,
 And through the gem let thy lost waters pash.
 But seeing thee, I think my thing will swell,
 And even the ring perform a man's part well.
 Vain things why wish I? go small gift from hand,
 Let her my faith, with thee given, understand.

ELEGIA 16.

Ad amicam, ut ad rura sua veniat.

SULMO, Peligny's third part, me contains,
 A small, but wholesome soil with watery veins,
 Although the sun to rive the earth incline,
 And the Icarian froward dog-star shine;
 Pilignian fields which liquid rivers flow,
 And on the soft ground fertile green grass grow.
 With corn the earth abounds, with vines much more,
 And some few pastures Pallas' olives bore.
 And by the rising herbs, where clear springs slide,
 A grassy turf the moistened earth doth hide.
 But absent is my fire, lies I'll tell none,
 My heat is here, what moves my heat is gone.
 Pollux and Castor, might I stand betwixt,
 In heaven without thee would I not be fix'd.
 Upon the cold earth pensive let them lay,
 That mean to travel some long irksome way.
 Or else will maidens young men's mates, to go
 If they determine to perséver so.
 Then on the rough Alps should I tread aloft,
 My hard way with my mistress would seem soft.

With her I durst the Lybian Sirtes break through,
And raging seas in boisterous south-winds plough.
No barking dogs, that Scylla's intrails bear,
Nor thy gulphs, crooked Malea, would I fear.
Nor flowing waves with drowned ships forth-poured
By cloyed Charibdis, and again devoured.
But if stern Neptune's windy power prevail,
And waters' force, force helping gods to sail,
With thy white arms upon my shoulders seize,
So sweet a burden I will bear with ease.
The youth oft swimming to his Hero kind,
Had then swam over, but the way was blind.
But without thee, although vine-planted ground
Contains me ; though the streams the fields surround ;
Though hinds in brooks the running waters bring,
And cool gales shake the tall trees leafy spring ;
Healthful Peligny ! I esteem nought worth,
Nor do I like the country of my birth.
Scythia, Cilicia, Brittany are as good,
And rocks dyed crimson with Prometheus' blood.
Elms love the vines, the vines with elms abide,
Why doth my mistress from me oft divide ?
Thou swear'dst, division should not 'twixt us rise,
By me, and by my stars, thy radiant eyes ;
Maids' words more vain and light than falling leaves,
Which as it seems, hence wind and sea bereaves.
If any godly care of me thou hast,
Add deeds unto thy promises at last.
And with swift nags drawing thy little coach,
(Their reins let loose) right soon my house approach.

But when she comes, your swelling mounts sink down,
And falling vallies be the smooth ways crown.

ELEGIA 17.

Quod Corinnæ soli sit serviturus.

To serve a wench if any think it shame,
He being judge, I am convinc'd of blame.
Let me be slandered, while my fire she hides,
That Paphos, and the flood-beat Cithera guides.
Would I had been my mistress' gentle prey,
Since some fair one I should of force obey.
Beauty gives heart, Corinna's looks excel,
Ay me, why is it known to her so well?
But by her glass disdainful pride she learns,
Nor she herself, but first trim'd up, discerns.
Not though thy face in all things make thee reign,
(O face, most cunning mine eyes to detain !)
Thou ought'st therefore to scorn me for thy mate,
Small things with greater may be copulate.
Love-snar'd Calypso is suppos'd to pray
A mortal nymph's refusing lord to stay.
Who doubts, with Peleus Thetis did consort,
Egeria with just Numa had good sport.
Venus with Vulcan, though smiths' tools laid by,
With his stump foot he halts ill-favouredly.
This kind of verse is not alike, yet fit,
With shorter numbers the heroic sit.
And thou, my light, accept me howsoever,
Lay in the mid bed, there be my lawgiver.
My stay no crime, my flight no joy shall breed,

Nor of our love, to be asham'd we need.
For great revenues I good verses have,
And many by me to get glory crave.
I know a wench reports herself Corinne,
What would not she give that fair name to win?
But sundry floods in one bank never go,
Eurotas cold, and poplar-bearing Po.
Nor in my books shall one but thou be writ,
Thou dost alone give matter to my wit.

ELEGIA 18.

Ad Macrum, quod de amoribus scribat.

To tragic verse while thou Achilles train'st,
And new sworn soldiers' maiden arms restrain'st.
We, Macer, sit in Venus' slothful shade,
And tender love hath great things hateful made.
Often at length, my wench depart, I bid,
She in my lap sits still as erst she did.
I said it irks me, half to weeping fram'd,
Ay me! she cries, to love, why art ashamed?
Then wreathes about my neck her winding arms,
And thousand kisses gives, that work my harms:
I yield, and back my wit from battles bring,
Domestic acts, and mine own wars to sing.
Yet tragedies, and sceptres fill'd my lines,
But though I apt were for such high designs,
Love laugh'd at my cloak, and buskins painted,
And rule, so soon with private hands acquainted.
My mistress' deity also drew me from it,
And love triumpheth o'er his busking poet.

What lawful is, or we profess love's art :
 (Alas my precepts turn myself to smart.)
 We write, or what Penelope sends Ulysses,
 Or Phillis' tears that her Demophoon misses.
 What thankless Jason, Macareus, and Paris,
 Phedra, and Hippolite may read, my care is.
 And what poor Dido, with her drawn sword sharp,
 Doth say, with her that lov'd the Aonian harp.
 As soon as from strange lands Sabinus came,
 And writings did from divers places frame.
 White-cheek'd Penelope knew Ulysses' sign,
 The step-dame read Hippolites' lustless line.
 Æneas to Elisa answer gives,
 And Phillis hath to read; if now she lives.
 Jason's sad letter doth Hypsipile greet;
 Sappho her vow'd harp lays at Phœbus' feet.
 Nor of thee, Macer, that resound'st forth arms,
 Is golden love hid in Mars' mid alarms.
 There Paris is, and Helen's crimes record,
 With Laodamia, mate to her dear lord.
 Unless I err to these thou more incline,
 Than wars, and from thy tents wilt come to mine.

ELEGIA 19.

Ad rivalem cui uxor curæ non erat.

FOOL, if to keep thy wife thou hast no need,
 Keep her from me, my more desire to breed;
 We scorn things lawful, stol'n sweets we affect;
 Cruel is he that loves whom none protect.

