

OPENONE AND PARIS

1594

To the Curteous Readers.



Entlemen: to make a longe *Preamble* to a short suite  
were follie, & therfore (in briefe) thus: Heare you  
hauie the first fruits<sup>1</sup> of my indenours and the  
Maiden head of my Pen; which, how rude and un-  
polished it maye seeme in your Eagle-sighted eyes,  
I can not conceiue, and therfore, fearing the woorst, I have  
sought in some sort to prevent it. Apelles having framed any  
Workē of woorth, wold set it openlie to the view of all, hiding  
himselfe closely in a corner of his Workē-house, to the end, that  
if some curious and carping fellow came to finde any faulte, he  
might amend it against the next Market. In the publishing of this  
little Poem, I haue imitated the Painter, giuing you this poore  
Pampflet to peruse, lurking in the mane-while obscurely till  
that, hearing how you please to censure of my simple woork, I  
may in som other Operc magis elaborato apply my Veine to your  
humors, and be quit from the captiuous tonges and lauish tearmes  
of the detracting vulgar able to nip any fruit in the Blossome, and  
much like the Caterpillers that, neasted in a tree, feed on enerie  
leafē til d be wythered and deficed. But, leauing them to them-  
selves and all fauourers of forwardnesse in such pleasing humors  
to their hearts content, I lende.<sup>2</sup>

T. H.

<sup>1</sup> For this, and other echoes of *Venus and Adonis* in the address "To the Courteous Readers," see the Introduction, p. xi.

<sup>2</sup> *I lende*: a not infrequent conclusion to a prefatory letter; see John Lyly's *Euphues*, 1578, and *Euphues and His England*, 1580, and Robert Greene's *Greene's Never Too Late*, 1590.

## OENONE AND PARIS.<sup>1</sup>

Gentle Reader, in perusing this Poem, amend  
these fewe faultes in the Printing.

In B. page 1. line. 4. for rightly, reade right. eadem, page. 3. line 17. for quondam,  
read quondam. eadem, pag. 5. line 19. for withstood, read withstand. eadem,  
pag. 8. last line, for lot, read loue. In D. page 1. line 15. for engraved, reade en-  
grained. eadem, pag. 4. line 4. for effect, reade affect. eadem, line 21. for Aci-  
datia, read Acidalia. eadem, pag. 8 line 15. for vp-heauen, read vp-heated.

When Sun-bright Phebus in his fierie carre  
Ended his passage throught the vernal signs,<sup>2</sup>  
And all the trees that on the mountaines are,  
Aspyring Cedars, and the loftie pines,  
And verdaunt flowers mantled all in greene,  
Newlye received their liveryes<sup>3</sup> from their Queene,

The Phrigian Paris, earlie in a morning,  
Rose from th'embracemens of his new-stolne bryde,<sup>4</sup>  
Him selfe in silkes his steeede with studdes<sup>5</sup> adorning,  
With speedie course fast to the groves he plyde<sup>6</sup>  
Pursuing game as farre as Ida mountaine;  
There hee alight's,<sup>7</sup> and sitts<sup>8</sup> him by a fountaine.

10

<sup>1</sup> In the footnotes to this reprint I mainly record borrowings from *Venus and Adonis*, and parallels in diction, thought, or expression from Thomas Heywood. The abbreviation "Hey." (followed by volume and page numeral(s)) refers to *The Dramatic Works of Thomas Heywood . . . in Six Volumes*, issued by John Pearson in 1874.

<sup>2</sup> *passage through the . . . signs*: Hey. vi. 287: "progress through the Signes."  
<sup>3</sup> *mantled . . . greene . . . liveryes*: Hey. v. 110: "cloathed . . . in . . . liveryes of greene."

<sup>4</sup> *bryde*: i.e. Helen; see note to line 162.

<sup>5</sup> *steeede with studdes*: V. and A. 37: "The studded bridle."

<sup>6</sup> *With speedie course* . . . *he plyde*: cf. Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, 4. 1. 38:

"towards them did fly with speedie course."

<sup>7</sup> *alight's*: V. and A. 13: "alight thy sted."

<sup>8</sup> *and sits*: V. and A. 17: "Here come and sit."

Fastening his Palfery to a beechen spring,<sup>1</sup>  
He softly paced to a pleasant bower:  
There had the Silvanes planted many a thing,  
Flora bedecked it with eche smelling flower,  
The Primrose, Cow-slippe, and the Daffadillie,  
The Pink, the Daysie, Violet, and Lillie.

15

In his right hand a bore-speare well hee weldes,  
Plated with golde, but pointed with sharpe steele;  
Thus armed doeth Dictynna trace the feildes  
With all her trayne attending at her heele.

35

Plants were his seate, the leaues hee made his pillow;  
Hee sees a nymph whose chaplet was of willow.<sup>1</sup>

Whether hee muzed on his beauteous rape,<sup>2</sup>  
Or of Oenone selfe (sweet soule!<sup>3</sup>) forsaken,  
Whether hee thanked Neptune for his escape,  
Or sea-borne<sup>4</sup> Venus for his prize so taken,  
Whether hee came to viewe the wanton Fawnes,  
Or see the Satyres tripping through the Lawnes,<sup>5</sup>

25

There sat hee still, still musing as hee sat,  
Leaning his elbowe on a mosse-grownie stump,  
His comely temples shadowed with his hatte,<sup>6</sup>—  
Like frowning Iuno in an angrie dumpe.  
A scarfe of greene about his necke hee wore,  
Wherin a huntemans horne hee hanging bore;

30

Lowlye shee sat her in the pleasaunt coole,  
Her face al swoolne with still distilling teares;  
Who, breathing out a passion, sayth: "Ah foole,  
Thy sighes surchardge the fewnesse of thy yeares;  
They fill thy fauour full of wrinkled furrowes.<sup>2</sup>  
Ingratefull Troian, cause of all my sorrowes!"

40

A source<sup>3</sup> of teares (preamble to a passion)  
Hath stopt the passage of her further mone;<sup>4</sup>  
Yet lookes shee vp, after a mournefull fashion  
(As Phillis looked for Demophoon),  
And nowe shee sawe him, for shee is almost by him  
(Close were hee hid if louers could not spye him).

<sup>1</sup> *Fastening . . . beechen spring*: *V. and A.* 37-38: "on a ragged bough Nimbly she fastens."

<sup>2</sup> *rape*: (cf. ll. 68 and 565) the person raped, i.e. Helen; Heywood regularly uses the word in this unusual sense; cf. *Hey.* iii. 147: "avenge me on this rape."

<sup>3</sup> (*sweet soule*): cf. I. 802 ("poore soule"); Heywood, "Paris to Helen," I. 556, and "Helen to Paris," I. 83: ("poore soule"); *Hey.* v. 158: "poore soule"; Heywood, *Didogres and Drammus* (ed. W. Bang, I. 8750): ("sweet soule"); Heywood, *Paris to Helen*, I. 83: ("poore soule"); Heywood, *De Arte Amandi*, p. 7: "Venus" this conventional epithet.

<sup>4</sup> *sea-borne*: Heywood rarely lets pass the opportunity to prefix to the word "Venus" this conventional epithet.  
<sup>5</sup> *Satyres tripping through the Lawnes*: *Hey.* iii. 27: "Satyrs, Nimpes, and Fawnes For thee will trip it ore the lawnes." <sup>6</sup> *temples shadowed with his hatte*: *V. and A.* 339: "And with his bonnet hides his angry brow."

<sup>1</sup> *chaplet was of willow*: the conventional symbol of forsaken love. Heywood, vi. 303, elaborately develops the idea:

[She presents a wreath of willow.

Thus: All thi' Arcadian Swaines & Nymphis that see  
Your browes ingirt with this forsaken wreath  
Will take note of his falsehood, and your faith . . .

<sup>2</sup> *fauour full of wrinkled furrowes*: Heywood, *De Arte Amandi*, p. 7: "Wrinkled furrows will plough thy face."

<sup>3</sup> *source*: normally a "fountain head, spring," but here, apparently, a "flood"; cf. I. 604: "Thou seest my trickling tears are turnd to sources."

<sup>4</sup> *stop the passage of her further mone*: *Hey.* ii. 13: "Stop up the passage of my sweet relite."

When, whistlye pacing with a modest gate,<sup>1</sup>  
50 Softly shee trippeth on the bearing flowers,<sup>2</sup>  
And gently came and towcht him where hee sat  
Shadowed from Tyran in the leauy bowers:—

As once the goddesse Citherea came  
To finde Adonis following of his game.<sup>3</sup>

Pausing a while (for passions made her pause),  
55 Shee thus beganne (that hardly<sup>4</sup> found beginning):  
"And art thou come to prosequeute the cause  
Of well or woe?<sup>5</sup> my loosing or my winning?  
Say, gentle Troian, wordes that may delight me,

60 And for thy former lust I will acquite thee.

"Loe, howe Aurora with her blushing face  
Bewrayes her lust with Cephalus her louer,  
Thy Crimson rose the Lilly doeth out-chase,  
Thy fauour doeth thy fatall faultes discouer!  
65 That guile-full Curtisan whome thou hast taken  
Mak's poore Oenone vtterly forsaken.

