

{ornament}



H E R O

A N D

L E A N D E R ▶

By Chriftopher Marloe.

{illustration}

L O N D O N,
Printed by Adam Iflip,
for Edward Blunt.

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To the Right Worshipfull, Sir Thomas Walsingham, Knight.

S *Ir, wee thinke not our felues discharged of
the dutie wee owe to our friend, when wee
haue brought the breathlesse bodie to the
earth : for albeit the eye there taketh his
5 euer farwell of that beloued obiect, yet the
impreſſion of the man, that hath beene deare vnto vs, li-
uing an after life in our memory, there putteth vs in mind
of farther obſequies due vnto the deceaſed. And namely
of the performance of what ſoeuer we may iudge ſhal make
10 to his liuing credit, and to the effecting of his determinati-
ons preuented by the ſtroke of death. By theſe meditations
(as by an intellectuall will) I ſuppoſe my ſelfe executor to
the vnhappily deceaſed author of this Poem, vpon whom
knowing that in his life time you beſtowed many kind fa-
15 uours, entertaining the parts of reckoning and woorth which
you found in him, with good countenance and liberall affe-
ction : I cannot but ſee ſo far into the will of him dead, that
whatſoeuer iffue of his brain ſhould chance to come abroad,*

A iij<r> that

The Epistle Dedicatorie.

20 *that the first breath it should take might be the gentle aire
of your liking : for fince his felfe had ben accustomed ther-
vnto, it would prooue more agreeable and thriuing to his
right children, than any other fofter countenance what foeuer.
At this time feeing that this vnfinished Tragedy happens
25 vnder my hands to be imprinted ; of a double duty, the one
to your felfe, the other to the deceafed, I prefent the fame to
your moft fauourable allowance, offering my vtmoft
felfe now and euer to bee readie, At your
Worships difpofing :*

Edward Blunt.

{ornament}

<A iijv>

Hero and Leander.

$\langle A_{ivr} \rangle$ V_{pon}

Hero and Leander.

Vpon her head ſhe ware a myrtle vvreath,
From vvhence her vaile reacht to the ground beneath.
Her vaile vvas artificiall flovvers and leaues,
20 VVhose vvorkmanſhip both man and beaft deceaues.
Many vvould praife the fvveet ſmell as ſhe paſt,
VVhen t'vvas the odour vvwhich her breath foorth caſt.
And there for honie, bees haue fought in vaine,
And beat from thence, haue lighted there againe.
25 About her necke hung chaines of peble ſtone,
VVhich lightned by her necke, like Diamonds ſhone.
She vvare no gloues, for neither funne nor wind
VVould burne or parch her hands, but to her mind,
Or vvarme or coole them, for they tooke delite
30 To play vpon thoſe hands, they were ſo vvwhite.
Buskins of ſhels all filuered, vfed ſhe,
And brancht vvith bluſhing corall to the knee ;
VVhere ſparrovves pearcht, of hollovv pearle and gold,
Such as the vvorld vvould vvonder to behold :
35 Thoſe vvith fvveet vvater oft her handmaid ſils,
VVhich as ſhee vvvent vvould cherupe through the bils.
Some fay, for her the faireſt *Cupid* pyn'd,
And looking in her face, vvas ſtrooken blind.
But this is true, ſo like vvas one the other,
40 As he imagin'd *Hero* vvas his mother.
And oftentimes into her bofome flevv,
About her naked necke his bare armes threvv.

<A ivv> And

Hero and Leander.

And laid his childifh head vpon her breft,
And vvith ftill panting rockt, there tooke his reft.
45 So louely faire was *Hero*, *Venus* Nun,
As nature vvept, thinking fhe vvas vndone ;
Becaufe fhe tooke more from her than fhe left,
And of fuch vvondrous beautie her bereft :
Therefore in figne her treafure fuffred vvracke,
50 Since *Heroes* time, hath halfe the vvorld beene blacke.
Amorous Leander, beautifull and yoong,
(Whofe tragedie diuine *Mufæus* foong)
Dvvelt at *Abidus* , fince him, dvvelt there none,
For whom fucceeding times make greater mone.
55 His dangling treffes that were neuer fhorne,
Had they beene cut, and vnto *Colchos* borne,
Would haue allu'rd the vent'rous youth of *Greece*,
To hazard more, than for the golden Fleece.
Faire *Cinthia* vvifht, his armes might be her fpheare,
60 Greefe makes her pale, becaufe fhe mooues not there.
His bodie vvas as ftraight as *Circes* vvand,
Ioue might haue fipt out *Nectar* from his hand.
Euen as delicious meat is to the taft,
So vvas his necke in touching, and furpaft
65 The vvwhite of *Pelops* fhoulder, I could tell ye,
Hovv fsmooth his breft vvas, & hovv vvwhite his bellie,
And whofe immortall fingars did imprint,
That heauenly path, vvith many a curious dint,
B<ir> That

Hero and Leander.