Let us, both lovers, hope and fear alike,
And may repulse, place, for our wishes strike.
What should I do with fortune that ne'er fails me?
Nothing I love, that at all times avails me.
Wily Corinna saw this blemish in me,
And craftily knows by what means to win me.
Ah, often, that her whole head ach'd, she lying,
Will'd me, whose slow feet sought delay by flying;
Ah, oft, how much she might, she feign'd offence;
And doing wrong made shew of innocence.
So having vex'd she nourish'd my warm fire,
And was again most apt to my desire.
To please me, what fair terms and sweet words has
she,
Great gods! what kisses, and how many gave she!
Thou also that late took'st mine eyes away,
Oft cozen me, oft being woo'd, say nay.
And on thy threshold let me lie dispread,
Suff'ring much cold by hoary night's frost bred.
So shall my love continue many years;
This doth delight me, this my courage cheers.
Fat love, and too much fulsome me annoys,
Even as sweet meat a glutted stomach cloy.
In brazen tower had not Danaë dwelt,
A mother's joy by Jove she had not felt.
While Juno Io keeps, when horns she wore,
Jove lik'd her better than he did before.
Who covets lawful things takes leaves from woods,
And drinks stol'n waters in surrounding floods.

Her lover let her mock, that long will reign,
 Aye me, let not my warnings cause my pain.
 Whatever haps, by suff'rance harm is done,
 What flies, I follow, what follows me I shun.
 But thou, of thy fair damsel too secure,
 Begin to shut thy house, at evening, sure.
 Search at the door who knocks oft in the dark,
 In night's deep silence why the ban-dogs bark.
 Whether the subtle maid lines brings and carries,
 Why she alone in empty bed oft tarries.
 Let this care sometimes bite thee to the quick,
 That to deceits it may me forward prick.
 To steal sands from the shore he loves a life,
 That can affect a foolish wittal's wife.
 Now I forewarn, unless to keep her stronger
 Thou dost begin, she shall be mine no longer.
 Long have I borne much, hoping time would beat
 thee,
 To guard her well, that well I might intreat thee.
 Thou suffer'st what no husband can endure,
 But of my love an end it will procure.
 Shall I, poor soul, be never interdicted?
 Nor never with night's sharp revenge afflicted?
 In sleeping shall I fearless draw my breath?
 Will't nothing do, why I should wish thy death?
 Can I but loath a husband grown a bawd?
 By thy default thou dost our joys defraud.
 Some other seek that may in patience strive with
 thee,
 To pleasure me, forbid me to connive with thee.

P. OVIDII NASONIS AMORUM.

LIBER TERTIUS.

ELEGIA I.

Deliberatio poetæ, utrum elegos pergat scribere an potius
tragædias.

AN old wood, stands uncut of long year's space,
'Tis credible some god-head haunts the place.
In midst thereof a stone-pav'd, sacred spring,
Where round about small birds most sweetly sing.
Here while I walk, hid close in shady grove,
To find what work my muse might move, I strove.
Elegia came with hairs perfumed sweet,
And one, I think, was longer, of her feet.
A decent form, thin robe, a lover's look,
By her foot's blemish greater grace she took.
Then with huge steps came violent Tragedy,
Stern was her front, her look on ground did lie.
Her left hand held abroad a regal sceptre,
The Lydian buskin in fit paces kept her.
And first he said, when will thy love be spent
O poet, careless of thy argument?
Wine-bibbing banquets tell thy naughtiness,
Each cross-way's corner doth as much express.
Oft some points at the prophet passing by,
And this is he whom fierce love burns, they cry.

A laughing-stock thou art to all the city ;
While without shame thou sing'st thy lewdness' ditty.
'Tis time to move grave things in lofty style,
Long hast thou loiter'd, greater works compile.
The subject hides thy wit, men's acts resound ;
This thou wilt say to be a worthy ground.
Thy muse hath play'd what may mild girls content,
And by those numbers is thy first youth spent.
Now give the Roman tragedy a name,
To fill my laws thy wanton spirit frame.
This said, she mov'd her buskins gaily varnish'd,
And seven times shook her head with thick locks
garnish'd.

The other smiled, (I wot) with wanton eyes :
Err I, or myrtle in her right hand lies.
With lofty words stout Tragedy (she said)
Why tread'st me down ? art thou aye gravely play'd ?
Thou deign'st unequal lines should thee rehearse ;
Thou fight'st against me using mine own verse.
Thy lofty style with mine I not compare,
Small doors unfitting for large houses are.
Light am I, and with me, my care, light love ;
Not stronger am I, than the the things I move.
Venus without me should be rustical :
This goddess' company doth to me befall.
What gate thy stately words cannot unlock,
My flatt'ring speeches soon wide open knock.
And I deserve more than thou can'st in verity,
By suff'ring much not borne by thy severity.

By me Corinna learns, cozening her guard,
 To get the door with little noise unbarr'd ;
 And slipp'd from bed, clothed in a loose night-gown,
 To move her feet unheard in sliding down.
 Ah, how oft on hard doors hung I engraved,
 From no man's reading fearing to be saved.
 But, till the keeper went forth, I forget not,
 The maid to hide me in her bosom let not.
 What gift with me was on her birth-day sent,
 But cruelly by her was drown'd and rent.
 First of thy mind the happy seeds I knew,
 Thou hast my gift, which she would from thee sue.
 She left ; I said, you both I must beseech,
 To empty air may go my fearful speech.
 With sceptres and high buskins th' one would dress
 me,
 So through the world should bright renown express
 me ;
 The other gives my love a conquering name,
 Come, therefore, and to long verse shorter frame.
 Grant, Tragedy, thy poet, Time's least title :
 Thy labour ever lasts ; she asks but little.
 She gave me leave ; soft loves in time make haste ;
 Some greater work will urge me on at last.

ELEGIA 2.

Ad amicam cursum equorum spectantem.

I sit not here the noble horse to see,
 Yet whom thou favour'st, pray may conqueror be.

To sit and talk with thee I hither came,
That thou may'st know with love thou mak'st me
flame.