"Fowle fall that forreine hecifar of the Greckes<sup>6</sup>  
Who, yet a youngling, was braue Thesecus rape!  
1 *whistlye* . . . *modest gate*: *V. and A.* 343–44.  
2 *snowy-fayre*: beautiful of face, "of frequent occurrence in the 16th and early  
17th cent. . . . usually with some disparaging suggestion." — *N.E.D.*  
3 *Palamon*: Palamon, one of the sea gods.  
4 *Seas soueraigne Neptune*: *Hey*. vi. 259: "Neptune, sovereign o'er the Seas."  
5 *thy*: read "thee"?  
6 *painted Idol*: *V. and A.* 212: "Well-painted idol." Shakespeare represents  
Venus as thus in admiration describing the beauty of Adonis. Heywood, like  
"T.H." uses "idol" as an opprobrious term, for example, (*Hey*. v. 92) Apollo to  
Midas: "Say, Idol, what's thy name?"  
7 *gyrt my temples* . . . *willowes*: see note to l. 36.

Nought else sauе lust and breach of loue shee seekes.  
70 Ah! couldst thou not her subtle snares escape?  
If thou doest loue thy life, thy selfe, thy syre,  
Master these raging flames of thy desire.

"Band<sup>1</sup> bee that barke that brought from Lacedemon  
That snow-fayre<sup>2</sup> Princesse with her tempting face!  
Could neither chaungeling Proteus, nor Palemon,<sup>3</sup>  
Seas soueraigne Neptune,<sup>4</sup> with thy<sup>5</sup> three-forkt mace, —  
Why would not some fayre sea-god make a motion  
75 To drench that painted Idol<sup>6</sup> in the Ocean?

"Where was chast Thetis in that stormie stower?  
Or frostie Triton with shrill sounding trumpet?  
80 Oh, wherefore did you not display your power  
Pursuing dire reuenge vpon that strumpet?

Had shee bene steeped in the surging billowes,  
I had not gyrt my temples with these willowes.<sup>7</sup>

"Whole worldes of warriours will besiege your citie  
(King Menelaus will not loose his Iuell);

85

<sup>1</sup> *Band*: cursed; cf. *V. and A.* 326.  
<sup>2</sup> *snowy-fayre*: beautiful of face, "of frequent occurrence in the 16th and early  
17th cent. . . . usually with some disparaging suggestion." — *N.E.D.*  
<sup>3</sup> *ibid.* 152: "These forceless flowers like sturdy trees support me." — *Hey*. vi. 259.  
<sup>4</sup> *As once* . . . *game*: alluding to Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis*.  
<sup>5</sup> *hardly*: with difficulty.  
<sup>6</sup> *well or woe*: *V. and A.* 987: "Thy weal and woe."  
<sup>7</sup> *hecifar of the Greckes*: i.e. Helen; Ovid, "Oenone to Paris," l. 116: "Graia  
iuvence venit, quae te patiampaque domunque perdat." This spelling of "hecifar"  
appears again in line 660.



130 Eche morne I seate me by yon stinking weedes;  
Faire smelling flowers agree not with my care,  
My care, which none but thou did first procure,  
VVwhich none, saue poore Oenone, could endure.

135 "Now ease my heart with that sweete tongue of thine;  
And wring my lillie fingers<sup>1</sup> in thy firs —  
That hand (faire hand) more soft and smooth then mine;<sup>2</sup>  
And yet my limber armes haue azured wristes.

140 Once did Apollo more delight to haue me<sup>3</sup>  
Then did the Nimpes of Ida euer craue thee.

145 "Let that well sounding organ of thy thought<sup>4</sup>  
Adde heauenlie harmonie vnto my hearing,  
May it but seeme remors-full — as it ought —  
VVell will I keepe my gold-like lockes from tearing,  
And chaunge my chaplett into lawrell baines,  
VWhich hath bene worne & withered many daies."

150 But now sad sorrow hath her language<sup>5</sup> choked,<sup>6</sup> —  
His lowring looke foretolde he was remorslesse.

155 Her great impatience hath this storme prouoked  
(How shold she otherwise? her teares were forcelesse:<sup>1</sup>)  
In this dull exasic a while I leaue her,  
And turne to him that did of Ioye bereate her.

160 Not meanelie moued at her first approche,  
In flowing tearmes he thought to reprehend her,  
Disdaining anie Nymph shold now incroche,  
Or to his highnesse<sup>2</sup> anie suites surrender;<sup>3</sup>  
But when hee knewe<sup>4</sup> she was his quondam wife  
The white and redde were in his face at strife.<sup>5</sup>

165 Nowe doeth his hearts interpreter<sup>6</sup> beginne  
To pleade excuse (for loue can finde excuses).  
The blushing morne bewrayes her nightly sinne,  
His crimson colour tells his late abuses.  
But setting shame and blushing both aside,  
Thus he beginnes to parle with his bride.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *wring my lillie fingers*: *V. and A.* 228: "She lockes her lily fingers"; *ibid.*

<sup>2</sup> *more* . . . *then mine*: *V. and A.* 116: "Though mine be not so fair."

<sup>3</sup> *Once did Apollo more delight to haue me*: so Venus boasts to Adonis (ll. 97-98):

I have been woodl, as I entreat thee now,  
Even by the stern and direful god of war.

<sup>4</sup> *organ of thy thought*: i.e. "that sweet tongue of thine" (ll. 133). "T.H." seems to have changed Shakespeare's "engine of her thoughts" (*V. and A.* 367) to "organ of thy thought." Cf. *Hey.* ii. 128: "thou [speakest] the sweetest musick to me that ever Organ playd"; v. 186: "let thy sweet-tun'd organes sound."

<sup>5</sup> *language*: flow of speech; cf. ll. 316, 741. Heywood, *De Arte Amandi*, p. 37: "His course of language breaks."

<sup>6</sup> *choked*: *V. and A.* 217: "chokes her pleading tongue."

"Oenone, fayrer then the dames of Troy,

Staine to the Nymphes<sup>1</sup> of fountaines, flowres, and trees,<sup>2</sup>

A blot to those that woone in Castalye,

Fayre Cinthias ouermatch<sup>3</sup> in bewty, more then these:

When Arte to nature had thy face resigned,

The Rose and Lilly shee in the same combined,

185

The second sute must beare away the pryse;  
Second excludes the first, and so it dyes.

"T'was loue that made me surfit with thy beauty,

And loues fayre Queene was authour of our pleasure;

The blinded waiward wag<sup>1</sup> did make vs know our duty,

And I haue loued thee in a modest measure;

Hymen the god and<sup>2</sup> authour of our marrying:

All these, not I, were cause of thy miscarrying.

190

"Grace to these hilles, and dales, & louely brookes,  
Disgrace to walled cities,<sup>4</sup> traffique townes,  
Fame to the swift foote huntresses in these nookes,

Shame to the girles yclad in gorgeous gownes,

Flower of the forest, primrose of the parke,

Lilly of these lawnes, Apolloes chiefeſt marke:<sup>5</sup>

195

"Soothly it greeves mee at thy wofull teares,  
VVwhich would they were in mee to remedie.

Argue thy loue, thy losse, thy great extremitie;

Which then they would, but now they wil not, moue mee;

For then I could, but now I can not, loue thee.

"Thy just complaint might vrgē a iust remorse,

Had not the winged Lad bewitcht my sences;

My former loue was of sufficient force,

But second, to loues-selfe a sute commences:

"So haue the fates amongst them selues decreed;

VVhat fates appoint, it bootes not vs to breake it.

The Senate of the gods of this agreed<sup>3</sup>

Why seek'st thou then with bitter woes to wreake it?

Persist, fayre Nymph, attentiuely to heare me,

And thou shalt see how well as I can cleare me.

200

"VVithin this valley, as thy selfe doest knowe,  
A place there is begirt with mighty oakes,

Where elders, elmes, and espine<sup>4</sup> trees doe growe,

Whose ore-grown trunks withstand the hardest stroks,

A nooke where neither simple ewe doeth feede

Nor horned ramme plucks vp the springing weede.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Staine to the Nymphes*: V. and A. 9: "Stain to all nymphs."

<sup>2</sup> *the Nymphes of fountaines, flowres, and trees*: *Hey*: iii. 28: "the Nymphes

of . . . Meades and Fountaines"; *ibid.* vi. 279: "the Nymphs . . . of wells and

fountaines."

