



Venus and Adonis

Shakespeare, William, 1564-1616

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VENUS AND ADONIS

by William Shakespeare

'Villa miretur vulgus; mihi flavus Apollo
Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua.'

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY
WRIOTHESLEY,

EARL OF SOUHAMPTON, AND BARON OF
TICHFIELD.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

I know not how I shall offend in dedicating
my unpolished lines to your lordship, nor
how the world will censure me for
choosing so strong a prop to support so
weak a burthen: only, if your honour seem
but pleased, I account myself highly
praised, and vow to take advantage of all
idle hours, till I have honoured you with
some graver labour. But if the first heir of
my invention prove deformed, I shall be
sorry it had so noble a godfather, and

never after ear so barren a land, for fear it
yield me still so bad a harvest. I leave it to
your honourable survey, and your honour
to your heart's content; which I wish may
always answer your own wish and the
world's hopeful expectation.

Your honour's in all duty,

WILLIAM

SHAKESPEARE.

VENUS AND ADONIS

EVEN as the sun with purple-colour'd face
Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping
morn, Rose-cheek'd Adonis tried him to
the chase; Hunting he lov'd, but love he
laugh'd to scorn; 4 Sick-thoughted
Venus makes amain unto him, And like a
bold-fac'd suitor 'gins to woo him.

'Thrice fairer than myself,' thus she began,
'The field's chief flower, sweet above
compare, 8 Stain to all nymphs, more
lovely than a man, More white and red
than doves or roses are; Nature that made
thee, with herself at strife, Saith that the
world hath ending with thy life. 12

'Vouchsafe, thou wonder, to alight thy
steed, And rein his proud head to the
saddle-bow; If thou wilt deign this favour,
for thy meed A thousand honey secrets

shalt thou know: 16 Here come and
sit, where never serpent hisses; And being
set, I'll smother thee with kisses:

'And yet not cloy thy lips with loath'd
satiety, But rather famish them amid their
plenty, 20 Making them red and
pale with fresh variety; Ten kisses short as
one, one long as twenty: A summer's day
will seem an hour but short, Being wasted
in such time-beguiling sport.' 24

With this she seizeth on his sweating palm,
The precedent of pith and livelihood, And,
trembling in her passion, calls it balm,
Earth's sovereign salve to do a goddess
good: 28 Being so enrag'd, desire
doth lend her force Courageously to
pluck him from his horse.

Over one arm the lusty courser's rein
Under her other was the tender boy,

32 Who blush'd and pouted in a dull
disdain, With leaden appetite, unapt to
toy; She red and hot as coals of glowing
fire He red for shame, but frosty in desire.

36

The studded bridle on a ragged bough
Nimbly she fastens;--O! how quick is
love:-- The steed is stalled up, and even
now To tie the rider she begins to prove:

40 Backward she push'd him, as
she would be thrust, And govern'd him in
strength, though not in lust.

So soon was she along, as he was down,
Each leaning on their elbows and their
hips:

44 Now doth she stroke his
cheek, now doth he frown, And 'gins to
chide, but soon she stops his lips; And
kissing speaks, with lustful language
broken, 'If thou wilt chide, thy lips shall
never open.' 48

He burns with bashful shame; she with her
tears Doth quench the maiden burning of
his cheeks; Then with her windy sighs and
golden hairs To fan and blow them dry
again she seeks: 52 He saith she is
immodest, blames her miss; What follows
more she murders with a kiss.

Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,
Tires with her beak on feathers, flesh and
bone, 56 Shaking her wings, devouring
all in haste, Till either gorge be stuff'd or
prey be gone; Even so she kiss'd his brow,
his cheek, his chin, And where she ends
she doth anew begin. 60

Forc'd to content, but never to obey,
Panting he lies, and breatheth in her face;
She feedeth on the steam, as on a prey,
And calls it heavenly moisture, air of
grace; 64 Wishing her cheeks were

gardens full of flowers So they were dewd
with such distilling showers.

Look! how a bird lies tangled in a net, So
fasten'd in her arms Adonis lies;

68 Pure shame and aw'd resistance made
him fret, Which bred more beauty in his
angry eyes: Rain added to a river that is
rank Perforce will force it overflow the
bank. 72

Still she entreats, and prettily entreats, For
to a pretty ear she tunes her tale; Still is he
sullen, still he lours and frets, 'Twixt
crimson shame and anger ashy-pale;

76 Being red she loves him best; and
being white, Her best is better'd with a
more delight.

Look how he can, she cannot choose but
love; And by her fair immortal hand she

'I have been woo'd, as I entreat thee now,
Even by the stern and direful god of war,
Whose sinewy neck in battle ne'er did
bow, Who conquers where he comes m
every jar; 100 Yet hath he been my
captive and my slave, And begg'd for that
which thou unask'd shalt have.

'Over my altars hath he hung his lance, His
batter'd shield, his uncontrolled crest,
104 And for my sake hath learn'd to sport
and dance To toy, to wanton, dally, smile,
and jest; Scorning his churlish drum and
ensign red Making my arms his field, his
tent my bed. 108

'Thus he that overrul'd I oversway'd,
Leading him prisoner in a red-rose chain:
Strong-temper'd steel his stronger strength
obey'd, Yet was he servile to my coy
disdain. 112 O! be not proud, nor

brag not of thy might, For mastering her
that foil'd the god of fight.

Touch but my lips with those fair lips of
thine,-- Though mine be not so fair, yet are
they red,-- 116 The kiss shall be thine
own as well as mine: What seest thou in the
ground? hold up thy head: Look in mine
eyeballs, there thy beauty lies; Then why
not lips on lips, since eyes in eyes? 120

'Art thou ashamed to kiss? then wink again,
And I will wink; so shall the day seem
night; Love keeps his revels where there
are but twain; Be bold to play, our sport is
not in sight: 124 These blue-vein'd
violets whereon we lean Never can blab,
nor know not what we mean.

'The tender spring upon thy tempting lip
127 Shows thee unripe, yet mayst thou
well be tasted: Make use of time, let not

advantage slip; Beauty within itself should
not be wasted: Fair flowers that are not
gather'd in their prime Rot and consume
themselves in little time. 132

'Were I hard-favour'd, foul, or
wrinkled-old, Ill-nurtur'd, crooked,
churlish, harsh in voice, O'erworn,
despised, rheumatic, and cold,
Thick-sighted, barren, lean, and lacking
juice, 136 Then mightst thou pause, for
then I were not for thee; But having no
defects, why dost abhor me?

