

{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 wolfe

hor bouk ☞

{illustration}

ANCHORA SPEI

{illustration}

LONDON

Imprinted by Richard Field, and are to be fold at  
the figne 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 vvill censure mee for choosng fo  
strong a proppe to support fo vveake a burthen ,  
5                    onelye if your Honour seeme but pleased , I ac-  
count my felfe 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 wifh  
may alvvaies anfvvere your owne vvifh, 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.

Thrive fairer then my felfe, (thus fhe began)  
The fields chiefe flower, fweet aboue compare,  
Staine to all Nymphs, 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.

Vouchsafe 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 <ir>

## VENVS AND ADONIS.

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

25 VWith this she ceazeth on his sweating palme,  
The president of pith, and livelyhood,  
And trembling in her passion, calls it balme,  
Earths foueraigne value, to do a goddeffe good,  
Being so enrag'd, desire doth lend her force,  
30 Courageously to plucke him from his horse.

Ouer one arme the lustie courters raine,  
Vnder her other was the tender boy,  
VWho blusht, 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 shame, but frostie in defier.

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

<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 stufte, 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 moisture, aire of grace,  
65 VVishing her cheeks were gardens full 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 flame 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 flame, and anger afhie 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 ftrengh 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 thofe faire lips of thine,  
Though mine be not fo faire, yet are they red,  
The kiffe fhallbe thine owne as well as mine,  
VVhat feeft thou in the ground ? hold vp thy head,  
Looke in mine ey-bals, there thy beautie lyes,  
120 Then why not lips on lips, fince eyes in eyes?

Art thou afham'd to kiffe? then winke againe,  
And I will winke, fo fhall the day feeme night.  
Loue keepes his reuels where there are but twaine:  
Be bold to play, our fport is not in fight,  
125 Thefe blew-veind violets whereon we leane,  
Neuer can blab, nor know not what we meane.

The tender fpring vpon thy tempting lip,  
Shewes thee vnripe ; yet maift thou well be tafted,  
Make vfe of time, let not aduantage flip,  
130 Beautie within it felfe fhould not be wafted,  
Faire flowers that are not gathred in their prime,  
Rot, and confume them felues in litle time.

VVere I hard-fauourd, foule, or wrinckled old,  
Il-nurtur'd, crooked, churlifh, harfh in voice,  
135 Ore-worne, defpifed, reumatique, and cold,  
Thick-fighted, barren, leane, and lacking iuyce ;  
Thē mightft thou pauze, for thē I were not for thee,  
But hauing no defects, why doeft 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 disheveled 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 so 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 vse,  
165 Herbes for their smell, and fappie plants to beare.  
Things growing to them felues, are growths abuse,  
Seeds spring fro feeds, & beauty breedeth beauty,  
Thou waft begot, to get it is thy duty.

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

175 By this the loue-ficke Queene began to fweate,  
For where they lay the shadow had forlooke 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 sprite,  
And with a heauie, darke, disliking eye,  
His lowring browes ore-whelming his faire sight,  
Like mistie vapors when they blot the skie,  
185 So wring his cheeks, cries, fie, no more of loue,  
The funne doth burne my face I must 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, whofe 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 immortall, 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 intrefte, if thou wilt haue twaine.

C <ir>

VENVS AND ADONIS.

Fie, liueleffe picture, cold, and fenceleffe ftone,  
VVell 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, fhe cannot right her caufe.  
            And now fhe weeps, & now fhe faine would fpeake  
            And now her fobs do her intendments breake.

Sometime fhe fhakes her head, and then his hand,  
Now gazeth fhe 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 ftruggles to be gone,  
            She locks her lillie fingers one in one.

Fondling, fhe faith, fince I haue hemd thee here

230      VVithin the circuit of this iuorie pale,  
            Ile be a parke, and thou fhalt be my deare:  
            Feed where thou wilt, on mountaine, or in dale;  
            Graze on my lips, and if thofe hils be drie,  
            Stray lower, where the pleafant fountaines lie.

<C iv>      VVitin

## VENVS AND ADONIS.

235   VVitin this limit is reliefe inough,  
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 cheekke 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,  
    VVhy 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 cheekke 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 remorfe,  
    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,  
VVhofe 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 steps,  
With gentle maieftie, and modeft pride,  
Anon he reres vp right, curuets, and leaps,  
280 As who fhould fay, lo thus my ftrengh is tride.  
And this I do, to captiuat the eye,  
Of the faire breeder that is ftanding by.

<C ij> 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 fteed,  
His Art with Natures workmanfhip at ftrife,  
As if the dead the liuing fhould 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 fhould 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 iij<r>

## 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 iijv>

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 deftroy:  
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 foft hands print,  
As apt, as new falne fnow takes any dint.

<C iiii>

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,  
Because Adonis heart hath made mine hard.

<C iv> 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 approch 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 vnfinisht?  
VVho plucks the bud before one leafe put forth ?  
If fpringing things be anie iot diminisht,  
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 fiede from my vnyeelding hart,  
To loues 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.