Thou view'st the course, I thee : let either heed
What please them, and their eyes let either feed.
What horse-driver thou favour'st most is best,
Because on him thy care doth hap to rest.
Such chance let me have : I would bravely run,
On swift steeds mounted till the race were done.
Now would I slack the reins, now lash her hide,
With wheels bent inward now the ring-turn ride.
In running if I see thee, I shall stay,
And from my hands the reins will slip away.
Ah, Pelops from his coach was almost fell'd,
Hippodamia's looks while he beheld.
Yet he attain'd, by her support, to have her :
Let us all conquer by our mistress' favour.
In vain, why fly'st back ? force conjoins us now :
The place's laws this benefit allow.
But spare my wench ; thou at her right hand seated ;
By thy sides touching, ill she is intreated.
And sit thou rounder, that behind us see,
For shame press not her back with thy hard knee.
But on the ground thy clothes too loosely lie :
Gather them up, or lift them low will I.
Envious garments, so good legs to hide,
The more thou look'st, the more the gown's envied.
Swift Atalanta's flying legs, like these,
Wishin his hands' grasp did Hippomanes.

Coat-tuck'd Diana's legs are painted like them,
When strong wild beasts, she, stronger, hunts to strike
them.

Ere these were seen, I burnt : what will these do ?
Flames into flame, floods thou pour'st seas into.
By these I judge ; delight me may the rest,
Which lie hid, under her thin veil suppress'd.
Yet in the meantime wilt small winds bestow,
That from thy fan, mov'd by my hand, may blow ?
Or is't my heat of mind, not of the sky ?
Is't women's love my captive breast doth fry ?
While thus I speak, black dust her white robes ray ;
Foul dust, from her fair body go away.
Now comes the pomp ; themselves let all men cheer :
The shout is nigh ; the golden pomp comes here.
First, victory is brought with large spread wing,
Goddess, come here ; make my love conquering.
Applaud you Neptune, that dare trust his wave,
The sea I use not : me my earth must have.
Soldier applaud thy Mars, no wars we move,
Peace pleaseth me, and in mid peace is love.
With augurs Phœbus, Phœbe with hunters stands.
To thee Minerva turn the craftsmen's hands.
Ceres and Bacchus countrymen adore,
Champions please Pollux, Castor loves horsemen
more.
Thee gentle Venus, and the boy that flies,
We praise, great goddess aid my enterprize.
Let my new mistress grant to be beloved ;
She beck'd, and prosperous signs gave as she moved.

What Venus promised, promise thou we pray
Greater than her, by her leave, tho' art, I'll say.
The gods, and their rich pomp witness with me,
For evermore thou shalt my mistress be.
Thy legs hang down, thou may'st, if that be best,
Or while thy tiptoes on the footstool rest.
Now greatest spectacles the Prætor sends,
Four chariot-horses from the lists even ends.
I see whom thou affectest: he shall subdue,
The horses seem, as thy desire they knew.
Alas he runs too far about the ring;
What dost thy waggon in less compass bring.
What dost unhappy? her good wishes fade:
Let with strong hand the rein to bend be made.
One slow we favour, Romans him revoke:
And each give signs by casting up his cloak.
They call him back; lest their gowns toss thy hair,
To hide thee in my bosom straight repair.
But now again the barriers open lie,
And forth the gay troops on swift horses fly.
At last now conquer, and outrun the rest:
My mistress' wish confirm with my request.
My mistress hath her wish, my wish remain:
He holds the palm: my palm is yet to gain.
She smil'd, and with quick eyes behight* some grace:
Pay it not here, but in another place.

* Promised.

ELEGIA 3.

De amica quæ perjuraverat.

WHAT are there gods? herself she hath forswore,
And yet remains the face she had before.
How long her locks were ere her oath she took,
So long they be since she her faith forsook.
Fair white with rose red was before commix'd:
Now shine her looks pure and white red betwixt.
Her foot was small: her foot's form is most fit:
Comely tall was she, comely tall she's yet.
Sharp eyes she had: radiant like stars they be,
By which she perjured oft hath lied to me.
In sooth, th' eternal powers grant maids' society,
Falsely to swear; their beauty hath some deity.
By her eyes, I remember, late she swore,
And by mine eyes, and mine were pained sore.
Say gods: if she unpunish'd you deceive,
For others faults why do I loss receive.
But did you not so envy Cepheus' daughter,
For her ill-beauteous mother judg'd to slaughter.
'Tis not enough, she shakes your record off,
And, unreveng'd, mock'd gods with me doth scoff.
But by my pain to purge her perjuries,
Cozen'd, I am the cozener's sacrifice.
God is a name, no substance, fear'd in vain,
And doth the world in fond belief detain.
Or if there be a God, he loves fine wenches,
And all things too much in their sole power drenches.
Mars girts his deadly sword on for my harm,
Pallas' lance strikes me with unconquer'd arm.

At me Apollo bends his pliant bow ;
 At me Jove's right hand lightning hath to throw.
 The wronged gods dread fair ones to offend,
 And fear those, that to fear them least intend.
 Who now will care the altars to perfume ?
 Tut, men should not their courage so consume.
 Jove throws down woods and castles with his fire,
 But bids his darts from perjured girls retire.
 Poor Semele among so many burn'd,
 Her own request to her own torment turn'd.
 But when her lover came, had she drawn back,
 The father's thigh should unborn Bacchus lack.
 Why grieve I ? and of heaven reproaches pen ?
 The gods have eyes, and breasts as well as men.
 Were I a god, I should give women leave,
 With lying lips my godhead to deceive.
 Myself would swear the wenches true did swear,
 And I would be none of the gods severe.
 But yet their gift more moderately use,
 Or in mine eyes, good wench, no pain transfuse.

ELEGIA 4.

Ad virum servantem conjugem.

RUDE man, 'tis vain thy damsel to commend,
 To keepers trust : their wits should them defend.
 Who, without fear, is chaste ; is chaste in sooth :
 Who, because means want, doth not, she doth.
 Though thou her body guard, her mind is stain'd ;
 Nor, lest she will, can any be restrain'd.

Nor can'st by watching keep her mind from sin,
All being shut out, the adulterer is within.
Who may offend, sins least; power to do ill,
The fainting seeds of naughtiness doth kill.
Forbear to kindle vice by prohibition,
Sooner shall kindness gain thy will's fruition.
I saw a horse against the bit stiff-neck'd,
Like lightning go, his struggling mouth being check'd:
When he perceived the reins let slack, he staid,
And on his loose mane the loose bridle laid.
How to attain what is denied, we think,
Even as the sick desire forbidden drink.
Argus had either way an hundred eyes,
Yet by deceit love did them all surprise.
In stone and iron walls Danae shut,
Came forth a mother, though a maid there put.
Penelope, though no watch look'd unto her,
Was not defil'd by any gallant wooer.
What's kept, we covet more: the care makes theft,
Few love what others have unguarded left.
Nor doth her face please, but her husband's love;
I know not what men think should thee so move.
She is not chaste that keeps away therefore:
Thy fear is than her body valued more.
Although thou chafe, stol'n pleasure is sweet play,
She pleaseth best, I fear, if any say.
A free-born wench, no right 'tis up to lock,
So use we women of strange nations' stock.
Because the keeper may come, say, I did it,
She must be honest to thy servant's credit.