"Thou canst not see one wrinkle in my brow;
139 Mine eyes are grey and bright,
and quick in turning; My beauty as the
spring doth yearly grow; My flesh is soft
and plump, my marrow burning; My
smooth moist hand, were it with thy hand
felt. Would in thy palm dissolve, or seem
to melt. 144

'Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,
Or like a fairy, trip upon the green, Or,
like a nymph, with long dishevell'd hair,
Dance on the sands, and yet no footing
seen: 148 Love is a spirit all compact
of fire, Not gross to sink, but light, and
will aspire.

'Witness this primrose bank whereon I lie;
 151 These forceless flowers like sturdy
trees support me; Two strengthless doves
will draw me through the sky, From morn
till night, even where I list to sport me: Is
love so light, sweet boy, and may it be
That thou shouldst think it heavy unto thee?
 156

'Is thine own heart to shine own face
affected? Can thy right hand seize love
upon thy left? Then woo thyself, be of
thyself rejected, Steal thine own freedom,

and complain on theft. 160 Narcissus so
himself himself forsook, And died to kiss
his shadow in the brook.

'Torches are made to light, jewels to wear,
Dainties to taste, fresh beauty for the use,

164 Herbs for their smell, and sappy
plants to bear; Things growing to
themselves are growth's abuse: Seeds
spring from seeds, and beauty breedeth
beauty; Thou wast begot; to get it is thy
duty. 168

'Upon the earth's increase why shouldst
thou feed, Unless the earth with thy
increase be fed? By law of nature thou art
bound to breed, That thine may live when
thou thyself art dead; 172 And so in
spite of death thou dost survive, In that
thy likeness still is left alive.'

By this the love-sick queen began to sweat,

For where they lay the shadow had forsook
them, 176 And Titan, tired in the
mid-day heat With burning eye did hotly
overlook them, Wishing Adonis had his
team to guide, So he were like him and
by Venus' side. 180

And now Adonis with a lazy spright, And
with a heavy, dark, disliking eye, His
louring brows o'erwhelming his fair sight,
Like misty vapours when they blot the sky,
 184 Souring his cheeks, cries, 'Fie!
no more of love: The sun doth burn my
face; I must remove.'

'Ay me,' quoth Venus, 'young, and so
unkind! What bare excuses mak'st thou to
be gone! 188 I'll sigh celestial
breath, whose gentle wind Shall cool the
heat of this descending sun: I'll make a
shadow for thee of my hairs; 191 If
they burn too, I'll quench them with my

tears.

'The sun that shines from heaven shines
but warm, And lo! I lie between that sun
and thee: The heat I have from thence doth
little harm, Thine eye darts forth the fire
that burneth me; 196 And were I not
immortal, life were done Between this
heavenly and earthly sun.

'Art thou obdurate, flinty, hard as steel?
Nay, more than flint, for stone at rain
relenteth: 200 Art thou a woman's son,
and canst not feel What 'tis to love? how
want of love tormenteth? O! had thy
mother borne so hard a mind, 203
She had not brought forth thee, but died
unkind.

'What am I that thou shouldst condemn me
this? Or what great danger dwells upon my

suit? What were thy lips the worse for one
poor kiss? Speak, fair; but speak fair
words, or else be mute: Give me one kiss,
I'll give it thee again, 209 And one for
interest if thou wilt have twain.

'Fie! lifeless picture, cold and senseless
stone, Well-painted idol, image dull and
dead, 212 Statue contenting but the
eye alone, Thing like a man, but of no
woman bred: Thou art no man, though of
a man's complexion, For men will kiss
even by their own direction.' 216

This said, impatience chokes her pleading
tongue, And swelling passion doth
provoke a pause; Red cheeks and fiery
eyes blaze forth her wrong; Being judge in
love, she cannot right her cause: 220
And now she weeps, and now she fain
would speak, And now her sobs do her
intendments break.

Sometimes she shakes her head, and then
his hand; Now gazeth she on him, now on
the ground; 224 Sometimes her arms
infolde him like a band: She would, he will
not in her arms be bound; And when from
thence he struggles to be gone, She locks
her lily fingers one in one. 228

'Fondling,' she saith, 'since I have hemm'd
thee here Within the circuit of this ivory
pale, I'll be a park, and thou shalt be my
deer; Feed where thou wilt, on mountain
or in dale: 232 Graze on my lips, and
if those hills be dry, Stray lower, where
the pleasant fountains lie.

'Within this limit is relief enough, Sweet
bottom-grass and high delightful plain,
236 Round rising hillocks, brakes obscure
and rough, To shelter thee from tempest
and from rain: Then be my deer, since I

am such a park; 239 No dog shall
rouse thee, though a thousand bark.'

At this Adonis smiles as in disdain, That in
each cheek appears a pretty dimple: Love
made those hollows, if himself were slain,
He might be buried in a tomb so simple;

 244 Foreknowing well, if there he
came to lie, Why, there Love liv'd, and
there he could not die.

These lovely caves, these round
enchanting pits, Open'd their mouths to
swallow Venus' liking. 248 Being mad
before, how doth she now for wits? Struck
dead at first, what needs a second
striking? Poor queen of love, in thine own
law forlorn, To love a cheek that smiles at
thee in scorn! 252

Now which way shall she turn? what shall
she say? Her words are done, her woes the

more increasing; The time is spent, her
object will away, And from her twining
arms doth urge releasing: 256 'Pity,'
she cries; 'some favour, some remorse!'
Away he springs, and hasteth to his horse.

But lo! from forth a copse that neighbours
by, A breeding jennet, lusty, young, and
proud, 260 Adonis' tramping courier
doth espy, And forth she rushes, snorts
and neighs aloud: The strong-neck'd
steed, being tied unto a tree, Breaketh his
rein, and to her straight goes he. 264

Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he
bounds, And now his woven girths he
breaks asunder; The bearing earth with his
hard hoof he wounds, Whose hollow womb
resounds like heaven's thunder; The iron
bit he crusheth 'tween his teeth, 269
Controlling what he was controlled with.

His ears up-prick'd; his braided hanging
mane Upon his compass'd crest now stand
on end; 272 His nostrils drink the air,
and forth again, As from a furnace, vapours
doth he send: His eye, which scornfully
glisters like fire, Shows his hot courage
and his high desire. 276

Sometime he trots, as if he told the steps,
With gentle majesty and modest pride;
Anon he rears upright, curvets and leaps,
As who should say, 'Lo! thus my strength is
tried; And this I do to captivate the eye
 281 Of the fair breeder that is
standing by.'

What reckoneth he his rider's angry stir, His
flattering 'Holla', or his 'Stand, I say'?
284 What cares he now for curb or
pricking spur? For rich caparisons or
trapping gay? He sees his love, and
nothing else he sees, Nor nothing else

with his proud sight agrees. 288

Look, when a painter would surpass the
life, In limning out a well-proportion'd
steed, His art with nature's workmanship at
strife, As if the dead the living should
exceed; 292 So did this horse excel
a common one, In shape, in courage,
colour, pace and bone.

Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks shag
and long, Broad breast, full eye, small
head, and nostril wide, High crest, short
ears, straight legs and passing strong, Thin
mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender
hide: Look, what a horse should have he
did not lack, Save a proud rider on so
proud a back. 300

Sometimes he scuds far off, and there he
stares; Anon he starts at stirring of a
feather; To bid the wind a base he now

prepares, And whe'r he run or fly they
know not whether; 304 For through his
mane and tail the high wind sings,
Fanning the hairs, who wave like feather'd
wings.

He looks upon his love, and neighs unto
her; She answers him as if she knew his
mind; 308 Being proud, as females
are, to see him woo her, She puts on
outward strangeness, seems unkind,
Spurns at his love and scorns the heat he
feels, Beating his kind embracements
with her heels. 312

Then, like a melancholy malcontent, He
vails his tail, that, like a falling plume, Cool
shadow to his melting buttock lent: He
stamps, and bites the poor flies in his
fume. 316 His love, perceiving how he
is enrag'd, Grew kinder, and his fury was
assuag'd.

His testy master goeth about to take him;
When lo! the unback'd breeder, full of fear,
320 Jealous of catching, swiftly doth
forsake him, With her the horse, and left
Adonis there: As they were mad, unto the
wood they hie them, Outstripping crows
that strive to overfly them. 324

All swoln with chafing, down Adonis sits,
Banning his boisterous and unruly beast:
And now the happy season once more fits,
That love-sick Love by pleading may be
blest; 328 For lovers say, the heart
hath treble wrong When it is barr'd the
aidance of the tongue.

An oven that is stopp'd, or river stay'd,
Burneth more hotly, swelleth with more
rage: 332 So of concealed sorrow may
be said; Free vent of words love's fire doth
assuage; But when the heart's attorney

once is mute The client breaks, as
desperate in his suit. 336

He sees her coming, and begins to glow,--
Even as a dying coal revives with wind,--
And with his bonnet hides his angry brow;
Looks on the dull earth with disturbed
mind, 340 Taking no notice that she is
so nigh, 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;

344 To note the fighting conflict of her
hue, How white and red each other did
destroy: But now her cheek was pale, and
by and by It flash'd forth fire, as lightning
from the sky. 348

Now was she just before him as he sat, And
like a lowly lover down she kneels; With
one fair hand she heaveth up his hat, Her

other tender hand his fair cheek feels:

352 His tenderer cheek receives her soft
hand's print, As apt as new-fall'n snow
takes any dint.

O! what a war of looks was then between
them; Her eyes petitioners to his eyes
suing; 356 His eyes saw her eyes as
they had not seen them; Her eyes woo'd
still, his eyes disdain'd the wooing: And
all this dumb play had his acts made plain
With tears, which, chorus-like, her eyes
did rain.

Full gently now she takes him by the hand,
361 A lily prison'd in a gaol of snow,
Or ivory in an alabaster band; So white a
friend engirts so white a foe: 364
This beauteous combat, wilful and
unwilling, Show'd like two silver doves
that sit a-billing.

Once more the engine of her thoughts
began: 'O fairest mover on this mortal
round, 368 Would thou wert as I
am, and I a man, My heart all whole as
thine, thy heart my wound; For one sweet
look thy help I would assure thee, Though
nothing but my body's bane would cure
thee.'

'Give me my hand,' saith he, 'why dost thou
feel it?' 'Give me my heart,' saith she, 'and
thou shalt have it; O! give it me, lest thy
hard heart do steel it, And being steel'd,
soft sighs can never grave it: 376 Then
love's deep groans I never shall regard,
Because Adonis' heart hath made mine
hard.'

'For shame,' he cries, 'let go, and let me go;
My day's delight is past, my horse is gone,
 380 And 'tis your fault I am bereft him
so: I pray you hence, and leave me here

alone: For all my mind, my thought, my
busy care, Is how to get my palfrey from
the mare.' 384

Thus she replies: 'Thy palfrey, as he
should, Welcomes the warm approach of
sweet desire: Affection is a coal that must
be cool'd; Else, suffer'd, it will set the heart
on fire: 388 The sea hath bounds, but
deep desire hath none; Therefore no
marvel though thy horse be gone.

'How like a Jade he stood, tied to the tree,
Servilely master'd with a leathern rein!

392 But when he saw his love, his youth's
fair fee, He held such petty bondage in
disdain; Throwing the base thong from
his bending crest, Enfranchising his
mouth, his back, his breast. 396

'Who sees his true-love in her naked bed,
Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than

white, But, when his glutton eye so full hath
fed, His other agents aim at like delight?

400 Who is so faint, that dare not bo
so bold To touch the fire, the weather
being cold?

'Let me excuse thy courser, gentle boy;
And learn of him, I heartily beseech thee,

404 To take advantage on presented
joy Though I were dumb, yet his
proceedings teach thee. O learn to love,
the lesson is but plain, And once made
perfect, never lost again. 408

'I know not love,' quoth he, 'nor will not
know it, Unless it be a boar, and then I
chase it; 'Tis much to borrow, and I will not
owe it; My love to love is love but to
disgrace it; 412 For I have heard it is
a life in death, That laughs and weeps,
and all but with a breath.

'Who wears a garment shapeless and
unfinish'd? Who plucks the bud before one
leaf put forth? 416 If springing things
be any jot diminish'd, They wither in their
prime, prove nothing worth; The colt
that's back'd and burden'd being young
Loseth his pride, and never waxeth strong.

420

'You hurt my hand with wringing let us
part, And leave this idle theme, this
bootless chat: Remove your siege from my
unyielding heart; To love's alarms it will
not ope the gate: 424 Dismiss your
vows, your feigned tears, your flattery;
For where a heart is hard they make no
battery.'

'What! canst thou talk?' quoth she, 'hast
thou a tongue? O! would thou hadst not, or
I had no hearing; 428 Thy mermaid's
voice hath done me double wrong; I had

my load before, now press'd with bearing:

Melodious discord, heavenly tune,
harsh-sounding, Ear's deep-sweet music,
and heart's deep-sore wounding.

'Had I no eyes but ears, my ears would
love 433 That inward beauty and
invisible; Or were I deaf, thy outward parts
would move Each part in me that were but
sensible: 436 Though neither eyes
nor ears, to hear nor see, Yet should I be
in love by touching thee.

'Say, that the sense of feeling were bereft
me, And that I could not see, nor hear, nor
touch, 440 And nothing but the very
smell were left me, Yet would my love to
thee be still as much; For from the
stillitory of thy face excelling Comes
breath perfum'd that breedeth love by
smelling.

