THE PASSIONATE

PILGRIME.

By W. Shakespeare.



Printed for W. laggard, and are to be fold by W. Leake, at the Greyhound in Paules Churchyard.

1599.



When my Loue sweares that she is made of truth, I doe beleeue her (though I know she lies)
That she might thinke me some virtuor dyouth, Vinskilfull in the worlds false forgeries.
Thus vainly thinking that she thinkes me young, Although I know my yeares be past the best: I smiling, credite her false speaking toung, Outfacing faults in Loue, with soues ill rest. But wherefore sayes my Loue that she is young? And wherefore say not I, that I am old?

O, Loues best habite is a soothing toung, And Age (in Loue) loues nor to have yeares told. Therfore sle lye with Loue, and Loue with me, Since that our faults in Loue thus snother'd be.

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Two Loues I haue, of Comfort, and Delpaire,
That like two Spirits, do suggest me still:
My better Angell is a Man (right faire)
My worser spirite a Woman (colour d ill.)
To winne me soone to hell, my Female euill
Tempteth my better Angell from my side,
And would corrupt my Saint to be a Diuell,
Wooing his purity with her faire ptide.
And whether that my Angell be turndescend,
Suspect I may (yet not directly tell:
For being both to me: both, to each friend,
Ighesse one Angell in anothers hell:
The truth I shall not know, but line in doubt,
Till my bad Angell fire my good one out.

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DId not the heauenly Rherorike of thine cie,
Gainst whom the world could not hold argumet,
Perswade my hart to this false persurie:
Vowes for thee broke deserve not punishment.
A woman I forswore: but I will protte
Thou being a Goddesse, I forswore not thee:
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love,
Thy grace being gainde, cures all disgrace in me.
My vow was breath, and breath a vapor is,
Then thou taire Sun, that on this earth doth shine,
Exhale this vapor vow, in thee it is:
If broken, then it is no fault of mine.
If by me broke, what foole is not so wise
To breake an Oath, to win a Paradise?





SWeet Cytherea, fitting by a Brooke,
With young Adonis, louely, irefh and greene,
Did court the Lad with many a louely looke,
Such lookes as none could looke but beauties queen,
She told him flories, to delight his eares:
She thew'd him fauors, to allure his eie:
To win his hart, fhe toacht him here and there,
Touches fo forf fill conquer chaftitie.
But whether vnripe yeares did want conceit,
Or he refulde to take her figured proffer,
The tender nibler would not touch the baix,
But finile, and leaft, at euery gentle offer:
Then fell she on her backe, faire queen, & toward
Herose and ran away, ah foole too froward.





IF Loue make me forfworn, how shal I swere to loue?
O, neuer faith could hold, if not to beauty vowed:
Though to my selfe forfworn, to thee Ile constant proue, those thoghts to me like Okes, to thee like Osiers bowed. Studdy his byas leaues, and makes his booke thine eies, where all those pleasures liue, that Art can comprehend: It knowledge be the marke, to know thee shall suffice:
Wellearned is that toung that well can thee commend, All ignorant that soule, that sees thee without wonder, Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admyre:
Thine eye loues lightning seems, thy voice his dreadfull which not to anger bent is musick & sweet fare (thunder Celestials as thou art, O, do not loue that wrong:

To fing heavens praife, with such an earthly toung.





SCarse had the Sunne dride vp the deawy morne,
And scarse the heard gone to the hedge for shade:
When Cytherea (all in Loue for lorne)
A longing tariance for Adonis made
Vnder an Osyer growing by a brooke,
A brooke, where Adon vide to coole his spleene:
Hot was the day, she hotter that did looke
For his approach, that often there had beene.
Anon he comes, and throwes his Mantle by,
And stood starke naked on the brookes greene brim:
The Sunne look't on the world with glorious cie,
Yet not so wistly, as this Queene on him:
He spying her, bounst in (whereas he stood)
Oh I o v B (quoth she) why was not I a flood?





PAire is my loue, but not so faire as fickle.

Milde as a Doue, but neither true nor trustie,
Brighter then glasse, and yet as glasse is brittle,
Softer then waxe, and yet as Iron rusty:

A lilly pale, with damaske die to grace her,
None fairer, not none falser to desace her.