<sup>3</sup> *ouermatch*: *Hey*: iii. 241: "and the great Monſter-Maſter ouermatch."

<sup>4</sup> *walled cities*: *Hey*: vi. 248: "cities wall'd"; *ibid.* iii. 44: "walled Townes."

<sup>5</sup> *Apolloes chiefeſt marke*: cf. II. 137-38.

"Euen in the hollow compasse of this angle,<sup>1</sup>  
Vnseen of Titans narowe searching shine,  
Least wanton follie should my minde intangle,  
That place I chused out to chaunt a ryne:

210 But rymes, nor odes, that place it was not for them;  
Sad Morpheus charmes did cause me to abhorre them.<sup>2</sup>

"Drowsilie leaning on my shepheardes crooke,  
A sudden earthquake made the mountaines quiuer:  
My feare appeared in my ghastlie<sup>3</sup> looke;  
Head, heart, legges, limmes, my Iointures, all did shiuer.<sup>4</sup>

215 Deepelie admiring at this sudden motion,<sup>5</sup>  
I gaue my selfe precisely<sup>6</sup> to deuotion.

"When, loe, the messenger of mightie loue  
Did with his snakie wand<sup>7</sup> appeare before me,  
With Iuno, Pallas, and the Queene of loue;  
Who with their gestures gentle did adore me,  
Starting abacke (their presence did affright me),  
220 Not knowing that which sithens did delight me.

"And now th'immortall oratour began  
To chere me vp that had so sadlie drooped:

<sup>1</sup> *angle*: "a corner into which one may withdraw." — N.E.D.

<sup>2</sup> *not for them . . . to abhorre them*; see note to ll. 515-16.

<sup>3</sup> *ghastlie*: Hey. ii. 422: "Why do'st thou look so ghastly about the room? Whom do your eyes enquire for?" This adjective, in the sense of pale as from fear, occurs with great frequency in Heywood.

<sup>4</sup> *my Iointures all did shiuer*: V. and A. 642: "my joints did tremble."

<sup>5</sup> *motion*: of the earth.

<sup>6</sup> *precisely*: wholly or punctiliously.

<sup>7</sup> *snakie wand*: Hey. vi. 273: "snaky rod."

"Thou borne of Hecuba, take courage, man!  
With that, to helpe me vp he meeklie stooped.  
I feared no more — for who is afraid of fairenesse,  
Or wanton ladies appearing in their barenesse?<sup>1</sup>

230 "This golden ball, that loue threwe downe,' quoth he,  
From the tribunall of his stately throne,  
Glue to the fayrest goddesse of these thre.<sup>2</sup>

Which said, he vanished, leauing vs alone.  
VVell hoping this would happen to my glorie,  
I read the posie: *Detur pulchriori*:<sup>3</sup>

235 "Viewing the first, I tooke the heauenly ball  
And rashly almost laide it in her hand,  
Supposing her the fayrest of them all:  
But second sight the same did countermaund;

And, as the second should haue borne the prise,  
Looking askance, the third bad otherwise.<sup>4</sup>

240 "Fayre was the first, the second was as fayre,  
The third no whit inferiour to the twaine:

<sup>1</sup> *barenesse*: Heywood uses this word in the sense of "nudity"; cf. Hey. iii. 34, Calisto to Jupiter: "My barenesse I haue hid from sight of skyes."

<sup>2</sup> *the fayrest goddesse of these thre*: Ovid, "Paris to Helen," l. 170: "vincere quae forma digna sit una duas"; Heywood, "Paris to Helen," l. 121: "And freely Judge which of these three is fairest"; Hey. vi. 244: "To tell which goddesse is the fairest of three."

<sup>3</sup> *the posie*: Detur pulchriori: the posie is not mentioned by Ovid, but cf. Hey. vi. 248: "What's there inscribd to view? Give to the Fairest this as Beauties due."; and *ibid.* iii. 268: "a golden Ball On which was writ *Detur pulcherrime*."

<sup>4</sup> According to Ovid Paris did not vacillate in his judgment, but merely weighed which bribe he should accept. Heywood, however, in his telling of the story, represents great indecision on the part of Paris resulting from the overwhelming

All would be victors (and they worthie are<sup>1</sup>),  
But one alone the victorie must gaine.

245

That such should winne, I toyed much, beleue me,  
That such shuld lose, this was the thing did grieue me.

"Againe the first exactly I did view;  
The second too: one of these twaine must haue it.

250  
Looking a-squint (as I doe nowe at you),  
The third her beawtie from them both did craue it.  
In this quandarie musing made me mute.  
Till Iuno first began to breake<sup>2</sup> her sute.

"She promised kingdomes, riches, and renoune;  
Pallas, what euer arte and nature taught her:

255  
The Mother, a Monarchie to weare a Crowne;  
Vertue, witte, wisedome,<sup>3</sup> freely giues the daughter.  
I heard them both, and nowe I sit and muse  
VVhether it is better wisedome or wealth to chuse.

beauty of the three goddesses. Thus, in his translation of Ovid's "Paris to Helen,"  
ll. 131-32:

Now this scenes fairest; now againe that other;  
Now would I speake; and now my thoughts I smother.

And so in *Hey*, vi. 249:

From none of them I can retract myne eye:  
Where first it fastens it insists, and thence  
I hardly can withdraw myne Opwick sense  
How am I then distracted severall waies! . . .

If by chance

Vpon a second I shall hap to glance  
Myne eye's took captiue and surpris'd again. . . .

<sup>1</sup> are: so quarto, but for the alliteration, we might expect "were."

<sup>2</sup> breake: make known.

<sup>3</sup> Verue . . . wisedome: for the change in the bribe as represented by Ovid,  
see the Introduction, p. xxxix.

"But then bespake the beawtious Queene of loue,  
Gracing her fayre cheeke with a louely smile.

260

'Shepheard,' quoth she, 'hearken to thy behoue:  
Let neither giftes nor gold thy minde beguile;

Arte asketh study, Crownes a care to keepe them,

Both full of toyle and trauell if thou seeke them.

"My selfe will giue thee, what thou most desirest,<sup>1</sup>  
265 The fayrest Ladie all the whole earth affoordeth.<sup>2</sup>  
Give me the ball, who euer thou requirest,  
Chuse whom & where thou wilt, loues Queene accordeth."

This said, with prize and victorie she departed  
Merry and blithe;<sup>3</sup> the rest, but soy-hearted.

270

"Pardon, fayre Nymph, if ought I haue offended;  
I do what all the gods conspire<sup>4</sup> together.  
Not I, but Cupid, is to be condemned<sup>5</sup>  
(Rouing,<sup>6</sup> that shoots his darts he knoweth not whether),

Who, happely greeued at my first election,

Wounded my heart with contrary affection.

"Sweete, stint thy teates, that like a pearled shoure  
Drops from the heauens in a summers day<sup>7</sup>

<sup>1</sup> what thou most desirest; see the Introduction, p. xxxv.

<sup>2</sup> all the whole earth affoordeth: a favorite tag with Heywood; cf. *Hey*, iii. 24,

27, 221; iii. 58, 131, 358, 374; etc.

<sup>3</sup> Merry and blithe: cf. i. 605, "blithe and iolly"; Heywood, *Troilus*, Z; "blithe  
and merry," and "Paris to Helen," l. 553: "blithe and jolly."

<sup>4</sup> the gods conspire: cf. i. 195, and *Hey*, iii. 65; "the gods . . . haue conspir'd."

<sup>5</sup> if ought I . . . Cupid . . . condemned: *Hey*, v. 226; "if I have done thicke  
wrong, Love was the cause."

<sup>6</sup> Rouing: see note to l. 651.

<sup>7</sup> a summers day: *V. and A.* 23: "A summer's day."

Yeelding sweete moisture vnto euery flower.  
Euen such were thine at my depart away;

Thy wofull words, with sighs abruptly broken,  
Thy loue and loyaltie did well betoken.

There knew I what I had not knowne beforene,  
Which made me promise such a short retune,<sup>1</sup>

300

“Likewise my sighes, like exhalations,  
Burst from th’ interiour caueres of my hart;<sup>1</sup>  
My ruthfull tongue made bitter exclamations,  
Sounding throughout these groues in euery part.

Look, as the lowring clowdes deface the skies,  
So was my face obscured with mine eyes.

“I knew not this when like a lowly swayne  
I kept my goates within these neigbhour bounds,  
Treadding the measures in this grassy plaine,  
Viewing the Fayries<sup>2</sup> hope their merrie rounde[s]:  
I knewe not this when first of all I knewe thee,  
Which had I knowne, I had disdain’d to view thee.”