70 That runs along his backe, but my rude pen,
Can hardly blazon forth the loves of men.
Much less of powerfull gods, let it suffice,
That my flacke muse, sings of *Leanders* eyes.
Those orient cheekes and lippes, exceeding his
That leapt into the water for a kis
75 Of his owne shadow, and despising many,
Died ere he could enjoy the love of any.
Had wilde *Hippolitus*, *Leander* beene,
Enamoured of his beautie had he beene,
His preference made the rudest paifant melt,
80 That in the vast vplandish countrie dwelt,
The barbarous *Thracian* foldier moou'd with nought,
Was moou'd with him, and for his fauour fought.
Some swore he was a maid in mans attire,
For in his looks were all that men desire,
85 A pleasant smiling cheek, a speaking eye,
A brow for love to banquet royallye,
And such as knew he was a man would say,
Leander, thou art made for amorous play :
Why art thou not in love, and lov'd of all?
90 Though thou be faire, yet be not thine owne thrall.
The men of wealthie *Sestos*, euerie yeare,
(For his sake vvhom their goddesse held so deare,
Rose-cheekt *Adonis*) kept a solemn feast,
Thither resorted many a wandring guest,

<B iv>

To

Hero and Leander.

95 To meet their loues ; fuch as had none at all,
Came louers home, from this great festiuall.
For euerie street like to a Firmament
Glittered vvith breathing ftars, who vvhere they went,
Frighted the melancholie earth, vvwhich deem'd,
100 Eternall heauen to burne, for fo it feem'd,
As if another *Phaeton* had got
The guidance of the funnes rich chariot.
But far aboue, the louelieft *Hero* fhin'd,
And ftole avvay th' inchaunted gazers mind,
105 For like Sea-nimphs inueigling harmony,
So vvas her beautie to the ftanders by.
Nor that night-vvandering pale and vvatrie ftarre,
(When yavvning dragons dravv her thirling carre,
From *Latmus* mount vp to the glomie skie,
110 Where crovv'n'd vvith blazing light and maieftie,
She proudly fits) more ouer-rules the flood,
Than fhe the hearts of thofe that neere her ftood.
Euen as, vvhen gavvdie Nymphs purfue the chace,
Wretched *Ixions* fhaggie footed race,
115 Incenft vvith fauage heat, gallop amaine,
From fteepe Pine-bearing mountains to the plaine :
So ran the people forth to gaze vpon her,
And all that vievv'd her, vvere enamour'd on her.
And as in furie of a dreadfull fight,
120 Their fellowves being flaine or put to flight,

B ij<r>

Poore

Hero and Leander.

Poore foldiers ftād vvith fear of death dead ftrooken,
So at her prefence all furpris'd and tooaken,
Await the fentence of her fcornefull eies :
He whom ſhe fauours liues, the other dies.
125 There might you fee one figh, another rage,
And ſome (their violent paſſions to affwage)
Compile ſharpe fatyrs, but alas too late,
For faithfull loue will neuer turne to hate.
And many feeing great princes were denied,
130 Pyn'd as they went, and thinking on her died.
On this feaſt day, O curſed day and hower,
Went *Hero* thorow *Seftos*, from her tower
To *Venus* temple, were vnhappilye,
As after chaunc'd, they did each other ſpye,
135 So faire a church as this, had *Venus* none,
The wals were of diſcoloured *Iaſper* ſtone,
Wherein was *Proteus* carued, and o'rehead,
A liuelie vine of greene ſea agget ſpread ;
Where by one hand, light headed *Bacchus* hoong,
140 And with the other, wine from grapes out wroong.
Of Chriſtall ſhining faire, the pauement was,
The towne of *Seftos*, cal'd it *Venus* glaſſe,
There might you fee the gods in fundrie ſhapes,
Committing headdie ryots, inceſt, rapes :
145 For know, that vnderneath this radiant floure,

<B ijv> Was

Hero and Leander.

Was *Danaes* statue in a brazen tower,
Ioue, flylie stealing from his fifters bed,
To dallie with *Idalian Ganimed* :
And for his loue *Europa*, bellowing loud,
150 And tumbling with the Rainbow in a cloud,
Blood-quaffing *Mars*, heaving the yron net,
Which limping *Vulcan* and his *Cyclops* fet :
Loue kindling fire, to burne such townes as *Troy*,
Syluanus weeping for the louely boy
155 That now is turn'd into a *Cypres* tree,
Vnder whose shade the Wood-gods loue to bee.
And in the midft a filuer altar stood,
There *Hero* sacrificing turtles blood,
Vaild to the ground, vailing her eie-lids clofe,
160 And modestly they opened as she rose :
Thence flew Loues arrow with the golden head,
And thus *Leander* was enamoured.
Stone still he stood, and euermore he gazed,
Till with the fire that from his count'nance blazed,
165 Relenting *Heroes* gentle heart was strooke,
Such force and vertue hath an amorous looke.
It lies not in our power to loue, or hate,
For will in vs is ouer-rul'd by fate.
When two are stript long ere the course begin,
170 We wish that one should loofe, the other win.
B iij<r> And

Hero and Leander.

