

{ornament}

V E N V S
A N D A D O N I S

Vilia miretur vulgus : mihi flauus Apollo

Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua.

☞ Frances wolfre

hor bouk ☞

{illustration}

ANCHORA SPEI

{illustration}

LONDON

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

1 5 9 3.

{ornament}

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE

Henrie VVriothesley, Earle of Southampton,
and Baron of Titchfield.

R *Ight Honourable, I know not how I shall offend in
dedicating my vnpolisht lines to your Lordship, nor
how the worlde vwill censure mee for choosing fo
strong a proppe to support fo vveake a burthen ,
5 onelye if your Honour seeme but pleased , I ac-
count my selfe highly praised , and vowe to take aduantage of all
idle houres , till I haue honoured you vvith some grauer labour. But
if the first heire of my inuention proue deformed, I shall be sorie it
had fo noble a god-father : and neuer after eare fo barren a land,
10 for feare it yeeld me ftill fo bad a haruest, I leaue it to your Honou-
rable suruey, and your Honor to your hearts content, vvwhich I wish
may alvvaies ansvvere your owne vvish, and the vvorlds hope-
full expectation.*

Your Honors in all dutie,

15

William Shakespeare.

{ornament}

VENVS AND ADONIS.

E VEN as the funne with purple-colour'd face,
Had tane his laft leaue of the weeping morne,
Rofe-cheekt Adonis hied him to the chace,
Hunting he lou'd, but loue he laught to fcorne :
5 Sick-thoughted Venus makes amaine vnto him,
And like a bold fac'd futer ginnes to woo him.

Thrife fairer then my felfe, (thus fhe began)
The fields chiefe flower, fweet aboue compare,
Staine to all Nimphs, more louely then a man,
10 More white, and red, then doues, or rofes are:
Nature that made thee with her felfe at ftrife,
Saith that the world hath ending with thy life.

Vouchfafe thou wonder to alight thy fteed,
And raine his proud head to the faddle bow,
15 If thou wilt daine this fauor, for thy meed
A thoufand honie fecrets fhalt thou know:
Here come and fit, where neuer ferpent hiffes,
And being fet, Ile fmother thee with kifles.

B <i>

VENVS AND ADONIS.

And yet not cloy thy lips with loth'd facietie,
20 But rather famifh them amid their plentie,
Making them red, and pale, with fresh varietie :
Ten kifles fhort as one, one long as twentie:
A fommers day will feeme an houre but fhort,
Being wafted in fuch time-beguiling fport.

25 VWith this fhe ceazeth on his fweating palme,
The prefident of pith, and liuelyhood,
And trembling in her paffion, calls it balme,
Earths foueraigne falue, to do a goddeffe good,
Being fo enrag'd, defire doth lend her force,
30 Couragioufly to plucke him from his horfe.

Ouer one arme the luftie courfers raine,
Vnder her other was the tender boy,
VWho blufht, and powted in a dull difdaine,
VWith leaden appetite, vnapt to toy,
35 She red, and hot, as coles of glowing fier,
He red for fhame, but froftie in defier.

The ftudded bridle on a ragged bough,
Nimbly fhe faftens, (ô how quicke is loue!)
The fteed is ftalled vp, and euen now,
40 To tie the rider fhe begins to proue :
Backward fhe pufht him, as fhe would be thruft,
And gouernnd him in ftrength though not in luft.

<B iv>

So

VENVS AND ADONIS.

So foone was she along, as he was downe,
Each leaning on their elbowes and their hips :

- 45 Now doth she stroke his cheek, now doth he frown,
And gins to chide, but foone she stops his lips,
And kissing speaks, with lustful language broken,
If thou wilt chide, thy lips shall neuer open.

He burnes with bashfull shame, she with her teares

- 50 Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheekes,
Then with her windie fighes, and golden heares,
To fan, and blow them drie againe she seekes.
He faith, she is immodest, blames her misse,
VVhat followes more, she murders with a kisse.

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

Forst to content, but neuer to obey,
Panting he lies, and breatheth in her face.
She feedeth on the steame, as on a pray,
And calls it heauenly moifture, aire of grace,

- 65 VVishing her cheeks were gardens ful of flowers,
So they were dew'd with such distilling showers.

B ij<r>

VENVS AND ADONIS.

- Looke how a bird lyes tangled in a net,
So fastned in her armes Adonis lyes,
Pure shame and aw'd refittance made him fret,
70 VVhich bred more beautie in his angrie eyes:
 Raine added to a riuer that is ranke,
 Perforce will force it ouerflow the banke.
- Still she intreats, and prettily intreats,
For to a prettie eare she tunes her tale.
75 Still is he fullein, still he lowres and frets,
Twixt crimfon shame, and anger alhie pale,
 Being red she loues him best, and being white,
 Her best is betterd with a more delight.
- Looke how he can, she cannot chuse but loue,
80 And by her faire immortall hand she sweares,
From his soft bosome neuer to remoue,
Till he take truce with her contending teares,
 VVhich lög haue rained, making her cheeks al wet,
 And one sweet kisse shal pay this comptleffe debt.
- 85 Vpon this promise did he raise his chin,
Like a diuedapper peering through a waue,
VVho being lookt on, ducks as quickly in:
So offers he to giue what she did craue,
 But when her lips were readie for his pay,
90 He winks, and turnes his lips another way.

<B ij> Neuer

VENVS AND ADONIS.

Neuer did paffenger in fommers heat,
More thirft for drinke, then fhe for this good turne,
Her helpe fhe fees, but helpe fhe cannot get,
She bathes in water, yet her fire muft burne:

95 Oh pitie gan fhe crie, flint-hearted boy,
 Tis but a kiffe I begge, why art thou coy ?

I haue bene wooed as I intreat thee now,
Euen by the fterne, and direfull god of warre,
VVhofe finowie necke in battell nere did bow,
100 VVho conquers where he comes in euerie iarre,
 Yet hath he bene my captiue, and my flaue,
 And begd for that which thou vnaskt fhalt haue.

Ouer my Altars hath he hong his launce,
His battred fhield, his vncontrolled creft,
105 And for my fake hath learnd to fport, and daunce,
 To toy, to wanton, dallie, fmile, and ieft,
 Scorning his churlifh drumme, and enfigne red,
 Making my armes his field, his tent my bed.

Thus he that ouer-ruld, I ouer-fwayed,
110 Leading him prifoner in a red rofe chaine,
 Strong-temperd fteele his ftronger ftrength obayed.
 Yet was he feruile to my coy difdaine,
 Oh be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,
 For maiftring her that foyld the god of fight.