He is too clownish, whom a lewd wife grieves,
 And this town's well-known custom not believes;
 Where Mars his sons not without fault did breed,
 Remus and Romulus, Ilia's twin-born seed.
 Cannot a fair one, if not chaste, please thee?
 Never can these by any means agree.
 Kindly thy mistress use, if thou be wise;
 Look gently, and rough husbands' laws despise.
 Honour what friends thy wife gives, she'll give many,
 Least labour, thou shalt win great grace of any.
 So shalt thou go with youths to feasts together,
 And see at home much, that thou ne'er brought'st
 thither.

ELEGIA 6. *

Ad annem dum iter faceret ad amicam.

FLOOD with red-grown slime banks, 'till I be past,
 Thy waters stay: I to my mistress haste.
 Thou hast no bridge, nor boat with ropes to throw,
 That may transport me without oars to row.
 Thee I have pass'd, and knew thy stream none such,
 When thy wave's brim did scarce my ankles touch.

* This, which is the sixth elegy of Ovid, is numbered 5 in the edition from which we print—an error caused by the omission of a translation of the fifth elegy, and running throughout the remainder of the Book. The same mistake occurs in the "Certaine Elegies," although it only contains two from the third Book. This circumstance furnishes a strong reason for concluding that the "Certaine Elegies" was a selection from the present edition.

With snow, thaw'd from the next hill, now thou
 rusest,
And in thy foul deep waters thick thou pushest.
What helps my haste? what to have ta'en small rest?
What day and night to travel in her quest?
If standing here I can by no means get
My foot upon the further bank to set.
Now wish I those wings noble Perseus had,
Bearing the head with dreadful arrows clad;
Now wish the chariot, whence corn fields were found,
First to be thrown upon the untill'd ground:
I speak old poets wonderful inventions,
Ne'er was, nor shall be, what my verse mentions.
Rather, thou large bank overflowing river,
Slide in thy bounds, so shalt thou run for ever.
(Trust me) land-stream, thou shalt no envy lack,
If I a lover be by thee held back.
Great floods ought to assist young men in love,
Great floods the force of it do often prove.
In mid Bithynia, 'tis said, Inachus
Grew pale, and in cold fords not lecherous.
Troy had not yet been ten years' siege out-stander,
When nymph Neæra rapt thy looks, Scamander.
What? not Alpheus in strange lands to run,
The Arcadian virgin's constant love hath won?
And Creusa unto Xanthus first affic'd,
They say Peneus near Phthia's town did hide.
What should I name Æsop, that Thebe loved?
Thebe who mother of five daughters proved.

If Achelous, I ask where thy horns stand,
 Thou say'st, broke with Alcides' angry hand.
 Not Calydon, nor Ætolia did please ;
 One Deianira was more worth than these.
 Rich Nile by seven mouths to the west sea flowing,
 Who so well keeps his water's head from knowing,
 Is by Evadne thought to take such flame,
 As his deep whirlpools could not quench the same.
 Dry Enipeus, Tyro to embrace,
 T'fly back his stream charg'd ; the stream charg'd,
 gave place.

Nor pass I thee, who hollow rocks down tumbling,
 In Tiber's field with wat'ry foam art rumbling.
 Whom Ilia pleased, though in her looks grief revell'd,
 Her cheeks were scratch'd, her goodly hairs di-
 shevell'd.

She wailing Mars' sin, and her uncle's crime,
 Stray'd barefoot through sole* places on a time.
 Her, from his swift waves, the bold flood perceiv'd,
 And from the mid ford his hoarse voice upheav'd,
 Saying why sadly tread'st my banks upon,
 Ilia, sprung from Idæan Laomedon ?
 Where's thy attire ? why wand'rest here alone ?
 To stay thy tresses white veil hast thou none ?
 Why weep'st ? and spoil'st with tears thy wat'ry eyes ?
 And fiercely knock'st thy breast that open lies ?
 His heart consists of flint, and hardest steel,
 That seeing thy tears can any joy then feel.

* *Sole—solus—solitary.*

Fear not: to thee our court stands open wide,
There shalt be lov'd: Ilia, lay fear aside.
Thou o'er a hundred nymphs or more shalt reign,
For five score nymphs or more our floods contain.
Nor, Roman stock, scorn me so much (I crave,)
Gifts than my promise greater thou shalt have.
This said he: she her modest eyes held down,
Her woeful bosom a warm shower did drown.
Thrice she prepared to fly, thrice she did stay,
By fear deprived of strength to run away.
Yet rending with enraged thumb her tresses,
Her trembling mouth these unmeet sounds expresses.
O would in my forefathers' tomb deep laid,
My bones had been, while yet I was a maid!
Why being a vestal am I woo'd to wed,
Deflowr'd and stained in unlawful bed.
Why stay I? men point at me for a whore,
Shame, that should make me blush, I have no more.
This said: her coat hoodwink'd her fearful eyes,
And into water desperately she flies.
'Tis said the slipp'ry stream held up her breast,
And kindly gave her, what she liked best.
And I believe some wench thou hast affected,
But woods and groves keep your faults undetected.
While thus I spake the waters more abounded,
And from the channel all abroad surrounded.
Mad stream, why do'st our mutual joys defer?
Clown, from my journey why do'st me deter?
How would'st thou flow wert thou a noble flood?
If thy great fame in every region stood?

Thou hast no name, but com'st from snowy mountains,
 No certain house thou hast, nor any fountains,
 Thy springs are nought but rain and melted snow,
 Which wealth, cold winter doth on thee bestow.
 Either th'art muddy in mid winter tide,
 Or full of dust dost on the dry earth slide.
 What thirsty traveller ever drunk of thee?
 Who said with grateful voice perpetual be?
 Harmful to beasts, and to the fields thou proves,
 Perchance these, others, me mine own loss moves.
 To this I fondly loves of floods told plainly,
 I shame so great names to have us'd so vainly.
 I know not what expecting, I ere while,
 Nam'd Achelaus, Inachus, and Nile.
 But for thy merits I wish thee, white stream,
 Dry winters aye, and suns in heat extreme.