And one especially doe vve affect,
Of two gold Ingots like in each respect,
The reafon no man knowes, let it fuffife,
What vve behold is cenfur'd by our eies.
175 Where both deliberat, the loue is flight,
Who euer lou'd that lou'd not at firft fight?
He kneel'd, but vnto her devoutly praid ;
Chaft *Hero* to her felfe thus foftly faid :
VVere I the faint he vvorships, I would heare him,
180 And as fhee fpake thofe words, came fomevvhat nere
He ftarted vp, fhe blufht as one afham'd; (him.
VVherewith *Leander* much more vvas inflam'd.
He toucht her hand, in touching it fhe trembled,
Loue deeply grounded, hardly is diffembled,
185 Thefe louers parled by the touch of hands,
True loue is mute, and oft amazed ftands,
Thus while dum figs their yeelding harts entangled,
The aire vvith fparkes of liuing fire vvas fpangled,
A peri- And night deepe drencht in myftie *Acheron*,
190 *phrafis of* Heau'd vp her head, and halfe the vvorld vpon,
night. Breath'd darkeneffe forth (darke night is *Cupids* day)
And novv begins *Leander* to difplay
Loues holy fire, vvith vvords, vvith fighs and teares,
VVhich like fweet muficke entred *Heroes* eares,
195 And yet at euerie vvord fhee turn'd afide,
And alwaies cut him off as he replide,

<B iijv>

At

Hero and Leander.

At laft, like to a bold fharphe Sophifter,
VVith chearefull hope thus he accofted her.

200 Faire creature, let me fpeake vvithout offence,
I vvould my rude vvords had the influence,
To lead thy thoughts, as thy faire lookes doe mine,
Then fhouldft thou bee his prifoner vvho is thine.
Be not vnkind and faire, mifhapen ftuffe
Are of behauior boifterous and ruffe.

205 O fhun me not, but heare me ere you goe,
God knowes I cannot force loue, as you doe.
My words fhall be as fpotleffe as my youth,
Full of fimplicitie and naked truth.
This facrifice (whofe fweet perfume defcending,
210 From *Venus* altar to your footfteps bending)
Doth teftifie that you exceed her farre,
To whom you offer, and whofe Nunne you are,
Why fhould you worship her, her you furpaffe,
As much as fparkling Diamonds flaring glaffe.

215 A Diamond fet in lead his vvorth retaines,
A heauenly Nimph, belov'd of humane fwaines,
Receiues no blemifh, but oft-times more grace,
Which makes me hope, although I am but bafe,
Bafe in refpect of thee, diuine and pure,
220 Dutifull feruice may thy loue procure,
And I in dutie will excell all other,
As thou in beautie doeft exceed loues mother.

<B ivr>

Nor

Hero and Leander.

Nor heauen, nor thou, were made to gaze vpon,
As heauen preferues all things, fo faue thou one.
225 A ftately builded fhip, well rig'd and tall,
The Ocean maketh more maiefticall :
Why voweft thou then to liue in *Sestos* here,
Who on Loues fea more glorious wouldft appeare ?
Like vntun'd golden ftrings all women are,
230 Which long time lie vntoucht, will harfhly iarre.
Veffels of Braffe oft handled, brightly fhine,
What difference betwixt the richeft mine
And bafeft mold, but vfe ? for both not vs'de,
Are of like worth. Then treafure is abus'de,
235 VVhen mifers keepe it; being put to lone,
In time it will returne vs two for one.
Rich robes, themfelues and others do adorne,
Neither themfelues nor others, if not worne.
VVho builds a pallace and rams vp the gate,
240 Shall fee it ruinous and defolate.
Ah fimple *Hero*, learne thy felfe to cherifh,
Lone women like to emptie houfes perifh.
Lefse finnes the poore rich man that ftarues himfelfe,
In heaping vp a mafse of drofsie pelfe,
245 Than fuch as you : his golden earth remains,
VVhich after his difceaffe, fome other gains.
But this faire iem, fweet, in the loffe alone,
VVhen you fleet hence, can be bequeath'd to none.

<B iv v>

Or

Hero and Leander.

Or if it could, downe from th' enameld skie,
250 All heauen would come to claime this legacie,
And with intestine broiles the world deftroy,
And quite confound natures fweet harmony.
Well therefore by the gods decreed it is,
We humane creatures should enioy that bliffe.
255 One is no numbers, mayds are nothing then,
Without the fweet focietie of men.
VVilt thou liue fingle ftill? one fhalt thou bee,
Though neuer-fingling *Hymen* couple thee.
Wild fauages, that drinke of running fprings,
260 Thinke water farre excels all earthly things :
But they that dayly taft neat wine, defpife it.
Virginitie, albeit fome highly prife it,
Compar'd with marriage, had you tried them both,
Differs as much, as wine and water doth.
265 Bafe boullion for the ftampes fake we allow,
Euen fo for mens impreffion do we you.
By which alone, our reuerend fathers fay,
Women receaue perfection euerie way.
This idoll which you terme *Virginitie*,
270 Is neither effence fubiect to the eie,
No, nor to any one exterior fence,
Nor hath it any place of refidence,
Nor is't of earth or mold celeftiall,
Or capable of any forme at all.

C <ir>

Of

Hero and Leander.

275 Of that which hath no being, doe not boast,
 Things that are not at all, are neuer loft.
 Men foolishly doe call it vertuous;
 What vertue is it, that is borne vvith vs?
 Much leffe can honour bee ascrib'd thereto,
280 Honour is purchac'd by the deedes vvee do.
 Beleeue me, *Hero*, honour is not vvone,
 Vntill some honourable deed be done.
 Seeke you for chaftitie, immortall fame,
 And knowv that some haue vvrong'd *Dianas* name ?
285 Whofe name is it, if she be false or not,
 So she be faire, but some vile toongs will blot?
 But you are faire (aye me) fo vvondrous faire,
 So yoong, fo gentle, and fo debonaire,
 As *Greece* vvill thinke, if thus you liue alone,
290 Some one or other keepes you as his owne.
 Then *Hero* hate me not, nor from me flie,
 To follow swiftly blasting infamie.
 Perhaps thy sacred Priesthood makes thee loath,
 Tell me, to whom mad'ft thou that heedlesse oath?
295 To *Venus*, answered shee, and as shee spake,
 Foorth from those two tralucient cefternes brake,
 A streame of liquid pearle, which downe her face
 Made milk-white paths, wheron the gods might trace
 To *Ioues* high court. Hee thus replied : The rites
300 In which Loues beauteous Empreffe moft delites,

<C iv>

Ar

Hero and Leander.

