



VENVS AND ADONIS

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



LONDON

Imprinted by Richard Field, and are to be sold at
the signe of the white Greyhound in
Paules Church-yard.

1593.



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



Ight Honourable, I know not how I shall offend in dedicating my unpolisht lines to your Lordship, nor how the worlde will censure mee for choosing so strong a proppe to support so weake a burthen, onelye if your Honour seeme but pleased, I account my selfe highly praised, and vowe to take aduantage of all idle houres, till I haue honoured you vvith some grauer labour. But if the first heire of my inuention proue deformed, I shall be sorie it had so noble a god-father : and neuer after eare so barren a land, for feare it yeeld me still so bad a haruest, I leaue it to your Honourable suruey, and your Honor to your hearts content vvich I wish may alvvayes answere your owne vvish, and the vvorlds hopefull expectation.

Your Honors in all dutie,

William Shakespeare.



VENVS AND ADONIS.

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

Thrise fairer then my selfe, (thus she began)
 The fields chiefe flower, sweet aboue compare,
 Staine to all Nimphs, more louely then a man,
 More white, and red, then doves, or roses are:
 Nature that made thee with her selfe at strife,
 Saith that the world hath ending with thy life.

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

B

VENVS AND ADONIS.

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

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

Ouer one arme the lustie courfers raine,
 Vnder her other was the tender boy,
 V Who blusht, and powted in a dull disdaine,
 34 V With leaden appetite, vnapt to toy,
 She red, and hot, as coles of glovving fier,
 36 Hered for shame, but frostie in desier.

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

So

VENVS AND ADONIS.

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

He burnes with bashfull shame, she with her teares
 Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheekes,
 Then with her windie sighes, and golden heares,
 To fan, and blow them drie againe she seekes.
 He saith, she is immodest, blames her misse,
 VVhat followes more, she murthers with a kisse.

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

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

B ij

VENVS AND ADONIS.

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

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

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

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

Neuer

VENVS AND ADONIS.

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

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

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

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

Thus he that ouer-ruld, I ouer-swayed,
 Leading him prisoner in a red rose chaine,
 Strong-temperd Steele his stronger strength obeyed.
 Yet was he seruile to my coy disdain,

Oh be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,
 For maistring her that foyld the god of fight.

VENVS AND ADONIS.

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

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

The tender spring vpon thy tempting lip,
 Shewes thee vnripe; yet maist thou well be tasted,
 Make vse of time, ler not aduantage slip,
 130 Beautie within it selfe should not be wasted,
 Faire flowers that are not gathred in their prime,
 132 Rot, and consume them selues in litle time.

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

Thou

VENVS AND ADONIS.

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

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144

Bid me discourse, I will inchaunt thine care,
 Or like a Fairie, trip vpon the greene,
 Or like a Nimph, with long disheueled heare,
 Daunce on the sands, and yet no footing seene.

148

 Loue is a spirit all compact of fire,
 Not grosse to sinke, but light, and will aspire.

150

VVitnesse this Primrose banke whereon I lie,
 These forcelesse flowers like sturdy trees support me:
 Two stréghles doves will draw me through the skie,
 From morne till night, euen where I list to sport me.

154

 Is loue so light sweet boy, and may it be,
 That thou should thinke it heauie vnto thee?

156

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

160

162

VENVS AND ADONIS.

163 Torchcs are made to light, iewels to weare,
 Dainties to tast, fresh beautie for the vse,
 Herbes for their smell, and sappie plants to beare.
 166 Things growing to them selues, are growths abuse,
 Seeds spring frō seeds, & beauty breedeth beauty,
 168 Thou wast begot, to get it is thy duty.

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

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

And now Adonis with a lazic sprite,
 And with a heauie, darke, disliking eye,
 His lowring browes ore-whelming his faire sight,
 182 Likd mistie vapors when they blot the skie,
 So wring his cheekes, cries, fie, no more of loue,
 184 The sunne doth burne my face I must remoue.

Ay, me,

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

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

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

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

VENVS AND ADONIS.

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

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

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

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

VVithin

VENUS AND ADONIS.