305

“As for the promise past which I did make thee,  
Resting vs by this siluer-streaming fount,  
When last to Ioues safe guide I did betake thee,<sup>2</sup>  
Pacing along this pleasant shadie mount  
To take my speedy iourney into Troy,  
When entercourse of griefe bereft our ioy:

“Farre swifter then the winged Pegasus  
Shearing the ayre with braue Bellerephon,<sup>3</sup>  
Our pine-tree barke<sup>4</sup> brought vs to Tenedos,  
Coasting<sup>5</sup> from thence to stately Ilion;

Oh! at that worde, a sudden trembling  
And vncotte<sup>3</sup> feare possessed [her] euery member;<sup>4</sup>  
Replye she would once more without dissembling,  
But sightes and sorrowes did her language<sup>5</sup> hinder:  
As doe the windie stormes drive haile and rayne,  
So sighs drue teares from forth her troubled brayne.

315

<sup>1</sup> *exhalations* . . . *interior caueres*: i.e. earthquakes; *V. and A.* 1046-47:

As when the wind, imprisoned in the ground,

Struggling for passage, earth’s foundation shakes.

<sup>2</sup> *thee*: read “me”?

<sup>3</sup> *swifter* . . . *winged Pegasus Shearing the ayre with . . . Bellerephon*: *Hey.*

<sup>3</sup> *iii. 90-94*: Bellerephon (astride “the swift and winged Pegasus”), “dlef the ayre on a swift winged steede.”

<sup>4</sup> *pine-tree bark*: *Hey.* iii. 180: “a pine-tree barke.”

<sup>5</sup> *Coasting*: this verb normally means “to proceed cautiously, as a vessel hugging the shore”; but Shakespeare (*V. and A.* 870) seems to employ it in the sense of

“hurrying.” “T.H.” apparently, and Heywood certainly, uses it in this unusual sense; see *Hey.* v. 65, 216.

<sup>1</sup> *Which . . . returne*: my ignorance of which caused me to promise a quick return to you.

<sup>2</sup> *Fayries*: The *N.E.D.* does not justify the calling of nymphs “fairies,” but Heywood regularly does so; cf. *Hey.* vi. 279: “Naadaes were Nymphs or Fayries,” and see Introduction, p. xxxvii.

<sup>3</sup> *vncotte*: strange.

<sup>4</sup> *every member*: *Hey.* vi. 252: “all and every member.”

<sup>5</sup> *language*: cf. 1. 145.

Like to a gosling in a puttockes clawes,

320

Or silly doute on whom the hauke hath sezied,

Or to a young lambe in a Lyons pawes

Whose wrathfull furor can not be appeased,

Euen so lyes poore Oenone on the playne,

That liuing, dyed; yet dead, reuid' th againe.<sup>1</sup>

325

And now at length this fit shee doeth recouer,

And riseth vp as wakened from a slumber.

Cleare shines the sunne when all the storne is ouer;

Salt teares, as earst, doe not her minde accumber,

Yet sighes<sup>2</sup> (a preface to ensuing talkē).

She thus goeth on him in his speech to balke.<sup>3</sup>

330

“This stately pine wherein thou has ingrauen  
My name and thine — Lo, where it springeth by thēe!<sup>4</sup> —

These broad-spread beeches, harbor for the Rauen,

Wherewnder thou hast vowed never to deny me,

Beare in their barkes thy solemne protestations,

Which, nowe I finde, were meere dissimulations.

“And, loē! one poplar planted in this Arber,

In whose rough rhyne these verses thou hast carued:  
When Paris thoughtes a second loue doe harber,

340

Sythe fayre Oenone hath so well deserved,

<sup>1</sup> *lyes . . . againe*: *V. and A.* 473-74:

For on the grass she lies as she were slain,

Till his breath breatheth life in her againe.

*Hey.* ii. 84: “to die for love, and then revive againe.”

<sup>2</sup> *sighes*: read “sighing”?

<sup>3</sup> *balke*: “to meet arguments with objections.” — *N.E.D.*, citing Spenser, *F.Q.* 3. 2. 12: “Her list in stryfull termes with him to balke.”

Neuer shall mylchie goate in Ida go,  
Nor siluer swanne swimme in the streames of Po;

“Xanthus swift waues shall runne against the head

And clyme the topes of hye ascending mountaines.”

Runne backeward, Xanthus! I am ill bestead.

Sweete Naiades, haunt yee no more these fountaines!<sup>1</sup>

345

And, snow-white swannes, come helpe me with your breath

That I with you may sing against my death.<sup>2</sup>

“Flint-hearted Phrygian,<sup>3</sup> thou hast broke thy vowē.

Blush, and beholde a Nymph for loue that rages.

And thou, fayre Poplare, still increase and growe,

To be an historie to after-ages.<sup>4</sup>

Winesse this holly-oke whereon thou leanest,

Thou hast disembled: tell me what thou meanest.

“Ah, Paris! when like to a simple groome

Among the gote-heardes thou these groues frequented,

Seeing the skipping Satyres<sup>5</sup> in the broome,

With bagpypes shrill and oken quills contented,

Then didst thou yeeld Oenone prickē and prayes,<sup>6</sup>

Which now is buryed in eternall dayes.

355

<sup>1</sup> *Naiades, haunt . . . fountaines*: *Hey.* vi. 279: “Naiades were Nymphs . . . of the wells and fountaines.”

<sup>2</sup> This and the preceding stanza are closely translated from Ovid.

<sup>3</sup> *Flint-hearted Phrygian*: *V. and A.* 95: “flint-hearted boy.”

<sup>4</sup> *historic to after-ages*: *Hey.* ii. 51: “worthy memory of after-ages.”

<sup>5</sup> *the skipping Satyres*: *Hey.* v. 97: “the skipping Satyrs.”

<sup>6</sup> *yeeld Oenone prickē and prayes*: *Hey.* v. 127: “give to *Pan* the Prick and prayse.”

"Oft hast thou seen me in the meades below

Liuely to leade the Nymphes about the trees,  
And on these bankes where Aescus doth flow

Dauncing to teach Dianaes Votaryes,

When Faunus, father of the rurall gods,<sup>1</sup>

365 Swore that I did surpassee them all by odds.

"The Dawlian byrd<sup>1</sup> with thousand notes at least

Reserves them till the grisping<sup>2</sup> of the euen;

A prickle is prepared for her breast

To celebrate this night an happy steuen;<sup>3</sup>

The whistling blackebirds, and the pleasant thrushes,

With mirthfull Mauis, flocke about the bushes;<sup>4</sup>

385

"Oft hast thou seen me, with thy selfe vnsene  
Of any Nymph saue of my selfe alone,  
Whole after-noones to parye<sup>2</sup> in this greene.  
370 But all these pleasures and delightes are gone.  
Oft haue thy lippes ioynd with these lippes of mine,  
Sending out sugred sighes to Paphos shrine.

"The Satyres, and goat-footed Aegipines,<sup>5</sup>  
Will with their rurall musick come and meete thee;  
With boxen pipes<sup>6</sup> and countrey Tamburines  
Faunus and olde Syluanus they will greeete thee:  
395 Then leaue not them which seem thus to admire<sup>7</sup> thee,  
And leaue not her that doeth so sore desire thee.

395

"Oft hast thou found me by this pleasant Myrtle  
(Greene myrtle, dedicate to loues fayre Queene),  
375 Whose leauie branches stead me for a kirtle,  
Whose spreading toppe hath oft our shadow beene  
When thou sat chaunting out thy loue-sick charmes,  
Holding me deftly in thy limber armes.

"The faire Nappee,<sup>8</sup> beawtie of these bankes,  
As once they daunced at thy wedding day,  
So will they now, and yeelde thee thousand thankes,  
Footing it finely to intreat thy stay.  
The fountaine Nymphes that haunt these pleasant springs,<sup>9</sup>  
One sort will trip it, while another sings.

400

"Yon<sup>3</sup> plants of Phebus, hunny-smelling bayes,  
380 Witnesse with me of thy deceite and flatterie,  
Whose compasse kept vs from the sunnes hotte rayes  
When my poore heart by thee sustein'd a batterie.  
Ah, leaue the court, full fraught with fortunes showres,  
And liue in loue among these leavie bowres.

<sup>1</sup> *The Daulian byrd*: Heywood, *History of Women*, "The Daulian bird."

<sup>2</sup> *grisping*: twilight; cf. Lyly, *Euphues and His England* (ed. Ashe, p. 233), "In

the grisping of the evening."

<sup>3</sup> *steuen*: cf. Chaucer, *Dethe Blanche*, 307: "Some of hem [birds] songe

lowe, Some hygh, and all of one accord . . . Was never herde so sweete a steuen."

<sup>4</sup> *blackebirds* . . . *thrushes* . . . *bushes*: Hey. v. 227: "Black-bird and Thrush

in every Bush."

<sup>5</sup> *Aegipines*: fauns.