'But O! what banquet wert thou to the taste,
445 Being nurse and feeder of the
other four; Would they not wish the feast
might ever last, And bid Suspicion
double-lock the door, Lest Jealousy, that
sour unwelcome guest, Should, by his
stealing in, disturb the feast?' 448

Once more the ruby-colour'd portal
open'd, Which to his speech did honey
passage yield, 452 Like a red morn,
that ever yet betoken'd Wrack to the
seaman, tempest to the field, Sorrow to
shepherds, woe unto the birds, Gusts and
foul flaws to herdmen and to herds. 456

This ill presage advisedly she marketh:
Even as the wind is hush'd before it
raineth, Or as the wolf doth grin before he
barketh, Or as the berry breaks before it
staineth, 460 Or like the deadly
bullet of a gun, His meaning struck her

ere his words begun.

And at his look she flatly falleth down For
looks kill love, and love by looks reviveth;

464 A smile recures the wounding of a
frown; But blessed bankrupt, that by love
so thriveth! The silly boy, believing she is
dead Claps her pale cheek, till clapping
makes it red; 468

And all amaz'd brake off his late intent, For
sharply he did think to reprehend her,
Which cunning love did wittily prevent:
Fair fall the wit that can so well defend her!

472 For on the grass she lies as she
were slain Till his breath breatheth life in
her again.

He wrings her nose, he strikes her on the
cheeks, He bends her fingers, holds her
pulses hard, 476 He chafes her lips; a
thousand ways he seeks To mend the hurt

that his unkindness marr'd: He kisses her;
and she, by her good will, Will never rise,
so he will kiss her still. 480

The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day:
Her two blue windows faintly she
up-heaveth, Like the fair sun, when in his
fresh array He cheers the morn, and all the
world relieveth: 484 And as the bright
sun glorifies the sky, So is her face
illumin'd with her eye;

Whose beams upon his hairless face are
fix'd, As if from thence they borrow'd all
their shine. 488 Were never four such
lamps together mix'd, Had not his clouded
with his brow's repine; But hers, which
through the crystal tears gave light Shone
like the moon in water seen by night.

492

'O! where am I?' quoth she, 'in earth or

heaven, Or in the ocean drench'd, or in the
fire? What hour is this? or morn or weary
even? Do I delight to die, or life desire?

496 But now I liv'd, and life was
death's annoy; But now I died, and death
was lively joy.

'O! thou didst kill me; kill me once again:
Thy eyes' shrewd tutor, that hard heart of
thine, 500 Hath taught them scornful
tricks, and such disdain, That they have
murder'd this poor heart of mine; And
these mine eyes, true leaders to their
queen, But for thy piteous lips no more
had seen. 504

'Long may they kiss each other for this
cure! O! never let their crimson liveries
wear; And as they last, their verdure still
endure, To drive infection from the
dangerous year: 508 That the
star-gazers, having writ on death, May

say, the plague is banish'd by thy breath.

'Pure lips, sweet seals in my soft lips
imprinted, What bargains may I make, still
to be sealing? 512 To sell myself I can
be well contented, So thou wilt buy and
pay and use good dealing; Which
purchase if thou make, for fear of slips Set
thy seal-manual on my wax-red lips.

516

'A thousand kisses buys my heart from me;
And pay them at thy leisure, one by one.
What is ten hundred touches unto thee?
Are they not quickly told and quickly
gone? 520 Say, for non-payment that
the debt should double, Is twenty
hundred kisses such a trouble?'

'Fair queen,' quoth he, 'if any love you owe
me, Measure my strangeness with my
unripe years: 524 Before I know

myself, seek not to know me; No fisher but
the ungrown fry forbears: The mellow
plum doth fall, the green sticks fast, Or
being early pluck'd is sour to taste.

528

'Look! the world's comforter, with weary
gait His day's hot task hath ended in the
west; The owl, night's herald, shrieks, 'tis
very late; The sheep are gone to fold,
birds to their nest, 532 And coal-black
clouds that shadow heaven's light Do
summon us to part, and bid good night.

'Now let me say good night, and so say
you; If you will say so, you shall have a
kiss.' 536 'Good night,' quoth she; and
ere he says adieu, The honey fee of
parting tender'd is: Her arms do lend his
neck a sweet embrace; Incorporate then
they seem, face grows to face. 540

Till, breathless, he disjoin'd, and backward
drew The heavenly moisture, that sweet
coral mouth, Whose precious taste her
thirsty lips well knew, Whereon they
surfeit, yet complain on drouth: 544
He with her plenty press'd, she faint with
dearth, Their lips together glu'd, fall to
the earth.

Now quick desire hath caught the yielding
prey, And glutton-like she feeds, yet never
filleth; 548 Her lips are conquerors, his
lips obey, Paying what ransom the insulter
willeth; Whose vulture thought doth pitch
the price so high, That she will draw his
lips' rich treasure dry. 552

And having felt the sweetness of the spoil,
With blindfold fury she begins to forage;
Her face doth reek and smoke, her blood
doth boil, And careless lust stirs up a
desperate courage; 556 Planting

oblivion, beating reason back, Forgetting
shame's pure blush and honour's wrack.

Hot, faint, and weary, with her hard
embracing, Like a wild bird being tam'd
with too much handling, Or as the fleet-foot
roe that's tir'd with chasing, 561 Or like the
froward infant still'd with dandling, He
now obeys, and now no more resisteth,
While she takes all she can, not all she
listeth. 564

What wax so frozen but dissolves with
tempering, And yields at last to every light
impression? Things out of hope are
compass'd oft with venturing, Chiefly in
love, whose leave exceeds commission:
568 Affection faints not like a pale-fac'd
coward, But then woos best when most his
choice is froward.

When he did frown, O! had she then gave

over, Such nectar from his lips she had not
suck'd. 572 Foul words and frowns
must not repel a lover; What though the
rose have prickles, yet 'tis pluck'd: Were
beauty under twenty locks kept fast, Yet
love breaks through and picks them all at
last.

For pity now she can no more detain him;

577 The poor fool prays her that he
may depart: She is resolv'd no longer to
restrain him, Bids him farewell, and look
well to her heart, 580 The which, by
Cupid's bow she doth protest, He carries
thence incaged in his breast.

'Sweet boy,' she says, 'this night I'll waste
in sorrow, For my sick heart commands
mine eyes to watch. 584 Tell me, Love's
master, shall we meet to-morrow Say, shall
we? shall we? wilt thou make the match?'
He tells her, no; to-morrow he intends To

hunt the boar with certain of his friends.

588

'The boar!' quoth she; whereat a sudden
pale, Like lawn being spread upon the
blushing rose, Usurps her cheeks, she
trembles at his tale, And on his neck her
yoking arms she throws: 592 She
sinketh down, still hanging by his neck,
He on her belly falls, she on her back.