Are banquets, Dorick muficke, midnight reuell,
Plaies, maskes, and all that ftern age counteth euill.
Thee as a holy Idiot doth fhe fcorne,
For thou in vowing chafitite, hath fworne
305 To rob her name and honour, and thereby
Commit't a finne far worfe than periurie.
Euen facrilege againft her Dietie,
Through regular and formall puritie.
To expiat which finne, kiffe and fhake hands,
310 Such facrifice as this, *Venus* demands.
Thereat fhe fmild, and did denie him fo,
As put thereby, yet might he hope for mo.
Which makes him quickly re-enforce his fpeech,
And her in humble manner thus befeech.
315 Though neither gods nor men may thee deferue,
Yet for her fake whom you haue vow'd to ferue,
Abandon fruitlefse cold Virginitie,
The gentle queene of Loues fole enemie.
Then fhall you moft refemble *Venus* Nun,
320 When *Venus* fweet rites are perform'd and done,
Flint-brefted *Pallas* ioies in fingle life,
But *Pallas* and your miftrefse are at ftrife.
Loue *Hero* then, and be not tirannous,
But heale the heart, that thou haft wounded thus,
325 Nor ftaine thy youthfull years with auarice,
Faire fooles delight, to be accounted nice.

C ij<r>

The

Hero and Leander.

The richest corne dies, if it be not reapt,
Beautie alone is loft, too warily kept.
These argumnts he vs'de, and many more,
330 Wherewith she yeilded, that vvas vvoon before,
 Heroes lookes yeilded, but her words made warre,
 Women are woon when they begin to iarre.
 Thus hauing fwallow'd *Cupids* golden hooke,
 The more she striv'd, the deeper was she strooke.
335 Yet euilly faining anger, troue she still,
 And would be thought to graunt against her will.
 So hauing paus'd a while, at last she said :
 Who taught thee Rhethoricke to deceiue a maid?
 Aye me, such words as these should I abhor,
340 And yet I like them for the Orator.
 With that *Leander* stoopt, to haue imbrac'd her,
 But from his spreading armes away she cast her,
 And thus befake him. Gentle youth forbear
 To touch the sacred garments which I weare.
345 Vpon a rocke, and vnderneath a hill,
 Far from the towne (where all is whift and still,
 Saue that the fea, playing on yellow sand,
 Sends foorth a ratling murmure to the land,
 Whose sound allures the golden *Morpheus*,
350 In filence of the night to visite vs.)
 My turret stands, and there God knowes I play
 With *Venus* fwannes and sparrows all the day,

<C ijv>

A

Hero and Leander.

A dwarfish beldame beares me companie,
That hops about the chamber where I lie,
355 And spends the night (that might be better spent)
In vaine discourse, and apish merriment.
Come thither ; As she spake this, her tongue tript,
For vnawares (*Come thither*) from her flight,
And suddenly her former colour chang'd,
360 And here and there her eyes through anger rang'd.
And like a planet, moving euery waies,
At one selfe instant, the poore foule affaies,
Loving, not to loue at all, and euery part,
Stroue to resist the motions of her hart.
365 And hands so pure, so innocent, nay such,
As might haue made heauen stoop to haue a touch,
Did she vphold to *Venus*, and againe
Vow'd spotlesse chastitie, but all in vaine,
Cupid beats downe her praies with his wings,
370 Her vowes about the emptie aire he flings :
All deepe enrag'd, his sinewie bow he bent,
And shot a shaft that burning from him went,
Wherewith she strooken, look'd so dolefully,
As made Loue sigh, to see his tirannie.
375 And as she wept, her teares to pearle he turn'd,
And wound them on his arme, and for her mourn'd.
Then towards the pallace of the destinies,
Laden with languishment and griefe he flies.

C ij<r>

And

Hero and Leander.

And to thofe fterne nymphs humblie made request,
380 Both might enioy ech other, and be bleft.
But with a ghaftly dreadfull countenaunce,
Threatning a thoufand deaths at euerie glaunce,
They answered Loue, nor would vouchfafe fo much
As one poore word, their hate to him was fuch.
385 Harken a while, and I will tell you why :
Heauens winged herrald, *Ioue-borne Mercury*,
The felfe-fame day that he afleepe had layd
Inchaunted *Argus*, fpied a countrie mayd,
Whofe careleffe haire, in ftead of pearle t'adore it,
390 Glift' red with deaw, as one that feem'd to fkorne it :
Her breath as fragrant as the morning rofe,
Her mind pure, and her toong vntaught to glofe.
Yet proud fhe vvas, (for loftie pride that dwels
In tovv'red courts, is oft in fheapheards cels.)
395 And too too vvell the faire vermilion knevv,
And filuer tincture of her cheekes, that drevv
The loue of euerie fwaine : On her, this god
Enamoured vvas, and vvith his fnakie rod,
Did charme her nimble feet, and made her ftay,
400 The vvhile vpon a hillocke dovvne he lay,
And fvweetly on his pipe began to play,
And vvith fsmooth fpeech, her fancie to affay,
Till in his tvvining armes he lockt her faft,
And then he vvoo'd vvith kiffes, and at laft,

<C iijv>

As

Hero and Leander.