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

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240

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

244

246

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

250

252

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

256

258

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259 But lo from forth a copp s that neighbors by,
 A breeding Iennet, lustie, young, and proud,
 Adonis trampling Courser doth espy:
 262 And forth she rushes, snorts, and neighs aloud.
 The strong-neckt steed being tied vnto a tree,
 264 Breaketh his raine, and to her straight goes hee.

Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,
 And now his wouen girthes he breaks asunder,
 The bearing earth with his hard hoofe he wounds,
 268 VVhose hollow wombe resounds like heauens thun-
 The yron bit he crusheth tweene his teeth, (der,
 270 Controlling what he was controlled with.

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

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

VVhat

VENVS AND ADONIS.

VVhat recketh he his riders angrie sturre,
 His flattering holla, or his stand, I say,
 VVhat cares he now, for curbe, or pricking spurre,
 For rich caparisons, or trappings gay :

He sees his loue, and nothing else he sees,
 For nothing else with his proud sight agrees.

Looke when a Painter would surpasse the life,
 In limming out a well proportioned steed,
 His Art with Natures workmanship at strife,
 As if the dead the liuing should exceed :

So did this Horſe excell a common one,
 In ſhape, in courage, colour, pace and bone.

Round hooft, ſhort ioynted, fetlocks ſhag, and long,
 Broad breſt, full eye, ſmall head, and noſtrill wide,
 High creſt, ſhort eares, ſtraight legs, & paſſing ſtrōg,
 Thin mane, thicke taile, broad buttock, tender hide :

Looke what a Horſe ſhould haue, he did not lack,
 Saue a proud rider on ſo proud a back.

Sometime he ſcuds farre off, and there he ſtares,
 Anon he ſtarts, at ſturring of a feather :

To bid the wind a baſe he now prepares,
 And where he runne, or flie, they know not whether :

For through his mane, & taile, the high wind ſings,
 Fanning the haire, who waue like feathred wings.

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

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

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

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

An

VENVS AND ADONIS.

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

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

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

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

VENVS AND ADONIS.

355 Oh what a war of lookes was then betweene them,
 Her eyes petitioners to his eyes suing,
 His eyes saw her eyes, as they had not scene them,
 358 Her eyes wooed still, his eyes disdained the wooing:
 And all this dumbe play had his acts made plain,
 360 VVith tears which Chorus-like her eyes did rain.

361 Full gently now she takes him by the hand,
 A lillie prifond in a gaile of fnow,
 Or luorie in an allablaster band,
 364 So white a friend, in girts so white a fo:
 This beautious combat wilfull, and vnwilling,
 366 Showed like two filuer doues that fit a billing.

367 Once more the engin of her thoughts began,
 O fairest mouer on this mortall round,
 VVould thou wert as I am, and I a man,
 370 My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my wound,
 For one sweet looke thy helpe I would assure thee,
 374 Thogh nothing but my bodies banewold cure thee

375 Giue me my hand (saith he,) why dost thou feele it?
 Giue me my heart (saith she,) and thou shalt haue it.
 O giue it me lest thy hard heart do steele it,
 376 And being steeld, soft sighes can neuer graue it.
 Then loues deepe grones, I neuer shall regard,
 378 Because Adonis heart hath made mine hard.

For

VENVS AND ADONIS.

For shame he cries, let go, and let me go, 37^a
 My dayes delight is past, my horse is gone,
 And tis your fault I am bereft him so,
 I pray you hence, and leaue me here alone, 38²
 For all my mind, my thought, my busie care,
 Is how to get my palfrey from the mare. 38⁴

Thus she replies, thy palfrey as he should, 38⁵
 Welcomes the warme approach of sweet desire,
 Affection is a coale that must be coold,
 Else sufferd it will set the heart on fire, 38⁸
 The sea hath bounds, but deepe desire hath none,
 Therefore no maruell though thy horse be gone. 39⁰

How like a iade he stood tied to the tree, 39¹
 Seruilly maisterd with a leatherne raine,
 But when he saw his loue, his youths faire fee,
 He held such pettie bondage in disdaine : 39⁴
 Throwing the base thong from his bending crest,
 Enfranchising his mouth, his backe, his brest. 39⁶

VVho sees his true-loue in her naked bed, 39⁷
 Teaching the sheets a whiter hew then white,
 But when his glutton eye so full hath fed,
 His other agents ayme at like delight ? 40⁰
 VVho is so faint that dares not be so bold,
 To touch the fier the weather being cold ? 40²

VENVS AND ADONIS.