ELEGIA 7. *

Quod ab amica receptus, cum ea coire non potuit, conqueritur.

EITHER she was foul, or her attire was bad,
 Or she was not the wench I wish'd t' have had.
 Idly I lay with her, as if I lov'd not,
 And like a burden griev'd the bed that mov'd not.
 Though both of us perform'd our true intent,
 Yet could I not cast anchor where I meant.
 She on my neck her ivory arms did throw,
 Her arms far whiter, then the Scythian snow.
 And eagerly she kiss'd me with her tongue,
 And under mine her wanton thigh she flung.

Yea, and she sooth'd me up, and call'd me sire,
And us'd all speech that might provoke and stir.
Yet like as if cold hemlock I had drunk,
It mocked me, hung down the head and sunk.
Like a dull cypher, or rude block I lay,
Or shade, or body was I who can say?
What will my age do, age I cannot shun?
When in my prime my force is spent and done?
I blush, that being youthful, hot, and lusty,
I prove neither youth nor man, but old and rusty.
Pure rose she, like a nun to sacrifice,
Or one that with her tender brother lies.
Yet boarded I the golden Chie twice,
And Libas, and the white cheek'd Pitho thrice.
Corinna crav'd it in a summer's night,
And nine sweet bouts we had before day-light.
What waste my limbs through some Thessalian charms?
May spells, and drugs do silly souls such harms?
With virgin wax hath some imbast my joints?
And pierc'd my liver with sharp needles' points?
Charms change corn to grass and make it die:
By charms are running springs and fountains dry.
By charms mast drops from oaks, from vines grapes
fall,
And fruit from trees when there's no wind at all.
Why might not then my sinews be enchanted?
And I grow faint as with some spirit haunted.
To this, add shame: shame to perform it quail'd me,
And was the second cause why vigour fail'd me.

My idle thoughts delighted her no more,
Than did the robe or garment which she wore.
Yet might her touch make youthful Pylus fire,
And Tithon livelier than his years require.
Even her I had, and she had me in vain,
What might I crave more, if I ask again?
I think the great gods griev'd they had bestow'd,
The benefit : which lewdly I foreslow'd.
I wish'd to be received in, in I get me,
To kiss, I kiss'd ; to lie with her, she let me.
Why was I blest ? why made king to refuse it ?
Chufft like had I not gold and could not use it ?
So in a spring thrives he that told so much,
And looks upon the fruits he cannot touch.
Hath any rose so fresh from a young maid,
As she might straight have gone to church and
pray'd.

Well I believe, she kiss'd not as she should,
Nor used the sleight and cunning which she could.
Huge oaks, hard adamants might she have moved,
And with sweet words cause deaf rocks to have
lov'd.

Worthy she was to move both gods and men,
But neither was I man nor lived then.
Can deaf ear take delight when Phæmius sings ?
Or Thamyras in curious painted things ?
What sweet thought is there but I had the same ?
And one gave place still as another came.
Yet notwithstanding, like one dead I lay,
Drooping more like a rose pull'd yesterday.

Now when he should not jet, he bolts upright,
 And craves his task, and seeks to be at fight.
 Lie down with shame, and see thou stir no more,
 Seeing thou would'st deceive me as before.
 Thou cozen'st me : by thee surpris'd am I,
 And bide sore loss with endless infamy.
 Nay more, the wench did not disdain a whit
 To take it in her hand, and play with it.
 But when she saw it would by no means stand,
 But still droop'd down, regarding not her hand,
 Why mock'st thou me she cried? or being ill,
 Who bade thee lie down here against thy will?
 Either thou art witch'd with blood of frogs new dead,
 Or jaded cam'st thou from some other's bed.
 With her loose gown on from me she cast her,
 In skipping out her naked feet much graced her.
 And lest her maid should know of this disgrace,
 To cover it, spilt water in the place.

ELEGIA 8.

Quod ab amica non recipiatur, dolet.

WHAT man will now take liberal arts in hand,
 Or think soft verse in any stead to stand?
 Wit was sometimes more precious than gold;
 Now poverty great barbarism we hold.
 When our books did my mistress fair content,
 I might not go whither my papers went.
 She praised me, yet the gate shut fast upon her,
 I here and there go, witty with dishonour.
 See a rich chuff, whose wounds great wealth inferr'd,
 For bloodshed knighted, before me preferr'd.

Fool, can'st thou him in thy white arms embrace?
Fool, canst thou lie in his enfolding space?
Know'st not this head a helm was wont to bear?
This side that serves thee, a sharp sword did wear.
His left hand whereon gold doth ill alight
A target bore: blood-sprinkled was his right.
Can'st touch that hand wherewith some one lies dead?
Ah, whither is thy breast's soft nature fled?
Behold the signs of ancient fight, his scars,
Whate'er he hath his body gain'd in wars.
Perhaps he'll tell how oft he slew a man,
Confessing this, why do'st thou touch him then?
I, the pure priest of Phœbus and the Muses,
At thy deaf doors sing in verse my abuses.
Not what we slothful know, let wise men learn;
But follow trembling camps and battles stern.
And for a good verse draw the first dart forth:
Homer without this shall be nothing worth.
Jove, being admonish'd gold had sovereign power,
To win the maid came in a golden shower.
Till then, rough was her father, she severe,
The posts of brass, the walls of iron were.
But when in gifts the wise adulterer came,
She held her lap ope to receive the same.
Yet when old Saturn heaven's rule possest,
All gain in darkness the deep earth supprest.
Gold, silver, iron's heavy weight, and brass,
In hell were harbour'd, here was found no mass.
But better things it gave, corn without ploughs,
Apples, and honey in oaks' hollow boughs.

With strong ploughshares no man the earth did cleave,
 The ditcher no marks on the ground did leave.
 Nor hanging oars the troubled seas did sweep,
 Men kept the shore and sail'd not in the deep.
 Against thyself, man's nature, thou wert cunning,
 And to thine own loss was thy wit swift running.
 Why gird'st thy cities with a towered wall,
 Why let'st discordant hands to armour fall?
 What dost with seas? with th'earth thou wert content;
 Why seek'st not heav'n the third realm to frequent?
 Heaven thou affects: with Romulus, temples brave,
 Bacchus, Alcides, and now Cæsar have.
 Gold from the earth instead of fruits we pluck;
 Soldiers by blood to be enrich'd have luck.
 Courts shut the poor out: wealth gives estimation,
 Thence grows the judge, and knight of reputation.
 All, thee possess: they govern fields, and laws,
 They manage peace, and raw war's bloody jaws.
 Only our loves let not such rich churls gain:
 'Tis well, if some wench for the poor remain.
 Now, Sabine-like, though chaste she seems to live,
 One she commands, who many things can give.
 For me, she doth keeper and husband fear,
 If I should give, both would the house forbear.
 If of scorn'd lovers god be venger just,
 O let him change goods so ill got to dust.