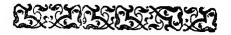
Her lips to mine how often hath the ioyned,
Betweene each kiffeher othes of true loue fwearing:
How many tales to please me hath the coyned,
Dreading my loue, the losse whereof still fearing,
Yet in the mids of all her pure protestings,
Her faith, her othes, her teares, and all were leastings.

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She burnt with loue, as straw with fire stameth,
She burnt out loue, as stoone as straw out burneth:
She fram d the loue, and yet she foyld the framing.
She bad loue last, and yet she tell a turning.
Was this a louer, or a Letcher whether?
Bad in the best, though excellent in neither.





As they must needs (the Sister and the brother)
Then must the loue be great twick thee and me,
Because thou lou'st the one, and I the other.
Dowland to thee is deere, whose heavenly tuch
Vpon the Lute, dooth rausish humane sense:
Spenser to me, whose deepe Conceit is such,
As passing all conceit, needs no desence.
Thou lou it to heare the sweet melodious sound,
That Phoebus Lute (the Queene of Musicke) makes:
And I in deepe Delight am chiefly drownd,
When as himselse to singing he betakes,
One God is God of both (as Poets faine)
One Knight loues Both, and both in thee remaine.





FAire was the morne, when the faire Queene of loue,
Paler for forrow then her milke white Doue,
For Adons fake, a youngfter proud and wilde,
Her stand she takes upon a steepe up hill.
Anon Adonis comes with horne and hounds,
She filly Queene, with more then loues good will,
Forbad the boy he should not passe those grounds,
Once (quoth she) did I see a faire sweet youth
Here in these brakes, deepe wounded with a Boare,
Deepe in the thigh a spectacle of ruth,
See in my thigh (quoth she) here was the sore,
She shewed hers, he saw more wounds then one,
And blushing sled, and left her all alone.

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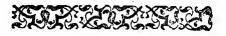




SWeet Role, faire flower, vntimely pluckt, foon faded,
SPluckt in the bud, and vaded in the spring.
Bright orient pearle, alacke roo timely shaded,
Faire creature kilde too soon by Deaths sharpe sting:
Like a greene plumbe that hangs vpon a tree:
And fals (through winde) before the fall should be.

I weepe for thee, and yet no cause I haue,
For why: thou lests me nothing in rhy will.
And yet thou lests me more then I did craue,
For why: I craued nothing of thee still:
O yes (deare friend I pardon craue of thee,
Thy discontent thou didst bequeath to me.





VEnus with Adonis fitting by her, Vndera Mirtle shade began to wooe him, She told the youngling how god Mars did tric her, And as he fell to her, she fell to him. Euen thus (quoth she) the warlike god embrac t me: And then the clipt Adonis in her armes: Euen thus (quoth she) the warlike god vnlac't me, As if the boy should vse like louing charmes: Euch thus (quoth the) he feized on my lippes, And with her lips on his did act the feizure: And as the fetched breath, away he skips, And would not take her meaning nor her pleafure. Ah, that I had my Lady at this bay:

To kiffe and clip me till I run away.





Crabbed age and yourh cannor live together,
Youth is full of pleafance, Age is full of care,
Youth like fummer morne, Age like winter weather,
Youth like fummer braue, Age like winter bare.
Youth is full of fport, Ages breath is fhort,
Youth is nimble, Age is lame
Youth is hot and bold, Age is weake and cold,
Youth is wild, and Age is tame.
Age I doe abhor thee, Youth I doe adore thee,
O my love my love is young:
Age I doe defie thee. Oh fweet Shepheard hie thee:
For me thinks thou staies too long.





BEauty is but a vaine and doubtfull good,
A finning gloffe, that vadeth fodainly,
A flower that dies, when first it gins to bud,
A brittle glasse, that's broken presently.
A doubtfull good, a glosse, a glasse, a slower,
Lost, vaded, broken, dead within an houre.

And as goods loft, are feld or neuer found,
As vaded gloffe no rubbing will refresh:
As flowers dead, lie withered on the ground,
As broken glaffe no fymant can redresse.
So beauty blemisht once, for euer lost,
In spite of phisicke, painting, paine and cost.



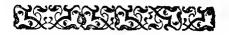


Good night, good rest, ah neither be my share,
She bad good night, that kept my rest away,
And dast me to a cabben hangde with care:
To descant on the doubts of my decay.
Farewell (quoth she) and come againe to morrow
Fare well I could not, for I supt with sorrow.