B iij<r>

VENVS AND ADONIS.

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

Art thou ashamed to kisse? then winke againe,
And I will winke, so shall the day seeme night.
Loue keeps his secrets where there are but twaine:
Be bold to play, our sport is not in fight,
125 These blew-veined violets whereon we leane,
Newer can blab, nor know not what we meane.

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

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

<B iij> Thou

VENVS AND ADONIS.

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

145 Bid me discourse, I will inchaunt thine eare,
Or like a Fairie, trip vpon the greene,
Or like a Nymph, with long disheueled heare,
Daunce on the sands, and yet no footing feene.
Loue is a spirit all compact of fire,
150 Not grosse to kinde, but light, and will aspire.

Witnesse this Primrose banke whereon I lie,
These forcelesse flowers like sturdy trees support me:
Two strengthlesse doves will draw me through the skie,
From morn till night, euen where I list to sport me.
155 Is loue so light sweet boy, and may it be,
That thou should thinke it heauie vnto thee?

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

<B iv>

VENVS AND ADONIS.

Torches are made to light, iewels to weare,
Dainties to taft, fresh beautie for the vfe,
165 Herbes for their smell, and fappie plants to beare.
Things growing to them felues, are growths abuse,
Seeds fpring frō feeds, & beauty breedeth beauty,
Thou waft begot, to get it is thy duty.

Vpon the earths increafe why shouldft thou feed,
170 Vnleffe the earth with thy increafe be fed ?
By law of nature thou art bound to breed,
That thine may liue, when thou thy felfe art dead:
And fo in fpite of death thou doeft furuiue,
In that thy likeneffe ftill is left aliue.

175 By this the loue-ficke Queene began to fweate,
For where they lay the fhadow had forfooke them,
And Titan tired in the midday heate,
VVith burning eye did hotly ouer-looke them,
VVifhing Adonis had his teame to guide,
180 So he were like him, and by Venus fide.

And now Adonis with a lazie fprite,
And with a heauie, darke, difliking eye,
His lowring browes ore-whelming his faire fight,
Like miftie vapors when they blot the skie,
185 So wring his cheeks , cries, fie, no more of loue,
The funne doth burne my face I muft remoue.

<B iv>

Ay, me,

VENVS AND ADONIS.

Ay, me, (quoth Venus) young, and fo vnkinde,
What bare excufes mak'ft thou to be gon ?
Ile figh celeftiall breath, whose gentle winde,
190 Shall coole the heate of this defcending fun:
Ile make a fhadow for thee of my heares,
If they burn too, Ile quench them with my teares.

The fun that fhines from heauen, fhines but warme,
And lo I lye betweene that funne , and thee :
195 The heate I haue from thence doth litle harme,
Thine eye darts forth the fire that burneth me,
And were I not immortal, life were done,
Betweene this heauenly, and ☞ ^ the ☞ earthly funne.

Art thou obdurate, flintie, hard as fteele ?
200 Nay more then flint, for ftone at raine relenteth:
Art thou a womans fonne and canft not feele
VVhat tis to loue, how want of loue tormenteth?
O had thy mother borne fo hard a minde,
She had not brought forth thee, but died vnkind.

205 VVhat am I that thou fhouldft contemne me this ?
Or what great danger, dwels vpon my fute ?
What were thy lips the worfe for one poore kis ?
Speake faire, but fpeake faire words, or elfe be mute:
Giue me one kiffe, Ile giue it thee againe,
210 And one for intref, if thou wilt haue twaine.

C <i>

VENVS AND ADONIS.

Fie, liueleffe picture, cold, and fenceleffe ftone,
VWell painted idoll, image dull, and dead,
Statüe contenting but the eye alone,
Thing like a man, but of no woman bred:

215 Thou art no man, though of a mans complexion,
 For men will kiffe euen by their owne direction.

This faid, impatience chokes her pleading tongue,
And fwelling paffion doth prouoke a pause,
Red cheeks, and fierie eyes blaze forth her wrong:

220 Being Iudge in loue, ſhe cannot right her cauſe.
 And now ſhe weeps, & now ſhe faine would ſpeake
 And now her fobs do her intendments breake.

Sometime ſhe ſhakes her head, and then his hand,
Now gazeth ſhe on him, now on the ground ;

225 Sometime her armes infold him like a band,
She would, he will not in her armes be bound :
 And when from thence he ſtruggles to be gone,
 She locks her lillie fingers one in one.

Fondling, ſhe faith, ſince I haue hemd thee here

230 VWithin the circuit of this iuorie pale,
Ile be a parke, and thou ſhalt be my deare:
Feed where thou wilt, on mountaine, or in dale;
 Graze on my lips, and if thoſe hills be drie,
 Stray lower, where the pleaſant fountaines lie.

<C i v> VWithin

VENVS AND ADONIS.

235 VVitin this limit is reliefe enough,
Sweet bottome graffe, and high delightfull plaine,
Round rifying hillocks, brakes obscure, and rough,
To fhelter thee from tempeft, and from raine :
 Then be my deare, fince I am fuch a parke,
240 No dog fhall rowze thee, though a thoufand bark.

At this Adonis fmiles as in difdaine,
That in ech cheeke appeares a prettie dimple ;
Loue made thofe hollowes, if him felfe were flaine,
He might be buried in a tombe fo fimple,
245 Foreknowing well, if there he came to lie,
 VWhy there loue liu'd, & there he could not die.

Thefe louely caues, thefe round enchanting pits,
Opend their mouthes to fwallow Venus liking :
Being mad before, how doth fhe now for wits?
250 Strucke dead at firft, what needs a fecond ftriking ?
 Poore Queene of loue, in thine own law forlorne,
 To loue a cheeke that fmiles at thee in fcorne.

Now which way fhall fhe turne? what fhall fhe fay?
Her words are done, her woes the more increafing,
255 The time is fpent, her obiect will away,
And from her twining armes doth vrge releafing:
 Pitie fhe cries, fome fauour, fome remorse,
 Away he fprings, and hafteth to his horfe.

C ij< r>

VENVS AND ADONIS.

But lo from forth a copp's that neighbors by,
260 A breeding Iennet, luftie, young, and proud,
Adonis trampling Courfer doth espy:
And forth she rufhes, fnorts, and neighs aloud.
The ftrong-neckt fteed being tied vnto a tree,
Breaketh his raine, and to her ftraight goes hee.