ELEGIA 9.

Tibulli mortem deflet.

IF Thetis, and the Morn their sons did wail,
 And envious fates great goddesses assail;

Sad Elegy, thy woeful hairs unbind :
Ah, now a name too true thou hast I find.
Tibullus, thy works' poet, and thy fame,
Burns his dead body in the funeral flame.
Lo, Cupid brings his quiver spoiled quite,
His broken bow, his firebrand without light.
How piteously with drooping wings he stands,
And knocks his bare brest with self-angry hands.
The locks spread on his neck receive his tears,
And shaking sobs his mouth for speeches bears.
So at Æneas' burial men report,
Fair-fac'd Iulus ; he went forth thy court.
And Venus grieves, Tibullus' life being spent,
As when the wild boar Adonis' groin had rent.
The gods care we are call'd, and men of piety,
And some there be that think we have a deity.
Outrageous death profanes all holy things,
And o'er all creatures obscure darkness brings.
To Thracean Orpheus what did parents good ?
Or songs, amazing wild beasts of the wood ?
Where Linus by his father Phœbus laid,
To sing with his unequal harp is said,
See Homer, from whose fountain ever fill'd,
Pierian dew to poets is distil'd.
Him the last day in black Avern hath drown'd :
Verses alone are with continuance crown'd.
The work of poets lasts, Troy's labours' fame,
And that slow web night's falsehood did unframe.
So Nemesis, so Delia famous are,
The one his first love, th'other his new care.
What profit to us hath our pure life bred ?

What to have lain alone in empty bed?
When bad fates take good men, I am forbid,
By secret thoughts to think there is a God.
Live godly, thou shalt die, though honour'd heaven,
Yet shall thy life be forcibly bereaven.
Trust in good verse, Tibullus feels death's pains,
Scarce rests of all what a small urn contains.
Thee sacred poet could sad flames destroy?
Nor feared they thy body to annoy?
The holy gods' gilt temples they might fire,
That durst to so great wickedness aspire.
Eryx, bright empress, turn'd her looks aside,
And some, that she refrain'd tears, have denied.
Yet better is't, than if Corcyra's Isle,
Had thee unknown interr'd in ground most vile.
Thy dying eyes here did thy mother close,
Nor did thy ashes her last offerings lose.
Part of her sorrow here thy sister bearing,
Comes forth her uncomb'd locks asunder tearing.
Nemesis and thy first wench join their kisses
With thine, nor this last fire their presence misses.
Delia departing, happier loved she saith,
Was I: thou liv'dst, while thou esteem'dst my faith.
Nemesis answers, what's my loss to thee?
His fainting hand in death engrasped me.
If ought remains of us but name and spirit,
Tibullus doth Elysium's joy inherit.
Their youthful brows with ivy girt to meet him,
With Calvus, learn'd Catullus comes to greet him.
And thou, if falsely charged to wrong thy friend,
Gallus, that car'dst not life and blood to spend,

With these thy soul walks : souls if death release,
 The godly sweet Tibullus doth increase.
 Thy bones, I pray, may in the urn safe rest,
 And may the earth's weight thy ashes nought molest.

ELEGIA 10.

*Ad Cererem, conquerens quod ejus sacris cum amica
 concumbere non permittatur.*

COME were the times of Ceres' sacrifice ;
 In empty bed alone my mistress lies.
 Golden-hair'd Ceres crown'd with ears of corn,
 Why are our pleasures by thy means forborn ?
 Thee, goddess, bountiful, all nations judge,
 Nor less at man's prosperity any grudge.
 Rude husbandmen bak'd not their corn before,
 Nor on the earth was known the name of flour.
 On mast of oaks, first oracles, men fed,
 This was their meat, the soft grass was their bed.
 First Ceres taught the seed in fields to swell,
 And ripe-ear'd corn with sharp-edg'd scythe to fell.
 She first constrain'd bulls necks to bear the yoke,
 And untill'd ground with crooked ploughshares broke.
 Who thinks her to be glad at lovers' smart,
 And worshipp'd by their pain, and lying apart ?
 Nor is she, though she loves the fertile fields,
 A clown, nor no love from her warm breast yields :
 Be witness Crete (nor Crete doth all things feign)
 Crete proud that Jove her nursery maintain.
 There, he who rules the world's star-spangled towers,
 A little boy drunk tea-distilling showers.
 Faith to the witness Jove's praise doth apply ;
 Ceres, I think, no known fault will deny.

The goddess saw Iasion on Candian Ide,
 With strong hand striking wild beasts' bristled hide.
 She saw, and as her marrow took the flame,
 Was divers ways distract with love and shame.
 Love conquer'd shame, the furrows dry were burn'd,
 And corn with least part of itself return'd.
 When well-toss'd mattocks did the ground prepare,
 Being fit-broken with the crooked share,
 And seeds were equally in large fields cast,
 The ploughman's hopes were frustrate at the last.
 The grain-rich goddess in high woods did stray,
 Her long hair's ear-wrought garland fell away.
 Only was Crete fruitful that plenteous year,
 Where Ceres went, each place was harvest there.
 Ida, the seat of groves, did sing with corn,
 Which by the wild boar in the woods was shorn.
 Law-giving Minos did such years desire,
 And wish'd the goddess long might feel love's fire.
 Ceres, what sports to thee so grievous were,
 As in thy sacrifice we them forbear?
 Why am I sad, when Proserpine is found,
 And Juno like with Dis reigns under ground?
 Festival days ask Venus, songs, and wine,
 These gifts are meet to please the powers divine.

ELEGIA 11.

Ad amicam a cujus amore discedere non potest.

LONG have I borne much, mad thy faults me make;
 Dishonest love, my wearied breast forsake!
 Now have I freed myself, and fled the chain,
 And what I have borne, shame to bear again.