<sup>6</sup> *boxen pipes*: pipes made of boxwood.

<sup>7</sup> *admire*: "To regard with admiration mingled with affection." — N.E.D.

<sup>8</sup> *Nappee*: wood nymphs.

<sup>9</sup> *Nymphes that haunt . . . springs*: Hey. ii. 66: "Nymphs that haunt the silver

streams."

<sup>1</sup> *the rurall gods*: Hey. v. 115: "the rurall gods"; vi. 182: "Pan, the rurall god."  
<sup>2</sup> *Oft hast thou seen . . . parye*: Hey. vi. 245: "Oft in familiar conference  
have I seen them [i.e. Oenone and Paris]."  
<sup>3</sup> *Yon*: quarto "You."

"The nimble Fayries, taking hand in hand,  
Will skippe<sup>1</sup> lyke rather<sup>2</sup> lambkins in the downes  
(The tender grasse vnbended still shall stand),<sup>3</sup>  
Coole Zephyrus still flaring vp their gowies;  
And euery shephearde swayne will tune his ode:  
And more then these, to welcome thy abode.

405

"Woonder of Troy!<sup>4</sup> Natures exactest cunning!<sup>5</sup>  
Glorie of shephearde! Idaes chiefe Decorum!<sup>6</sup>  
Directorie<sup>7</sup> of my chusing and my shunning!  
More then a man<sup>8</sup> saue in that fax Amorum!<sup>9</sup>  
That trothlesse Tindaris<sup>10</sup> thy faith defaceth,  
That lust, thy loue, that fault, thy fame, disgraceth.

415 "Then soiourne here where louely Cupid raigneth,  
Within the precinct of this countrey soyle,  
Whose fruitfull fallowes Mauors never staineth  
With bloodie massacres in any broyle:  
Here Cinthia liues that loues the painfull farmour,  
420 Not braue Bellona glistring in her armour.

"The lust of Laeda<sup>11</sup> summons thee to fight  
(I, and be sure the Greeks will be reuenged!)  
I wish no warres; but Hellen, haplesse wight,  
Causeth their rankes and battailes to be renge.<sup>12</sup>  
I feare thy stroakes from fierce Achilles glaie<sup>13</sup>  
Will bring thy poore Oenone to her graue.

425

"To bruise thy corslet bursteth me with care;  
To pierce thy steele doeth penetrate my soule;  
Wounded by foes, Oenone worse will fare,  
For of my teares thou canst not take the towle.  
But if thou needes wilt warre,<sup>14</sup> then warre with me:  
A meeker battaile, trust me, can not be.

435

"I am thy foe, doe what thou canst to force me!  
Tilt, fayre, but fayrely,<sup>15</sup> least thy stroakes rebound.

440

<sup>1</sup> *hand in hand, Will skippe: Hey.* v. 94: "trip hand in hand."  
<sup>2</sup> *rather: earliar, very early.*  
<sup>3</sup> *grasse vnbended . . . stand: see Introduction, p. xxxiv.*  
<sup>4</sup> *Woonder of Troy: V. and A.* 1153: "wonder of time"; *ibid.* 13: "Thou won-  
der."

<sup>5</sup> *Natures exactest cunning: Hey.* ii. 64: "Natures better part of workmanship."  
<sup>6</sup> *Decorum: ornament.*  
<sup>7</sup> *Directorie: guide.*  
<sup>8</sup> *More then a man: V. and A.* 9: "more louely than a man."  
<sup>9</sup> *fax Amorum: i.e. faithlessness. The quarto in error prints "fax."*  
<sup>10</sup> *Tindaris: Helen, so called because the accepted daughter of Tyndareus, of  
Sparta.*

"Fayre, wage no warre, nor giue no warriours wages;  
If thou catch blowes, I shall nor breathe nor blowe<sup>16</sup>;  
My life is pawned if thou lackest gages;  
My heart is scorched if thy anger glowe:  
For euery curtlax glauncing on thy creast  
Craseth<sup>2</sup> the tender heart within my breast.

425

<sup>11</sup> *Laeda: battreth.*  
<sup>12</sup> *The lust of Lezda: Helen, the offspring of Jove's "scape" with Laeda.*  
<sup>13</sup> *renged: ranged.*  
<sup>14</sup> *glaie: glaive, sword.*  
<sup>15</sup> *ware: see Introduction, pp. xxxv-vii.*  
<sup>16</sup> *Tilt, fayre, but fayrely: V. and A.* 208: "Speak, fair, but speak fair words"; *Hey.* iii. 192: "Fight, but fight safe"; *ibid.* vi. 287: "strike, but strike home."

Sit fast and close, or else I will vnhorse thee,  
Yet fall the first, to saue thee from the ground.  
If I be founred, tis but a meere chaunce;  
I force not to be foylede with thy launce.

445 "Thy armes for armour, sute<sup>1</sup> for swords, may stead thee;  
My selfe vnarm'd lighter will I stripp'e.<sup>2</sup>

Thou hast the oddes, and yet I dare to lead<sup>3</sup> thee;  
Ayme where thou wilt, first stroke shall be at lippe.  
The next encounter can doe little harne;  
Well can I winde mee in thy twining arme.<sup>4</sup>

450 "And if I lye the vndermost of all,<sup>5</sup>

It's not the vantage that can make me feare;  
Thou canst not hurt mee with a backewarde fall,<sup>6</sup>  
Poore women-kinde are bredde and borne to beare.  
If to this warre thou canst thy liking frame,  
Bee what thou wilt, and I will be the same.

455 "Be Phaoes<sup>7</sup> Boateman, I will be thy barkle;  
Bathe in this fountaine here a while to sport thee,  
Thy milke-white skinne the pebbles shall not marke,  
Twixt them and thee Ile lye me least they hurt thee;

460 Oh<sup>1</sup> be my sternesman, I will be thy barge,  
It's not thy weight that can me ouercharge;  
Be thou Pigmalion, I his yuorie worke  
(Though woman-like, a colde and senelesse stone),<sup>2</sup>  
Suffer me in thy naked bedde<sup>3</sup> to lurke,  
Cluppe, kisse, colle, loue me like Pigmalion,  
Thou need'st not pray, as he did, for my life,<sup>4</sup>  
Of such a picture<sup>5</sup> I can make thy wife."

465 At this the Troian ganne to chase<sup>6</sup> a laughter;<sup>7</sup>  
He would, and yet no longer could, forbeare it,<sup>8</sup>  
And seemed joyfull Cupid had so caught her,  
Like wanton gyrtles beloued, and loue to heare it.  
This fell vnkindnesse did so fowlie frite her  
That speake she would, but weeping would not let her.

470 Toyes<sup>9</sup> stoppe his tongue but teares her talking hinders;  
Mirth maketh him, but mourning makes her, mute;  
Loues burning coales are turned into cynders,  
Which cold conceite she lysteth not to bruit;<sup>10</sup>

475

<sup>1</sup> *sute*: i.e. suit for my love.

<sup>2</sup> *stripp'e*: cf. *Hey*, iii. 236: "naked I date meet the God of Warre."

<sup>3</sup> *lead*: make the first move, as in fencing.

<sup>4</sup> *thy twining arme*: *V. and A.* 256: "her twining arms."

<sup>5</sup> *by the vndermost of all*: *Hey*, iii. 282: "When you [i.e. Paris] fall, Look that

the Quene [i.e. Helen] lie vnder-most of all."

<sup>6</sup> *backewarde fall*: *V. and A.* 41: "Backward she push'd him, as she would be thrust."

<sup>7</sup> *Phaoes*: Phaon, the boatman beloved by Sappho.

<sup>8</sup> *forbeare it*: Ovid, "Helen to Paris," l. 161: "vix tenui risum, quem dum con-

<sup>9</sup> *Toyes*: things that occasion amusement; here the "laughter" of line 469?

<sup>10</sup> *bruit*: speak of.

Yet, like to Tytan peeping through a clowde,  
She breakes her mind that earst her woe did shrowd:

480     "Thinke not the sonne of great Laomedon<sup>1</sup>  
Or braue Cysseus<sup>2</sup> broode may be ashamed  
To tearme me daughter, though nowe woe begon.  
485     My curious beawty is not to be blamed;  
My hand a scepter well may seeme to holde;  
My temples may support a crowne of golde;

"My hayres (disheueled Arachnes twynes<sup>3</sup>)  
Are likest to Apolloes golden wyers;

490     My cheekees engrained with vermillion lynes;

My quaint conceites haue kindled quenchesse fyers;  
My chrystall lampes,<sup>4</sup> whilome thy whole delight,  
Shine like two bright carbuncles<sup>5</sup> in the night.