265 Imperioufly he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,
And now his wouen girthes he breaks afunder,
The bearing earth with his hard hoofe he wounds,
VVhose hollow wombe refounds like heauens thun-
The yron bit he cruetheth tweene his teeth, (der,
270 Controlling what he was controlled with.

His eares vp prickt, his braided hanging mane
Vpon his compaft creft now ftand on end,
His noftrils drinke the aire, and forth againe
As from a fornace, vapors doth he fend :
275 His eye which fcornfully glifters like fire,
Shewes his hote courage, and his high defire.

Sometime he trots, as if he told the fteps,
With gentle maieftie, and modeft pride,
Anon he reres vpriight, curuets, and leaps,
280 As who fould fay, lo thus my ftrength is tride.
And this I do, to captiuatue the eye,
Of the faire breeder that is ftanding by.

<C ijv> VVhat

VENVS AND ADONIS.

VVhat recketh he his riders angrie fturre,
His flattering holla, or his ftand, I fay,
285 VVhat cares he now, for curbe, or pricking fpurre,
For rich caparifons, or trappings gay :
 He fees his loue, and nothing elfe he fees,
 For nothing elfe with his proud fight agrees.

 Looke when a Painter would furpaffe the life,
290 In limming out a well proportioned ffeed,
His Art with Natures workmanfhip at ftrife,
As if the dead the liuing fould exceed :
 So did this Horfe excell a common one,
 In fhape, in courage, colour, pace and bone.

295 Round hooft, fhort ioynted, fetlocks fhag, and long,
Broad breaft, full eye, fmall head, and noftrill wide,
High creft, fhort eares, ftraight legs, & paffing ftrög,
Thin mane, thicke taile, broad buttock, tender hide:
 Looke what a Horfe fould haue, he did not lack,
300 Saue a proud rider on fo proud a back.

 Sometime he fcuds farre off, aud there he ftares,
 Anon he ftarts, at fturring of a feather:
 To bid the wind a bafe he now prepares,
 And where he runne, or flie, they know not whether:
305 For through his mane, & taile, the high wind fings,
 Fanning the haire, who waue like feathred wings.

C ij< />

VENVS AND ADONIS.

He lookes vpon his loue, and neighes vnto her,
She anfwers him, as if fhe knew his minde,
Being proud as females are, to fee him woo her,

310 She puts on outward ftrangeneffe,feemes vnkinde:
Spurnes at his loue, and fcorns the heat he feeles,
Beating his kind imbracements with her heeles.

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

His teftie maifter goeth about to take him,
320 VVhen lo the vnbackt breeder full of feare,
Iealous of catching, fwiftly doth forfake him,
VVith her the Horfe, and left Adonis there :
As they were mad vnto the wood they hie them,
Outftripping crowes, that ftrive to ouerfly them.

325 All fwolne with chafing, downe Adonis fits,
Banning his boyftrous, and vnruely beaft;
And now the happie feafon once more fits
That loueficke loue, by pleading may be bleft :
For louers fay, the heart hath treble wrong,
330 VVhen it is bard the aydance of the tongue.

<C iij> An

VENVS AND ADONIS.

An Ouen that is ftopt, or riuer ftayd,
Burneth more hotly, fwelleth with more rage:
So of concealed forow may be fayd,
Free vent of words loues fier doth affwage,
335 But when the hearts attorney once is mute,
The client breakes, as desperat in his fute.

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

O what a fight it was wiftly to view,
How fhe came ftealing to the wayward boy,
345 To note the fighting conflict of her hew,
How white and red, ech other did defstroy:
But now her cheeke was pale, and by and by
It flafht forth fire, as lightning from the skie.

Now was fhe iuft before him as he fat,
350 And like a lowly louer downe fhe kneeles,
With one faire hand fhe heaueth vp his hat,
Her other tender hand his faire cheeke feeles :
His tendrer cheeke, receiues her loft hands print,
As apt, as new falne fnow takes any dint.

<C iivr>

VENVS AND ADONIS.

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

Fulll gently now fhe takes him by the hand,
A lilie prifond in a gaile of fnow,
Or Iuorie in an allablafter band,
So white a friend, ingirts fo white a fo :
365 This beautious combat wilfull, and vnwilling,
Showed like two filuer doues that fit a billing.

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

Giue me my hand (faith he,) why doft thou feele it?
Giue me my heart (faith fhe,) and thou fhalt haue it.
375 O giue it me left thy hard heart do fteele it,
And being fteeld, foft fighes can neuer graue it.
Then loues deepe grones, I neuer fhall regard,
Becaufe Adonis heart hath made mine hard.

<C ivv> For

VENVS AND ADONIS.

For flame he cries, let go, and let me go,
380 My dayes delight is paft, my horfe is gone,
And tis your fault I am bereft him fo,
I pray you hence, and leaue me here alone,
For all my mind, my thought, my bufie care,
Is how to get my palfrey from the mare.
385 Thus fhe replies, thy palfrey as he fould,
VVelcomes the warme approach of fweet defire,
Affection is a coale that muft be coold,
Elfe fufferd it will fet the heart on fire,
The fea hath bounds, but deepe defire hath none,
390 Therefore no maruell though thy horfe be gone.

How like a iade he ftood tied to the tree,
Seruilly maifterd with a leatherne raine,
Bnt when he faw his loue, his youths faire fee,
He held fuch pettie bondage in difdaine :
395 Throwing the bafe thong from his bending creft,
Enfranchifing his mouth, his backe, his breft.

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

D <i>

VENVS AND ADONIS.

Let me excuse thy courser gentle boy,
And learne of him I heartily befeech thee,
405 To take aduantage on prefented ioy,
Though I were dūbe, yet his proceedings teach thee
O learne to loue, the leffon is but plaine,
And once made perfect, neuer loft againe.

I know not loue (quoth he) nor will not know it,
410 Vnleffe it be a Boare, and then I chafe it,
Tis much to borrow, and I will not owe it,
My loue to loue, is loue, but to difgrace it,
For I haue heard, it is a life in death,
That laughs and weeps, and all but with a breath.

415 VVho weares a garment fhapeleffe and vnfinifht?
VVho plucks the bud before one leafe put forth ?
If fpringing things be anie iot diminifht,
They wither in their prime, proue nothing worth,
The colt that's backt and burthend being yong,
420 Lofeth his pride, and neuer waxeth ftrong.

You hurt my hand with wringing, let vs part,
And leaue this idle theame, this bootleffe chat,
Remoue your fiege from my vnyeelding hart,
To lous allarmes it will not ope the gate,
425 Difmiffe your vows, your fained tears, your flattry,
For where a heart is hard they make no battry.