We vanquish, and tread tam'd love under feet,
Victorious wreaths at length my temples greet.
Suffer, and harden: good grows by this grief,
Oft bitter juice brings to the sick relief.
I have sustain'd, so oft thrust from the door,
To lay my body on the hard moist floor.
I know not whom thou lewdly did'st embrace,
When I to watch supplied a servant's place.
I saw when forth a tired lover went,
His side past service, and his courage spent.
Yet this is less, than if he had seen me;
May that shame fall mine enemies chance to be.
When have not I, fix'd to thy side, close laid?
I have thy husband, guard, and fellow play'd.
The people by my company she pleas'd;
My love was cause that more men's love she seiz'd.
What, should I tell her vain tongue's filthy lyes,
And to my loss, god-wronging perjuries?
What secret becks in banquets with her youths,
With privy signs, and talk-dissembling truths?
Hearing her to be sick, I thither ran,
But with my rival sick she was not than;
These hardened me, with what I keep obscure:
Some other seek, who will these things endure.
Now my ship in the wished haven crown'd,
With joy hears Neptune's swelling waters sound.
Leave thy once powerful words, and flatteries,
I am not as I was before, unwise.
Now love and hate my light breast each way move,
But victory, I think will hap to love.

I'll hate, if I can ; if not, love 'gainst my will,
 Bulls hate the yoke, yet what they hate have still.
 I flie her lust, but follow beauty's creature,
 I loath her manners, love her body's feature.
 Nor with thee, nor without thee can I live,
 And doubt to which desire the palm to give.
 Or less fair, or less lewd would thou might'st be :
 Beauty, with lewdness doth right ill agree.
 Her deeds gain hate, her face entreateth love,
 Ah, she doth more worth than her vices prove.
 Spare me, O by our fellow bed, by all
 The gods, who by thee, to be perjured fall.
 And by thy face to me a power divine,
 And by thine eyes whose radiance burns out mine.
 Whate'er thou art, mine art thou : choose this course.
 Wilt have me willing, or to love by force.
 Rather I'll hoist up sale, and use the wind,
 That I may love yet, though against my mind.

ELEGIA 12.

*Dolet amicam suam ita suis carminibus innotuissam ut rivales
 multos sibi pararit.*

WHAT day was that, which all sad haps to bring,
 White birds to lovers did not always sing?
 Or is't I think my wish against the stars?
 Or shall I plain some god against me wars?
 Who mine was call'd, whom I lov'd more than any,
 I fear with me is common now to many.
 Err I? or by my looks is she so known?
 'Tis so : by my wit her abuse is grown.

And justly : for her praise why did I tell ?
The wench by my fault is set forth to sell.
The bawd I play, lovers to her I guide :
Her gate by my hands is set open wide.
'Tis doubtful whether verse avail or harm,
Against my good they were an envious charm.
When Thebes, when Troy, when Cæsar should be
writ,
Alone Corinna moves my wanton wit.
With muse oppos'd, would I my lines had done,
And Phœbus had forsook my work begun.
Nor, as use will not poets record hear,
Would I my words would any credit bear.
Scylla by us her father's rich hair steals,
And Scylla's womb mad raging dogs conceals.
We cause feet fly, we mingle hares with snakes,
Victorious Perseus a wing'd steed's back takes.
Our verse great Tityus, a huge space outspreads,
And gives the viper-curl'd dog three heads.
We make Enceladus use a thousand arms,
And men inthrall'd by mermaid's singing charms.
The east winds in Ulysses' bags we shut,
And babbling Tantalus in mid-waters put.
Niobe flint, Callist we make a bear,
Bird-changed Progne doth her Itys tear.
Jove turns himself into a swan, or gold,
Or his bull's horns Europa's hand doth hold.
Proteus what should I name? teeth, Thebes' first
seed?
Oxen in whose mouths burning flames did breed ;

Heav'n-starr'd Electra, that bewail'd her sisters?
 The ships, whose godhead in the sea now glisters?
 The sun turn'd back from Atreus' cursed table?
 And sweet touch'd harp that to move stones was able?
 Poets' large power is boundless, and immense,
 Nor have their words true history's pretence.
 And my wench ought to have seem'd falsely prais'd,
 Now your credulity harm to me hath rais'd.

ELEGIA 13.

De Junonis festo.

WHEN fruit-fill'd Tuscia should a wife give me,
 We touch'd the walls, Camillus won by thee.
 The priests to Juno did prepare chaste feasts,
 With famous pageants, and their home-bred beasts.
 To know their rites, well recompenc'd my stay,
 Though thither leads a rough steep hilly way.
 There stands an old wood with thick trees dark clouded:
 Who sees it grants some deity there is shrowded.
 An altar takes men's incense and oblation,
 An altar made after the ancient fashion.
 Here, when the pipe with solemn tunes doth sound,
 The annual pomp goes on the cover'd ground.
 White heifers by glad people forth are led,
 Which with the grass of Tuscan fields are fed.
 And calves from whose fear'd front no threaten'g flies,
 And little pigs, base hogsties' sacrifice,
 And rams with horns their hard heads wreathed back,
 Only the goddess-hated goat did lack.
 By whom disclos'd, she in the high woods took,
 Is said to have attempted flight forsook.
 Now is the goat brought through the boys with darts,

And give to him that the first wound imparts.
 Where Juno comes, each youth and pretty maid,
 Shew large ways, with their garments there displayed.
 Jewels, and gold their virgin tresses crown,
 And stately robes to their gilt feet hang down.
 As is the use, the nuns in white veils clad,
 Upon their heads the holy mysteries had.
 When the chief pomp comes, loud the people hollow
 And she her vestal, virgin priests doth follow.
 Such was the Greek pomp, Agamemnon dead,
 Which fact, and country wealth, Halesus fled.
 And having wandered now through sea and land,
 Built walls high towered with a prosperous hand.
 He to th' Etrurians, Juno's feast commended,
 Let me, and them by it be aye befriended.

ELEGIA 14.*

Ad amicam, si peccatura est, ut occulte peccet.