"As when bright Tytan in his purple hew<sup>6</sup>  
Leades foorth his leman to his daily race  
495     And with a louely<sup>7</sup> kisse takes his adew,  
Such are the splendant colours of my face,  
To which Fayre Cinthia in lones despite  
Hath entermixt some of her siluer white.<sup>8</sup>

500     "Like Amphetamine, floating on the waues,  
Strippes vp her sleeves to bare her naked wrists,  
And drowning it within the stremme, she raues<sup>1</sup>  
For Corall branches to adorne her fishts,  
Her Iuorie hande inferiour vnto mine.<sup>2</sup>  
505     My Corall-coloured lippes like Rubies shine.

"My breath, like Zephyrus delightfull steame<sup>3</sup>  
That softlie murmureth among the trees  
To rocke the Loue-God in a wanton dreame,  
His curled pate laide on his Psiches knees —  
My selfe as faire as Cupid or his Loue,  
510     Vnworthie Paris should me thus reprooue!  
"My voice, like Venus when she smiling came,  
Drawne in her chariot by her Siluer Dooues,<sup>4</sup>  
To call the God of Battaille by his name,  
When Vulcans wierie Nette bewraied their loues.  
515     Disdainfull Paris, doest thou then abhorre mee?  
What reason hast thou that I am not for thee?<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *rates*: searches the bottom, by lifting up from thence objects for inspection.  
<sup>2</sup> *Strippes . . . bare . . . inferior unto mine*: cf. *Hey. vi. 250*:  
Behold my white wrists, and my arms quite bare,  
And are not these incomparably rare?

<sup>3</sup> *breath . . . steme*: *V. and A. 62-63*:  
Panting he lies, and breatheth in her face;  
Sic feedeth on the steam.

<sup>4</sup> The chariot of Venus is not mentioned by Ovid, but the reference to it here  
may have been inspired by *V. and A. 1190-92*:  
And yokes her siluer doves, by whose swift aid . . .

<sup>5</sup> *lumpes*: eyes, as in *V. and A. 489*, 1128.

<sup>6</sup> *carbuncles*: cf. *Hamlet* II. ii. 485: "With eyes like carbuncles."

<sup>7</sup> *Tyuan . . . purple hew*: *V. and A. 1*: "Even as the sun with purple-colour'd  
face,"

<sup>8</sup> *louely*: full of love.

<sup>9</sup> *Cinthia . . . siluer white*: *V. and A. 728*: "Cynthia . . . her silver shine."

"Are <sup>yp̄e</sup> Iybes the guerdon for my great good will?

Are scoffes and flowtes the loue I merited?

Hath huryfull Helen scooled thee so ill

That loue for lust must thus be disinherited?

For euer maie her whoorish trickes be scand<sup>1</sup>

That breakes the knot of sacred Hymens band!

"Ah, little doest thou know Affections force!

Thou hadst not dealt thus falslie hadst thou knowne it.

Weare my corryuall<sup>2</sup> but a sencelesse Coarse

That bred seditious seede, and heare hath sowne it,<sup>3</sup>

Still had I liued vnlathed of my Louer

That, now forlorne, am forst my face to couer.

"Dost thou disdaine me for thou art so fayre?

Why colours fade, and Beaute it will perish.

Would thou reiect mee wert not<sup>4</sup> Priams Heire?

My fayre thy face, my wealth thy want, might cherishe:

Mine is for ay, thy beautie is but lent.

What greater wealth, I pray thee, then Content?

"Is not my byrth equiuivalent with thine?

I am a Nymph, thou but a mortall creature!<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> scand, criticized, blamed.

<sup>2</sup> corryuall: Hey. ii. 19: "corrival in his love."

<sup>3</sup> Corse . . . seditious seede . . . sowne it: cf Hey. vi. 143:

This putrifid Coarse [of Helen] by him [Paris] so bought . . .  
What broiles, what strage, what slaughter to destroy,  
Did this loth'd curkasse breed 'twixt Greece and Troy!

Became it thee, friend Paris, to forsake  
Thy houshold gods, and such a journey take,  
To hazard seas only to fetch away

From Greece this rotteness, this putrid day?

<sup>4</sup> not: quarto "thou," possibly a compositor's error through post-assimilation.

<sup>5</sup> Nymph . . . mortall creature: see Introduction, p. xxxvii.

Am I not tricked vp in velvets fine?

Nature, not Arte, hath portraiture my feature.

Vnto Eternite thou maist mee summon,

Of thee lesse prised then a gadding woman!

"Forethink<sup>1</sup> thee not that heare thou didst frequent mee

Passing the Spring-tide of thy blooming Age;

Of mee ('base Nymph') thou needst not to repent thee,

I am thy peere in Honors equipage.

But louing Manhood more then Phaebus Deifie,<sup>2</sup>

Thus am I plagued for my great Impietie.

"Weigh with thy selfe howe dearely I haue loued thee,

Receiuing him that offers to reiect mee.

Had not thy tempyng teares with pitty mooued me,

Nought else had force to make me to affect thee,

Which, had I scand them in a right construction,

My coy disdaine had bred thy fowle destruction.

"But finding thee, loe I haue lost my selfe;

To keepe thee dry, my dotage hath me drowned:

Like him that busily to saue his pelfe

Both loosest welth and is him selfe confounded,

Seeking to saue thy life by graunting loue,

I sustaine sorrowe never to remoue.

"When shaggy Satyres in these mountaines sought me

And Faunes showte<sup>3</sup> till echoing hilles resoundes

555

560

520

540

(First,<sup>1</sup> fearefull least some sudden furie caught me,  
The rest, to heale their euercurelesse woundes),  
I hidle me close and neuer come among them.  
Thou art the onely cause that thus I wrong them.

565 "Thou and thy rapc<sup>2</sup> haue done me double wrong,<sup>3</sup>  
But were she here, howe sore would I assault her!  
For Acidalia<sup>4</sup> suffers her too long,  
Thoe I haue offered incense at her alter.

All were I wearyed with Paris guile,  
Yet haue I sent sweete sighes to Cyprus Ile.

570 "A thousand sithes I kept her yeerely heastes  
At Cithara and Paphos louing temple;<sup>5</sup>  
Of long I haunted not Dianas feastes,  
But, louer-like, was foolish, sottish, simple.  
575 Witnessse thou, Priapus, with whose fayre flowers  
I deck her altars and decayed bowers!

"Neuer hereafter will I yeedle her honner;  
Her shrinde vestures euer bee defaced.  
Neuer hereafter will I looke vpon her;  
580 Her painted picture will I see disgraced.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *First*: the first mentioned, i.e. the satyrs.

<sup>2</sup> *rapc*: Helen; see note to line 19.

<sup>3</sup> *hate done me double wrong*: *V. and A.* 429: "hath done me double wrong."

<sup>4</sup> *Acidalia*: Venus.

<sup>5</sup> *louing temple*: temple dedicated to love.

<sup>6</sup> With the general thought of these lines, cf. *Hey.* v. 97:

Have you not heard how *Venus* is contemn'd?  
Her temples gaz'd at, but not troad upon,

Her selfe, her sonne, her fauorites, and her friendes,  
For this injustice can not make amendes.

585 "She gaue my loue, whome I haue loued so well,  
To one that beares her vertue in her browes!<sup>1</sup>  
And for a ball my sollace did she sell!  
Ahl breake her promise, credite, faith, and vowed,  
So shall the Queene of beawtie liue defamed,  
Till of her toyish trickes shee be ashamed.

"Yet once againe, fayre Troian, let mee heare thee  
Speake graciouly (thy colour<sup>2</sup> grace portendeth).  
If I haue wood thee shall another weare thee?  
I on[c]e had woonne thee,<sup>3</sup> too: this onely rendeth  
And teares my heart, halfe melted into teares,  
The breach whereof within my face appears."

590 When this was said, no more she had to say,  
Yet thousand thoughts are in her minde concurring;<sup>4</sup>  
She feares his farewell, least he would not stay,  
Which when she thinks, she stands, no member stirring.

Her stady hangings and her pillowes tone,  
The rosie garlands that her statues crown'd,

Are wither'd, or else trampled on the ground;  
Those troopes that flock'd to *Paphos* to adore mee,

Shun *Paphos* now, and scornfully abhorre mee.

Cf. also *Hey.* v. 100: "When *Cithara* altars were left bare."

<sup>1</sup> *her vertue in her browes*: *Hey.* iii. 227: "such as were borne to nothing but  
beauty."

<sup>2</sup> *colour*: i.e. blushing.

<sup>3</sup> *woode thee . . . weare thee . . . woonne thee*: a favorite expression with  
Heywood, cf. *Hey.* ii. 54; iii. 55, 146; v. 318; vi. 254; etc.

<sup>4</sup> *thousand thoughts . . . concurring*: Heywood, "Paris to Helen," l. 493: "A  
thousand things at once are in my braine."