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

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

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

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

what

VENVS AND ADONIS.

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

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

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

But oh what banquet wert thou to the tast,
 Being nurse, and feeder of the other foure,
 VVould they not wish the feast might euer last,
 And bid suspection double looke the dore;
 Lest icalousie that fower vnwelcome guest,
 Should by his stealing in disturbe the feast?

VENVS AND ADONIS.

457 Once more the rubi-colour'd portall opend,
 V Which to his speech did honie passage yeeld,
 Like a red mornethat euer yet betokend,
 459 vvracke to the sea-man, tempest to the field:
 Sorrow to shepherds, wo vnto the birds,
 460 Gusts, and foule flawes, to heardmen, & to herds.

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

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

469 And all amaz'd, brake off his late intent,
 For sharply he did thinke to reprehend her,
 V Which cunning loue did wittily preuent,
 472 Faire-fall the wit that can so well defend her:
 For on the grasse she lyes as she were flaine,
 474 Till his breath breatheth life in her againe.

He

VENVS AND ADONIS.

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

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

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

O where am I (quoth she,) in earth or heauen,
 Or in the Ocean drencht, or in the fire:
 VVhat houre is this, or morne, or wearie euen,
 Do I delight to die or life desire?
 But now I liu'd, and life was deaths annoy,
 But now I dy'de, and death was liuely ioy.

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VENVS AND ADONIS.

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

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

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

517 A thousand kisses buyes my heart from me,
 And pay them at thy leisure, one by one,
 VVhat is ten hundred touches vnto thee,
 520 Are they not quickly told, and quickly gone ?
 Say for non-paimēt, that the debt should double,
 Is twentie hundred kisses such a trouble ?

Faire

VENVS AND ADONIS.

Faire Queene (quoth he) if anie loue you owe me, 521
 Measure my strangeness with my vnripe yeares,
 Before I know my selfe, seeke not to know me,
 No fisher but the vngrowne frie forbeares, 526
 The mellow plum doth fall, the greene sticks fast,
 Or being early pluckt, is sower to tast. 528

Looke the worlds comforter with wearie gate, 529
 His dayes hot taske hath ended in the west,
 The owle (nights herald) shreeks, tis verie late,
 The sheepe are gone to fold, birds to their nest, 532
 And cole-black clouds, that shadow heauens light,
 Do summon vs to part, and bid good night. 534

Now let me say goodnight, and so say you, 535
 If you will say so, you shall haue a kis;
 Goodnight (quoth she) and ere he sayes adue,
 The honie fee of parting tendred is, 538
 Her armes do lend his necke a sweet imbrace,
 Incorporate then they seeme, face growes to face. 540

Till breathlesse he disioynd, and backward drew, 541
 The heauenly moisture that sweet corall mouth,
 VVhose precious tast, her thirstie lips well knew,
 VVhereon they surfet, yet complaine on drouth, 544
 How with her plentie prest she faint with dearth,
 Their lips together glewed, fall to the earth. 546

VENVS AND ADONIS.

- 547 Now quicke desire hath caught the yeelding pray,
 And gluttonlike she feeds, yet neuer filleth,
 Her lips are conquerers, his lips obay,
 550 Paying what ransome the insulter willetth:
 VVhose vultur thought doth pitch the price so hie,
 552 That she will draw his lips rich treasure drie.

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

 559 Hot, faint, and wearie, with her hard imbracing,
 Like a wild bird being tam'd with too much hādling,
 Or as the fleet-foot Roe that's tyr'd with chāsing,
 562 Or like the froward infant stild with dandling:
 He now obayes, and now no more resisteth,
 564 VVhile she takes all she can, not all she listeth.

 565 VVhat waxe so frozen but dissolues with tempring,
 And yeelds at last to euerie light impressiō?
 Things out of hope, are compast oft with ventring,
 568 Chiefly in loue, whose leaue exceeds commission:
 Affection faints not like a pale-fac'd coward,
 560 But thē woes best, whe most his choice is froward.
 vvhen

VENVS AND ADONIS.