VWhat 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 wounding

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,

VWould they not with the feaft might euer laft,

And bid fufpition double locke the dore;

Left iealoufie that fower vnwelcome gueft,

450 Should by his ftealing in difturbe the feaft?

D ij<r>

VENVS AND ADONIS.

Once more the rubi-colour'd portall open'd,  
VVhich to his speech did honie passage yeeld,  
Like a red morne that euer yet betokend,  
vvracke to the sea-man, tempest to the field :  
455     Sorrow to shepherds, wnto the birds,  
       Gufts, and foule flawes, to heardmen, & to herds.

This ill prefage aduisedly she 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 strucke her ere his words begun.

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

And all amaz'd, brake off his late intent,  
470     For sharply he did thinke to reprehend her,  
VVhich cunning loue did wittily preuent,  
Faire-fall the wit that can so well defend her:  
       For on the grasse she lyes as she 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 ftill.

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 hairelefte 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 seene 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<7>

## 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 murthered 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 banished 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 iijv> 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 forbeares,  
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) fhreeks, 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,  
VVhofe precious taft, her thirftie lips well knew,  
VVhereon 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 obay,  
550 Paying what ranfome the infulter willeth:  
VVhofe 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 carelefse 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 hādling,  
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 iv> 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 loue,  
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 last.

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 restraine him,  
580      Bids him farewell, and looke well to her hart,  
The which by Cupids bow she doth protest,  
He carries thence incaged in his breast.

Sweet boy she saies, this night ile waite 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 friends.

The boare ( quoth she ) whereat a fuddaine pale,  
590      Like lawne being spread vpon the blushing rose,  
Vsurpes her cheekes, 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 <ir>

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 fureth by the eye, and pine the maw :  
Euen fo she languisheth in her mishaps,  
As those poore birds that helpeffe berries faw,  
605 The warme effects which she in him finds missing,  
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 aduic'd, thou know'st not what it is,  
VVith iaelings point a churlish fwine to goare,  
VVhose tusshes 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 shine, when he doth fret  
His snout digs sepulchers where ere he goes,  
Being mou'd he strikes, what ere is in his way,  
And whom he strikes, his crooked tushes flay.

625 His brawnie fides with h<sup>a</sup>irie bristles armed,  
Are better prooffe then thy speares point can enter,  
His short thick necke cannot be easily harmed,  
Being irefull, on the lyon he will venter,  
The thornie brambles, and embracing 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 soft handes, sweet lips, and chriftall eie,  
VVhofe full perfection all the world amazes,  
635 But hauing thee at vantage (wondrous dread!)  
VVold roote these beauties, as he root's the mead.

Oh let him keep his loathsome cabin still,  
Beautie hath nought to do with such foule fiends,  
Come not within his danger by thy will,  
640 They that thrive well, take counsell of their friends,  
VVhen thou didst name the boare, not to dissemble,  
I feard thy fortune, and my ioynts 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, difturbing iea loufie,  
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 fower informer, this bate-breeding fpie,  
This canker that eates vp loues tender fpring,  
This carry-tale, diffentious iea loufie,  
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 whole fharppe fangs, on his backe doth lye,  
An image like thy felfe, all ftaynd with goare,  
665 VVhose blood vpon the frefh flowers being fhed,  
Doth make the droop with grief, & hang the hed.

<E ij v> what

## VENVS AND ADONIS.

- VVhat fhould I do, feeing thee fo indeed ?  
That tremble at th'imagination,  
The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed,  
670 And feare doth teach it diuination ;  
I prophecie thy death, my liuing forrow,  
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 thefe fearfull creatures o're the downes,  
And on thy wel breathd horfe keep with thy hoüds
- 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 crankes and croffes with a thoufand doubles,  
The many mufits through the which he goes,  
Are like a laberinth to amaze his foes.
- 685 Sometime he runnes among a flocke of fheepe,  
To make the cunning hounds miftake their fmell,  
And fometime where earth-deluing Conies keepe,  
To ftop the loud purfuers in their yell:  
And fometime forteth with a heard of deare,  
690 Danger deuifeth fhifts, 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  
VWith 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 still,  
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 halt 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 stop, ech murmur stay,  
         For miserie is troden on by manie,  
         And being low, neuer releue'd by anie.

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

<E iij>      VWhere



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,  
VWherein 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, grieve, 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 delpight of fruitleffe chaftitie,  
Loue-lacking veltals, 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 worfe then ciuill home-bred strife,  
765 Or theirs whole desperat hands them felues 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 striue againft the streame,  
For by this black-fac't night, defires foule nourfe,  
Your treatife makes me like you, worfe & worfe.

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

Left the deceiuing harmonie should ronne,  
Into the quiet clofure 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 fleeps, while now it fleeps 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 whose 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> VVith

## 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 fkye;  
             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 object 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 fings extemporally a wofull 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 anfwer 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 fayes tis fo, they anfwer 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<sup>r</sup> tops and hils , feeme burnifht gold.

<F ijv> Venus

VENVS AND ADONIS.