But now the Troians turne began to speake,  
Who, sunwhat sadly, with her thus did breake:

600

"Fayne Nymph, thy passions vnto mee are painfull.  
My eares do glow to heere thy sad Discourses.

I am not surle, proude, fell, and disdainfull;  
Thou seest my trickling teares are turnd to sources.

605

Nor am I, as I woonted, blithe and iollye;

Thy<sup>1</sup> future fortunes summons mee to follye.

"Cupid, the cause<sup>2</sup> that first of all I loued thee,  
Is the occasion that I needes must leaue thee;

610

The same besiegle my<sup>3</sup> hart and hath remoued<sup>4</sup> mee,  
The selfe same heart<sup>5</sup> that whilome did receaue thee,  
Not hard and stone, or (as thou tearnst it) flinted,<sup>6</sup>  
But wax-like, easie to be soone imprinted.<sup>7</sup>

"The Potters claye receaueth any fashion,  
The melting Snow takes any deepe Impression,<sup>8</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Thy*: read "My"<sup>2</sup>  
<sup>2</sup> *Cupid the cause*: *Hey*: v. 226: "If I have done thee wrong, Love was the cause."  
<sup>3</sup> *my*: quarto "me."  
<sup>4</sup> *removed*: "To move, affect (the heart)." 1600; *Lylly, Love's Mistress*, 4, 2.

"Men whose loves are built on truth, and whose hearts are remoued by curseis." — *N.E.D.*

<sup>5</sup> *the selfe same heart*: *Hey*, iii, 272: "the selfe-same man, but not the selfe-same heart."

<sup>6</sup> *hard . . . stonie . . . finted*: *V. and A.* 199: "obdurate, flinty, hard as steel."

<sup>7</sup> *wax-like, easie to be soone imprinted*: *V. and A.* 565-66: "wax . . . yields . . . to every light impression."

<sup>8</sup> *Snow . . . Impression*: *V. and A.* 354: "new-falln snow takes any daint."

A tender heart is pearced with a passion,  
A grieuous crime is pardoned by confession;

My heart, in Cupids handes to steare and stay,  
More soft then wax, then Snow, then Potters clay.

615

"If he drawe backe his force, his might, his strength,  
Whiche bindes mee bondslauie to a second Ladie,

620

Gaining free-will and libertie at length,  
Soone shalt thou see I will doo all that maie bee;

For with his fierie darte so sore he stingeth<sup>1</sup>  
That from one Spunge both fire and water<sup>2</sup> wringeth.

"Th'attractiue Adamant can drawe no Iron  
If the pure Diamond<sup>3</sup> be placed neere it:

The loue that doth my heart and thought inuiron

Admits thy Plea and suite, and faine would heare it;

But that faire Diamond to whome I am affected  
Withstands thy suite, and makes thee bee reiected.

625

"The purenes of her white and red Complexion,  
As Ieat the strawe, perforce doth drawe my sensces:

She is the Loadde-starre of my whole direction.  
Thus loue with lust vnequaltie dispenses.

A Louers thought, it euermore aspiresh,  
For more he surfeteth he more desireth.<sup>4</sup>

635

<sup>1</sup> *singeth*: pierceth, as with a sharp-pointed weapon.

<sup>2</sup> *Spunge . . . fire and water*: cf. *Heywood, How a Man May Choose* (ed. A. E. H. Swaen, ll. 2426-27); "The sponge of either eye Shall weep red teares,"

<sup>3</sup> *Hey*, iii, 323: "Those eyes that now shed water, shall speake fire."

<sup>4</sup> *Adamant . . . Iron . . . Diamond*: cf. *Lylly, Euphues* (ed. Arber, p. 195): "the Adamant cannot draw yron if the Diamond lye by it."

<sup>4</sup> *surfeteth . . . more desireth*: *V. and A.* 548: "And glutton-like she feeds,

yet never filleth."

“She is no Bawde, no base and filthie woman,  
But one whome heauen and earth haue both admired;

She is not whoorish, toyish, foolish, common,

But whom heauens king & loues queene haue conspired  
To grace mee with; yea, and so much the rather

For Venus is her Planet,<sup>1</sup> loue her father.

640

“But leauing her, returne wce to our selues,  
Whose heart-sicke woundes are hardly to bee healed.

645 Where Cupid mindes to enter, there he delues,  
And, digging deepe, the bargaine must be sealed;  
But, plowing slender furrowes in our hartes,  
Easic resistance is against his darteres.

“What made the gods to trewant it from heauen  
And shift them subtillie into sundrie shapes

650 But he that rouses his shaftes at sixe and seuen,<sup>2</sup>  
Laughing at riot, revelling, and rapes?

His force made loue with Danaes to iest,  
Beguiling faire Alcmena and the rest.

655 “His scapes with fayre Europa<sup>3</sup> shew loues might,  
When like a milke-white bull with siluer hornes,  
His curled front vp-heaued fayre to sight,  
Venting,<sup>4</sup> he browzeth on the budding thornes,

<sup>1</sup> *Planet*: controller; Venus had promised Paris to see to it that Helen accepted his suit; *Hey*, iii. 255: “What shall then succeed Leave to my care.”

<sup>2</sup> *at sixe and seuen*: at random; *Hey*, v. 341: “at sixe and seaven”; *ibid.* vi. 286: “The shafts of loue Are ever shot at random.”

<sup>3</sup> *scapes with fayre Europa*: *Hey*, iii. 72: “the fayre Europa’s rape . . . Such scapes may breed iust feares.” Heywood very often used the word “scapes” in the sense “sexual affairs,” as ii. 37: “*joue* when his love-scapes he attempted.”

<sup>4</sup> *Venting*: snuffing up the air.

And, beast like bellowing through the fruitiful meads,  
He followeth fast whither his fayre hecfar leades.<sup>1</sup>

660

“Loue made him falsifie his nuptiall oath  
To Juno (loue is in no lawe contained<sup>2</sup>);

Well might she make the King of heauen wroath,  
And yet his crankes will never be refrained.

So cunningly Calisto he beguyl’d,

A mayde was thought to get a mayde with childe.  
A mayde was thought to get a mayde with childe.

665

“A many moe might quickelie bee recited:  
For her, a snake, for this, a feathered swanne:

And he, that alwayes foyled where he fighted,<sup>3</sup>

Hath bene euer captiuated as a man.

The wanton wagge he sparcth not one nor other,  
For he hath dared to dart them at his mother.

670

“The Imperious boy made Hercules to stoope  
That tamed tyrants and did master monsters,<sup>4</sup>

And pent him vp within a slender coop.

Ab, lordly loue the minde of man misconsters!

He makes Alcides put apart his glaue,

And to his tentes to followe him like a slaye.

<sup>1</sup> *folloeweth . . . his fayre hecfar leades*: the stanza was probably inspired by *Venus and Adonis*, ll. 259-324.

<sup>2</sup> *loue is in no lawe contained*: cf. Lyly, *Euphues* (ed. Arber, p. 93): “Loue knoweth no lawes; Did not *Imperius* transforme himselfe into . . . etc.

<sup>3</sup> *he . . . foyled*: i.e. Mars. *V. and A.* 1.14: “that foiled the god of fight.”

<sup>4</sup> *tamed tyrants . . . master monsters*: *Hey*, iii. 241: “The Tyrant-tamer and the great Monster-maister.”

680 "For his victorious clubbe, he holdes a rocke,<sup>1</sup>  
Bound by his mistresse to a daylie taske;<sup>2</sup>  
And for his Lions spoyles, a womans frocke,  
Spinning as much as Iole<sup>3</sup> would aske.

Who would haue deemed that he which conquered all  
Should thus by loue come to so foule a fall?

685 "The lawes of loue are full of pure diuinite;<sup>4</sup>  
Beawtie, it is attractive and deuine.

This caused Cinthia that had vowde virginitie  
Her horned compasse to the earth decline  
To giue long sleeping Latmian swayne a kisse —  
690 His favrenesse did deserue no lesse then this.

"Thy selfe no lesse ouer-heated with this flame:  
Well I remember thou diddest often tell mee  
That Phelus hath requested<sup>5</sup> euen the same  
Which I obtained; Phebus did excell mee;  
It was Cupid, caretesse of thy loue and life,  
695 That stung<sup>6</sup> thee deeply to be Paris wife.

"On him, therefore, and on his soule abuses,  
(That ruddely ruleth) let barely<sup>7</sup> him bee blamed;

And make mee witlesse<sup>1</sup> for my late excuses.  
Let 'vnkinde' Paris never more bee named;  
If on the ragged rockes a shippe be splitted,  
The sternesman, not the Carake, should be twitted.