Now is she in the very lists of love, Her
champion mounted for the hot encounter:

596 All is imaginary she doth prove, He
will not manage her, although he mount
her; That worse than Tantalus' is her
annoy, To clip Elysium and to lack her
joy. 600

Even as poor birds, deceiv'd with painted
grapes, Do surfeit by the eye and pine the
maw, Even so she languisheth in her

mishaps, As those poor birds that helpless
berries saw. 604 The warm effects
which she in him finds missing, She seeks
to kindle with continual kissing.

But all in vain, good queen, it will not be:
She hath assay'd as much as may be
prov'd; 608 Her pleading hath
deserv'd a greater fee; She's Love, she
loves, and yet she is not lov'd. 'Fie, fie!' he
says, 'you crush me; let me go; You have
no reason to withhold me so.' 612

'Thou hadst been gone,' quoth she, 'sweet
boy, ere this, But that thou told'st me thou
wouldst hunt the boar. O! be advis'd; thou
know'st not what it is With javelin's point a
churlish swine to gore, 616 Whose
tushes never sheath'd he whetteth still,
Like to a mortal butcher, bent to kill.

'On his bow-back he hath a battle set Of

bristly pikes, that ever threat his foes;
620 His eyes like glow-worms shine when
he doth fret; His snout digs sepulchres
where'er he goes; Being mov'd, he strikes
whate'er is in his way, And whom he
strikes his crooked tushes slay. 624

'His brawny sides, with hairy bristles
arm'd, Are better proof than thy spear's
point can enter; His short thick neck
cannot be easily harm'd; Being ireful, on
the lion he will venture: 628 The
thorny brambles and embracing bushes,
As fearful of him, part, through whom he
rushes.

'Alas! he nought esteems that face of thine,
To which Love's eyes pay tributary gazes;

632 Nor thy soft hands, sweet lips, and
crystal eyne, Whose full perfection all the
world amazes; But having thee at vantage,
wondrous dread! Would root these

beauties as he roots the mead.

'O! let him keep his loathsome cabin still;

637 Beauty hath nought to do with such
foul fiends: Come not within his danger by
thy will; They that thrive well take counsel
of their friends. When thou didst name the
boar, not to dissemble, I fear'd thy
fortune, and my joints did tremble.

'Didst thou not mark my face? was it not
white? Saw'st thou not signs of fear lurk in
mine eye? 644 Grew I not faint? And fell
I not downright? Within my bosom,
whereon thou dost lie, My boding heart
pants, beats, and takes no rest, But, like
an earthquake, shakes thee on my breast.

'For where Love reigns, disturbing
Jealousy 649 Doth call himself
Affection's sentinel; Gives false alarms,
suggesteth mutiny, And in a peaceful hour

doth cry "Kill, kill!" 652 Distempering
gentle Love in his desire, As air and water
do abate the fire.

'This sour informer, this bate-breeding
spy, This canker that eats up Love's tender
spring, 656 This carry-tale, dissentious
Jealousy, That sometime true news,
sometime false doth bring, Knocks at my
heart, and whispers in mine ear That if I
love thee, I thy death should fear: 660

'And more than so, presenteth to mine eye
The picture of an angry-chafing boar,
Under whose sharp fangs on his back doth
lie An image like thyself, all stain'd with
gore; 664 Whose blood upon the
fresh flowers being shed Doth make them
droop with grief and hang the head.

'What should I do, seeing thee so indeed,
That tremble at the imagination?

668 The thought of it doth make my faint
heart bleed, And fear doth teach it
divination: I prophesy thy death, my
living sorrow, If thou encounter with the
boar to-morrow. 672

'But if thou needs wilt hunt, be rul'd by me;
Uncouple at the timorous flying hare, Or at
the fox which lives by subtilty, Or at the
roe which no encounter dare: 676
Pursue these fearful creatures o'er the
downs, And on thy well-breath'd horse
keep with thy hound.

'And when thou hast on foot the purblind
hare, Mark the poor wretch, to overshoot
his troubles 680 How he outruns the
winds, and with what care He cranks and
crosses with a thousand doubles: The
many musits through the which he goes
Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.

'Sometime he runs among a flock of sheep,
To make the cunning hounds mistake their
smell, And sometime where earth-delving
conies keep, To stop the loud pursuers in
their yell, 688 And sometime
sorteth with a herd of deer; Danger
deviseth shifts, wit waits on fear:

'For there his smell with others being
mingled, 691 The hot scent-snuffing
hounds are driven to doubt, Ceasing their
clamorous cry till they have singled With
much ado the cold fault cleanly out; Then
do they spend their mouths: Echo replies,
As if another chase were in the skies.

696

'By this, poor Wat, far off upon a hill,
Stands on his hinder legs with listening
ear, To hearken if his foes pursue him still:
Anon their loud alarums he doth hear;

700 And now his grief may be
compared well To one sore sick that hears
the passing bell.

'Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled
wretch Turn, and return, indenting with the
way;

704 Each envious briar his
weary legs doth scratch, Each shadow
makes him stop, each murmur stay: For
misery is trodden on by many, And being
low never reliev'd by any. 708

'Lie quietly, and hear a little more; Nay, do
not struggle, for thou shalt not rise: To
make thee hate the hunting of the boar,
Unlike myself thou hear'st me moralize,

712 Applying this to that, and so to so;
For love can comment upon every woe.

'Where did I leave?' 'No matter where,'
quoth he 'Leave me, and then the story
aptly ends: 716 The night is spent,'

'Why, what of that?' quoth she. 'I am,' quoth he, 'expected of my friends; And now 'tis dark, and going I shall fall.' 'In night,' quoth she, 'desire sees best of all.' 720

But if thou fall, O! then imagine this, The earth, in love with thee, thy footing trips, And all is but to rob thee of a kiss.

723 Rich preys make true men thieves; so do thy lips Make modest Dian cloudy and forlorn, Lest she should steal a kiss and die forsworn.

'Now of this dark night I perceive the reason: Cynthia for shame obscures her silver shine 728 Till forging Nature be condemn'd of treason, For stealing moulds from heaven that were divine; Wherein she fram'd thee in high heaven's despite, To shame the sun by day and her by night.

'And therefore hath she brib'd the
Destinies, To cross the curious
workmanship of nature To mingle beauty
with infirmities, And pure perfection with
impure defeature; 736 Making it
subject to the tyranny Of mad mischances
and much misery;

'As burning fevers, agues pale and faint,
Life-poisoning pestilence and frenzies
wood, 740 The marrow-eating
sickness, whose attains Disorder breeds
by heating of the blood; Surfeits,
imposthumes, grief, and damn'd despair,
Swear nature's death for framing thee so
fair. 744

'And not the least of all these maladies But
in one minute's fight brings beauty under:
Both favour, savour hue, and qualities,
Whereat the impartial gazer late did
wonder, 748 Are on the sudden

wasted, thaw'd and done, As
mountain-snow melts with the mid-day
sun.