<D iv> what

VENVS AND ADONIS.

What canst thou talke (quoth she) haft thou a tong?

O would thou hadst not, or I had no hearing,

Thy marmaites voice hath done me double wrong,

430 I had my lode before, now preft with bearing,

Mellodious difcord, heauenly tune harfh founding,

Eares deep fweet mufik, & harts deep fore woūding

Had I no eyes but eares, my eares would loue,

That inward beautie and inuifible,

435 Or were I deafe, thy outward parts would moue

Ech part in me, that were but fenfible,

Though neither eyes, nor eares, to heare nor fee,

Yet fhould I be in loue, by touching thee.

Say that the fence of feeling were bereft me,

440 And that I could not fee, nor heare, nor touch,

And nothing but the verie fmell were left me,

Yet would my loue to thee be ftill as much,

For frō the ftillitorie of thy face excelling, (ling.

Coms breath perfumd, that breedeth loue by fmel-

445 But oh what banquet wert thou to the taft,

Being nourfe, and feeder of the other foure,

Would they not wifh the feaft might euer laft,

And bid fufpition double locke the dore;

Left iealoufie that fower vnwelcome gueft,

450 Should by his ftcaling in difturbe the feaft?

D ij<r>

VENVS AND ADONIS.

Once more the rubi-colour'd portall open'd,
VVhich to his fpeech did honie paffage yeeld,
Like a red morne that euer yet betokend,
vvracke to the fea-man, tempeft to the field :

455 Sorrow to fhepherds, wo vnto the birds,
Gufts, and foule flawes, to heardmen, & to herds.

This ill prefage aduifedly fhe marketh,
Euen as the wind is hufht before it raineth :
Or as the wolfe doth grin before he barketh :

460 Or as the berrie breakes before it ftaineth:
Or like the deadly bullet of a gun :
His meaning ftrucke her ere his words begun.

And at his looke fhe flatly falleth downe,
For lookes kill loue, and loue by lookes reuiueth,
465 A fmile recures the wounding of a frowne,
But bleffed bankrout that by loue fo thrueth.

The fillie boy beleeuing fhe is dead,
Claps her pale cheeke, till clapping makes it red.

And all amaz'd, brake off his late intent,
470 For fharpely he did thinke to reprehend her,
VVhich cunning loue did wittily preuent,
Faire-fall the wit that can fo well defend her:

For on the graffe fhe lyes as fhe were flaine,
Till his breath breatheth life in her againe.

<D ij>

He

VENVS AND ADONIS.

475 He wrings her nose, he strikes her on the cheekes,
He bends her fingers, holds her pulfes hard,
He chafes her lips, a thousand wayes he seekes,
To mend the hurt, that his vnkindneffe mard,
He kiffes her, and she by her good will,
480 VVill neuer rife, so he will kiffe her ftil.

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

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

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

D iij<v>

VENVS AND ADONIS.

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

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

Pure lips, sweet kisses in my lips imprinted,
What bargaines may I make still to be feeling ?
To sell my selfe I can be well contented,
So thou wilt buy, and pay, and vse good dealing,
515 Which purchase if thou make, for feare of slips,
Set thy kisse manuell, on my wax-red lips.

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

<D iij> Faire

VENVS AND ADONIS.

Faire Queene (quoth he) if anie loue you owe me,
Meafure my ftrangeneffe with my vnripe yeares,
525 Before I know my felfe, feeke not to know me,
No filher but the vngrowne frie forbearas,
The mellow plum doth fall, the greene fticks faft,
Or being early pluckt, is fower to taft.

Looke the worlds comforter with wearie gate,
530 His dayes hot tafke hath ended in the weft,
The owle (nights herald) fhrecks, tis verie late,
The fheepe are gone to fold, birds to their neft,
And cole-black clouds, that fhadow heauens light,
Do fummon vs to part, and bid good night.

535 Now let me fay goodnight, and fo fay you,
If you will fay fo, you fhall haue a kis ;
Goodnight (quoth fhe) and ere he fayes adue,
The honie fee of parting tendred is,
Her armes do lend his necke a fweet imbrace,
540 Incorporate then they feeme, face growes to face.

Till breathleffe he difioynd, and backward drew,
The heauenly moifture that fweet corall mouth,
VWhofe precious taft, her thirtie lips well knew,
VWhereon they furfet, yet complaine on drouth,
545 He with her plentie preft, fhe faint with dearth,
Their lips together glewed, fall to the earth.

<D iv>

VENVS AND ADONIS.

- Now quicke desire hath caught the yeelding pray,
And gluttonlike she feeds, yet neuer filleth,
Her lips are conquerers, his lips obey,
550 Paying what ranfome the infulter willeth:
VVhose vultur thought doth pitch the price fo hie,
That she will draw his lips rich treafure drie.
- And hauing felt the sweetneffe of the fpoile,
VVith blind fold furie she begins to forrage,
555 Her face doth reeke, & fmoke, her blood doth boile,
And careleffe luft ftirs vp a desperat courage,
Planting obliuion, beating reafon backe,
Forgetting flames pure blufh, & honors wracke.
- Hot, faint, and wearie, with her hard imbracing,
560 Like a wild bird being tam'd with too much hadling,
Or as the fleet-foot Roe that's tyr'd with chafing,
Or like the froward infant ftild with dandling:
He now obayes, and now no more refifteth,
VVhile she takes all she can, not all she lifteth.
- 565 VVhat waxe fo frozen but diffolues with tempring,
And yeelds at laft to euerie light impreffion ?
Things out of hope, are compaft oft with ventring,
Chiefly in loue, whose leaue exceeds commiffion:
Affection faints not like a pale-fac'd coward,
570 But thē woes beft, whē moft his choice is froward.
- <D ivv> VVhen

VENVS AND ADONIS.

VWhen he did frowne, ô had she then gaue ouer,
Such nectar from his lips she had not suckt,
Foule wordes, and frownes, must not repell a louer,
VWhat though the rose haue prickles, yet tis pluckt?

575 VVere beautie vnder twentie locks kept fast,
Yet loue breaks through, & picks them all at laft.

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

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

The boare (quoth she) whereat a suddain pale,
590 Like lawne being spread vpon the blushing rose,
Vfurpes her cheeke, she trembles at his tale,
And on his neck her yoking armes she throwes.
She fincketh downe, still hanging by his necke,
He on her belly fall's, she on her backe.

E <i>

VENVS AND ADONIS.