405 As sheap-heards do, her on the ground hee layd,
And tumbling in the graffe, he often strayed
Beyond the bounds of flame, in being bold
To eie those parts, vvvhich no eie should behold.
And like an insolent commaunding louer,
410 Boasting his parentage, vvould needs discover
The vvay to nev *Elifium* : but she,
Whofe only dower vvas her chafititie,
Hauing stru'ne in vaine, vvas novv about to crie,
And craue the helpe of sheap-heards that vvvere nie.
415 Herevvith he stayd his furie, and began
To giue her leaue to rife, avvay she ran,
After vvvent *Mercurie*, vvho vs'd fuch cunning,
As she to heare his tale, left off her running.
Maids are not vvoon by brutifh force and might,
420 But speeches full of pleafure and delight.
And knowing *Hermes* courted her, vvas glad
That she fuch louelineffe and beautie had
As could prouoke his liking, yet vvas mute,
And neither vvould denie, nor graunt his fute.
425 Still vovvd he loue, she vvanting no excufe
To feed him vvith delaies, as vvomen vse :
Or thirfting after immortalitie,
All vvomen are ambitious naturallie,
Impos'd vpon her louer fuch a tafke,
430 As he ought not performe, nor yet she aske.

<C ivr>

A

Hero and Leander.

A draught of flowing *Nectar*, she requested,
Wherewith the king of Gods and men is feasted.
He readie to accomplish what she wil'd,
Stole some from *Hebe* (*Hebe*, *Ioues* cup fil'd,)
435 And gaue it to his simple ruftike loue,
Which being knowne (as what is hid from *Ioue*)
He inly storm'd, and vvaxt more furious,
Than for the fire filcht by *Prometheus* ;
And thrufts him down frō heauen, he vvandring here,
440 In mournfull tearmes, vvith fad and heauie cheare
Complained to *Cupid*, *Cupid* for his sake,
To be reueng'd on *Ioue*, did vndertake,
And thofe on vvhom heauen, earth, and hell relies,
I mean the Adamantine Deftinies,
445 He vvounds vvith loue, and forft them equallie,
To dote vpon deceitfull *Mercurie*.
They offred him the deadly fatall knife,
That sheares the flender threads of humane life,
At his faire feathered feet, the engins layd,
450 Which th'earth from ougly *Chaos* den vp-vvayd :
Thefe he regarded not, but did intreat,
That *Ioue*, vfurper of his fathers feat,
Might prefently be banifht into hell,
And aged *Saturne* in *Olympus* dvvell.
455 They granted vvhat he crau'd, and once againe,
Saturne and *Ops*, began their golden raigne.

<C iv> Murder,

Hero and Leander.

Murder, rape, warre, luft and trecherie,
Were with *Ioue* clos'd in *Stigian* Empire.
But long this bleffed time continued not,
460 As foone as he his wilhed purpofe got ;
He reckleffe of his promife, did defpife
The loue of th'euerlafting Deftinies.
They feeing it, both Loue and him abhor'd,
And *Iupiter* vnto his place reftor'd.
465 And but that Learning, in defpight of Fate,
Will mount aloft, and enter heauen gate,
And to the feat of *Ioue* it felfe aduance,
Hermes had flept in hell with ignoraunce.
Yet as a punifhment they added this,
470 That he and *Pouertie* fhould alwaies kis.
And to this day is euerie fholler poore,
Groffe gold, from them runs headlong to the boore.
Likewife the angrie fifters thus deluded,
To venge themfelues on *Hermes*, haue concluded
475 That *Midas* brood fhall fit in Honors chaire,
To which the *Mufes* fonnes are only heire :
And fruitfull wits that in afpiring are,
Shall difcontent, run into regions farre ;
And few great lords in vertuous deeds fhall ioy,
480 But be furpris'd with euery garifh toy.
And ftill inrich the loftie feruile clowne,
Who with incroching guile, keepes learning downe.
D <ir> Then

Hero and Leander.

Then mufe not, *Cupids* fute no better fped,
Seeing in their loues, the Fates were iniured.

485 By this, fad *Hero*, with loue vnaacquainted,
Viewing *Leanders* face, fell downe and fainted.
He kift her, and breath'd life into her lips,
Wherewith as one difpleas'd, away fhe trips.
Yet as fhe went, full often look'd behind,
490 And many poore excufes did fhe find,
To linger by the way, and once fhe ftayd,
And would haue turn'd againe, but was afrayd,
In offring parlie, to be counted light.
So on fhe goes, and in her idle flight,
495 Her painted fanne of curled plumes let fall,
Thinking to traine *Leander* therewithall.
He being a nouice, knew not what fhe meant,
But ftayd, and after her a letter fent.
Which ioyfull *Hero* anwerd in fuch fort,
500 As he had hope to fcale the beauteous fort,
Wherein the liberall graces lock'd their wealth,
And therefore to her tower he got by ftealth.
Wide open ftood the doore, hee need not clime,
And fhe her felfe before the pointed time,
505 Had fpread the boord, with rofes ftrowed the roome,
And oft look't out, and mus'd he did not come.
At laft he came, O who can tell the greeting,
Thefe greedie louers had, at their firft meeting.