Yer at my parting sweetly did she smile,
In scorne or friendship, nill I conster whether:
'T may be she loyd to least at my exile,
'T may be againe, to make me wander thither.
Wander (, a word) for shadowes like my selfe,
As take the paine but cannot plucke the pelfe.

Lord





Lord how mine eies throw gazes to the East, My hart doth charge the watch, the morning rise Doth scite each mouing scence from Idle rest, Not daring trust the office of mine eies. While Philomelasits and sings, I sit and mark, And with her layes were tuned like the larke.

For the doth welcome daylight with her ditte,
And drives away darke dreaming night:
The night to packt, I post vnto my pretty,
Hart hath his hope, and eies the t wished fight,
Sorrow changd to solace, and solace mixt with forrow,
For why, she fight, and bad me come to morrow.



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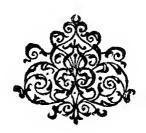
Were I with her, the night would post too soons,
But now are minutes added to the houres.
To spite me now, ech minutes semes an houre,
Yet not for me, shine sun to succour slowers.
Pack night, peep day, good day of night now borrow.
Short night to night, and length thy selfe to morrow.



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SONNETS

To fundry notes of Musicke.



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1599.

ZOS ZOS ZOS

IT was a Lordings daughter, the fairest one of three
That liked of her maister, as well as well might be,
Till looking on an Englishman, the fairest that eie could see,
Her fancie fell a turning.
Long was the combat doubtfull, that love with love did fight
To leave the maister lovelesse, or kill the gallant knight,
To put in practise either, alas it was a spite

Vinto the filly damfell.

But one must be resused, more mickle was the paine,
That nothing could be vsed, to turne them both to gaine,
For of the two the trusty knight was wounded with disdaine,

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Alas she could not helpe it.

Thus are with armes contending, was victor of the day, Which by a gift of learning, did beare the maid away, Then lullaby the learned man hath got the Lady gay, For now my fong is ended.

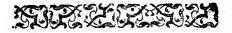




ON a day (alacke the day) Loue whose month was ever May-Spied a bloflome passing fair, Playing in the wanton ayre, Through the veluet leaves the wind All vnscene gan passage find, That the louer (ficke to death) Wisht himselfe the heavens breath, Ayre (quoth he) thy cheekes may blowe Ayre, would I might triumph fo But (alas)my hand hath fworne, Nere to plucke thee from thy throne, Vow(alacke) for youth vnmeet, Youth, so apt to pluck a sweet, Thou for whome Ioue would sweare, Iuno but an Ethiope were And deny hymfelfe for Ioue Turning mortall for thy Loue.



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My flocks feede not, my Ewes breed not,
My Rams fpeed not, all is amis:
Loue is dying, Fairhes defying,
Harts nenying, causer of this.
All my merry ligges are quite forgot,
All my Ladies loue is lost (god wot)
Where her faith was firmely fixt in loue,
There a nay is plac t without remoue.
One filly crosse, wrought all my losse,
O frowning fortune cursed fickle dame,
For now I see, inconstancy,
More in wowen then in men remaine.



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In blacke morne I, all feares fcorne I, Loue hath forlorne me, liuing in thrall: Hart is bleeding, all helpe needing, O cruell speeding, fraughted with gall, My shepheards pipe can found no deale, My weathers bell rings dolefull knell, My curtaile dogge that wont to haue plaid, Plaies not at all but seemes asraid.

With fighes to deepe, procures to weepe, In howling wife, to fee my dolefull plight, How fighes refound through harrles ground Like a thouland vanquisht men in blodie fight.

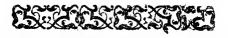




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Cleare wels spring not, sweete birds sing not, Greene plants bring not forth their die, Heards stands weeping, flocks all sleeping, Nimphes blacke peeping fearefully:
All our pleasure knowne to vs poore swaines:
All our merrie meetings on the plaines, All our euening sport from vs is sled, All our loue is lost, for loue is dead,
Farewell sweet loue thy like nere was,
For a sweet content the cause of all my woe,
Poore Coridon must liue alone,
Other helpe for him I see that there is none.





When as thine eye hath chose the Dame,
And stalde the deare that thou shouldst strike,
Let reason rule things worthy blame,
As well as fancy (party all might)
Take counsell of some wifer head,
Neither too young, nor yet ynwed.