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

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

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

By this she heares the hounds are at a bay,  
VWhereat she starts like one that spies an adder,  
VVreath'd vp in fatall folds iust in his way,  
880 The feare where of doth make him shake, & shudder,  
Euen so the timerous yelping of the hounds,  
Appals her senses, and her spirit 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 enemy to be so curst,  
They all straine curt'ie who shall cope him first.

This dismal crie rings sadly in her eare,  
890 Through which it enters to surprize her hart,  
VWho overcome by doubt, and bloodleffe feare,  
VWith cold-pale weakenesse, numbs each feeling part,  
Like soldiers when their captain once doth yeeld,  
They basely flie, and dare not stay the field.

895 Thus stands she in a trembling extasie,  
Till cheering up her senses all dismayd,  
She tells them tis a causelesse fantasie,  
And childish error that they are affrayd,  
Bids the leaue quaking, bids them feare no more,  
900 And with that word, she spide the hunted boare.

VWhose frothy mouth bepainted all with red,  
Like milke, & blood, being mingled both together,  
A second feare through all her sinewes spread,  
VWhich 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 murder.

<F iijv> A



## VENVS AND ADONIS.

- A thoufand fpleenes beare her a thoufand wayes,  
She treads the path, that fhe vntreads againe;  
Her more then haft, is mated with delayes,  
910 Like the proceedings of a drunken braine,  
Full of refpects, yet naught at all refpecting,  
In hand with all things, naught at all effecting.
- Here kenneld in a brake, fhe finds a hound,  
And askes the wearie caitiffe for his maifter,  
915 And there another licking of his wound,  
Gainft venimd fores, the onely foueraigne plaifter.  
And here fhe meets another, fadly fkowling,  
To whom fhe fpeaks, & he replies with howling.
- When he hath ceaft his ill refounding noife,  
920 Another flapmouthd mourner, blacke, and grim,  
Againft the welkin, volies out his voyce,  
Another, and another, anfwer him,  
Clapping their proud tailes to the ground below,  
Shaking their fcratcht-ea'es, bleeding as they go.
- 925 Looke how, the worlds poore people are amazed,  
At apparitions, fignes, and prodigies,  
Whereon with feareful eyes, they long haue gazed,  
Infufing them with dreadfull prophecies;  
So fhe at thefe fad fignes, drawes vp her breath,  
930 And fighing 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 ghof, 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 heauie 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 iv>      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 strong 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 still to drye,  
965 But like a stormie day, now wind, now raine,  
Sighs drie her cheeks, tears make thē wet againe.

Variable paffions throng her conftant wo,  
As ftriuing who fhould 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, ſhe heares ſome huntſman hallow,  
A nourſes ſong nere pleaſd her babe ſo well,  
975 The dyre imagination ſhe 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 <ir>

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 <ir>

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<7>

## 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 stars aham'd of day, themselues withdrew.

Or as the fnaile, whose tender hornes being hit,  
Shrinks backward in his shellie caue with paine,  
1035 And, there all smoothened vp, in shade doth sit,  
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 comfort with ougly 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 fro 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 thinkes he could not die, he is not dead,  
Her voice is stopt, her ioynts forget to bow,  
Her eyes are mad, that they haue wept till now.

Vpon his hurt she lookes so stedfastly,  
That her sight dazling, makes the wound seem three,  
1065 And then she reprehends her mangling eye,  
That makes more gashes, 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 grieve 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 desire.

G iij< />

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 sharpe 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 iijv> 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  
VWould bring him mulberries & ripe-red cherries,  
He fed them with his fight, they him with berries.

1105 But this foule, grim, and vrrchin-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 flaine,  
He ran vpon the Boare with his sharpe speare,  
Who did not whet his teeth at him againe,  
But by a kisse thought to perswade 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.  
VWith 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 vnfauorie end.  
Nere fetled equally, but high or lo,  
1140 That all loues pleafure 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>

## VENVS AND ADONIS.

She bowes her head, the new-fprong floure to smel,  
Comparing it to her Adonis breath,  
And faies within her bofome it fhall dwell,  
Since he himfelfe is reft from her by death;  
1175 She crop's the ftalke, and in the breach appeares,  
Green-dropping fap, which fhe cõpares to teares.

Poore floure ( quoth fhe ) this was thy fathers guife,  
Sweet iffue of a more fweet fmelling fire,  
For euerie little grieve to wet his eies,  
1180 To grow vnto himfelfe was his defire;  
And fo tis thine, but know it is as good,  
To wither in my breft, as in his blood.

Here was thy fathers bed, here in my breft,  
Thou art the next of blood, and tis thy right.  
1185 Lo in this hollow cradle take thy reft,  
My throbbing hart fhall rock thee day and night;  
There fhall not be one minute in an houre,  
Wherein I wil not kiffe my fweet loues floure.

Thus weary of the world, away fhe hies,  
1190 And yokes her filuer doues, by whole fwift aide,  
Their miftrefse mounted through the emptie skies,  
In her light chariot, quickly is conuaide,  
Holding their courfe to Paphos, where their queen,  
Meanes to immure her felfe, and not be feen.

1195 FINIS

<H i v>