<D iv>

He

Hero and Leander.

He askt, she gaue, and nothing was denied,
510 Both to each other quickly were affied.
Looke how their hands, so were their hearts vnited,
And what he did, she willingly requited.
(Sweet are the kiffes, the imbracements sweet,
When like defires and affections meet,
515 For from the earth to heauen, is *Cupid* rais'd,
Where fancie is in equall ballance pais'd)
Yet she this rashnesse sodainly repented,
And turn'd aside, and to her selfe lamented.
As if her name and honour had been wrong'd,
520 By being possesst of him for whom she long'd :
I, and shee wisht, albeit not from her hart,
That he would leaue her turret and depart.
The mirthfull God of amorous pleasure smil'd,
To see how he this captiue Nymph beguil'd.
525 For hitherto hee did but fan the fire,
And kept it downe that it might mount the hier.
Now waxt she iealous, leaft his loue abated,
Fearing, her owne thoughts made her to be hated.
Therefore vnto him haftily she goes,
530 And like light *Salmacis*, her body throes
Vpon his bosome, vvhether vwith yeelding eyes,
She offers vp her selfe a sacrifice,
To flake his anger, if he vvere displeas'd,
O vvhether god vvhould not therewith be appeas'd?

D ij<r>

Like

Hero and Leander.

535 Like *Æfops* cocke, this iewell he enioyed,
 And as a brother with his fifter toyed,
 Suppofing nothing elfe was to be done,
 Now he her fauour and good will had wone.
 But know you not that creatures wanting fence,
540 By nature haue a mutuall appetence,
 And wanting organs to aduaunce a ftep,
 Mou'd by Loues force, vnto ech other lep?
 Much more in fubiects hauing intellect,
 Some hidden influence breeds like effect.
545 Albeit *Leander* rude in loue, and raw,
 Long dallying with *Hero*, nothing faw
 That might delight him more, yet he fufpected
 Some amorous rites or other were neglected.
 Therefore vnto his bodie, hirs he clung,
550 She, fearing on the rufhes to be flung,
 Striu'd with redoubled ftrengh, the more fhe ftriued,
 The more a gentle pleafing heat reuiued,
 Which taught him all that elder louers know,
 And now the fame gan fo to fcorch and glow,
555 As in plaine termes (yet cunningly) he crau'd it,
 Loue alwaies makes thofe eloquent that haue it.
 Shee, with a kind of graunting, put him by it,
 And euer as he thought himfelfe moft nigh it,
 Like to the tree of *Tantalus* fhe fled,
560 And feeming lauiſh, fau'de her maydenhead.

<D ijv>

Ne're

Hero and Leander.

Ne're king more fought to keepe his diademe,
Than *Hero* this ineftimable gemme.
Aboue our life we loue a ftedfaft friend,
Yet when a token of great worth we fend,
565 We often kiffe it, often looke thereon,
And ftay the meffenger that would be gon :
No maruell then, though *Hero* would not yeeld
So foone to part from that fhe deerely held.
Iewels being loft are found againe, this neuer,
570 T'is loft but once, and once loft, loft for euer.
Now had the morne efpy'de her louers fteeds,
Whereat fhe ftarts, puts on her purple weeds,
And red for anger that he ftayd fo long,
All headlong throwes her felfe the clouds among,
575 And now *Leander* fearing to be mift,
Imbraft her fodainly, tooke leaue, and kift,
Long was he taking leaue, and loath to go,
And kift againe, as louers vfe to do,
Sad *Hero* wroong him by the hand, and wept,
580 Saying, let your vowes and promifes be kept.
Then ftanding at the doore, fhe turnd about,
As loath to fee *Leander* going out.
And now the funne that through th'orizon peepes,
As pittying thefe louers, downeward creepes.
585 So that in filence of the cloudie night,
Though it was morning, did he take his flight.
D iij<r> But

Hero and Leander.

But vvhat the fecret truſtie night conceal'd,
Leanders amorous habit foone reueal'd,
With *Cupids* myrtle vvvas his bonet crovvnd,
590 About his armes the purple riband vvound,
Wherevvith ſhe vvreath'd her largely ſpredding heare,
Nor could the youth abſtaine, but he muſt vveare
The ſacred ring vvherevvith ſhe vvvas endovv'd,
When firſt religious chaſtitie ſhe vovv'd :
595 Which made his loue through *Seftos* to bee knovvne,
And thence vnto *Abydus* fooner blovvne,
Than he could faile, for incorporeal Fame,
Whofe vvaight conſiſts in nothing but her name,
Is ſvvifter than the vvind, vvhoſe tardie plumes,
600 Are reeking vvater, and dull earthlie fumes.
Home vvhen he came, he ſeem'd not to be there,
But like exiled aire thruſt from his ſphere,
Set in a forren place, and ftraight from thence,
Alcides like, by mightie violence,
605 He vvould haue chac'd avvay the ſvvelling maine,
That him from her vniuſtly did detaine.
Like as the funne in a Dyiameter,
Fires and inflames obiects remooued farre,
And heateth kindly, ſhining lat'rally;
610 So beautie, ſvveetly quickens vvhen t'is ny,
But being ſeparated and remooued,
Burnes vvhere it cheriſht, murders vvhere it loued.