And when thou comft thy tale to tell, Smooth nor thy toung with filed talke, Leaft the fome fübtill practife fmell, A Cripple foone can finde a halt, But plainly fay thou louft her well, And fet her perfon forth to fale.

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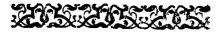
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What though her frowning browes be bent Her cloudy lookes will calme yer night, And then too late the will repent, That thus diffembled her delight. And twice defire yer it be day, That which with forme the put away.

What though the fifiue to try her fireagth,
And ban and braule, and fay the nay:
Herfeeble force will yeeld at length,
When craft hath taught her thus to fay:
Had women beene fo firong as men
In faith you had not had it then.





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And to her will frame all thy wales,
Spare not to fpend, and chiefly there,
Where thy defart may merit praife
By ringing in thy Ladies care,
The ftrongest castle, tower and towne,
The golden bullet beats it downe.

Serue alwaies with affured truft,
And in thy fute be humble true,
Vnlesse thy Lady proue vniust,
Prease neuer thou to chuse a new:
When time shall serue, be thou not slacke,
Toprosfer though she put thee back.





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The wiles and guiles that women worke, Differabled with an outward thew; The tricks and toyes that in them lurke, The Cock that treads the shall not know, Haue you notheard it faid full oft, A Womans nay doth stand for nought,

Thinke Women still to striue with men,
To sinne and neuer for to saint,
There is no heaven (by holy then)
When time with age shall them attaint,
Were kisseall the joyes in bed,
One Woman would another wed.

But fost enough, too much I feare, Least that my mistresse heare my song, She will not stick to round me on thare, To teach my toung to be so long: Yet will she blush, here be it said, To heare her secrets so bewraid.





L lue with me and be my Loue, And we will all the pleafures proue That hilles and vallies, dales and fields, And all the craggy mountaines yeeld.

There will we fit vpon the Rocks, And fee the Shepheards feed their flocks, By shallow Kiners, by whose fals Mclodious birds sing Madrigals.

There will I make thee a bed of Roses, With a thousand fragram poses, A cap of flowers, and a Kirtle Imbrodered all with leaues of Mirtle.





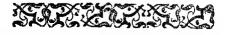
A belt of straw and Yuye buds, With Corall Clasps and Amber studs, and if these pleasures may thee move, hen live with me, and be my Loue.

Loues answere.

IF that the World and Loue were young, And truth in every shepheards toung, These pretty pleasures might me moue, To live with thee and be thy Love.



16



AS it fell vpon a Day,
In the merry Month of May,
Sitting in a pleafant shade,
Which a groue of Myrtles made,
Beastes did leape, and Birds did sing,
Trees did grow, and Plants did springEuery thing did banish mone,
Saue the Nightingale alone.
Shee(poore Bird) as all forlorne,
Leand her breast vp-till a thorne,
And there sing the dolefulst Ditty,
That to heare it was great Pitty,
Fie, sie, sie, now would she cry
Teru, Teru, by and by:





That to heare her so complaine,
Scarce I could from teares refraines.
For her griefes so lively showne,
Made mathinke upon more owne.
Ah (thought I) shour mournst in vaine,
None takes pitty on thy paine:
Senslesse Trees, they cannot heare thee,
Ruthlesse Beares, they will not cheere thee.
King Pandion, he is dead:
All thy friends are lapt in Lead,
All thy tellow Birds doe sing,
Carclesse of thy forrowing.

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Whilft as fickle Fortune smilde,
Thou and I, were both beguild.
Euery one that flatters thee,
Is no friend in miserie:
Words are easie, like the wind,
Faithfull friends are hard to find:
Euery man will be thy friend,
Whilft thou haft wherewith to spend:
But if store of Crownes be scant,
No man will supply thy want
If that one be prodigall,
Bountifull they will him call:
And with such-like flattering,
Pitty but he were a King.





If he be addift to vice, Quickly him, they will intice. Ifto Women hee be bent, They have at Commaundement. But if Fortune once doe frowne, Then farewell his great renowne: They that fawnd on him before. Vie his company no more. Hee that is thy friend indeede, Hee will helpe thee in thy neede: If thou forrow, he will weepe: It thou wake, hee cannot fleepe: Thus of euery griefe, in hart Hee, with thee, doeth beare a part. These are certaine signes, to know Faithfull friend, from flatt ring foc.



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