VWhen he did frowne,ô had she then gaue ouer, 571
 Such nectar from his lips she had not suckt,
 Foule wordes, and frownes, must not repell a loue,
 VWhat though the rose haue prickles, yet tis pluckt? 574
 VVere beautie vnder twentie locks kept fast,
 Yet loue breaks through, & picks them all at last. 576

For pittie now she can no more detaine him, 577
 The poore foole praies her that he may depart,
 She is resolu'd no longer to restraine him,
 Bids him farewell, and looke well to her hart, 580
 The which by Cupids bow she doth protest,
 He carries thence incaged in his brest. 582

Sweet boy she saies, this night ile wast in sorrow, 583
 For my sick heart commands mine eyes to watch,
 Tell me loues maister, shall we meete to morrow,
 Say, shall we, shall we, wilt thou make the match? 586
 He tell's her no, to morrow he intends,
 To hunt the boare with certaine of his frends. 588

The boare (quoth she) whereat a suddain pale, 589
 Like lawne being spred vpon the blushing rose,
 Vsurpes her cheeke, she trembles at his tale,
 And on his neck her yoaking armes she throwes. 592
 She sincketh downe, still hanging by his necke,
 He on her belly fall's, she on her backe. 594

VENVS AND ADONIS.

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

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

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

613 Thou hadst bin gone (quoth she) sweet boy ere this,
 But that thou toldst me, thou woldst hunt the boare,
 Oh be aduised, thou know'st nor what it is,
 616 VVith iauelings point a churlish swine to goare,
 VVhose tusshes neuer sheathd, he whetteth still,
 618 Like to a mortall butcher bent to kill.

On

VENVS AND ADONIS.

On his bow-backe, he hath a battell set,
 Of brisly pikes that euer threat his foes,
 His eyes like glow-wormes shine when he doth fret
 His snout digs sepulchers where ere he goes,
 Being mou'd he strikes, what ere is in his way,
 And whom he strikes, his crooked tusshes slay.

His brawnie sides with hairie bristles armed,
 Are better prooffe then thy speares point can enter,
 His short thick necke cannot be easly harmed,
 Being irefull, on the lyon he will venter,
 The thornie brambles, and imbracing busshes,
 As fearefull of him part, through whom he rushes.

Alas, he naught esteem's that face of thine,
 To which loues eyes paies tributarie gazes,
 Nor thy soft handes, sweet lips, and christall cine,
 VVhose full perfection all the world amazes,
 But hauing thee at vantage (wondrous dreadl)
 VVold roote these beauties, as he root's the mead.

Oh let him keep his loathsome cabin still,
 Beautie hath naught to do with such foule fiends,
 Come not within his danger by thy will,
 They that thrue well, take counsell of their friends,
 VVhen thou didst name the boare, not to dissemble
 I feard thy fortune, and my ioynts did tremble.

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VENVS AND ADONIS.

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

049 For where loue raignes, disturbing iealousie,
 Doth call him selfe affections centinell,
 Giues false alarmes, suggesteth mutinie,
 052 And in a peacefull houre doth crie, kill, kill,
 Distempring gentle loue in his desire,
 054 As aire, and water do abate the fire.

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

061 And more then so, presenteth to mine eye,
 The picture of an angrie chafing boare,
 Vnder whose sharpe fangs, on his backe doth lye,
 064 An image like thy selfe, all staynd with goare,
 y whose blood vpon the fresh flowers being shed,
 066 Doth make the droop with grief. & hang the hed.

VENVS AND ADONIS.

VVhat should I do, seeing thee so indeed?
 That tremble at th'imagination,
 The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed,
 And feare doth teach it diuination;

I prophecie thy death, my liuing sorrow,
 If thou incounter with the boare to morrow.

But if thou needs wilt hunt, be rul'd by me,
 Vncouple at the timerous flying hare,
 Or at the foxe which liues by subtiltie,
 Or at the Roe which no incounter dare:

Pursue these fearfull creatures o're the downes,
 And on thy wel breathd horse keep with thy hounds

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

Sometime he runnes among a flocke of sheepe,
 To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell,
 And sometime where earth-deluing Conies keepe,
 To stop the loud pursuers in their yell:

And sometime forteth with a heard of deare,
 Danger deuifeth shifts, wit waites on feare.