<D iijv> Therefore

Hero and Leander.

Therefore euen as an Index to a booke,
So to his mind was yoong *Leanders* looke.
615 O none but gods haue povver their loue to hide,
Affection by the count'nance is defcride.
The light of hidden fire it felfe difcouers,
And loue that is conceal'd, betraies poore louers.
His fecret flame apparently vvas feene,
620 *Leanders* Father knevv vwhere hee had beene,
And for the fame mildly rebuk't his fonne,
Thinking to quench the fparckles nev्व begonne.
But loue refifted once, grovves pafionate,
And nothing more than counfaile, louers hate.
625 For as a hote provvd horfe highly difdaines,
To haue his head control'd, but breakes the raines,
Spits foorth the ringled bit, and vvith his houes,
Checkes the fubmiffiue ground : fo hee that loues,
The more he is refrain'd, the worfe he fares,
630 What is it nov्व, but mad *Leander* dares ?
O *Hero, Hero*, thus he cry'de full oft,
And then he got him to a rocke aloft.
Where hauing fpy'de her tovvver, long ftar'd he on't,
And pray'd the narrov्व toyling *Hellefpont*,
635 To part in tvvaine, that hee might come and go,
But ftill the rifting billovves anfvvered no.
With that hee ftript him to the yu'rie skin,
And crying, Loue I come, leapt liuely in.

<D ivr> Whereat

Hero and Leander.

Whereat the faphir vifag'd god grew prowde,
640 And made his capring *Triton* found alowd,
Imagining, that *Ganimes* displeas'd,
Had left the heauens, therefore on him hee feaz'd.
Leander ftriu'd, the waues about him wound,
And puld him to the bottome, where the ground
645 Was ftrewd with pearle, and in low corall groues,
Sweet finging Meremaids, fported with their loues
On heapes of heauie gold, and tooke great pleafure,
To fburne in carelefse fort, the fhipwracke treafure.
For here the ftately azure pallace ftood,
650 Where kingly *Neptune* and his traine abode,
The luftie god imbraft him, cald him loue,
And fvore he neuer fhould return to Ioue.
But vvhen he knevv it vvas not *Ganimes*,
For vndervvater he vvas almoft dead,
655 He heau'd him vp, and looking on his face,
Beat dovne the bold vvaues vvith his triple mace,
Which mounted vp, intending to haue kift him,
And fell in drops like teares, becaufe they mift him.
Leander being vp, began to fvvim,
660 And looking backe, favv *Neptune* follovv him.
Whereat agaft, the poore foule gan to crie,
O let mee vifite *Hero* ere I die.
The god put *Helles* bracelet on his arme,
And fvore the fea fhould neuer doe him harme.

<D ivv>

He

Hero and Leander.

665 He clapt his plumpe cheekes, with his treffes playd,
 And fmiling wantonly, his loue bewrayd.
 He watcht his armes, and as they opend wide,
 At euery ftroke, betwixt them would he flide,
 And fteale a kiffe, and then run out and daunce,
670 And as he turnd, caft many a luftfull glaunce,
 And threw him gawdie toies to please his eie,
 And diue into the water, and there prie
 Vpon his breft, his thighs, and euerie lim,
 And vp againe, and clofe beside him fwim.
675 And talke of loue : *Leander* made replie,
 You are deceau'd, I am no woman I,
 Thereat fmilde *Neptune*, and then told a tale,
 How that a fhepheard fitting in a vale,
 Playd with a boy fo faire and kind,
680 As for his loue, both earth and heauen pyn'd ;
 That of the cooling riuier durft not drinke,
 Leaft water-nymphs should pull him from the brinke.
 And when hee fported in the fragrant lawnes,
 Gote-footed Satyrs, and vp-ftaring Fawnes,
685 Would fteale him thence. Ere halfe this tale was done,
 Aye me, *Leander* cryde, th' enamoured funne,
 That now should fhine on *Thetis* glafsie bower,
 Defcends vpon my radiant *Heroes* tower.
 O that thefe tardie armes of mine were wings,
690 And as he fpake, vpon the waues he fprings.

E <ir> *Neptune*

Hero and Leander.

Neptune was angrie that hee gaue no eare,
And in his heart reuenging malice bare :
He flung at him his mace, but as it went,
He cald it in, for loue made him repent.
695 The mace returning backe, his owne hand hit,
As meaning to be veng'd for darting it.
When this fresh bleeding wound *Leander* viewd,
His colour went and came, as if he rew'd
The greefe which *Neptune* felt. In gentle brefts,
700 Relenting thoughts, remorse and pittie refts.
And who haue hard harts, and obdurate minds,
But vicious, harebrained, and illit'rat hinds ?
The god feeing him with pittie to be moued,
Thereon concluded that he was beloued.
705 (Loue is too full of faith, too credulous,
With follie and false hope deluding vs.)
Wherefore *Leanders* fancie to surprize,
To the rich *Ocean* for gifts he flies.
'Tis wifedome to giue much, a gift preuailes,
710 When deepe perfwading Oratorie failes.
By this *Leander* being nere the land,
Cast downe his wearie feet, and felt the sand.
Breathlesse albeit he were, he refted not,
Till to the folitarie tower he got.
And knockt and cald, at which celestiaall noife,

<E iv>

The

Hero and Leander.