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

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

But all in vaine, good Queene, it will not bee,
She hath affai'd as much as may be prou'd,
Her pleading hath deferu'd a greater fee,
610 She's loue; she loues, and yet she is not lou'd,
Fie, fie, he faies, you cruell me, let me go,
You haue no reason to withhold me fo.

Thou hadst bin gone (quoth she) sweet boy ere this,
But that thou toldst me, thou woldst hunt the boare,
615 Oh be aduicd, thou know'st not what it is,
VVith iauelings point a churlish fwine to goare,
VVhose tusles neuer sheathd, he whetteth still,
Like to a mortall butcher bent to kill.

<E iv> On

VENVS AND ADONIS.

On his bow-backe, he hath a battell fet,
620 Of brifly pikes that euer threat his foes,
His eyes like glow-wormes fhine, when he doth fret
His snout digs sepulchers where ere he goes,
Being mou'd he ftrikes, what ere is in his way,
And whom he ftrikes, his crooked tufhes flay.

625 His brawnie fides with h^airie briftles armed,
Are better prooffe then thy fpeares point can enter,
His fhort thick necke cannot be eafily harmed,
Being irefull, on the lyon he will venter,
The thornie brambles, and imbracing bufhes,
630 As fearefull of him part, through whom he rufhes.

Alas, he naught esteem's that face of thine,
To which loues eyes paies tributarie gazes,
Nor thy foft handes, fweet lips, and chriftall eine,
VVhofe full perfection all the world amazes,
635 But hauing thee at vantage (wondrous dread!)
VVold roote thefe beauties, as he root's the mead.

Oh let him keep his loathfome cabin ftill,
Beautie hath nought to do with fuch foule fiends,
Come not within his danger by thy will,
640 They that thriue well, take counfell of their friends,
VVhen thou didft name the boare, not to diffemble,
I feard thy fortune, aud my ioyns did tremble.

E ij<r>

VENVS AND ADONIS.

Didst thou not marke my face, was it not white?
Sawest thou not signes of feare lurke in mine eye?

645 Grew I not faint, and fell I not downe right ?
VVithin my bofome whereon thou doest lye,
My boding heart, pants, beats, and takes no reft,
But like an earthquake, fhakes thee on my breft.

For where loue raignes, difturbng ieaoufie,
650 Doth call him felfe affections centinell,
Giues falfe alarmes, fuggefteth mutinie,
And in a peacefull houre doth crie, kill, kill,
Diftempring gentle loue in his defire,
As aire, and water do abate the fire.

655 This lower informer, this bate-breeding fpie,
This canker that eates vp lous tender fpring,
This carry-tale, diffentious ieaoufie,
That fomtime true newes, fomtime falfe doth bring,
Knocks at my heart, and whifpers in mine eare,
660 That if I loue thee, I thy death fhould feare.

And more then fo, prefenteth to mine eye,
The picture of an angrie chafing boare,
Vnder whose fharppe fangs, on his backe doth lye,
An image like thy felfe, all ftaynd with goare,
665 VVhose blood vpon the fresh flowers being fhed,
Doth make thē droop with grief, & hang the hed.

<E ijv> what

VENVS AND ADONIS.

What should I do, seeing thee so indeed ?
That tremble at th'imagination,
The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed,
670 And feare doth teach it diuination ;
I prophetic thy death, my liuing sorrow,
If thou incounter with the boare to morrow.

But if thou needs wilt hunt, be rul'd by me,
Vncouple at the timerous flying hare,
675 Or at the foxe which liues by subtiltie,
Or at the Roe which no incounter dare :
Purfue these fearfull creatures o're the downes,
And on thy wel breathd horse keep with thy hounds

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

Sometime he runnes among a flocke of sheepe,
To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell,
And fometime where earth-deluing Conies keepe,
To stop the loud puruers in their yell:
And fometime forteth with a heard of deare,
690 Danger deuifeth shifts, wit waites on feare.

E iij<->

VENVS AND ADONIS.

For there his smell with others being mingled,
The hot fent-fnuffing hounds are driuen to doubt,
Ceasing their clamorous cry, till they haue finged
VVith much ado the cold fault cleanly out,

695 Then do they spend their mouth's, eccho replies,
As if an other chafe were in the skies.

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

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

Lye quietly, and heare a litle more,
710 Nay do not struggle, for thou fhalt not rife,
To make thee hate the hunting of the bore,
Vnlike my felfe thou hear'ft me moralize,
Applying this to that, and fo to fo,
For loue can comment vpon euerie wo.

<E iijv> VVhere

VENVS AND ADONIS.

715 VWhere did I leaue ? no matter where (quoth he)
Leaue me, and then the ftorie aptly ends,
The night is fpent; why what of that (quoth she?)
I am (quoth he) expected of my friends,
And now tis darke, and going I fhall fall.
720 In night (quoth she) defire fees beft of all.

But if thou fall, oh then imagine this,
The earth in loue with thee, thy footing trips,
And all is but to rob thee of a kis,
Rich prayes make true-men theeues: fo do thy lips
725 Make modeft Dyan, cloudie and forlorne,
Left she fhould fteale a kiffe and die forfworne.

Now of this darke night I perceiue the reafon,
Cinthia for fhame, obfcures her filuer fhine,
Till forging nature be condemn'd of treafon,
730 For ftealing moulds from heauen , that were diuine,
VVherin she fram'd thee, in hie heauens defpight,
To fhame the funne by day, and her by night.

And therefore hath she brib'd the deftinies,
To croffe the curious workmanfhip of nature,
735 To mingle beautie with infirmities,
And pure perfection with impure defeature,
Making it fubiect to the tyrannie,
Of mad mifchances, and much miferie.

<E iv>

VENVS AND ADONIS.

As burning feauers, agues pale, and faint,
740 Life-poyfoning peftilence, and frendzies wood,
The marrow-eating fickneffe whofe attaint,
Diforder breeds by heating of the blood,
Surfets, imoftumes, griefe, and damnd difpaire,
Sweare natures death, for framing thee fo faire.

745 And not the leaft of all thefe maladies,
But in one minutes fight brings beautie vnder,
Both fauor, fauour, hew, and qualities,
VVhereat the th'impartiall gazer late did wonder,
Are on the fudden wafted, thawed, and donne,
750 As mountain fnow melts with the midday fonne.

Therefore defpight of fruitleffe chaftitie,
Loue-lacking veftals, and felfe-louing Nuns,
That on the earth would breed a fcarcitie,
And barraine dearth of daughters, and of funs ;
755 Be prodigall, the lampe that burnes by night,
Dries vp his oyle, to lend the world his light.