VENVS AND ADONIS.

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

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

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

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

VVhere

VENVS AND ADONIS.

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

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

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

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

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VENVS AND ADONIS.

739 As burning feauers, agües pale, and faint,
 Life-poysoning pestilence, and frendzies wood,
 The marrow-eating sicknesse whose attaint,
 742 Disorder breeds by heating of the blood,
 Surfets, impostumes, grieffe, and damnd dispaire,
 744 Sweare natures death, for framing thee so faire.

745 And not the least of all these maladies,
 But in one minutes fight brings beautie vnder,
 Both fauour, fauour, hew, and qualities,
 748 VWhereat the th'impartiall gazer late did wonder,
 Are on the sudden wasted, thawed, and donne,
 750 As mountain snow melts with the midday sonne.

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

757 VVhat is thy bodie but a swallowing graue,
 Seeming to burie that posteritie,
 VVhich by the rights of time thou needs must haue,
 760 If thou destroy them not in darke obscuritie?
 If so the world will hold thee in disdaine,
 762 Sith in thy pride, so faire a hope is slaine.

So

VENVS AND ADONIS.

So in thy selfe, thy selfe art made away,
 A mischiefe worse then ciuill home-bred strife,
 Or theirs whose desperat hands them selues do slay,
 Or butcher fire, that reaues his sonne of life:

Foule cankring rust, the hidden treasure frets,
 But gold that's put to vse more gold begets.

Nay then (quoth Adon) you will fall againe,
 Into your idle ouer-handled theame,
 The kisse I gaue you is bestow'd in vaine,
 And all in vaine you striue against the streame,
 For by this black-fac't night, desires foule nurse,
 Your treatise makes me like you, worse & worse.

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

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

VENVS AND ADONIS.

787 VWhat haue you vrg'd, that I can not reprove ?
 The path is smooth that leadeth on to danger,
 I hate not loue, but your deuise in loue,
 790 That lends imbracements vnto euery stranger,
 You do it for increase, ô straunge excuse!
 792 VWhen reason is the bawd to lusts abuse.

793 Call it not loue, for loue to heauen is fled,
 Since sweating lust on earth vsurpt his name,
 Vnder whose simple semblance he hath fed,
 796 Vpon fresh beautie, blotting it with blame;
 VWhich the hot tyrant stains, & soone bereaues:
 798 As Caterpillers do the tender leaues.

799 Loue comforteth like sun-shine after raine,
 But lusts effect is tempest after sunne,
 Loues gentle spring doth alwayes fresh remaine,
 802 Lusts winter comes, ere sommer halfe be donne:
 Loue surfets not, lust like a glutton dies:
 804 Loue is all truth, lust full of forged lies.

805 More I could tell, but more I dare not say,
 The text is old, the Orator too greene,
 Therefore in sadnesse, now I will away,
 808 My face is full of shame, my heart of teene,
 Mine eares that to your wanton talke attended,
 810 Do burne them selues, for hauing so offended.

VVith

VENVS AND ADONIS.

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

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

VWhereat amaf'd as one that vnaware,
 Hath dropt a precious iewell in the flood,
 Or stonisht, as night wandrers often are,
 Their light blowne out in some mistrustfull wood;
 Euen so confounded in the darke she lay,
 Hauing lost the faire discoverie of her way.

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

VENVS AND ADONIS.

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

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

841 Her song wastedious, and out-wore the night,
 For louers houres are long, though seeming short,
 If pleas'd themselues, others they thinke delight,
 844 In such like circumstance, with such like sport:

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

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

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

Venus

VENVS AND ADONIS.

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

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

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

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

F iij.

VENVS AND ADONIS.

583 For now she knowes it is no gentle chafe,
 But the blunt boare, rough beare, or lyon proud,
 Because the crier remaineth in one place,
 586 VWhere fearefully the dogs exclaime aloud,
 Finding their enimie to be so curst,
 589 They all straine currsie who shall cope him first.