715 The longing heart of *Hero* much more ioies
 Then nymphs & sheapheards, vwhen the timbrell rings,
 Or crooked Dolphin vwhen the failer fings;
 She ftayd not for her robes, but ftraight arofe,
 And drunke vvith gladneffe, to the dore fhe goes.
720 Where feeing a naked man, fhe fcricht for feare,
 Such fights as this, to tender maids are rare.
 And ran into the darke her felfe to hide,
 Rich ievvels in the darke are fooneft fpide.
 Vnto her vvas he led, or rather dravvne,
725 By thofe vvwhite limmes, vvwhich sparckled through the
 The neerer that he came, the more fhe fled, (lavvne.
 And feeking refuge, flipt into her bed.
 Whereon *Leander* fitting, thus began,
 Through numming cold, all feeble, faint and vvan :
730 If not for loue, yet loue for pittie fake,
 Me in thy bed and maiden bofom take,
 At leaft vouchfafe thefe aremes fome little roome,
 Who hoping to imbrace thee, cherely fvvome.
 This head vvas beat vvith manie a churlifh billovv,
735 And therefore let it reft vpon thy pillowv.
 Herevvith afrighted *Hero* fhrunke avvay,
 And in her luke-vvarme place *Leander* lay.
 Whofe liuely heat like fire from heauen fet,
 VVould animate groffe clay, and higher fet

E ij<r>

The

Hero and Leander.

740 The drooping thoughts of bafe declining foules,
 Then drerie *Mars*, carowling *Nectar* boules.
 His hands he caft vpon her like a fnare,
 She ouercome with flame and fallow feare,
 Like chaft *Diana*, when *Acteon* fpyde her,
745 Being fodainly betraide, dyu'd downe to hide her.
 And as her filuer body downeward went,
 With both her hands fhe made the bed a tent,
 And in her owne mind thought her felfe fecure,
 O'recaft with dim and darkfome couerture.
750 And now fhe lets him whifper in her eare,
 Flatter, intreat, promife, proteft and fweare,
 Yet euer as he greedily affayd
 To touch thofe dainties, fhe the *Harpey* playd,
 And euery lim did as a foldier ftout,
755 Defend the fort, and keep the foe-man out.
 For though the rifing yu'rie mount he fcal'd,
 Which is with azure circling lines empal'd,
 Much like a globe, (a globe may I tearme this,
 By which loue failes to regions full of blis,)
760 Yet there with *Syfiplus* he toyld in vaine,
 Till gentle parlie did the truce obtaine.
 She trembling ftroue, this strife of hers (like that
 Which made the world) another world begat,
 Of vnknowne ioy. Treafon was in her thought,
765 And cunningly to yeeld her felfe fhe fought.

<E ijv> Seeming

Hero and Leander.

Seeming not woon, yet woon she was at length,
In such warres women vse but halfe their strength.
Leander now like Theban *Hercules*,
Entred the orchard of *Th'esperides*.
770 Whose fruit none rightly can describe, but hee
That puls or shakes it from the golden tree :
Wherein *Leander* on her quiuering breft,
Breathlesse spoke some thing, and figh'd out the rest ;
Which so preuail'd, as he with small ado,
775 Inclos'd her in his armes and kift her to.
And euerie kisse to her was as a charme,
And to *Leander* as a fresh alarme.
So that the truce was broke, and she alas,
(Poore fillie maiden) at his mercie was.
780 Loue is not full of pittie (as men say)
But deaffe and cruell, where he meanes to pray.
Euen as a bird, which in our hands we wring,
Foorth plungeth, and oft flutters with her vving.
And now she vvifht this night vvhere neuer done,
785 And figh'd to thinke vpon th'approching funne,
For much it greeu'd her that the bright day light,
Should know the pleasure of this blessed night.
And then like *Mars* and *Ericine* displayd,
Both in each others armes chaind as they layd.
790 Againe she knew not how to frame her looke,
Or speake to him vvho in a moment tooke,

E iij<r> That

Hero and Leander.

That which fo long charily she kept,
And faine by ftealth away she would haue crept,
And to fome corner fecretly haue gone,
795 Leauing *Leander* in the bed alone.
But as her naked feet were whipping out,
He on the fuddaine cling'd her fo about,
That Meremaid-like vnto the floore she flid,
One halfe appear'd the other halfe vvas hid.
800 Thus neere the bed she blufhing ftood vpight,
And from her countenance behold ye might,
A kind of tvvilight breake, vvvhich through the heare,
As from an orient cloud, glymfe here and there.
And round about the chamber this falfe morne,
805 Brought foorth the day before the day vvas borne.
So *Heroes* ruddie cheeke, *Hero* betrayd,
And her all naked to his fight difplayd.
Whence his admiring eyes more pleafure tooke,
Than *Dis*, on heapes of gold fixing his looke.
810 By this *Apollos* golden harpe began,
To found foorth muficke to the *Ocean*,
Which vvatchfull *Hesperus* no fooner heard,
But he the day bright-bearing Car prepar'd.
And ran before, as Harbenger of light,
815 And vvith his ftaring beames mockt ougly night ,
Till she o'recome vvith anguifh, flame, and rage,
Dang'd dovvn to hell her loathfome carriage.

Defunt nonnulla.

<E iijv>