VVhat is thy bodie but a fwallowing graue,
Seeming to burie that pofteritie,
VVhich by the rights of time thou needs muft haue,
760 If thou deftroy them not in darke obfcuritie ?
If fo the world will hold thee in difdaine,
Sith in thy pride, fo faire a hope is flaine.

<E iv> So

VENVS AND ADONIS.

So in thy felfe, thy felfe art made away,
A miſchiefe worſe then ciuill home-bred ſtrife,
765 Or theirs whoſe deſperat hands them ſelues do flay,
Or butcher fire, that reaues his ſonne of life:
 Foule cankring ruft, the hidden treaſure frets,
 But gold that's put to vſe more gold begets.

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

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

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

F <i>

VENVS AND ADONIS.

VWhat haue you vrg'd, that I can not reprove?

The path is smoothe that leadeth on to danger,

I hate not loue, but your deuife in loue,

790 That lends imbracements vnto euery ftranger,

You do it for increafe, ô ftraunge excufe!

VWhen reafon is the bawd to lufts abufe.

Call it not loue, for loue to heauen is fled,

Since fwearing luft on earth vfurpt his name,

795 Vnder whofe fimple femblance he hath fed,

Vpon frefh beautie, blotting it with blame;

VWhich the hot tyrant ftaines, & foone bereaues:

As Caterpillers do the tender leaues.

Loue comforteth like fun-fhine after raine,

800 But lufts effect is tempeft after funne,

Loues gentle fpring doth alwayes frefh remaine,

Lufts winter comes, ere fommer halfe be donne :

Loue fuffets not, luft like a glutton dies :

Loue is all truth, luft full of forged lies.

805 More I could tell, but more I dare not fay,

The text is old, the Orator too greene,

Therefore in fadneffe, now I will away,

My face is full of fhame, my heart of teene,

Mine eares that to your wanton talke attended,

810 Do burne them felues, for hauing fo offended.

<F i v> VWith

VENVS AND ADONIS.

With this he breaketh from the fweet embrace,
Of thofe faire armes which bound him to her breft,
And homeward through the dark lawnd runs apace,
Leaues loue vpon her backe, deeply diftreft,

815 Looke how a bright ftar fhooteth from the skye;
 So glides he in the night from Venus eye.

VVhich after him fhe dartes, as one on fhore
Gazing vpon a late embarked friend,
Till the wilde waues will haue him feene no more,

820 VVhose ridges with the meeting cloudes contend:
 So did the mercileffe, and pitchie night,
 Fold in the obiet that did feed her fight.

VVhereat amaf'd as one that vnaware,
Hath dropt a precious iewell in the flood,
825 Or ftonifht, as night wandrers often are,
Their light blowne out in fome miftruftfull wood ;
 Euen fo confounded in the darke fhe lay,
 Hauing loft the faire difcouerie of her way.

And now fhe beates her heart, whereat it grones,
830 That all the neighbour caues as feeming troubled,
Make verball repetition of her mones,
Paffion on paffion, deeply is redoubled,
 Ay me, fhe cries, and twentie times, wo, wo,
 And twentie ecchoes, twentie times crie fo,

F ij<7>

VENVS AND ADONIS.

835 She marking them, begins a wailing note,
And sings extemporally a wooll dittie,
How loue makes yong-men thrall, & old men dote,
How loue is wife in follie, foolifh wittie:
Her heaue antheme ftill concludes in wo,
840 And ftill the quier of ecchoes anwer fo.

Her fong was tedious, and out-wore the night,
For louers houres are long, though feeming fhort,
If pleafd themfelues, others they thinke delight,
In fuch like circumftance, with fuch like fport:
845 Their copious ftories oftentimes begunne,
End without audience, and are neuer donne.

For who hath fhe to fpend the night withall,
But idle founds refembling parafts ?
Like fhrill-tongu'd Tapfters anfwering euerie call,
850 Soothing the humor of fantaftique wits,
She faves tis fo, they anwer all tis fo,
And would fay after her, if fhe faid no.

Lo here the gentle larke wearie of reft,
From his moyft cabinet mounts vp on hie,
855 And wakes the morning, from whose filuer breft,
The funne arifeth in his maieftie,
VVho doth the world fo glorioufly behold,
That Ceade^r tops and hils, feeme burnifht gold.

<F ijv> Venus

VENVS AND ADONIS.

Venus falutes him with this faire good morrow,
860 Oh thou cleare god, and patron of all light,
From whom ech lamp, and fhining ftar doth borrow,
The beautious influence that makes him bright,
There liues a fonne that fuckt an earthly mother,
May lend thee light, as thou doeft lend to other.

865 This fayd, fhe hafteth to a mirtle groue,
Mufing the morning is fo much ore-worne,
And yet fhe heares no tidings of her loue ;
She harkens for his hounds, and for his horne,
Anon fhe heares them chaunt it luftily,
870 And all in haft fhe coafteth to the cry.

And as fhe runnes, the bufhes in the way,
Some catch her by the necke, fome kiffe her face,
Some twin'd about her thigh to make her ftay,
She wildly breaketh from their ftrict imbrace,
875 Like a milch Doe, whose fwelling dugs do ake,
Hafting to feed her fawne, hid in fome brake,

By this fhe heares the hounds are at a bay,
VVhereat fhe ftarts like one that fpies an adder,
VVreath'd vp in fatall folds iuft in his way,
880 The feare where of doth make him fhake, & fhudder,
Euen fo the timerous yelping of the hounds,
Appals her fenfes, and her fpirit confounds.

F iij<7>

VENVS AND ADONIS.

For now she knowes it is no gentle chafe,
But the blunt boare, rough beare, or lyon proud,
885 Because the crie remaineth in one place,
VVhere fearefully the dogs exclaime aloud,
Finding their enimie to be so curft,
They all ftraine curt'fie who fhall cope him firft.

This difmall crie rings fadly in her eare,
890 Through which it enters to furprife her hart,
VVho ouercome by doubt, and bloodleffe feare,
VVith cold-pale weakenefte, numbs ech feeling part,
Like foldiers when their captain once doth yeeld,
They bafely flie, and dare not ftay the field.

895 Thus ftands she in a trembling extafie,
Till cheering vp her fenfes all difmayd,
She tels them tis a caufleffe fantafie,
And childifh error that they are affrayd,
Bids the leaue quaking, bids them feare no more,
900 And with that word, she fpide the hunted boare.