589 This dismall crie rings sadly in her eare,
 Through which it enters to surprise her hart,
 VWho ouercome by doubt, and bloodlesse feare,
 592 VWith cold-pale weakenesse, numbs ech feeling part,
 Like soldiers when their captain once doth yeeld,
 595 They basely flie, and dare not stay the field.

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

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

VENVS AND ADONIS.

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

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

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

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

VENUS AND ADONIS.

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

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

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

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

Here

VENVS AND ADONIS.

Here ouercome as one full of dispaire,
 She vaild her eye-lids, who like sluces stopt
 The christall tide, that from her two cheeks faire,
 In the sweet channell of her bosome dropt.

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But through the floud-gates breaks the siluer rain,
 And with his strong course opens them againe.

960

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

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

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

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VENVS AND ADONIS.

- 979 VWhereat her teares began to turne their tide,
 Being prisond in her eye: like pearles in glasse,
 Yet sometimes fals an orient drop beside,
 982 VWhich her cheeke melts, as scorning it should passe
 To wash the soule face of the fluttrish ground,
 984 VWho is but drunken when she seemeth drownd.
- 985 O hard beleeuing loue how strange it seemes!
 Not to belecue, and yet too credulous:
 Thy weale, and wo, are both of them extreames,
 988 Despaire, and hope, makes thee ridiculous.
 The one doth flatter thee in thoughts vnlikely,
 990 In likely thoughts the other kils thee quickly.
- 991 Now she vnweaues the web that she hath wrought,
 Adonis liues, and death is not to blame:
 It was not she that cald him all to nought;
 994 Now she ads honours to his hatefull name.
 She clepes him king of graues, & graue for kings,
 996 Imperious supreme of all mortall things.
- 997 No, no, quoth she, sweet death, I did but iest,
 Yet pardon me, I felt a kind of feare
 VWhen as I met the boare, that bloodie beast,
 1000 VWhich knowes no pitie but is still feure,
 Then gentle shadow (truth I must confesse)
 1002 I rayld on thee, fearing my loues decesse.

Tis

VENVS AND ADONIS.

Tis not my fault, the Bore prouok't my tong,
 Be wreak't on him (inuisible commaunder)
 T'is he foule creature, that hath done thee wrong,
 I did but act, he's author of thy slaunder
 Greefe hath two tongues, and neuer woman yet,
 Could rule them both, without ten womens wit.

Thus hoping that Adonis is aliue,
 Her rash suspect she doth extenuate,
 And that his beautie may the better thrue,
 VVith death she humbly doth insinuate.
 Tels him of trophies, statues, tombes, and stories,
 His victories, his triumphs, and his glories.

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

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

VENVS AND ADONIS.

1027 As Faulcons to the lure, away she flies,
 The grasse stoops not, she treads on it so light,
 And in her haſt, vnfortunately ſpies,
 1030 The foule boares conqueſt, on her faire delight,
 VVhich ſcene, her eyes are mured with the view,
 1032 Like ſtars aſham'd of day, themſelues withdrew.

1033 Or as the ſnaile, whoſe tender hornes being hit,
 Shrinks backward in his ſhellie caue with paine,
 And, there all ſmoothred vp, in ſhade doth ſit,
 1036 Long after fearing to creepe forth againe:
 So at his bloodie view her eyes are fled,
 1038 Into the deep-darke cabbins of her head.

1039 VVhere they reſigne their office, and their light,
 To the diſpoſing of her troubled braine,
 VVho bids them ſtill conſort with ougly night,
 1042 And neuer wound the heart with lookes againe,
 VVho like a king perplexed in his throne,
 1044 By their ſuggeſtion, giues a deadly grone.

1045 VVhereat ech tributarie ſubieſt quakes,
 As when the wind imprifond in the ground,
 Struggling for paſſage, earths foundation ſhakes,
 1048 which with cold terror, doth mens minds confound:
 This mutinie ech part doth ſo ſurpriſe,
 1050 That frō their dark beds once more leap her eies.
 And

VENVS AND ADONIS.

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

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

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

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

VENVS AND ADONIS.