700

"Loe! Sol vnbrideleth his sweating steedes,  
And watereth them within the Westerne deepe;<sup>2</sup>  
And Tytan, tearing of his smoaking weedes,  
His fierie charriot in the wawes doeth steepe;  
The nightingale beginnes to tune her layes;  
Good night, fayre nymph; now I must go my wayes.<sup>3</sup>

"Oh take mee too," quoth shee, "goe not alone!"  
With this shee plunkt him by the eskarfe and stayde him,  
And held him till her holde was almost gone.  
When strength awayled not, with tongue shee prayed him.  
Hee breaketh holde, and from her armes hee skippes.  
Yet first hee kist her<sup>4</sup> on her rose-redde lippes.<sup>5</sup>

705

With this sad extasie shee was accloyed,  
For this kinde kisse (I gesse) did almost kill her;  
1 witlesse: cf. Beard, *Theatre of God's Judgment*, 1597; "Guiltless and witless  
of the crime."

2 steedes . . . deepe: Hey. v. 273: "Now bright *Hiperion* hath unloos'd his  
teame, And washt his coach-steeds in . . ."; *ibid.* iii. 229: "And thence decline  
our Chariot towards the West, Till we haue washt our Coach-steeds . . ."

3 This entire stanza was suggested by the stanza in *Venus and Adonis*, lines  
529-34, beginning: "Look! the world's comforter," and ending: "Do summon us  
to part and bid good night."

4 Yet first hee kist her: Heywood, *De Arte Amandi*, p. 36: "First, ere he took  
his flight, he kist his son."

5 That *Phebus* hath requested: i.e. the love of Oenone; cf. ll. 137-38.  
6 stung: pierced, as with a dart.  
7 barely: entirely.

Shee sownded, either greeued, or ouer-joyed.

Accursed kisse, that sought so soone to spill her!

Thus lay shee, blood and breath of<sup>1</sup> strength bereft her;

Which when the Trojan see he straightwaires left her.

720

And mounting brauely on his stiffe neckt steede<sup>2</sup>  
Galloppes with switch and spurre and tilting launce.

Horse<sup>3</sup> echoing hoofe againe her woe did breed,  
Whose hollowe sound doeth wake her from her traunce.

725 Rising as from a sleepe to looke about her,  
Thus she laments for that hee went without her.

Bending her eyes downe to the grasse-greene plaine,

Her chalke-white fist vpon a flower she seizes;

Powring foorth siluer droppes,<sup>4</sup> sayth once againe:

730 "Where is that hearbe that cureth all diseases? —

Ah! those his amorous cheekes, with pretty dimples,<sup>5</sup>

Hath wrought a wound not to bee cur'd by simples.<sup>6</sup>

"If hearbes could cure the heart that Cupid woundeth,  
There is no slippe, no bud, no flowre that springeth

735 But I can shewe his force whereon he groundeth  
His name and nature. Cupid, when he stingeth,

<sup>1</sup> *of*: read "and"? Or does the poet mean that the failing of blood and breath  
bereft her of strength?

<sup>2</sup> *stiffe neckt steede*: *V.* and *A.* 263: "strong-neck'd steed."

<sup>3</sup> *Horse*: read "Th' horse's," or "Whose"?

<sup>4</sup> *silver droppes*: *Hey.* iii. 13; vi. 261.

<sup>5</sup> *cheekes* . . . *pretty dimples*: *V.* and *A.* 242: "That in each cheek appears a  
pretty dimple."

<sup>6</sup> *wound not to bee cur'd by simples*: *Hey.* v. 131: "All earths simples cannot  
cure his wound."

And shoothes his shaftes to rankle in my heart,  
There is no helpe by Aesculapius arte."<sup>11</sup>

Then did she cast flowre from her in a rage,

And passed further to a pearled brooke;

Her language stopt as byrd pent vp in cage,

Yet, gaining freedome, bondage hath forsooke.

Thus, with an inward horror cleane amazed,

Shee speakes these words as on the stremme she gazed:

740

"Oh well of woe, that canst not wash with water  
Nor browne the trilling teares of my bemonings,  
Oh bewteous brooke, where oft Diana sate her,

Beare record of my griefe and ghastly gronings!

Carrie my cares, my cause, my bitter anguish

Vnto the strand where sinnefull soules doe languish!

750

"Thou marsh-god, Pales, soueraigne of these fennes,  
Depart with proude Apollo from these meades!  
You Hages & Goblins, leaue your darkesome dennes  
And vnfrequented pathes where no man treads,  
Leave your sad caues, & haunt these hateful grounds,  
And hand in hand hope out your duelish roundes!"<sup>2</sup>

755

<sup>1</sup> According to Ovid, "Oenone to Paris," ll. 145-50, Apollo imparted to Oenone  
his secret knowledge of the medicinal virtues of herbs. Cf. *Hey.* vi. 291: Apollo,  
after confessing that Cupid's "shafts have pierct me deep," observes:

Physike is myne, I first devis'd that Art,

And could it help me, I were then assur'd:

But Love is by no Simples to be cur'd.

<sup>2</sup> *hand in hand hoppe* . . . *rounde*: *Hey.* v. 94: "In dances sphericall trip  
hand in hand."

"When Paris went, the gods went from these fieldes;  
When hee tooke leaue, the aged Pan departed;

No grapes the vine, no sape the soyle, nowe yeeldes.

(Oh! who would thinke that fayre could be false hearted?)

You gods, that guide the earth and every creature,  
Returne the soyle his sape the fieldes their feature.<sup>1</sup>

760

"Yee ragged clifffes of never touched rockes,

Helpes to recount my sorrowes and my crosses!

You huntresses tricked vp in tucked frockes,

Helpes to lament yours, theirs, mine, all our losses!

Howle & lament, you clifffes, rocks, clowdy mountains,

Clear-chrystal streams, wels, brooks, & touely fountains!<sup>2</sup>

765

Nowe leauing these, for these would take no pittie,  
Shee runnes like hynde or Roe-bucke to the heardes,

And, like a turtle chaunting out a dittie,  
Beginnes with those that shake their hayrie beardes:

"Yee goats," quoth she, "that kneppe these flowing stalks,  
Pittie my woes, my wordes, my wandering walkes!

770

"Yee stottes<sup>3</sup> & steeres throughout these pastures ranging;  
Yong<sup>4</sup> kiddes and sheepe on these fat lees fast grazing;  
Rough pated Rammes, your valour never chaunging;  
Y ou light-foote stagges, that stand aloofe a-gazing;<sup>5</sup>

775

So wanders poore Oenone through the thickets,  
Vncertaine where to stay or where to rest her;

<sup>1</sup> *feature*: comeliness.

<sup>2</sup> *streams* . . . *fountains*: Heywood was fond of thus stringing nouns together;

cf. vi. 260: "Forrests, groves, and mountaines, fields, and floods." <sup>3</sup> *stotter*: usually "steers," but sometimes, as probably here, heifers; cf. I. 779.

<sup>4</sup> *Yong*: read "You"?

<sup>5</sup> *stagges* . . . *stand* . . . *a-gazing*: Hey. i. 10: "Stand at gaze, As do the herds of deer."

Goates, bulles, young hecfers, kids, and simple sheepe,  
Vine spoyleing beasts, helpe me to mourne and weepe!"

780

But when shee sawe her cheeke in vaine were watred,  
Her pearled teares to no intent were scattered,

Shee then recordes<sup>1</sup> his too disdainefull hatred

Scorning the fortresse (fayre fort!) he had battered.

785

When, wandring through the desarts, dennes, and dailes,  
Her late lost loue she inwardly bewayles.

Like to a shipp with tempestes all too dashed,

Beaten with billowes, and almost ouer-turned,

Whose hollowe wombe with watrie waues is washed,

So wandereth shee with flaming fancie burned;

Or to a passenger that lost his way

Feareth his steppes, yet wotes not where to stray;

Or likkest to a new strooke bleeding hart

That runnes to secke Dictam[n]us flower to cure it,<sup>2</sup>

And, nighly wasted with the pinching smart,

Restes as hee runnes, not able to endure it,

Yet runnes againe when hunters hup & shouthe him,

Striung for life, yet deaths wound beures about him;

790

Or recordes: calls to mind; Hey. iii. 59: "When I record the Oracle."

<sup>2</sup> *hart* . . . *Dictam[n]us* . . . *cure it*: cf. Lyl, *Euphnes* (ed. Arber, p. 61): "the Hart being perec with the dart, runneth out of hand to the heath *Dictamnum*, and is healed."

Nowe sittes she still; now doeth she chace the prickes.<sup>1</sup>  
Heauen helpe (poore soule!) her new searcht wound doth fester.  
Here leauē I her, with loues disdain rewardē,<sup>2</sup>  
Of her selfe forlorne, of Paris vnregarded.

FINIS.

<sup>1</sup> *prickes*: bucks in their second year.

<sup>2</sup> *with loues disdain rewardē*: the main theme of both *Venus and Adonis* and *Oenone and Paris*.