'Therefore, despite of fruitless chastity,
Love-lacking vestals and self-loving nuns,

752 That on the earth would breed a
scarcity And barren dearth of daughters
and of sons, Be prodigal: the lamp that
burns by night Dries up his oil to lend the
world his light. 756

'What is thy body but a swallowing grave,
Seeming to bury that posterity Which by
the rights of time thou needs must have, If
thou destroy them not in dark obscurity?

760 If so, the world will hold thee in
disdain, Sith in thy pride so fair a hope is
slain.

'So in thyself thyself art made away; A

mischief worse than civil home-bred strife,
764 Or theirs whose desperate hands
themselves do slay, Or butcher-sire that
reeves his son of life. Foul-cankering rust
the hidden treasure frets, But gold that's
put to use more gold begets.' 768

'Nay then,' quoth Adon, 'you will fall again
Into your idle over-handled theme; The
kiss I gave you is bestow'd in vain, And all
in vain you strive against the stream;
772 For by this black-fac'd night, desire's
foul nurse, Your treatise makes me like
you worse and worse.

'If love have lent you twenty thousand
tongues, And every tongue more moving
than your own, 776 Bewitching like
the wanton mermaid's songs, Yet from
mine ear the tempting tune is blown; For
know, my heart stands armed in mine ear,
And will not let a false sound enter there;

'Lest the deceiving harmony should run
 Into the quiet closure of my breast; And
 then my little heart were quite undone, In
 his bedchamber to be barr'd of rest.

784 No, lady, no; my heart longs not to
 groan, But soundly sleeps, while now it
 sleeps alone.

'What have you urg'd that I cannot
 reprove? The path is smooth that leadeth
 on to danger; 790 I hate not love, but
 your device in love That lends
 embracements unto every stranger. You
 do it for increase: O strange excuse!
 When reason is the bawd to lust's abuse.

792

'Call it not, love, for Love to heaven is fled,
 Since sweating Lust on earth usurp'd his
 name; Under whose simple semblance he

hath fed Upon fresh beauty, blotting it with
blame; 796 Which the hot tyrant
stains and soon bereaves, As caterpillars
do the tender leaves.

'Love comforteth like sunshine after rain,
But Lust's effect is tempest after sun;
800 Love's gentle spring doth always fresh
remain, Lust's winter comes ere summer
half be done. Love surfeits not, Lust like a
glutton dies; Love is all truth, Lust full of
forged lies. 804

'More I could tell, but more I dare not say;
The text is old, the orator too green.
Therefore, in sadness, now I will away; My
face is full of shame, my heart of teen:
808 Mine ears, that to your wanton talk
attended Do burn themselves for having
so offended.'

With this he breaketh from the sweet

embrace 811 Of those fair arms which
bound him to her breast, And homeward
through the dark laund runs apace; Leaves
Love upon her back deeply distress'd.
Look, how a bright star shooteth from the
sky So glides he in the night from Venus'
eye; 816

Which after him she darts, as one on shore
Gazing upon a late-embarked friend, Till
the wild waves will have him seen no
more, Whose ridges with the meeting
clouds contend: 820 So did the
merciless and pitchy night Fold in the
object that did feed her sight.

Whereat amaz'd, as one that unaware Hath
dropp'd a precious jewel in the flood,
824 Or 'stonish'd as night-wanderers often
are, Their light blown out in some
mistrustful wood; Even so confounded in
the dark she lay, Having lost the fair

And now she beats her heart, whereat it
groans, That all the neighbour caves, as
seeming troubled, Make verbal repetition
of her moans; Passion on passion deeply is
redoubled: 832 'Ay me!' she cries,
and twenty times, 'Woe, woe!' And twenty
echoes twenty times cry so.

She marking them, begins a wailing note,
And sings extemporally a woeful ditty;

836 How love makes young men thrall
and old men dote; How love is wise in folly
foolish-witty: Her heavy anthem stili
concludes in woe, And still the choir of
echoes answer so. 840

Her song was tedious, and outwore the
night, For lovers' hours are long, though
seeming short: If pleas'd themselves,
others, they think, delight In such like

circumstance, with such like sport: 844
Their copious stories, oftentimes begun,
End without audience, and are never done.

For who hath she to spend the night withal,
But idle sounds resembling parasites;

848 Like shrill-tongu'd tapsters
answering every call, Soothing the humour
of fantastic wits? She says, "'Tis so:' they
answer all, "'Tis so;' And would say after
her, if she said 'No'. 852

Lo! here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
And wakes the morning, from whose silver
breast The sun ariseth in his majesty;

856 Who doth the world so
gloriously behold, That cedar-tops and
hills seem burnish'd gold.

Venus salutes him with this fair good
morrow: 'O thou clear god, and patron of

all light, 860 From whom each lamp
and shining star doth borrow The
beauteous influence that makes him
bright, There lives a son that suck'd an
earthly mother, May lend thee light, as
thou dost lend to other'

This said, she hasteth to a myrtle grove,
865 Musing the morning is so much
o'erworn, And yet she hears no tidings of
her love; She hearkens for his hounds and
for his horn: 868 Anon she hears them
chant it lustily, And all in haste she
coasteth to the cry.

And as she runs, the bushes in the way
Some catch her by the neck, some kiss her
face, 872 Some twine about her thigh to
make her stay: She wildly breaketh from
their strict embrace, Like a milch doe,
whose swelling dugs do ache, Hasting to
feed her fawn hid in some brake. 876

By this she hears the hounds are at a bay;
Whereat she starts, like one that spies an
adder Wreath'd up in fatal folds just in his
way, The fear whereof doth make him
shake and shudder; Even so the timorous
yelping of the hounds 881 Appals her
senses, and her spirit confounds.

For now she knows it is no gentle chase,
But the blunt boar, rough bear, or lion
proud, 884 Because the cry remaineth
in one place, Wilere fearfully the dogs
exclaim aloud: Finding their enemy to be
so curst, They all strain courtesy who
shall cope him first.

This dismal cry rings sadly in her ear,
889 Througll which it enters to surprise
her heart; Who, overcome by doubt and
bloodless fear, With cold-pale weakness
numbs each feeling part; Like soldiers,

when their captain once doth yield, They
basely fly and dare not stay the field.