1675 Alas poore world what treasure hast thou lost,
VVhat face remains aliue that's worth the viewing?
VVhose tongue is musick now? what câst thou boast,
1678 Of things long since, or any thing insuing?
The flowers are sweet, their colours fresh, and trim,
1680 But true sweet beautie liu'd, and di'de with him.

1682 Bonnet, nor vaile henceforth no creature weare,
Nor sunne, nor wind will euer striue to kisse you,
Hauing no faire to lose, you need not feare,
1685 The sun doth skorne you, & the wind doth hisse you.
But when Adonis liu'de, sunne, and sharpe aire,
1686 Lurkt like two thecues, to rob him of his faire.

1687 And therefore would he put his bonnet on,
Vnder whose brim the gaudie sunne would peepe,
The wind would blow it off, and being gon,
1690 Play with his locks, then would Adonis weepe.
And straight in pittie of his tender yeares, (teares.
1692 They both would striue who first should drie his

1693 To see his face the Lion walkt along,
Behind some hedge, because he would not fear him:
To recreate himself when he hath song,
1696 The Tygre would be tame, and gently heare him.
If he had spoke; the wolfe would leaue his praie,
1698 And neuer fright the fillie lambe that daie.

when

VENVS AND ADONIS.

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

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

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

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

VENVS AND ADONIS.

1123 She lookes vpon his lips, and they are pale,
 She takes him by the hand, and that is cold,
 She whispers in his eares a heauie tale,
 1126 As if they heard the wofull words she told:
 She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,
 1128 VVhere lo, two lamps burnt out in darknesse lies.

 1129 Two glasse where her selfe, her selfe beheld
 A thousand times, and now no more reflect,
 Their vertue lost, wherein they late exceld,
 1132 And euerie beautie robd of his effect;
 VVonder of time (quoth she) this is my spight,
 1134 That thou being dead, the day shuld yet be light.

 1135 Since thou art dead, lo here I prophecie,
 Sorrow on loue hereafter shall attend:
 It shall be wayted on with iealousie,
 1138 Find sweet beginning, but vnfaurie end.
 Nere setled equally, but high or lo,
 1140 That all loues pleasure shall not match his wo.

 1141 It shall be fickle, false, and full of fraud,
 Bud, and be blasted, in a breathing while,
 The bottome poyson, and the top ore-strawd
 1144 VVith sweets, that shall the truest sight beguile,
 The strongest bodie shall it make most weake,
 1146 Strike the wise dūbe, & teach the foole to speake.

It

VENVS AND ADONIS.

It shall be sparing, and too full of ryor,
Teaching decrepit age to tread the measures,
The staring ruffian shall it keepe in quiet,
Pluck down the rich, inrich the poore with treasures,
It shall be raging mad, and fillie milde,
Make the yong old, the old become a childe.

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

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

By this the boy that by her side laie kild,
Was melted like a vapour from her sight,
And in his blood that on the ground laie spild,
A purple floure sproong vp, checkred with white,
Resembling well his pale cheekes, and the blood,
Which in round drops, vpon their whitenesse stood.

H

VENVS AND ADONIS.

1171 She bowes her head, the new-sprong floure to smel,
 Comparing it to her Adonis breath,
 And saies within her bosome it shall dwell,
 1174 Since he himselfe is reft from her by death;
 She crop's the stalke, and in the breach appeares,
 1176 Green-dropping sap, which she cōpares to teares.

1178 Poore floure (quoth she) this was thy fathers guise,
 Sweet issue of a more sweet smelling fire,
 For euerie little griefe to wet his eies,
 1180 To grow vnto himselfe was his desire;
 And so tis thine, but know it is as good,
 1182 To wither in my brest, as in his blood.

1183 Here was thy fathers bed, here in my brest,
 Thou art the next of blood, and tis thy right.
 Lo in this hollow cradle take thy rest,
 1186 My throbbing hart shall rock thee day and night;
 There shall not be one minute in an houre,
 1188 VVherein I wil not kisse my sweet loues floure.

1189 Thus weary of the world, away she hies,
 And yokes her siluer doues, by whose swift aide,
 Their mistresse mounted through the emptie skies,
 1192 In her light chariot, quickly is conuaide,
 Holding their course to Paphos, where their queen,
 1194 Meanes to immure her selfe, and not be seen.

FINIS