VVhose frothie mouth bepainted all with red,
Like milke, & blood, being mingled both together,
A fecond feare through all her finewes fpred,
VVhich madly hurries her, she knowes not whither,
905 This way she runs, and now she will no further,
But backe retires, to rate the boare for murther.

<F iijv> A

VENVS AND ADONIS.

A thousand spleenes beare her a thousand wayes,
She treads the path, that she vntreads againe;
Her more then haft, is mated with delayes,

910 Like the proceedings of a drunken braine,
Full of respects, yet naught at all respecting,
In hand with all things, naught at all effecting.

Here kenneld in a brake, she finds a hound,
And asks the wearie caitiffe for his maifter,
915 And there another licking of his wound,
Gainst venomd fores, the onely foueraigne plaifter.
And here she meets another, fadly fhowling,
To whom she speaks, & he replies with howling.

When he hath ceapt his ill refounding noife,
920 Another flapmouthd mourner, blacke, and grim,
Against the welkin, volies out his voyce,
Another, and another, answer him,
Clapping their proud tailes to the ground below,
Shaking their scratcht-eares, bleeding as they go.

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

<F iv>

VENVS AND ADONIS.

Hard fauourd tyrant, ougly, meagre, leane,
Hatefull diuorce of loue, (thus chides she death)
Grim-grinning ghoft, earths-worme what doft thou
To ftifle beautie, and to fteale his breath? (meane?

935 VVho when he liu'd, his breath and beautie fet
Gloffe on the rofe, fmell to the violet.

If he be dead, ô no, it cannot be,
Seeing his beautie, thou fhouldft ftrike at it,
Oh yes, it may, thou haft no eyes to fee,
940 But hatefully at randon doeft thou hit,
Thy marke is feeble age, but thy falfe dart,
Miftakes that aime, and cleaues an infants hart.

Hadft thou but bid beware, then he had fpoke,
And hearing him, thy power had loft his power,
945 The deftinies will curfe thee for this ftroke,
They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluckft a flower,
Loues golden arrow at him fhould haue fled,
And not deaths ebon dart to ftrike him dead.

Doft thou drink tears, that thou prouok'ft fuch wee-
950 VVhat may a heaueie grone aduantage thee? (ping,
VVhy haft thou caft into eternall fleeping,
Thofe eyes that taught all other eyes to fee?
Now nature cares not for thy mortall vigour,
Since her beft worke is ruin'd with thy rigour.

<F ivv> Here

VENVS AND ADONIS.

955 Here ouercome as one full of dispaire,
She vaild her eye-lids, who like fluces stopt
The chriftall tide, that from her two cheeks faire,
In the sweet channell of her bofome dropt.
But through the floud-gates breaks the filuer rain,
960 And with his ftrong courfe opens them againe.

O how her eyes, and teares, did lend, and borrow,
Her eye feene in the teares, teares in her eye,
Both chriftals, where they viewd ech others forrow:
Sorrow, that friendly fighs fought ftill to drye,
965 But like a ftormie day, now wind, now raine,
Sighs drie her cheeks, tears make thē wet againe.

Variable paffions throng her conftant wo,
As ftriuing who fould beft become her grieffe,
All entertaind, ech paffion labours fo,
970 That euerie prefent forrow feemeth chiefe,
But none is beft, then ioyne they all together,
Like many clouds , confulting for foule weather.

By this farre off, fhe heares fome huntfman hallow,
A nourfes fong nere pleafd her babe fo well,
975 The dyre imagination fhe did follow,
This found of hope doth labour to expell,
For now reuiuing ioy bids her reioyce,
And flatters her, it is Adonis voyce.

G <i>

VENVS AND ADONIS.

VWhereat her teares began to turne their tide,
980 Being prifond in her eye: like pearles in glaffe,
Yet fometimes fals an orient drop befide,
VWhich her cheeke melts, as fcorning it should paffe
To wafh the foule face of the fluttifh ground,
VWho is but dronken when fhe feemeth drownd.

985 O hard beleeuing loue how ftrange it feemes!
Not to beleeue, and yet too credulous:
Thy weale, and wo, are both of them extreames,
Defpaire, and hope, makes thee ridiculous.
The one doth flatter thee in thoughts vnlikely,
990 In likely thoughts the other kils thee quickly.

Now fhe vnweaues the web that fhe hath wrought,
Adonis liues, and death is not to blame :
It was not fhe that cald him all to nought ;
Now fhe ads honours to his hatefull name.
995 She clepes him king of graues, & graue for kings,
Imperious fupreme of all mortall things.

No, no, quoth fhe, fweet death, I did but ieft,
Yet pardon me, I felt a kind of feare
VWhen as I met the boare, that bloodie beaft,
1000 VWhich knowes no pitie but is ftill feuere,
Then gentle fhadow (truth I muft confeffe)
I rayld on thee, fearing my loues deceffe.

G <i>

Tis

VENVS AND ADONIS.

Tis not my fault, the Bore prouok't my tong,
Be wreak't on him (inuifible commaunder)

1005 T'is he foule creature, that hath done thee wrong,
I did but act, he's author of thy flaunder.

Greefe hath two tongues, and neuer woman yet,
Could rule them both, without ten womens wit.

Thus hoping that Adonis is aliue,

1010 Her rash suspect she doth extenuate,
And that his beautie may the better thriue,
VVith death she humbly doth infinuate.

Tels him of trophies, ftatues, tombes, and ftories,
His victories, his triumphs, and his glories.

1015 O Ioue quoth she, how much a foole was I,
To be of fuch a weake and fillie mind,
To waile his death who liues, and muft not die,
Till mutuall ouerthrow of mortall kind ?

For he being dead, with him is beautie flaine,
1020 And beautie dead, blacke Chaos comes againe.

Fy, fy, fond loue, thou art as full of feare,
As one with treafure laden, hem'd with theeues,
Trifles vnwitted with eye, or eare,
Thy coward heart with falfe bethinking greeues.

1025 Euen at this word she heares a merry horne,
VVhereat she leaps, that was but late forlorne.

G 2<1>

VENVS AND ADONIS.

As Faulcons to the lure, away she flies,
The graffe stoops not, she treads on it so light,
And in her haft, vnfortunately spies,
1030 The foule boares conquest, on her faire delight,
VVhich feene, her eyes are murdred with the view,
Like ftars aham'd of day, themfelues withdrew.