Thus stands she in a trembling ecstasy,
Till, cheering up her senses sore dismay'd,
896 She tells them 'tis a causeless
fantasy, And childish error, that they are
afraid; Bids them leave quaking, bids
them fear no more: And with that word
she spied the hunted boar;

Whose frothy mouth bepainted all with
red, 901 Like milk and blood being
mingled both together, A second fear
through all her sinews spread, Which
madly hurries her she knows not whither:

904 This way she runs, and now she will
no further, But back retires to rate the
boar for murder.

A thousand spleens bear her a thousand
ways, She treads the path that she untreads

again; 908 Her more than haste is
mated with delays, Like the proceedings of
a drunken brain, Full of respects, yet
nought at all respecting, In hand with all
things, nought at all effecting.

Here kennel'd in a brake she finds a
hound, 913 And asks the weary caitiff
for his master, And there another licking of
his wound, Gainst venom'd sores the only
sovereign plaster; 916 And here she
meets another sadly scowling, To whom
she speaks, and he replies with howling.

When he hath ceas'd his ill-resounding
noise, Another flap-mouth'd mourner,
black and grim, 920 Against the welkin
volleys out his voice; Another and another
answer him, Clapping their proud tails to
the ground below, Shaking their scratch'd
ears, bleeding as they go.

Look, how the world's poor people are
amaz'd 925 At apparitions, signs, and
prodigies, Whereon with fearful eyes they
long have gaz'd, Infusing them with
dreadful prophecies; 928 So she at
these sad sighs draws up her breath,
And, sighing it again, exclaims on Death.

'Hard-favour'd tyrant, ugly, meagre, lean,
 931 Hateful divorce of love,'--thus
chides she Death,-- 'Grim-grinning ghost,
earth's worm, what dost thou mean To stifle
beauty and to steal his breath, Who when
he liv'd, his breath and beauty set Gloss
on the rose, smell to the violet? 936

'If he be dead, O no! it cannot be, Seeing
his beauty, thou shouldst strike at it; O yes!
it may; thou hast no eyes to see, But
hatefully at random dost thou hit.

940 Thy mark is feeble age, but thy false
dart Mistakes that aim and cleaves an

infant's heart.

'Hadst thou but bid beware, then he had spoke, And, hearing him, thy power had lost his power. 944 The Destinies will curse thee for this stroke; They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluck'st a flower. Love's golden arrow at him should have fled, And not Death's ebon dart, to strike him dead. 948

'Dost thou drink tears, that thou provok'st such weeping? What may a heavy groan advantage thee? Why hast thou cast into eternal sleeping Those eyes that taught all other eyes to see? 952 Now Nature cares not for thy mortal vigour Since her best work is ruin'd with thy rigour.'

Here overcome, as one full of despair, She veil'd her eyelids, who, like sluices, stopp'd 956 The crystal tide that from her

two cheeks fair In the sweet channel of her
bosom dropp'd But through the
flood-gates breaks the silver rain, And
with his strong course opens them again.

960

O! how her eyes and tears did lend and
borrow; Her eyes seen in the tears, tears in
her eye; Both crystals, where they view'd
each other's sorrow, Sorrow that friendly
sighs sought still to dry; 964 But like a
stormy day, now wind, now rain, Sighs
dry her cheeks, tears make them wet
again.

Variable passions throng her constant
woe, As striving who should best become
her grief; 968 All entertain'd, each
passion labours so, That every present
sorrow seemeth chief, But none is best;
then join they all together, Like many
clouds consulting for foul weather. 972

By this, far off she hears some huntsman
holloa; A nurse's song no'er pleas'd her
babe so well: The dire imagination she did
follow This sound of hope doth labour to
expel; 976 For now reviving joy
bids her rejoice, And flatters her it is
Adonis' voice.

Whereat her tears began to turn their tide,
Being prison'd in her eye, like pearls in
glass; 980 Yet sometimes falls an orient
drop beside, Which her cheek melts, as
scorning it should pass To wash the foul
face of the sluttish ground, Who is but
drunken when she seemeth drown'd.

O hard-believing love! how strange it
seems 985 Not to believe, and yet too
credulous; Thy weal and woe are both of
them extremes; Despair and hope make
thee ridiculous: 988 The one doth

flatter thee in thoughts unlikely, In likely
thoughts the other kills thee quickly.

Now she unweaves the web that she hath
wrought, Adonis lives, and Death is not to
blame; 992 It was not she that call'd
him all to naught, Now she adds honours to
his hateful name; She clepes him king of
graves, and grave for kings, Imperious
supreme of all mortal things. 996

'No, no,' quoth she, 'sweet Death, I did but
jest; Yet pardon me, I felt a kind of fear
Whenas I met the boar, that bloody beast,
Which knows no pity, but is still severe;

1000 Then, gentle shadow,--truth I must
confess-- I rail'd on thee, fearing my
love's decease.

'Tis not my fault: the boar provok'd my
tongue; Be wreak'd on him, invisible
commander; 1004 'Tis he, foul

creature, that hath done thee wrong; I did
but act, he 's author of my slander: Grief
hath two tongues: and never woman yet,
Could rule them both without ten women's
wit.'

Thus hoping that Adonis is alive,
1009 Her rash suspect sile doth extenuate;
And that his beauty may the better thrive,
With Death she humbly doth insinuate;

1012 Tells him of trophies, statues,
tombs; and stories His victories, his
triumphs, and his glories.

'O Jove!' quoth she, 'how much a fool was I,
To be of such a weak and silly mind

1016 To wail his death who lives and must
not die Till mutual overthrow of mortal
kind; For he being dead, with him is
beauty slain, And, beauty dead, black
chaos comes again. 1020

'Fie, fie, fond love! thou art so full of fear As
one with treasure laden, hemm'd with
thieves Trifles, unwitnessed with eye or
ear, Thy coward heart with false
bethinking grieves.' 1024 Even at this
word she hears a merry horn Whereat
she leaps that was but late forlorn.

As falcon to the lure, away she flies; The
grass stoops not, she treads on it so light;
1028 And in her haste unfortunately spies
The foul boar's conquest on her fair
delight; Which seen, her eyes, as
murder'd with the view, Like stars
asham'd of day, themselves withdrew:

Or, as the snail, whose tender horns being
hit, 1033 Shrinks backwards in his shelly
cave with pain, And there, all smother'd
up, in shade doth sit, Long after fearing to
creep forth again; 1036 So, at his
bloody view, her eyes are fled Into the

deep dark cabills of her head;

Where they resign their office and their
light To the disposing of her troubled
brain; 1040 Who bids them still
consort with ugly night, And never wound
the heart with looks again; Who, like a
king perplexed in his throne, By their
suggestion gives a deadly groan, 1044

Whereat each tributary subject quakes; As
when the wind, imprison'd in the ground,
Struggling for passage, earth's foundation
shakes, Which with cold terror doth men's
minds confound. This mutiny each part
doth so surprise 1049 That from
their dark beds once more leap her eyes;

And, being open'd, threw unwilling light
Upon the wide wound that the boar had
trench'd In his soft flank; whose wonted lily
white 1053 With purple tears, that his

wound wept, was drench'd: No flower was
nigh, no grass, herb, leaf, or weed But
stole his blood and seem'd with him to
bleed.