SEEING thou art fair, I barr not thyself playing,
 But let not me poor soul know of thy straying.
 Nor do I give thee counsel to live chaste,
 But that thou would'st dissemble, when 'tis past.
 She hath not trod awry, that doth deny it.
 Such as confess have lost their good names by it.
 What madness is't to tell night's pranks by day?
 And hidden secrets openly to betray?
 The strumpet with the stranger will not do,
 Before the room be clear, and door put-to.
 Will you make shipwreck of your honest name,
 And let the world be witness of the same?
 Be more advised, walk as a puritan,

And I shall think you chaste, do what you can.
Slip still, only deny it when 'tis done,
And, before folk, immodest speeches shun.
The bed is for lascivious toyings meet,
There use all tricks, and tread shame under feet.
When you are up and dress'd, be sage and grave,
And in the bed hide all the faults you have.
Be not asham'd to strip you being there,
And mingle thighs, your's ever mine to bear.
There in your rosy lips my tongue entomb,
Practise a thousand sports when there you come.
Forbear no wanton words you there would speak,
And with your pastime let the bedstead creak.
But with your robes put on an honest face,
And blush, and seem as you were full of grace.
Deceive all, let me err, and think I'm right,
And like a wittal think thee void of slight.
Why see I lines so oft received and given?
This bed and that by tumbling made uneven?
Like one start-up your hair tost and displaced,
And with a wanton's tooth your neck new rased.
Grant this, that what you do I may not see ;
If you weigh not ill speeches, yet weigh me.
My soul fleets when I think what you have done,
And through every vein doth cold blood run.
Then thee whom I most love, I hate in vain,
And would be dead, but dead with thee remain.
I'll not sift much, but hold thee soon excus'd,
Say but thou wert injuriously accus'd.
Though while the deed be doing you be took,
And I see when you ope the two-leaved book,

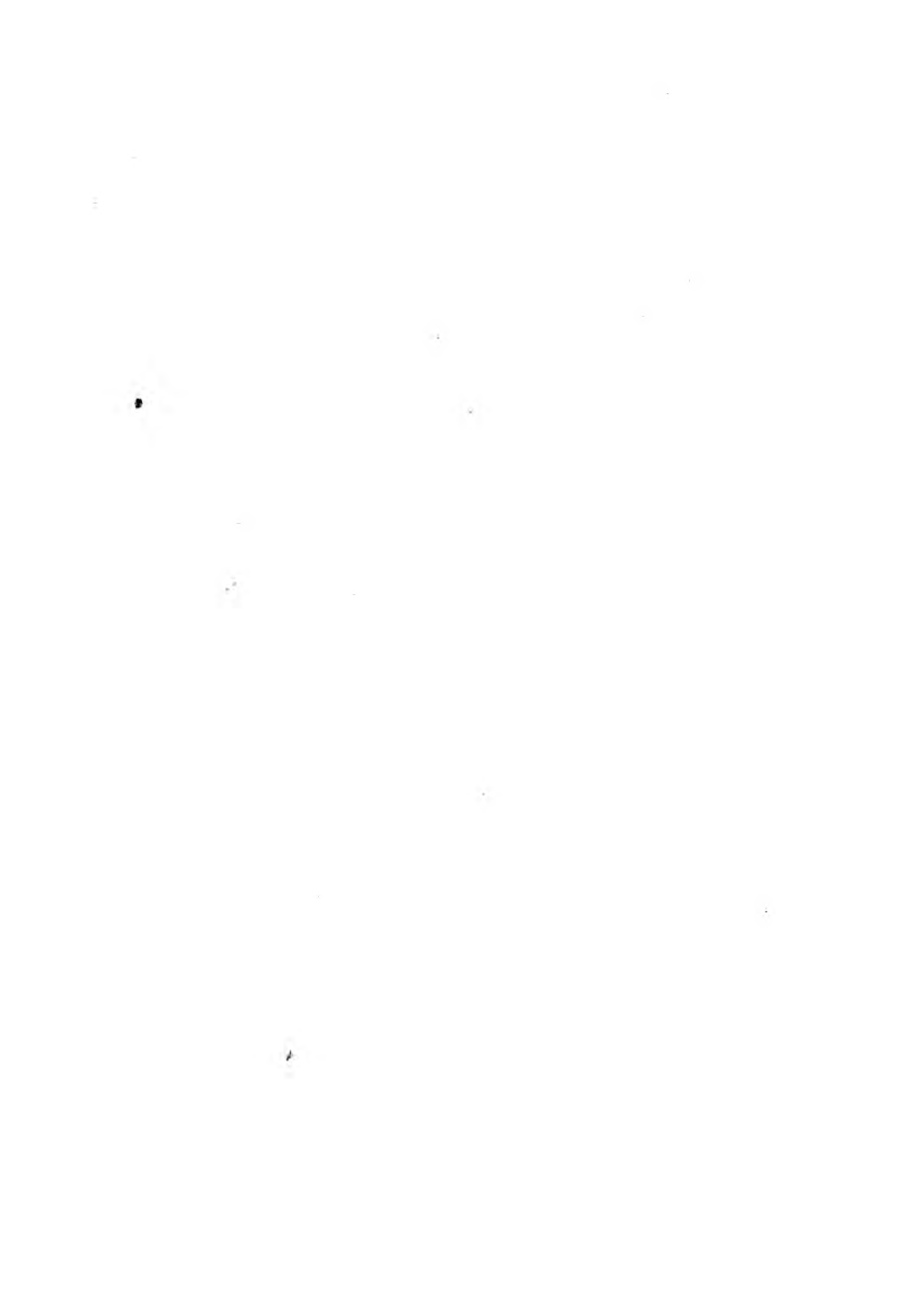
Swear I was blind ; deny if you be wise,
 And I will trust your words more than mine eyes.
 From him that yields, the palm is quickly got,
 Teach but your tongue to say, I did it not,
 And being justified by two words, think
 The cause acquits you not, but I that wink.

ELEGIA 15.

Ad Venerem, quod elegis finem imponat.

TENDER love's mother a new poet get,
 This last end to my elegies is set.
 Which I Pelignis' foster-child have fram'd.
 (Nor am I by such wanton toys defam'd.)
 Heir of an ancient house, if help that can,
 Not only by war's rage made gentleman.
 In Virgil Mantua joys : in Catul Verone,
 Of me Pelignis' nation boasts alone ;
 Whom liberty to honest arms compell'd,
 When careful Rome in doubt their prowess held.
 And some guest viewing watery Sulmo's walls,
 Where little grounds to be inclos'd befalls ;
 How such a poet could you bring forth, says :
 How small soe'er, I'll you for greatest praise.
 Both loves, to whom my heart long time did yield,
 Your golden ensigns pluck'd out of the field,
 Horn'd Bacchus graver fury doth distil,
 A greater ground with great horse is to till.
 Weak elegies, delightful muse farewell ;
 A work, that after my death, here shall dwell.

THE END.



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