Or as the snaile, whose tender hornes being hit,
Shrinks backward in his shellie caue with paine,
1035 And, there all smothered vp, in shade doth fit,
Long after fearing to creepe forth againe:
So at his bloodie view her eyes are fled,
Into the deep-darke cabbins of her head.

VVhere they refigne their office, and their light,
1040 To the disposing of her troubled braine,
VVho bids them still confort with ugly night,
And neuer wound the heart with lookes againe,
VVho like a king perplexed in his throne,
By their suggestion, giues a deadly grone.

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

<G 2v>

And

VENVS AND ADONIS.

And being opend, threw vnwilling light,
Vpon the wide wound, that the boare had trencht
In his soft flanke, whose wonted lillie white
VWith purple tears that his wound wept, had drēcht.
1055 No floure was nigh, no graffe, hearb, leaf, or weed,
But stole his blood, and feemd with him to bleed.

This solemne fymphathie, poore Venus noteth,
Ouer one shoulder doth she hang her head,
Dumblie she paffions, frantikely she doteth,
1060 She thinks he could not die, he is not dead,
Her voice is stopt, her ioynts forget to bow,
Her eyes are mad, that they haue wept till now.

Vpon his hurt she lookes so stedfastly,
That her sight dazling, makes the wound seem three,
1065 And then she reprehends her mangling eye,
That makes more galhes, where no breach shuld be:
His face seems twain, ech feuerall lim is doubled,
For oft the eye miftakes, the brain being troubled

My tongue cannot expresse my grieffe for one,
1070 And yet (quoth she) behold two Adons dead,
My fighes are blowne away, my falt teares gone,
Mine eyes are turn'd to fire, my heart to lead,
Heaue hearts lead melt at mine eyes red fire,
So shall I die by drops of hot defire.

G iij<v>

VENVS AND ADONIS.

1075 Alas poore world what treafure haft thou loft,
VVhat face remains aliue that's worth the viewing?
VVhose tongue is mufick now? What cāft thou boaft,
Of things long fince, or any thing infuing?
The flowers are fweet, their colours frefh, and trim,
1080 But true fweet beautie liu'd, and di'de with him.

Bonnet, nor vaile henceforth no creature weare,
Nor funne, nor wind will euer ftriue to kiffe you,
Hauing no faire to lofe, you need not feare,
The fun doth fkorne you, & the wind doth hiffe you.

1085 But when Adonis liu'de, funne, and fharpe aire,
Lurkt like two theeues, to rob him of his faire.

And therefore would he put his bonnet on,
Vnder whose brim the gaudie funne would peepe,
The wind would blow it off, and being gon,
1090 Play with his locks, then would Adonis weepe.
And ftraight in pittie of his tender yeares, (teares.
They both would ftriue who firft fhould drie his

To fee his face the Lion walkt along,
Behind fome hedge, becaufe he would not fear him:
1095 To recreate himfelf when he hath fong,
The Tygre would be tame, and gently heare him.
If he had fpoke, the wolfe would leaue his praie,
And neuer fright the fillie lambe that daie.

<G iij> when

VENVS AND ADONIS.

VWhen he beheld his shadow in the brooke,
1100 The fishes spread on it their golden gills,
VWhen he was by the birds such pleasure tooke,
That some would sing, some other in their bills
VVould bring him mulberries & ripe-red cherries,
He fed them with his fish, they him with berries.

1105 But this foule, grim, and vchin-frowted Boare,
VWhose downward eye still looketh for a graue:
Ne're saw the beautiful liuerie that he wore,
VVitnesse the intertainment that he gaue.
If he did see his face, why then I know,
1110 He thought to kisse him, and hath kild him fo.

Tis true, tis true, thus was Adonis slaine,
He ran vpon the Boare with his sharpe speare,
Who did not whet his teeth at him againe,
But by a kisse thought to persuade him there.
1115 And nouling in his flanke the louing fwine,
Sheath'd vnaWare the tufke in his soft groine.

Had I bin tooth'd like him I must confesse,
With kissing him I should haue kild him first,
But he is dead, and neuer did he blesse
1120 My youth with his, the more am I accurst.
VVith this she falleth in the place she stood,
And stains her face with his congealed blood.

<G iv>

VENVS AND ADONIS.

She lookes vpon his lips, and they are pale,
She takes him by the hand, and that is cold,
1125 She whifpers in his eares a heauie tale,
As if they heard the wofull words fhe told:
She lifts the coffer-lids that clofe his eyes,
VVhere lo, two lamps burnt out in darkneffe lies.

Two glaffes where her felfe, her felfe beheld
1130 A thoufand times, and now no more reflect,
Their vertue loft, wherein they late exceld,
And euerie beautie robd of his effect;
VVonder of time (quoth fhe) this is my fpight,
That thou being dead, the day fhuld yet be light.

1135 Since thou art dead, lo here I prophecie,
Sorrow on loue hereafter fhall attend :
It fhall be wayted on with iealoufie,
Find fweet beginning, but vnfaurie end.
Nere fetled equally, but high or lo,
1140 That all loues pleafore fhall not match his wo.

It fhall be fickle, falfe, and full of fraud,
Bud, and be blafted, in a breathing while,
The bottome poyfon, and the top ore-ftrawd
VVith fweets, that fhall the trueft fight beguile,
1145 The ftrongeft bodie fhall it make moft weake,
Strike the wife dūbe, & teach the foole to fpeake.

<G iv> It

VENVS AND ADONIS.

It fhall be fparing, and too full of ryot,
Teaching decrepit age to tread the meafures,
The ftaring ruffian fhall it keepe in quiet,
1150 Pluck down the rich, in rich the poore with treafures,
 It fhall be raging mad, and fillie milde,
 Make the yoong old, the old become a childe.

It fhall fufpect where is no caufe of feare,
It fhall not feare where it fhould moft miftruft,
1155 It fhall be mercifull, and too feueare,
And moft deceiuing, when it feemes moft iuft,
 Peruerfe it fhall be, where it showes moft toward,
 Put feare to valour, courage to the coward.

It fhall be caufe of warre, and dire euent,
1160 And fet diffention twixt the fonne, and fire,
Subiect, and feruill to all difcontents:
As drie combuftious matter is to fire,
 Sith in his prime, death doth my loue deftroy,
 They that loue beft, their loues fhall not enioy.

1165 By this the boy that by her fide laie kild,
VVas melted like a vapour from her fight,
And in his blood that on the ground laie fpild,
A purple floure fproong vp, checkred with white,
 Refembling well his pale cheekes, and the blood,
1170 VVhich in round drops, vpō their whiteneffe ftood.

H <i>