This solemn sympathy poor Venus noteth,
1057 Over one shoulder doth she
hang her head, Dumbly she passions,
franticly she doteth; She thinks he could
not die, he is not dead: 1060 Her
voice is stopp'd, her joints forget to bow,
Her eyes are mad that they have wept till
now.

Upon his hurt she looks so steadfastly, That
her sight dazzling makes the wound seem
three; And then she reprehends her
mangling eye, 1065 That makes more
gashes where no breach should be: His
face seems twain, each several limb is
doubled; For oft the eye mistakes, the
brain being troubled.

'My tongue cannot express my grief for
one, 1069 And yet,' quoth she, 'behold
two Adons dead! My sighs are blown
away, my salt tears gone, Mine eyes are
turn'd to fire, my heart to lead: 1072
Heavy heart's lead, melt at mine eyes' red
fire! So shall I die by drops of hot desire.

'Alas! poor world, what treasure hast thou
lost! What face remains alive that's worth
the viewing? Whose tongue is music now?
what canst thou boast Of things long since,
or anything ensuing? 1078 The
flowers are sweet, their colours fresh and
trim; But true-sweet beauty liv'd and died
with him.

'Bonnet nor veil henceforth no creature
wear! 1081 Nor sun nor wind will ever
strive to kiss you: Having no fair to lose,
you need not fear; The sun doth scorn you,

and the wind doth hiss you: But when
Adonis liv'd, sun and sharp air 1085
Lurk'd like two thieves, to rob him of his
fair:

'And therefore would he put his bonnet on,
Under whose brim the gaudy sun would
peep; 1088 The wind would blow it
off, and, being gone, Play with his locks:
then would Adonis weep; And straight, in
pity of his tender years, They both would
strive who first should dry his tears.

'To see his face the lion walk'd along
1093 Behind some hedge, because he
would not fear him; To recreate himself
when he hath sung, The tiger would be
tame and gently hear him; 1096 If he
had spoke, the wolf would leave his prey,
And never fright the silly lamb that day.

'When he beheld his shadow in the brook,

The fishes spread on it their golden gills;

1100 When he was by, the birds such
pleasure took, That some would sing,
some other in their bills Would bring him
mulberries and ripe-red cherries He fed
them with his sight, they him with berries.

'But this foul, grim, and urchin-spouted
boar, 1105 Whose downward eye still
looketh for a grave, Ne'er saw the
beauteous livery that he wore; Witness the
entertainment that he gave: 1108 If
he did see his face, why then I know He
thought to kiss him, and hath killed him so.

"Tis true, 'tis true; thus was Adonis slain: He
ran upon the boar with his sharp spear,

1112 Who did not whet his teeth at him
again, But by a kiss thought to persuade
him there; And nuzzling in his flank, the
loving swine Sheath'd unaware the tusk in
his soft groin. 1116

'Had I been tooth'd like him, I must
confess, With kissing him I should have
kill'd him first; But he is dead, and never
did he bless My youth with his; the more
am I accurst.' 1120 With this she
falleth in the place she stood, And stains
her face with his congealed blood.

Sho looks upon his lips, and they are pale;
She takes him by the hand, and that is
cold; 1124 She whispers in his ears a
heavy tale, As if they heard the woeful
words she told; She lifts the coffer-lids that
close his eyes, Where, lo! two lamps, burnt
out, in darkness lies;

Two glasses where herself herself beheld
1129 A thousand times, and now no
more reflect; Their virtue lost, wherein
they late excell'd, And every beauty
robb'd of his effect: 1132 'Wonder

of time,' quoth she, 'this is my spite, That,
you being dead, the day should yet be
light.

'Since thou art dead, lo! here I prophesy,
Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend:

1136 It shall be waited on with jealousy,
Find sweet beginning, but unsavoury end;
Ne'er settled equally, but high or low;
That all love's pleasure shall not match his
woe.

'It shall be fickle, false, and full of fraud,
1141 Bud and be blastod in a
breathing-while; The bottom poison, and
the top o'erstraw'd With sweets that shall
the truest sight beguile: 1144 The
strongest body shall it make most weak,
Strike the wise dumb and teach the fool to
speak.

'It shall be sparing and too full of riot,

Teaching decrepit age to tread the
measures; 1148 The staring ruffian
shall it keep in quiet, Pluck down the rich,
enrich the poor with treasures; It shall be
raging mad, and silly mild, Make the
young old, the old become a child.

1152

'It shall suspect where is no cause of fear; It
shall not fear where it should most
mistrust; It shall be merciful, and too
severe, And most deceiving when it seems
most just; 1156 Perverse it shall be,
where it shows most toward, Put fear to
velour, courage to the coward.

'It shall be cause of war and dire events,
And set dissension 'twixt the son and sire;

 1160 Subject and servile to all
discontents, As dry combustious matter is
to fire: Sith in his prime Death doth my
love destroy, They that love best their

love shall not enjoy.' 1164

By this, the boy that by her side lay kill'd
Was melted like a vapour from her sight,
And in his blood that on the ground lay
spill'd, A purple flower sprung up,
chequer'd with white; 1168 Resembling
well his pale cheeks, and the blood
Which in round drops upon their
whiteness stood.

She bows her head, the new-sprung flower
to smell, Comparing it to her Adonis'
breath; 1172 And says within her
bosom it shall dwell, Since he himself is
reft from her by death: She drops the
stalk, and in the breach appears Green
dropping sap, which she compares to
tears.

'Poor flower,' quoth she, 'this was thy
father's guise, Sweet issue of a more

sweet-smelling sire, For every little grief
to wet his eyes: To grow unto himself was
his desire, 1180 And so 'tis shine;
but know, it is as good To wither in my
breast as in his blood.

'Here was thy father's bed, here in my
breast; Thou art the next of blood, and 'tis
thy right: 1184 Lo! in this hollow cradle
take thy rest, My throbbing heart shall
rock thee day and night: There shall not
be one minute in an hour Wherein I will
not kiss my sweet love's flower.'

Thus weary of the world, away she hies,
1189 And yokes her silver doves; by
whose swift aid Their mistress, mounted,
through the empty skies In her light
chariot quickly is convey'd; 1192
Holding their course to Paphos, where
their queen Means to immure herself and
not be seen.

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